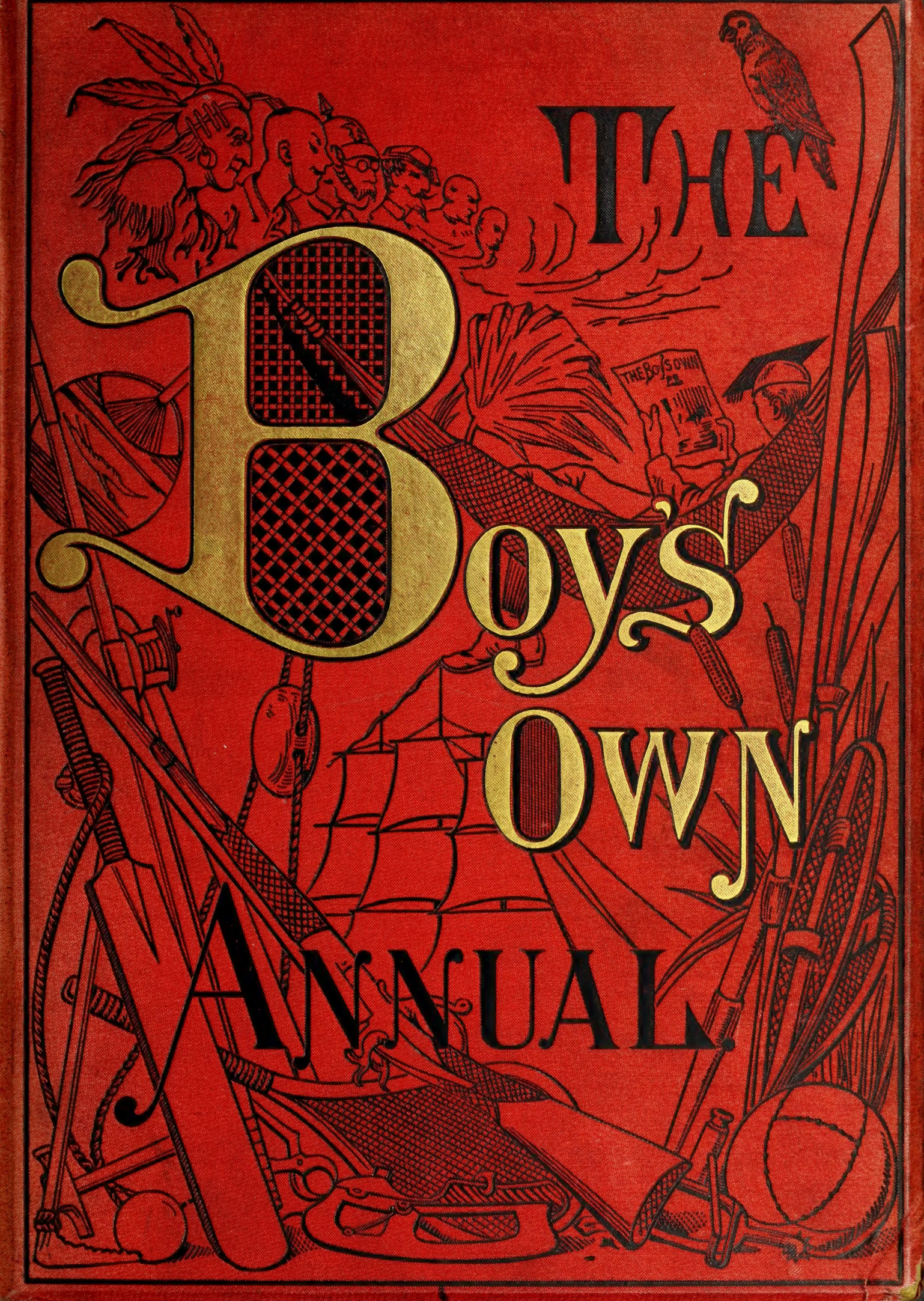
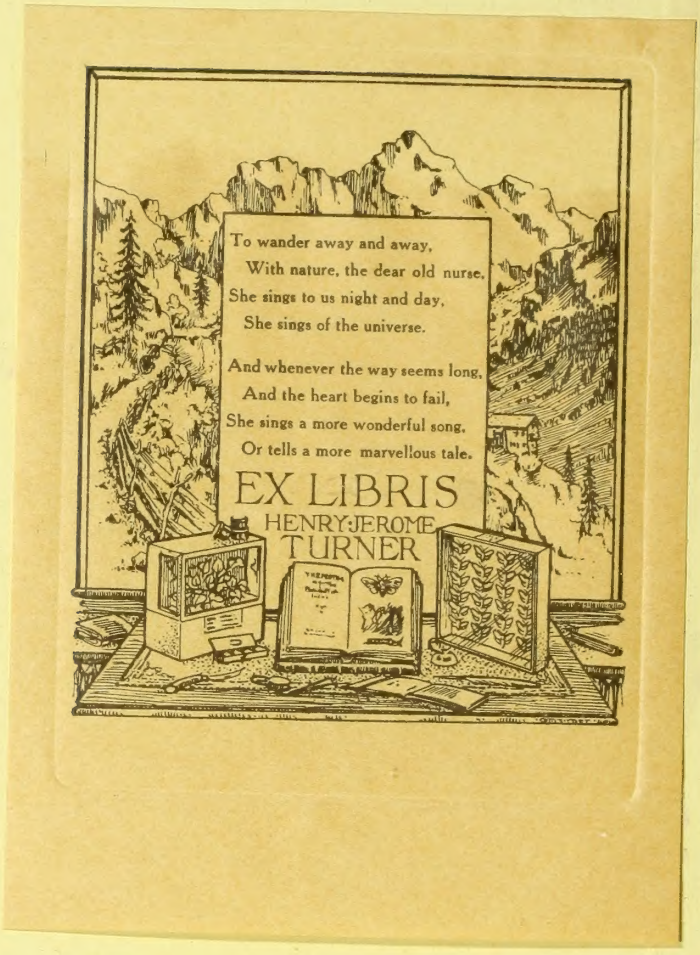
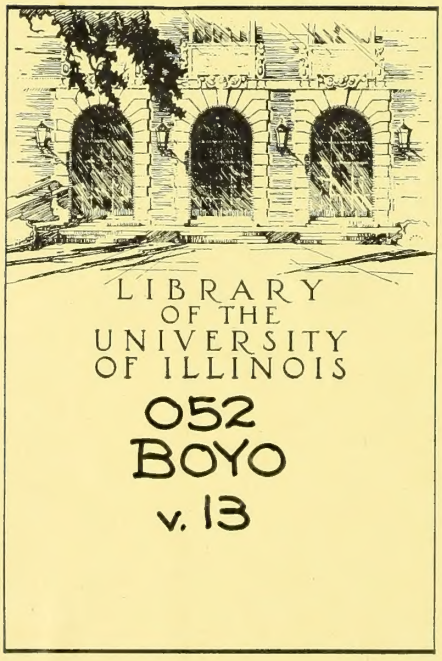

THE
Boy's
OWN
ANNUAL
THE BOY'S OWN


To wander away and away,
With nature, the dear old nurse,
She sings to us night and day,
She sings of the universe.
And whenever the way seems long,
And the heart begins to fail,
She sings a more wonderful song,
Or tells a more marvellous tale.
EX LIBRIS
HENRY·JEROME
TURNER


LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
052
BOYO
v. 13

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/boysownpaper1318unse



THE BOY'S OWN PAPER] Grover & Co., Nottingham [56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

GISLI, THE OUTLAW.

Painted by WM. J. LAIDLAY.

(EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1889.)



(Exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1883.)

THE BOYS OWN ANNUAL

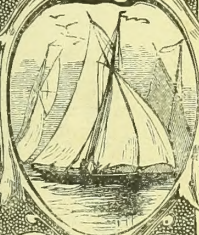
Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli

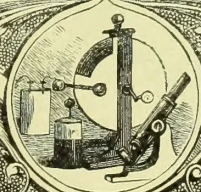
London

"Boy's Own Paper" Office

56 Paternoster Row

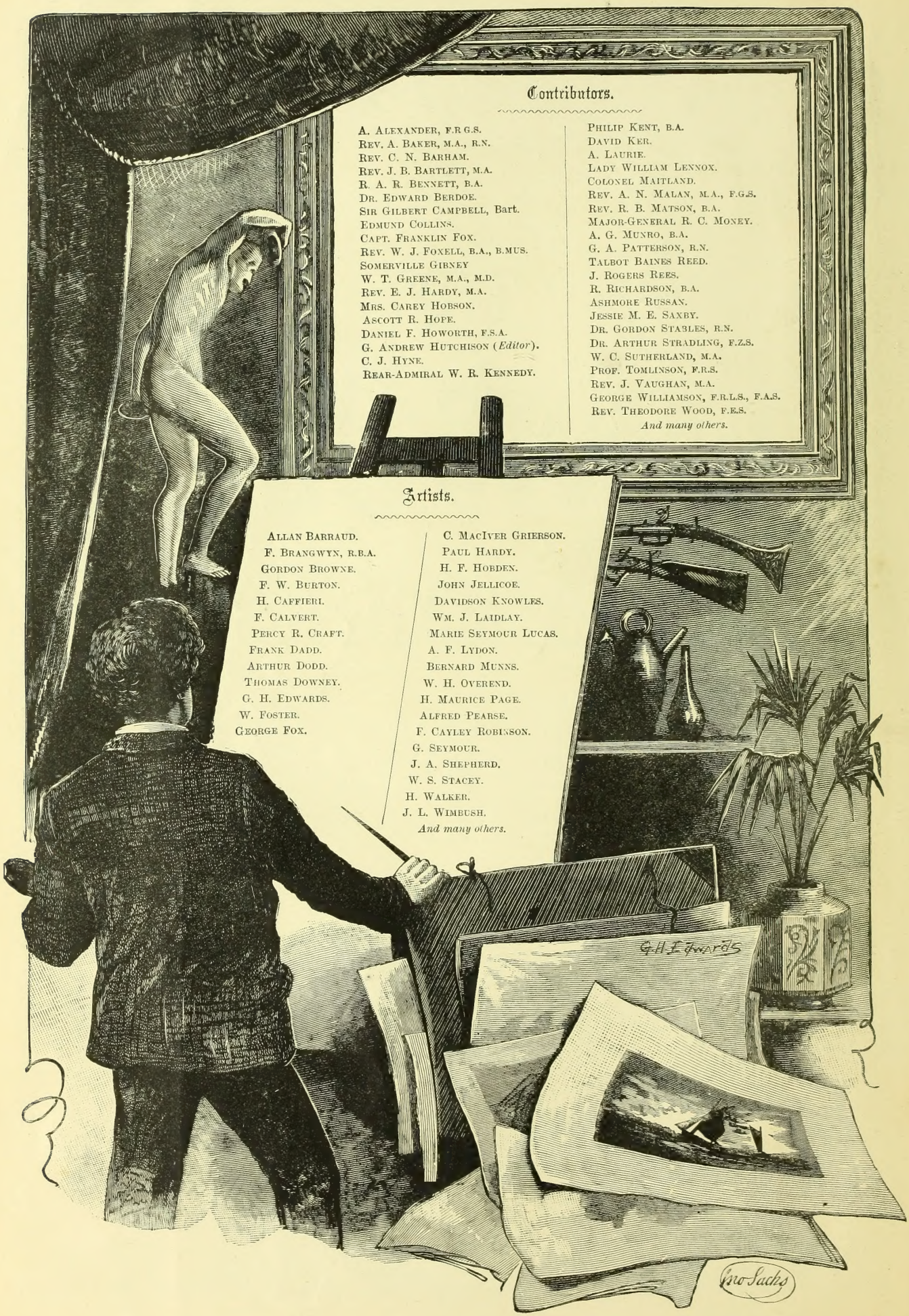






T. SULMAN. del.

JENKIN - sc



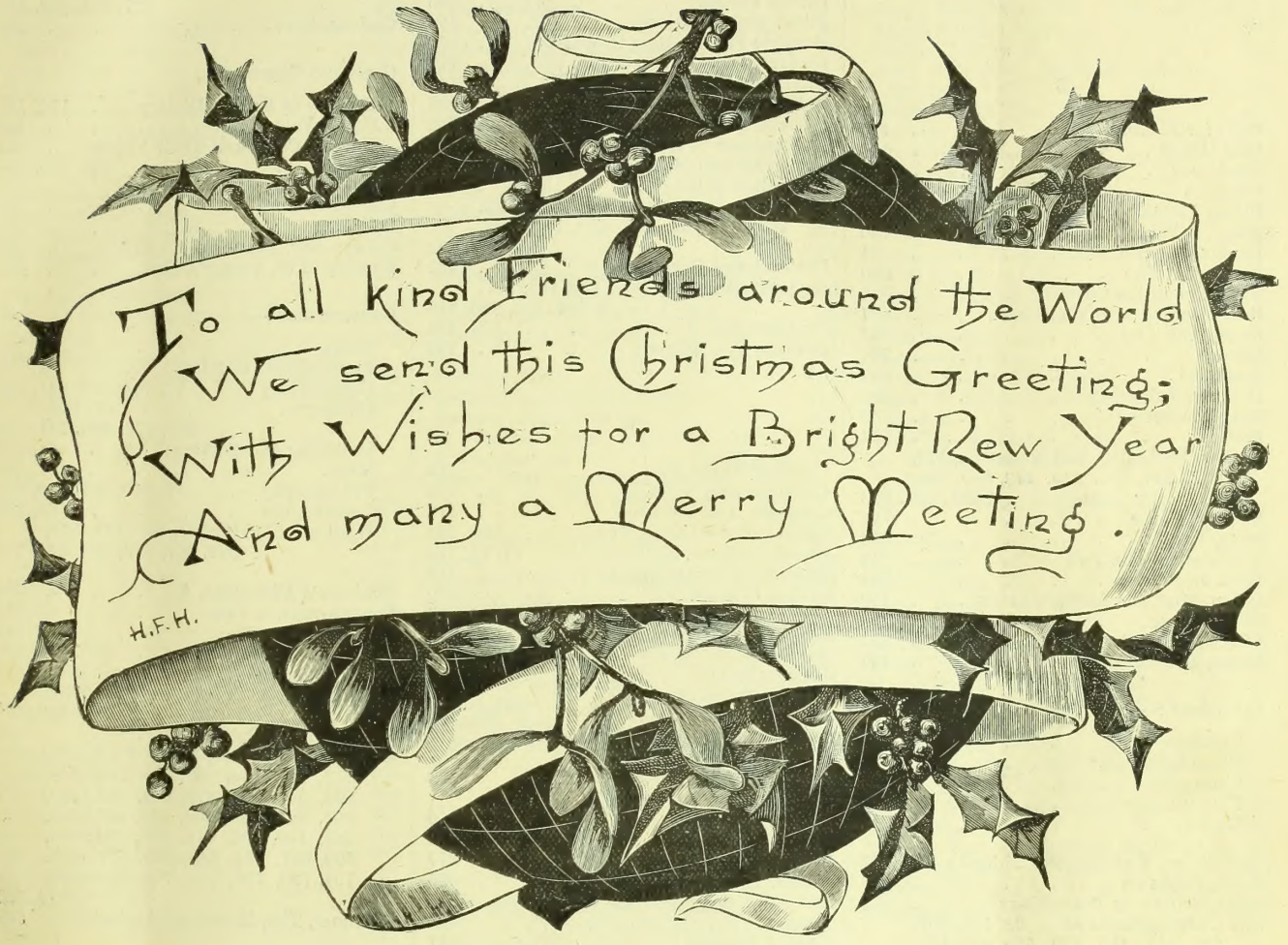
Contributors.

A. ALEXANDER, F.R.G.S.
REV. A. BAKER, M.A., R.N.
REV. C. N. BARHAM.
REV. J. B. BARTLETT, M.A.
R. A. R. BENNETT, B.A.
DR. EDWARD BERDOE.
SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL, Bart.
EDMUND COLLINS.
CAPT. FRANKLIN FOX.
REV. W. J. FOXELL, B.A., B.MUS.
SOMERVILLE GIBNEY
W. T. GREENE, M.A., M.D.
REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A.
MRS. CAREY HOBSON.
ASCOTT R. HOPE.
DANIEL F. HOWORTH, F.S.A.
G. ANDREW HUTCHISON (*Editor*).
C. J. HYNE.
REAR-ADMIRAL W. R. KENNEDY.
PHILIP KENT, B.A.
DAVID KER.
A. LAURIE.
LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.
COLONEL MAITLAND.
REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.
REV. R. B. MATSON, B.A.
MAJOR-GENERAL R. C. MONEY.
A. G. MUNRO, B.A.
G. A. PATTERSON, R.N.
TALBOT BAINES REED.
J. ROGERS REES.
R. RICHARDSON, B.A.
ASHMORE RUSSAN.
JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.
DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N.
DR. ARTHUR STRADLING, F.Z.S.
W. C. SUTHERLAND, M.A.
PROF. TOMLINSON, F.R.S.
REV. J. VAUGHAN, M.A.
GEORGE WILLIAMSON, F.R.L.S., F.A.S.
REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.
And many others.

Artists.

ALLAN BARRAUD.
F. BRANGWYN, R.B.A.
GORDON BROWNE.
F. W. BURTON.
H. CAFFIERI.
F. CALVERT.
PERCY R. CRAFT.
FRANK DADD.
ARTHUR DODD.
THOMAS DOWNEY.
G. H. EDWARDS.
W. FOSTER.
GEORGE FOX.
C. MACIVER GRIERSON.
PAUL HARDY.
H. F. HOBDEN.
JOHN JELLICOE.
DAVIDSON KNOWLES.
WM. J. LAIDLAY.
MARIE SEYMOUR LUCAS.
A. F. LYDON.
BERNARD MUNNS.
W. H. OVEREND.
H. MAURICE PAGE.
ALFRED PEARSE.
F. CAYLEY ROBINSON.
G. SEYMOUR.
J. A. SHEPHERD.
W. S. STACEY.
H. WALKER.
J. L. WIMBUSH.
And many others.

052
BOYO
v. 13



CONTENTS OF VOLUME XIII.—1890-91.

	PAGE
A	
Acre, The Long	32
Across the Snow	247, 260, 276
Adamsia, The	32
ADVENTURES :—	
Attacked by Pirates	358
Boss of Deadmen's Gulch, The	773
Cruise of the Christabel, The	28, 44, 75, 92, 109, 123, 138
Day's Fight on a South African Farm, A	372
For Father's Sake	135
From Sudden Death	652
Hermit's Pond, The	805, 820
Holiday Outing in Ceylon	238, 285, 294, 310
How I Shot a Tiger in a House	12
Indian Yarns, Some	141
Last of a Sea King, The	394
Middle Watch, In the	59
Midnight Cruise, A	775
My First Adventure	200
My First Shark	811
My First Tiger	314
Nervous Man's Adventure, A	87, 101, 119
Notes from My Log	395, 406, 426, 487, 502, 582, 599, 618, 682, 698, 714
Queen of Serpents, The	183
Queer Sport	132
Rio Grande, On the	756
Sacrifice at the Falls, A	345
Saved by a Single Strand	42
Shark Stories	27, 692, 811
Strange Tragedy in Labrador	327
Taking the Pilot	541
Weathering on the Sharks	692
Wild Life in the Wild West	168
Advice to Growing Lads	218
Aërial Machines	320
Aërial Top, The	46
Africa, South, Experiences in	132
After the Fray	729
Against Time	135
Agouties	750
Alaric's Grave	607
All Hands for Themselves	727
All Sorts of Boys	702
Alleghany Foothills, The	168
Alligators, The	704
Amateur Detective, An	778, 789, 804, 819
Amatis, The	607
American Vagabond, A Famous	216, 234, 250
American War, The	160
Amongst the Fishes	634, 650
Anagrams	732
Anatomy of Snakes	335
And What Then?	447
Anemone, The Parasitic	32
Angels, Value of	222
Angling	426, 474, 518, 538, 551, 567
Animals, Queer Uses of	222, 235, 254, 267, 283
Anti-gambling League, The	367
Aquarium Tank	32
Aquarium, The	381, 397
Architects in the Colonies	592
Ardingly School	63
Argentotype	174
Armadilloes	748
Armies, Religious	160
Armless Art Students	159
Army Examinations	400
Army Schoolmasters	80
Artistic Studies for Boys of Taste	248, 264, 281, 309, 328, 341, 429, 540, 664, 684, 693, 741, 781, 789
Athletic Feats	383
Athletics	519

PAGE

Attacked by Pirates 358
Aviary, The 62, 143, 207, 287, 351, 415, 479, 559, 623, 687, 767, 822
Awkward Position, A Very 113

B

Baits for Fishing 474
Bald Heads 607
Band, Our 303
Bantams 511
Barbel Fishing 551
Barge, A Paper 700
Baroda, A Letter from 31
Barometer, The 640
Barristers in the Colonies 591
Bear-catching with Whalebone . . 267
Bears, The Two 668
Beavers 748
Becalmed 647
Beckner, Volney 135
Bed, The Spring 782
Beetles 254
Beetles, Butterflies, and Moths 62, 143, 207, 288, 351, 415, 479, 559, 624, 687, 767, 822
Bellows, Paper 717
Bells, The 652
Berengarias, The Two 48
Bests on Record 383
Biffen, Miss, the Armless Artist . . 159
Billy Barlow 128
Binding the "B. O. P." 377
Binns, The Tale of 160

Biography :—

Faraday 779
Macaulay 126
Sitting Bull 331
Thoreau 216, 234, 250
Wallis 807

Bird Shows, The Greatest Thing in 440, 457
Birds, Books on 160
Birds, British, in Domesticity . . 461
Birds, Management of 62, 143, 207, 287, 351, 415, 479, 559, 623, 687, 767, 822
Birds, Proper Food for 462
Birds, Seaside . . 568, 588, 636, 648
Birth of the Locomotive, The . . 443
Blowpipe Work 272
Blue Ribbon, The Knight of the 148, 161, 177
Boat Life in the Navy 265
Boat-racing at Oxford 556
Bode's Law 32
Boiling Water in a Paper Bag . . 268
Bombardment of Sebastopol . . 502
Bombay, A Bird's-eye View of . . 708
Bone Dust for Fowls 511
Bones in the Body 464
Bonnie Fisher Laddie, A 97
Boots, Waterproofing 80
Boring, Glass 32
Boss of Deadmen's Gulch, The . . 773
Botanist, How I Became a 685
Boyhood of Lord Macaulay, The . . 126
B.O.P. Canoes 558, 814
Boy's Own Amateur Photographers . 392
Boy's Own Angler, The 426, 474, 518, 538, 551, 567
Boy's Own Caviary, The 347
Boy's Own Dinner Gong or Call Bell: and How to Make It 445, 459, 476, 494, 510
Boy's Own Gordon Memorial, The 171, 366
Boy's Own Postal Clubs 558
Boy's Own Rustic Cart, The 30, 78, 91, 110
Brave Rescue in Colwyn Bay . . 319
Brave Stand for the Defenceless, A . 808
Bravely Done 95
Braver the Milder, The 558

PAGE

Bream Fishing 539
Brigantine Rig 573
British Birds and their Treatment in Domesticity 461
British Camps 526
Broad-gauge Engines 408
Bromide Papers, How to Work . . 270
Brothers! 777
Brunton's Engine 443
Bumping Races 557
Burrett, The Printer's Boy . . . 552
Bushrangers in Australia . . . 793
Butterflies and Moths, To Set . . 638
Butterflies, Killing 528
Butterflies, Moths, and Beetles 62, 143, 207, 288, 351, 415, 479, 559, 624, 687, 767, 822
Butterflies of Paper 731
Butterfly Hunters, The 152, 166, 181, 195, 212, 230, 246
Butterfly Net, A 704, 751
Buttons, The Slippery 731

C

Cadency Marks, The 224
Caleb Westrop's Fright 711
Calendar, The Reformed 112
Camp and the Castle, The . . 526, 534
Canada Balsam, Mounting in 47, 94, 111
Candidates for Ordination . . . 112
Canine Friends, Our 430
Canine Patient at St. Thomas's . . 367
Canker, Cure for 240, 431
Cannibals 159
Canoes, B.O.P. 558, 814
Canoes, Prices of 160
Caravan Trips 734, 759
Cards, Photographic 174
Carp Fishing 272, 567
Carp, Hatching 823
Cart, The Boy's Own Rustic 30, 78, 91, 110
Carving in Wood 364, 379
Case for Current Numbers . . . 377
Castle, The 535
Cat Story, A 447
Caught 401
Caught Napping! 817
Caviary, The 207, 287, 351
Caviary, The Boy's Own . . . 347
Cells, Mounting in 140
Century of French History, Illustrated by the Copper Coins . . . 172, 188
Changes on Bells 816
Charade, A Dream 31
Charge 697
Charging the Enemy 373
Charley Brown 763
Chartered Accountants 32
Cheltenham Old Boys 527
Chemists in the Colonies . . . 591
Chesapeake and Shannon, The . . 810
Chess 63, 127, 158, 175, 239, 255, 271, 303, 319, 366, 399, 414, 431, 463, 478, 495, 528, 544, 606, 671, 687, 719, 735, 766, 814
Chest Measurement 160
Chicken Rearing 511
Chief Mate's Story, The 695
China, Mending 221
Chipmunks 750
Chivalry . . . 570, 586, 605, 622
Christmas Boxes 528
Christmas Boxes Made by Photography 174
Christmas Eve in India 150
Christmas Goose, The 184
Chub Fishing 538
Civil Service as a Profession, The . 470
Clay, Modelling in 472
Clepsydra, The 522
Clocks 522
Coarse Fish 474
Coatimondis 750

PAGE

Cock House at Fellsgarth, The 225, 241, 257, 273, 289, 305, 321, 337, 353, 369, 385, 401, 417, 433, 450, 465, 481, 497, 513, 529, 545, 561, 577, 593, 609, 631
Cockroaches 254

Coins and Tokens :—

Century of French History . 172, 188
Coins, Values of 144
English Coins and Their Values . 221
Tokens 236, 269, 284

College Colours 556
Collodion 416
Colwyn Bay, Brave Rescue in . . 319
Comedy of St. Vesper's, The . . 661

Competitions :—

Chess 61, 719
Fretwork and Carving . . 61, 751
Illuminating . 61, 783, 800, 814, 822
Literary 61, 239, 255, 272, 286, 751, 766
Modelling and Carving . . 61, 415
Music 61, 735
Photography . 319, 350, 367, 392, 559
Pocket-knife 61, 399
Writing 61, 512, 527, 543, 558, 575, 592, 607, 639, 656, 671, 703

Conjurer's Adventure, A 764
Conundrums, A Few 764
Cool Customer, A 745
Copper Coins of France . . 172, 188
Coral, Cleaning 672
Coral Prison, A . . 6, 23, 40, 56, 70, 85, 100, 117
Cormorants as Pets 636
Correspondence 16, 32, 48, 63, 80, 96, 112, 128, 144, 160, 176, 192, 208, 224, 240, 256, 272, 288, 304, 320, 336, 352, 368, 400, 416, 432, 448, 464, 480, 496, 512, 528, 544, 576, 592, 607, 624, 640, 656, 672, 688, 704, 720, 736, 752, 768, 784, 800, 814, 823
Crammer, The, Movement Against . 558

Cricket :—

Australians, The 446
County 458
County Classification . . . 447
Curiosities in 1890 142
Grounds in London 475
Records 383
Seasons of 1890 and 1891 . . 446, 458
School 490
Superstitions 507
Throwing a Cricket Ball . . . 190

Crimean War, The 487
Crockery Mending 221
Cromwellian Soldier, A 353
Cruet, Derivation of 16
Cruise of the Christabel, The 28, 44, 75, 92, 109, 123, 138
Cugnot's Machine 443
Curious Fact and Figures . . 558, 814
Curling Match, A Novel . . . 527
Custer, General 332
Cutter Rig 573
Cutter's Plan 640
Cycling Carnival, A 577
Cycling Records 383

D

Dace Fishing 518
Dandy Rig 573
Davy Jones 608

PAGE

Day's Fight on a South African Farm, A 372
Day's Fishing, A 685
Deals, The 624
Degree Letters 608
Dentists in the Colonies 591
Depth of the Sea 608
Despatch, A 504
Desperado Cowed, A 463
Deuchary of the Macbrogans . 666, 678
Developers, Photographic . . . 301
Devons, The 656
Dials 522
Diarrhœa in Dogs 431
Dictionaries, English 656
Diplomatic Service, The 208
Distemper in Dogs 431
Divers as Pets 636
Doctors in the Colonies . . . 591
Dogs as Beasts of Burden . . . 640
Dogs, Our 430
Dogs, Management of 62, 143, 207, 287, 351, 415, 559, 624, 687, 767, 822
Dog-watch Yarns 695, 778

Doings for the Month: –

January 207
February 287
March 351
April 415
May 479
June 559
July 623
August 687
September 767
October 822
November 62
December 143

Doldrums, In the 667
Dollars and Pieces of Eight . . . 286
Dominical Letter, The . . . 272, 640
Dormitory Tale, A 794
Doves and Pigeons 700
Downward Step, The 367
Dream Charade, A 31
Drum, The Electric 554
Drying Cage, The 638
Ducks 511
Ducks as Pets 648
Dundreary's Puzzle 731
Dynamo, How to Make a . 317, 333, 349

E

Earthquake, An 406
Earthquakes in Japan 32
Eastern Shepherd, An 201
Eastman's Transferotype . . . 174
Edwardian Castles 535
Eel Fishing 567
Electricity, Articles on 448
Emigrants, A Hint to 734
Engine Photographs 408
England's First Great Sea Fight . . 747
English Camps 527
English Coins and their Values . . 221
Engravings, Transferring . . . 160
Enlarging Fretwork Designs . . . 509
Entomology 62, 143, 207, 288, 351, 415, 479, 559, 624, 687, 767, 822
Everyday and Lifelong Business, An . 118
Exciting Escape, An 797

F

Fairly Noosed 121
Fangs of Snakes 69
Faraday, Michael 779

PAGE

Fastest Locomotives, The 816
Father of the Fleet, The 807
Fattening Poultry 491
"Faugh a Ballagh" 726
Feet, Perspiring 240
Festivals, The 96
First Steps in Photography . . 718, 732
Fish-hawk, The 300
Fishguard, Invasion of 605
Fishing . . 426, 474, 518, 538, 551, 567
Fishing in the Thames 160
Fits in Dogs 431
Fitton, Michael, R.N. 27
Fleas, Performing 283
Fletcher of Madeley 463
Float Fishing 474
Florins, Value of 221
Flower Garden, The 62, 143, 207, 287, 351, 415, 479, 559, 624, 687, 767, 822
Flying Machine, The Boy's Own . . 46
Fly Marks, To Clean off 176
Flyte 342
Food for Birds 462
Football Grounds in London . . 475
Football, Best Book on 528
For Father's Sake 135
Fowls, Keeping . . . 490, 511, 538
Fowls, Management of 62, 143, 207, 287, 351, 415, 479, 559, 623, 687, 767, 822
Fowls for Flesh and Eggs . . . 490
Foxes 750
Freezing Point of Water, The . . 688
French Copper Coins . . . 172, 188
Freshwater Aquarium, The . . . 381
Fretwork, Incised and Carved . . 508
From Sudden Death 652
Full-dress Rehearsal, A 153
Funniosities 732
Furlong, The 32
Furniture Polish 688

G

Gardening 62, 143, 207, 287, 351, 415, 479, 559, 624, 687, 767, 822
Gassner Battery, The 784
Geese 512
Geese as Pets 636
Geese that Saved the Capitol, The . 357
George Burrett, The Plucky Printer's Boy 552
George Freeborn 1, 17, 33, 49, 65, 81, 97, 114, 129, 145, 163, 179, 193, 209, 228, 244, 261, 277, 292, 308, 324, 340, 399
Gerbilles 750
Gilbert, Dr. William 224
Gilt Frames, To Clean 176
Gisli the Outlaw 412, 423
Glass Blowing 272
Glass Boring 32
Glass Snakes 157
Glastonbury Clock, The 523
Goldfinches, Food for 240
Goorkhas, The 165
Gordon Memorial 171, 366
Gordon's Anniversary 414
Gourdon, Adam de 330
Grace Darling 123
Grayling Fishing 567
Great Eastern, The 208
Great Western Engines 408
Green Cloth, The Board of . . . 688
Groats, Value of 221
Growing Lads, Advice to 218
Grubbages 215
Guinea-pigs 207, 287, 347, 351
Gulls 568
Gulls as Pets 636
Gun-cotton 32
Gymnastic Clubs 112

H

PAGE

Halcyon Days 16
Hammer, Throwing the 383
Handy Boys, Hints for 156, 187, 205, 220
Happy New Year, A 213
Harbour, In the 137
Hard Pressed! Sinking the Despatches 536
Harrier Hawk, The 299
Harwich 75
Hasty Departure, A 384
Hawks, Some Northern 299
Haydock, Heroism at 95
Hayward's Heroism 366
Hedley's Experiment 443
Heights and Weights 80
Heler, Mr. F. J. B. 159
Helping Hand, A 606
Heraldry 224
Hermit's Pond, The . . . 805, 820
Heroism of a Boy 366
Hervey Island, Kite Legend . . . 27
Hints on Printing and Toning Photographs 655, 669
His First—and Last—Tiger . . . 725
Hit Wicket, The Law of 507
Hockey 112
Holiday Outing in Ceylon 238, 285, 294, 310
Holy War, A 159
Hop-scotch 95
House Marks, The 224
How a Fortune was Made . . . 447
How I Became a Botanist . . . 685
How I Became a Conjurer . . . 279
How I got a Bird's-eye View of Bombay 708
How I Shot a Tiger in a House . . 12
How the Chief Officer Weathered on the Sharks 692
How the Frog got rid of his Old Clothes 784
How to Boil Water in a Paper Bag . 268
How to Build a Rowing Punt 232, 251, 300
How to Set Butterflies and Moths . 638
How to Solder 156
How we Gave Stanley his D.C.L. Degree 281
Humming Birds 254
Hunchback, The . . . 692, 708, 724
Hurdle Record, The 383

I

In the Arena 808
In the Doldrums 667
In the Gunner's Cabin 424
Inaugurating a Blackboard . . . 356
Incised and Carved Fretwork . . 508
Indian Rising, The 217
Indian Yarns, Some 141
Indians Attacked by Wolves . . 447
Indiarubber Solution 688

Indoor Amusements: –

Boiling Water in a Paper Bag . . 268
Bromide Papers; how to Work them 270
Christmas Boxes made by Photography 174
Dynamo, How to Make a Small 317, 333, 349
Handy Boys, Hints for 156, 187, 205, 220
Hints on Printing and Toning Photographs 655, 669
How to Set Butterflies and Moths 638
Incised and Carved Fretwork . . 508
Ink Blurs 14
Microscope, Objects for the 47, 94, 111, 140, 155, 206, 219
Modelling in Clay 472
Odd Half-hour, The 731
Paper Novelties . . . 700, 717
Photographic Developers . . . 301
Photography, First Steps in . 718, 732

PAGE

INDOOR AMUSEMENTS—*continued*

Potter's Wheel, The 271
Spring Bed, The 782
Toys Worked by Electricity 523, 543, 554, 573, 587
Wood Carving for Boys . . 364, 379

Initials of Degrees 608
Ink Blurs, More 14
Insect Book, A Good 32
Insect Mounting 94
Installation, The 605
Invasion of Fishguard, The . . . 605
Invasions of England 96
Invisible Butterfly Net, An . . 751
Iron Hands 544

J

Jack Fishing 567
Japanese Kites 26
Jem Warden's Lesson 103
Jem's Dream 203
Jerboas 750
Jessie Brown of Lucknow . . . 160
Jimmy Welsh 214
Johnson's Recipe 609
Jottings in a Man-o'-war's Boat . . 265
Jumping Records 383
June Races at Oxford 556
Junk, A Paper 700

K

Kafir Lads 696
Kangaroos 748
Kangaroos at a Cricket-match . . 634
Kennel, The 62, 143, 207, 287, 351, 415, 559, 624, 687, 767, 822
Ketch Rig 573
Kettle, The Singing of a . . . 736
Kettles, Marbles in 160
Killing Bottle for Moths . . . 128
King of the Romans, The . . . 672
Kinloch, Sir David 447
Kirkcudbright 688
Kitchen Garden, The 62, 143, 207, 287, 351, 415, 479, 559, 624, 687, 767, 822
Kites, South Sea 26
Knight of the Blue Ribbon, The 148, 161, 177
Knight's Training, A 586

L

Lamp Chimneys, Boiling . . . 640
Land Measure, Origin of . . . 32
Landslip in Kent 366
Lantern Slides 174
Last of a Sea-king, The . . . 394
Last Survivors, The 165
Lathes 208
Lawn-tennis Grounds in London . . 475
Lawyers in the Colonies . . . 591
Lead Keels, Making 208
Letter to a Lad Going to Sea . . 159
Living Chess 431
Livingstone's Early Days . . . 255
Locomotive, Birth of the . . . 443
London County Playgrounds, The . 475
London Playing Fields Committee . 476
Lucknow Jessie 160
Lug Sails 573
Lungoors, The 799

M

Macaulay, Lord, the Boyhood of . . 126
Mange in Dogs 431
Mange, Ointment for 48

PAGE

Manly Word to Young Men . . . 606
Manorbier 605
Marbles in Kettles 160
Marooned on the Goodwins . . . 197
Match Composition 32
MAURICE KERDIC 360, 374, 388, 404, 420, 436, 452, 468, 484, 500, 516, 532, 548, 564, 580, 596, 612, 628, 644, 659, 676
Mealworms 576
Medicine as a Profession . . . 730
Melita, Wreck of the 395
Merchant Navy Training . . 455, 816
Merry Springtide 545
Mice, Fancy 479
Microscope Makers 160
Microscope Object Mounting 47, 94, 111, 140, 155, 206, 219
Middle Watch, In the 59
Midnight Cruise, A 775
Milford Haven, A Tale of . . . 711
Military Architecture 534
Mistakes about Snakes . 58, 69, 90, 106
Mixtures, Funny 672
Model Yacht Articles 416
Model Yachting in 1890 and 1891 . 411
Modelling in Clay 472
Models, Speed of 208
Modern Chivalry 622
Modern Pirate, A 778
Mongooses 750
Mortar Board, The 224
Moths, Butterflies, and Beetles 62, 143, 207, 288, 351, 415, 479, 559, 624, 687, 767, 822
Moths, How to Set 638
Movement Against the Crammer . . 558
Murdoch's Engine 443

MUSIC:—

Neptune and Britannia . . . 492

My Dog the Undertaker . . . 702
My Experiences as a Thought-reader 663
My First Adventure 200
My First Shark 811
My First Tiger 314
My Friend Bean 639
Mystery of St. Vesper's, The . . 296

N

Names of War-ships 487
Natural History of the British Navy, The 487
Naval Code of Punishment, The . . 88
Naval Uniforms 378
Navies, The World's 447
Navy, The American 160
Nelson, An Anecdote of . . . 727
Neptune and Britannia . . . 492
Nervous Man's Adventure, A 87, 101, 119
Net for Butterflies, A . . . 704, 751
New Year's Days 688
New Zealand Kites 27
Newton, The Rev. John . . . 159
Nice Family Party, A 312
No-ball, The Law of 507
Noble Victory, A 814
Nobles, Value of 221
Nobly Done Column, Our . . . 366
Norman Castles 535
North American Indians . . . 429
Northern Hawks, Some . . . 299
Notable Athletic Feats . . . 383

NOTE BOOK, OUR:—

And What Then? 447
Anniversary of Gordon's Death . 414
Anti-gambling League, The . . 367
B.O.P. Canoe, A 558
Boy's Own Postal Clubs . . . 558

PAGE

Bravely Done 95
Brave Rescue in Colwyn Bay . . 319
Braver the Milder, The . . . 558
Canine Patient at St Thomas's . . 367
Cannibals 159
Cheltenham Old Boys . . . 527
Curious Facts and Figures . 558, 814
Curling Match, A Novel . . . 527
Desperado Cowed, A 463
Downward Step, The 367
Everyday and Lifelong Business, An 118
George Freeborn 399
Helping Hand, A 606
Hint or Two to Emigrants, A . . 734
Holy War, A 159
Indians Attacked by Wolves . . 447
Letter to a Lad Going to Sea . . 159
Living Chess 431
Livingstone's Early Days . . . 255
Manly Word to Young Men . . 606
Movement Against the Crammer . 558
Noble Victory, A 814
Perseverance under Difficulties . . 159
Ragged School Boys 255
Royal Sovereign, The . . . 558
Uppingham Set-fights . . . 367
Vessel Saved by Oil 367
World's Navies in 1891 . . . 447

Notes from My Log 395, 406, 426, 487, 502, 582, 599, 618, 682, 698, 714
Novelties, Photographic . . . 559
Novelty, The 443

O

Ocelots 748
Odd Half-hour, The 731
Oil, a Vessel Saved by 367
Old St. Paul's 607
Old-time Christmas Eve, An . . 197
On Guard 49

OPEN COLUMN, OUR:—

All Sorts of Boys 702
Baroda, A Letter from . . . 31
B.O.P. Canoes 639, 814
Captain, The 671
Caravan Trip, Our 734
Dollars and Pieces of Eight . . 286
Enlisted 703
Garden Peas 463
How a Fortune was Made . . 447
Invisible Butterfly Net, An . . 751
John Barleycorn, Junior . . . 702
Letter to the Editor 286
Magic Potter's Wheel, The . . 271
My Dog, the Undertaker . . . 702
My Friend Bean 639
Photographic Novelties . . . 559
Poor Fellow! Poor Fellow! . . 447
Prefect's Diary, A 15
Pride Goeth Before a Fall . . . 15
Qualifications of a Typist . . . 799
Roast Duck *v.* Nose 175
Saved from a Cobra 765
School Band, Our 303
Speaking Roughly 15
Sydney University 719
Thomas and John 639
Threshold of Life, The . . . 671
Truthful Jones 686
Twenty Minutes' Pounding on the Prairie 239
University of Sydney, The . . 719
What is Your Trade, Sir? . . . 15
When Caught, Won't he Catch it! . 814
When We were Boys Together . . 765
Work While Ye have the Light . 734
Wyoming Hailstorm, A . . . 239

Opossums 750
Our Canine Friends 430

PAGE

OUTDOOR SPORTS:—

Athletics 519
Boy's Own Angler, The 426, 474, 518, 538, 551, 567
Flying Machine, The Boy's Own . 46
Hockey 112
Hop-scotch, The Mystery of . . 95
June races at Oxford . . . 556
Model Yachting in 1890 and 1891 . 411
Notable Athletic Feats . . . 383
Public Playgrounds, Our . . . 475
South Sea Island Kites . . . 26
Training for School Sports . . 504

Outing at Tenby, An 603
Oxford, Boat-racing at 556
Oxford College Colours. . . . 556

P

Page, The 586
Painting, Books on 432
Pampas, The 272
Paper Butterflies 731
Paper Kettle, A 268
Paper Novelties 700, 717
Parrots, Food for 240
Parrots, Prices of 748
Patents. 16
Pat's Adventures with the Christmas Goose 184
Pawnbroker's Sign, The . . . 607
Pearl Carpet, A 31
Pennies, Old English 221
Pennsylvania Nautical School . . 455
Perch Fishing 552
Performing Fleas 283
Perseverance under Difficulties . . 159
Perspiring Feet 240
Peter Pastel, Photographer . . . 744

PETS:—

Boy's Own Caviary, The . . . 347
British Birds and their Treatment in Domesticity 461
Freshwater Aquarium, The . . 381
Greatest Thing in Bird Shows, The 440, 457
Our Canine Friends 430
Pigeons and Doves 700
Queer Pets 748
Saltwater Aquarium, The . . . 397
Seaside Birds and their Haunts. 568, 588
Seaside Birds as Pets . . 636, 648
Toad, The 316

Philidor's Name 495
Photographing the Dutchman . . 408
Photographs, Our Prize . . . 392
Photography . 174, 240, 270, 301, 559, 655, 669, 718, 732
Pickles 720
Picture Galleries, The Largest . . 544
Pigeon Loft, The 62, 143, 207, 287, 351, 415, 479, 559, 623, 687, 767, 822
Pigeons and Doves 700
Pike Fishing. 567
Pilchards and Sardines . . . 656
Pinch of Snuff and a Packet of News, A 713
Pirate, A Modern 778

POETRY:—

All Sorts of Boys 702
Captain, The 671
Charge ! 698
Count Rudolph's Beard . . . 680
Enlisted 703
Exceptional Case, An 31
Fisherman's Luck 171
Garden Peas 463
Henry James Bristow 366

PAGE

Idyll of the Isis, An 812
John Barleycorn, Junior . . . 702
Lady and the Lad, The . . . 758
Last Page, The 824
Maxim, The 710
New Vol., A 15
Off We Go. 16
Peculiar Character, A . . . 712
Poor Fellow ! Poor Fellow ! . . 447
Pride Goeth Before a Fall . . 15
Peshwa's Elephant, The . . . 311
Roast Duck *v.* Nose 175
Smith, Jr., Makes a Name . . 151
Sodium 575
That Tooth 391
Thomas and John 639
Threshold of Life, The . . . 671
True Manhood 783
Truthful Jones 686
Twilight Hour, The 716
Warning, A 391
What is Your Trade, Sir ? . . . 15
When Caught, Won't he Catch it ! . 814
Work While Ye have the Light . 734

Polar Approximations, The . . . 256
Pompholugopaphlasma . 73, 86, 102, 114
Pongo's Stratagem 651
Porpoise Oil 223
Porridge 192
Portcullis Money 160
Potter's Wheel, The 271
Poultry Fountain, A 192
Poultry Keeping, Practicable and Profitable . . . 490, 511, 538
Poultry Run, The 62, 143, 207, 287, 351, 415, 479, 559, 623, 687, 767, 822
Practical Joking 329
Prairie Dogs 750
Prairie Hailstorm, A 239
Prefect's Diary, A 15
Prices of Pets 748
Printing Photographs 655, 669
Professions in the Colonies, The . . 591
Public Playgrounds, Our . . . 475
Punishment, The Naval Code of . . 88
Punt, How to Build a . . 232, 251, 300
Pupa Digging 62, 143
Putting the Weight 383
Puzzles, A Few 731

Q

Queen of Serpents, The . . . 183
Queensland Cannibals 159
Queer Creatures, Some 806
Queer Pets 748
Queer Sport 132
Queer Uses of Animals, Some 222, 235, 254, 267, 283

R

Rabbitry, The 62, 143, 207, 287, 351, 415
Ragged School Boys 255
Railway Engines 408
Rain-in-the-Face 332
Rainhill Trial, The 443
Rat Catching 267
Rat, The Great 223
Rattlesnakes, Killing 283
Raven, A Pet 45
Records at Athletics 383
Reforming the Calendar . . . 112
Rigging and Rigs 571
Rio Grande, Adventure on the . . 756
Riveting China 221
Roach Fishing 518
Road Books 256
Rocket, The 443
Roman Camps 526
Rongo and Tane 27
Rowing Punt, To Build a . 232, 251, 300

PAGE

Royal Sovereign, The 558
Ruby Lamps 336
Rudd Fishing 567
Run Out, The Law of 507
Running Records 383
Running the Gauntlet 520
Rural Cricket-match, A . . . 633
Rustic Cart, The Boy's Own 30, 78, 91, 110

S

Sacrifice at the Falls, A . . . 345
Sailing Ship, A Large 304
Sailors' Homes 368
St. Osyth 44
St. Paul's Cathedrals 607
St. Thomas's, A Dog Patient at . . 367
St. Valentine's Day Afloat . . 312
St. Vesper's, The Mystery of . . 296
Salmon Trout, The 288
Saltwater Aquarium, The . . . 397
San Salvador 406
Sandhurst Examination . . . 400
Sandpipers as Pets 649
Sanspareil, The 443
Saratoga, The 455
Sardines and Pilchards . . . 656
Saved 439
Saved by a Single Strand . . . 42
Saved from a Cobra 765
Scarborough 109
School Band, Our 303
School Sports 504
Schoolmasters, Army 80
Schoolmasters in the Colonies . . 592
Schooner Rig 573
Science and Art Payments . . . 688
Scissors, Mending 187
Scoters as Pets 648
Screws, How to Fix 416
Sea Otters, In Search of . . . 795
Sea Serpents 335, 346, 362
Sea-going Training Ships . . . 816
Seals and Sealskin 448
Seaside Birds and their Haunts . 568, 588
Seaside Birds as Pets . . 636, 648
Sebastopol, Bombardment of . . 502
Seeds for Birds 462
Setting Butterflies and Moths . . 638
Seven Days in a House on Wheels . 759
Shakespeare's Plays 464
Shannon and Chesapeake, The . . 810
Shark Stories 27, 692, 811
Shark's Backbones 223
Shear-waters as Pets 636
Ship's Clock, The 652
Ships' Names 487
Shortest Game of Chess, The . . 495
Showing the Ford 105
Sign of Springtide, A 352
Silver Pennies 221
Silvering Mixture 32
Sioux Indians, The 331
Sitting Bull, The Story of . . . 331
Sitting Hens 491
Skating Records 383
Skeleton Leaves 416
Sketching Trip, Our 620
Skunks 235
Sloop Rig 573
Sluys, The Battle of 747
Snakes, Mistakes About . 58, 69, 90, 106
Snakes of the Sea 335
Snow Rig, The 573
Soldering 156
Solicitors in the Colonies . . . 591
Something Like Enjoyment . . . 728

SONG:—

Neptune and Britannia . . . 492

Sorrows of Peter Pastel, The . . 744
Sound, Speed of 272

PAGE

South Africa, Experiences in . . . 132
South Sea Island Kites . . . 26
Spelter 187
Sponge, The 32
Spring Bed, The 782
Spritsails 573
Squeaky Boots 63
Squire, The 587
Squirrels 750
Stamp Magazines 192
Stoats 750

STORIES:—

Across the Snow . . 247, 260, 276
Against Time 135
Amateur Detective, An 778, 789, 804, 819
Amongst the Fishes . . 634, 650
Butterfly Hunters, The 152, 166, 181, 195, 212, 230, 246
Caleb Westrop's Fright . . . 711
Charley Brown 763
Cock House at Fellsgarth, The 225, 241, 257, 273, 289, 305, 321, 337, 353, 369, 385, 401, 417, 433, 450, 465, 481, 497, 513, 529, 545, 561, 577, 593, 609, 631
Comedy of St. Vesper's, The . . 661
Coral Prison, A 6, 23, 40, 56, 70, 85, 100, 117
Day's Fishing, A . . . 685, 693
Deuchary of the Macbrogans . 666, 678
Dog-watch Yarns . . . 695, 778
"Faugh a Ballagh" 726
Flyte 342
George Freeborn: Sailor, Exile, and First Parson of Aurora Island, 1, 17, 33, 49, 65, 81, 97, 114, 129, 145, 163, 179, 193, 209, 228, 244, 261, 277, 292, 308, 324, 340, 399
Gisli the Outlaw . . . 412, 423
Grubbages 215
His First—and Last—Tiger . . 725
How I Became a Conjurer . . 279
Hunchback, The . . 692, 708, 724
In the Gunner's Cabin . . . 424
Inaugurating a Blackboard . . 356
Jem Warden's Lesson . . . 103
Jem's Dream 203
Kangaroos at a Cricket-match . . 634
Knight of the Blue Ribbon, The 148, 161, 177
Last Survivors, The 165
Maurice Kerdic; or, The Mystery of Ecbatana, 360, 374, 388, 404, 420, 436, 452, 468, 484, 500, 516, 532, 548, 564, 580, 596, 612, 628, 644, 659, 676
Mystery of St. Vesper's, The . . 296
Pat's Adventures with the Christmas Goose 184
Pompholugopaphlasma 73, 86, 102, 114
Pongo's Stratagem 651
Saved 439
Sorrows of Peter Pastel, The . . 744
Taffy 4, 21, 38, 54, 74
Tale of a Pig, The 9, 20, 36, 51, 67, 83, 99, 120, 131
Taming an Outlaw 330
Tiger Chief of Burmah, The 584, 601, 615, 626, 641, 658, 674, 689, 705, 721, 737, 753, 769, 785, 801, 817

PAGE

Tompkins's Telephone . . . 794
Tragic Episode, A 791
Two Jacks, The 150
Van Tromp and I 742
Story of a Sword, The . . . 617
Strange Tragedy in Labrador . . 327
Study of Medicine as a Profession, The 730
Sudden Death, From 652
Sugaring Mixture 112
Sundials 522
Surveyors in the Colonies . . . 592
Swimming Records 383
Sword, Parts of the 96
Sydney University 719

T

Taffy 4, 21, 38, 54, 74
Taking the Pilot 541
Tale of a Pig, The 9, 20, 36, 51, 67, 83, 99, 120, 131
Taming an Outlaw 330
Tank for Aquarium 32
Telegraph Statistics 32
Tenby, An Outing at 603
Tench Fishing 567
Thoreau 216, 234, 250
Thought-reading Experiences . . 663
Throwing the Hammer . . . 383
Tiger 263
TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH, THE 584, 601, 615, 626, 641, 658, 674, 689, 705, 721, 737, 753, 769, 785, 801, 817
Tiger in a House, A 12
Timber Terms 624
Time and Time Measures . . . 522
Tinning 205
Tin, Working in 187
Toads 223, 316
Tokens 236, 269, 284
Tompkins's Telephone 794
Tongues of Snakes 69
Toning Photographs . . . 655, 669
Toning Solution 352
Tonnage of Yachts 192
Tournament, A 413
Toys Worked by Electricity . 523, 543, 554, 573, 587
Tracing Paper 144
Tragic Episode, A 791
Training 504, 519
Training Ship, An American . . 455
Transferotype 174
Transferring Engravings . . . 160
Trawling 62
Trevithick, Richard 443
Trout Fishing 426
Truants 33
Trumpet, The Electric 523
Trumpeter, The 757
Tubes, Making 206
Turkeys 538
Turner, A Scottish 144
Turnstone, The 650
Two Bears, The 668
Two Jacks, The 150
Typist, Qualifications of a . . . 799

U

PAGE

Uniforms of the Royal Navy . . 378
United States Training Ship for Boys, A 455
Unused Stamps 256
Uppingham Set-Fights 367

V

Van Tromp and I 742
Varnish for Drawings 416
Vessel Saved by Oil 367
Vestas, Composition on . . . 32
Volunteers, A Book on the . . . 144
Vowels, Our 731

W

Waiting for the Call 449
Walking Records 383
Wallis, Admiral 807
Warning, A 553
Watches 523
Watches at Sea 688
Watch-making, Books on . . . 224
Water, The Freezing Point of . . 688
Water Tournament in the Fifteenth Century 653
Waterproofing Boots . . . 80, 816
Watt, James 443
Wax Match Composition . . . 32
Weasels 750
Weathering on the Sharks . . . 692
Weight Putting 383
Whale's Milk 267
"What is it?" 393, 559
When We were Boys Together . . 765
Wild Life in the Wild West . . . 168
Windmill Toys 477
Window Garden, The 62, 143, 207, 287, 351, 415, 479, 559, 624, 687, 767, 822
Wolves in England 96
Wolves, Indians Attacked by . . 447
Wood Carving for Boys . . 364, 379
Wooden Walls of the Past, Our . . 369
Wood's Halfpence 656
Words of Cheer 79, 286
World's Navies, The 447
Worm-fishing for Trout . . . 426
Worms, Cure for 431
Wrecker, The 344
Wrong Road, The 297
Wyoming Hailstorm, A . . . 239

Y

Yachting Tonnage 192
Yarmouth 92
Yawl Rig 573
Year, The First of the 112
Yorkshire Coble, The 513
"You don't say so!" 108



SUMMER NUMBER.

(Not included in Volume.)

FRONTISPIECE—"Schoolmates."

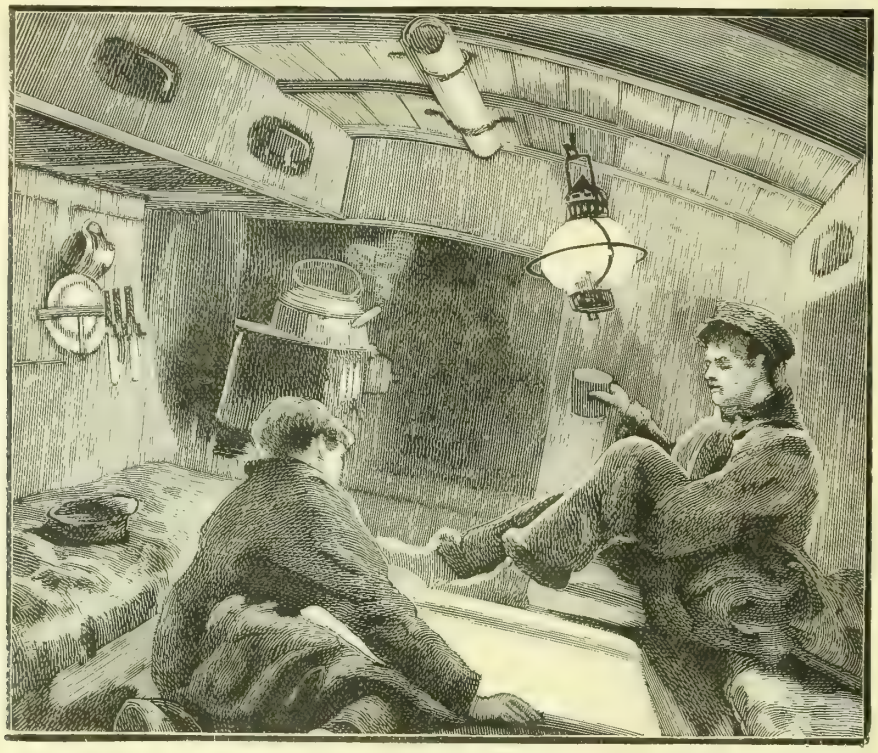
Adventure in a Blueberry Patch . . 16
Bad Shot, A 20
Bear, My First 33
Boating Adventure, A 49
Brass Collector's Adventures, A . . 18
Brush with Brigands, A . . . 37
Canadian Canoes and Canoeing . . 58
Child of Necessity, The . . . 26
Circe's Vengeance 43
Consulting the Menu 16
Cycle Run in Brittany, A . . . 62
Devil's Steps, The 47
Eighteen Hours with a "Kid" . . 54
Fishing, Sea 9
Goblin's Guineas, The 5
Holiday Jottings, Some . . . 45
Iceland, An Adventure in . . . 14
Idyl, An 20
Line-fishing in Salt Water . . . 8
Lost Pen, The 33
Lulworth Cove 40
New Way to Spend a Holiday, A . . 18
Our Stone Sentinel 14
Owl a-cold, The 20
Peninsula of Penzance, The . . 35
Perilous Position, A 38
Photography at Play 52
Pier-fishing for Boys 9
Schoolmates. 14
Seaside Sensation, A 18
Tragedy of St. Vesper's, The . . 30
Tyrant Toad, The 21
Very Fishy Behaviour 5
Walking Tour, Hints for a . . . 24

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

(Not included in Volume.)

FRONTISPIECE—"A Christmas Hymn."

All-night Sitting at St. Vesper's . . 54
Ballade for Christmas Morning . . 49
Barking Frog, A 52
Brave Young Douglas 18
Brimmacum's Wedding 36
Carol Singing 13
Christmas Eve 32
Christmastide Tragedy, A . . . 57
Conundrums, Batch of 62
Crocodile, A, in Madagascar . . 62
Dormitory Ditties 64
Foe and Friend 14
Funny Blunders, Big and Little . . 63
Impostor Found Out, An . . . 56
Kind Friends, To all 4
Last Match, The 30
Launching the Lifeboat . . . 20
Leaves from a Lady Novelist . . 57
Mercy of the Waves, At the . . . 21
Modern Milo, A 9
Night Prowl among Night Prowlers . 58
Parting Shot, A 8
Plesiogryphoniconmetropole, The . 42
Queer Story, A 5
Shadow Game, A 29
Stowaway's Story, The 30
"That Boy!" 33
Tight Squeeze, A 23
Tommy Tenor 11
Warning Fingers, The 34
Whales, At Play with 17
Wheel and Woe 25
Winter Afternoon's Adventure, A . 47
Winter in St. Petersburg . . . 24

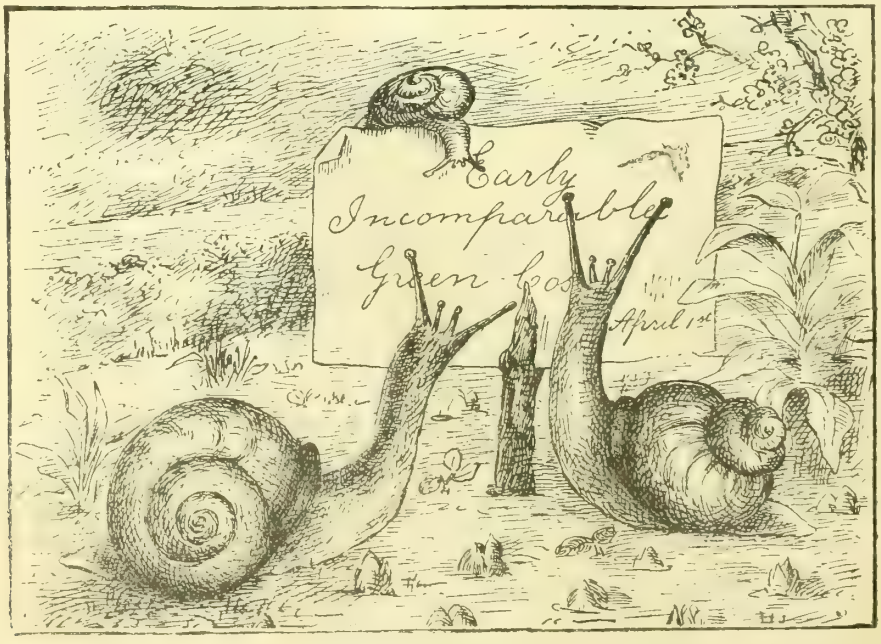


ILLUSTRATIONS.

Gisli the Outlaw . . . . . *Frontispiece.*

A New Song . . . . . *To face page* 1
An Old-time Dominie . . . . . „ 65
Compulsory Education . . . . . „ 161
Our British Cavalry . . . . . „ 209
Duty . . . . . „ 289
Ashore . . . . . „ 353
Wit and Wisdom . . . . . *To face page* 417
Moonrise off Gravesend . . . . . „ 481
A September Morning . . . . . „ 561
"Hi! Ferry! Ferry!" . . . . . „ 625
A Neapolitan Fisher-boy . . . . . „ 689

With many Hundred Smaller Illustrations.



Consulting the Menu!

[END OF INDEX TO VOL. XIII.]



THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER"] Grover & Co., Nottingham. [56, *Paternoster Row.*

A NEW SONG.

Painted by PERCY R. CRAFT.

(EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1887.)

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 612.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1890. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"Muskets were being carried down, and ammunition."

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER I.—SHORT AND INTRODUCTORY.—MY APOLOGY FOR WRITING MY LIFE.

My golden wedding is over—the service in the church, the receiving of kindly presents, the loving congratulations, the

[Preface.—Within the last five years the grave has closed over the ashes of one who did a great and good work in one of the most remote parts of this earth, and whose life ought to have been chronicled by an abler pen than mine. Few lives, I am confident, could have surpassed this, either in romance, adventure, or in variety of experience. Having had the advantage of the personal acquaintance of the gentleman in question, I have striven to build upon the leading facts of his strange story this narrative, in the hope of producing a pleasant and healthy book which may profitably beguile the leisure hours of others as the writing of it has undoubtedly beguiled mine.—A. Baker, Port Royal, Jamaica, September 18, 1889.]

family gathering of some threescore happy faces. The voices of the last of my guests have died away in the distance; the great-grandchildren, the grandchildren, and the children, as we still love to call them, have gone out by twos and threes into the darkness, and now even the sound of their feet has died away, and I can only hear the beating of the waves upon the shore, the sighing of the wind among the stately pines of this my island home, and the merry chirp of the thousand grasshoppers intent on keeping up the fête till the dawn.

Even my beloved partner has gone to rest, tired out by the anticipation, the excitement, the solemnity, the deep and fathomless love of this happy day. Only one lamp is left burning in the house, and that is mine. I am left alone with the darkness, thronged with memories innumerable; I am left alone to listen to their voices, to trace once more the golden thread of Divine guiding that runs through all the fabric of my unworthy life. I can see the meaning of it now; the mystery which has so often puzzled me is being made plain.

A thousand warnings come to tell me that my work in this world is wellnigh over; that I must soon return from my exile—not to my native England, dear, green England, but to a less-known country; that my ashes must soon mingle with the ashes of my flock in the little graveyard on the sea-shore.

The younger folk, as they gathered round me to-day, reiterated their often-expressed wish that I would write down for them something of my life's history, my travels in many lands, my startling adventures and hairbreadth escapes. So many years of loving obedience and incessant filial attention demand a far greater recompense than I can ever give. Their request seems hardly unreasonable; for, with one or two exceptions, I am their only living link with the great world which lies about them; and it cannot but be that most of them will pass all their lives in this beautiful island, since the means of travel are very few and far between, very expensive, and very uncertain, owing to weather, want of a harbour, home ties (which with us are peculiarly binding), scarcity of labour, and vast stretches of ocean which have to be crossed before we can reach even the nearest colony. We are visited by a few whalers, a mission vessel, an occasional man-of-war, or merchant trader. But for these visits, Aurora Island would be little more than a mere speck on the map.

Should I shrink, then, from making a written record of my eventful life? I can at least add something to the world's knowledge of God's unceasing mercies, while my posterity can learn not unimportant lessons from my many failures, as well as from my few successes. I will then, without more ado, begin to write down these my recollections of my eighty-four years of life, chequered, surely as few men's lives have been, by travel, peril, and all manner of strange adventure, till I came to this place, and found safe anchorage, and loving hearts among whom to lay my bones.

CHAPTER II.—MY BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS—MY SCHOOL-DAYS—MY START IN LIFE.

Something of mystery hangs over my birth—something which I shall never fathom; nor, indeed, have I any wish to renew the sad inquiry. Let the dead past bury its dead.

I never saw my father. My mother scarcely ever mentioned him in my presence, and then only in terms of honour. When any one else introduced his name she always appeared greatly distressed, and would change the subject as soon as possible, nor would she encourage in any way my not unnatural curiosity as to my family and birth. Once only did she give me an involuntary clue. It was her custom to come and see me after I was in bed and to say a prayer by my bedside; and once, when she had come rather later than usual, and I had fallen into a sort of half-conscious doze, I heard her say, as she kissed me tenderly, shading the light with her hand—

"Poor fatherless bairn; so like his father too. God grant him as stainless a life and as glorious a death!"

Poor mother! Whatever the sad story may have been, whatever the irreparable mistake which threw a blight over that sweet life, and shrouded its sun in a perpetual gloom of death and widowhood, I never rightly knew it. It is sufficient to me to remember how bravely she bore her sufferings; how thoroughly she grappled with her sorrows, and applied herself to all the duties of her life. She was to me a lady, an English Christian lady, an English Christian mother. All that such could do for a wayward son like me she did, bravely and well. All the sympathy, all the wise and patient teaching of such a mother were mine. I am persuaded she would have laid down her life for me at any moment.

O mother, sweet mother! What a halo of heavenly light surrounds your sacred image in my memory! You are photographed on my heart indelibly by your own light! Your voice is with me by night and day! You move through my dreams continually! Yet what would I not give to see you once more with the eyes of my body, to look into your loving face with proud satisfaction beaming from my own at the thought of such a mother! Even now, though I am so near to rejoining you! This may not be; but we shall doubtless meet ere long, never again to be parted.

My earliest recollections are of a hurried journey from Scotland. I can just remember the long cold ride in the coach; how the roads were piled high with the driven snow, which yet fell unceasingly from a leaden sky, how the icy draught found its way into the coach till my ears tingled again, and at last I fairly cried with the cold, and my mother strove in vain to comfort me. I can remember, too, how crowded we were, and how interminable that journey seemed. But at last it came to an end, and we arrived safely at our destination, a comfortable old Warwickshire farmhouse, which was for many years afterwards my home.

It was not a house one could easily forget. It stood entirely surrounded by far-stretching fields dotted with huge elms, the relics of the Forest of Arden. Time had dealt very leniently with it, and I have little doubt that it looked much the same in Shakspeare's time as it did then. Its walls were snowy white, crossed and recrossed by heavy beams of black oak, and it had great overhanging gables with the same ancient timbers arranged in fantastic patterns. Part of the roof was of thatch, and under this the swallows found a snug harbour, as also did the hornets, far less agreeable neighbours. Our front door, which had doubtless often resounded to the imperious knocking of Cromwell's Ironsides or Rupert's Malignants, was a massive piece of roughly-carved oak, about eight inches thick, the heart of a mighty tree. It was all I could do to shut it as a little boy. On each side of this door, within a deep rose-covered porch, was a huge settle, a delightfully cool seat on a summer's day. Within, too, the house was the quaintest imaginable; every room appeared to lead into another, and yet another; you seemed to go downstairs by degrees, a step or two at a time, with long stretches of passage between; you were always coming on queer little alcoves and tall cupboards in the most unexpected places. My little room was in one of the gables, overlooking the orchard; a huge old pear-tree took nearly the whole wall round the corner, and some of its arms had climbed beyond the point where the two walls met, and were trained along my side of the house, and in the autumn I had but to open my little diamond-paned window and I could reach the luscious pears. There was a fine old garden on the eastern side, in which you might often find a rose in December, and which was rich in all manner of old-fashioned flowers, with dark yews cut into quaint shapes. On the west side were long ranges of farm-buildings, with a background of yellow ricks, the haunt of innumerable sparrows and rats, my first and happiest hunting-ground.

Under what particular arrangement we came to live in this house I never knew. My mother had some light duties connected therewith which she carried out to the letter; but the bulk of the business of the farm was in the hands of a hind—a brawny individual, with huge limbs and a boundless capacity for beef and beer—named Ezra Hobbins. Ezra's stock of words was very small, and chiefly limited to farm, garden, and market; he was neither a first-rate reader nor a first-rate writer, and he kept his accounts in a manner known only to himself. From hearing him read the newspaper, generally about a month old when it reached us, I noticed that whenever he came to a word which was beyond his comprehension he used to substitute "pigtrough" for it, and it seemed to do just as well. The good man, however, was very glad when I was sufficiently educated to come to the rescue, for Mrs. Ezra, though a very grand person, with an immense quantity of corkscrew curls, was wholly ignorant of any matters save milk, butter, cheese, and the many and varied needs of the Hobbins family, which required enormous quantities of bread and milk, bacon, and corduroy. "Er's a gud 'oman," Ezra used to say—"Er's a gud 'oman; but er's a unkid 'oman at toimes. Oi dooant know as Oi could a married a better, though."

They are long since gone—

"Their graves are green,
They may be seen,"

but they certainly did their work in the world a great deal better than many more highly-educated people of the same class do nowadays, and they were almost like parents to me.

Ezra, indeed, was a sort of rough guardian angel; for I was almost always in some sort of mischief when away from his tutelage. He taught me to distinguish the notes of the different birds, their different ways of building their nests, and their different eggs, of which latter, under his auspices, I made my first collection. He taught me where to look for the nests of the humble-bees, whose honey I found to be superior to the most unctuous bull's-eyes or treacle-sticks of the village-shop. Under his guidance I laid siege to the citadel of many a swarm of wasps, successfully defied the infuriated inhabitants, and possessed myself of huge quantities of a bait highly relished by the finny inhabitants of the brook. Many a trudge we had together over the farm, I an eager and attentive listener, he pointing out the little shrew-mouse, the mole, the hare in her form, or the trail of the fox. He was a great lover of domestic animals, and would not suffer the slightest cruelty towards them. Many a time have I heard him say, as we followed the sturdy team at the plough or in the harvest-field, "Dooant bate 'em now, dooant bate 'em, they dooant wa'ant no whip; yew fill their bellies, and they'll goo." So when Ezra had a holiday he didn't, like the Sussex peasant, buy two ounces of bacca, and sit on the mixen and smoke it out, but he generally spent it with me—and delightful company I found him.

In this fashion I passed several years of peaceful existence, my mother superintending my daily lessons, which were always preceded by an hour's religious instruction in the Bible, my outdoor pursuits being shared by Ezra, and the sons of the neighbouring farmers, who, if they sometimes led me into mischief, as boys will lead each other, taught me nevertheless a number of manly accomplishments, such as riding, jumping, running, and swimming, in all of which as a young man I was expert. I always think it was greatly to our advantage that our parish involved no regular village, but consisted entirely of scattered groups of houses, far apart, and extending over a wide area, so that we had no special corner wherein to congregate, as village youths are wont to do, to the frequent annoyance of the more elderly and staid inhabitants, but were thrown more upon our own resources to seek wholesome pleasures over hill and dale.

On Sundays we all went regularly to the old church of St. Lawrence, which stood in the very centre of the parish, a venerable cruciform structure, with a grey embattled tower at the intersection. I well remember its lofty nave and its long low chancel, both nave and chancel filled with tall pews having very straight backs and very narrow seats, little calculated for the endurance of the long and prosy sermons, interspersed with Latin quotations, which were the rule.

The singing was quaintly rendered to the accompaniment of a flute, a clarionet, and a violin, the strings of which last-named instrument would often break with a loud snap. On the psalm being given out, the clerk used to chalk the number thereof on a blackboard, and hang the same in front of his desk for the information of the learned. The school-children used to sit in two or three large high pews at the west end. It was impossible for them to see anything, and nearly as impossible for them to hear anything, and we were always painfully aware when any of the methods, such as scraping of the feet, or cracking of nuts, by which they showed their not unnatural impatience, were being visited with condign punishment in the shape of a blow from a strap or a box on the ear. But what strikes me most, when I think of it, was the ingenious apparatus for heating the church. In the centre of the middle aisle stood four posts supporting a small platform, whereon was placed a stove, the chimney of which passed through a clerestory window; and in the middle of divine service, the sexton, a solemn personage in rusty black, used to mount up to this platform by a pair of steps, and poke the fire, a process extremely trying to the gravity of strangers unaccustomed to our ways. There being no vestry, the old Rector used to take off his surplice, throw it over the communion-rail, and change into his gown, previous to preaching, in the presence of the congregation, and on more than one occasion I recollect having observed him combing his hair during the psalm which preceded the sermon. In truth it was an eccentric place, but I learnt many a wholesome lesson there, and the Rector, with all his old-fashioned ways, was really a very faithful parish priest, a genial kindly gentleman, beloved by all who knew him.

When I reached the age of eleven years, my mother began to bethink herself of some school wherein I might have the advantage of a higher education than she could herself give, and of mixing with boys in my own rank of life. It happened that a worthy pedagogue had lately settled in our neighbourhood, the report of whose vast learning thrilled all the country-side. He took in a few youngsters as boarders, and thither my mother sent me, stipulating for my return home from each Saturday till Monday, if I had behaved myself well and made satisfactory progress in my studies. Dr. Du Cane was a big corpulent man, with a vast wig, a very long hooked nose, and a pair of bright gleaming eyes that looked through and through one; a great student, an equally great *bon vivant*, an incessant smoker of long churchwarden pipes, a person of most fascinating manners and conversation, when not troubled with the gout, at which time it became exceedingly prudent to keep out of his way. He had very strong views on the subject of corporal punishment, and kept in a certain cupboard in his study great store of birches and canes, as I knew well to my cost.

There was no Mrs. Du Cane. The household was under the domination of a buxom housekeeper named Mrs. Hogsflesh, a lady of about six-and-forty, who looked after the boys' linen, took upon herself a grim guardianship of our play-boxes, and gave the little boys their weekly tub on Saturday nights, the daily cold bath not having come so much into fashion as it has nowadays. There was besides a blear-eyed usher named Grogston, who looked after us out of school, was generally obnoxious, and wore Dr. Du Cane's cast-off wigs. How easily and gracefully they sat on the doctor, not a hair out of place! What a venerable aspect they gave him! How exactly did they seem suited to protect and enhance the boundless stores of learning that lay beneath! But when they descended to the usher they seemed all at once to have become painfully aware that they had fallen very low in the world. Every hair seemed to tremble with just indignation, and the whole wig soon got to wear a discontented and low-life look, much enhanced by the frequent splashes of ink and the powdered chalk with which we strove to adorn it. We much preferred, however, to take our morning walk with Grogston, because his discipline was *nil*, and we could break loose, and wander about at our own sweet pleasure. Whenever, therefore, we had any particular reason for not wishing the Doctor to accompany us, we used, during his breakfast, to tie the weather-vane so that it pointed east, because we knew that nothing would induce him to face an east wind, let alone a dull and classical walk with about forty mutinous boys.

Of this remarkable person many anecdotes are told, of which I shall content myself with one, showing his extreme simplicity, and at the same time his absence of mind. He had in his cellar some very fine port wine of a celebrated vintage, which he only brought forth on special occasions. To his unfeigned horror he discovered that some larcenous person was in the habit of breaking into the cellar and abstracting this very wine, the supply of which was growing beautifully less. All efforts to discover the thief having proved fruitless, the Doctor, attended by his faithful valet Sam, repaired to the cellar in great wrath, and there held a council of war. There appeared to be no remedy but to nail up the cellar-door. In answer to his master's inquiry as to the kind of nails most suitable for the purpose, Sam suggested tenpenny nails, and was immediately furnished with a sovereign, and despatched to the blacksmith's to procure them. On his return the Doctor expressed great surprise at receiving such a quantity of nails, and no less than nineteen shillings and twopence in change. "Why, Sam," cried he, "why have you brought me all this change? And such a quantity of nails, too! There must be some mistake." "Why, sir," replied Sam, "them nails is tenpence a pound." "Oh, really, Sam, are they? I thought they were tenpence each. Now, Sam, get into the cellar." Sam obeyed, the Doctor followed, and they at once began gravely to nail up the door from the inside. After one or two nails had been driven home a bright thought seemed to strike Sam.

"Please, sir," said he, "'ow are us to get out?"

"How are we to get out? How are we to get out? Well, dear me, how *are* we to get out? I never thought of that."

I remained at this school for some four years, and, though the Doctor lost no opportunity of administering flagellation, and frequently declared me to be the most graceless young scoundrel he had ever beheld, I have reason to think, never-

theless, that he regarded me with much affection: for on receipt of a letter from my mother, requesting him to send me home at once on account of my having been nominated to His Majesty's Navy, he sent for me into his study, and appeared quite distressed at the idea of parting. "Why, George," said he, "so I hear they're going to make a sailor of you. 'Tis a great pity, I assure you. I destined you for a scholar; you will be quite thrown away on rope-yarn and tar; and you were a good hand at hexameters, too; and you could construe an ode of Horace very fairly. Well, well! when you come home again, mind, you are always welcome at this house so long as I am here. There, go along, you sucking Nelson, to your bunt-lines and your marline-spikes. There's a guinea for you."

It is a strange thing, the calm, even tenor of years being broken into suddenly by a change almost as great as being ushered into another world. Here was I, a merry boy, with no thought but of play, approaching study, more play, and more study, with meals, and a possible flogging in between, and a sweet sleep in my little white bed to finish up with, when, in one short hour, "Heigh! presto! pass!" and I was bowling along in a chaise all to myself, with nothing to remind me of Hatton but the cheers of my schoolfellows, the Doctor's guinea, and a huge green gooseberry turnover, the parting gift of Mrs. Hogsflesh. Poor woman! She seemed quite bewildered at the idea of my going, and said it was a sin and a shame to send a lamb like me over the seas abroad; nor could she confine herself to lamentation, but imprinted a loud kiss upon my cheek, highly flavoured, since she had dined off steak-and-onions. I could not then feel the full meaning of leaving school. How could I with such expectations? I have often felt it since. I have often longed for a week of that time, and it finds place again and again in my happiest dreams.

But in this world, at least, we are always at school. Each time of life has its laborious lessons, its punishments, more or less severe, and, thank God! its joyous playtime too.

(To be continued.)

TAFFY; OR, THE TALE OF A GROUSE.

A SCHOOL STORY.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "The Parlour Boarder," "A Couple of Crusoes," "Sister Mary," etc.

CHAPTER I.

Goldsmith never told us that side-splitting story of "Old Grouse in the Gun-room," which had such power to tickle Squire Hardcastle's servants out of their propriety. I have often tried to guess what it was, desiring to compare it with a story of my own about a grouse that at one time had as much interest for me, though not, perhaps, of the same kind. The scene of this story is no Highland or Yorkshire moor, but a public school in one of the most agricultural counties of England.

There was a fellow at school with me whom we called "Taffy," his real name being Rees. He and I, not with my good will, chummed in the same study for a term or two; but you must understand that there was not much else in common between us. Taffy was a Welshman, as you may suppose; and if Taffy turned out a thief, it may have been through getting the bad name of it. He had also the character of being as mad as a hatter—

> "Why hatters, as a rule, are mad,
> I do not know, nor does it matter."

But the plain truth is that poor Rees behaved sometimes as if not quite in his right mind; and nobody envied me the privilege of seeing so much of him in our narrow quarters.

I can't get on with my story without giving you some idea of the geography of its locality. We were boarders in the head-master's house—which was not his house, for he lived in a detached one close by, known as the Warden's Lodge. Between his boarders' premises on one side and the school buildings on the other, connected with both by a long passage, had recently been built a house for the accommodation of the younger masters, who, not having families or boarders of their own, lived here more comfortably than in lodgings. Opening off the passage from our house to theirs was a room intended for the matron's store-closet; but, somehow, it was little used, unless as a receptacle for empty boxes, hampers, and other lumber.

Well, soon after the beginning of the autumn term, I having brought from home a large hamper—the contents of which soon went the way of such things—Taffy one evening helped me to carry it to that lumber-room, as well he might, considering how much he had had to do with emptying it. This errand brought us near the door of the masters' common-room while they were at dinner. On a table outside the door stood a large dish containing the remains of two brace of birds, three of them in the condition of *disjecta membra*, but the fourth still untouched—just as it had come out from the banquet of our minor gods. For the moment, none of the servants were to be seen; so we boys stole down the empty passage to look and to sniff, though this, properly, was forbidden ground to us.

"Grouse, aren't they?" said Taffy, and I remarked that the masters were lucky fellows to have such hampers sent them.

"I say, wouldn't that one be jolly for our supper?" Taffy went on. "I have a good mind to bag it."

"Like to see you!" said I, never in the least supposing that he would venture to do anything of the sort.

"Here goes, then!" and, to my amazement and dismay, that mad fellow snatched up the whole grouse and bolted with it along the passage.

"What are you about, man?" cried I. "You will get into an awful scrape!"

So Taffy seemed to be aware on speedy reflection, for, at the sound of approaching footsteps, he suddenly turned for hiding into the store-room already mentioned, where I followed him with renewed protests.

"Whatever tempted you to try such a trick? You are sure to be found out!" I put my remonstrance on no higher ground, though I will say for myself that I would never have thought of prigging the leavings of a dinner-table.

"Not a bit of it; the chances are it will never be missed!" said Taffy, in high excitement. "We must smuggle it up to our study, and have a splendid feed."

"But you are bound to be seen carrying it through the house."

"Couldn't you stow it away under your jacket?" said Taffy, who was himself thin and lanky, with his clothes always too tight for him.

"No, indeed! I will have nothing to do with it."

"Then, I'll tell you what—we must hide it here till we get a chance of bringing it safe."

He was at no loss for a hiding-place. The room was half full of empty hampers like that one I had just added to the heap. Into the first that came handy Taffy popped his prize, covering it up with straw. Then we had to wait a minute or two, while servants were passing to and fro in the passage. As soon as the coast was clear, we slipped out and hurried off to our own side of the house. Thus I found myself the unwilling accomplice in an act of petty larceny.

"Why, you dared me to do it!" said Taffy, when I tried to make plain to him that I would have no hand in the business. "You don't mean to say that, after that, you would *tell*."

"Of course I don't; but why do you want to get me with you into such a low scrape?"

I was relieved that we at least met nobody who could bear witness against us as seen in this part of the house, where, by rights, we had no business. Apart from the unpleasantness of having perhaps to shield Taffy, according to those Medo-Persian laws which forbid a schoolboy to betray his comrades' delinquencies, I could see that it might be difficult for me to prove my own innocence, especially if Taffy stuck to the story of my "daring" him to lay hands on the grouse, as he put it. However clear my conscience was as to this, I felt that I must have an awkward

part to play in the inquiry which, it seemed, could not fail to follow the disappearance of such a tit-bit; and I wished with all my heart that in this errand I had not been coupled with so dangerous a companion.

Rees also appeared now to have partly realised the peril of his freak. He made no further proposal to get at the grouse for supper. When the time came, we sat down to our bare bread and cheese among the rest; then, though that greedy Taffy ate enough for two, he must needs whisper to me—

"I say, if we only had *it* in the study!"

"Bother, I don't want to hear anything more about it," was my answer.

But could we expect to hear no more about it, and from those who would not lightly go without an answer? While we youngsters sat noisily at table in the hall, two of the prefects, Seton and Mellish, walking up and down to keep some show of order, a hush fell as there entered Mr. Wyatt, the house-master, or first-lieutenant of the Head in all that concerned his boarders' discipline. Mr. Wyatt did not usually visit us at supper, and I at once suspected he had come about that unlucky bird, the more so when he beckoned Seton out to the door, where they stood talking in a low tone, as on some subject of importance.

I kicked Taffy's shins under the table, and if ever a boy looked frightened, it was he. Presently Mellish was called into council; and when Mr. Wyatt went away, the prefects had a confabulation of their own. The other fellows couldn't guess what all this was about; but two of us made uneasily sure that the matter of the missing grouse had been put into the hands of the sixth form, to hold inquest on and deal with as might seem desirable. A prefect's punishment was no joke, and these judges were more likely than the masters to get at the truth of such offences. Even if it could be concealed for a time, there was such a thing as running the gauntlet of the whole house for any criminal detected in the end as having got the community into a scrape.

So Taffy and I felt it a welcome respite when we were allowed to leave supper without a word being said of the terrors hanging over us. We rushed up to our study, and bolted the door that we might more freely give way to our mutual reproaches.

"I say, we are in for it," ejaculated Taffy, dismally, for he was a kind of fellow in whom fits of reckless excitement alternated with a reaction into the most abject dumps.

"What did I tell you, then, you idiot! And why do you say *we?* as if I ever meddled with the thing!"

"Well, it was you put it into my head."

"Taffy!"

"You said I daren't do it. A fellow doesn't like to be chaffed for a coward."

"How could I know you were such a fool as not to think I was joking?"

"How was I to know you wouldn't back me up, when you shoved me on to it?" whined Taffy. "You were to go halves, of course; but I never dreamt you were so mean as to get me into a scrape, and then try to sneak out of it."

"I wish I had never had anything to do with you and your scrapes!" exclaimed I.

"You wouldn't say that if we had the grouse here," retorted Taffy.

Thus we went on wrangling, and got to high words, in the midst of which came a kick at our door. We ill-yoked accomplices started in alarm, having so much cause to fear a summons before the authorities. It was indeed the voice of Mellish, the prefect, who now interrupted our debate.

"Shut up that row, you youngsters, and get to your work!" he said, passing on.

That was all. We drew our breath more freely. In case the prefect should return to see that his behests were obeyed, we got out our Euripides and dictionaries to prepare to-morrow's lesson; but, speaking in whispers now, as if the walls had ears, we continued to discuss that absorbing subject. And the end of it was that I promised not only to keep Taffy's secret, but even to assist him in making away with the *corpus delicti*, somehow or other. It would have been wiser of me to have had nothing more to do with the matter; but none of us are wise at all times; and, besides being touched by Taffy's evident dread of discovery, I could not banish the notion that he might implicate me, either through cunning or stupidity—he had both.

At length we set to work on our Greek, but you may guess that it was not very well learned, so that you will not be surprised to hear how next morning we both broke down in the lesson and had it all to write out. This was the first of a series of troubles which happened to me through that bird of ill-omen. Again and again had I cause to wish that I had never set eyes on it. And yet, not to keep the reader in suspense, as we were kept for days, the strange thing is that nothing was said about the grouse after all. It appeared never to have been missed; at all events, we heard of no inquiry over it. Our own suspicious fears were the only whips that drove us to repentance, none the less heartfelt that it turned out to be some other business on which Mr. Wyatt had been holding council with the prefects.

Taffy and I slept in different dormitories, so I heard no more of the grouse that night, and you may be sure I took care not to say a word about it to any one. But I dreamed of the beast sitting on my breast like a nightmare and prophesying all sorts of evil. Next morning, while dressing, I tried to shake off these sinister anticipations, telling myself that so long as we held our tongues nobody could bring the theft home to Taffy, and he would get no chance to accuse me, as he seemed mad enough to do for the mere sake of having a companion in calamity.

I meant to keep clear of him as long as I could, so as to hear the less of his confidences, and I did not go into our study before breakfast. But, for all my desire to have no more to do with the grouse, a certain fascination drew me towards it. Without asking him to accompany me, I found an excuse for paying a visit to that store-room where his booty was hidden. For one thing, I wanted to make sure that it was not my hamper in which he had stowed it away; at the time we had both been in such a flurry that I hardly noticed where he put it.

But, as I cautiously approached the room, I heard voices within which brought me to a stop.

"I can't have the place littered up in this way," our matron was saying, apparently to one of the maids. "Ask James to come up and clear away these hampers; and the boys must be told to find some other place for shooting their rubbish."

I quickly made off, scarcely knowing whether to be glad or sorry of what I had heard. On the whole, it seemed to me a good thing, unless James the porter took to looking into the hampers, which was not likely. Else, he would carry them off to pile up somewhere in a heap, beneath which the grouse would lie buried for months, and I felt as well pleased not to know what had become of it.

Now I went to look for Taffy, and told him my news.

"You will never see the grouse again, and I hope we shall never hear of it."

"But it isn't in the hamper," he said, with a look meant to be knowing.

"Where on earth is it, then?"

"You see, I got up very early."

"Well?" said I.

"And I went there to look after it."

"Well?"

"And I took it out."

"Well?" I repeated impatiently.

"Well, I was bringing it along, when I heard James coming to sweep out the rooms."

"And what did you do?"

"I slipped into the library, and hid it behind a big dictionary in three volumes."

"Was there ever such an ass!" I exclaimed. "Somebody is sure to find it there."

"I don't think they will," said Taffy, gaping like a fish in his silly way. "The dictionary was as dusty as if nobody had taken it out for the last year."

But just then we were surrounded by a throng of boys hurrying in to breakfast, in the midst of whose chaff and nonsense Taffy and I could have no more confidential conversation. I was left to rage internally at his folly in bestowing the grouse in such a place, and the chance through which he had found one of the bookcases unlocked. The library was open to all of us only on Wednesdays and Saturdays from twelve to one o'clock, the prefects taking week about to be in charge of giving out books. Each of the masters had a key; the sixth form also were free of it, and any other boy who got permission for a special purpose. A dozen people might be rummaging the shelves every day. This was Wednesday morning, when Taffy had the right to present himself on the excuse of taking out a story-book; but there were sure to be a lot of other fellows about, and, anyhow, the prefect in charge; how then was he to get at the grouse without being noticed?

Secrecy would be doubly needful if after breakfast the theft came to be denounced, as I expected, for this was a time the prefects commonly chose to hold their informal courts of justice. I wondered that Taffy would go on laughing and chattering, flinging pellets of bread at his neighbours, behaving in his lunatic way, when such a sword of Damocles hung over our meal. He was in the wildest spirits again, as if he believed himself really to have got rid of the grouse for good. But my forebodings were not justified. Breakfast ended, the prefects went off to their own room or to the fives-court, without a word about a "row." It was very strange. Then I

took to imagining that so serious a matter might have been laid before the Head.

I did not find an opportunity of talking privately to Taffy till we were in school. There, after our catastrophe over Euripides, I whispered in his ear—

"You must go to the library at twelve, and try to fetch *it* away somehow. It will never do to leave the thing there."

"All right—I'll try," he muttered back, just when, as ill-luck would have it, the master's eye fell upon us, and he gave us both an hour's detention for talking in school, which did not put me into a more cheerful humour.

This detention was a new and unpopular punishment among us. It meant being kept in school from twelve to one, the very hour at which we might visit the library. Most of the masters, indeed, enjoying this confinement as little as did the culprits committed to them, would release us a few minutes short of the hour, if we had sat out the rest without giving trouble. But Mr. Wyatt, to whose turn it fell to keep detention that day, was a hard man in such matters; and, annoyed because some of us went on looking at our watches and giving other plain hints of restlessness, he would not let us go till one o'clock struck.

Taffy and I flew round to the library, where we found the prefect already coming away. This was Mellish, who had been a prefect only since the beginning of the term, and was very fussy and consequential about his functions.

"Now then! if you want a book you should come in time," was the salutation to us.

"Oh, Mellish, please! We were detained."

"Then you will be all the better of having more time to give to your work, instead of reading novels and such-like. You must wait now till Saturday."

"But mayn't we just go in and look if there's any book I should like to have on Saturday?"

"Nonsense! Get along! You will be late for dinner, too, if you don't look out."

"That's no great matter," said Taffy, "when it's sure to be boiled mutton to-day, and no pudding. Why don't we have fish, and game, and things, like the masters?"

I could hardly believe my ears when I heard him coolly touching on this dangerous point. But Mellish only laughed at him, as everybody did at Taffy's silly talk. I took this for a comforting sign that, as yet, nothing had been found out about the grouse.

(To be continued.)

A CORAL PRISON; OR, THE BOY HERMITS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

A TALE OF THE MALDIVE ISLES.

By David Ker,

Author of "For Life and Death," "Through the Darkness," "Drowned Gold," etc.

CHAPTER I.—ON THE RAFT.

"Is there *nothing* in sight yet, Jake?"

"Nary thing, Bob; but don't talk so loud—I guess poor Louis is asleep."

"Best thing for him, poor little chap; he won't feel it while he's asleep. I only wish *I* could sleep a bit, too; but how's a fellow to sleep with his throat and tongue red hot, and all the skin off his lips as if he'd been drinkin' bilin' water?"

Then the two boys were silent, and stared haggardly with their sunken eyes at the clear, sunlit, cruel sky overhead, and the bright, beautiful, merciless sea all around them.

Sky and sea, sea and sky. A tremendous solitude, a dreary and awful silence. No shade, no shelter; only one blistering, scorching glare, against which the tattered strip of sail-cloth spread out over the raft upon two or three broken spars was a frail defence indeed. Far as the eye could reach there was neither sight nor sound of life. It seemed as if the world and all that breathed on it were dead, and only *they* left living, living on.

Little Louis turned and moaned in his feverish sleep, and the two elder boys bent over him tenderly.

It was but too plain that this was no refreshing slumber of repose, and that even in his dreams the worn-out sufferer was haunted by an ever-present sense of the misery that was devouring them all. The small, childlike features worked convulsively, the teeth were set, the thin hands were clenched as though in a mortal struggle, and the few French words that burst from his quivering lips came forth harsh and broken as if by a spasm of pain.

"He's dreaming about the *fire*," whispered Bob Harris to Jake Merritt; "do you hear how he keeps on saying 'Feu, feu'?"

The Massachusetts boy answered only by an instinctive shudder, for the very sound of the fatal word seemed to carry them back at once to the burning ship from which they had escaped as if by miracle three nights before, though to all appearance the fire had spared them only to let them die by the lingering agony of thirst and hunger.

In a moment the whole scene was before them again in all its terrible vividness—the fierce red glare breaking suddenly through the blackness of midnight; the roar and crackle of the flames as they coiled around the bulwarks, or darted their long tongues of fire in and out of the rigging; the crash of blazing spars as they fell thundering upon the deck, or hissed in the sullen waters below; the savage cries of the brutal sailors, who beat them back from the already overcrowded boats; the frantic struggle to piece their raft together before the flames (whose hot breath came nearer and nearer every moment) could reach and devour them; and their flight at last upon the few frail planks which were all that lay between them and death, with the ship one red roaring blaze behind them, while the fire-lit sea all around was flashed into dancing ripples of flame by the scores of hungry sharks that were speeding up from every side toward the fatal glare which promised them a rich harvest of prey.

Bob dipped his burning hand in the cool sea-water, and then laid it gently upon Louis's parched forehead. The cooling touch appeared to soothe the little sufferer, who murmured softly "*Merci, chère mère*," as his dreams restored him for one happy moment to the loving arms that would never enfold him again.

The remaining two of the five castaways were sitting at the further end of the raft, just within the shadow of the rude awning. One of them—who had the light hair, broad face, and strong, large-boned frame of a North German—was playing a fishing-line in the water (baited with a red rag from his tattered flannel shirt) in a listless way which showed he had little hope of success.

The other sat crouching with his elbows on his knees, and his chin propped upon his clenched hands, looking straight before him with a blank, unseeing stare that showed no remnant of that overflowing Irish drollery which Mike O'Brien had hitherto preserved under all hardships, and even under the constant ill-usage of the captain and crew.

Suddenly Louis opened his eyes with a happy smile, which instantly faded as he looked around him.

"*O ciel!* it was only von *dream*, den! I tink ve all go on ze shore, and it was *si beau*—so fine!"

But just then his wandering glance became fixed and piercing, and, stretching out his wasted hand, he cried excitedly:

"*Terre, terre!* Dere it is—ze veree land I did dream of!"

Bob and Jake looked eagerly where he was pointing, and started as *they* also thought they could make out land, or something very like it, in that direction, though Mike O'Brien and Karl Hoffmann, after looking their hardest, declared that they could see nothing.

But after a long pause, during which the current bore them steadily toward the supposed land, a general shout told that there could be no further question about it. Not many miles to the south-west lay a small, low, thickly-wooded island, at one end of which towered a tall, spear-pointed crag, crowned by three palm-trees.

"Guess that must be one of the Maldive Isles," said Jake Merritt. "I know they're somewhere hereabouts, and we've been goin' right toward 'em all this while."

As they neared the islet cornfields and plantations began to show themselves here

and there among the trees, behind which Jake thought he could distinguish houses. A few minutes later he announced that he was now quite sure of it, and that there appeared to be a good many of them. In fact, it was not long before the whole party could make out a number of small thatched houses of the ordinary Eastern type, half buried in rich tropical vegetation.

All these signs of peace and comfort made the spot seem a perfect Paradise to the famished and wave-tossed castaways, who now gave free vent to their delight.

"Ven I do come on ze shore," said Louis, with a sudden flush of joy on his wan face, "I sall sleep for tree day!"

"And Oi'll make an illigant supper of thim cocoanuts, annyhow," cried Mike O'Brien, with sparkling eyes.

"Und for me, I zall drink zo moch wasser as could float one boat!" added Karl Hoffmann, licking his thirsty lips at the thought.

Nearer they came—nearer—nearer still—till at last they seemed to be barely four or five miles from the coveted land, every point of which was now perfectly clear. Then suddenly the great pinnacle of rock appeared to reel and quiver, the graceful palms grew blurred and dim as if seen through a wet glass, and the beautiful picture melted away like a dream, leaving not a trace behind.

"Och! what's this at all, at all?" cried Mike O'Brien, in dismay.

The reply came from Bob Harris's cracked and bleeding lips, in a voice scarcely audible:

"*It's death to us all!*"

CHAPTER II.—THROUGH DARKNESS AND STORM.

But our heroes soon had something else to think about. Hardly had the last trace of the mirage disappeared, when signs of evil began to show themselves on every side, such as even these young sailors could not mistake.

A hot, close, oppressive feeling seemed to fill the whole air, deepening the ghostly effect of the terrible silence, which was not like the stillness of repose, but the grim hush that heralds the approach of some awful catastrophe. Far in the distance, a grey, spectral haze was beginning to spread itself upward toward the setting sun, the light of which was growing ominously sickly and dim.

Little by little, the gathering dimness overspread the whole western sky. Not a breath of wind stirred the hot, lifeless air, and beneath that deepening gloom the dead, glassy smoothness of the great waste of waters looked weird and unearthly.

The boys, who had sunk down hopelessly when the phantom island melted away, all rose from their places as if obeying an order, and proceeded to make fast little Louis with ropes to the strongest part of the raft; having done which, they secured themselves in like manner. Not a word was spoken by any one while they did so. They had no time to waste in talking, and no words were needed to tell them *what* was at hand.

But, quick though they were with their work, it was finished not a moment too soon. Scarcely had the last knot been tied, when the sun plunged into the sea like a red-hot cannon-ball. Night rushed upon day. The darkening sky overhung the darkening sea like a roof of black marble.

Suddenly a blinding glare of lightning tore up the great mass of blackness from east to west. Then came a clap of thunder, like a hundred pieces of brass cannon all fired at once, and the tropical storm was upon them in all its terrors.

Away they flew like straws driven by a whirlwind, deafened by the thunder, blinded by the lashing spray, and half-strangled by the furious wind, which seemed to tear the very breath from their lips. Up and down, up and down—now buried in a gloomy hollow between two great hills of water, now hurled far aloft on the foaming crest of a giant wave, which stood out horribly bright for one moment in the blue glare of the lightning.

No rest, no mercy, no hope. Crash upon crash, the great billows came leaping and roaring on. The lightning flamed and flared through the inky sky till it was all ablaze, and the sharp, rattling cannonade of the thunder never ceased. The whole universe seemed one great battle.

Five boys upon a tiny raft, in the full fury of a tempest which could have capsized a five-thousand-ton steamer like a rocking-chair. A few thin planks, a few twists of rope, against the whole might of the Indian Ocean in its wrath.

At times a dreadful sense of loneliness fell crushingly upon each of the forlorn lads in turn, as he thought that whatever might happen to him, even the comrades who were close beside him could give him no help, and that he was practically alone with the storm and the darkness. Again and again an awful fear crept over one or other of the boys that all his companions had been swept off into the hungry sea, and that he alone was left. It was only by stretching out his hand to touch them that he could make sure of their being still there; for the keenest sight was powerless against that blinding spray, and the lustiest shout would have been as utterly unheard amid that sky-rending uproar as an infant's wail amid the cannon-thunder of Gettysburg or Sedan.

But the lightness of the raft was its safety. It rose like a bubble upon the mountain waves, and although the castaways were drenched through and through by the floods of water that broke over them, they succeeded in keeping their places. Their great fear now was that the fastenings which held them might give way, or that the raft itself might fall to pieces and be scattered like chips over the wild waters.

How long that night lasted none of them could ever have told; it seemed to compress into its few hours whole ages of agony. But at length the rage of the storm began to abate. The thunder grew fainter, the lightning glared less fiercely, the fury of the wind lulled by degrees, while, far away in the distance, a pale streak of light crept timidly along the edge of the great gulf of blackness. The day was beginning to dawn.

And now came a still more welcome sign. The boys had barely time to make out each other's white, haggard faces (which looked doubly ghastly in the dim greyness of the coming dawn) when there broke over them one of those heavy squalls of rain in which a tropical storm expends the last of its failing strength, more precious at that moment to the worn-out castaways than a shower of coined gold.

With upturned faces and open mouths, the eager boys sucked in the priceless drops that came pelting down, while at every draught new strength and life seemed to run like fire through their nerveless frames. With this fresh vigour came fresh hope, and when the rain ceased, Bob Harris's cheery shout of "Never say die, boys!" was heartily echoed by the whole band.

"Guess I feel a heap better'n I did half an hour ago," said Jake Merritt, expanding his chest with a grunt of satisfaction. "I kinder notion we'll stand another bout yet, 'fore we cave in."

And now the clouds rolled away, and the deep rich blue of the tropical sky shone out once more, and the rising sun broke forth in all its splendour, making the liquid mountains that heaved on every side flash and sparkle like diamonds. The young sailors at length ventured to cast off the lashings that bound them to the raft, and stretched their cramped and stiffening limbs with an intense enjoyment of which no one who has not actually felt it can have any idea.

"Now, if we could only raise some breakfast," muttered Bob, who had a true British appetite, "we shouldn't be so badly off, after all."

But just then Jake (who was the keenest-sighted of the five) gave a sudden start, and arching his hand over his eyes, looked fixedly towards the south-west.

"Say, boys," cried he, excitedly, "there ain't nary foolin' in it *this* time. If that ain't land yonder, I'm a Mexikin!"

To the rest this news seemed (especially after their bitter disappointment of the day before) too good to be true; but it *was* true, nevertheless. Plain against the brightening sky, from which the last clouds were just disappearing, stood up a dark clump of tall, slender palm-trees.

* * * *

"Ain't it a bully place, boys? I reckon this goes ahead of Robinson Crusoe's island consid'able some."

In truth, the new islet—which was now near enough to give them a clear view of it—appeared to be surpassingly beautiful. Hardly more than twelve feet above the water at any point, it seemed to rest like a slumbering bird upon the shining surface of the blue sunlit sea, through which the curving reefs of white coral broke every here and there in sudden flashes of brightness as keen and dazzling as the edge of an Eastern sword.

Within these reefs lay a wide expanse of calm water, still and glassy as an Italian lake, between the rich summer blue of which and the deep shadowy green of the clustering trees lay a narrow belt of smooth white sand, firm and level as a marble pavement. Beyond this the whole shore was clothed down to the very edge of the beach with the wonders of tropical vegetation—the fresh green of the wild fig, the dark glossy richness of the citron, the vast flag-like plantain, the great pyramid of the bread-fruit-tree with its green globes hanging like bells beneath its long saw-edged leaves, and high over all, erect and stately as an Indian chief, the tall pillar-like stem and feathery crest of the magnificent cocoa-palm, the king of the tropical forest.

Seen in the soft bright beauty of early morning, the whole spot looked as peaceful and lovely as a new world on the day of its creation. But between them and this haven of rest lay the deadliest peril of all. Around the barrier-reef, the entire sea was one gnashing ring of white-tipped breakers, bursting upon the coral wall in vast spouts of angry foam, which flew high into the air with a deep hollow roar that could be plainly heard even at that distance.

"Say, boys, this won't do," cried Jake Merritt; "we're on the wind'ard side o' the island here, and if we git chucked on to that reef in the middle of all that muss, I guess we'll be whipped to shucks in half a minute. Unship them spars, and let's try and work the old raft round under the lee of the land, and then I reckon we'll fix to get ashore somehow."

He seized one of the broken spars as he spoke, and three of his four comrades (for poor little Louis was too utterly worn-out for any further effort) promptly followed his example.

But, although they at first seemed to be making way, their failing strength was unequal to the strain of such an exhausting struggle. Just as they were slowly working toward the more sheltered side, a strong eddy suddenly whirled them round, and threw them right in the path of an enormous billow, which caught them up and bore them to their doom straight and swift as an arrow.



"The tropical storm was upon them in all its terrors."

"Hold fast, all!" shouted Merritt.

But the words were lost in a deafening roar, as the great wave, exploding in a whirl of boiling foam and lashing spray, dashed them right upon the merciless reef.

(To be continued.)

THE TALE OF A PIG.

AN ARCADIAN STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"Pigeons and crows!
Pigeons and crows!
I'll get the clappers and knock ye down back'ards—
So fly away home."



THE scaring-boy sat perched on a gate with his clappers hanging idly by him. He had been in the field since half-past five that morning, and the rooks had led him a life. No sooner did he yell himself hoarse in clearing one corner of the twenty-acre than down they flapped right at the other end, and he had to struggle across the fallow, hot and breathless, to scatter the enemy's ranks in that direction.

A scaring-boy's life is one of arduous toil, and so he seemed to think, as he dangled his legs, limp and spent, and watched the black cloud of rooks settling with caws of glee in the very most distant spot in the field. His was not a poetical nature, else he might have smiled, even in his hottest and most breathless moments; for who would not choose rather to dangle his legs on a grey old gate than curl them up under a wooden form in school on such a morning as this? To right and left were masses of delicate creamy blackthorn blossom against the dusky blue of the distant woods, with the red fallows stretching away up the hill to the tender pearly sky, and here and there a light powdering of green to tell that spring was come. Where the brook ran along the bottom of the hill the silver sallows were gleaming, and last year's reeds all dead gold, and the warm, brown, shooting branches of the young saplings. And to be able to reflect, as he kicked his gate and aimed clods at the water-rats, that other boys were cooped up in the schoolroom, and couldn't feel the warm south wind, nor smell the breath of violets that came so softly to his unworthy nose, nor hear the silver carols of that speckled thrush in the blackthorn, nor live in sweet ignorance of book-learning and happy emptiness of brain—all this might, and ought, to have made up for any amount of rooks.

But the scaring-boy didn't think of all this, and if he had I am afraid he would not have seen much matter for rejoicing. He gazed at the returning ranks of his enemies, and muttered testily, "Burn their old jackets, theer tha coom agen. I'n got to goo right o'er twenty-acre orter 'em."

"Traps, Harry," said a voice suddenly.

The scaring-boy tumbled off the gate with the start he gave, and then, picking himself up, he touched his cap, and hurried off to a neighbouring hedge, where, beside his dinner bundle, lay a folding easel, sketching-stool, and paint-box.

The owner of the voice came through the gate, and began tramping over the soft earth, while the scaring-boy followed with the "traps."

"How are the crows now?" she asked.

"Wuss nor ever, miss," said he, plaintively. "They doant care a mossel for the clappers. They settle down right i' front o' your noase a'most."

"Too bad; you should have a gun."

"They won't let me, miss. Mas'r he's bin oop once or twice wi' the gun and killed two or three on 'em, an' I've set 'em up for scares; but, there! they doant care for that nuther."

And, sure enough, dotted about the field were hedge-stakes from which dangled gaunt and staring, hung up by one leg, the stiffened corpses of several marauders cut off untimely in their sins.

"Why, Harry! who has done this?"

"Th'ole ug, miss."

"He ain't been oop the last day or two. M'appen he's gone i' th' village. He done that last week afore I could drive him out."

"Can't they keep him at home, then?"

"Not they. Nothink won't, miss," said the boy, with a sad expressive wag of his shock head.

"Between the pig and the crows, Harry, you have your hands full," said she, sympathetically.

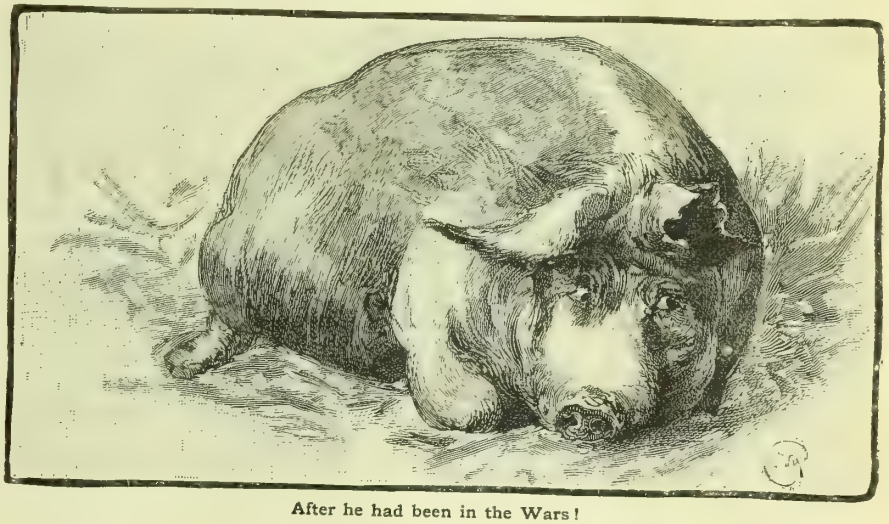
The scaring-boy assented to this with a full heart and a vigorous nod, and having arrived at the brook he began to fix the young lady's easel, arrange her stool, and get out a big board from a hiding-place in the bank, which he placed on the ground for her feet to rest upon.

She, being eager for work, said no more, but unstrapped her canvas and began.

The scaring-boy watched in silence as she touched in the branches of the sallows, and, seeing she had quite forgotten everything else, he turned away and began another expedition after the rooks, who were making the most of their opportunities at the top of the field. Three hours went by, she painting steadily, he tramping and shouting, while the wind whispered among the reeds and ruffled the shining brook; all the sweet scents of spring-time filled the air, all the sweet sounds of spring-time rose around. And the scaring-boy began to yearn for his dinner. He looked anxiously towards the easel, and at last saw with joy the palette laid down and the young lady waving her brushes to him. Down the hill he went, eager for the share of sandwiches he knew he would get, and perhaps a slice of cake.

So they had dinner together, and he got her some water from the brook in her little horn mug, and the best part of his day began. She was a very nice young lady—at least, he thought so. She showed the kindest interest in the rooks, and the old hog, and all his other woes; and she gave him such good things to eat.

"I'n found a warbler's nest, miss," he said, after a half-hour of munching.



After he had been in the Wars!

They had come to a place where the straight rows of springing wheat were rudely interrupted by gashes and chasms. Marks of a cloven foot were deeply dented into the soft earth, and dire confusion reigned around.

"Let's go and look, then." So she gave a last critical glance at her work, strapped it up, and, leaving the easel and stool standing, they went down the brook-side.

All was very quiet for some time, and then an old dog-fox came lightly galloping over the hill. He looked back once or twice, and hurried faster; then he came to the brook. He searched along for means to cross, started at the sight of the alarming three-legged object on the bank, and, knowing well that those members were intended by nature to be four in number, and to run away on as fast as possible, he felt at once that three immovable ones were uncanny, and to be shunned by an honest fox who valued his skin. So he fled the other way, and at last spied a willow trunk which had fallen in the water and nearly reached to the opposite bank. Cautiously he went along the promontory, and, giving a brave leap, landed among the reeds, to the amazement of a water-hen, who rushed from her hole screaming. He went off quickly enough, and the water-hen got over her alarm gradually, and with much chattering and bustle.

Over the hill came a distant holloa, and a hound appeared against the sky; then more followed, then the huntsmen and the whole field swept over the ridge and galloped down to the brook in fine style. Over they went, splashing and struggling, and up the opposite bank. No more was heard for a long time, and then the young lady and the scaring-boy came slowly back along the brook-side, he making alarums and excursions now and again, and she stopping to look about and sketch. She had a few primroses in the front of her grey gown, and a bit of "palm" in her straw hat; her cheeks were rosy with the wind, and her sketch-book had several dainty drawings added to it. By this time the sun was getting down the sky, and gleams of light came through pale blue rifts in the clouds.

"Pigeons and crows!
Pigeons and crows!
I'll get the clappers and knock ye down back'ards—
Fly away home,"

sang the scaring-boy.

Then she took up her canvases.

"Good-bye, Harry," she said, turning away; "I'll be here to-morrow."

She went through the gate into the road, leaving her young squire to take care of the easel, stool, and box, and sauntered along, laughing at the antics of a small rabbit who was whisking his little white tail about a few yards in advance. She had not gone very far when by came one of the hunt. He rode softly along the side of the road, and he and his horse were splashed all over. Soon he overtook the girl, and pulled off his hat with an eager request that he might carry her picture for her. So he sprang off his horse and walked along beside her. They went slowly towards the village, chatting and lingering among the hedgerows and by the duck-pond, where the old drake looked wisely at them with his head very much on one side, and quacked his views with emphasis. I cannot tell you what his thoughts were, but he watched the scarlet coat and grey dress as the wearers went down the long street through which the brook ran, spanned here and there by low, grey stone bridges, and over one of the bridges to the Rectory gates. And the old drake, after seeing her shake hands and go inside, and watching him turn slowly away to the doctor's, looked around upon his numerous wives and families and flapped his wings for two or three minutes. He seemed as if he would make a remark on the circumstance, but on reflection changed his mind and partook of a worm.

She went in, but now her grey dress had a big bunch of primroses in it, and her hands were full too.

The sun went down over the twenty-acre, the scaring-boy gave a final yell, and went home, and the rooks made for their nests in a spinney twenty miles away. It is the nature of rooks not to stay quietly at home, but to fly miles and miles in search of mischief, which, when found, they get into at once. But, when you come to consider, perhaps this peculiarity is not wholly confined to rooks!

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF ADMIRAL "SNIP."

By E. E. Cuthell,

Author of "The Grey Cavalier," "The Shout of D'Assas," etc.

There are many stories in history stranger or wilder far than any ever drawn by pen of novelist or dramatist, but some are so buried in forgetfulness that when unearthed and brought to light again they read "too strange to be true." Such is the story of Admiral "Snip"! How many visitors to the "back of the island," as the inhabitants call the southern shores of the Isle of Wight, have ever heard of the tailor's apprentice who became an Admiral?

About the middle of the seventeenth century, a poor boy was born at Bonchurch, where the leafy, rocky cliffs of Wight dip down into the Channel—a northern Riviera, of mild and sunny clime. Very wild and remote was the Isle of Wight in those days, though, not many years before, a fugitive king had sought shelter in the fortress in its midst. There were but few roads across the bleak downs, and through the forests and oak coppices with which it was in great part covered. There was but one coach in the island, Sir John Oglander tells us—his own,—and "no foxes, and no lawyers." Newport was the only town, though there were one or two petty boroughs on the northern shore, mere villages, but returning Members to Parliament. Ventnor, Cowes, and Ryde were not. Bonchurch was an *ultima Thule*.

Thomas Hopson's parents died when he was very young, leaving their orphan boy to the tender mercies of the parish. In those days the poor-law guardians of an out-of-the-way spot like Bonchurch were not more enlightened than similar functionaries in more modern days. They apprenticed the lad, and he, like Dick Whittington, Oliver Twist, and other virtuous apprentices, ran away. They apprenticed him to a tailor at Niton. Niton lies on the Undercliff, that strange jumble of rock and landslip, smiling coppice and arid limestone terrace, which lies beneath St. Catherine's Head. In those days there was no great lighthouse, with its vast appliance of steam fog-horn and revolving light. High up on the down, by the little hermitage erected by the worthy mediæval knight, Sir Hugh, stood a rude wooden beacon. This was all the guide vessels had along that dangerous coast, for then, as now, St. Catherine's, with Portland Bill and the Start, were the sign-posts for ships coming up Channel.

They bound Thomas Hopson to a tailor, these discriminating guardians. But the boy's whole soul was at sea. Those were stirring times in our home waters. The Dutch, under De Reuter and De Witt, had it pretty much their own way. The times were past when

"all Europe did shake
At the mention of Cromwell and Admiral Blake."

The "Merry Monarch" was in the pay of the "Grand Monarque," and the air was full of "wars and rumours of wars."

One day the juvenile population of the little village of the Undercliff, the tailor's apprentice among them, gathered on the cliffs to see a lordly sight. This was nothing less than the British fleet rounding St. Catherine. A fine show they must have made, those great three-deckers with their lofty sterns, their curved bows, and their floating clouds of white canvas, "stalking the waters like a thing of life." A Naval Review in those days of the same number of ships as the Jubilee saw gathered at Spithead, would have been a sight worth seeing. There were no half-sunken iron pots, grovelling about the water. No wonder that the island-bred lad's ambition was fired, and that, without a word to those around him, he jumped into a boat and rowed off to the largest vessel of the Fleet, which flew the Admiral's pennon.

History does not relate what errand he happened exactly to be bent upon. Perhaps this was the piratical expedition on which Sir Robert Holmes, later a Governor of the Isle of Wight, and who lies buried at Yarmouth, was despatched, before war was actually declared. He was to waylay and capture a homeward-bound fleet of Dutch merchantmen from Smyrna, whose freight was valued at a million and a half.

Those were the days of "pressing," and a zealous lad like Master Hopson was not likely to be declined for the King's service by Sir Robert. And it came to pass, ere evening fell, the tailor's 'prentice found himself not only a sailor, but in the thick of an engagement. It was hand-to-hand fighting at that time, no pounding away into the horizon with guns that carry eight miles. The huge wooden fortresses lay almost side by side ere they went in at each other.

After a few hours of the game the new volunteer asked a shipmate how long it was likely to last.

"Till the Dutchman's struck his flag, of course," was the reply.

"Oh, is that all!" rejoined the tailor's apprentice.

Forthwith, amid the din and smoke of the battle, was done a brave deed. Climbing the

hrouds, and crossing the main yard, Hopson, nobserved, mounted the Dutch Admiral's nast-head. Not bad for a land-lubber whose nly practice could have been in climbing ne rocky heights of St. Catherine's!

Presently the British tars noticed that the nemy's flag was down, and with a British heer they boarded the vessel, while the crew, n confusion, forsook their guns. Imagine ne astonishment of the Admiral and his fficers, when Hopson appeared on deck bear- ng the Dutch flag. There were some mar- nets who would have court-martialled him or his pains, on plea of want of discipline! ut the Admiral, more discerning than the oor-law guardians of Bonchurch, saw the tuff the lad was made of, and promoted him pon the spot.

Six years after, Thomas Hopson became captain, and stood high in the favour of ames II. William promoted him in the first ear of his reign, when Hopson "hoisted his dmiral's pennant on board the Breda." For nany years he bravely upheld the honour of is country under the great Admiral Rus- ell, later the Earl of Orford and Prime Minis- er under William, in many engagements gainst the French both off the coasts of rance, and in the Mediterranean. But Hop- on's greatest achievement was against the paniards in the first year of Queen Anne.

Sir George Rooke (who took Gibraltar) and he Duke of Ormond were in charge of the nglish fleet which sailed in the summer of 702 for Spain, which had now allied herself ith France. This joint command led to much bickering on the part of the commanders, and to a disaster at Port St. Mary. After this failure, a rich convoy of galleons laden with silver from South America having taken refuge in the Bay of Vigo, Rooke and Ormond turned their attention to such a tempting prize. Valuable time, however, wasted at Cadiz had enabled the Spaniards to fortify the harbour with a large battery and a gigantic boom laid across the mouth of the bay. It was Admiral "Snip," as he had been nicknamed, who, in his ship the Torbay, forced the boom alone and unaided, amid the fire of the allied fleets and of the batteries on shore. A fire-ship, that terror of the naval warfare of the period, came out against the Torbay and her brave commander, and for a while her destruction seemed imminent. But the fire-ship had been got ready in such haste, that many barrels of snuff had been left on board, and when she exploded these extinguished the flames, and rendered her harmless.

In the track of the plucky Torbay came the rest of the fleet. The Spaniards made a stout resistance, removed some of their rich cargo and fired their vessels. Nevertheless, some ten men-of-war, several galleons, and seven millions of pieces of eight, fell into the hands of the British.

Admiral "Snip" was knighted by Queen Anne upon his return, as a reward for this exploit, and shortly afterwards left the service. But if some snobs who gave him his nickname could not forget his origin, Sir Thomas remembered it too. In 1705 he was elected member for Newtown, a tiny rotten borough on the Solent, which, as late as the great Reform Bill, numbered only some nine voters.

The story is told that when the gallant hero and M.P. returned to his native island, where none recognised in him the poor 'prentice-boy, he sought out his former master's house at Niton. To his delight he found him and his wife still living, and inquired if they had ever lost a 'prentice. They replied that indeed one Hopson had mysteriously disappeared many years ago, and was supposed to have been drowned at sea, as a boat containing his hat had been washed ashore.

Sir Thomas said not a word. We can almost see him sitting there, in his full-bottomed wig in the humble cottage, while the goodwife bustled anxiously about, preparing refreshment for the distinguished guest who had so unexpectedly dropped down upon the lonely little village.

Then, suddenly, there rang through the little room the refrain of an old song the lost apprentice was wont to sing. Thunderstruck with amazement, the old woman ran across and looked up in Sir Thomas's face, and recognised in him the orphan boy, risen, as it were, from the dead.

The story adds that, brave, generous, British sailor that he was, Sir Thomas amply provided for the remaining years of the old couple. The Spanish prize-money could not have been better spent.

(THE END.)

BURMESE FOOTBALL.

Ex Oriente lux, and if truth is to be told, even the light of so thoroughly British a game as football seems to have risen in the farthest East.

The people of Burma, the merriest and most light-hearted people on the face of the earth, are essentially a sport-loving tribe, delighting in pony-racing and boat-racing, boxing, wrestling, and every form of sporting contest; and among their many national pastimes, handed down apparently from remote antiquity, perhaps none is more universally popular than football.

Every day of the year, in the cool of the evening, after scorching heat or floods of rain, on a hundred village greens, by the banks of innumbered streams, and in the open spaces of every town in the country, the leading spirits among the sport-loving Burmese youth may be seen contending in the graceful contest to which the name of football is given.

And genuine football it is, although the application of the name may seem strange when we come to regard alike the ball, the players, and the nature of the game—when we note that hardly more space is needed for the play than the accomplished skater asks for his figure of eight; that the game has neither beginning nor end; that no sides are taken; that there is neither goal nor bounds, neither rally nor scrimmage, nor any need of exceptionally stalwart frame.

To begin with, the ball itself is wholly unlike any football ever seen in Europe. A hollow sphere of polished bamboo wicker, with wide interstices, twice the size of a cricket-ball, it is most like those well-known Chinese balls of carved ivory—sold in nests, one within another; but while hardly less hard than ivory, it has the lightness and almost the elasticity of cork.

Next let us take note of the players, their number, disposition, and appearance.

They may number as few as four or five, and seldom exceed eight or ten.

Taking up a position in a wide circle, they stand stationary, at a few yards' interval from each other, and all facing the centre of the ring. All are Burmans—for the game is essentially a Burmese national sport—and all are alike in build and costume. Square shoulders, spare body, and strong muscular limbs are the chief characteristics of each figure, and the costume is picturesque enough. The flowing kilt, of tartan silk or cotton, is tucked up closely about the loins; the olive-yellow legs and feet are bare; and from the waist to below the knee a blue-black tapestry of tattooing darkens the skin like a covering of indigo lace. The long hair is bound tight round the head with the turban of orange or green or purple; the tight-sleeved jacket of white muslin or cotton is buttoned close across the chest, and the whole body is free for active movement.

And now the game begins. The player who holds the ball tosses it in the air, and with an upward kick of his bare foot sends it high overhead in a perpendicular line. As it descends he turns rapidly round and receives it on his heel, from which it is launched by a backward kick into mid-air over the heads of the players, to fall perhaps to his next neighbour, who allows it to alight on his shoulder. Thence it is jerked aloft again with vigorous force, to descend to a player on the opposite side of the ring. He in turn presents his forearm to the ball, and from the standing muscle it is once more sent into space.

And so, as often as it descends, it is received with unerring accuracy, and made to alight at will on the shin, the calf, the knee, the instep, the great toe, the elbow—even the nape of the neck—and from each new spot in turn it receives fresh impetus as from a catapult, flying high in mid-air, but always—if the play is good—to fall back within the radius of the charmed circle of players.

Such is football in Burma, as it is kept up for hours together, with only the gentle excitement of a leisurely competition in grace of movement and balance; in quick concord of eye and touch; in skill to devise new twists and turns, and to give new direction to the ball within the narrow space.

So far as it has any perceptible kindred with the English game, it might be described as the *apotheosis* of "puntabout"—being in fact an idealised form of that simple exercise.

A somewhat effeminate sport it may seem to the reader who loves the battle-royal of our English football; yet it needs no great exercise of imagination to realise that there must be genuine attractions to keep alive a national game which is no less popular or less lovingly and enthusiastically followed by a whole nation than golf in Scotland or cricket in England.

And, indeed, it is impossible even for the foreigner, with all his lofty consciousness of superiority, not to be fascinated by the sight, or to refrain from admiration of the easy grace of movement and the consummate skill with which the ball is received and turned and directed from player to player, and from wellnigh every joint of the body in succession.

And, after all, the game differs no more widely from its English descendant than does the wiry, agile Burman himself—in physique and dress, in ways of thought and manner of life—from the sturdy captain of the British football team.

P. HORDERN.

HOW I SHOT A TIGER IN A HOUSE.

A TRUE STORY.

By Major-General R. C. Money.

"Sahib, bagh ka khubr aya" ("Sir, news of a tiger has come"). These words, so often heard by me, for I was in a great tiger district, but never heard without a thrill of expectant pleasure, came from a chuprassie (messenger) almost as keen in the search of shikar as his master. I was at the time Deputy-Commissioner of Julpigori, a non-regulation district in Bengal, and was sitting in my writing-room deep in the composition of one of those many official reports which leave a district officer in India less time than of yore for shooting.

I soon was made acquainted with the particulars. A tiger in a village ten miles off; and not merely in the village, but in quiet possession of a dwelling-house. A cow killed, a man badly mauled—could any khubr sound more promising? The khubberier (i.e. the man who had brought the news) had come in hot haste, taking little over two hours on the road. The tiger was in the house when he started, and he was quite certain that it would never dream of moving until the District Officer had inspected it!

Quickly did I give orders for elephants, howda, and rifles to be got ready, and the following note I fired off to M——, a right good fellow every way, including a proper love of shikar:—

"Dear M——,

"Khubr! Tiger in a house waiting to be shot. Will you come?—Yours,

"R. M."

Back sped the answer "All right."

It was now 10 A.M., and, alas! all our elephants were at that hour of the day out getting their "charra," or green food. Could we expect them back in time to find the tiger still in the house, or even in the village? It seemed most doubtful. Close to this village is very heavy jungle, and the tiger might get away in it. Only the week before M—— and I had shot a very fine tigress there, but then we had a kill in the jungle as the basis of our operations—or, rather, four kills, as four cows out of a herd grazing near had been killed and carried by the tigress into the jungle; but without a kill in such dense jungle you might as well look for the traditional needle in the haystack of one's childhood as search for a tiger. I should explain this by saying that a tiger, as a rule, having killed and dragged off a cow into the jungle, will remain close to it until it has devoured it. So that if you are certain of a kill you may be equally certain that if you can reach the spot in good time you will find your tiger.

Expedition was everything; so mounting a pony I galloped off to our police lines, some two miles distant from my house, and ordered out some sowars, or mounted police, to hunt up the elephants, with instructions to the mahouts, or elephant-drivers, to proceed direct to the village where the tiger was said to be without coming in for our howdas, which I sent on carts to a masjid a couple of miles off, at a point where the elephants could pick them up without having to go out of their way. Our rifles went with our howdas—the box-like arrangement strapped on an elephant's back, in which you stand when shooting.

It was after mid-day when M—— and I started. A sharp canter of some four miles brought us up with our elephants—two howda-elephants, four beating-elephants; but a small line, as these only were found in time; sufficient, however, for our purpose.

It was no good our going on before our elephants, so for the last five miles or so we went leisurely along, speculating now and then as to the possibility, almost rather the improbability, of our finding Stripes still in possession.

There had been the kill, that seemed certain; but it was in the centre of the village, where it was hardly likely a tiger would remain.

It was a very pleasant ride; a bright, cool day in February, a most charming month in that part of India; good green turf to ride on; a tiger, I hoped, waiting for us in so novel a position as the interior of a village; and last, though not least, as companion, my greatest friend, who had shared many a day's good sport and gone through many an exciting scene with me. Such rides live pleasantly in one's memory long after the shooting days are past.

About the tenth mile we reached the military camping-ground on the J. nuddy or river. Here we were met by a crowd of the excited villagers, with the good news that the tiger was still in the village!

We now got into our howdas. Mine was on Maula Bux, a grand mukna, or male elephant, with very small tusks, on whose head, not many days before, I had seen seated one of the most lively tigers I have had the pleasure of shooting. M——'s was on dear, staunch old Lal Pyari, one of the best shooting-elephants I have known—a female—whose deeply-scarred trunk bears testimony to her plucky encounters with the tiger tribe.

While crossing the river I slipped the cartridges into my Express and No. 12 Westley Richards, and as we ascended the opposite bank eager were our looks in the direction of the village in possession.

I ought here to explain that in this part of the country, villages, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, are not found; there are only small clusters of homesteads, two or three homesteads making a hamlet.

Several such hamlets, with their surrounding bamboo clumps, were scattered along the edge of the dense jungle near the river; close to one of them we saw a hundred or more villagers sitting on a bank watching the deserted hamlet, deserted of all but the tiger! This hamlet consisted of some four or five "bharries," four or more mat-walled thatched houses surrounding a small courtyard being the ordinary form of a bharrie.

Great was the excitement of the people as our little procession of elephants drew near. They were longing to be revenged on their enemy; bad enough, they thought it, to have a cow now and again carried off as it grazed near their homes. But for a tiger to leave the jungle, and, driving them all out of it, to take up his abode in their village, was rather too much, and they were eager to see him killed. As for his being still there, of that they had no doubt; they had kept watch on all sides, and he could not have got out unseen.

Our *modus operandi* was quickly settled. We first carefully examined all the cover close to the hamlet, to satisfy ourselves that the tiger was not lying up in it, and then, while M—— took up his position in front of a small gully on one side, which ran up between two houses, and looked a likely line of retreat for the tiger if driven out of the little hamlet, I posted three of the beating, or pad-elephants, on two of the remaining sides, and, taking one pad-elephant, entered the village on the side opposite M—— to look up the tiger in it.

Unless you have ever tried to get into such a village on an elephant, you can have no idea how difficult it is. The overlapping thatched roofs, covering the narrow passages between the houses, leave little room for a man, much less for an elephant, to squeeze through them, and, having got into one of the little courtyards, there is barely room to allow your elephant to turn and get out again. Under such circumstances it took some little time before I could be certain that the tiger was not lying in any of the small courtyards or the passages between the houses—and that, if anywhere, he must be inside one of the houses. Which of them? that was what I then had to discover. The khubberier who had brought me news of the tiger was on the pad-elephant by my side, and pointed out the shed in which the cow had been killed, but it was so hedged in with houses that I had much difficulty in reaching it—to do it I had to pull down some out-houses. I could not have believed that mere matting, bamboo, and thatch could offer the resistance they did; but so it was, and with no little trouble I got the elephant to pull down the necessary sheds. What added to the difficulty was that the elephants, trained to respect house property, could not understand the unwonted order to destroy it. In doing this I could get but little assistance from the other pad-elephants, whose mahouts, plucky enough when beating up tiger in jungle, seemed to scent tiger behind every wall, prepared to spring on them, and preferred watching outside.

At last I reached the cow-shed. It was one side of a small courtyard, and it seemed highly improbable that the tiger was in it, as one or two pariah dogs lay peacefully in the yard basking in the sun, merely moving, with their usual yelping accompaniment, from one spot to another, as we disturbed them. Fowls were quietly walking about, and goats skipped joyfully, as if in the most perfect security. Surely no tiger could be near!

The entrance into the cow-shed being in a passage so narrow that I could not possibly get into it, I proceeded to pull down its outer wall. This done I saw the cow lying dead, with the usual wound in its throat, otherwise untouched, but there was no tiger. Then came further search, and more pulling down of sheds—but no tiger.

I was now convinced that the tiger must have got inside one of the dwelling-houses. These houses are built on mud-platforms two or three feet high, with mud-plastered, bamboo mat walls, and thatched roofs, and all had hanging in front of their doorways good strong bamboo chicks, or screens. And it certainly did not seem likely that a tiger would understand how to push aside a chick and enter a door! In vain I looked round to see if any of these chicks looked pushed aside or disarranged, as might be if so big a beast as a tiger had pushed through it. No sign was there anywhere of a tiger having passed that way, and the ground was too hard for his pugs, or footprints, to be visible.

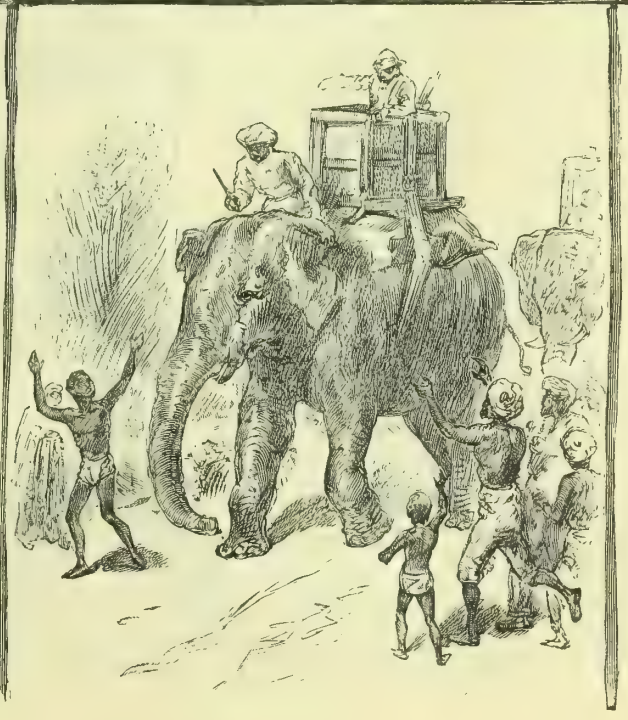
I had not wished to pull down any of the dwelling-houses if I could possibly avoid it; but if the tiger was to be turned out there was no help for it, so I determined to commence with a small one-roomed sleeping-house, very near to the cow-shed. To reach this I had to pull down another small shed, which enabled me, with one pad-elephant, to enter the courtyard, on one side of which was the sleeping-house; and as we stood in the courtyard Maula Bux's trunk and that of the pad-elephant touched the wall of the sleeping-house, while their tails touched the



"Bagh hai, Sahib!"

house on the opposite side of the yard. The pad-elephant now began to pull down the outer wall of this small house. I had tried, leaning over my howda, to look in through the chick in front of the door; but the door was in a narrow passage, and it was too dark to allow of my seeing anything. The elephant had much difficulty in getting hold of the outer wall to pull it down. You saw his trunk, leech-like, feeling along the top of the strong mat wall, and under the thatch roof, searching for a hole or something to get a grip by. At last he managed to insert his trunk just under the roof and to get it inside the house, but, instead of pulling the wall down, he commenced feeling all along the inside with his trunk; in vain the mahout, at first with words of endearment, then with cries and blows, urged the elephant to pull at the wall. He seemed to have made up his mind to make a perfect reconnaissance of the interior before he would do anything else, and the house was so small that he could almost reach with his trunk into each corner of it. I remarked to my mahout that there could be no tiger in the house (or room), or the elephant's trunk would not have got off scot-free! At last, appearing satisfied with his observation, the elephant seized the top of the mat wall and began to pull it downwards. This was followed by showers of dust, and surely the row was enough to arouse any living creature that might be inside—and so it did! The chick moved, was pushed aside, and out sprang—the tiger? Not a bit of it—out ran a little black goat! A little goat instead of a tiger—and apparently with nothing to be afraid of but the row we were making! Well, it was disappointing!

The elephant now seemed to think that he had done all that was needed, and, the period not having yet arrived when the lion and lamb



shall lie down together in peace, it certainly did not appear at all likely that a tiger would be alone in a room some 12 feet square with a goat, and allow it to come out alive. However, having commenced, there was nothing like going on pulling the wall down and making all sure—so at it again went the elephant. On the pad on this elephant's back sat one of the mahout's mates. Standing in my howda, I was too high above the top of the wall, and sitting on Maula Bux's neck the mahout was a little too low down for either of us to see well into the room as the elephant gradually brought the wall down. The mate on the pad was just about the right height, and, kneeling on it, eagerly did he strain his eyes to see into the apparently pitchy darkness of the room; but nothing could he see. A moment or two more, and the elephant, with a determined pull, bent down the upper half of the wall, and, pushing it with his massive head, pinned it flat against the lower half, so that a half wall now only stood up, and clouds of dust hung about the opening. Just as the elephant had got the wall well down, the mate on the pad, pointing into the room, called out in a most excited tone, "Bagh hai, Sahib!" ("The tiger is here, sir!")

Hardly were the words out of the mate's lips, when clean out of the house, and over the now half wall, sprang a most magnificent tiger—sprang right at the elephants' heads! That was a sight, and what a leap it was! The tiger seemed to fly like a flash of lightning through the air at us, with a loud and angry roar, its large eyes flaming with a fiery green glare, its mouth wide open showing its glistening white ivory teeth, and rage—oh such deadly rage!—stamped on its every feature!

At this moment both elephants slewed round, and with difficulty I kept my feet. My rifle was of course ready cocked in my hand. Maula Bux, had he been alone, would never thus have turned his back on his enemy; but the pad-elephant funked and turned, and the space was so confined that by doing it he forced Maula Bux to follow suit.

There was no bolting, they had only just room to turn as if on a pivot, and the wall of the opposite house brought them up sharp. Long to describe, it was the work of a moment, and in that moment I managed a flying shot. Was there ever a more glorious opportunity for a snap shot? A flying tiger mid-air between house and elephant! Our movements were too rapid for accuracy of aim, as those will understand who have experienced what it is to be taken suddenly off your feet by the unexpected swerve of your elephant, and to find yourself and your spare rifles knocking about in your howda in most unpleasing confusion. Still, unsteady though my aim, a miss was impossible, with the tiger barely an inch off the muzzle of my rifle, and he landed on the pad-elephant's back with an Express bullet in his stomach, and this so effectually touched him up, that though in his rage and agony he bit a large piece out of the pad close to where the mate sat, and was within an ace of seizing him, he rolled off as quickly as he had sprung on to the pad, and with a deep groaning roar slunk between two walls. A second shot was impossible—he was out of shot before I could have fired, even if I had regained my balance.

Luckily the one shot had done its business well, and certainly it saved the mate's life; a more narrow shave than his was could hardly be possible.

That was a moment of much excitement—one, too, not often experienced—a tiger springing at you out of a dwelling-house. M—— unfortunately missed all this, only hearing the noise; as, from where he was, he could see nothing of what went on. He was right, however, in his idea of what the tiger would do if ejected; as it had now, in its wounded state, slunk into the very gully at the mouth of which he was watching. But as the gully twisted, and the tiger was only a little way up it, it was not within his sight. I, too, could not see it; and from the lie of the gully, with the roofs of houses overlapping it on each side, it was very difficult to get into any position from which you could do so.

Finding that a small shed rather blocked my view of the gully, I had this pulled down; and this done, my mahout could, by leaning over his elephant's head, just see the tiger; I was too high up to do so. By backing the elephant and leaning over my howda, I at last got a glimpse of something which the mahout declared was the tiger. It was difficult at first to make anything out in the darkness of that gully; but, my eyes getting accustomed to it, I could see the heavy rise and fall of the dark mass I was looking at. It was the tiger's painful breathing; and, being sure of my beast, I let drive at what I thought was the position of its head. The sudden start and angry roar told that the bullets had gone home. Still, however, his sides heaved, but he was evidently too far gone for a charge. My elephant stood steady as a rock, and again I fired and hit him; and as I did so he dragged himself slowly round a corner and out of my sight, and in so doing came in sight of M——, a shot from whose rifle gave him his quietus.

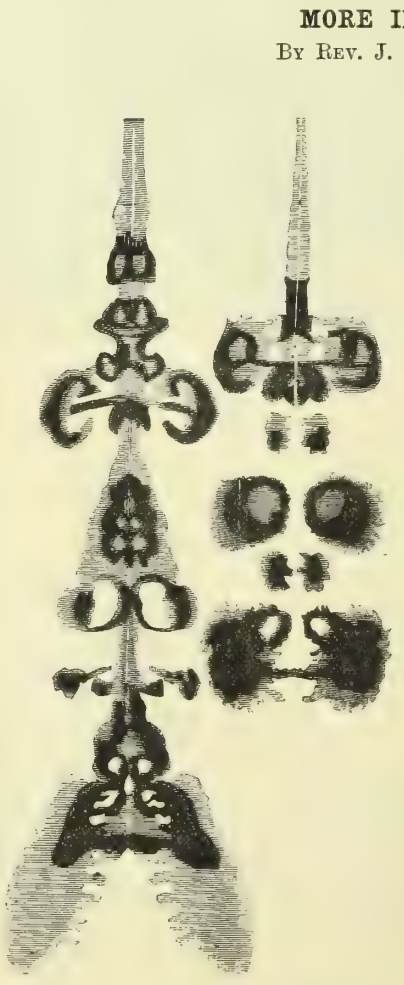
Great was the rejoicing and loud the shouting, as the inhabitants, and those of the surrounding hamlets, pressed in by hundreds to see their dead foe. And a noble beast he was. The tape was passed over him at once, and he proved just over 10 feet; that is above the average size of tigers.

We went to see the small room in which the tiger had been so quietly ensconced, and found that he had been lying on an old woman's bedding, which was stretched on the floor; the cotton-stuffed pillow he had amused himself by tearing to bits. The goat must all the time have been an interested and unmolested spectator, while in one corner of the room a hen sat quietly on its eggs!

We next went to a neighbouring hamlet to see the man who was mauled by the tiger. We found that it was a young fellow, whose curiosity prompted him to get a near view of the beast; and who accordingly, when the inhabitants ran off, leaving the tiger in possession of the hamlet, went back and climbed the ridge of a thatched roof, whence he commanded a view of the cow-shed, in which at that moment spots was. No sooner was he on the top of the roof than the tiger spotted him, and with a spring was up by his side; before the young fellow could throw himself off the roof, the tiger's claws were in his right arm and the back of his head. The weight of the tiger, however, made the thatch give way; and, loosing his hold of the man, he slipped down back into the courtyard, while the man fell back on the other side of the house and managed to get off. He was very badly wounded, and it seemed doubtful at first if he would live. However, we carried him back with us to the station, and, thanks to the skill of a clever surgeon, he was all right again in a couple of months.

MORE INK BLURS.*

By Rev. J. B. Bartlett, M.A.



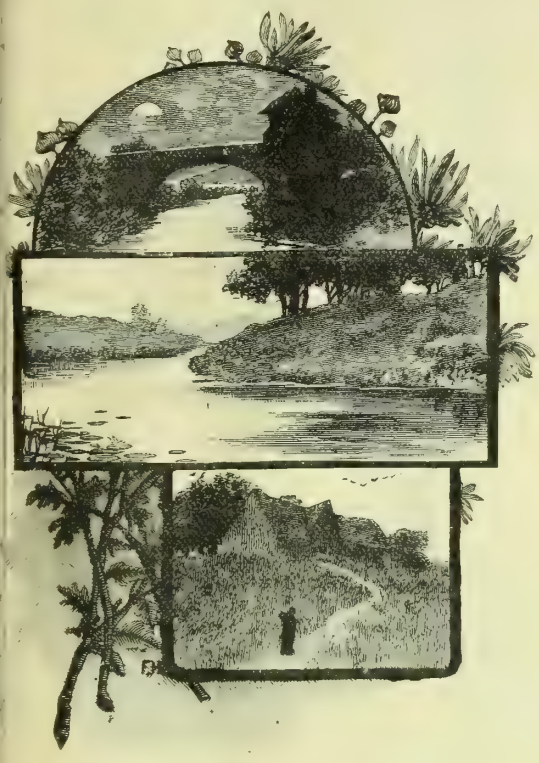
Fold a piece of paper; then open it, and, using the crease as a line, write with ink any name or initials. Whilst wet fold again, and rub with your finger over the writing. The letters or words will blot under the pressure and run into symmetrical and pleasing figures, amid which the written characters become almost concealed. In the accompanying examples may be deciphered, respectively, a name and initials not unfamiliar to readers of the Boy's Own Paper.

A letter written in lines running perpendicularly up a sheet of notepaper bears a strong family likeness to the billet-doux of a "heathen Chinee." And I will suggest that a collection of the blurred autographs of your acquaintances, with dates appended, would form an original and picturesque birthday album.

Varied results may be obtained by the employment of combinations of lines, dots, geometrical figures, &c., instead of writing; or by forming letters or figures at a little distance from the central crease. Or you may trace the characters in ink or paint of different colours, and thus produce prettily variegated effects. Bold outlines or silhouettes of flowers, or of half birds or butterflies, will often develop, under pressure, into fantastic creations which have no living counterpart in earth or heaven. Conversely, a few touches with the pen will cause nondescript smudges to assume a grotesque resemblance to some object in nature.

The idea is also capable of practical utilisation. Individuals of inventive genius may consult the "blurs" for suggestions in ivory-turning, fretwork, or other designing. I have heard that, two or three generations ago, patterns for so-called "shrouds," which consisted of strips of fine flannel, cut ornamentally and laid along the coffin, were obtained by a process similar to the above.

* This subject is also treated in an early volume of the B. O. P., and in our "Indoor Games and Recreations."—Ed.



A NEW VOL.

Now's your time, boys, now's your time,
If adventures you would seek,
Near and far in ev'ry clime,
On sea and land and mountain peak.

Past and present, future too,
We shall one and all explore;
Matters old, and matters new,
And subjects never touched before.

Into science we shall dip,
Fun and laughter with us go,
All dry subjects we shall skip,
For we've no name for being slow.

We shall touch at Sporting Land,
Honour Point, Adventures Bays,
Fiction's tempting Regions, and
The Rocks of Fact, upon our way.

Make your minds up, come along,
Join our new exploring trip,
Doing so you can't do wrong,
The B. O. P.'s a rare good ship.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

What is your Trade, Sir?

What is your Trade, Sir, I'd like to know?
Now, are you a Butcher discreet, Sir?
Do you *stick* at your work? We will hope it is so,
As that for a Butcher is *meet*, Sir.
You *must* have a Partner, fat and fair,
For yours, you see, is a *joint* affair;
I declare, I declare, 'tis a *joint* affair!

Are you a Cobbler? For, if you be,
'Tis a "cure of soles," is it not, Sir?
'Tis the *last* resource for a man, you see,
And by no means a *bootless* lot, Sir.
"*Orders*" you take, like the cleric crew;
And an "*upright walk*" is distinctly due
To a zealous healer of "*soles*" like you.

Are you a Grocer, you naughty man?
And do you the sugar sand, Sir?
If so, you should ride in the prison van,
With a *Cold Bath Chap* at hand, Sir.
You 'd never cut "*capers*" then, my lad;
But we'd cut *yours*, and your "*sauce*," no fad!
A Grocer *should* be a *candid* lad!

Are you a Tailor who lives by *Tweed*?
If so, will you tell me, please, Sir,
How it is, while you "cut" away at full speed,
You are always so prone to *frieze*, Sir?
You now and then take our garments in—
And *the wearers too* (I can see you grin)—
For your favourite metal we know is *Tin!*

Are you a Carpenter? Come, speak out.
Then "*screws*" must be in your way, Sir;
A fellow who "*chisels*," without a doubt—
And yet a *plane* man, *you* say, Sir.
You cotton to "*bores*," both great and small;
But remember this, whatsoe'er befall
In your box of tools lies your "*little Awl*"!

Are you a Fishmonger? Come, be frank!
Then from water you make your "pile," Sir;
Yet you draw *Bass* from a leaden tank,
So Hydro*pathy* ain't your style, Sir.
An "*erring*" mortal who rashly takes
To *skates*—and flounders—deserves the (*H*)*akes*
That he's sure to get in a brace of shakes.

Are you a Baker? In paper cap—
Of the "*rolls*" you're a "Master" queer, Sir;
My "twist" beats yours into fits—mayhap;
And your *doe* is a little *deer*, Sir.
The "*flower of men*" sounds well, maybe:
But your prices rise like your yeast, you see,
And you're far too *crusty* a chap for me!

F. B. Doveton.

A "Prefect's" Diary.

Monday (*Morning*).—This morning, just before school commenced, our head-master announced to the fellows that they were to consider me a prefect. They did not seem to receive the announcement very kindly.

(*Evening*).—I went up to the "Upper" Dormitory this evening to begin my duties as prefect-in-charge. I was received with mingled cheers and groans. When I had turned down the lamps and had made myself comfortable for the night, "Spider" (the smallest boy in the school) called upon me for a tale, which request was echoed by all the fellows in the Dorm. I began a yarn, but before I had nearly finished I was ordered to "shut up," and several slippers were unkindly thrown at me. I told them that if they treated me like that again they would make me very angry. I have resolved not to tell any more tales.

Tuesday (*Morning*).—Our head-master informed me this morning that for some days past he has noticed that his crop of spring onions has greatly diminished, and that to-day, when he was looking at them, he saw a hooked stick come through the palings and an onion go out. He was so astonished that he allowed an exclamation to fall from his lips, and—the stick vanished.

[I saw "Abbe" Thomas with a hooked stick yesterday, and he gave me some onions at supper last night. Strange, that!]

(*Evening*).—When I went up to the Dormitory this evening I caught the three "Spider" brothers and Bonnor "Dubbs" (the youngest boy in the school) playing football with a pair of *my* stockings, and, on my venturing to give them ten lines each, they retaliated by throwing me down and putting my bed on top of me and sitting on it. While I was in this position our head-master (who had "sneaked" upstairs) came in and gave me a thousand lines for not keeping order, and deducted 2*d*. from my pocket-money (3*d*.). I have resolved not to give any more lines. I think I shall resign.

Wednesday (*Morning*).—Came down late for "Prep.," and am to go into the Detention Class for the rest of the week.

(*Evening*).—Had the Athletic Sports this afternoon. They were not a success, as one fellow won most of the prizes, because "the others did not practise." To-night about 12 o'clock I was awakened out of a deep sleep by a most diabolical and unearthly noise. It turned out to be *only* Bonnor "Dubbs," who, attired in his picturesque sleeping-costume—a dirty nightdress, and a torn red handkerchief tied round his head—was sitting up in his bed howling at the top of his voice. I asked him what the matter was, and he told me that he had the toothache and the earache. I rushed down and informed the matron, who sent me back again with some onions to put in his ear, and a baked potato to tie round his ("Dubbs's") head. Bonnor "Dubbs" has promised to protect me in the Dormitory in future. About 1.30 A.M. I awoke again, and was horrified to see "Dubbs" sitting up in bed eating the potato and onions with great gusto.

Thursday (*Morning*).—Our head-master told me this morning that he thought the fellows took a great deal of interest in the masters' tennis-playing, for he had seen "Abbe" Thomas and some other fellows sitting up on the tennis-court wall. "Abbe" told me yesterday that the head-master had some cherries under the tennis-court wall. Strange!

(*Evening*).—The fellows had a bolster-fight while I was asleep, and the head-master came up and caught them, and awoke me and promised me another thousand lines for not keeping order. I shall certainly resign.

Friday (*Morning*).—To-day my protector, Bonnor "Dubbs," fell down the hall stairs and cracked his head.

["Abbe" Thomas told me that it was cracked before, but I scarcely think that could be true.]

(*Evening*).—To-night the fellows, taking advantage of "Dubbs's" unfortunate accident, bullied me dreadfully, and when I tried to get into bed I could not, for it was filled with dirty slippers, pieces of soap, and several wet sponges and "flannels." Shall hand in my resignation without fail to-morrow morning.

Saturday (*Morning*).—Handed in my resignation this morning; head-master gave me another thousand lines for doing so. Have written home about it. Shall probably leave school this term. "H. L."

Pride goeth before a Fall.

In a South Sea coral island, girt with many a waving palm,
Lived a dark-hued Carib chieftain, secure from hurt or harm;
His enemies were all subdued, and freed from every care,
For each one had formed some item in this chieftain's bill of fare.

One morn he stalked forth from his hut, painted in colours rare,
With ring in nose, as I suppose, and feathers in his hair,
He wore a brilliant scarlet cloth around his noble form
(The climate in those sunny isles is very, very warm).

He travelled for some hours ere he reached a forest pool,
Where the leafy trees lay mirror'd in the water clear and cool;
He gazed upon his image there with admiration great,
But was rudely interrupted, as the bard will now relate.

A slimy snout rose from the pool, an omen to be feared,
For with a cry of quick surprise our hero disappear'd;
'Twas evident to every one—this savage free from guile,
Had been swallowed with much relish by a monster crocodile!

J. W. Ellis.

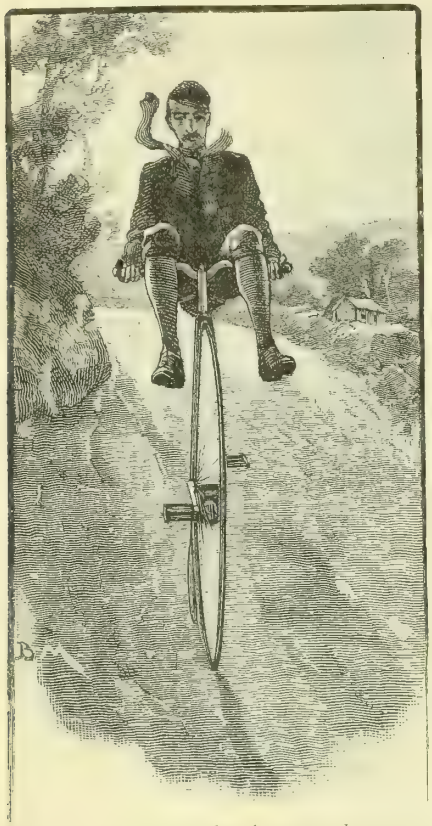


Mamma.—Johnny, you should never speak roughly to your aunt.

Johnny.—Why not? Pa does.

Mamma.—I'm sure he doesn't.

Johnny.—Why, I heard him say to her, "Speaking roughly, it's about a mile."



*** *With this, the first number of our new volume, every reader should receive, gratis, a splendid Coloured Plate, entitled* "A NEW SONG."

Correspondence.

LIBRARY (Growler).—We are very sorry, Growler. We assumed that your enlightened parish had a free library. It ought to have, that is all we have to say. Agitate! Growler, agitate! until it has one. In these days every parish ought to have a free library, and every boy should use it. That is why we are "always referring readers to the free library." We consider a free library as much an educational necessity as a good school.

A JUDGE (and a bad one).—There is no such regiment as the Royal Horse Marines, and consequently we do not know their uniform. The Royal Marine Artillery have a blue uniform; hence they are known as the Blue Marines.

OUR MOTTO (J. Booth, and others).—Our motto means "a little book about whatever is of interest to our boys." You should look the words out in a Latin dictionary.

OWNER OF 6½ VOLUMES.—1. Reading in a railway carriage is not injurious to a healthy lad, Irish or otherwise. 2. No subaltern officer in the Army can live on his pay, and it is only in rare instances that any regimental officer can do so. You must have private means.

CHEMIST.—1. Send for price-list of laboratory sundries to Townsend & Mercer, Bishopsgate Street, E.C. 2. You must have a hawker's licence. It is a police regulation, for obvious purposes. 3. We know of no addresses of stamp dealers beyond those appearing on our monthly wrapper.

W. C. STRANG.—The articles on Lawn Tennis are out of print. They will make their second appearance in "Outdoor Games."

S. F. CLARK.—We know of no self-instruction book for the side drum: but the makers of drums, such as Rudall, Carte & Co., of Berners Street, might be able to help you.

A. S. G. HOST.—The Patent Office is in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. The forms are free, but the fee for the first application is 5*s*. That is enough to secure your rights in an invention and make it a saleable property—provided, of course, the thing has not already been patented by some one else. A reference to the Post Office Directory will give you the other addresses you ask for.

I. M.—Write again when you can spell your address properly. A boy who cannot spell "villas" is not a safe subject to trust with much information.

MUSICAL GLASSES.—The liquid used for producing the tone of musical glasses is often nothing but water. Sugar-and-water is better, and some performers dust a little powdered resin into the solution.

LUG SAIL (Old Subscriber).—There are some hints on lug-sailing in "Practical Canoeing," published by Wilson, 156 Minories, price 4*s*. We have had no articles on the subject. The rig is not free from risk when used for open boats.

DERIVATION OF CRUET (S. M. A.).—Lithuanian is kruzas, whence, after intervals, is English cruse, a jar. Cruse becomes cruzet, and cruzet becomes crewet, and crevet, and cruet. A parallel line is from Lithuanian kragis, whence Gaelic krog, German krug, Welsh cregen, Danish krukke, Dutch kruycke, and English crock, an earthen vessel, pitcher, or jar. This is from Wedgwood's "Dictionary of Etymology," though whether it is the best we do not know, as we have not read through all the etymological dictionaries now before the public. Sanscrit derivations have gone out of date since it was discovered that Lithuanian was the older language, and quite sufficient to account for all the derivatives, Sanscrit and otherwise. If you are interested in the deposition of Sanscrit, read Dr. Isaac Taylor's "Origin of the Aryans."

WILLIAMS.—You ought to run a hundred yards in twelve seconds, and jump your own height. There are no better instructions in training than those in our articles in the second volume, which were written specially for us by a well-known member of the London Athletic Club.

ALEC.—"Halcyon Days," from halcyon, the kingfisher, who was thought to sit on her eggs for a fortnight on the sea, during which time a calm prevailed. Properly speaking, Halcyon Days are at Christmas.

OFF WE GO!

THE path we leave behind is bright
With pleasant memories;
Before us spread blue skies o'erhead,
And halcyon summer seas.

The look-out sees no rocks before,
No breakers on our beam;
Captain and crew are as of yore,
Our flag is still the same.

But quitting trope and metaphor,
Again, this coming year,
Here at your call are pleasures all
That to your hearts are dear.

We try to make our motto true,
And keep its scope intact;
Whatever things you love to know,
In fable or in fact,—

Whatever interests you claim
As yours by long tradition—
To further these our constant aim,
Our pleasure, and our mission.

This year you'll find our programme bright
And varied as of old,
With noble acts, and pregnant facts,
And fiction's "rainbow gold."

Of honest mirth there'll be no dearth,
No lack of brave romance;
And in the fairy fields of verse
Our bards shall break a lance.

Greetings once more, o'er sea and shore,
We send you, far and near;
And cheers float back, the oceans o'er
To speed another year!



THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

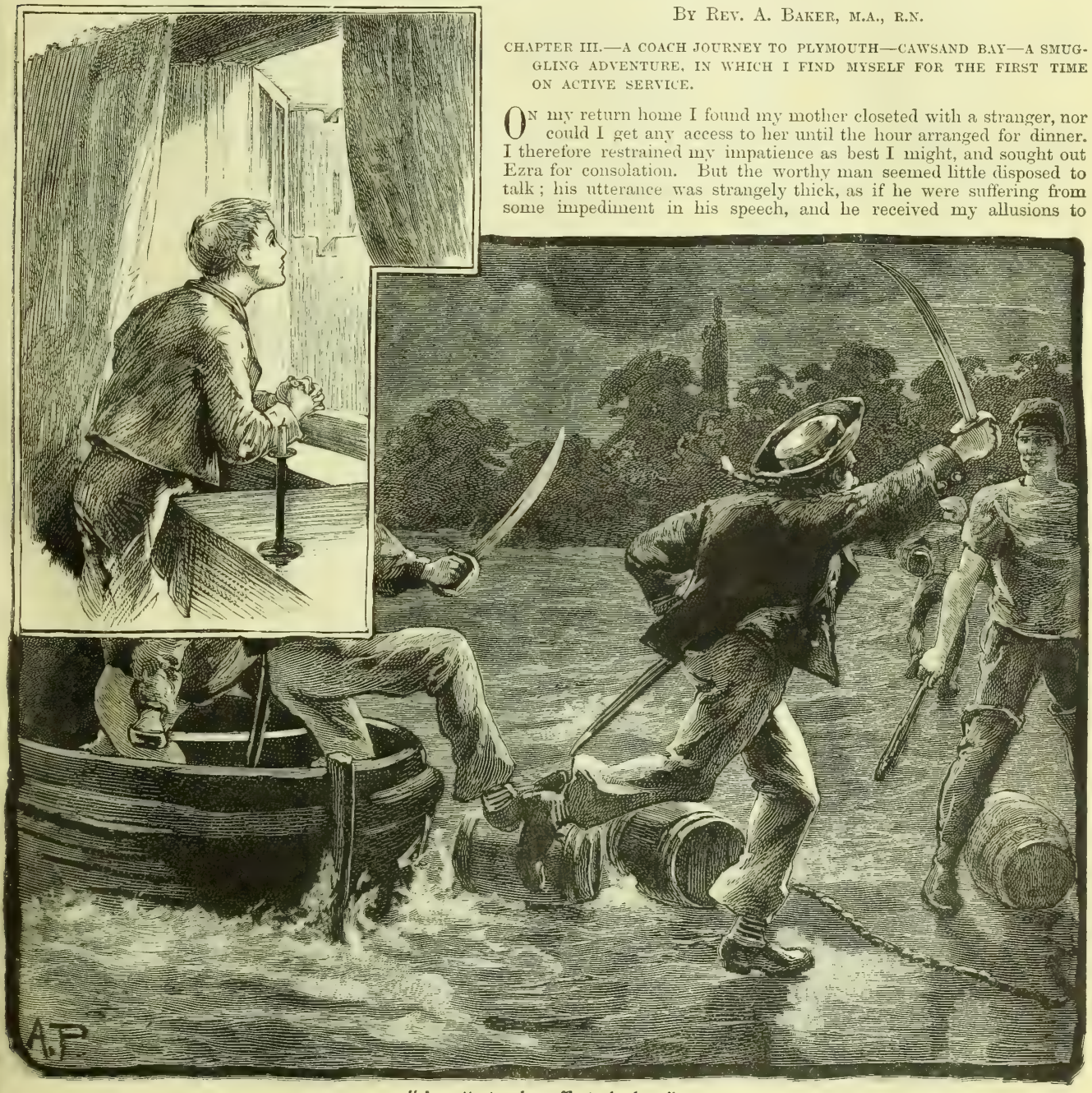
No. 613.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1890. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER III.—A COACH JOURNEY TO PLYMOUTH—CAWSAND BAY—A SMUGGLING ADVENTURE, IN WHICH I FIND MYSELF FOR THE FIRST TIME ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

On my return home I found my mother closeted with a stranger, nor could I get any access to her until the hour arranged for dinner. I therefore restrained my impatience as best I might, and sought out Ezra for consolation. But the worthy man seemed little disposed to talk; his utterance was strangely thick, as if he were suffering from some impediment in his speech, and he received my allusions to



"A pretty tough scuffle took place."

going to sea with scarcely more than a few gruff monosyllables. I have since learned that this was owing partly to his extreme unwillingness to lose me, and partly to the idea that nobody who went to sea ever came back, and that I should inevitably be killed or drowned. We had, therefore, a rather gloomy perambulation of the farm and gardens; and so I confess I was rather glad when I heard my mother's voice calling to me to come in. I could see that she had been crying, but she controlled herself and kissed me tenderly, telling me that I was a very lucky boy; that I must be ready in the morning to set out for Plymouth, as my ship was to sail immediately, and was expected in Cawsand Bay in two or three days' time. She added that I must be very polite to Mr. Jollife, the kind gentleman who had come down all the way from London on purpose to carry me to Plymouth and fit me out for His Majesty's Service; that we were to leave early the next morning; that I was to do my best on board the Diadem, and strive to be a credit to my country and to herself. Dinner being announced, we went in together, and found Mr. Jollife already seated—a very rough specimen of humanity, his napkin tucked up to his chin, his face expressive of impatient hunger, his great coarse hands playing with his knife and fork, and, in short, such a general air about him of making himself at home that even I, young as I was, felt myself embarrassed between indignation and amusement. My mother, however, did not betray the slightest sign of annoyance at this uncouth behaviour, but gently indicated my presence, when Mr. Jollife extended to me a couple of fat fingers, on one of which I noticed a splendid diamond ring. "Well, sir," said he, "you're a lucky young man; now be sure you behave yourself when you get on board His Majesty's ship. Sir Augustus Clandrawline will stand no nonsense, I can tell you. It won't do for you to be idling here all the time, because, you know, you haven't a sixpence of your own to bless yourself with, and you have to make your own way in the world." Having made these few commonplace remarks, he fell to what was set before him, and until dinner was nearly over he left the conversation almost entirely to my mother and myself; and soon afterwards he evinced such a decided inclination to go to sleep that we were very glad to leave him to his own devices. Our time was indeed precious.

It was a lovely summer's evening. The air was laden with the scent of a thousand flowers—clover and beanflowers, the old-fashioned white pinks, roses, syringa, and all manner of other delicious things. The great army of elms in front of us was wrapped in a curtain of soft blue haze, whence came to us the voice of many a happy bird. The rooks were holding high carnival, and the heavily-laden bees rushed past us with a hum of dreamy contentment, after a long and successful day's work. It was a fitter scene for lovers of a different description, pouring out their loves each to the other with the perfect sympathy of all nature, than for us two, seeing that our fond hearts were to be rent asunder by a parting of which neither could see the end in this world. What my mother said to me, as we paced the garden and orchard together, need not be told here; what she gave me in the way of good advice the reader can well imagine.

By eight o'clock the next morning every farewell had been said, my old home lay miles behind me, and I was far on my way to Plymouth, on the roof of the fast coach Express carrying His Majesty's mails. For the time I soon got over the troubles of parting—and small wonder! Was I not almost an officer in a service still blazing with the lustre of Trafalgar? Was I not in the very zenith of happy boyhood, with a chance of seeing the world and winning distinction in a profession second to no other in the estimation of a boy like myself? How I enjoyed that ride, the first long journey I had ever undertaken since my infancy! How it comes back to me even now—the gay jingling of the harness, the merry notes of the guard's horn, the groups of happy haymakers, the villages bathed in the sunshine and sweetness of midsummer!

All day long we travelled through what seemed like one vast garden. At length, as the sun began to go down, the aspect of the country changed into even richer loveliness; the roads began to narrow, and the lofty hedgerows on either side began to give place to high banks, or stone walls overgrown with a luxuriant wealth of fern, the trees arching completely over the path, a delicious canopy from the heat. We passed through wide-spreading copses of dwarf oaks, which generally shaded some brawling trout-stream, over which we crossed by an ancient stone bridge; sometimes from the top of a steep hill we could catch glimpses of brown moor or blue sea, and once I could detect a ship, and my imagination pictured her as the Diadem making her way down Channel. With what high hopes my heart was filled! What airy castles passed before me! How I longed for travel and adventure! Well, my wish has been granted. I have seen quite enough. I am only too thankful now for rest.

We lay one night at Exeter, and I remember well how thoroughly I enjoyed my supper of fresh sole, a tender chop, and, to crown all, strawberries and clotted cream! How even Mr. Jollife thawed under its genial influence, and actually went so far as to pat me on the back, and express his opinion that I should do very well after all—for which kindness I thanked him, and retired, at his suggestion, to bed.

The great bell of the cathedral, striking eleven, sounded so close to my window that I threw it open and looked out. There lay nave, choir, clerestory, buttress, pinnacle, and gable bathed in a flood of glorious moonlight, uninterrupted, save where one of the great guardian transept towers threw its dark shadow across the green. The sight filled me with solemn awe, and I said my prayers by that window, and I felt that the influence of the place helped me to banish all the thousand thoughts, the hopes, the fears, the dreams of that eventful day. To this hour I am often helped by the recollection of that scene.

But when I got into bed I could not sleep. All the whole day's excitement came back again. Moreover, I was too tired to sleep, as not unfrequently happens after a long journey such as mine was. So I lay awake, and counted the hours, as they boomed forth on the night air, in the tones of that solemn bell. Its notes were to me harbingers of hope; but they were also, alas! the death-knell of my childhood, the funeral dirge of my innocence; they ushered me into a new life—an honourable life indeed, but one in which I wandered for years, a real prodigal, a real wanderer and exile, only to come to anchor after long and bitter experience of suffering and shame.

The next day we arrived at Plymouth, where the first thing Mr. Jollife did was to take me to a tailor's, where I was measured for what seemed an endless variety of garments, about which there was an endless amount of discussion. The same process was repeated at the hosier's and the bootmaker's. I also found myself the happy possessor of a huge chest, about three times as big as myself—all of which articles were to be addressed with the utmost despatch to

Mr. George Freeborn, R.N.,
care of Mr. Samuel Twitters,
H.M. Coastguard,
Cawsand.

Having completed this business, my conductor appeared vastly satisfied, and, after a substantial luncheon at the Royal Hotel, we repaired to the Barbican, that queer conglomeration of red-roofed houses, quaint little shops devoted to matters nautical, and as queer little inns, haunted by all manner of seafaring folk. I noticed that the air was thoroughly impregnated with the smell of fish, and that, in some places, the pavements were strewn with their scales, like flakes of snow. Everywhere we heard the shrill cry of the vendors, and the rattle of the rigging of their boats, and the flapping of their brown sails. We threaded our way through several groups of hardy fishermen, clad in blue jumpers of homespun yarn, with here and there a man-of-war's-man, with pigtail, and quid in cheek, and bundle on arm, a great hero in my eyes, perhaps a shipmate of the mighty Nelson himself.

At last we reached a little gabled inn, where Mr. Jollife told me he expected to find Mr. Twitters, to whose care I was to be entrusted pending the arrival of the Diadem. We found the worthy man awaiting us in the bar parlour, his attention divided between an immense pipe and a pot of porter. He was what I have heard termed in the Navy "swivel-eyed," that is, he had a cast in his eye; his countenance was sadly marked by the smallpox, and highly coloured through the frequent potations in which he was wont to indulge.

His nose was in shape something like a hammer-head, and his hair was scanty, well greased, and terminated in an enormous pigtail. He was in uniform, and carried a sword. His office was no sinecure, for an immense quantity of smuggling was in those days carried on at Kingsand and Cawsand, Cawsand water being a proverbial term for cheap spirits. Indeed, there was a local tradition that the spaces between the roofs of the nave and aisles of the old parish church of Maker had been used for the storage of contraband liquor. Let us hope, for the credit of the vicar and churchwardens, that this story is not true.

Mr. Twitters appeared at first oblivious of our presence; but a dart of the swivel-eye in our direction soon set matters right, and within an hour I had parted from Mr.

Jollife, and was seated in the stern-sheets of a smart gig, manned by a crew of veteran coastguardsmen. We stole gently away from the Barbican, and now I realised for the first time that I was actually afloat. How proud I felt as we glided over the dancing waves! Mr. Twitters at once became my mentor, pointing out Drake's Island, Mount Edgcumbe, and all the other leading features of Plymouth Sound. "See there, sir," said he, pointing to a high-pinnacled tower just visible above a grove of dark trees; "that ere be Mááker Church; that be a great landmark about 'ere! When they dew make 'en out they dew think they'm near 'ome. E dew zeem like an old friend like, pointin' out the way. 'Tis a fine country, sure 'nough, if it warn't for they smugglers!"

"Smugglers? Oh! do tell me about them."

"Well, they be mortal bad 'bout 'ere, I can tell 'ee. Many's the cask o' rum and brandy as they've brought in right under my nose, they 'ave; and what with holes in the cliffs, and sham lobster-pots, and trap-doors, and suchlike things, they a'most drive a feller crazed. I'm pestered to death wi' 'en; the wummen's full as bad as the men; they crarles into Plymouth with flasks o' brandy nigh every day in the week. 'Tes a job I dooant like at áále. They'm so crule independent, and they'm áále cousins, and áále in wi' one another, don't ye see? They ain't a bad sort o' people when you knows 'em. But they don't see nothen wrong in smugglen, that's certain. 'Owsomever, they must observe their own mind, and I'll observe mine."

We were now gently scudding along with wind and tide, skirting a lovely line of deep crimson cliffs fringed with ragged rocks, broken here and there by delicious coves; we could hear on one side the voices of the men who were shooting the net for mackerel, and on the other the merry laughter of children playing on the beach. We were making our way into a deep bay, one arm of which was formed by broad stretches of meadowland overhanging the cliffs, while the western boundary was a narrow promontory, clothed to the very water's edge with luxuriant woods, in the midst of which stood the little coastguard station, whither we were bound. Right in the centre of the bay stood the double village, Kingsand and Cawsand, snugly ensconced at the foot of three great round hills, a curious collection of grey stone houses, looking as if they had been hurled into their places higgledy-piggledy by some earthquake or volcanic eruption; houses which you entered by the middle storey, or even by the very garret itself, ranged one above the other in queer little streets, which were narrow, steep, and winding all at once. Every one seemed to live round a corner or up a lane. Let us be careful what we say, for it is the home of a burly, independent clan; they are nearly all related to one another, very conservative in their ways, with a deep-rooted jealousy of strangers; very keen to take a man's measure, very slow to make friends, yet very staunch when they have tried their man and found him true. They are a people to live amongst whom is most wholesome discipline, rugged as the seas which threaten at times to wash away their very homes, and yet, take them properly, genial and kindly as their own bright sunshine. But I am digressing. What is Mr. Twitters looking at so earnestly with his glass? Why does he bid his crew lie on their oars?

I waited in breathless silence until the worthy man laid down his telescope with a grunt of deep satisfaction.

"That's they, sure 'nough; I knowed 'twas."

"What, they Polwheles?" said the coxswain.

"No, not they; they be over to France, safe enough. I dew mean that there twod as we've been a-lookin' for so long."

"What, that there Johnny Crapaud as came over from Cherbourg, and landed that last cargo o' brandy?"

"That's of it, Zachy, that's 'e; yew just take the glass now, and 'ave a squint at 'en, will 'ee."

Zachy complied, and immediately gave his decision that as to rig, colour, and build she was that craft and no other.

"Yew'm right, cap'n," said he; "I do reckon there'll be some extra lobster-pots in the bay to-night."

"Very likely, Zachy, very likely," replied Mr. Twitters, with a professional wink; "'owsomever, we'll go 'ome and 'ave some supper, and then we'll go out and look for 'en. Give way lads."

For the rest of the journey, which took exactly five minutes, my new friend seemed absorbed in profound meditation; perhaps the subject of it was the audacity of the mounseers, or perhaps it was the fittest way of introducing me to Mrs. Twitters, who ruled within doors as much supreme as her lord did upon the seas.

He soon got over his difficulties, however, and I shortly found myself in the very cleanest little parlour I ever saw, not even excepting our own at home. The place was exactly of the kind dear to the sailor's heart; there were comfortable mats on the floor, neatly manufactured out of small pieces of red and blue cloth, arranged in patterns with considerable taste; the walls being adorned by several pictures in Berlin wool-work, the subject chiefly line-of-battle ships in full sail. "You see, sir," said Mrs. T., with just pride, "'e's a 'andy man is Twitters; 'e made all these things 'isself in 'ees spare time. Now, sir, you see your supper; I 'opes you'll like what I've provided for 'ee; I think you must be main 'ungry."

And so I was, in truth, and did ample justice to the delicious salmon peal, followed by junket and tough cakes, with the indispensable clotted cream. But when, after I had finished, the good lady suggested my retiring to bed, I felt by no means disposed to comply. From the little window I could see Mr. Twitters preparing for his nocturnal raid; oars were being muffled, muskets were being carried down, and ammunition. Nothing would satisfy me but I must go too; and, snatching up my hat, I ran down to the beach and begged hard to be allowed to make one of the party. Mr. Twitters at first demurred. "Why, you young fire-eater," said he; "don't 'ee know as we'm goen' on hactive service? What be I to say to Captain Clandrawline, if you gits killed or drownded? Now, do 'ee go and turn in, like a good young gentleman." Seeing, however, that nothing would satisfy me but joining in the enterprise, he at last consented. "Well, in with 'ee, then; sit well down in the stern-sheets, and don't 'ee talk a morsel. Now, shove off."

It was just one of those summer nights in which there seems to be no actual darkness. A band of mellow twilight lit up the western sky, making every object look very dim and shadowy; and there was just enough breeze stirring, and just enough ripple to silence the faint plash of our oars as we glided softly into the bay, at first skirting the dark trees, and then shooting out rapidly into the centre. Presently we stopped alongside some buoys.

"Kingsand men, I reckon," said the man they called Zachy.

"Ay, lobsters, I reckon; Tregonin's, 'e 'aven't the capital to run brandy. Go on."

We steered a little nearer to the village, trying buoy after buoy without success, till at last we ran up against one which was lying at some little distance from the rest, and still closer to the shore.

"Why, that there un's moven," whispered Zachy.

"I'll move 'en," said Mr. Twitters. "'Ere they be, mates, sure 'nough; 'alf a dozen kegs, or I'm a Dutchman; we'm on'y just in the nick o' time; they'm a' pullen 'em into shore now. 'Old on a minute, I can 'ear 'en talken; keep fast 'old 'o the buoy, whatever ye do."

We strained our ears and heard voices in altercation. "What be such a fule, vor, Bell? Pull 'en in, pull 'en in, I tell 'ee."

"La, Tom, I can't stir 'en; they be mortal 'eavy kegs—seemin' to me they'm made fast to the bottom."

"Ah, Bell, my boy," said Mr. Twitters, "you'm not made fast to the bottom; but maybe you'm made fast to summat not very pleasant for 'ee, my son." And, indeed, it was so; for we had now made our boat fast to the buoy; the men on shore renewed their exertions, and gently drew boat, buoy, and brandy towards the land.

We drifted onward, nearer and nearer to the village; no one spoke a word.

"La, Bell," said one of the voices on the beach, "be they kegs o' lead or kegs o' spirits?"

The only answer was a terrific yell of disappointment as we were recognised. In another minute the boat grounded, Mr. Twitters leapt from it, charging the coxswain to look after me, and a pretty tough scuffle took place, lasting several minutes. We could hear voices in angry altercation; Mr. Twitters bawling now to one, now to another, in the king's name, threatening all sorts of awful pains and penalties, and remonstrating in tones not much milder with certain irate females, who appeared to be wishful to imprint their fair nails upon his august countenance. At last the row came to an end; the names of the offending parties were taken; the spoil was safely stowed in the boat, and we rowed back, covered with glory, to the station.

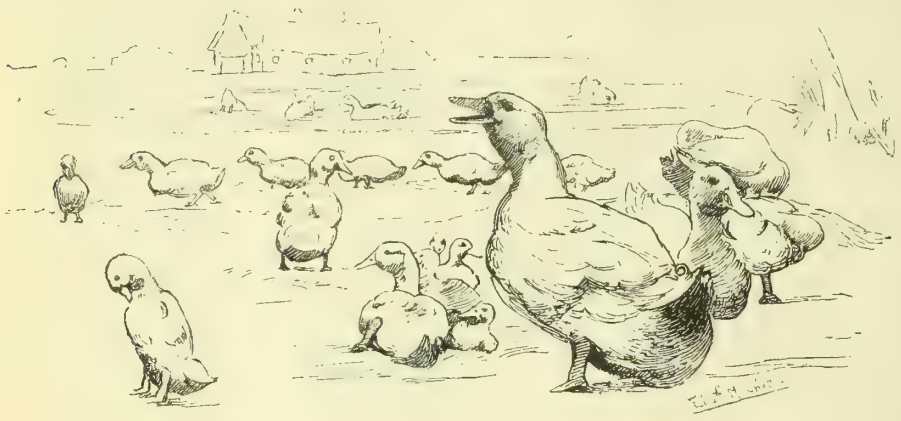
Said Mr. Twitters, "I don't mind these yere rows when it's on'y men at's in 'em; but I can't stand they old 'ags; they dew say there be on'y tew good 'omen in the world—one's dead, and the other can't be found. I'm goin' to add one more, that's Mrs. Twitters, that'll make three. We'll all drink 'er 'ealth to-night in a hextra glass after this yere most successful burst o' hactive service."

(To be continued.)

THE TALE OF A PIG.

AN ARCADIAN STORY.

CHAPTER II.



"Quacked his views with emphasis."

It was washing-day at the gardener's wife's. She had her tub in the kitchen, and she stood on a thick board to keep her feet out of the "slop," as she called it, and rubbed away at the clothes with all her might. It was a fair, sunny morning, with a gentle wind, and the clothes were drying nicely. She had nearly finished, and the shirts hanging on the line in the garden were all swelled out with the breeze until they looked like a row of extremely fat boys who had been gibbeted for their sins. The children were at school, the gardener and his big boys were away at work, and peace reigned. After an hour or two's washing and wringing, the gardener's wife "straightened her back a bit," and looked at the time.

"I must have a bit o' summat," said she, and then she looked towards the door and saw a neighbour.

"Ah, Nancy, is it you?"

"You're got on rarely," said Nancy, who lived next door. "Come into our house and hev a cup o' tea wi' me."

"Well, I don't mind if I do," said the gardener's wife.

So they went in next door and had their tea, and while it was brewing another friend stepped in from up the village. I should have said she "nipped in"—that was Nancy's expression when describing the scene afterwards, and it gives a much better idea of the lady's mode of entrance. Her face was aglow with excitement; her hair, which was arranged in a knob at the back of her head, had come loose somehow, and a stiff tail stuck bolt-upright out of it, whilst hairpins projected at different angles, and at intervals gently slid out and down to the ground. This disorder was due to the possession of exciting news, which she was anxious, as every good woman must be, to be the first to impart.

"Th' ole 'ug's bin down again," she cried excitedly.

"You don't say so!" said the gardener's wife and Nancy simultaneously.

"Ah, and he's bin i' Muster Sandiford's yard this ever so long, and when one o' the men tried to drive him out he run at him and knocked him down, an' run clean over him, right along the street. An' then he went into Mrs. Dunmore's kitchen and pushed his noase i' th' cradle."

"Did you ever, now!" exclaimed the audience, reinforced by Nancy's Tilda, who stood open-mouthed on her way to the fireplace, with the kettle in her hand, and amazement on her countenance.

"Howiver did they get him out?" asked Nancy.

"Why, my 'usban were comin' by wi' a muck fork, and he went in an' druv him out; but it were all he could do—and then he wouldn't goo hum. He run up the lane towards the lodge, and went in the spinney, and theer he is now. An' poor old Bet Walker, she were coming back from the lodge last night, and just as she were coming by the spinney, boo! out he run, and nearly frightened her to death. She come in all of a tremble."

"My Juliaremily an' Marann, they du'stn't goo nowheer when that ole 'ug's about," said the gardener's wife.

"Ah, it's a shame as he should be let run about so," promptly responded Nancy.

"But they can't keep him in. Master Stephen, he told my 'usban' as no matter what they do they can*not* keep him i' th' yard. He'll stop away for days sometimes. And my John Enery, as is keeping crows for 'em, he says as the 'ug's more bother nor all the crows, for he will come up through a gap i' th' hedge and rootle about so as it's a shame to be seen. My John Enery stopped the gap *nine* times, and he busted through each time." Thus the gardener's wife dismally.

"He's bin and turned up a whole row o' taters i' Steve Brown's garden," put in Nancy Moore's Tilda.

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, an' Steve run at him wi' a spade, an' he went right in his house and turned the table over, an' Steve's tea were all set out, an' that went over too."

And so on. The sins of the old hog were a very fruitful subject. He was a very daring pig. Nothing daunted him. He revelled in crime, and all the village children lived in terror of him. Nowhere was safe from his depredations, for he showed a goblin dexterity in climbing heights which should have been inaccessible to a pig of his rotundity, getting through gaps and holes which you would have sworn were much too small for his head even to go into; and he always eluded his pursuers in the most irritating manner, showing a blatant pride in wickedness, which sooner or later must be his ruin. Indeed—as Mrs. Pendle at the shop observed when she was weighing out some butter to a customer, only last Saturday night—it would not be surprising if he should thrust himself into the very church on Sunday, and, as like as not, upset the reading-desk, and the Vicar as well. Veneration had been left out of him, and, like Lord Nelson, he didn't know what fear was. No pigsty was secure from his rude hoof, and delicate lady-pigs, picking a little cabbage with their interesting families, would have their nerves terribly upset by his suddenly bursting through the palings of their abodes, and scattering them in all directions, while he gobbled up the contents of the trough. Never had his like been seen before, and if he had been the Reform Bill, or Ritualism, or the French, or "them boys again!" he could not have been a more exciting subject of conversation.

At last the party began to break up, and the gardener's wife bethought herself of her neglected tub. She rose and went towards her own home. At this moment loud screams were heard in the garden, and Juliaremily and Marann rushed into the arms of their mother. Speechless with fright, they clung to her apron; but words were not needed to explain the situation. There, amidst uprooted cabbages, fallen props, and trampled linen, with his curly little tail wagging placidly, and his black eyes twinkling with satisfaction, was the old hog, just accomplishing further downfalls.

"Oh!" gasped the gardener's wife, and seized a prop to drive him off, while he, determined to do all the execution possible, gave a wild yell and departed, bringing to the ground the row of fat gibbeted boys, and trampling on their collapsed forms in his hasty exit.

(To be continued.)



Betty screamed, and sat down in the clothes-basket.

TAFFY; OR, THE TALE OF A GROUSE.

A SCHOOL STORY.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "The Parlour Boarder," "A Couple of Crusoes," "Sister Mary," etc.

CHAPTER II.

That evening Taffy was once more plunged into lackadaisical despair, when all day I had been drumming upon him the folly of hiding his secret in the place where it was most likely to be discovered. We were sitting in our study, making efforts to get up our construing better this time; but, ever and again, one or other of us returned to the old subject. Taffy had now worked himself up to believing that he was sure to be had before the Head, perhaps expelled.

"And the worst of it is," he lamented, "my uncle from Australia is coming to see me next week, so I don't want to get into any row before then. How would you like to be expelled when you had an uncle coming to tip you? I wish I hadn't thought of sticking the grouse in the library. I wish I had never meddled with the thing. I wish it had never been born."

"Shall I tell you what I should do, if I were you?" said I, who had been cudgelling my brains in search of any other way for him out of the peril. "Go straight to the library, fetch it out, and fling it in the coal-cellar. There are rats there."

"When?"

"Now, of course. The chances are ten to one against any one seeing you. The Sixth are all at supper, and all the other fellows ought to be in their studies."

"Will you go with me, then?"

"Oh, that's another story!"

"I don't like to go alone," said Taffy, almost crying; and, seized by an impulse of generosity or adventurousness, I shut my books with a bang.

"Well, I will go with you, if you like. But mind, this is the last time you get me to help you out of your scrapes, you mad old stick-in-the-mud."

"You are an awfully good fellow!" declared Taffy; "and if my uncle does tip me, I'll get in a pork-pie and all sorts of things."

"Bother your pork-pie! You think about nothing but eating!"

Taffy made no retort, meekly submitting to my contempt. The less satisfaction I felt in the character of this accomplice, the more was I tickled by the idea of my own courage in going out of the way to run risks for his sake. Our enterprise would not be without risk; for to be caught out of one's study at this hour was a high offence, while what we contemplated doing in the library might be held little short of scholastic burglary.

But I had undertaken to share it with Taffy, and the sooner done the better. I only waited to provide means of having a light, which offered itself in the lamp of my bicycle; then we softly opened the door and took our stealthy way through the house. Fortunately we fell in with no one, though we must pass right before the door of the sixth form room, and that of Mr. Wyatt almost opposite, like Scylla and Charybdis. This strait left behind, we had only a dark passage to traverse on tip-toe, and turn into the corridor giving entrance to the library.

But when I, getting my lamp ready, was asking Taffy in a whisper for a match, to our astonishment we found the library fully lit up, and the door standing open as if inviting us to enter. We drew back, like wary rats from a trap, wondering what this could mean. The silence, however, reassured us, and once more we advanced, to ascertain that, by some extraordinary stroke of luck, we had the place to ourselves, with every convenience for our design.

"James must have forgotten to put out the gas, or he will be coming round presently. We must be quick. Now then, where did you put it?"

"In that bookcase at the end—nobody ever goes there," said Taffy.

"You mean you never go there. That's where the classical books of reference are kept—just where masters would be most likely to poke their noses."

"It was the only one unlocked. But—I say!"

This doleful ejaculation was called forth by the fact that on trying the door of the compartment he found it fast locked now, however it had been in the morning. There stood its rows of books, effectually guarded from us by a lattice-work of thick wires crossing each other diamond-wise, which we could not open, for all our tugging and rattling.

"Mellish or somebody must have locked it!" he said, with the air of one making a sage discovery.

"Why didn't you think of that before?" I broke out, angry with myself as well as with my companion for having thus been led by him on a wildgoose chase.

"How could I tell it would be locked?" protested Taffy, in his most lachrymose voice. "But *sh—sh*! What's that?"

We were in the mood to be startled by a mouse, and now, to our confusion, we heard the sound of voices and footsteps, the boldly echoing footsteps of persons who had a right to come here. As they were evidently coming this way, we looked about in haste for some place of concealment, escape by the door being out of the question. And we had not far to look. Under the bookcases, flush with the door, were a row of recesses screened off by curtains, some of them fitted up with book-shelves, others for the present empty. Into one of the latter we dived, pulling the curtain behind us, just as two of the masters walked into the room.

They were, as their voices told us, Mr. Wyatt and Mr. Edgewood, the master of our form, whom we commonly called "Hedgehog" behind his back, I suppose because he was a fat and facetious young man, bristling all over with small jokes and puns. Though we knew how waggish he could be in school, we were now almost shocked by the free and easy levity of his conversation when he little knew into what ears it went.

"Heigho!" he exclaimed, springing on the table to sit kicking his heels against the legs of it. "What a dog of a life this is! If anybody had told me three years ago that I was to reduce myself to a skeleton in trying to drum Latin and Greek into such a pack of dunderheads, I think I should have gone apprentice to a burglar and got sent to the treadmill at once."

"Yes, but you don't get any holidays on the treadmill," laughed Mr. Wyatt.

"What are holidays? I declare I feel like spending most of mine in bed, after having had to get up for three months at seven in the morning. I have a good mind to chuck it all up next Christmas, and emigrate somewhere or other. My brother Jack, who is a cowboy in Texas, has a better time of it than any of us. The most stiff-necked brute he has to drive can't be so provoking as —— and ——!" Here he mentioned the names of certain form fellows of mine, which I need not repeat in such a libellous connection.

Of course, though a little startled at first, we were not deceived by those doleful utterances. Without being able to see Mr. Edgewood's round rosy face, we knew very well how it was puckered up all the while by good-natured wrinkles, and how his eyes would twinkle behind his spectacles to give the lie to his serio-comic complaints.

"Well, you can be thankful not to be so badly off as I am," yawned Mr. Wyatt. "If you only had to do with fellows like —— and ——! And now, I suppose, I am going to get blown up about that row with the prefects. Well, I hope he is not going to keep us long to-night. Isn't it cold?"

"Cold enough to freeze the eyes out of a cat!" assented Mr. Edgewood, getting off the table with a thump. "I say, let's warm ourselves before the rest come. Give us a back!"

And to our mingled amazement and amusement, by the sounds that ensued, we were aware of our instructors playing leap-frog round the table—in their caps and gowns, too, for a glimpse of them as they entered had shown both thus formally arrayed, as if for some scholastic function. My fingers itched to draw the curtain and behold these high jinks. In the "Hedgehog" it was not so surprising, except that his plumpness hardly lent itself to leap-frog; but who would have expected such capers from our strict house-master?

"Pray don't let me interrupt your childish and innocent sports," said a new voice, which we recognised as that of Mr. Batt, our great athletic authority.

"Don't be shocked, Batt. We are only taking a little constitutional exercise to freshen us up for the ordeal. I hear you are going to catch it, by the way, because your form made such a mull of its irregular verbs before the Head."

"Why don't you play football, then, if you want exercise. I never saw such a lazy set as some of you men."

"I can't—some hulking fellow like you would be sure to bowl me over and break my gig-lamps. I am as blind as a bat, you know."

"Oh, open the window!" exclaimed Mr. Wyatt, with affected abhorrence.

"It's bad form making puns on a man's name, and it isn't funny, Edgewood," said Mr. Batt, stiffly. "If you want to play the buffoon, your form will always make a more appreciative audience."

"I make puns! I wouldn't do such a thing for the world. It only came out by accident, and you needn't take the huff about such a trifle."

"Wyatt, will you speak to me one moment?" said Mr. Batt, as other masters now joined the party, and the room became alive with voices.

These two drew aside to the corner, close to where we lay hid in a most constrained and uncomfortable attitude, squatting on the floor with hardly room to stow our legs away in this hole of little ease. I confess that I was also most uncomfortable in my mind, for I did not like playing the listener to talk certainly not meant for our ears. But what were we to do?

"Look here," said Mr. Batt, in a low voice, as he stood not a yard from us unsuspected eavesdroppers; "do give me a construe, like a good fellow, of this bit of Xenophon. I can't make head or tail of it, and I don't know where to lay hands on a crib."

"You can't very well borrow one from one of your boys, certainly."

"The young monkeys! If they only knew how often I am at sea myself, there would be no getting anything out of them."

"Well, there won't be time just now. But come and have a pipe in my room when this beastly business is over, and I'll coach you up for a fortnight ahead."

"Thanks, old fellow; I knew you would be a brick about it."

A pretty hearing this, for us youngsters! It had always been whispered among us that Mr. Batt got his post at our school on the strength of his prowess at Oxford sports, and that he was far more master of cricket and football than of classical and mathematical arts. He was noted as the only one of the staff who had not taken a degree in honours. But we had never presumed to believe that any master might be puzzled by so easy an author as Xenophon; and this discovery was a rude shock to our ideas.

"I should like to be in his form," whispered Taffy to me; but I rebuked him into silence with a vehement nudge. This was no time for us to chatter nonsense, whatever example were set us by our pastors and masters. And I knew that Mr. Batt, however little of a scholar he might be, had the reputation of being an uncommonly exacting taskmaster.

The library was now full of masters, all talking and laughing together without the least restraint, while some of the younger ones seemed to be engaged in something like a bear-fight. Moving gingerly to ease our cramped limbs, we ventured once or twice to peep out at the edge of the curtain, divided in our minds—at least, I speak for myself—between keen interest in a scene to us so singular, and excited dread such as Actæon must have felt when it was his chance to spy upon Diana and her nymphs at their watery gambols.

A sudden hush fell upon the babel; and we knew why when we heard the voice of the Warden, who must have entered as softly and sternly as the Ghost in "Hamlet." Without seeing, we could picture to ourselves how his more boisterous assistants at once stood on their good behaviour in that commanding presence. Then came a clatter of chairs, all the masters taking their places round the library table. What sacred mysteries were about to be enacted in the hearing, if not the sight, of two profane witnesses?

I guessed now, and muttered in Taffy's ear that we had stolen upon one of the "Monthly Reviews," known to us boys only by vague hearsay. At these meetings, it was understood, the Head and his staff solemnly deliberated on the public weal, grave questions of work and discipline were discussed, and our masters in turn might come to be hauled over the coals—the Cabinet Council or Caucus of our little world. Till to-night no tongue of boy had been able authentically to report its proceedings, and now how painfully unworthy we should feel to assist at such high confabulations. For all the tickling of curiosity, I heartily wished myself away, when the Warden cleared his throat to call the meeting to order.

"Before saying anything else, I wish to mention one thing," he began in a dry tone we knew well. "I hope it will be enough for me to mention it. I am sorry to see some of us late for chapel too frequently. I need not tell you what a bad example this sets."

"Ah! they are catching it!" broke out Taffy under his breath; and I poked him in the ribs by way of warning, for it seemed as if the least sound must be audible in the silence of these delinquents sitting rebuked.

"That is the punishment-book, is it not?—thank you." And after a pause, filled by the rustling of leaves, the Warden went on—"There seems to me to be too many detentions of late—in your form especially, Edgewood."

We two pupils of his pricked up our ears.

"Hardly more than usual, sir, I think," said the Hedgehog, modestly.

"For instance, here is the name of Rees down almost every day."

"That is one of the most troublesome boys I have. I don't know what to make of him."

I pinched Taffy to emphasise this account of his character; but I thought I heard his teeth chatter when the Head answered—

"Send him to me next time you have to find fault with him. I see your initials also opposite a great many impositions. On the other hand, Mr. Batt's form does without almost any punishment, so far as one can see. How is that?"

"I keep them well in hand, sir," said the master thus held up as a model.

We boys could have told the Head something about that. Batt was notoriously a bit of a bully, given to using his hands much too freely. In his classroom he was in the habit of administering private thrashings, which were against law, and would get him into trouble one day, but which most of his small boys put up with in preference to the authorised punishments of staying in and writing lines.

"Well, Edgewood, I wish you could learn Batt's secret for keeping order. I don't like to see boys continually under punishment. There would appear to be an epidemic of idleness in your form."

"It does break out at times, sir, like the measles, and seems to be catching."

"Then we must disinfect the patients. I fear you practise too much with homœopathic doses."

There was a ripple of mild laughter at this magisterial pleasantry. I never thought the Warden could make anything like a joke.

"By the way, that reminds me, Mr. Wyatt is convinced there is something wrong with the schoolhouse drains."

"I have noticed an unpleasant smell occasionally," affirmed the house-master, who was sitting at the end near our refuge, and within two yards of the bookcase where the grouse lay hid. We wondered if he could smell that!

"This is, of course, a thing to be looked to; but we can do no good by entering on it to-night. I will go round the premises with you to-morrow. At present I wish to bring before you all a question of serious importance, and one which I must ask you to treat as strictly confidential. It is most desirable that in the meanwhile the boys should know nothing of it. Had not our monthly meeting been at hand, I should have felt bound to call you specially together for the purpose. You will all remember that—why, what is the matter?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I did not mean to interrupt you; but it seems to me there is a most peculiar smell in this room."

"I have noticed it also," added another; and the whole meeting at once revolved itself into a committee of sniffing and disputing and suggesting.

"I can't say that I smell anything," said the Warden; "but I have a cold. My own impression is that our friend here has become an alarmist on the subject of drains ever since he attended that Sanitary Congress where it was so clearly proved that our ancestors had no business to live for a fortnight in their ignorance of such matters. Perhaps, however, it would be as well to adjourn to my study. There is a good fire there."

"This room is certainly rather cold," assented one of the masters.

"Very well, then." And to my enormous satisfaction, mingled with a touch of baffled curiosity, the meeting was broken up forthwith.

I risked another peep to see the backs of the robed procession filing out, and Mr. Wyatt staying behind to put out the gas. When all was dark and silent we stole forth, glad to stretch our limbs, as well as to be released from the burden of those perilous secrets.

"Now we must get back to the study as fast as we can," I whispered to Taffy, and we did not speak another word till we had softly gained the stair giving access to our den.

But here, as we turned a corner, we were unfortunate enough to run right upon Seton, the prefect, going his rounds.

"You fellows have no right to be wandering downstairs, you know. You ought to be going to bed; didn't you hear the bell?"

Taffy was opening his mouth to tell some fib, but I cut him short, the more readily as Seton was a very gentle and considerate prefect, who might be trusted not to stretch his authority.

"All right; we are fairly caught," said I, with a laugh.

"But this won't do, you know. I think I have spoken to you before about being out of your studies. You must each bring me fifty lines to-morrow, and next time it will have to be a licking, I'm afraid."

"Mayn't we have the licking, and get done with it?" said cunning Taffy, hoping thus to get off altogether, for Seton's dislike to use the cane was well known.

"Well, if you ——," the prefect began doubtfully, but my companion took fright, and made haste to withdraw his proposal.

"I don't mind doing the lines, after all, because it's sure to be wet to-morrow."

"You mustn't let me catch you again, though," ended Seton, and away we scampered to our study.

There, before going up to the dormitories, we held hurried council, the upshot of which was that it would be well not to tell the other fellows what we had been about. Although bursting with all we had seen and heard, and hardly able to hold our tongues that could have roused such wonder, we went to bed, then, with those mysteries locked in our fluttering breasts, as mum as Freemasons. My room-mates, who lightly chaffed me about coming late and being "run in" by the prefect, little guessed on what a strange experience I laboured to keep silent, pulling off my shirt and socks before them like any common mortal, or they might rather have exclaimed in amazement—

> "Beware! Beware!
> His flashing eyes and floating hair!
> Weave a circle round him thrice,
> And close your eyes with holy dread,
> For he on honey dew hath fed."

But for all it had been granted me to behold the conclave of Olympus and return to earth unharmed, I lay down in bed more like another character of the same poet, with that grouse, instead of an albatross, still heavily weighing on my breast.

(To be continued.)

A CORAL PRISON; OR, THE BOY HERMITS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

A TALE OF THE MALDIVE ISLES.

By David Ker,

Author of "For Life and Death," "Through the Darkness," Drowned Gold," etc.

CHAPTER III.—THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

"Guess that's what one may call goin' by the 'overland rapid transit,'" laughed Jake, picking himself up right on the inner edge of the reef, for the force of the wave was so tremendous that it had shot the raft and its crew across the whole breadth of the coral belt, as easily as a child would push a toy across a table.

"The train seems to have run off the line, though," said Bob Harris, clapping his hands to his bleeding nose, which had come with considerable force against one of the planks.

Poor Mike O'Brien, reckless of his own safety in his anxiety to take care of little Louis (who had fortunately escaped quite unhurt), had got a deep ragged cut on his forehead from the sharp coral, and a gash across the back of his left hand; while Karl Hoffmann—who had turned a complete somersault—was holding his head with both hands as if he fully expected it to tumble off the moment he let go.

"H'awful railway h'accident!" cried Bob, imitating the voice of an English newsboy. "H'everybody killed 'cept our own reporter, who surwived h'expressly to give a c'rect account of the pro-ceedin's."

"Total de-struction of the cars!" added Merritt, in the same tone. "I s'pose the old raft's all in bits after such a shake-up as that."

But happily this was not the case. Thanks to the lowness of the reef, which offered no projecting point for the raft to strike upon, the latter had been ground along the coral rather than dashed against it, and had escaped pretty easily. The outer planks, indeed, were badly shattered, and one or two of the ropes had been snapped by the shock; but a little knotting and splicing made the framework strong enough to carry our heroes across the smooth, shallow lagoon between the reef and the island, which was all that it now had to do.

The moment the raft grounded upon the level beach the starving lads rushed like wild cats at the huge ripe plantains that hung temptingly on every side of them. Down went the rich, juicy fruits one after another, as if the feasters would never leave off; and when their hunger was at length fully satisfied they quenched their thirst from a tiny stream that filtered into the lagoon through the firm white sand.

But now that the excitement of this life-and-death battle was over and they were safe, the terrific strain of the last four days made itself felt in earnest. The unnatural strength that had hitherto kept them up seemed to give way all in a moment, and a few minutes later they were all fast asleep in the spreading shade of a large "bread-fruit."

The sun was already at its height when they awoke again, and eyed each other with a puzzled look, hardly knowing yet where they were.

"Hurrah!" cried Bob Harris, "we really *are* here, then, after all! I dreamed that we were back aboard the Dolphin again, and 'Bully Black' laying into us with a rope's end, just in the old style."

"That's all done *now*, I reckon," said Jake Merritt, stretching his sinewy limbs with an air of drowsy enjoyment. "There's nobody here to bully us and knock us about—not *much*. We're going to have a reg'lar good time—that's what *we're* going to do."

"But won't we be afther lookin' for some shilter, annyway?" suggested Mike O'Brien. "Shure, iv it comes on to rain agin the way it did this mornin', we'll be all *dhrownded* on *dhry* land."

"Well, I guess we might as well look around our new terri*tory*," said Jake, getting up, "and see whether there's any population beside ourselves."

"And until we *do* see," added Bob, "I vote we go along carefully, and make as little noise as we can. I've always heard that they're a pretty decent set of chaps in the Maldive Isles (and this is one of them that we're on now, I fancy); but, still, there's no harm in being on the safe side."

Away they all went accordingly, carrying their broad-bladed sheath-knives (the only weapons they had) in readiness for any enemy who might turn up, and hugely enjoying the romance of exploring an unknown island in this Robinson Crusoe fashion, with the chance of unearthing at any moment a tribe of savages quite as picturesque as Friday himself.

The island, like most of those in the Maldive group, was almost circular in shape, and measured about three-quarters of a mile from side to side. That it *had* been very recently inhabited was plain enough, for the fruit-trees and banana plantations had evidently been tended with some care, and the marks of bare feet were still visible in the soft earth along the little brook; while at one point, where a kind of tank or pool had been scooped out, the boys picked up a broken earthen jar.

A little farther on, in a sheltered spot near the centre of the islet, a small patch of ground had been cleared and planted with some kind of corn. Jake Merritt carefully examined what little was left of the crop, and pronounced it to be millet.

But all these signs of busy life and labour only deepened the chilling effect of the utter silence and loneliness that reigned on every side. Vast flights of wild pigeons were circling slowly around the tree tops, and the wild ducks started up by scores from the border of the streamlet; but not a single human being was anywhere to be seen.

At last, under the sheltering covert of a palm-grove, just behind the corn patch, the young explorers came upon a group of long, low, thatched huts, the overhanging eaves of which (as is usual in these regions of torrent rain) projected far beyond the edge of the roof on all sides, coming down to within a few feet of the ground.

"I say, mates," cried Bob Harris, "perhaps the poor fellows are ill with something, and can't get about. Let's go right in and see if we can't help 'em somehow."

He dashed through the open doorway of the nearest hut as he spoke, while his comrades made for the others. But they instantly recoiled with a cry of astonishment and dismay.

All the huts were empty!

Tokens of recent life abounded on every

side—the mats on which the inmates had slept, the cocoanut-shells which they had used as cups, their cooking-vessels, their fishing-nets, the light Hindu axes with which they had chopped their wood, and even several rude baskets filled with dried corn and bread-fruit; but *where* were those who had used them?

"Sure, an' it's a tirrible place enthirely," muttered O'Brien, with a shudder. "Iv they're all dead wid the fayver or the cholera, it's out av the fryin'-pan into the fire we are!"

"It can't be *that*," said Harris; "for if there was nobody left to bury the dead, we'd find some of them lying about."

"That's so," cried Merritt. "Guess they've all gone out fishin'—for, you see, all the boats are gone—and got lost in that storm that caught *us* last night."

"Thrue for yez," assented Mike, looking greatly relieved.

"But vat come vid ze vomans and ze shilds?" asked Karl Hoffmann; "*dey* no go fish too, surely?"

"Yes, *that* gets me," said Jake, with a puzzled look; "I forgot all about the women and children. Well, I jist give it up—it's too many for me all round!"

One thing, however, was clear enough—here was a snug home all ready for them; so they at once took possession of the biggest hut, and made a hearty lunch of the stored-up bread-fruit, the thick, white pulp of which (tasting like light, wheaten bread mixed with fresh eggs) was just the thing for them after their long fast.

There was not much work done that afternoon, for they were too thoroughly worn out by all that they had gone through to be restored by a short rest like that of the morning. Bob and Jake went down to the beach to haul up the raft out of harm's way. Mike and Karl set to work to pelt down cocoa-nuts, being still too weak to climb for them; while Louis busied himself with "tidying up" the hut, rummaging out what stores the missing inhabitants had left behind them, and, as he said, "getting everything in order for *tea*."

But when their evening meal was over, it was very pleasant to sit at their ease in front of the hut in the cool, balmy air, watching the sun go down behind the clustering tree-tops of their new home, and feeling that they were free at last, and that no one could bully and ill-treat them any more. Karl—whose stock of German songs and legends made him rank as the literary man of the party—told them several of his best stories, and ended by singing "Die Wacht am Rhein" in a style that might have satisfied Prince Bismarck himself.

The evening ended with a lusty chorus which was a special favourite with them all, and the deep, solemn music of the grand old battle-psalm, pealing through the silence of the moonlit palm-groves, with the hollow roar of the sea answering it from the reefs outside, had a very fine effect. Jake Merritt, who was a bit of a poet in his way, added a verse of his own, which the rest echoed with a will—

"Though the storm may smash our timbers, and the sea may foam and spray,
We'll clench our teeth and bear it, till the good luck comes our way;
We'll do our work like sailors, and in God our trust we'll lay,
As we go sailing on."

CHAPTER IV.—KING OR PRESIDENT?

When our heroes awoke the next morning, they felt wonderfully strengthened and refreshed. Even Louis—who belonged to that tough Western breed which has made the saying "Hard as a Breton" a proverb throughout all France—looked quite himself again.

The first thing to be done, of course, was to have a swim in the lagoon, after which Mike and Karl, as if determined to show how easily they could shake off their fatigue, started off to forage. They were soon back again, Mike with a wild duck which he had knocked over with a well-aimed stone, and Karl with half a dozen fish that he had caught by baiting his hook with a red rag as before.*

But how were they to be cooked? Bob and Jake vaguely remembered having heard of savages lighting a fire by rubbing two sticks together; but they had not the least idea how to set about it.

"*I* show you!" cried Louis, gleefully; "I learn him from von old sailor, vat live long time on ze *Pa*-cific Isles. Look, see!"

Hunting up two dead and perfectly dry twigs, he cut a groove in one, and sharpened the other to a point. Then, setting the lower end of the grooved stick against the ground, he worked the point of the other vigorously up and down the groove, till, at length, a fine dust which had gradually collected in it actually took fire.

"Well done, our side!" shouted Bob Harris, lighting a dry leaf at the tiny flame, and thrusting it into the pile of fuel which the other boys had gathered. A good fire was soon blazing, over which the fish and the ducks were cooked on sharp sticks.

Breakfast over, the young Crusoes "banked up" the fire well that it might not go out again, and then set about scouring their rusted knives with sand; after which, at Bob's suggestion that they should "have their names on the door in case any one came to call," they carved their autographs on the house-front in the following order:—

"Jacob Merritt, Boston, Mass., U.S.
Robert Harris, Bristol, England.
Michael O'Brien, Portrush, Ireland.
Louis Beaumanoir, St. Brieuc, Bretagne, France.
Karl Hoffmann, Hamburg, North Germany."

Suddenly, Jake Merritt, who had been looking very thoughtful and preoccupied for some minutes past, called out:

"Say, boys, I've got an idea!"

"You don't say so!" cried Bob Harris, with pretended astonishment. "Better let it out, then, old chap—it'll only die for want of company."

"Come, don't be too sharp, Britisher, or you'll cut your own fingers," retorted the American, who was never at a loss for an answer. "Guess if *you* ever git hold of an idea, you won't dare to say so, 'cause then everybody 'ud know you must have stolen it."

"But what for an idea, den, hast du found, Yawcob?" asked Karl Hoffmann.

"Why, look here," cried Jake; "we've got this island all to ourselves, and—for all we can see—we're the first white *men* that's ever put foot on it; so I reckon we've a clear right to take possession of it, and 'stablish a reg'lar Gov'ment, same as Columbus did when *he* landed."

There was a moment of general silence while the other boys took in this dazzling possibility. Then Bob Harris said in tones of the deepest admiration:

"That *is* an idea, and no mistake! It'll be a pretty good change for us to be kings and lords here on shore after being deck-swabbers and cabin-boys aboard ship. I say, Jake, you're the biggest and oldest, and it was you that first thought of it—you'd better be king of the island."

"Thank ye, kindly, bub; I can't be *king*," answered the New Englander, with dignity. "Kings and such like fixings don't grow on our free Massachusetts sile, I reckon—we had just about enough of *them* a hundred years ago. Guess I'll be *President*, if you like; and you want to obey me all the same as if I *was* king—mind that!"

"All right, old fellow," said Bob, slapping the newly nominated President on the back with more heartiness than reverence.

"For me, I had moch rader be King as to be President," piped little Louis's thin voice, while he eyed the tall Yankee boy as if the latter had really refused an actual throne. "Ze King has one great, big crown, and one fine palace to live in, and ze fine, grand clothes, and ze big soldier round him vid ze gay uniform; but as for our President—I 'ave see him vonce ven he come troo our coun-tree, and he vas noting but one old man, *en citoyen*—vat you call 'plain clothes'—just like von of ourselfs."

"But, I say, Jake," cried Bob Harris, "when they crown a king or anybody like that, don't they upset a bottle of oil all over him? If we were aboard ship we could chuck a lot of tar over you instead; but we haven't got a drop *here*. We couldn't do it with salt water, could we?"

"Why, how you talk!" replied Jake, with patriotic indignation. "I calc'late you don't think they'd grease a President of the *U*-nited States like a cart-wheel, same as you do with one of your little one-horse kings over in Europe. No, *sir!* All you've got to do's just to stand around and say that you elect me President of—hollo!"

"What's up?" asked Bob, as the President-elect's first speech came to a sudden halt.

"Guess this election can't go forward till we find out what I'm President of. Don't you see we haven't named the island yet?"

"No more we have," cried Harris, fully realising the force of this objection. "Well, what shall we call it?"

"Neues Deutschland — New Chermany," suggested Karl Hoffmann, looking as if he thought he had helped them out of their difficulty very cleverly.

"Hould yer tongue, Karl—sure ye're worse than ould Bismarck himsilf!" cried Mike O'Brien, reprovingly. "Wud ye be afther annexin' the place afore we've got well settled in it? What's Jarminy got to do wid this island anny more than ould Oireland or France? Give it a dacent name wid no politics in it—call it 'Shamrock Island.'"

* With this bait (a favourite one for deep-sea fishing) we caught three twenty-pound barracoutas in less than half an hour off the South African coast, while on our way out to Zululand some years ago.—D. K.

"Why, Mike, you're as bad as Karl," said Harris, amid a general roar of laughter. "No politics, indeed! Why, Shamrock's the most thoroughly Irish name you could give it—you might as well call it 'New Ireland' at once!"

"Thrue for yez," answered Mike, apologetically. "Well, thin, name it yersilf."

"But I don't quite know *what* to call it," rejoined Bob, rubbing his chin perplexedly. "It won't do to call it 'Coral Island,' you know, for *all* the islands are coral hereabouts."

"*I* have it!" shouted Jake Merritt. "See here, boys; we all b'long to different nations, and yet we're all chums; so let's call it '*Union* Island,' and that'll give us all a fair share in it."

"Right you are!" cried Bob, approvingly. "Union Island it is."

"That's so," assented the President. "And now we're through with naming the settlement, go ahead and elect me."

"Stand round, you chaps!" sang out Harris. "Now then, all together: 'We, the undersized citizens—no, under*signed* citizens, I mean—of Union Island, pronounce you, the aforesaid Jacob Merritt here present (that's about the correct thing, ain't it, Jake?) our true and *awful* President, to have and to hold henceforth and for ever, Amen.' Three cheers, boys!"

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" chorused the whole population, with the full power of all their four voices.

"Fellow-citizens, I thank you," said the new President, bowing majestically. "I'll govern in accordance with the laws of this land—that's to say, I will when we've time to make some; and in the meantime I guess I'll run the Gov'ment the best way I can."

"Hurrah!" repeated the voice of the nation, more lustily than before.

"And now," resumed the head of the new Republic, as soon as the cheers which greeted this curious Presidential Message had died away, "I reckon the next thing we've got to do's to choose Ministers and form a Cabinet; so, to save time, I guess each of you had better elect himself."

"All square," said Bob Harris; "I'm never too proud to make myself useful. When there's nothing better to be had, I don't mind being a Prime Minister, if it'll do anybody any good. Tell you what—I'll be the Admiralty Board, and look after the navy, when there's any to look after; for I fancy that all the fleet we've got just now's those two or three pieces of our old raft yonder."

"And I sall be ze Home Secretaire, and do all ze cooking and ze vashing!" cried little Louis Beaumanoir, with his queer chirping laugh.

"Why, is *that* the sort of thing that a Home Secretary has to do in your parts?" asked the President, looking puzzled—as indeed he well might.

"Shouldn't wonder, for they say he's always getting into *hot water*," answered Bob Harris, with a broad grin.

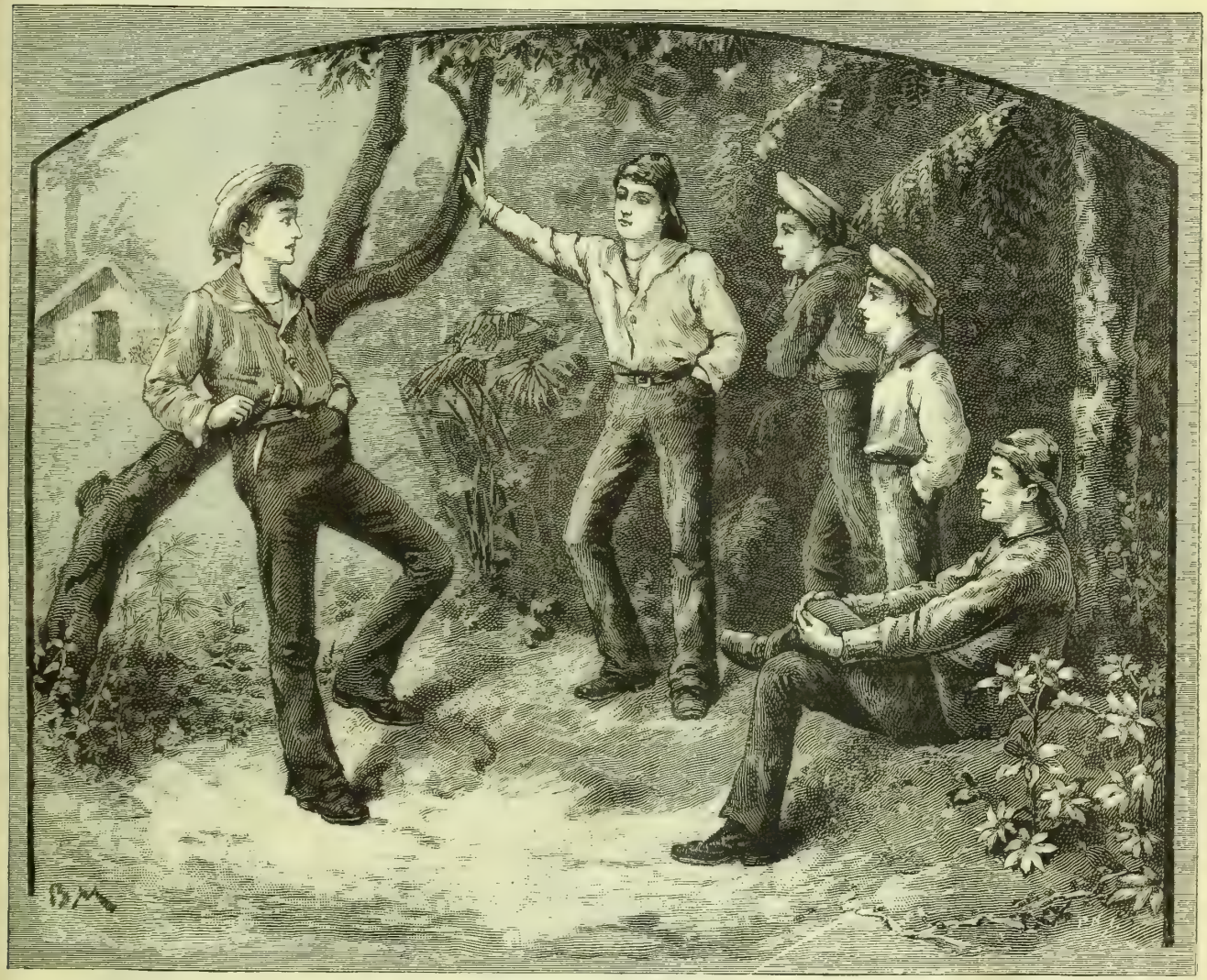
"And Oi'll be the *army*," shouted Mike O'Brien, "to maintain p'ace and order, and foight iverybody that comes widin a moile av us."

"Und vat zall *I* be, den?" asked Karl Hoffmann. "You do go zo quick, dere zall be no office left ven I komm!"

"Never fear, old chap!" cried Harris; "you shan't be left out in the cold for all that. We'll make you Postmaster-General, and you'll have a pretty easy berth of it, for we've got no letters, and no way to send 'em if we had!"

"No, no," said President Merritt; "Karl shall be an Academy of Fine Arts, and run the musical and literary fixings—he's bound to do it first-chop. So there's our Cabinet formed, I reckon, and we hain't taken long over it neither."

"Hold hard!" cried Bob Harris, suddenly, "we haven't got it all shipshape yet! Father used to say that the first thing a new Government always does is to clap



"Boys, I've got an idea."

on a lot of taxes; but how are we going to do that when there's no money to pay 'em with?"

"Don't you fret yourself about that, Admiral," answered the President; "you won't find many taxes around in this free Republic of ours. We'll have nothin' but 'free-will contributions' here—only they've got to foot up just as much as if they *were* taxes, you know."

"Well, *now* we're all right, anyhow," said Bob, with the air of one who had just got a great weight off his mind.

"You bet we are," assented the President. "Well, boys—Ministers, I mean—I calc'late we've done a right smart morning's work. 'Tain't every country, I reckon, that could fix up a brand-new Gov'ment and git it runnin' all proper 'tween breakfast and lunch. And now that we're through with that job, I move that the national Parliament adjourn to get lunch ready."

The national Parliament did so, and the next half-hour exhibited to a wondering universe the unwonted spectacle of the Admiralty Board cutting wood, the Army fetching water, the Home Secretary tending the fire, the Academy of Arts opening cocoanuts, and the President himself, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbow, peeling bananas with might and main.*

(To be continued.)

* In case this scene should appear too romantic to be probable, I may as well state that I myself was once a member of a Government established on very similar principles. D. K.



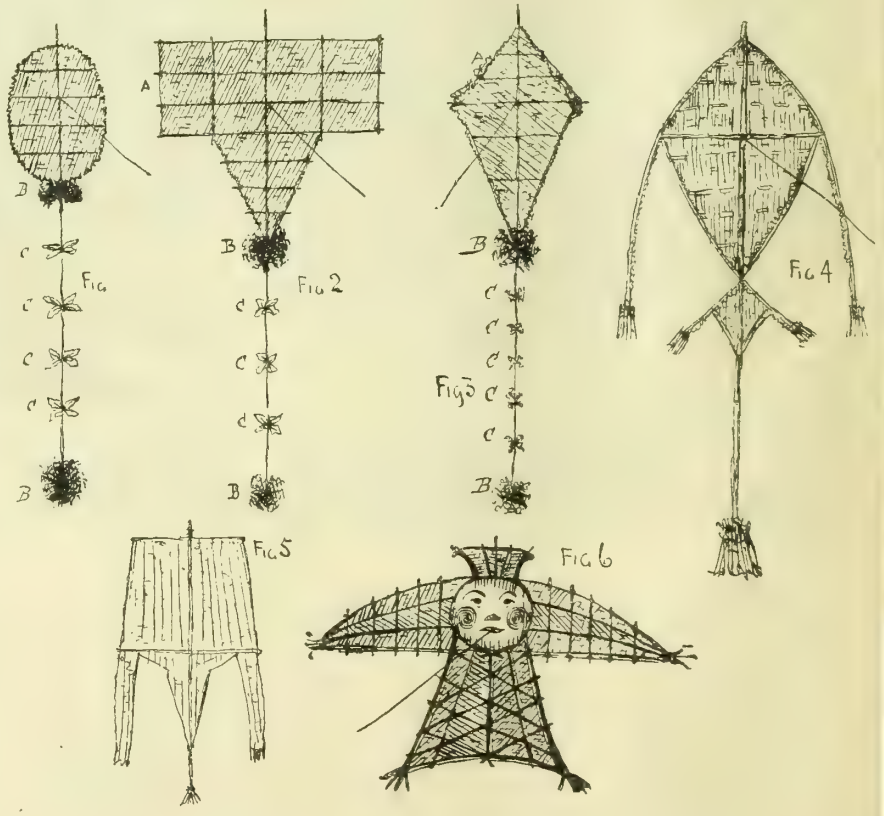
SOUTH SEA ISLAND KITES.

The Kite is not a very old plaything in this country—in fact, it has not been amongst us for much more than two hundred years; but it is very old in the world, and its invention goes back to times prehistoric. Where it originated we know not for certainty; but we do know where it journeyed to, and, by tracing back the routes by which it came, we shall not be far out in placing its centre of distribution in South-eastern Asia.

It came to England in our East Indiamen; it came to Holland in the Dutch East Indiamen; and it went to America from Europe in the old colony days—in short, the kite is found all along the line of the old trade route round the Cape of Good Hope. That is one radius of dispersal; now for another, no other than China, where kite-flying is not only a fashion, but a passion, the story of which has been often dealt with in these pages and elsewhere. Japan, too, is a great kite-flying country; kites there are of all sorts—bats, fishes, monkeys, dragons, horses, crows, carts, houses, and cuttlefishes—particularly the last, for in Japanese *tako* is the name both for kite and cuttlefish. The Japanese boys are great kite-cutters; but instead of fighting kite against kite with knives on the string and tail, they dip the string in glue and draw it through bits of powdered glass so as to roughen it, like a wall capped with broken bottles.

Japan, too, has the credit of producing the biggest kite on record. This was twenty-five feet square, and was used to carry the robber who attempted to steal the golden fish from the Castle of Nagoya, the same fish that was exhibited at Vienna. One stormy night he was hoisted aloft, like Briant in "Adrift in the Pacific," and gently dropped on to the top of the Castle. But his labour was in vain, and by the noise he made he was discovered by the sentinels, and afterwards sentenced to be boiled in oil; while, to discourage such attempts in future, a decree was issued forbidding the making of kites exceeding a certain size. But, notwithstanding Japanese enthusiasm, it is remarkable that it is in Southern China that kite-flying flourishes most, and, as we have recently shown, the Annamese are, if anything, more interested in it than the Chinese. With them, as with their Northern neighbours, it is not only the boys who find kite-flying so enthralling, but the grown-up men; and the flying of the kite is even a sort of religious observance or sacred function.

This peculiarity is markedly the case along the third radius of distribution—that over the Southern Seas. The kite question used to be settled off-hand by the one word "China," but that was before these South Sea kites had been thought worth mentioning. Here they are, however, now; and it is clear enough that long before the kite found its



way to Europe it had spread over the Pacific.

In the Rev. W. W. Gill's "Myths and Songs from the South Pacific," we have the Hervey Island legend of the kite. It seems that Tane challenged Rongo to a game of kite-flying, and did his best in altitude with the string at his command; but was beaten by his elder brother, who had prudently laid by a reserve of string for such an occasion. In consequence of the result of this contest, Rongo became patron of the pastime among the archipelagoes, and gave his name to what we call the backbone of the kite.

That gives us a starting-point; and now let us see how these ancient and modern kites are made, for they are made now exactly as they were made certainly two hundred years back. The backbone, A, is a cane projecting above the top in order to show the superiority of Rongo to ordinary people. Across the backbone are lashed four other canes, and to this framework eight leaves are stitched. The tail of the kite has a bunch of feathers at each end, BB, and at equal intervals, CCCC, between them are four bunches of tea-tree leaves. From the second cross bar comes the string, which is made of split leaves. Rongo, by the way, had two thousand fathoms of string, and his kite in consequence "touched the edge of the sky"!

In Fig. 2 we have a more elaborate affair. We have still the Rongo, always the Rongo, and a framework of canes, on which is sewn the covering of leaves. The tail differs. It has only three clumps of tea-tree leaves, these being said to represent the three stars in Orion's belt.

In Fig. 3 we have another pattern whose construction is obvious; but here we have five tea-tree bobs, which are said to be representative of the five chief stars in the Pleiades. Whether this be so or no is doubtful, but, as far as we know, the tails of these last two patterns of kite are always the same.

In the New Hebrides, the kites are of the shape shown in Fig. 4. The backbone is a very long cane, half of which serves for the tail. About an eighth of its distance from the top comes a cross cane, with the string attached at the junction. The sides of the kite are the midribs of a leaf, and these cross each other as shown. The kite is a leaf or leaves fixed together, and threaded in and out them, so as to keep them flat, are tough slender twigs. The kite is balanced by the tuft of leaves at the end of the cane.

In the Solomon Islands, the kite, as shown in Fig. 5, has practically three tails. It is really a single leaf cut to shape, and strengthened by the cross-pieces. It is a small and fragile affair, very unlike the New Zealand specimen, which does duty as our Fig. 6.

Here the kite is made of raupo leaves, stitched on to a framework and painted, as far as the head is concerned. The string is made by splitting the leaves of phormium, and the same stuff is used for fastening the leaves to the canework. The Maories have the same name for kite as for a hovering bird, thereby agreeing with us when we took the name from that of the hawk. Sometimes New Zealanders' kites were made of bark cloth, like those of the Friendly Islanders, and in the British Museum there is a kite of this material. It is a somewhat flippety-floppety affair, with the head where the crest is in our example.

The kites we have given are all "sacred" ones. They are never flown without an accompaniment of traditional chants—at least, so we are told. But it will be noticed they are all balanced for light winds. What happens when a sudden gust makes them spin and dive, as ours would do under the circumstances, we have not been able to discover. The probability is that the chant somewhat loses in solemnity.

SHARK STORIES.

By W. J. Gordon.

There was a curious affair occupying the attention of the London newspapers in December 1787. On the 1st of that month some men were fishing in the Thames off Poplar when they caught a shark. The shark was the largest that had been caught in the river; it was over nine feet long, and it was six feet nine inches round the body, and "the width of the jaws when extended was seventeen inches."

When this shark was opened, there was found in it "a silver watch, a metal chain, and a cornelian seal, together with several small pieces of gold lace, supposed to have belonged to some young gentleman who was unfortunate enough to have fallen overboard." Further, the reporters remarked that this young gentleman's body "had either been digested or otherwise voided; but the watch and gold lace not being able to pass, the fish had thereby become sickly, and would in all probability very soon have died"—the shark being "very sickly" when caught.

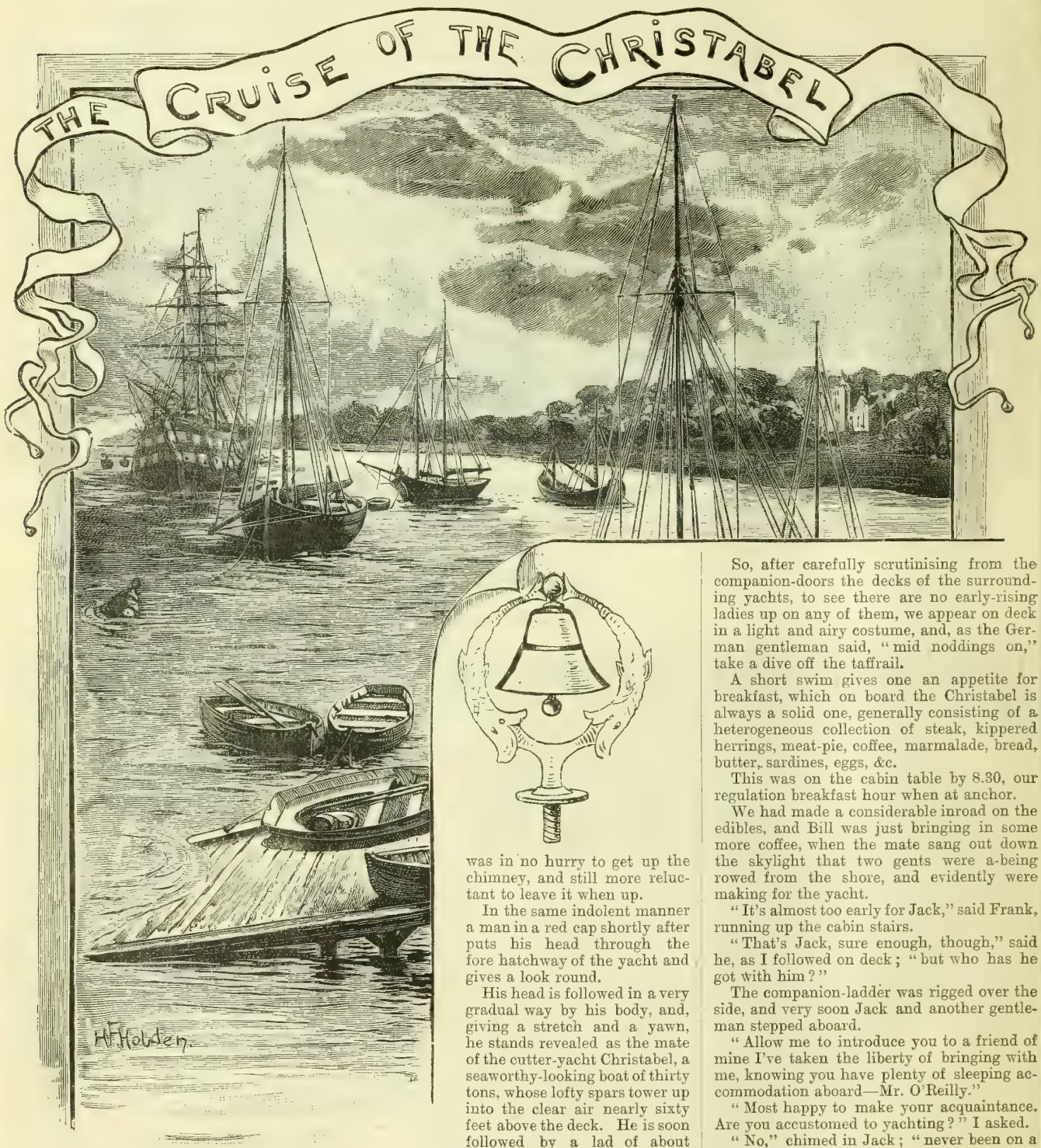
And now for the strange part of the story. The watch had the name of Henry Watson, London, and its number was 1369. Henry Watson of London was soon found. He was a watchmaker in Shoreditch; and, on referring to his books, he discovered that he had sold No. 1369, two years before, to Mr. Ephraim Thompson, of Whitechapel. Mr. Thompson was also discoverable. He had bought a watch from Mr. Watson at the date specified, and had made a present of it to his son "on going out on his first voyage on board the ship Polly, Captain Vane, bound to Coast and Bay." So the watch was Master Thompson's? Poor Thompson! "About three leagues off Falmouth," on this his first voyage, "by a sudden heel of the vessel during a squall, Master Thompson fell overboard, and was no more seen. The news of his being drowned soon after came to the knowledge of his friends, who little thought of hearing any more concerning him." And poor shark! Is there not a little pity due to him? He swam about for two years suffering much discomfort from the undigested load of miscellaneous jewellery, and finally did what he could to make reparation by coming up the Thames, and allowing himself to be quietly landed off the nearest port to Master Thompson's home. And mark the sequel! "Mr. Thompson is said to have purchased the shark, to preserve it as a memorial of so singular an event." What a subject for the moralist!

But there is another shark story with a moral. The date is twelve years later. His Majesty's cutter Sparrow, on a cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, overhauled a suspicious brig. This brig, the Nancy, was evidently a slaver. All the appliances for the trade were on board, but there was no scrap of paper to prove her guilt. The commander of the Sparrow resolved to take the risk of the capture, and brought the brig into Kingston Harbour, Jamaica, where she lay for some time. The owners of the Nancy made a good deal of fuss about this detention, and at last "common justice required that the brig should be allowed to sail," and, in accordance with the requirements of this "common justice," orders were given for her to be discharged.

The date of her sailing arrived. She was to start in the afternoon, and the owners were talking very big about damages against the Sparrow, when a messenger hurriedly appeared in the Vice-Admiralty Court and handed in a packet of papers and an affidavit. Here is a copy of the affidavit, which is still hanging, framed and glazed, with the packet of papers attached, in the court-house at Kingston: "Michael Fitton esquire being duly sworn maketh oath and saith that the tender of his Majesty's ship of war Abergavenny then under command of this deponent being on a cruise off Jackmel in the island of Saint Domingo on the thirtieth day of August last discovered a dead bullock surrounded by sharks which he had towed alongside the said tender for catching the said sharks. And this deponent saith that having caught one of the said sharks and hoisted it on board the said tender he ordered some of the seamen to separate its jaws and clean them as the said shark was larger than common which the said seamen did whilst other opened its maw and therein discovered in the presence of this deponent a parcel of papers tied up with a string. And this deponent saith that on perusing the said papers he discovered a letter of a recent date from Burricoa and as it occurred to this deponent they might relate to some vessel detained by some of his Majesty's cruisers he had them dried on deck. And this deponent saith that having been informed that his Majesty's cutter Sparrow had sent down to this island as prize a certain brig or vessel called the Nancy and supposing the papers so found as aforesaid might be useful at the trial of the said vessel called the Nancy hath caused the same to be sealed up and delivered them to one of the surrogates of this honourable court without any fraud alteration addition subtraction or embezzlement whatever."

Very useful indeed! They were the Nancy's papers, which had been thrown overboard. And it was with much satisfaction that the commander and crew of H.M. cutter Sparrow soon afterwards gazed on what was left of the shark that had been so opportunely captured by Acting-Lieutenant Fitton. But the satisfaction was not at all shared in by the owners of the Nancy.

THE CRUISE OF THE CHRISTABEL



By the Author of "A Trip down the Thames," etc., etc.

A PLEASANT morning near the middle of June; time, about six A.M.; scene, the river Thames at Greenhithe. The early morning sunlight casting a rippling line of golden sheen on every little wavelet, and up the smooth and polished sides of the small fleet of various sized yachts anchored out in the stream.

All is still; there is scarcely a sound save the swish of the tide against the yachts' bows, and an occasional caw-caw from some old crow on the look-out for the early worm.

Presently a thin line of blue smoke curls up from one of the yachts' stove-funnels, and drifts away in a lazy sort of fashion, as if it

was in no hurry to get up the chimney, and still more reluctant to leave it when up.

In the same indolent manner a man in a red cap shortly after puts his head through the fore hatchway of the yacht and gives a look round.

His head is followed in a very gradual way by his body, and, giving a stretch and a yawn, he stands revealed as the mate of the cutter-yacht Christabel, a seaworthy-looking boat of thirty tons, whose lofty spars tower up into the clear air nearly sixty feet above the deck. He is soon followed by a lad of about eighteen, yclept "Bill," who acts as head cook and bottle-washer, goes aloft and helps to get a reef down when wanted, and is, in fact, generally useful and pretty busy all day long.

To keep up his character of usefulness on this occasion the mate tells him to help scrub the decks, and very soon they are both hard at it.

The noise of the scrubbing-brushes and the slush of water on deck soon arouses two other individuals; and I may as well at once introduce them to my readers as the writer and his brother. The former, after lazily turning over and ascertaining by the clock hanging inside the cabin skylight that it is 6.30 A.M., that the sun is shining brightly, and also that he is thoroughly awake, suggests we should have a swim.

So, after carefully scrutinising from the companion-doors the decks of the surrounding yachts, to see there are no early-rising ladies up on any of them, we appear on deck in a light and airy costume, and, as the German gentleman said, "mid noddings on," take a dive off the taffrail.

A short swim gives one an appetite for breakfast, which on board the Christabel is always a solid one, generally consisting of a heterogeneous collection of steak, kippered herrings, meat-pie, coffee, marmalade, bread, butter, sardines, eggs, &c.

This was on the cabin table by 8.30, our regulation breakfast hour when at anchor.

We had made a considerable inroad on the edibles, and Bill was just bringing in some more coffee, when the mate sang out down the skylight that two gents were a-being rowed from the shore, and evidently were making for the yacht.

"It's almost too early for Jack," said Frank, running up the cabin stairs.

"That's Jack, sure enough, though," said he, as I followed on deck; "but who has he got with him?"

The companion-ladder was rigged over the side, and very soon Jack and another gentleman stepped aboard.

"Allow me to introduce you to a friend of mine I've taken the liberty of bringing with me, knowing you have plenty of sleeping accommodation aboard—Mr. O'Reilly."

"Most happy to make your acquaintance. Are you accustomed to yachting?" I asked.

"No," chimed in Jack; "never been on a boat before in his life. Have you, old man?"

"Well, I've not had much experience of the sea," replied Mr. O'Reilly; "but you must not suppose that I came over from old Ireland in a 'waggon,' you know."

"Come down to breakfast," said Frank, laughing; "the things will be getting cold, and we can chat over our plans meanwhile."

"We have not waited for you, as you see," I remarked. "In fact, we didn't expect you so soon. How did you manage to get here so early?"

"Well," replied Jack, "O'Reilly turned up late last night, while I was just packing my portmanteau, and when he found I was coming down here he proposed bolting off again. But I told him you would be glad to see any friend of mine; so he agreed to come, and we caught the last train down; but as the town

seemed to be fast asleep, and there was not a single boat on the Causeway, we got a bed at the Pier Hotel, and this morning rather overslept ourselves, as I can see from the mangled appearance of that breakfast."

"Never mind, you must make up for lost time," remarked Frank. "Here, put yourself outside some of that meat-pie, Jack. Mr. O'Reilly, what will you take?"

We soon began to talk about our intended cruise. Jack had settled to spend his holidays yachting with us, and had come down with that intention. His friend, O'Reilly, had some spare time before returning to Ireland, so the principal question was where to go this summer.

Many places were proposed as we sat chatting over the breakfast table, but it took some time to finally settle the question.

"What a wretched old woman that was," suddenly observed Jack, looking over at O'Reilly in the meanwhile.

That gentleman was in the act of taking a sip of coffee, and, bursting into a laugh, nearly choked himself in consequence.

"What old woman was that?" asked Frank.

"Pray don't mention her again," said O'Reilly.

"But I've really begun to feel quite an interest in this old lady of yours," said Frank, "and should like to hear about her."

"Well," replied Jack, "she was simply a fellow-passenger with us in the train last night, and her appearance did not at first excite any special attention; but some little while after starting she leaned her head back, and, shutting her eyes, she opened her mouth in a jerky manner—like the wax figures do, you know, at the travelling shows—and we suddenly became aware that she was fitted with a set of false teeth which evidently did not act properly. The top row did not lift enough as she opened her mouth, but caught midway, leaving a view over the top where her gums ought to have been; and I can assure you it looked fearful, we could not take our eyes off her, and as she kept up the spasmodic action of her mouth all the time, we had quite enough of it."

"Bless her!" said Frank.

"I had horrible dreams all night long," said O'Reilly, "through that old woman."

"Talking of teeth reminds me of poor little Wilkins, at College," remarked Frank.

"Had he a false set?" asked Jack.

"No, but he shared his rooms with another fellow who had, and I remember one morning he came in looking so awfully put out that I asked him what was the matter?

"'I can't stand this any longer,' said he; 'I shall have to move. Last night I awoke, and, feeling thirsty, I thought I would take a drink of water, and not wishing to disturb him, did not strike a light, but groped about until I found a tumbler with some water in it, which I had no sooner drunk, than his teeth—you know he wears a false set,' pathetically said Wilkins—'fell up against mine. They rattled so that it gave me quite a turn in the dark. I shouted out and roused him, and on enquiring the cause he coolly remarked he had only put them in to soak overnight. So,' said Wilkins, boiling over, 'no more chums with false teeth for me.'"

"Well, I vote we go on deck now, and try to settle our plans for the season," said I.

This important question had not been determined by dinner-time, when, as we sat talking, one of us suggested "Bonnie Scotland," as being a good sketching ground, and full of splendid scenery.

"Yes," remarked Jack, "when one gets a chance of seeing it, but what with mist and rain it is very seldom visible."

"We may have a roughish time of it off the Scotch coast," remarked Frank; "but, if you other fellows are willing, I'm agreeable."

And so, after much cogitation, it was finally settled we should sail up the east coast, looking in at various places, and, after exploring the Firth of Forth as far as Edinburgh, cruise round about wherever our sweet wills led us. Being all agreed upon that point, we began to prepare for the trip.

Jack, Frank, and O'Reilly remained on board and amused themselves by sketching, while I ran up to town by an early train the following morning to lay in a sea stock of provisions.

The mate had strict injunctions to see that all the water tanks and beakers were cleaned out and re-filled, and a good stock of coke got aboard in the meantime; while an extra spar with a coil of new rope was added, in view of possible emergencies.

What a lot of things one requires on shipboard for even a short cruise; and when it is intended to extend it for an indefinite time, the necessary purchases seem to be endless.

I spent the whole of the following day procuring tins of meat, fruit, biscuits, a little brandy in case of illness among the passengers, etc., etc., until by the time I had about finished there was a rare collection for one poor individual to look after. I had a cab full, inside and out, of a varied assortment of coils of rope, fishing-lines, sea-boots, oilskins, an extra boat's compass, as well as the provisions, etc., which were done up in parcels just heavy enough for one man to carry.

A friend, who happened to meet me as I passed through the city, asked if I was going to set up housekeeping on some desert island, as he thought I had enough with me to satisfy any reasonably minded Robinson Crusoe.

On arriving at Cannon Street Station the string suddenly broke of one of the parcels containing about fifty of the smaller sized tins of meat, vegetables, etc., just as the cabman was lifting it down from the top of his vehicle, and away rolled the tins in all directions, much to the delight of the bystanders and a lot of boys who were near.

There was a great scramble and laughter, but I think I got most of them back again, all in a more or less battered condition.

My excess luggage amounted to a good bit, and, to keep it as light as possible, I took a pair of sea-boots with me into the carriage, as I had previously stuffed about twelve pounds of mackerel leads into each boot for the sake of convenience.

It was really funny to see the expression on the porter's face at Greenhithe when I handed him out these boots. He essayed to carry them by one finger, and, of course, immediately I let go he dropped them on the platform, and remarked he had never felt such heavy boots in all his life. I explained that heavy boots helped to keep one steady on deck in rough weather; but I doubt if the explanation was entirely satisfactory, as he looked dubious.

We were in an awful muddle on board during the next two days, packing things away, and clearing up the litter of straw, paper, &c., that strewed the cabins. Everything seemed to be on top and nothing handy, but gradually the things disappeared as they were stowed away in drawers and lockers, cabins were cleared up, deck scrubbed down, the ropes neatly coiled, and, with everything ataunto, we were ready for sea.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon on June 26th that, slipping our mooring buoy overboard, we waved our caps to friends ashore, and on the top of the ebb-tide started on our voyage.

A splendid afternoon it was, too, with an unclouded sky, the bright sunlight showing up the white stones of Ingress Abbey in strong relief against its setting of dark green trees. Very little wind was stirring, and we slowly drifted along past the old training-ship, looking quite stately in her coat of new paint, and, with scarcely steerage way, we gradually rounded the point; but it was more than an hour later before we made Gravesend.

Here a slight breeze helped us along, and we soon passed an old weather-beaten-looking brig that was slowly dropping down with the tide, and formed a very picturesque object, which brought more than one sketch-book out; but the breeze carried us swiftly into another position, much to the artists' annoyance.

"That's the worst of sketching on the water," said Jack, shutting up his book; "you have to be sharp about it, or the view is gone while you are looking at it."

I lolled on the tiller steering, until Bill came on deck to say the tea was ready on the table, and we accordingly went below.

"I've had a better appetite," said O'Reilly, "for the last two days than I ever remember having before."

"I don't know what you will not require in the way of food when we get to sea, then," remarked Jack; "we shall have to invent some fresh meals for you."

"How far do you think we shall get this tide, skipper?"

"We shall have to bring up somewhere when the tide has done ebbing, if the wind does not freshen. What do you say to Southend?" I replied.

"I have never been there," observed O'Reilly.

"That will do, then," said Jack, "and we can go ashore."

Instead of freshening, the wind gradually dropped, until the surface of the water looked like a mirror, and Fobbing Old Church formed a picturesque landmark in the distance, which the green pasturage of Corringham Marshes threw up beautifully. It was here, "Old Stow" tells us, that Jack Cade's rebellion commenced, the proceedings beginning by the sacking of a priory in the neighbourhood, where the mob drank and wasted the contents of three tuns of wine, and devoured all the food in the well-stocked larder, to the extreme disgust of the exasperated monks.

Holy Haven, reminding us of many a pleasant evening spent there at anchor, was slowly passed, and looked just as snug a place to bring up in for the night as ever, with two or three old Dutch Eel Schutes at anchor a little way up the creek, and an empty boat or two drawn up at the landing stage near the old-fashioned inn, snugly hid behind the green sea wall, giving one an idea that the Dutchmen did not subsist entirely on water from their scuttle-tubs on deck.

The Chapman Light gradually appeared to grow bigger as we drifted down towards it, and its friendly gleam shot out a warning ray as the sun sank down. The red light at Southend pierhead was now our guiding star, and O'Reilly, in his eagerness to have a walk round the town, proposed towing the yacht by means of the dinghy.

"Not if I know it," said Jack. "I've been ashore there before; why, that pier is a mile and a quarter long."

"Well, that's nothing of a walk," said O'Reilly, and so, after a deal of persuasion, he induced Frank and Jack to get in the boat, and, fastening a light line to the bowsprit end, they towed us along.

The end of Canvey Island passed, Leigh opened out to our view. The limit of the jurisdiction of the Thames Conservancy ends here, on an imaginary line drawn across to Yantlett on the opposite shore.

(To be continued.)

THE "BOY'S OWN" RUSTIC CART.



present fashion of plain varnished wood carts opens up to enterprising amateur carpenters a new field for their energies, so that, besides making rabbit-hutches, canoes, bookshelves, and a thousand and one other useful articles, there is no reason why any tolerably smart boy should not turn out a very serviceable cart in which to disport himself behind either a pony or donkey.

The main requisites for the work are great accuracy and a large stock of patience. An error of the 16th of an inch causes considerable difficulty before the cart is finished, because it is necessary both sides be fixed at an angle, and this angle *must* be the same in both sides, or the effect will be bad. An important tool is that known as a bevel, being of the same nature as a square, but with a movable blade, which is set to any angle, and then held tight by a screw passing through a slot, which extends to half the length of the blade. The cost of a small one is 2*s.* 6*d.* The other tools required are a full set of planes—trying, jack, and smoothing—

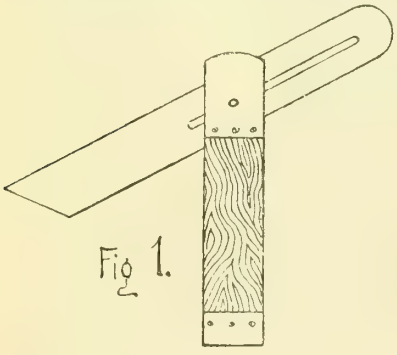


Fig 1.

a brace with $\frac{1}{4}$-inch auger bit, a rose head countersinker, a rimer, or taper bit of steel for enlarging holes in metal, and one or two augers of $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in diameter, a long screw-driver, an adjustable wrench, or screw-hammer, a few sharp chisels, a cross-cut saw, and a fine tenon saw. Last, but not least, a plough with set of irons. The use of this is for grooving the boards of the bottom on each edge, into which strips of thin wood are inserted, making a strong joint. Professional makers have a pair of match planes for this work, which cost a great deal more. A careful worker who can be trusted to take care of tools will find a village carpenter willing to lend him a plough, and so save the cost; but, if it can be afforded, a plough is a great addition to a workman's chest.

It is useless for any but patient, good workers to hope to turn out a creditable-looking cart. There is not anything difficult or other than straightforward in the making of the body and fitting together of the parts; the ironwork springs, axle, and steps are best bought ready-made through any ironmonger. The steps can be made by the local smith, but the saving is infinitesimal. The cost of ironwork is about 4*l.* altogether, less if it be bought just "in the rough," and then filed up at home. This, of course, would entail the possession of a smith's vice, but many boys' workshops now possess this most useful auxiliary.

Fig 2.



The springs cost about $4\frac{1}{2}$*d.* a pound, and for a light rustic cart a pair about 3 feet long, and having four plates $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, are amply strong enough. A set of rustic cart ironwork, including steps, back and front, and back stay for the back of the cart (this being a piece of iron stretching from side to side at the end by the tail-door holding the sides rigidly at the requisite angle), costs 25*s.* all finished up. The end scroll irons come to about 7*s.*; the axle, if one of Collinge's patent ones, is 25*s.*; if of the mail kind, about 15*s.* The Collinge is much the best, if well used; and it is impossible for the wheels to come off, owing to an ingenious combination of right and left threaded screws. At the same time, unless well oiled, it is liable to heat; but if the caps are well filled with oil, it is the perfection of easy running. These axles are made in two arms, or halves, and can be welded together by the local wheelwright to suit the gauge of the road, which varies in different places. Nothing is worse than to go in and out of ruts, through having a narrow-gauge cart on a broad-gauge road.

Fig 3.



Besides these important pieces of ironwork the following minor items are necessary:—

Six dozen bolts and nuts (Fig. 3), $\frac{5}{16}$ inch thick, varying lengths from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches long—rose headed.

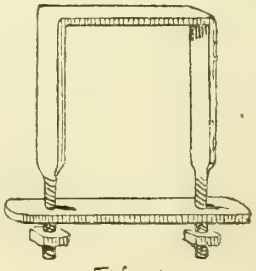


Fig 4.

Two spring clips, 4 inches × 2 inches, with coupling plates (Fig. 4).

Two fulcrum irons, with L plates to bolt to foot-board (Fig. 5).

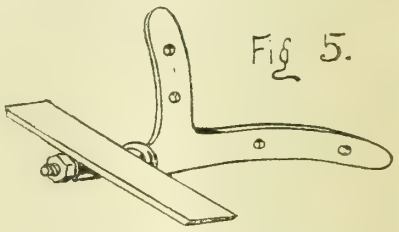
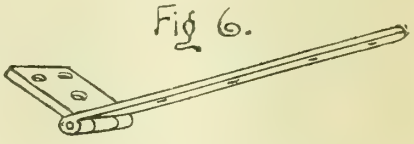


Fig 5.

One pair hinges for hind-door, to bolt inside (Fig. 6).

Fig 6.



Set of 4 handles for corners (Fig. 7).

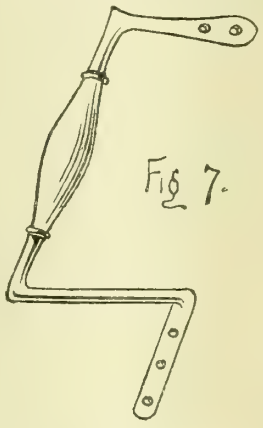


Fig 7.

Pair irons for dashboard to bolt outside (Fig. 8).

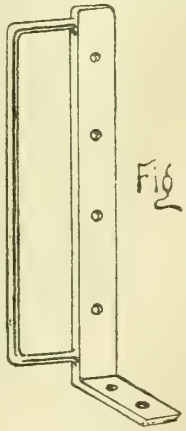


Fig 8.

Pair clips for splinter-bar (Fig. 9).

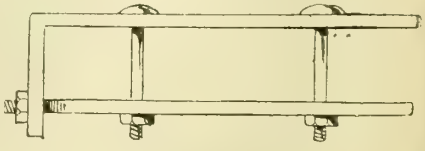


Fig 9.

The last-named can be made by the village

smith, or bought; there is no difficulty about them.

The wood of which rustic carts are made varies. Birch is very much used, but has a cold "mean" look. Walnut is *the* fashionable wood, and nothing looks better; it is easy to work, though hard, and takes a splendid colour when varnished. Oak also looks well, though not so good for varnishing, owing to its coarser grain. I made my cart of it, however, and in colour it has the advantage, being a rich tawny brown; also it is not so expensive; it is worth the slight extra cost to get the wood planed up roughly, as sometimes to get the rough off a hard wood like walnut or oak is hard labour indeed.

The wood should be a bare inch thick when planed up in boards, perfectly true and flat, free from any cracks or shakes—this is most important. Then scrubbed with sandpaper, going with the grain, *not across* it by any means. Begin with coarse paper, and finish up with the finest size. After this the grain should show out clearly with its markings, and the best grained sides should be marked for the outside.

The cart, we will suppose, is for a 13 to 14 hands pony; it is to have bars of wood, at both sides and back, with slanting bars, two long and two short on each side.

Two planks for the side, 5 feet long—one for the door, say 4 feet; each 1 inch thick when they are finished, and 1 foot wide; four bars, 2 inches × 1 inch thick × 4 feet long, for the upper raves; about 6 feet of 2-inch × 1-inch wood for the slanting bars, and some strips of 1-inch oak or walnut for lining inside the cart, to which lining the floor is attached.

Roughly speaking, about 24 or 26 feet of 1-inch walnut or oak will be required—it is always best to have a little extra to the bare measurement—and be sure and allow at least an inch to plane away, in case of mistakes. It is so easy to plane off a superfluous piece, so difficult—nay, impossible—to put an inch on: so always allow an inch *at least*.

Regarding the wheels, it is best to buy them. A pair of English oak ones, 50 inches high, cost £4 complete. But the American hickory Warner wheels come to much less, and are very strong, light, and good. They can be obtained in any large town or through the local shops. Their peculiarity consists in a band of iron round the base of the spokes, and a small, tapering hub, which has a good effect. Fifty-inch wheels are for a full-sized cob-cart; lower ones can be had in proportion to intended size of cart, but high wheels mean easy work and less vibration.

(*To be continued.*)

A DREAM-CHARADE.

By the Rev. J. B. Bartlett, M.A.

Sleep. What a mystery environs it! A mystery second only to that which enshrouds its "brother, Death." The analogy between these two states was recognised by One who, while He exhibited His mastery over the former by spending whole nights in prayer, proved equally His lordship over the latter, when declaring of Jairus's daughter, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." And the recognition of this same analogy is expressed by our great dramatist in those words of Hamlet, so terrible in their suggestiveness:—

"For in that sleep of death what dreams may come!"

Among the rarer phenomena of sleep may be noted the exalted mental activity which sometimes manifests itself in curious ways. Dr. Gregory mentions that occasionally thoughts occurred to him in dreams, so clear in reasoning and so aptly expressed, that he used them in his College lectures and in his writings. Instances are on record of mathematicians solving difficult problems while their outward senses were wrapped in slumber. I may state that one of my own sons designed a piece of ornamental ivory-turning when in the arms of Morpheus; and another assures me that, when at Haileybury, happening one night to glance over his Latin repetition before the dormitory gas was extinguished, he found on awakening next morning that he knew it thoroughly, and retained a distinct impression of having learnt it in a dream.

Abercrombie, in his work on the Intellectual Powers, relates of a distinguished lawyer, that having been intently occupied for several days on an important and difficult case, his wife saw him rise from his bed in the night, and go to a desk in the bedroom. He sat down and wrote a long paper, which he put carefully away in the desk, and returned to bed. Next morning he told his wife that he had dreamed of delivering a clear and luminous opinion on the case which had puzzled him, and would give anything to recover the train of thought which had passed before him in his dream. She directed him to the desk, where he found the opinion clearly and fully written out, and which afterwards proved to be perfectly correct.

Coleridge, as is well known, composed the poem "Kubla Khan" during an afternoon sleep induced by a narcotic; but unfortunately, happening to be interrupted by a visitor while committing it to paper, he found to his chagrin that the greater portion had irrecoverably passed from his memory. The opening stanza ran thus:—

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

The name of this subterranean river would appear to have suggested itself to the sleeping poet through unconscious recollection of the lines of the *Æneid* (iii. 694-5):—

"Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem
Occultas egisse vias subter mare."

Some years ago I myself became the author of a dream-charade, which, although of small intrinsic merit, may perhaps not appear devoid of psychologic interest. I did not *consciously* compose it, but it was seemingly propounded to me by a lady friend, one of the last individuals my waking thoughts would have associated in such a connection. Its communication was effected neither by writing nor by audible speech, but it seemed to be imparted to me by intuition. Simultaneously the answer flashed into my mind, and I awoke. Springing out of bed, I immediately wrote down the charade, which was as follows:—

My First expresses the *starting* of a funeral procession.

My First with my Second the *frequency* of such a procession.

My Third, its *return*.

My Whole is a German musical composer.

Ans. *Off—Often—Back—Offenbach.*

I should state that, not being personally musical, I was quite uncertain, until enquiry next morning, whether a musician of this name ever existed. It is noteworthy that, notwithstanding the charade was composed unconsciously, the word "funeral" was introduced in the first clause, in anticipation of, and in order to satisfy the condition of, "frequency" mentioned in the second.

Although doubtful at the time as to the existence of such a man as Offenbach, I have since learnt that there are at least two sallies extant in connection with the name of this musician. One, a playful conundrum suggested by the frequent home-sickness noticeable in some of our colonial bishops:—"Why are these worthy gentlemen like a celebrated German composer?" Answer: "Because they are *often back*." The other, a *bon mot* attributed to the late Bishop Blomfield, who, on being asked which of the two composers he preferred, Bach or Offenbach, is said to have replied that "he would rather hear *Bach often* than Offenbach."

AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE.

By Paul Blake.

"I flatter myself," said the youth, "I am
Completely ready for this exam."
He could rattle away the most classic Greek,
Or parse irregular verbs by the week;
Knew the technical name for every tree,
Had by heart all the chemical formulæ—
There was nothing he *didn't* know! In sum,
He had mastered the whole curriculum;
In every subject so thoroughly versed,
It was ten to one he would come out first.

But was he first when the list came out?
Of his future fate he had growing doubt
As hours crept onward one by one,
And still his paper remained undone.
He wrote like steam, but, spite every endeavour,
He never could *finish* a paper—never!
His fears were duly fulfilled! Alas!
Our unfortunate hero failed to pass.
The doctor was glum; he could *not* make out
What his favourite pupil had been about,
Till he took occasion to explain
He'd failed from lack of time, not brain.
There were too many questions; he'd thought it best
To answer a couple and leave the rest.

Now to answer exhaustively Number one,
And leave the rest of the batch undone,
Is a method of working quite unsound,
As those who use it have always found.
So our friend was plucked from a cause unique,
Though the reason is not far to seek—
The extent of his varied knowledge was such
That the cause of his failure was *knowing too much!*

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

A Letter from Baroda.

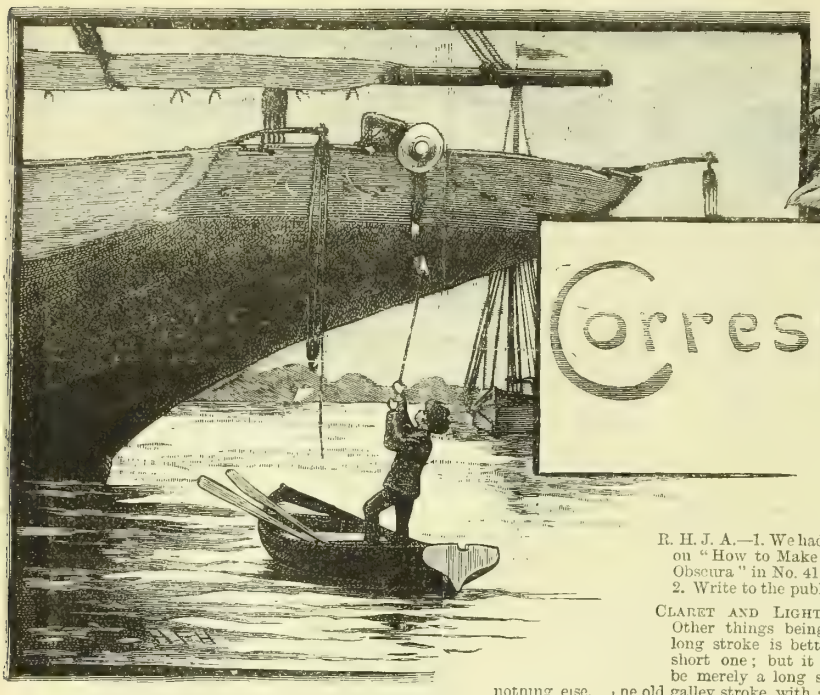
A Correspondent writes:—"I have just been reading in this week's weekly edition of the 'B. O. P.' of the story in 'Our Note Book.'

"I have resided for about four years at Baroda, and my father is at present in the Gaekwar's service. While sitting in the verandah of our house at Baroda in the morning I used to see the cheetahs, or hunting leopards, being led past by two men, sometimes more; each cheetah has a collar round its neck and one round its stomach, to which are attached chains, and the men have a hold of these chains, and when the animals used to get rather restive the men placed hoods of cloth over their heads, for near our house the deer were kept in a large park, and the cheetahs smelt them. These cheetahs were used in a hunt when Prince Albert Victor was at Baroda last March; he was much pleased about the way these animals caught the deer.

"I have also seen that well into which the two elephants fell. The story was written in the 'B. O. P.' by a Colonel) one or two years back.

"There are some nice things to be seen at Baroda. The palaces. The largest, named Taj Mahal, was visited by the Prince, and he said his mother (our Queen) had not a palace like that. There are two gold and two silver guns there also. The gun-carriage wheels are plated with gold and silver, and all the other things belonging to the guns are made of gold and silver, for I have often seen them; perhaps some other day I may give you a fuller account of them, if you wish me to do so.

"Among the State jewels belonging to the Baroda State is a carpet (I do not know its dimensions) made of pure pearls, and at the four corners are diamonds; it was made by Kunda Row, a former Gaekwar, and was to be placed on Mohammed's tomb at Mecca (for this Gaekwar was fond of the Mohammedans, though he was a Hindu himself), but he died before the carpet was finished. It is placed with the other State jewels in a palace called Nasa Bagh. It is estimated at £40,000 sterling.—M. B. H."



Correspondence.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS. 1. *No charge whatever is made for the use of this column, but only matters of some* GENERAL *interest, that may be answered pro bono publico, can receive attention.* 2. *No answer can possibly appear under a month.* 3. *Answers are never sent by post, the enclosing of stamped and addressed envelopes notwithstanding. To reply to all in that way would be quite impossible, and it is not fair to make exceptions.*

We need scarcely say that we make every effort to assist "our boys" in this column, but many letters must necessarily have to go unanswered, chiefly for the following reasons: some questions are frivolous, and others have been answered over and over again, only the writers will not take the trouble to refer back; other questions again would require a column or more of space to deal with, and so they are often put carefully aside for treatment by a special article at earliest opportunity.

ANEMONE.—The parasitic anemone is the Adamsia. It is a deep-water species always found with a species of hermit crab. There is no instance on record of their not being found together. Mr. Gosse took one off a crab, and to his astonishment saw the crab take the anemone up in its claws and gently place it on the shell in which it lived, much as a man takes a boy and lifts him on to his shoulder.

STAMPS (J. Smith).—Send to one of the dealers for a catalogue. It will cost you a shilling, perhaps, but you will soon save the amount in the stamps you use in your numerous letters to us. We really cannot value stamps every week for you. From your descriptions we should say your collection was worth two shillings a hundred.

W. S. H.—"How to Become a Naval Surgeon" was in No. 501, in the part for September, 1888.

AQUARIUM (C. Robertson).—If you can get plate-glass so cheaply, make the tank entirely of glass. For the corners you can use wood, but zinc is better. Line the zinc or wood with thin sheet indiarubber stuck on with tyre cement or rock marine glue. Bed the glass into this. And for the corners inside the tank all round use hydraulic cement pretty thickly, so as to let the glass appear as if in a rockwork frame. Hydraulic cement is cement that sets under water. We have frequently given special aquarium cements, for which see back volumes in your free library.

CANOE (Monsieur).—The number in which appeared the description of the building of a canvas canoe is out of print, but the article has been reprinted in "Indoor Games." It is impossible to keep 600 numbers for ever in print. We should want a warehouse as large as St. Paul's.

W. J. SAWYER.—A good, cheap book on collecting insects is the Rev. Joseph Greene's "Insect Hunter's Companion," which costs a shilling. Other books are Coleman's "British Butterflies" and Wood's "Common British Moths."

F. CARR.—The tree-like sponge found on the beach is probably *Chalina oculata*. A large number of these come ashore at Worthing after rough weather. The sponge used in the bath is the sponge-skeleton only. The animal is a mass of jelly, which is cleared away in the preparation of the skeleton for sale. The large holes in the skeletons are the exits, the small holes are those into which the water is sucked. The skeleton is horny—"a fibrous skeleton of keratose"—not flinty; you would find it uncomfortable to wash yourself with a flinty sponge.

R. H. J. A.—1. We had an article on "How to Make a Camera Obscura" in No. 415. Read it. 2. Write to the publishers.

CLARET AND LIGHT BLUE.—Other things being equal, a long stroke is better than a short one; but it must not be merely a long stroke and nothing else. The old galley stroke, with a dwell at each end, is of no use with sliding seats. You want a long, lively stroke, pulled right through.

YOUNG ELECTRICIAN.—We have recently given two or three ways of boring through glass. A broken file does well for a drill; fix it in a lathe and you get more power; and bore first on one side and then on the other of the plate, and you do not split the glass. The best lubricant is spirits of turpentine and camphor or spirits of turpentine and oil of lavender.

LIDLEY.—1. No. There is nothing at all in the Act about birds' eggs. 2. The coloured plate of eggs was in the second volume ten years ago, and is out of print.

AMERICAN FRANK.—There is a duty on imported fire-arms; the duty is not charged on second-hand goods, and it is difficult to get ammunition in America to suit British guns. Under those circumstances it would be better for you to buy your gun in America.

SIR LUDAR.—There is every chance of your doing well in the Colonies, but do not let people know you have any money. Get a situation in which the trade to which you have been apprenticed would be useful, and when you have experience use your capital to start in business in that trade.

A WEST INDIAN (St. Kitt's).—1. To bind a volume costs about three shillings in this country. 2. Gun-cotton is made by acting on cotton with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, the object of the sulphuric being to take the water from the nitric and leave it in full combining strength. It is not safe to use it in a gun; instead of it use Schultze or E.C. powder.

PUCK.—A baroscope is a fine name for a storm-glass, and the composition we have given since your letter was written.

BOAT BUILDER.—We have had several articles on model yacht building, but they are all out of print, and will appear in our "Outdoor Sports" now coming along.

ARTHUR.—1. There are three examinations to be passed for admission as a chartered accountant—the preliminary, intermediate, and final; and you obtain particulars from the Institute, in Copthall Buildings, E.C., or from the "Guide to Chartered Accountancy," sold by Good & Co., stationers, in Moorgate Street. 2. Rider Haggard has written a dozen books, but only half of them are adventure stories.

A. SIMMONS.—Yes. A goodly number of engineers have begun life as boys in the engine-room. It is a capital start; but, as in everything else, the career depends on yourself.

STAR-GAZER. 1. Bode's Law is discredited now, owing to its failure in respect of Neptune. It was a coincidence only. The "law" is that if you take the distances of the planets as 4, and add to it multiples of 3 in arithmetical progression, you get the distances of the planets from the sun. Thus, Mercury = 4 + 0 = 4; Venus = 4 + 3 = 7; Earth = 4 + 6 = 10; Mars = 4 + 12 = 16; Asteroids = 4 + 24 = 28; Jupiter = 4 + 48 = 52; Saturn = 4 + 96 = 100; Uranus = 4 + 192 = 196. The approximation was very rough. Mercury (mean) should be 42·669 instead of 40; Venus should be 66·586 instead of 7; Earth should be 92·963 instead of 100; Mars should be 15·284 instead of 16; Jupiter should be 498·639 instead of 52; Saturn should be 920·973 instead of 100; and Uranus should be 1835·560 instead of 192. 2. Jupiter spins round twenty-seven times as fast as the earth. 3. We have given the names of all the satellites in "The Planets and Where to Find them." Refer to back numbers.

SILVERING (Geordie).—Silvering mixture for copper is composed of 60 grains of nitrate of silver, the same quantity of common salt, and 7 drachms of cream of tartar. You have to moisten this with water when you apply it.

H. M. ROSE.—It is, nevertheless, true. If you will consult vol. xiv. of the Transactions of the Seismological Society you will find the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the best forms of buildings for withstanding earthquakes. There are as many as a hundred earthquakes a year in Japan, and the houses are built specially. In the British Association Newcastle report (1889) there is a paper about it.

J. T. G.—Land measure originated from the length of the furrow ploughed by our ancestors. It was their custom to plough for 220 yards and then return, and 8 of such furrow-longs, or furlongs, made up the mile. Each furrow-long was divided into 40 "rods," and consequently each rod measured 5½ yards. The amount of land allowed to each man was a rod wide and a furrow long, and this strip made the "rood." Four of these strips side by side made up the "long acre," of which you have heard. Hence the acre consisted of 4 roods, or 160 square rods; and you get the 30¼ square yards to form the rod, and the 40 rods to form the rood. It is from the fact of the acre having originally been a strip that we have "square acre" in the old table-books. Do not forget the furrow-long; it is the key of the puzzle.

TELEGRAPH WIRE.—There are two telegraph offices to every 10,000 of the population in Great Britain; in Tasmania there are eleven telegraph offices to each 10,000 of the population. In Great Britain there are 251 miles of wire to every 1,000 square miles of area; in Denmark there are 662 miles of wire to each 1,000 square miles of area. In Great Britain there is 1·43 message per head per year of the people; in West Australia there are 7·5 messages per head. So that in no case is Great Britain "ahead in telegraph statistics."

INQUIRER.—There are no free emigrants to the Australian colonies. Apply to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31 Broadway, Westminster. You would do well in the Colony, and anything you might learn in science and art classes would be of use to you indirectly, but of what direct use it would be we are unable to say.

J. S. B.—The best maps are the shilling Ordnance Maps, undoubtedly. In the Baddeley series of "Thorough Guides" there are some capital maps. The West of Scotland is dealt with in the third volume of "Scotland," which costs 4s. The publishers are Dulau & Co., 37 Soho Square, W.

F. M. L.—1. The composition on wax vestas is made up of five parts of phosphorus, ten parts of chlorate of potash, six parts of glue, three parts of red lead, and twenty-four parts of water, all by weight. The glue and the potash are dissolved in hot water, the phosphorus added, and stirred in when the solution is about 100° Fahrenheit: and the rest is added when the phosphorus is mixed in. The waxed wicks are dipped into it. There is no unexpired patent of this process. To obtain a patent you have merely to fill up a form and pay a nominal fee to begin with, but you will find it an expensive affair before you have finished.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*All manuscripts intended for the* BOY'S OWN PAPER *should be addressed to the Editor, 56 Paternoster Row, and must have the name and address of the sender clearly written thereon, and in any accompanying letter* THE TITLE OF THE MS. *must be given. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Writers are recommended to keep copies of their MSS. Miscellaneous contributions are sent in too great numbers to be returned unless stamps are sent to cover postage, and the Editor cannot correspond regarding them.*

Payment for accepted manuscripts is made on publication of the monthly part containing them. The receipt conveys the copyright of manuscripts to the Trustees of the Religious Tract Society, with liberty for them, at their discretion, to publish such works separately. Republication by authors on their own account must be the subject of special arrangement.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 614.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1890. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER IV.—MR. TWITTERS RELATES HIS EXPERIENCES—ARRIVAL OF THE DIADEM—I AM SIGNALLED TO REPAIR ON BOARD.

The next morning I awoke about four o'clock. The sun was already quite high in the heavens, and was streaming into my little window, inviting me to get up and enjoy the morning air. I lay still, however, for some time in a delicious doze, even more restful than the sound healthy sleep of the last few hours. At last I pulled myself together and sat up



Truants!

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* H. Walker.)

in bed. Early as it was, folks seemed to be astir; I could hear voices, and footsteps, and other sounds of human life. I have a distinct recollection of hearing women talking—of hearing my own name mentioned.

"What a little bit of a chap!" said one voice; "who'd a' thought any one would a' sent a little chap like 'im to sea?"

"Ah, poor worm o' the earth," replied another; "it's little enough 'e knows o' what's in store for 'en. Why, 'e ain't no more fit to go to sea than my little maid be; I should put 'en to school if I was 'is ma."

"Well," joined in Mr. Twitters, "what I dew zay be nothen at arle, but I'm thinkin' it's lucky for 'e as you bain't 'is ma; 'e bain't made o' sugar or salt, as I knows on; e's a plucky youngster, and's got the right stuff in 'en."

I got up and looked out of the window. How the birds were singing! how the waves were dancing in the cove! Almost all the fishing-boats whose twinkling lights had illuminated the bay the evening before had now put to sea and were anchored off the Eddystone. My friend and champion, Mr. Twitters, was outside chopping wood. Spying my face at the window, he said, "Good mornin', sir; no need to ask 'ee 'ow 'e slept, I reckon. Now, I'll just tell 'ee what to do; 'ee can swim, I s'pose?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Very well, then," continued he; "do 'ee go down into the cove now, and yew'm got as nice a bathin'-place as there is in all England. 'Ee can slip down in your nightshirt; there's no one 'ere as 'll take any notice of 'ee."

Taking the good man at his word, I just stopped to put on a pair of shoes, and sallied forth, towel in hand. I soon found a little winding path, which led me through an undergrowth of brambles and primrose-leaves to the foot of the cliff, where, among the overhanging trees, a ledge of rock jutted out a good way into the sea between two patches of silver-grey beach. It was high tide, and all except this rock was covered. A little to the right the cliff beetled over somewhat, and a spring of clear fresh-water trickled over it. It was, indeed, a paradise for bathers. I undressed in a twinkling, and paused for a moment on the brink to take in the loveliness of the scene, and to feel the delightful sensation of the summer morning air stealing over my limbs, and then I plunged into the water, deep, cold, life-giving, clear as crystal, purifying alike to mind and body. What is there among the joys of our boyhood that can surpass this? I recommend all boys to perfect themselves in this delightful art; even yet the waves always seem to invite my confidence in them, and to welcome me into their midst, as I, for my part, welcome their refreshing embrace.

And now, what a grand glow I was in, and how buoyantly I climbed the hill, ready for the day's work. In a sweet and wholesome frame of mind and body, I soon dressed, made a hearty breakfast, and was none the less pleased when Mr. Twitters proposed that, as the Diadem was not yet in sight, and there was hardly a breath of wind stirring, I should accompany him on a visit to a neighbouring coastguard station. We were soon on our way, passing for the first mile or so through a delicious woodland drive, and then emerging into one of the wildest of cliff roads, skirted on one side by big rolling downs covered with yellow gorse, and on the other by wondrous masses of grey boulders seemingly pitched anyhow one on the top of the other, but forming the most delightful playground for the waves and for the bass that love to frolic in their foam.

"Look there, sir," said Mr. Twitters, pointing to seaward with his telescope; "there's the Heddystone, sir. I reckon you'll come to know that 'ere rock afore you leaves His Majesty's Navy, sir. And there," pointing to a huge headland which had now become visible—"that there's Rame Head. They dew zay that afore there was a lighthouse they monks used to take it in turns to go up there and show a light to us poor mariners. There's the chapel standin' yet on the top, where they'd used to pray for shipwrecked souls. I'm thinkin' there must 'ave been some very good uns among 'em, for it's a whisht place on a dirty night.

"Ah, sir," he continued, after a little space, "I've been in the service, man and boy, fifty years; fifty years since I jined it, a lad like yourself."

"Well, what do you think of it?" said I, thirsting for knowledge.

"What do I think on it? What do I think on it?" as if the question took him aback rather. "Why, you see, sir, there's a main difference betwixt a hofficer's life and a man's life—and, in course, if yew'm on the lower deck, yew'm bound to 'ave a good dale to put up with. But since you ask my 'pinion, sir, I say as it's a very good service; a very good service indeed. No doubt, yew'm like to git a rub or two now and again, and yew 'as rather more salt pork and 'ard biscuit than's quite agreeable sometimes, and the sea's apt to be rugged on occasion; but yew'm got to put up with 'en. My 'pinion is, yew comes into the service to dew your dooty; and if yew dew your dooty, you'm bound to come out clear."

With this extremely practical view I could not but entirely concur. I now asked him what sort of people the officers of the Navy were to serve under.

"Why, in course, sir, there's a goodish many on 'em, and there's good and bad among 'em, same as there is in all trades and perfessions. Yew must keep your wits about you, sir; and if yew get along with a sour-tempered lot, why, yew must just learn 'ow to manage 'em. I was most allus 'appy, 'cause I made myself 'appy. But once I got into a ship with a 'ole cap'n as was a reg'lar Tartar. That 'ere ship warn't built for the King; she were built for 'm. The guns was put into 'er, and the stores was put into 'er, and the 'ands was shipped aboard of 'er, simply and solely for e's convenience, and for no one else's convenience; and when e'd got 'er, I'm bothered if 'e knowed what to do with her.

"Well, sir, 'e'd used to rave and tear that awful, that if we 'adn't all been pretty well used to 'en we should 'ave been fairly druv out of our wits. But many's the night when we've punished 'en, me and an old lewtenant as we 'ad, as used often to keep watch together. 'Twitters,' he'd used to say to me, 'the skipper's been awful bad this last two or three days; I wish 'e'd keep my watch to-night, it's mortal cold.'

"I knowed what 'e were up to, so I just took up my glass, and 'ad a spy round.

"'I think there's a light on the starboard bow, sir.'

"'Yes, Twitters,' says 'e, takin' up 'is glass; ''pon my word, you're right; so there is. Perhaps she's a Frenchman; think she's bearin' down on us?'

"'I shouldn't wonder if she was, sir,' says I, grinnin'.

"'Don't you think I ought to report her to the captain?'

"'It's best to be on the safe side, sir,' said I.

"'Well, 'pon my word, Twitters, I don't like the responsibility. Yes, I think you *had* better call the captain; give him my compliments, and say there's a strange light on the starboard bow, and I can't quite understand what she's up to, and I'd be glad if he'd come up and take a look at her.'

"So of course I goes aft to the captain's cabin, knocks at the door of 's sleepin' berth, and walks straight in, as 'is orders was. Thinks I to myself, 'Ain't 'e a sleepin' beautiful, like a hinnocent babby in 's cradle? What a pity to wake en.'

"'The officer of the watch's compliments, sir, and there's a strange sail ——'

"'Hey? what? what d'yer say? strange sail in sight?' and then 'e uttered a lot o' words as I bain't agoin' to mention, but they was not at all complimentary to the strange sail, or to the officer of the watch, or to me; you'll 'ear plenty on it, sir, more's the pity, before you're many hours older.

"'Well,' says 'e, 'I suppose I must get up; never 'ad such a —— ship or such a —— lot o' officers in my life. Don't you think Mr. Foster can do without me?'

"'Well, sir, 'e seemed mighty anxious for you to come; 'e didn't seem to like the responsibility.'

"With that, 'e 'uddled on 'is clothes, sweerin' fearful all the time, and presently 'e comes on deck. But bless ye, sir, all on us knowed it were on'y an old barque as 'ad been a-follerin' us the whole day through.

"The captain took the 'int, for 'e were as quiet as a lamb for the rest o' that week."

I begged him to go on.

"Well, sir, our passon gave 'en a dressin' down, tew."

"What, do they carry parsons on board His Majesty's ships?"

"Why, in course they does; and very properly, too, though there's a goodish many as 'ad rather 'ave their room than their company. But, sir, sailors they'm got souls, same as other folks; and they'm allus got their lives in their 'ands, and so they allus ought to be ready to die; and to my way o' thinkin' it's nothin' but right they should 'ave a passon, same as the volks on shore as sets at 'ome comfortable, and reads their Bibles, and goes to church reg'lar, and don't dew no vightin'.

"I don't like they passons as preaches their sermons out of a buke; but our minister 'e warn't none o' they; no preachin' from a vurm for 'e. 'E never kep' us long, but what 'e said come straight from e's 'eart.

"Well, sir, our skipper were mortal onreasonable; 'e kep' allus a sayen as the

service was tew long, wantin' to cut out this and that, so that our passon were at 'is wit's end to know 'ow to dew 'is dooty; and then, arter the first five minits of the sermon, e'd used to cough, and scrape e's feet, and pull out e's watch; and once 'e actually called out in the middle, 'Who's that a spitten on the deck? If I 'ear any more on it I'll pipe down.'

"Well, and when the sermon were ended 'e'd get up, and stride out o' church, 'is sword clankin' arter 'im, afore ever the passon 'ad time to finish 'e's prayer and give the blessin'.

"So then, when the passon couldn't stand it no longer, one Monday morning 'e goes in to the captain.

"'Sir,' says 'e, lookin' very grave and solemn, 'I'd just like to speak to you for a moment privately.'

"'Well, Mr. Smith, what is it?' says the captain. 'You must be quick; I'm just goin' to luncheon!'

"'Well, sir,' says the passon, 'I wants to 'ave a understandin' with 'ee; I'm quite sure from your manner as I've been a-doin' summat as I didn't ought to a done. I've been doin' summat ungentlemanly, perhaps; and, if so, I'd just like to know what it is; I'm quite ready to apologise.'

"'Why, Mr. Smith,' says the captain; 'whatever do 'ee mean? you ain't been doin' nothin' wrong, as I knows on.'

"So then the passon told 'im what 'e thought, and 'ow hurted 'e was by the captain's manner to 'im.

"'Oh!' says the captain, 'you're too thin-skinned; you mustn't think anythink about that; that's only the service.'

"'Well, sir,' says the passon; 'if that's the service, I can only say I didn't bargain for that when I came into it.'

"Owsomever, the captain never acted like that again all through the commission; and a very good time the passon 'ad, and was liked from the gun-room to the forecastle.

"But, there, sir, they ain't all like that. I've sailed with as fine gentlemen as ever were born and bred in England. Why, sir, I can mind when my old captain, Sir Lynton Langhorne, were shot through the right lung in the old Griffin, there warn't a dry eye in the whole ship, from the commander to the smallest powder-monkey on board. 'E gathered us all round 'im, as 'e lay a-dyin': 'Good-bye, shipmates, every one,' 'e said; 'we've been like brothers. I'm glad I'm spared to thank you all for your goodness before I die. It's a solemn thing, lads, to weigh anchor, for the last voyage, to another world; and yet I'm dying, just where I wished to die. Give me some more water. Thank you, I'm very faint. Let's say the Lord's Prayer; we've often said it together,' and then 'e gathered strength to make the effort, and we stood round, with clasped 'ands and bowed 'eads, and now and then a sob from the youngsters; but 'e on'y got as far as 'Thy will be done,' and then 'e turned to the commander, 'You'll do all that's necessary,' and with that 'e died."

The old sailor's voice faltered at the recollection, and he brushed his eyes with his coat-sleeve; but after a moment he abruptly changed the subject—

"Look there, sir, did 'ee ever see such a bay as that there? That's Whitesand Bay."

There it lay, miles of it, with the white houses of Down Derry far in the distance, and those of Looe still farther beyond, a great slice of the Cornish coast where wind and sea are perpetually on the romp, where together they conspire every now and then the death of some good ship, fated to leave her bones among the masses of iron-grey rock broken into every imaginable fantastic shape. With what a boom the breakers were rolling in! How harmoniously their music seemed to combine with the screaming of the gulls and the bleating of the sheep! What a hopeless inhospitable place on a wild winter's night! God help any ship that goes ashore there! And yet, with clumps of yellow gorse, and blue sky, the purest of air, and the merriest of larks singing therein, nothing could be much more charming than Whitesand Bay at that moment.

"See there, sir," said Mr. Twitters, pointing to a little coastguard station which lay at the end of the bay nearest to us; "that theer's Pollawn; that's where we're a-goin', that is. I'm a-goin' to see a old shipmate o' mine as lives there; I 'opes 'e'll 'ave a bit o' dinner ready, for this ere air dew make a man mighty 'ungry."

We pressed on, and were soon warmly received by Mr. Daniel Ancient, for the time being the commanding officer of the station at Pollawn.

"Well, Dan, 'ow be yew?" said Mr. Twitters; "I be come to see 'ee once more; 'ow be getten' on?"

"Oh, pretty middlin', thank'ee, Sam, on'y middlin'; the rheumatics is plaguey bad at times. My wife, she dew say, 'Dan, yew'm looken' poorly; I'm feared yew bain't long for this world.' But, there, they women are all alike; I don't reckon much about en what 'er dew say. But la, Sam" (with a look at me), "when did 'ee turn dry nurse?"

"Well, Dan, this is a young gentleman as is goin' to jine the Diadem, and e's a stoppin' with me till 'er comes up Channel. I thought 'er 'ld 'ave been in afore now."

"'Er wun't be long, with this ere breeze as is sprung up since mornin'. I be very glad to see 'ee, Sam, and the young gemman as well, and I 'ope ee'll stop and 'ave a bit o' dinner; but I wouldn't 'ave 'ee stop tew long, or she'll be 'ere; and if yew'm late, yew'll be wrong with that 'ere old vinegar Clandrawline all the commission. Yew must 'ave a good start, and keep in e's good books. But 'ere's the Missis a-callin' us to dinner."

"'Ow do 'ee think e'm looken' now, Mr. Twitters?" said Mrs. Ancient, as we sat discussing an enormous pasty, the internal fittings of which consisted of eggs, meat, and potatoes. "'Ow do 'ee think e'm looken' now? I can't get en to go to the doctor, and I dew think e'd ought to; we'm never sure what might 'appen; we be nought but poor bits o' clay, all on us."

"Not a bit on it, ma'am," replied Mr. Twitters, with considerable warmth; "'e's good for many a year yet is Dan. Why, dear me, ma'am, yew don't think e'm goin' to pipe down yet awhile. Why, I shouldn't be surprised now if you was to go first, and 'e was to git married agin."

"Git married agin!" exclaimed Mrs. Ancient. "Git married agin! Well, I never! Did anybody ever 'ear the like o' that there? Git married agin! go courtin' agin! Did 'ee ever hear the like o' that, Dan? Well, if 'ee dew git married agin, I reckon 'ee'll 'ave to spend your 'oneycomb at Pollawn, for the second wife'll on'y be a nurse for 'ee." And the good woman laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks at the thought.

But after dinner, over a quiet pipe, we got the old salt to spin us the yarn of Trafalgar, that never-to-be-forgotten day; how he himself took in Lord Nelson's famous signal, "England expects every man to do his duty!" how from the poop of the Africa he watched our ships, in two stately columns, bearing down upon the united fleets of France and Spain! how the intrepid Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign, was the first to break the enemy's line. He spoke, too, of the breathless interest with which they watched the Victory, following her with straining eyes through the dense clouds of smoke, and with ears ever on the alert, amid the crash of ordnance, the strains of martial music, the confused noise of shrill pipes and orders hoarsely given, the crash of falling masts, and the swish of the shot as they passed through rigging or sails. We shared, too, in the gleam of triumph which shot from the old man's eyes as he told us of victory; and we felt with him when he bade us remember how dearly that victory was bought, when he reminded us of the hero's death; of the awful scene of desolation ushered in by next day's dawn; of the hearts that were wrung and the homes that were wrecked by the woes of that eventful time.

Proud, indeed, did I feel to be entering that noble service, and right bravely did I determine to follow resolutely the example of so many heroes. In imagination I was already proudly tramping the quarter-deck, eager for the fray; I could hear the boom of the cannon, the cries of victors and vanquished, and already I felt something of the joys of victory.

But the afternoon sun, gradually descending into the bay, warned us that our visit could not be prolonged, and so we took an affectionate leave of our friend, for whom I entertained feelings of the most profound veneration, and wended our way homeward by an inland and much nearer route, crossing a curious strip of country, untidily cultivated, with a hamlet consisting of one or two farmhouses, and a rectory clustering about a very ancient church with a quaint tower and spire, underneath the shade of which many generations of Cawsand folk had found their last resting-place, so that the church itself lay in a deep grassy hollow formed by the accumulated dead. Even now, as we descended the lane leading to the village, yet another was being carried up by old friends and shipmates with the utmost order and reverence, the different parties of bearers relieving one another at stated intervals on the road with military precision at the word of command. It was a touching sight, especially when I saw my friend stop as the coffin passed and reverently uncover his head, at the same time saying to me, in hushed tones, "She were a nurse, sir. She were along with Lord Nelson at Copenhagen and the Nile; I mind 'ow she 'd used to wear 'er medals on the anniversaries."

In a few minutes more we were in sight of Cawsand Bay. "Look there, sir," exclaimed Mr. Twitters; "there's the ship; that's 'er, sure 'nough."

Yes; there she was, under a cloud of can-

vas, gaily making up to her buoy. What a thing of beauty she looked, as she tripped across the blue waves! How vastly different from the craft we sometimes see nowadays! I gazed upon her with delight. My heart beat high with hope.

"Now," said my friend and mentor, as we reached the coastguard station, "you'd better get into uniform, sir, as quickly as you can; they won't be long before they want you."

Almost before he had done speaking, a row of little flags made their appearance on the frigate's signal halyards, and as I was getting into my new rig a coastguardsman came to me with a slate, touching his cap; on the slate I read:

"Have you a young gentleman for us? If so, we will send a boat immediately."

(To be continued.)

THE TALE OF A PIG.

AN ARCADIAN STORY.

CHAPTER III.

It was a placid evening in summer, and the farmer was inspecting his yards. A lad was serving the pigs. He brought out bucketfuls of food, and poured it into the low wooden troughs ranged along the side of the yard, surrounded, hustled, and nearly upset by an uproarious crowd. Curly-tailed, straight-tailed, white, brown, black, and speckled, they pushed and grunted and screamed with joy at the delicious streams of "swill" that splashed down on their eager noses. The farmer gazed attentively at the struggling mass of fat backs and wriggling tails, then looked round the yard, then at the troughs again, and then he called out sharply:

"Isaac! where's the old hog?"

Isaac stopped, looked round, scratched his head, and made answer:

"He ain't here, master."

"Can't I see he ain't," snapped the farmer; "what a fool you are, Isaac!"

"Yes, sir," said Isaac.

Meanwhile the farmer spluttered to himself: "The old brute! I know he's down the village again. There'll be a parcel of old women up grumbling about him presently. Oh! there he comes."

The object of his anxieties just then strolled in. He had a satisfied smile on his large white countenance, and walked with an easy roll. Indeed, he felt much inward uplifting in contemplating his day's adventures. He had started out early that morning, having taken advantage of the yard gate standing open for a minute. He had pursued his way down the road to the village, snuffing the wild rose scents as he went, and pausing here and there to poke up the turf with his snout. He had arrived there in a state of calm cheerfulness, and seeing a cottager's pig enjoying some juicy carrots in his sty, he tossed the garden-gate off its hinges, burst through the sty-palings, and drove the proper tenant screaming away. After this he munched up the carrots and left. Then he proceeded down the street and scattered the groups of children just coming out of school, who fled from his approach in terror; and espying old Steve Brown menacing him with his stick, he gaily charged him, ran between his legs, and went on, leaving his adversary prostrate and perspiring. After this he hid for a time in a stackyard until popular feeling had in a measure subsided, and then he went into the Rectory garden, lay down in the strawberry bed, and took his fill. The Rector's old John being asleep in the greenhouse, he was able to burst through a few of the espalier apple-trees, and root up a bed of geraniums. He was just trying to get into the forcing frame when John awoke and took severe measures, accompanied by language of a pointed nature. This rendered his further stay undesirable, so he took his way towards his own home, making, however, a detour by the wheat-field. He looked through the hedge at the wealth of golden stalks swaying and rustling in the gentle breeze, and a desire seized him to roll. He burst through a hole he knew of in the hedge, and lying down took a comprehensive wallow. He heard the shouts of the gardener's wife's John Enery, who was at the other end of the field after the wood-pigeons, and rolled over once or twice more. Then he slumbered. But soon John Enery coming up, found him, and attempted to drive him out. Not, however, until he had rushed in six different directions through the standing corn, breaking and crashing his way among it, and trampling it down with his huge hoofs, did he, with a snort of disdain at his opponent, majestically depart and seek the farm-yard, arriving, as we saw, in time to shoulder his brethren roughly from the trough, and take his own repast first.



"Trying to get into the forcing-frame."

"I wish," said the farmer, as he leaned over the yard gate. "I wish somebody 'ud shoot him."

"Whatever for, father?" asked Stephen, who stood by.

"Make him stop at home—an old brute."

The farmer had had a good deal to try him lately. Every two or three days complaints had come from the village of the doings of the old hog. All measures taken to keep him at home failed signally. He laughed at obstacles, and burst through, tore down, or rooted up any barrier that opposed his progress. Freedom he was determined to have—that being the right of every Briton—and also the foremost place at meal-times, the snuggest corner of the yard, and the cream of life generally. The farmer looked ruefully at his burly form as he stowed away huge quantities of supper, with one hoof in the trough, and turned away with a solemn shake of the head.

He and his son went slowly down the home close, and up the hill to the wheat. The scaring-boy was just coming from it; he looked very hot, and, when he saw his master, appeared anxious to get away.

"Well, Steve," said his father, as they came to the gate, "been keeping them pigeons off well?"

"No, father, we can't do anything with 'em; they care nothing for the clappers

and Harry and me shouting—nothing at all."

"Nonsense! You might manage 'em if you would. Don't tell me," said the farmer, getting red; "two great chaps like you not able to scare a few pigeons."

To this home thrust Stephen was meek.

"Well, we can't, sir," he said. "They do no end of damage; they settle in the middle of the field where we can't get at 'em, and they won't stir for us."

"Umph," grunted the farmer, and walked on. He looked across his wealth of wheat, and noted with honest pride how strong and good the ears were, and the rustling corn seemed to whisper in his ears, "six quarters to the acre." He stood still to enjoy the sight for a while, then he strolled down the hedge-side a short way—then—

"Hullo! who's been here!" he bellowed; "bless my soul, what a mess!"

"Old hog, sir," said Stephen.

"Do you mean to tell me you can't keep *him* out neither," spluttered the farmer.

"Well, sir, he gets in and rolls about in it before you know he's there——"

"Know he's there, indeed!" with supreme contempt. "I declare I've two minds to thrash you, Steve. Look at all that laid wheat. Nice mess there, all because you two great fools don't look alive." And the farmer tramped along furiously.

"Well, father, there's only one way that I can see to keep the wheat from the pigeons," put in Stephen, anxious to divert the dangerous tendency of his parent's reflections. "If you'd only let me have the gun——"

"Yes, let you shoot yourself, and Harry too, the first chance you had."

"I'd be very careful, father."

"Oh! I dare say!" with grim irony; "but I don't mean you to have the chance, young Stephen!"

He went on grumbling to himself as he skirted the wheat, and Stephen followed in silence, knowing by experience that it would not do to say much just then.

Suddenly a flock of pigeons hovered over the field, and settling down in the midst of it, began picking out the grains busily.

"Hillo! Ho! Hi!" roared the farmer; but they picked on in calm disdain of his roarings. "Yah! Boo!" he yelled, with the full power of his capacious lungs, but they didn't move.

Stephen followed his father down to the brook, getting rated for being half-asleep, not minding his business, not being in two places at once, and other misdemeanours; then they went back again to the gate.

"Good evening, miss," said the farmer, as they came up.

It was the young lady. She was going home from a day's sketching. Her cheeks were tanned with the hot July sun, her brown hair waved about her face, and her eyes had a look of much content as she watched the pigeons wheeling and flying towards their nests in the bosky pinewood over the hill. She turned and smiled at the rough old farmer, bringing an answering smile from him, and young Stephen's face glowed with pleasure at the sight of her as he lifted his cap.

"Ah! Mr. Pentelow, poor Stephen has had a hard day after those pigeons yonder," she said.

"I've just bin giving him a jacketing about 'em, Miss Margery."

"But he doesn't deserve it—he doesn't really. He has my deepest sympathy. They are not a bit frightened at the clappers, and he and Harry can't throw stones fast enough to scare them. I've been at work near, and I saw their struggles."

"Oh, I know you'll hang to them boys, miss; though what you can see in 'em but awk'ardness I can't make out," said the farmer in his grimmest manner.

"Now," she went on persuasively, "if Stephen had but a gun——"

"He's been a settin' you on to ask me, I know," said the farmer, wagging his head; "but he ain't fit to be trusted wi' a gun; he'd blow his head off, and yours, too, miss, if so be you was anywhere handy."

"Oh, I don't think so. Stephen's very careful. I'm sure you might trust him. My uncle says he's one of the steadiest lads anywhere about."

"Much obliged to the Vicar, miss. Steve ain't what you might call a bad chap," said the farmer, with a momentary softening; "but he might be a fine sight better than he is."

"Now, you know he's a very nice boy, indeed, and you're very proud of him," said she; and she smiled at the old fellow in a way that made him soften still further. "I'm sure I would trust him with anything, and how can the poor fellow do without a gun?"

"Well — well — well, Miss Margery; you're a young lady, you see," and with this conclusive argument Farmer Pentelow turned away chuckling.

"May I carry your things, miss?" put in Stephen, eagerly pressing up and taking her sketching materials. He worshipped this bright, clever, energetic young lady, and cherished dreams about her. The whole village, down to the sexton, who was deaf, and crabby, and rheumatic, and whose chief joy was boxing boys' ears in church, had a smile and good word for her. She was so "free," they said, by which they meant that she did not give herself airs, as the postmaster's daughters did. Indeed, the latter young ladies were heard to remark that they were "struck all of a heap," and you might have "knocked them down with a feather," when they one day saw her sharing her luncheon with Harry Baldwin, the scaring-boy, and talking quite familiarly to old Tom Pancake, the raffish drover, while she patted his vulgar common dog.

The postmaster's daughters were thankful that they knew what was due to their position, and had no notion of encouraging low people. But in a London exhibition was a picture of a brown hill-side, a cloud of black crows, a scaring-boy, and a ragged old man with his vulgar common dog, that showed perhaps more true refinement and feeling than the postmaster's daughters would have given Miss Margery credit for. Anyhow, the papers praised it, and it was sold directly, and Miss Margery's fellow-students wrote to congratulate her. "My dear," said they, "go on and prosper; we are all proud of you." So perhaps the disapproval of the postmaster's daughters did not matter so much.

She went on chatting to Stephen, asking him about the books he had read, and promising to lend him some more; asking if he thought the weather would be fine to-morrow, and if she would be able to get on with her sunshine study; praising his singing in the choir, and generally making his walk very pleasant. Stephen walked in huge contentment. He was proud of being seen with Miss Margery, and held himself very erect. And it was pleasant to be praised, and to feel that somebody did not think him a chucklehead. Stephen loved his father, and knew his father loved him; but the old man's idea was that "if you are to do any good with a boy, you must blow him up well and make him mind"—an idea which he followed out strictly.

He saw her home to the vicarage gate, and, lifting his cap, said good-night, and turned homewards. He went up the lane to his father's house, and through the home close, where the young filly galloped up and rubbed her nose against his jacket, the geese on their way to roost gabbled and squawked, and the gander flew at him with his head thrust out scornfully, and after behaving in the most insulting manner returned to the flock, where he related his prowess in loud tones to his admiring family. The lad laughed and went into the house. There sat his father in the chimney corner, while his mother and the servant had just set the supper-table. During supper the farmer spoke very little, evidently thinking seriously of something.

"Steve," he said suddenly, "will you promise me to be very careful if I let you have that gun?"

"That I will, father, and thank you," burst out Stephen, delighted; "and mightn't I have a little shot to try at the pigeons with?"

"Could ye hit a cow, d'ye think, broadside on, at ten yards?"

"You just try me," and Stephen pulled himself up indignantly.

"Well," said the farmer, lighting his pipe, "I shouldn't mind you're having shot, my boy, if there were any shot to have; but I'm out on't, and there's none nearer than Daventon, and I ain't goin' there just now, wi' all there is to see to. You must make powder and caps do."

"Yes, father"

"Umph, I don't know whether I'm doing right or not; but I reckon you'll ha' to begin to shoot sometime," and the farmer blew huge clouds of smoke about him and lapsed into silence.

As Stephen went to bed that night he ran up and unhooked the gun from its nail in the mangling-room; he carried it to his own bedroom, cleaned and oiled it ready for use, and looked with delight at the long shining barrel and trigger.

Then just before he got into bed he glanced from the window. He could see by the bright moonlight the cattle sleeping in the straw-yard, and under the hovel a great white fat back loomed out of the shadow.

This back set Stephen thinking. He leaned his elbows on the window-sill, and gazed fixedly at the outline of his sleeping enemy. By-and-by he laughed softly, and nodded his head once or twice.

"That'll do it," said he, and got into bed.

(*To be continued.*)

TAFFY; OR, THE TALE OF A GROUSE.

A SCHOOL STORY.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "The Parlour Boarder," "A Couple of Crusoes," "Sister Mary," etc.

CHAPTER III.

For two days I went about, ill at ease as Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, with the thought of the albatross—I mean the grouse—hanging round my neck. Every time a master or a prefect looked at me, I fancied his suspicion: this it is to have a mind not fully conscious of right. Every one I saw enter the library, where I durst not follow, I made sure he would go to that compartment of all others, and disclose the evidence of our crime, perceptible to more than one sense as it must be by this time. I say *our* crime, for though I began with vehemently repudiating any part in it, by force of talking and worrying over it, I had come some way to identify my concern in the trouble with Taffy's, and half to believe that with his safety mine must stand or fall. He, by fits and starts, was in no little anxiety for his own skin; then I, not so hardened to scrapes as he should have been, might well share his forebodings.

Two whole days passed thus without either of us finding a chance to visit the library, that we might at least see or scent how things stood with our concealed *bête noir;* most of our spare time indeed was taken up by the impositions and extra lessons which it had indirectly brought upon us.

"Couldn't we prig a key somehow?" suggested Taffy, after making many other silly proposals.

"Prig a fiddlestick!" quoth I, scornfully. "I am not going to have any more prigging."

"Well, look here. I have a plan. It's no good my doing it, because I am so low in the form, and nobody would believe me; but you might go and stuff up the old Hedgehog that you want to cram out of some swell book in the library, then perhaps he will lend you his key."

"I am not going to tell any lies about it either," snapped I. "We—or rather you, must take your chance."

"A nice fellow you are for a fellow to get into a scrape with!" complained Taffy in his dismallest tones.

"Did I ask you to get me into a scrape? And haven't I been trying all I can to get you out of it?"

"Yes, but you snarl at me like a bulldog whenever I offer to do anything."

"Well, don't let me hear any more about it. I am sick of the whole thing."

"All very fine to say that, when I have taken your advice all along and got no good of it!"

"Are you mad, to tell such crams!'

"Then you fly into a rage——"

"Will you shut up!" I cried, fairly losing my temper indeed. "I wish to goodness I had never been chummed with such a fool! I have a good mind to kick you out of the study, and let any one that likes know why."

"You wouldn't talk of kicking me out if I had that pork-pie you made me promise to get," grumbled the unblushing Taffy, who was crazy enough to believe any falsehood he could invent.

"Listen," said I, making a great show of curbing my wrath, "I want to have nothing more to do with such a cad. You don't speak to me, and I won't speak to you. There!"

"I am sure I don't want to speak to such a sulky chap," retorted Taffy, bent on having the last word; but I turned my back upon him, and began furiously to turn over the leaves of my dictionary.

Taffy and I had often quarrelled before, but our cutting one another dead in such confined space was too great a strain on schoolboy constancy to last long. On the present occasion five minutes had not passed before he asked me where to look in the dictionary for some puzzling verb. With a gesture of impatient contempt I stuck my fingers in my ears and gave no answer. A few minutes more and he meekly requested me to lend him a pen, like a good fellow. This time I tossed the pen on to the floor close beside him, still without speaking. Then he asked me if I would mind him shutting the window, to which I replied by a grunt of assent. But in half an hour or so, pulling out my watch, I forgot all about our being on terms of silence, and remarked with a yawn that the bell would go in another minute. That minute Taffy spent in chattering as if nothing had happened between us; and I did not stop him, though I made short and cold answers. Such was usually the end of our vowing never again to speak to one another.

This was Friday evening, and still no discovery had been made, so far as we knew. To-morrow we might go to the library, but could hardly expect to have an opportunity of smuggling away our grouse, with so many fellows about, not to speak of the prefect in charge. Some of them would be as likely as not to come upon it while rummaging about for books to their taste. There was young Potts, for instance, that precocious genius of fifteen, who never would look at any but the dustiest bindings, and turned up his nose at a book if it had pictures in it; what more probable than that he should take the compartment full of books of reference for his hunting-ground?

Next morning some of us had bad news. Papers came round about the monthly examination, fixed for next Monday, and Mr. Batt was to take our form. You must know that the Warden had a trick—so at least was believed—of setting masters who were not on particularly good terms to review each other's work in these examinations. Now, everybody knew that Mr. Batt and Mr. Edgewood did not get on over well together. Everybody also understood that the former was no great scholar—Taffy and I could tell something about that! He was commonly spoken of as the football master, and in this capacity had a certain popularity rather among the elder boys, whom he could not bully. The last time it fell to him to examine our form, to our amazement he had set a paper in "Virgil," which puzzled the head almost as much as the tail of it; so profound were the questions put to us that the best boys did not get nearly half marks, while we were all stigmatised with a bad report. Mr. Edgewood, sympathising with, indeed sharing our discomfiture, confessed to us that he could not himself answer all those hard questions off-hand. A day or two afterwards he informed the top boys that he had found Mr. Batt's posers in the notes to Conington's "Virgil." We were still in "Virgil," and this ruthless examiner was again to have the power of overwhelming us with his borrowed erudition.

"I wish I had coached you more in Conington's notes," said our master, with a ludicrously rueful air, when the news came; and we all grinned, knowing very well what he meant.

Then up jumped Taffy.

"Please, sir, may I borrow the volume of Conington from the library—I know where it is—then nobody else can get it."

We laughed outright at this blunt suggestion, so much to the point; few would have given Taffy credit for such shrewdness, and even I, who alone knew what he had in view, wondered at his for once proving so sharp. There was a lively twinkle in the Hedgehog's little eyes as he answered with much gravity—

"I didn't know, Rees, you took any great interest in books of scholarship; but if you wish to consult Conington I don't see why you shouldn't. You may go and look if it is in the library."

He handed out his key of the bookcases, and Taffy stalked off in triumph. He was away rather a long time, and when he came back he threw a significant look at me before handing the book to our master.

"Oh, but I thought you wished to use it in preparing for the examination!" said Mr. Edgewood, amid renewed laughter. "Well, never mind, perhaps I had better take charge of it for the present. If you hear Mr. Batt asking for it, you may tell him I shall be done with it in a few days."

Therewith he locked the book up in his desk we all applauding to think that our oppressor's teeth were drawn so far as Virgil went.

Now was I most eager to get out of school that I might hear what my partner had been about. In my impatience I could not bring myself to pay due attention to the Greek construing on hand, the result of which was another "transcription from Euripides," inflicted on me by Mr. Edgewood, who, with the ordeal of Monday before his eyes, showered more impositions than ever, as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. For a wonder, however, neither of us was detained that day, and I found Taffy waiting for me outside.

"It's all right! I have got it in the

study," he chuckled, as if this made an end of the difficulty.

We hurried upstairs, and when we came near the study I was struck by a strong smell like to betray us more certainly than ever. There was the grouse, indeed, hastily poked into our cupboard, but so high by this time that Taffy's hopes of making a feast off it must be at an end.

"Why on earth did you fetch it here?" cried I, flinging open the window. "It poisons the whole place. We shall have some prefect down on us. If ever there was a fool!"

"Where else could I put it?"

"Anywhere—wherever you like—take it away this minute—or I'll chuck both you and it out together."

"But where?" Taffy went on in his sing-song tones. "You were always bothering me to get it out of the library, and now you make a fuss because I do what you wanted."

I was too much put out to talk to such a fellow. There was nothing for it but to find some temporary place of concealment, as at this hour the passages were full of boys who would not fail to take up such a scent at full cry. The best resource that offered itself was a cracked flower-pot on the window sill. Into this I crammed the grouse, covering it up with a broken sardine-box, and shut down the window upon it. Then I made Taffy burn some brown paper to take away the smell.

We had hardly finished these precautions when there came a knock at the door, and to our consternation we heard the voice of Mr. Wyatt.

"Excuse me paying you a visit," he said, "but I am trying to get at the bottom of something that seems wrong with the drains; and there is a most extraordinary smell about here. Have you ever noticed it? Why, what have you been doing here?" he exclaimed, as he sniffed the burnt paper.

"Only burning some rubbish, sir," said Taffy, who would look out of the window at that flower-pot, just as if he wanted to direct the master's attention to it.

Mr. Wyatt looked suspicious.

"You haven't been smoking?" he asked.

"Oh no, sir!" answered Taffy, with all the boldness of conscious innocence. "I shouldn't think of such a thing. I never tried to smoke but once in my life—and that was in the holidays. I don't want to try again."

"Well, let us have no more burning things in your studies. You might set the house on fire. But I am glad it isn't anything to do with the drains. You haven't noticed any bad smells, have you?"

"Not till just now, sir," I assured him; and after asking one or two more questions, he withdrew without further examination, for though the prefects had a right to search in our studies, it was not etiquette for a master to intrude upon those sanctuaries unless on very special cause; in short, Mr. Wyatt felt that he had no business here.

When he was gone, I pointed out to Taffy that this fad of the house-master's, as we reckoned it, for suspecting the drains, would make it all the more dangerous for us if we could not manage to get rid of that unlucky bird. But now Taffy was in his dumps again, and objected to every plan I could suggest, till I had no more patience to talk to him; and, for the meanwhile, the grouse remained master of its situation on our window-sill.

That afternoon was a great occasion, the annual football match between our team and one of old boys come by train from London. Everybody was out in the field looking on at this stirring contest. But when I had seen the school kick a goal amid rapturous applause, and lose another with demonstrations not quite so enthusiastic on the part of the juvenile spectators, my own football ardour being a little chilled by the east wind, it occurred to me that now would be the best time for banishing my bugbear without detection.

The studies were deserted; even the school servants could be seen out in the crowd; nearly all the prefects were playing in the match: what hindered me then from going for that flower-pot, boldly walking out with it, and chucking it into the first ditch or into the river. Since Taffy's stupidity was sure to make some mess of the simplest business, I would not say a word about it to him till it was done, when I should have the satisfaction of showing him how much more smart and enterprising I was than he, though I didn't go stealing from dinner-tables.

Eager to carry out this design, I started off at once. But before I had got out of the field, I heard my name shouted, and there was Mellish calling me back.

"Why are you leaving the match, you young muff?"

"I have something to do, down town."

"Oh, that's all right. That's what I want. Go to the railway station, and ask if there is a parcel for me."

Although fagging did not much flourish at our school, the sixth form had a right to send lower boys on their errands. I had nothing for it, then, but to assent, and turned to go by the school-house.

"Where are you going to?" he roared after me.

"I wanted to fetch something out of my study."

"Nonsense, you go at once, or you'll be late for locking up, and I want that parcel before tea. This way, sir, and look as sharp as you can!"

So I had to make for the other gate, which was a shorter cut to the town; and thus my plan came to nought. I hurried to the station, where Mellish's parcel had not arrived—news for which he duly rewarded me by some rough language, as if it were my fault. It perhaps was my fault, for I saw a train coming in two minutes after I left the station; but took care not to go back, having no mind to oblige the prefect who had sent me off in so needless haste.

When I got to the school-house the match was over, and everywhere I met boys full of our not inglorious defeat. There was no chance now of conveying away the grouse, which at this moment I had fondly hoped would be feeding the rats or the fishes. Were we never to make an end of it?

The worst of it was that I had to lock the secret in my breast, without even the satisfaction of making any of my friends a more congenial confidant than that wretched accomplice of mine. By dint of brooding over it, I had almost come to take for granted that the guilt of the stolen grouse would more or less extend to me. Then, you see, I had not been long enough at this school to feel sure how the other boys would look at our exploit; and at school one is more afraid of public opinion than of official justice. There had been a time, no doubt, when such robbery would have been applauded as a spoiling of the Egyptians—at least, made no more of than cattle-lifting on the Highland border or smuggling on the shores of the Channel; but ours was a generation of "gentler manners, purer laws;" and I had an idea that most fellows would vote it, as I did myself, a caddish trick to poach a killed and cooked head of game, though they might have still enough of the old Adam not to be severe on such illegalities as robbing pheasants' nests or catapulting at rabbits—not that we often hit one. Schoolboy morality is apt to be thus defective, yet all the more severe upon recognised offences, so far as it goes. And what I felt most certain about was that I should be ashamed to be caught mixed up in any scrape with a fellow like Taffy.

It may seem to the reader that I was distressing myself unduly—and so perhaps I was, having little of the happy-go-lucky temperament which enables boys so often to throw off their troubles, at any rate till "to-morrow," that proverbial season for reckoning and reflection. You may ask why one of us did not walk out with the grouse and dispose of it safely during the hours of preparation, while the other fellows were too busy at their work to notice us. So we might have done, of course; but you must understand how that was an enterprise beset with difficulty and danger.

The school-house was then passing through a revolution, the pangs of which affected us two, its insignificant members, even as the tears of a conscript's sweetheart, or the fortunes of a speculating merchant may ebb and flow with the main stream of history. This revolution, which I have no further need to hint at, turned upon a struggle for power between Mr. Wyatt and the prefects.

Till recently, the latter had borne rule almost unchecked except by the force of tradition; but certain shortcomings in their government had caused the Warden to establish a new official over them under the title of House-master. His new authority, being somewhat indefinite, was like to be very much what he could make it; and Mr. Wyatt, being a man of character and conscientiousness, had a mind to make the most of it; while the prefects, resenting his curtailment of their prerogatives, resisted him by all the forms of constitutional opposition.

In the teeth of their disapproval he was bent on reforming what seemed to him abuses and laxities of discipline, which they were inclined to uphold, with the full force of popular sentiment on their side. Schoolboys are apt to be Tories; and we all strongly objected to the house-master's innovations, reviling him as meddlesome, inquisitorial, and, above all, as himself no real public-school man, which indeed was the gist of his offending. Now that I am grown up and can look at things from a different point of view, I fancy he was more in the right than the wrong; but at the time I shared the general denunciation of him as a tyrant, nowhere louder than in the mouths of the lower boys, whom he had rescued from certain bullying ways of the "good old times."

The progress and issue of this struggle are not to be chronicled here. One incident of it alone concerns our story, relating to the rule by which we were forbidden to go out of our studies during hours set apart for preparation of lessons. In the halcyon days of yore this rule had been more honoured in the breach than in the observance, so that sociable spirits became wont to spend a good part of their evenings in visiting from study to study, idling and making others idle. By the letter of the law it was clearly the prefects' business to stop such license; but they had not troubled much about it till Mr. Wyatt threatened to take the charge altogether out of their hands. This put them on their mettle; and, after several "rows" had taken place on the subject, they were for the present fain to show unwonted strictness as to carrying out our evening confinement, whereby the house-master scored one in his match against custom; but Taffy and I were the more likely to be caught out in playing that private game of ours.

(To be continued.)

A CORAL PRISON; OR, THE BOY HERMITS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

A TALE OF THE MALDIVE ISLES.

By David Ker,

Author of "For Life and Death," "Through the Darkness," "Drowned Gold," etc.

CHAPTER V.—AN OCEAN PALACE.

The new Government worked admirably for the next two or three days. Commander-in-Chief O'Brien captured a whole army of ducks and pigeons, while Admiral Harris made prizes of scores of fish, which Home-Secretary Beaumanoir cooked to admiration.

Meanwhile Professor Hoffmann, having made a geological survey of the whole island, came back from his travels with a collection of fruits and vegetables worthy of the Botanical Society of Berlin; and what with cocoanuts, bread-fruit, bananas, corn, fish, pigeons, and wild ducks, the whole Cabinet was literally rolling in wealth.

"If it goes on like this," said the Chief Magistrate in his after-breakfast Presidential Message on the third morning, "I guess my term of office 'll have nary show in history, for there ain't a single crime or a single war in the record."

But events were at hand which were to make President Merritt's administration famous in a way that he little expected.

That very evening Admiral Harris moved the immediate construction of a navy, their only vessel—the raft—being manifestly unseaworthy.

"And besides," he added, with the air of a judge quoting an unanswerable point of law, "Robinson Crusoe built a boat, you know—so of course *we* must."

"And he made just the very tallest kind of bungle of it at that," observed the President, severely. "Guess we'll fix things better'n Mr. Robinson Crusoe did when *we* begin."

"Better than *Robinson Crusoe!*" cried Bob, aghast at this daring attack upon the patron saint of all adventurous boys. "Why, don't you know he was the greatest man that ever lived?"

"The greatest of his *time*, p'r'aps," retorted the undaunted President; "but you've got to remember that he lived hundreds of years ago, 'way back in the dark ages, 'fore the foundation of Boston and New York.* The world's moved on consid'able since *his* time, I reckon; and if he was to come on deck *now*, and look around a bit, he'd feel kinder cheap, that's a fact!"

The boys could hardly believe their ears. What *would* he say next? One who had no reverence for Robinson Crusoe was quite capable of denying the existence of Admiral Nelson or Sinbad the Sailor.

"Now, just look here," resumed the lecturer, "Robinson Crusoe builds his boat so big, and so far away from the sea, that when it *is* built, he can't launch it, and it just lies and rots; and he's by way of being a *sailor*, too! How d'ye get round *that?*"

The blank looks of his hearers showed that they did not get round it at all.

"And that ain't all, neither," pursued the orator. "How long did it take him to get away from that island—an island almost in sight of the mainland, mark ye? Why, *twenty-seven years*; and he wouldn't have managed it *then*, only a ship came blunderin' up agin his old island by accident, and took him off."

The listeners exchanged glances of silent perplexity and dismay. Robinson Crusoe's cause was evidently losing ground before this overwhelming preacher.

"Now, wait a bit," continued the President; "that ain't all yet. 'Most any man could run a desert island by himself if he had a wreck always handy—first his own ship, and then that Spaniard—to chuck ashore stockings, and sweetmeats, and thrashin' machines, and sacks full o' dollars, and everything else he wanted. But where the real grit of a man comes in is when he ain't got nary thing at all, and has to invent 'em all out of his own head, same as *we're* going to do now!"

"But how *can* we?" cried Harris, somewhat staggered by this bold assertion.

"*I* dunno," answered the President, with manly frankness; "but we'll fix it somehow, you'll see!"

So the next morning they avoided Robinson Crusoe's error by beginning to cut down the biggest of a group of cocoa-palms on a point jutting out into the lagoon. For more than an hour they relieved each other in using the two hatchets which they had found; but this was hot work within seven degrees of the Line, and Bob at length proposed a swim.

In a trice all five were paddling about in the warm, clear, buoyant water, and splashing each other with shouts of glee, till O'Brien, tiring of the sport, scrambled up on to the point, and took a dive worthy of poor Captain Webb himself. But he instantly popped up again, crying:

"Boys, boys! I've found something!"

"Have you really?" cried Bob. "Just fancy, now! that's the very thing I lost a year ago, and I've been hunting for it ever since. Hand it over, there's a good fellow!"

"Arrah, thin, what for wud ye be afther laughin' at me, sure?" remonstrated Mike. "I tell yez I've found a *cave*—a raal fairy cave, that bates Tom Sawyer's all hollow!"

One by one they plunged where he pointed, and each in turn had a dim but splendid vision, through a gap in the coral wall, of what did indeed seem an enchanted cavern filled with all the fabled wonders of fairyland.

Mike and Louis, in their excitement, would have kept on diving till they were quite exhausted; but the cooler Merritt reminded them that the falling tide would soon leave the cave-mouth free; and, sure enough, when the full ebb came, more than half the opening was above water.

"Now for it!" cried Bob. "We'd best take our shoes, for you might just as well walk upon a knife-edge as on that sharp coral."

"And we'll bring the knives and hatchets along," added Merritt, "in case we find a sea-sarpent or an octopus located on the basement floor, like that feller in Victor Hugo."

For such practised athletes it was child's play to dive under the low arch of the cave mouth, and then to climb on to the narrow ledge of coral that ran along the side of the cavern. But, once inside, their talk and laughter were instantly hushed, and they gazed around them with a thrill of wondering awe, such as they had never felt before.

Through a rich summer twilight of mingled green and purple, like that which streams through the stained windows of some great cathedral, loomed arches and pillars and grottos and stairs and gateways, bright with all the glories of a colouring such as no painter ever equalled. Flowers and leaves of every hue—gorgeous crimson, delicate pink, deep glossy blue, pale gold, tender green, and velvety black—were outspread on all sides, so perfect a copy of real vegetation that nothing short of actually touching them could have convinced any one that these lovely blossoms and tendrils were only cold, hard stone. It was a temple built of flowers!

No sound broke the grand and solemn

* Defoe's famous story (which really appeared in 1719) has been credited with even greater antiquity than this. Some of my readers will doubtless remember the English schoolboy who, when asked to name the oldest book in the world, promptly answered "Robinson Crusoe."

stillness of that glorious place, save the tinkle of a tiny waterfall through a narrow cleft in the roof, and the faint lapping of unseen waters far down in the sunless caverns where man had never been. They were the first that had ever looked upon the silent beauty of this ocean palace, with the sea for its pavement—a palace which God's secret workmen, the coral insects, had been building for ages in the depths of the lonely sea, unwatched and unknown.

"I feel as if we'd done wrong to come here at all," whispered Merritt. "Human bein's don't b'long *here*—sitch a place as this ain't fit for any one but God!"

"Let's be afther gittin' away, annyhow," muttered O'Brien, with a half superstitious shudder. "Sure, I fale as if somethin' evil 'ud catch us iv we don't!"

Just at that moment, as if in confirmation of his ominous words, a black, ghostly shadow flitted athwart the rich transparent green of the water around the cave-mouth, and up to the very foot of the coral ledge on which they stood came, with a savage rush, the long grey body, gaping jaws, and small, cunning, cruel eye of a monstrous shark!

CHAPTER VI.—THE SHADOW OF COMING EVIL.

THE sudden appearance of this grim and merciless enemy in that scene of peace and beauty struck even the reckless boys with dismay.

"How on ze earth hafe *he* got in?" cried Karl Hoffmann; "I alvays tink dem lagoon hafe no shark in him. Dere must be one hole somevere in ze ausser (outer) reef."

"Maybe," growled Bob Harris; "but what we've got to think of now is not how he got *in*, but how we're to get *out*."

All five looked grave, for they now began to realise for the first time the full extent of their danger. If the shark chose to stay where he was (as he seemed only too likely to do with such a harvest of prey almost within his reach) they would be kept imprisoned here till the returning tide filled the cave, and either drowned them like rats, or swept them down into the jaws of their enemy. What was to be done?

"Could not we climb up by zis hole vere ze vataire-fall come troo?" suggested Louis Beaumanoir.

"No good; it's too narrow," said Bob, shaking his head. "Tell you what, boys, it won't do for us five to let ourselves be bullied by one old brute of a shark; let's all tackle him at once with our knives, and I'll be bound we'll settle him somehow."



"Another moment, and all would have been over with him."

"No, that's too risky," objected Merritt; "we've got to make it a dead-sure thing, or else it's no good trying it at all. Let me think a minute."

Then came a dead silence, and all looked anxiously at the thoughtful face of their leader, whose keen eye swept along the side of the cavern as if seeking something which he could nowhere find.

All at once it lighted up with a gleam

of triumph, which showed that the way of escape was found at last.

"*I've* got it, boys!" cried the President; "I guess we'll weather old Shovel-nose yet."

A few words, spoken as low as if he feared that the shark itself might overhear them, explained his plan; but, short as it was, it seemed to produce a wonderful effect upon his hearers, who interrupted him with a boisterous shout of approval.

A little way along the side of the cave from the spot where they were standing, the coral had crumbled or been broken away so as to form an inlet or cleft about twelve feet long by three or four broad. Thither the boys picked their way along the ledge, while the grim sentinel in the waters below dogged every step like a haunting shadow.

Just as they reached its edge Louis stumbled forward with a loud scream, and seemed to be actually falling into the dark, narrow pool below, into which the eager shark instantly darted like an arrow.

Never had that shark made a greater mistake in the whole course of his misspent life. In his eagerness to seize Louis—whose cleverly-feigned stumble might have been mistaken for a real one by a quicker brain than his—the fork-tailed pirate had run himself into a place where he had no room to turn round, and where, in throwing himself on his side to clutch his prey (as a shark's under-hung jaw always obliges it to do), he had entangled his huge projecting back-fin among the coral branches, and had altogether got into a very awkward "fix."

"*Now!*" cried Jake Merritt, as his axe fell like a thunderbolt upon the shark's brittle snout, while Bob Harris's knife struck home into the vital spot just behind the back-fin.

The wounded monster lashed and struggled so terrifically that the coral all around it splintered and crashed like broken glass, and Louis, who had already made one home-thrust into the shark's broad whity-grey side, and was just raising his arm to repeat it, lost his footing (this time in real earnest), and fell all his length, almost within reach of the terrible jaws that were gnashing and snapping like a steel-trap.

Another moment, and all would have been over with him; but, quick as lightning, Karl Hoffmann's broad blade was buried to the very haft in the monster's eye, while the second hatchet, wielded by Mike O'Brien's strong arm, came down upon the flapping tail with a blow that cut right through the bone.

"He's most through with it," said Merritt, dragging up Louis out of harm's way; "I guess he won't want another dose."

Nor did he. A few more convulsive struggles, and their enemy lay dead before them, while the conquerors hastened to make their way out of the cavern and get safe ashore, lest (as Merritt suggested), "the junior partner of the firm might be somewhar round, and come along to see what the boss shark was doin'."

* * * * *

"Well, I guess the first battle of the Union Island Army has resulted in a glorious victory," remarked the President that evening, as well as an enormous mouthful of fish and bread-fruit would let him; "and the enemy's ours whenever we care to go and fetch him, for he ain't a-goin' to git out of that coral bath-tub o' his in a hurry. Say, Professor, you're our public press, I reckon, so you'd best begin right off and log down the history of the war."

"Und mit *vat* zall I log him?" asked Hoffmann, with a grin. "Zall I write ze historee on mine shirt mit one burnt stick?"

"Guess it wouldn't be much *blacker* than the history of some Eu-ropean fixings, if you did," observed the President, cynically. "Well, I reckon we'll have to invent pens and paper, for we hain't got nary one. It's kinder rough on the cause of pop'lar education, too; for unless we write our own books I dunno whar the national library's to come from—we didn't bring any literature ashore with us, I guess."

"Troth, but we *did*, though!" cried Mike O'Brien, jumping up as if struck with a new idea; "I'd clane forgotten that ould newspaper that I put in the crown o' my hat!"

"In the crown of your hat?" echoed Bob, amid a general shout of laughter. "Did you put it there in despair of ever being able to get it into your *head?*"

"No, he tink dat ven de vedder get hot ze news melt and run down into his brains like buttaire!" chuckled little Louis.

"Arrah, now, be aisy wid yer jokin'!" said Mike, grinning. "Sure I heard our ould cyaptain say wanst that nobody cud iver git through a Bombay newspaper; so, thinks I, if the *sun* can't get through it, it'll kape my head illigantly cool."

"Well done, General!" said the President; "you're holding two offices at once, for you seem to be Keeper of the Public Records as well as Commander-in-Chief. Well, I guess you'd better put our national literature up to dry, if there's anything left of it."

Carefully, as if handling a lighted bomb-shell, Mike extracted the pulpy mass from his strong "sou'-wester" hat. It was promptly squeezed between two flat stones and then set in the sun to dry; after which Merritt cautiously unfolded it, and, to his great satisfaction, found the print still readable, though a good deal frayed.

"Now, Gineral," cried he, handing the paper to O'Brien, "you being the custodian of our public library, it's your duty to make us acquainted with the contents."

Mike was silent, and looked embarrassed.

"Why, you *can* read, can't you?" asked Merritt, in surprise.

"Yis, I can rade," answered O'Brien, hesitatingly; "but—but just at present I'm a thrifle *out of practice!*"

Amid the laughter that greeted this modest confession, Merritt took the paper, and glancing over it, called out:

"Hollo, boys, here's something! Listen:

"'STARTLING DISCOVERY OF A NATIVE PLOT.

SCHEMES TO OVERTHROW THE BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.'"

"What? haven't they had enough of it *yet*?" cried Bob, savagely. "They want another licking like what we gave 'em in '57, and they'll get it, too!"

"'Recent events in the Soudan,'" read Merritt, "[that means poor Gordon's murder and the fall of Khartoum, I reckon] 'have excited to a dangerous pitch the inflammable Mussulman population of Western India. For some time past, suspicious symptoms have been multiplying; and the fiercer Mohammedan devotees have been openly preaching rebellion against England, whose power they believe to be on the wane. But within the last few days the activity of our native spies has revealed the existence of a definite and widespread plot to repeat on a yet vaster scale the great tragedy of 1857, one of the leaders having given orders for the massacre of all Europeans without distinction.'"

"Well, as sure as I'm President of this Republic, that puts *us* in a pretty close place," said Merritt, throwing down the paper. "The folks on these islands are Mohammedans, and mighty strict ones at that; and bein' in constant communication with India, they're bound to know of this plot; and o' course they'll go for the first chance of hoeing their own patch in the gineral massacre, and the first chance is us five. Seems to me we've got here just in time to be comfortably done for."

(*To be continued.*)

SAVED BY A SINGLE STRAND.

A TRUE TALE.

By Captain C. H. Ozanne, O.S.D.

The Swallow was running before a steady breeze on her way to join the allied English and French fleets at the rendezvous in the Gulf of Pechili, in the north of China. She had on board a regiment of infantry, who formed part of the expedition sent in 1860 against the Taku forts on the Peiho River.

The Swallow had left Hong-Kong some time before, and had been delayed by contrary winds. She was now within two days' sail of her destination. The captain, finding his stock of wood and water running short, was anxious to lay in a fresh supply. He therefore requested the colonel in command of the troops to allow half-a-dozen of his men to land and fill the casks.

A boat was got ready, and six soldiers selected to go ashore in her.

As the regiment had been quartered for some time at Hong-Kong, most of the men could handle an oar fairly. The third mate and one sailor were put in charge of the cutter, and Lieutenant Garnett was detailed by the colonel to take command of the soldiers.

The military portion of the crew got into the boat briskly enough. They were heartily sick of the long confinement on board, and went off in the highest spirits at the prospect of a run ashore.

The cutter ran rapidly towards the land, and the ship lay to until her return. They had brought three axes to cut wood, and all were well armed. Though he did not anticipate any difficulty in obtaining the required supplies, the colonel, in view of the disturbed state of the country, had given orders for the men to take their rifles.

Making straight for shore, the mate ran
e boat upon a stretch of sand. Here she
as beached, and left in charge of a soldier
id the sailor, while the rest of the party set
t in search of water.

The casks were soon filled from a stream
ose by, and they then proceeded to look for
od. Scarcely had they left the stream,
ien they were met by a party of villagers,
ose looks were by no means encouraging.
was evident that they recognised the in-
ders as belonging to the expedition, and
owed no intention of receiving them in a
endly spirit. As the Chinese were badly
med, Lieutenant Garnett determined to
ect his object in spite of their opposition.
e therefore collected his small party into a
mpact body and boldly advanced. The
inese slowly retreated, sullenly making
y on their approach. They followed at a
ort distance like a swarm of angry bees,
attering and gesticulating fiercely. It was
ar that they had all the will to torture and
rder the party if only they were able to
erpower them.

The men set to work to gather wood, and
cut up the dead branches into logs of a
nvenient length, while the two officers kept
tch upon the Chinese. Whilst they were
engaged, the villagers jealously and sulkily
tched their proceedings.

When they had gathered a small supply of
od, they carried it to the boat. As they
ned towards the shore Lieutenant Garnett
ew towards the natives what he consi-
ed an amply sufficient sum to pay for the
od they had taken. The Chinese picked
the silver, but did not show any surprise
gratitude. The party of English re-em-
ked, closely followed by the villagers, who
w bolder as they saw that the intruders
owed no intention of making an attack
n their homes. The boat was pushed off,
l the yellow-faced natives lined the shore;
l, emboldened apparently by the absence
danger, shouted defiance and hatred, like
ack of pariah dogs in an Arab village after
retiring heels of a passer by, before whose
eatened attack the whole gang had lately
l with one consent.

The cutter ran out of the bay, and, on
ibling a headland which shut in the en-
nce, was met by a stiff breeze, which had
en since they left the ship, and from which
y had been sheltered in the bay. It blew
ectly from the ship, so that it was clear
t they would have some difficulty in
ching her.

The sea got up rapidly, and soon became
wild that it was plainly hopeless for them
think of making the Swallow. The mate
ked at the land, in the hope of running
k for shelter. By this time the cutter had
ared the headland, and, upon a long stretch
beach, they saw a crowd of natives, who
l collected after their departure, and now,
ing their critical condition, were evidently
aiting the result.

Their intentions were too plain to allow
cutter's crew to think of trusting them-
ves to their tender mercies. The popula-
n of the whole village had apparently col-
ted like vultures at the prospect of an easy
y.

The wind beat them back, and they found
at they were fast approaching the shore.
close were they that they could hear,
rough the roar of the wind, the savage
es of the expectant crowd as they thronged
wn close to the edge of the breakers in
eir eagerness to seize their prey.

There was no time to be lost. The only
pe was to remain where they were. The
at was equipped with a heavy anchor, to
hich a stout hawser was fastened to do
ty for a cable. This was dropped over the
de, and as it disappeared the mate's heart sank as he pictured to himself the flukes of the anchor burying themselves in the sand of the bottom, and finding nothing to give hold sufficient to resist the drag of the boat, as she drove shorewards before the wind and waves. If only there were rocks to give good holding ground! At this thought another picture rose in his mind. Could that hawser stand the chafing of a rock long enough to hold till the wind fell? There was little choice. He glanced at his companions' faces, and, seeing that his gloomy forebodings were not shared by them, resolved to keep his own counsel.

The hawser ran out until the anchor reached bottom. It then grew taut under the strain, and the boat's way was stopped. The anchor held. No, she moves again! Slowly but surely she creeps shorewards, dragging the heavy anchor after her.

The hopeful faces of the occupants grew blank with disappointment. Like some terror-stricken bird, drawn by the deadly fascination of a serpent, the boat makes slowly for the shore.

"Hurrah! it holds."

The anchor is apparently caught in a rock, the hawser stiffens out, and the plucky little cutter faces the waves with the air of one determined to do or die. The foiled surges break over her and her crew, as she bravely throws up her nose to meet the attack.

The Chinamen gave vent to their rage in a yell, as they saw the cutter's way checked at the very moment they thought she was running straight into their hands. The crew was kept busily at work, however, baling out the water that poured in over the bows.

The party in the boat were in hopes that the Chinese, seeing themselves balked, would retire; but, to their annoyance, they soon saw that they were determined to remain on the spot and await the result of the struggle.

The day drew to a close, and the Chinese began to light fires, evidently prepared to spend the night on the shore. The Swallow's lights, too, faintly twinkled in the distance, and the sight of them made those in the cutter feel their position even more keenly. To add to their discomfort the pangs of hunger began to assail them. Several attempts were made to light a fire, so that the kettle might be boiled and a rasher of ham cooked. The fire lit up, burnt briskly for a few minutes, and as the hopes of the famished party began to grow bright with the cheerful glow, the jealous sea would dash in, drown the fire and their hopes, and hiss spitefully among the embers at their discomfiture. After several vain attempts, they were forced to content themselves with cold water, ship's biscuit, and raw ham, of which there was a small supply on board. Hungry men are not fastidious, and the meal was soon disposed of.

Weary as was the mate, his thoughts were oppressed with deep anxieties, which he had till now kept to himself. The wild plunging of the boat as she tore at her moorings, like an impatient charger eager for the fray, induced him to lay his hand upon the hawser. To his horror he felt a grating, grinding sensation that told a tale which brought vividly before his mind all the stories he had ever heard of the fiendish tortures which the Chinese practise upon their prisoners.

But he was a brave man, and did not let such terrors overcome him. He tried to conceal his fears, and to enter into the efforts of the soldiers to make a fire, hoping that the wind would fall or shift before the rocks should grind through the cable.

Lieutenant Garnett had observed his hand, as he from time to time laid it upon the hawser, and did the same. Glancing at the mate, who was watching him, he read in his eye confirmation of his suspicions. The mate nodded towards the soldiers in intimation of his desire that they two should keep their fears to themselves.

A long, weary, and anxious night followed. All were wet, hungry, and exhausted. The motion of the boat made it impossible to sleep; though now and again they would snatch a few minutes, to be rudely roused by the breaking of a larger sea than usual over the boat. To be brought so abruptly back from the happiness of unconsciousness to a knowledge of their critical condition seemed to make their position all the more forlorn for the temporary freedom from anxiety.

At length the weary night came to an end, and the dawn broke upon the dispirited crew. The anxiety and exposure showed itself in their pale faces, dull eyes, and listless attitudes. Wet, cold, hunger, and suspense had set their mark upon the nine exhausted men.

The wind began to lull somewhat; but it was not until noon that the sea, though still surging savagely, ceased to break over the boat. The soldiers now lit a fire and made some tea, which, with a biscuit apiece, somewhat raised the spirits of the worn-out men.

The two officers and the sailor, however, had spent a night of suspense sufficient to exhaust the hardiest. They knew only too well that it was a question of grave doubt whether the hawser would hold until the wind lulled, or be cut through before. If the former, they hoped to be able to beat out of the bay; in the latter case, they would unquestionably be driven upon the shore, to become the victims of men even crueller in their ingenious tortures than the most fierce savage, in spite of their boasted civilisation running back to the remotest antiquity.

The day dragged wearily on. All were exhausted, and almost anxious for the fatal moment, which they now despaired of escaping, to come. They were determined to die rather than fall into the hands of the foe, who waited with such cruel persistence the moment of their triumph.

Towards four in the afternoon, the mate fancied that the wind blew less steadily, and faint hopes of a shift in its direction began to overcome his despair. At five he told Lieutenant Garnett of his hopes, for every moment the wind crept nearer the land. At half-past five he gave orders to weigh the anchor, as he had hopes of being able to beat out of the bay. He was a first-rate sailor, and knew his boat.

All was got ready. The soldiers brightened up at the prospect of a move, and, when everything was ready, they were set to work to haul in the hawser, while the sailors hoisted the sail.

As the anchor was lifted from the bottom, the waves drove the boat towards the shore. The Chinese raised a triumphant howl, thinking that the boat was dragging her anchor, and that their long anticipated prey was about to fall into their hands.

The sail was rapidly hoisted, the wind caught it, and the shoreward rush of the boat was checked. She stood still. The waves forced her towards land, and the wind was only just sufficient to counteract the rush of the sea.

She hung as in a balance. Which would win the day? The slightest lull in the wind, and the boat would be whirled on shore with such force that the sail would be unable to gain the mastery. It was a trying moment. Their lives hung by a thread.

The anchor was heavy, but the eager hands of the men rapidly hauled it in.

"Look sharp with that anchor, men," cried the mate, anxiously; "it's just a toss-up whether we'll fetch out of the bay or not."

The men were straining every nerve to get the anchor in, as it was hoped that, as soon as it was on board, the balance would be in

favour of the wind. At last it came to the surface, and the sailor leaned over to swing it on board, while the other men leant over to the other side to trim the boat.

With a heave, he swung the anchor over the gunwale, and—fell backwards into the bottom of the boat with the ragged end of the hawser in his hand. The cable had parted!

On examination, it was found that the rocks had chafed through the stout hawser, leaving the anchor attached by a single strand; and this, worn nearly through, had parted at the slight jerk given by the sailor.

Had the mate delayed but a few minutes longer, the cutter must have been dashed ashore before they had time to hoist the sail.

All now understood the anxiety which the mate had been unable altogether to conceal in his looks, and his eagerness to leave their moorings, to which they were held by so frail a stay.

The boat, freed from the dragging of the anchor, now began slowly to move forward in the water.

The Chinese, as they saw their prey slowly but surely creeping out of danger, raised a howl of execration. The occupants of the boat, weary as they were, gave a mocking cheer in answer, and waved their dripping caps in farewell.

After many a tedious tack, the cutter succeeded in beating out of the bay, and in making her way to the ship, which they reached at 10 P.M. Here they were received almost as if they had risen from the dead. They had not been seen from the ship, whose masthead lights alone they had been able to distinguish over the headland. Those on board the Swallow had seen the crowd of Chinese, and ha imagined that they were waiting for the shi to be driven on shore, and share the fate whic they concluded had befallen their comrade in the cutter.

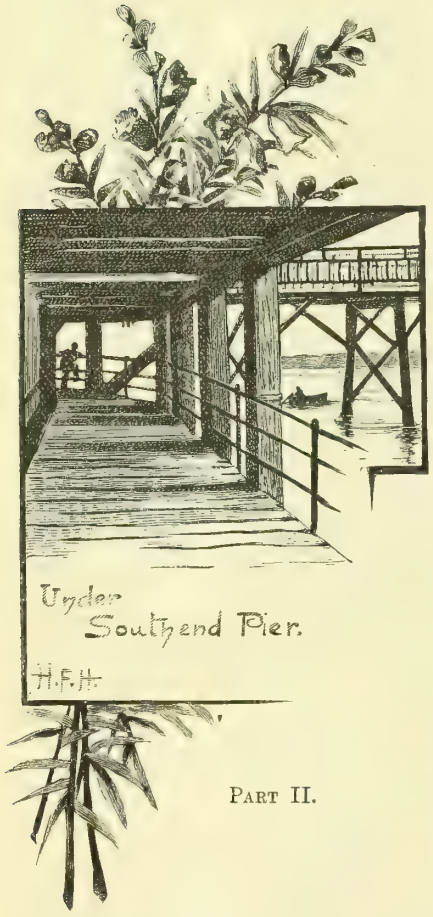
The exhausted party thankfully made the way on board, where the relief of moving the cramped limbs after sitting so long in a sma boat was a pleasure to them, weary and wor as they were.

They all turned in, and found deeper ple sure in the warm bunks and hammocks, t which they retired after being provided wit hot soup. About noon next day they mad their appearance, none the worse for the long exposure and anxiety, though the tw officers were observed to be more than usual silent for several days afterwards.

(THE END.)

THE CRUISE OF THE CHRISTABEL.

By the Author of "A Trip down the Thames," etc., etc.



PART II.

LEIGH, now nothing but a fishing village of shrimpers mostly, was formerly of considerable importance, for the land round about was once covered with fine vineyards of the large black Reinish grape, and its little port was then the wine-cheap of the Metropolis, and in the Doomsday Book is an account of the number of acres of vines growing round the spot. How things have changed! Who would think of going to Leigh now for a bottle of wine?

We were soon near enough, thanks to the towers, to bring up with our kedge-anchor, and having roughly stowed the sails, Bill pulled us to the pierhead about nine o'clock.

I wanted to make use of the first of the next ebb, so after a short walk round to satisfy O'Reilly, we went aboard again by eleven, and turned in for the night.

Four o'clock the following morning found us under way again. I happened to wake about half an hour previously, and, looking on deck, found a thick haze, but a light north-westerly breeze was blowing, just fair for us, so, in hopes of the mist clearing off later on, I called the mate, and while the others peacefully slept we got our anchor and made sail.

The hazy, misty look still continued, and not a single vessel could we see anywhere; even the pierhead, so close to us, was totally hid; but the wind carried us along about seven knots, and we kept on our course by compass until six o'clock, when the sun broke through, the mist vanished like magic, and we found ourselves abreast of the Mouse Light.

There were some signs of life below by this time, and presently up popped Jack's head, and then O'Reilly came tumbling on deck.

"Hallo! where's the pier gone to? where are we?" said he, looking round with a puzzled expression on his face.

"That's a long way astern by now," I replied; "here we are off the Mouse."

"Why didn't you call me?" said Jack. "How long have you been up?"

"Since four o'clock, and I am getting peckish, so bear a hand and help Bill get the breakfast ready."

"Well, I am surprised," said O'Reilly, "I never even felt the motion. I must have slept soundly."

The breakfast was ready on the table by half-past seven, and we sat down to it with capital appetites. There's no doubt about hunger being the best sauce.

I took the tiller again while the mate and Bill went below to breakfast, and with a freshening breeze we soon passed the Middle Lightship, and rounding the Whitaker Buoy we went through the Swin Spitway, between the Buxey and the Gunfleet Sands. By nine o'clock we had passed the river Colne, and were abreast of the village of St. Osyth, with its fine old priory. The people living round about Brightlingsea and Wyvenhoe seem to experience a difficulty in saying "St. Osyth," so it is generally spoken of as "Toozy."

"Did you ever hear the legend of the holy maid St. Osyth, Jack?" said I.

"No," replied he, lying back on a coil of the mainsheet. "Spin us the yarn, old man."

"Well, history says that she was the daughter of Redwald, one of the wisest and most valiant of the petty kings of the Saxon Heptarchy. According to all accounts, she was supposed to be an uncommonly pretty Saxon girl; but, contrary to most young ladies of th present day, she seems to have had a decide objection to matrimony. Now, her paren had privately decided that she should marr Sighere, a young prince of the East Saxon and when one afternoon she was told to p on her best bib-and-tucker ready for the cer mony, they were astounded to hear her decla she would not marry any one, and had mad up her mind to become a nun. You can im agine there was a nice uproar in the pala when they heard that; and the poor gi finding nothing she could say would det her parents from carrying their purpose in effect, resolved to marry Sighere, and e deavour to persuade him to consent to a immediate separation as soon as the ceremon was over. Her young husband was, I suppos more tender-hearted than her parents, an yielded to her entreaties to be permitted become a nun, and, after tenderly biddin her adieu, took himself off to the wars to s if a few hard blows would help to console hi for the loss of his pretty bride; while sh retired to the place we are now off—and th known by the name of 'Chic'—and wi some companions built and endowed a nu nery. Well," said I, continuing, "a fe years after, some piratical Danes, under com mand of Hubba and Inguar, landed on th south-east coast of Essex, and, according their good old custom, laid their hands o everything they could find; and, amon numerous other places, they gave a mornin call at St. Osyth's nunnery, and endeavoure to persuade our heroine to abjure Christiani and do reverence to Thor and other Northe gods. She stoutly refused, however; an Hubba, enraged at her obstinacy, drew h sword and smote off her beautiful hea Forthwith, according to the characteristi legend, a fountain broke forth on the sp where she fell, the waters of which were certain remedy for all sorts of diseases. H body then rose from the sitting position which she had been killed, and taking h head in the hands, it walked to the church St. Peter and St. Paul, which she had founde about a quarter of a mile from the nunner and knocked for admission. Her parents ha her body buried before the church porch but afterwards it was removed to Aylesbur for fear of the Danes, and forty-six yea after was again carried to its original restin place."

"Is that all?" said Jack, looking roun "Where are we?"

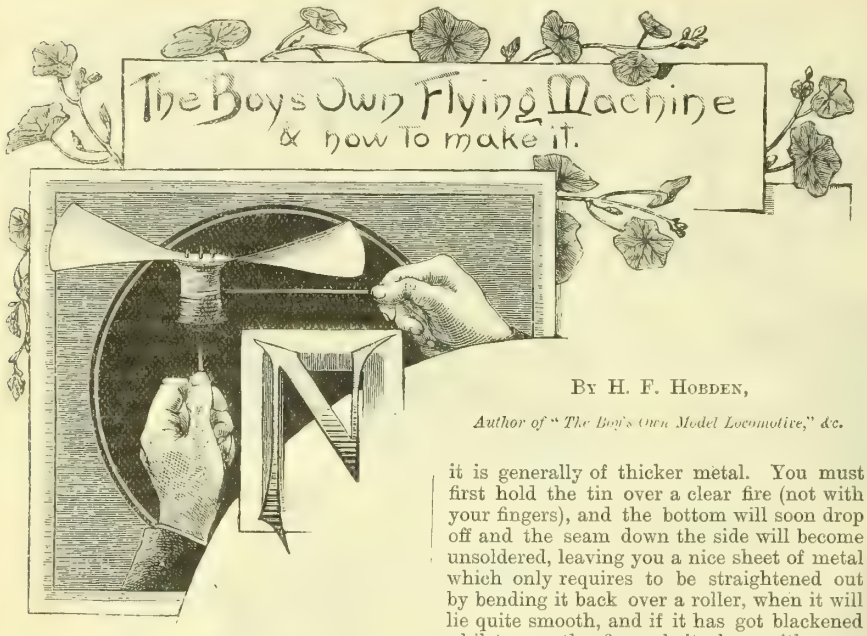
"Just off Clacton, and it is only a quart past nine; that is making good use of th time."

(To be continued.)



A Pet Raven!

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* J. A. SHEPHERD.)



By H. F. Hobden,

Author of "The Boy's Own Model Locomotive," &c.

Numerous machines have been invented at different times for the purpose of enabling a person to rise from the ground and fly through the air from one place to another, and all have failed, the inventors generally having some excuse to offer in explanation of their special machine not acting, like the man who, having provided himself with a couple of wings formed of cocks' feathers, and which were arranged to be worked by a set of strings, jumped off the roof of a house, and, after giving a flap or two, fortunately for himself saved his neck by falling on to a heap of manure, when, having picked himself up and found no bones broken, his courage returned, and he explained that the failure was due to the fact of having used "cocks' feathers" instead of "eagles'," which he said he now found would be the right sort to use!

Personally we have not enough muscular power to keep ourselves suspended in the air by any action of our arms, either provided with wings or otherwise, and the problem of flying will, I think, never be solved until our mechanical motors and steam engines are produced of a much greater power in proportion to their weight than they are at present.

If this little difficulty could be got over in some way, I see no reason why the "aeronef," so graphically described by Jules Verne in his "Clipper of the Clouds" (which appeared in these pages during 1887), should not become a practical reality.

Now, I have no desire that any of my readers should attempt to make a machine to lift themselves up by, but the little toy I am going to describe ascends into the air by the same screwing action as that supposed to be used in the "aeronef." The great advantage with this toy is that it is easily made, and affords considerable amusement in watching its flight through the air.

And now we will commence making it.

The sketch at the heading shows the machine complete, the cost of which is simply *nil*, as it may be easily constructed from a few odds and ends to be found in every home. The complete outfit consists of a short length of stout iron wire (an old meat-skewer answers capitally), a cotton reel, two screws, a piece of thin string, and, last, a sheet of tin, which can be obtained by annexing an empty condensed-milk tin or, better still, a tin that has contained fruit, as it is generally of thicker metal. You must first hold the tin over a clear fire (not with your fingers), and the bottom will soon drop off and the seam down the side will become unsoldered, leaving you a nice sheet of metal which only requires to be straightened out by bending it back over a roller, when it will lie quite smooth, and if it has got blackened whilst over the fire rub it clean with some brickdust and water. It is now ready to draw upon, so lay it on a board and mark a straight line down the centre by means of a lead pencil or sharp point of a nail or brad-awl, as shown by dotted line A, B, Fig. 1; then from the central point C, with a pair of dividers, describe a small circle 2 inches in diameter, and from the same centre, with a radius of 4 inches or more, mark off the arcs at A, B.

Using the dotted line as a centre where it cuts the arcs A, B, mark off $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch on

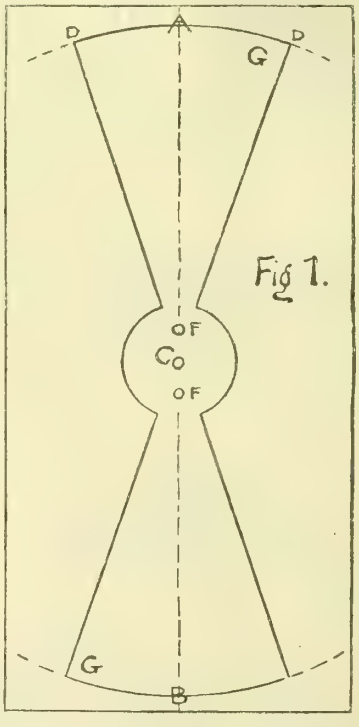


Fig 1.

either side as at D, D, and from those points draw lines to the centre C, stopping the line when it reaches the small circle.

Do the same on the other side, and the form will be complete.

The lines must be drawn carefully, as the flying capabilities of the machine depend very much on having both wings alike.

It can now be cut out with a stout pair of scissors, or metal shears if you have them; but if you use the scissors do not pick out your mother's best pair, as it is not calculated to improve their cutting qualities.

Three holes have to be punched through the tin, one at the centre C and one on either side, at a distance of three-eighths of an inch as at F, F. These holes should be about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and the burr should be taken off the back by means of a file.

The corners G, G have to be turned gently upwards, and the opposite corners downwards, which will give it somewhat the appearance of a ship's propeller, Fig. 2, and the flying

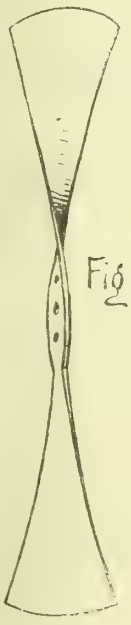


Fig 2.

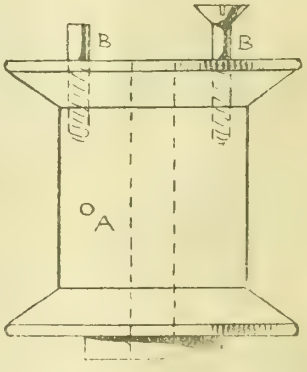
Fig 4.



portion of our machine is now finished, and can be laid aside while we prepare the reel.

Those used on sewing machines are most suitable, having a shoulder at one end to revolve on; pick out a sound one, and drill a

Fig 3.



small hole through it, A, Fig. 3, by which the piece of string is attached by a knot.

The two screws I mentioned are to be screwed in at the top, B B, until only the smooth portion shows; they should be six eighths of an inch apart to correspond with the holes in the tin.

The heads of the screws must now be either filed or sawn off with a fret-saw, as shown on one of them.

The wire or skewer, which forms the handle is to be bent to a double right angle at about

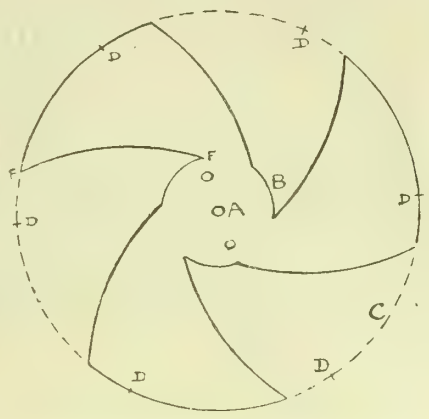
1¼ inch from the pointed end, which forms a base for the reel to rest upon, as at A, Fig. 4. The lower end is then turned up to any convenient form, and this completes the entire machine. The string should now be wound round the reel, which is placed on the wire handle, and the tin flyer put over the two headless screws, the wire handle projecting through the central hole.

Now hold the machine by the handle in the left hand well above your head, and pull the string quickly by the right hand, and the flyer will rapidly ascend to a height of from 50 to 100 feet or more in the air, according to the force with which you pulled the string, and will then gradually return to within a few feet of the starting point.

Care should be taken to hold it well up above the face, in case it should strike you as it leaves the reel.

The flyers can be made of stout cardboard;

Fig 5



but are not so satisfactory, being easily torn at the holes, and generally last but one or two flights.

A three-bladed flyer acts equally well, and, I think, flies more easily, and can be made as shown in Fig. 5.

From centre A, strike the 2-inch circle B; and, then, with any radius you require, strike the larger circle C, and divide the circumference into six portions by the radius as at D, D.

From these points as centres, strike the curves F F, continuing them until they touch the inner circle B; the portion marked by the dotted line on circumference can then be cut away between each wing, leaving a three-bladed screw, the outside edges of which must be twisted with the points upwards; and, after the three central holes have been punched, it is ready for work.

HOW TO PREPARE AND MOUNT OBJECTS FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.

Author of "How to make an Induction Coil," "Electric Lamps and how to work them," "Electro-motors and how to make them," etc. etc.

PART I.—MOUNTING IN CANADA BALSAM.

The autumn is now with us, and various occupations which were perforce laid aside during the summer months will once more be brought forward and resume their sway, while others only to be carried on during the warmer part of the year will have to give place to those which are adaptable to the dull days of winter. The pursuit which I have chosen for the subject of this article is practically adaptable to all seasons of the year, and is thus especially interesting.

The microscope, above all other instruments, has revealed to us the most of the wonders of everyday existence which continually surround us. What the telescope is to the surveyor of the sky the microscope is to the student of the earth, and no one who is fond of searching out the mysteries of insect, animal, and vegetable life can afford to dispense with this, the best means of bringing to our knowledge the details which would otherwise be passed by in complete ignorance.

Now, every boy who possesses a microscope can find enough objects on which to use it to last him for years without moving out of the house, and in the summer-time his walks abroad will provide him with objects especially valuable for the lessons they teach him, and the contemplation of which will afford him hours of pleasure. But there is no reason why all this gratification should be abandoned during the winter, for by preparing and mounting his objects in a suitable manner he can keep them for many years without fear of their becoming deteriorated. They will then always be ready to show to his friends, and on days when he cannot go out he will still have the products of his rambles to interest him.

Of the microscope itself I do not mean to treat at any length. Suffice it to say that at any respectable dealer's you can get a really good instrument for a moderate sum. Messrs. R. & J. Beck have achieved such renown in this special manufacture that I do not scruple to mention their name. At the same time there are many others no doubt equally good in their own line. From Messrs. Beck you can get a really good microscope for three guineas and upward; of course, the more you pay the more elaborate the instrument. Their address is 64 Cornhill, E.C.

There are three methods of mounting objects for the microscope, and all specimens, of whatever nature they may be, must come under the head of one of these methods. The first method is that of mounting animal tissues, &c., in a transparent medium, having first rendered the objects themselves transparent. The second is the method of mounting vegetable tissues, and other substances not suitable for the first method, in some preservative fluid contained in a "cell" on the glass slide. In the third method the objects are mounted dry, and as in this case they generally require little or no preparation before being mounted, objects which come under this heading are generally the easiest to deal with.

I propose, then, to give you simple instructions as to how objects for the microscope may be mounted in all three ways, so that whenever an object which you have found on an excursion takes your fancy, you may be able to preserve it so that it can be looked at whenever you like.

And first of all, as to the method of mounting objects in a transparent solid medium. The medium used for this purpose is almost always the substance known as "Canada Balsam." This is a kind of sticky, gummy substance, which is rendered more fluid when heated, and afterwards sets hard; it is therefore well suited to the end we have in view. Canada balsam is of a light yellow colour, and is thinned, if necessary, by the addition of a little turpentine. It possesses the property, like most oily, resinous substances, of permeating thin objects, such as animal tissues, and therefore renders them beautifully transparent for viewing through the microscope. It possesses a peculiar, and, to my mind, rather pleasant smell; and if you work much with it you will get so accustomed to the smell that in after years whenever you open a bottle of Canada balsam your thoughts will instantly go back to the pleasant time you spent when mounting treasures for your microscope. A characteristic smell is to most people the most effective reminder possible of days gone by.

Besides a bottle of Canada balsam (which you can get from any chemist), you will want some glass slips on which to mount the objects, and some cover glasses to put over them. I am supposing that you are not overburdened with pocket-money, and therefore will not feel inclined to spend more than you can help in purchasing knives for cutting sections, &c., and other useful but not necessary apparatus. If you proceed from these simple beginnings to really elaborate dissections, &c., you will want more expensive apparatus. A pair of small scissors with fine points should be provided, and for arranging the object on the slide you should provide some instruments made by fixing the eye end of two or three needles of varying sizes into small handles cut out of slips of wood, with the aid of a pair of pincers. You must also go to a chemist's and buy a dozen or two of what are called in chemical language "test-tubes"; about 4 inches long by ½ inch in diameter will be about the right size for your purpose. For holding larger quantities of solutions you should have some (say three or four) larger ones, about 6 inches long and ¾ inch in diameter; broad ones are much pleasanter to use than narrow ones. They are not at all expensive, so you may as well have a good supply. To hold them upright you should purchase a "test-tube holder," with which the chemist will supply you.

Suppose now that we are about to make our first attempt at mounting an object. One of the best objects on which to commence, as it is easily obtained, will be the leg or wing of a "blue-bottle" fly. And here let me say that, if it is absolutely necessary to kill an insect in order to dissect it, it should be killed in as painless a manner as it possibly can be.

(*To be continued.*)

Correspondence.

RABBITS. THE BATH. KNOCK-KNEES. INCREASING THE HEIGHT, &c. (Many Querists.)—Kindly read back. If we kept on answering these queries every week we should have no tales nor illustrations either.

FEMALE PARRAKEET PLUCKING MALE (Aqua.).—The habit arises from neglect in food and cleanliness and from confinement in a small cage. Better separate them for a time.

"SCURVY" ON THE FACE (Monthly Reader).—You mean scurf, not scurvy. It is a symptom of bad health. Attend to digestion and rules of health. Use a little benzoated oxide of zinc every night.

HEN'S FEATHERS AWRY (Volatile).—It will not hurt unless they are show-birds.

DOG WITH MANGE (A. P. C.).—You will find the compound sulphur ointment of the shops, with a little green iodide of mercury (a dram to the ounce), about the best cure. Anoint twice a week after the dog has been washed with lukewarm water and Spratt or Pamulin soap. Give green vegetables in food and castor oil once a week.

COW GIVING MILK (E. F. Perkins).—All depends on the breed, the feeding, and the time of year. The milk is in larger quantity and better in quality in spring.

SNAKES (Amic. Serp.)—1. You can hardly be a friend to snakes if you want to kill them. In our adventures with snakes, which have been many and varied and in all parts of the world, we have always thought more of preserving our own skin than the snake's. But if we were to catch a viper with long forceps, as the man in the New Forest does, we should pop him into a bottle of gin. 2. Food of a vivarium containing snakes, lizards, slow-worms, tortoises, and toads, meal worms, garden worms, bits of meat, flies, &c. 3. In old dryish forests and in moorlands partly grass and partly heather. Some parts of the Scottish Highlands are overrun with snakes.

FOOD FOR HIGH-FLYING PIGEONS (T. H. Allen).—Fly in the morning before feeding. Confine them on their return to the loft. For long-distance flying, or pigeons that are a long time on the wing, parched peas are used. They digest slowly and support the strength gradually.

BOOK ON RABBITS AGAIN (Fred Clark).—Wright's Book, 3s. 6d., published by Cassell and Co., or "Home and Farm Favourites," 1s., published by Warne and Son, will give you all you want to know.

GUINEA-PIG ILL (Kenneth). — There is something wrong with your feeding, housing, or bedding. Warmth is essential to these animals, plenty of exercise, and no damp, green food.

VARICOSE VEINS (Scotland).—If this is the cause of your trouble you must consult a doctor. Yes, the electropathic belt will increase your strength and tone.

BATHING AND JELLY-FISH (Aqua).—1. Put wadding in the ears if you dive or swim under water. 2. Try rubbing with ammonia water or soda.

EYESIGHT (Perplexed).—It is an affection of the eye that only properly made glasses can rectify.

TRIAL TRIP TO SEA (A. Bowerman).—Enquire of some of the leading shipping companies in London. We should think there would be no difficulty.

HOUSING PIGEONS (H. Dipon, Toronto).—Sorry we cannot assist you. We dare not incur the responsibility of recommending dealers. Why not advertise for what you want in our "Stock-Keeper," three words for a penny? Address is Fleet Street, London.

LEVERET (Young 'Un).—A leveret is a "young 'un" too, a young hare.

COIN (J. Fraser).—The description is insufficient, but the portrait ought to tell you if it is of the reign of Charles the First or Charles the Second. The XII. means twelve pence, and shows that it is a shilling.

F. G. S.—As you have read our paper for some years, you can refer to our articles on Express Speed, which answer your questions fully.

ILDERIM KHAN.—1. Louis Rousselet has not written any more stories, but we are obliged for your suggestion. 2. Out of print years ago.

GO BANG ABROAD.—1. There are over a hundred railway stations in London, but the number depends on where you draw the limit. 2. In time of serious war we could put three millions of men in the field within the month. There is no country except the United States which has anything like the warlike resources that we have. The standing army is a mere nucleus, like that of the United States. 3. It is a matter of classification. There are about 250 ships in commission at a time, and there are about the same number in reserve. There are over forty now building.

ANTIETAM.—Messrs. Putnam's London agency is in King William Street, Strand. Write to them.

BEC.—We had a long series of articles on British shells in our eighth volume, and cannot take up the subject again just yet.

CYCLIST.—1. We know of no good book on comic songs. Song-books are poor things, as a rule. 2. All the firms on Holborn Viaduct are of good repute in the cycling world, and all make safeties.

GALENA.—All the parts and numbers and volumes of our second volume are out of print, and will not be reprinted. Your only way to obtain them is to advertise in some such periodical as "Exchange and Mart" or the "Publishers' Circular."

W. STIFF.—A cutter's mainmast should be the same length over-all as the boat is over-all.

LION.—1. You can get almost any animal by applying to Mr. Cross, Menagerie, Liverpool. 2. There was a Berengaria who married John de Brienne in 1224. She was the sister of Henry I., King of Castile. There was also the Berengaria who was the wife of Richard the First. She was the daughter of Sancho, King of Navarre.

BALBUS.—Yes. The "Boy's Own Paper" goes everywhere abroad, even to the most distant islands of Polynesia. We have had letters from Seychelles, Chagos, Wednesday, Thursday, Roggewein, and Starbuck. Look them out on your map.

JAMES WALKER.—"Indoor Games" is not a number of the "Boy's Own Paper," but a handsome illustrated book, price 8s., obtainable by any bookseller of the publisher, 56 Paternoster Row, E.C.

T. F. MORRIS, JUN. (Dear boy!)—"Clarence's Dream" is in the "works" of one Shakspeare—William his Christian name; price of works anything, from a shilling upwards, obtainable of all booksellers. "Richard the Third" is the particular "work" you want.

A. H.—"Geoffrey Hamlyn" was written by Henry Kingsley, not by Charles Kingsley. Write for it to Simpkin, Marshall & Co. There is no book published that Simpkins' will not supply you with. They are the largest wholesale booksellers.

HENRY M.—You may have been unfortunate in your schoolmaster, but you are in error in supposing that "all schoolmasters are the same," or that all lessons are "hateful." A boy who is foolish enough to "dislike work of all kinds" is simply laying himself out to be for life a misery to himself and a nuisance to all who come in contact with him. Work is not necessarily work with hands; in fact, the hardest work is now done in the world by those who work with their heads.

E. J.—What is the use of our giving articles on electric lamps if we are to receive such queries as yours while these articles are appearing? You might at least buy the current numbers.



UGH !!

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 615.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1890. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

GEORGE FREEBORN:

SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

BY

REV. A. BAKER, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER V.—I REPAIR ON BOARD ACCORDINGLY — MY ENTRÉE INTO THE MIDSHIPMEN'S BERTH —AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR AND UNEXPECTED FESTIVITIES — HOMESICK ALREADY.

IN about ten minutes Mr. Twitters came to tell me that the whaler was manned, and would soon be alongside the station. Having sent a couple of hands for my chest, he submitted me to a rigorous inspection, in order, as he said, that I might make the very best impression possible on first joining. He himself fastened my belt with his own hands, and minutely examined my dirk to see if it were scrupulously clean and bright. I then accompanied him to the



On Guard.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* F. CALVERT.)

landing-place, where we stood in readiness to meet the boat.

I couldn't help noticing how clean she looked, how spick and span, with her gunwale picked out in black and gold, and a rich crown in gold and colours on either bow. In the stern-sheets sat a most consequential young gentleman, about a twelvemonth older than myself, who from time to time gave orders in a shrill, squeaky little voice, and surveyed me inquisitively through his telescope. He was altogether a remarkable young person—the very plainest youth I ever beheld. He had an immense shock of almost scarlet hair, with the necessary accompaniment of freckles, even to his very ears; to which must be added long flabby cheeks, which shook as he walked, and gave him, as I found, the nickname of Wagglechops. Being in charge of the whaler, he appeared to me to be a person of immense importance, and he spared no pains to confirm this impression upon my mind, though I afterwards found that he was the butt of the midshipmen's berth, and indeed of the ship generally.

He introduced himself to me as Boobyer, bidding me look sharp, as the boat's recall was already made. During the short journey he plied me with incessant questions as to my birth, parentage, home, education, &c. I couldn't help thinking that it would have been much better for his own reputation if he had paid ordinary attention to the tiller, for about midway between the ship and the shore we ran upon a large buoy, a feat which instantly produced a marvellous commotion on board the ship, in the midst of which I could discern more than one angry voice, and a variety of phrases most uncomplimentary to somebody. We did not, however, sustain much material damage. But as we neared the stern of the ship, which seemed to tower above us like a gigantic building, several heads were thrust out of the lower ports, and a volley of banter ensued.

"Here's old Waggles bringing off the new hand. I say, do you know the bows of the boat are stove in?"

"You've knocked all the paint off one side!"

"You've sprung your port bow oar!"

"Oh, I wouldn't be you for something! You're bound to have your leave stopped when we get to Rio!"

"I say, young 'un, did you insure your life before you got into that boat?"

"Captain's comin', sir," shouted the quartermaster from the entry-port.

"Don't you see that the captain's coming, Mr. Boobyer?" shouted the officer of the watch.

And then came a still more awful voice from the poop—a thick guttural growl, with a dash of the snarl in it—"You idiot, get out of the way, or ——"

But it was too late; the galley was upon us, and in the stern-sheets sat Sir Augustus Clandrawline—and so my first introduction to that mighty potentate was not in the solemn grandeur of his cabin, but on the actual gangway of his ship. Boobyer quite lost what little brains he possessed; he shouted, he raved, he swore. Not knowing what to do, I seized hold of the tiller ropes.

"That's right, sir," shouted some one in the boat; "quick, sir, starboard your helm."

At that time I didn't even know port from starboard, but luckily I pulled the right string, and the boat glided away just as the bows of the galley came up behind, actually touching us.

"Mr. Boobyer," cried a voice of awful majesty, "Mr. Boobyer, I never saw any one bring a boat alongside in a more lubberly manner. Don't you know, sir, what is due to the captain of your ship? Go to the masthead, sir, and remain there till I order you to come down."

"Mr. Freeborn, I presume?"

I bowed.

"Well, sir, you bear a good name; I hope you will do it credit. You have everything to learn, I suppose; yet you seemed to know how to get that blockhead out of a difficulty. Follow me."

I followed him up the ladder, and for the first time made my salute and stood upon the spotless decks of a British man-of-war. I glanced round with pride, noting the long rows of shining guns, the trim rigging, and lofty spars; but the captain cut my meditations short by calling to another midshipman standing near:

"Mr. Murray, take this young gentleman down to the midshipmen's berth, and see that his wants are attended to. Tell the first-lieutenant I've seen him."

Having thus delivered himself, Sir Augustus disappeared beneath the poop, a place which he held as almost inviolably sacred to himself.

I followed my conductor down at least three very narrow ladders, when, turning sharply to the right, he opened a door, disclosing a good-sized room with large airy ports, which was just now the scene of the most extraordinary Babel. The noise was in part due to the agonised exclamations of a young gentleman lying upon the deck, upon whose head sat another young gentleman, while a third was belabouring him unmercifully with a dirk scabbard. At a long table, which bore some preparations for a meal, sat two or three more of my messmates, busily engaged between hammering on the table and venting maledictions on the head of a dirty person called Jaggs, who lived in a little den with a window looking into the room, called by courtesy the steward's berth, and appeared to have the invidious task of catering for this unruly tribe. Between shouts of "Give it him," "Serve him right, the sneak," "Lay it on harder," "Jaggs, you pig, how long are you going to be about supper?" "Jaggs, you idiot, bring me a glass of beer," etc., Murray could hardly make himself heard. But when I was at last recognised, I was greeted with the greatest cordiality, and I admired very much the enthusiastic way in which my health was drunk with three times three, within ten minutes after my arrival. I recollect also how very little money I had left at the end of the month, after paying my bill.

A seat was soon found for me at the table, where a sort of high tea was presently served. A surgeon presided at one end of the table, and the senior midshipman at the other. The table-cloth was villainously dirty, the plates few and almost all cracked, the cups for the most part without handles. saucers we had none, and there seemed to be about three tumblers among the twelve of us. I noticed that the youngsters seemed to come off with but a short allowance; it was clearly not supposed that they could have as large appetites as their elder messmates. I confess, I could myself have disposed of a much larger portion of the somewhat indifferent fare provided by Jaggs. I noticed, moreover, a curious custom which here obtained, and which I have since found very much to my advantage on many occasions. Bunting, the master's mate, happened to be sent for by the first-lieutenant about something connected with the anchor gear; and I noticed that, before leaving the berth, he was careful to spit in his beer—a proceeding rendered necessary by the extremely low ideas of *meum* and *tuum* then prevailing among us. I was told that it was to preserve the flavour of the liquor, and to prevent its getting flat; but I soon discovered that he would have seen no more of it but for this, to me, extraordinary action. Matters have happily improved since then!

We had scarcely finished our meal when an incident occurred which threw me for the moment into the utmost consternation. The sentry appeared, and advancing to my side informed me that a lady and gentleman wished to speak with me. Who could these sudden friends be? Mr. Jollife had posted away from Plymouth in all haste, and I knew no one else in the wide world, except my mother, who seemed at all likely to come on a visit to me. I was not, however, allowed much time for reflection, for in another moment Boobyer burst into the berth, and at his back a vast towering form, none other than that of my old friend Ezra Hobbins, his enormous legs cased in gleaming white corduroys, his expansive chest enveloped in a waistcoat of plush of all manner of bright colours, his neck girt with a red neckcloth, while over all he had a coat so ample that its very skirts would have made a whole suit for me. Behind him came Mrs. Hobbins, resplendent in a black silk gown with violet spots, which only came out of lavender on the rarest occasions, a Paisley shawl of gorgeous pattern, and headgear of the period, appropriate to the corkscrew curls, which were well oiled, and waved in a magnificent manner as she trod the deck.

"Here, where's that new chap?" shouted Boobyer, with a malicious grin. "I say, Freeborn, here's your father and mother come to see you. This way, ma'am," said he to Mrs. Hobbins, at the same time making the good lady a very low bow, which she seemed to take quite as a thing of course, like the matter-of-fact woman that she was. I took no notice of the foolish and thoughtless insult thus implied, nor did I give a thought to the effect which this strange apparition must have had upon my messmates generally. The sight of my old friends called my thoughts homeward, they seemed to bring with them the breath of the hay-fields. Was not the rose in Ezra's buttonhole culled from my favourite tree? Was not the ash stick which he carried a sapling which he had cut in our last walk together? Was it not the same dear old face—my mentor, my oracle, the face of a foster-father? I could do nothing but rush into his arms. He, in his turn, clasped me to him; but the idea formulated by Boobyer, that he was my father, had taken such complete possession of his mind that, for the moment, he seemed entirely overwhelmed. He could not

speak, the thing was altogether too much for his gravity; his face, plain enough under any circumstances, now underwent such a variety of comical contortions, and at the same time he gave forth such a succession of grunts and chuckles, that long before he was able to find full vent for his feelings the whole berth was plunged into an uproarious burst of laughter. As for Ezra, his face grew fairly purple with the effort, till at last Binks, the surgeon, got up and patted him on the back, which had only the effect of bringing on yet another peal: "Oi thy father? he, he, he, only think on it now! Oi thy father, Ma'aster George, he, he, he—that's a good un, that is! Oi be a Loord, be Oi? he, ha, he! a smart koind o' Loord Oi'd make, I reckon—he, he, he!"

At last, mopping his face with a huge red handkerchief, he exclaimed, "Well, Ma'aster George, us thart as it 'd be no 'arm if us comed to see 'ee off. After 'ee went away Oi couldn't rest nohow; no, nor Oi couldn't enjoy moy bacca one bit. Arter a woild 'er says to me, ''Ez,' 'er says, 'doan't take on so,' 'er says. 'Well,' Oi says, 'it dew seem so unked like without Ma'aster George.' 'Oi know it does,' 'er says. Oi waited a little woild, and then Oi says, ''ow long be it sin' us 'ad a 'oliday?' Oi says. 'Whoy, not sin' us were married,' 'er says. 'Then us 'll' a' one,' Oi says. ''Ave a 'oliday?' 'er says. 'Ah! and go and see Ma'aster George off to Australia,' Oi says. 'What, and go on the say?' 'er says; 'no, not if Oi knows it.' 'And whoi not?' Oi says. 'Oi know Oi warn't,' 'er says. 'Well, Oi'm goen',' Oi says, 'and chance it.' 'Well, you can goo by yourself,' 'er says, 'Oi bain't a gooin' to qualify for an asylum yet.' 'You're a foolish 'ooman,' Oi says; 'yew can stop at 'ome, and goo to Warwick mo'r.' 'Oi call it a waste o' good money,' 'er says.

"But, 'owsomever, when it come to the startin' point, theer 'er was in 'er best bonnet and gownd all ready to go with Oi, as Oi knowed very well 'er would. And so, Ma'aster George, 'ere we are, and us 'opes you'll all 'ave a good v'yage and come back to us all safe and sound; and, gentlemen, Oi axes your pardon for comin' in like this 'ere, but Ma'aster George and me 'ave been fast friends ever sin' e' were a little 'un, and Oi 'opes you'll take care on 'im, for 'e's a right good 'un."

This last speech was received with boisterous cheering, and every kind of spirituous liquor of which they stood possessed was urged upon Ezra, but he could only be prevailed upon to take a stiff glass of grog. Mrs. Ezra was more ambitious, and allowed herself to be regaled with champagne, which she afterwards affirmed to me in private to have been decidedly inferior to her last year's dandelion. These potations were, however, interrupted by the entrance of the sentry with a message for me:

"Fust-lieutenant's compliments, and will you please remove that there 'amper what's on the main deck at onst."

"Oh, ah!" said Ezra, staring with great goggle eyes at the red-coated marine; "us 'ave brought 'ee a cake, and a pot o' strawberries, and a jar o' cream, and a pound or two o' fresh butter."

Jaggs was instantly despatched in search of these most interesting and welcome delicacies, and returned in a short time with a huge wicker basket containing provender the sight of which and the smell of which were so delectable as to produce shouts of delight and to greatly enhance my popularity. The whole was unpacked as speedily as possible, and we then and there had a great feed of strawberries, the last we were to have for many a long day.

While we were thus engaged, a message came from the first-lieutenant to the effect that all the midshipmen were to go boat-pulling immediately, when Fitzgerald, the senior among us, proposed that Mr. and Mrs. Hobbins should be pulled ashore by the members of the mess in token of esteem and in return for their kindness; which proposal being carried by acclamation, nothing remained but to wait until the boats were manned. This short period was consumed by Ezra in drinking with one or other of his hosts, and by Mrs. Ezra in detailing to the doctor in very concise and unvarnished terms her family history, the number of her children, the day and hour on which each was born, and a whole catalogue of complaints, in chief a superabundance of bile and a distressing shortness of breath. The doctor, over a steaming glass of brandy and water, dilated at length on the frailties of humanity, talked learnedly on the subject of dyspepsia, insomnia, and a variety of other distressing complaints, to all of which the lady declared herself to have been a martyr, and finally prescribed infusion of camomile, hot fomentations, occasional bleeding, and the least little drop of brandy in the tea, this last to the great satisfaction of Mrs. H., who quoted him to the end of her days as a marvel of learning and intelligence.

The boats being by this time ready, our two friends were speedily rowed ashore by a crew of stalwart middies, with whom they parted on the beach with the utmost *entente cordiale*.

To tell the truth, when the excitement was over and they were gone, I felt very much like crying; I had begun to realise what was before me, and, glad as I was to see my dear old friends, I could not help half wishing that they had never come. They had brought back home ties so acutely, and had made the parting such a stern reality, that I felt a lump rising in my throat, a very unreasonable dislike to my good fortune, and a strange nervous dread of the future to which I had looked forward with such pride and hope. The ship with her dazzling white decks, her well-filled arm-racks and shining guns, the unceasing Babel of voices, bugles, and pipes, and the incessant clatter of feet up and down ladders, became as painful as it was new to me, and I must own that for that one night at least I felt extremely miserable, and would have given worlds to have cancelled my engagement with His Majesty and betaken myself once more to the tutelage of Ezra and Dr. Du Cane. I was, however, soon sent for by the first-lieutenant, who appointed me my watch, my station at general-quarters and fire-quarters, introduced me to Mr. Sheepwash, the gunner, and Mr. Garnet, the boatswain, both of whom he told me would be largely concerned in my naval education. He gave me a few kindly hints as to my future conduct, for which I had much reason to be thankful to old "Rough and Ready," as we called him. "And look here, my lad," concluded he, "smartness and cleanliness are the order of the day here; you must always double to your post, mind; learn all you can, and try to be first at everything; the war'll soon be over; but there'll be lots of chances of promotion even yet. Now come into our mess and have a glass of wine. I daresay you'll find it not a bad sort of life."

I followed him into a pleasant room in the stern of the ship, with a row of cabins on either side, and a large tier of windows in front opening on to a balcony, in which sat two or three officers smoking a quiet pipe. One of these was the chaplain of the ship, a big, burly man, whom to look at was to trust, and in whose friendly grasp I found assurance of sympathy and aid at all times. I could not help noticing how he appeared to be regarded by his messmates rather as a brother than as anything else; one who filled a difficult position so well that not a soul in the ship would have failed to miss him had he been taken from us. I left the British Navy after a very short period of service, and consequently this worthy man cannot have much place in these pages of mine; but I cannot close this chapter more fitly than by giving my willing testimony to his blameless life, and to the wholesome influence which he exerted over almost every one with whom he came in contact. Even now I am helped at times by stray recollections of his sermons, always short, but always worth hearing. "The memory of the just is blessed."

(*To be continued.*)

THE TALE OF A PIG.

AN ARCADIAN STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a lovely day, and the scaring-boy sat on the gate of the twenty-acre, guarding the wheat as usual. The pigeons were not there, for a wonder, and he was having a space of rest. He looked longingly at the reed-bed by the brook, now all lush, and green, and inviting, and thought of the water-rats that really wanted pelting, and the rabbits that lurked among the young ash poles. But stir he dare not, for he had been severely rated only the day before for not having repulsed the old hog in a most determined invasion of the wheat. That remarkable animal took a fiendish pleasure in rolling over and over among the crisp yellow stalks and mangling them under his pudgy body; and the farmer had told Harry that if he let him get in again he should be "basted." Harry knew by sad experience that Farmer Pentelow's bastings were to be avoided by him who would keep a whole skin, so he kept a diligent look-out, and trudged, perspiring and thirsty, in the path of duty.

"Buzz!" went the bees through the warm summer air. "Buzz! Hum-m-m!" and they buried themselves in the cockle

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

and cornbine flowers. Lazily sighed the warm south wind, and the sun poured down a fierce heat. The distant country seemed to quiver in a blue haze, the flies were clustering with worrying tenacity on Harry's nose, and the bacon in his dinner bundle was melting gradually. He felt uncommonly weary, for there wasn't anything to do just then; but he daren't leave his post, the farmer might come by at any time; so even a short nap was out of the question, even if the flies would let him have it.

"Coohoo! Coohoo!" called the pigeons from the pinewood, but they were wiser



"You never are got it!"

than to come out of the shade, and they, lucky birds, swung on the cool dusky boughs, amid the rustle of the whispering leaves, while the scaring-boy sat on his gate and frizzled.

He gave a mighty yawn, shut his mouth slowly, wished for apples, or a catapult, or even a bit of string to amuse himself with, but none of these had he got.

"My!" he sighed, "ain't it just hot."

He looked above, around, behind, before, in search of some diversion, and sighed again. Then he whistled a melancholy tune, and rattled his heels against the gate by way of accompaniment. This went on for some time; he had got through "Begone, dull care," and was in the midst of "Paddle your own canoe," when his musical performances were brought suddenly to an end, and he tumbled eagerly off his gate. Coming up the hill was Master Stephen, hot, flushed, perspiring, but on his shoulder he carried the long-wished-for gun, polished until its barrel flashed in the sun like a shaft of light.

"You never are got it!" said the scaring-boy, in a maze of wonderment and joy. "Are ye going to fire it off?"

"You'll see," said Master Steve, who had assumed a martial stride and brevity of speech befitting the bearer of such a weapon. He looked very large indeed, and felt much satisfaction at the prospect of the admiration he knew he ought to excite in all other boys who hadn't got guns. As for the scaring-boy, to walk alongside the gun was a fine thing, and to see Master Steve handle it in such a professional manner had a great effect on his mind, and disposed him to a feeling of awe.

"He wouldn't give me any shot, though. Only powder and caps. Let's go and see what the pigeons will say to it." And they went into the wheat. Heat, flies, and weariness were all forgotten in the excitement of loading, and then Stephen, standing very stiff and firm, held the gun ready to take aim. Then he laid his head on his right shoulder, screwed up his right eye very tight, and puckered up his mouth into a round O. Harry stood beside him, leaning forward eagerly with both hands on his knees, and his mouth also in the shape of an O.

"Bang!" went the gun, and a flock of small birds rose up and fled away chattering. Out scuttered a rabbit, whisking his little white tail for joy that he was yet alive.

Then the boys sat down to talk.

"Ain't it a beauty!" said Harry, fingering the bright barrel longingly. "Do ye reckon ye could kill a partridge, Mas'r Steve?"

"Of course, I could," responded Stephen, majestically. "If I had some shot, you'd soon see; but I say, Harry, I've got a notion in my head."

"Yes, Mas'r Steve."

Stephen looked at him, nodded his head once or twice, and then pointed to the crushed and trodden wheat near which they were sitting.

"We'll give that old beggar a lesson."

"Oh my!" said Harry, slapping his knees and swaying back in much content; "wish you could. But you ain't got no shot."

"Never mind," said Stephen, with another nod. "Has he been up this morning?"

"Not yet; but he came yesterday, an' I warn't here just then; and master he just did give it me," said the scaring-boy, ruefully. "Look, he went and rolled hisself all along the hedgeside there, and I were ever so long afore I could get him out." Whether this described the hog's behaviour or his master's was left uncertain.

"We'll settle him next time. I'll show you."

So they searched about and collected with great care a lot of very small stones, of which Stephen measured an old clay-pipe-head full.

Very carefully was the pipe-head filled with powder and emptied down the barrel, and rammed in a professional manner as befitted a sportsman. Then a wad of paper and then the stones were put in, and, the gun being loaded, they went and lay down by the gap through which the old hog was wont to come when he visited the twenty-acre.

An hour went by, and their eagerness, strong at first, abated somewhat. It was cramping, and the enemy perversely declined to appear.

"Burn his old jacket; it's just as if he knowed, ain't it, Mas'r Steve?" grumbled the scaring-boy.

Then they fell to talking of a hare that Harry had seen over the hill, and a litter of fox-cubs in the spinney, and how the rats were multiplying in the brook's bank—and so another hour went by, and still the old hog came not.

They both lay at full length, getting as much as possible under the shade of the wheat. On the opposite hill they could see the farm-house and yards; but all was still and deserted, a stealthy cat being the only moving thing to be seen. Harry got up and strolled to the gate, while Stephen turned over on his back, drew his cap over his eyes, and went to sleep.

The scaring-boy looked at his young master, and wished he dared sleep too; but the fear of a "basting" kept him vigilant, so he tilted his cap over his eyes and resumed his whistling. Presently, in the distance, he saw a sight which made his eyes sparkle. It was—no, it couldn't be—yes, it was—a large, fat, white body slowly turning the corner of the stacks. It paused here and there, turned back a bit, then rooted about aimlessly, then came slowly through the stackyard gate, paused again, and then set off down the hill at a steady trot.

"Mas'r Steve," he called in a loud whisper; then up sprang Stephen and seized his gun. "He's a-comin'!"

Down at the hole the two boys crouched again in breathless expectation, and watched their foe, who, all unwitting what awaited him, was swinging along grunting cheerfully to himself, as he always did when he meditated getting into mischief. Down the home close he came gently and quietly, and they lost sight of him for a while as the near slope hid him. Stephen grasped his gun more firmly, and Harry's eyes and mouth grew bigger and rounder as he watched.

"Hum-m-m," said the bees hurrying by.

"Whiss-s-s-h," whispered the wind among the cornstalks.

After a bit a fat white face appeared up the hill, a roly-poly body and curly tail came after it, and the redoubtable old hog advanced. "Umph," he said, and his little eyes twinkled as he thought of the ravages he was going to make. Stephen knelt and took careful aim.

The old hog came on, all unsuspecting of danger. He felt, as I said, very cheerful and inclined to do mischief, and it was naturally a source of comfort that so much mischief lay ready to his hoof to do. Waddle, waddle, waddle, and now he was within ten yards of the hedge, and the hole in the hedge was straight before him.

"Bang!!!"

Head over heels tumbled Stephen and Harry, for the gun kicked unmercifully, and they hadn't allowed for that; and loud upon the air rose a prolonged "Boo-o-o-h!" as the old hog wheeled round and rushed down the hill, roaring distractedly as he went.

"You're done him, master," shouted Harry, executing a triumphal dance, and slapping his knees in joyous ecstasy. Then they both rolled on the ground, and laughed until they felt too weak to laugh any more, and Harry gasped amid his mirth, "Oh my buttons, on'y to see him a-bustin' down that hill like shot out of a shovel. Oh dear!"

They saw him charging up the home close, through the stackyard, and go full tilt at some wooden palings, which, being old and crazy, went crashing down before his rush and were shivered to fragments. The noise of his roaring floated on the breeze, then it ceased, and all was still. They listened for some time, until at last Stephen began to feel anxious.

"I'm afraid I've done too much at him, Harry," said he. "What'll father say if he's killed!"

"He's none killed, Mas'r Steve."

"I don't know so much; I think we'd better go and look after him."

It was easy to track his retreat by the drops of blood which were soaking slowly into the hard ground, over which clusters of flies were buzzing hungrily; but when they got up to the yard and over the prostrate fence no signs of the old hog were visible. The other pigs were slumbering peacefully among the manure heaps, a brown hen stood meditating on one leg under the shade of the cattle-crib, and a dreamy quiet reigned over the yard.

"I don't like this, Harry; I'm afraid I've killed him," said Stephen, growing very apprehensive.

So they searched about anxiously. He wasn't among the stacks. He wasn't in the cart-horse stable. He wasn't anywhere. And in their search they disturbed the slumbers of four guinea-fowls, who were reposing in a corner, and they, being justly irritated at such an interruption, rushed squawking across the yard in Indian file, and saw the meditative hen, and drove her hastily from her retreat with vigorous pecks; while she, poor, respectable old lady, ran and waddled and squawked as her tail arrangements were



"Bang!"

rumpled by the onslaught of those rowdy guinea-fowls. "Thus it is in life, my friends," as our pensive curate used so often to remark during his sermons. I mean that oftentimes the meek and respectable have to suffer for the evil doings of others, while the real offenders apparently get off scot-free.

But still they hadn't found the old hog, and they got more and more uneasy, for the fear of the farmer's wrath lay heavy on them.

They stood under a long low thatched shed where the cows were wont to be milked.

"I begin to wish we hadn't meddled wi' him," said Steve, ruefully.

"Oh, he'll turn up," replied Harry, hopping about on the heaps of straw; "why, bless yer, Mas'r Steve, my mother's uncle, he knowed a man as had a dog, and this here dog used to goo away for days an' days together, an' once he wor off like that, an' nobody knowed where he wor, and when they wor at plough they see him ——"

"Boo!" said a loud voice, and Harry fell flat on his back among the straw as a head was thrust up just under him.

It was the old hog, alive and lusty; but his face was scarred and peppered with the impromptu charge of shot, smirched and grimed with powder, and covered with blood. His glory was departed, his daring was quenched, and a deep, abiding, and most gloomy sulkiness enveloped him as with a mantle.

(To be continued.)

TAFFY; OR, THE TALE OF A GROUSE.

A SCHOOL STORY.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "The Parlour Boarder," "A Couple of Crusoes," "Sister Mary," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

I TOLD Taffy of my abortive attempt, which gave me nothing to boast of over him; but all the same he overwhelmed me with professions of gratitude that had perhaps an eye to future services on my part.

"I knew you weren't the fellow to leave me in a hole."

"That isn't what you said yesterday," I told him. "But now it's your turn to have a try. If you can find no other way, you must get up at night and take it into the yard—you can easily squeeze out by that broken bar in the lavatory window—and bury it, and have done with it, and I wish I could as easily get done with your silly tricks."

"Bury it—where?" gaped Taffy.

"In the ground, of course. I can lend you a thing called a knife, and any one will show you how to make a hole, if you never saw one."

"But it will be so cold!"

"You'll get finely warmed when that grouse is found here."

In one way or other I worked him up to half promise that he would do as I proposed. But he kept on trying to get me to come along with him on this errand. I would not as yet say yes or no. If I could persuade him to go by himself, there was no need for me having a hand in it. Such an adventure, however, would have a touch of romantic interest; and my desire to be quit of the grouse gained upon me now that I had already taken so much trouble, though to no purpose. I hate to be beaten at anything I meddle with; so I told him I would think about it before bed-time.

But later in the evening Taffy actually roused himself to make an effort on his part, without my prompting. Once more fortune seemed to be showing us a fickle gleam of favour. The old boys were being entertained at dinner in the hall, and, as most of the sixth form fellows in the house would be taking part in this banquet, there was meanwhile less risk in undertaking dangerous excursions. So, rather to my surprise, Taffy of his own accord offered to carry out the grouse and stow it away in James's coal-cellar, as I had once suggested.

I thought this worth trying. We heard that James, the porter, with his assistant, had been pressed into service to wait at the football dinner; and, the hall being thus engaged, we lower boys had been told to get our bread and cheese at the buttery and have supper in our studies for once in a way. While all the other fellows were riotously picnicking in one another's studies, Taffy and I that evening invited no visitors, nor did any thrust themselves upon us, I being too quiet, and he too silly, to be popular—which was just as well, under the circumstances.

Watching for a favourable moment, Taffy boldly went forth with the flower-pot and the grouse inside of it, the whole wrapped in a newspaper. I had never given him credit for so much courage; but the fact is one never knew what this queer fish would do or say in any given case. He seemed daring and cowardly, cunning and stupid, by turns.

For several minutes I remained alone, devoutly wishing him success. At the end of what seemed a long time I was startled by a crash in the yard outside. I looked out, but it was too dark to see anything. Another minute and Taffy burst into the study to tell me how it had fared with him.

On his way to the coal-cellar he had got as far as a swing door cutting off the kitchen premises, all beyond which door was tabooed to us boys. Here he fell in with Mrs. Meadows, the matron, who on Saturday nights was kept much on the move by the sorting and distribution of our washing.

"Now, Master Rees, you have no business here!" was her salutation.

"Mayn't I just go into the laundry to get my clean flannels?" said Taffy.

"You don't need your flannels to-night. No, you have something there you want to get cooked for you in the kitchen; that's what you are after!" said the experienced matron, sniffing the grouse, though Taffy took care to stand at a respectful distance from her. "But I won't allow it."

"No, indeed! Do let me go to the laundry," urged Taffy, in his most insinuating tones. "Just for once, like the jolly old lady you are?"

"Now I know you are about some mischief, or you wouldn't be so civil," answered Mrs. Meadows, deaf to all his blandishments. "Be off with you, or I shall have to speak to Mr. Wyatt."

So Taffy had nothing for it but to turn back, and then took a sudden and desperate resolution. Passing the boot room, as he explained to me, he had squeezed the flower-pot through the bars of the window and thrown it out into the yard. That was what I had heard go smash.

Taffy evidently expected approval for what he had done, and he opened his goggle eyes very wide when I exclaimed in dismay—

"But the boot room is just below us!"

"Is it?"

"Yes, and the beastly thing will be lying right under our window, where it is bound to be seen, and we are sure to be asked if we know anything about it."

"I never thought of that!"

"You never think of anything! Serves me right for trusting such a ——!" Words failed me to express my feelings of wrathful contempt for his stupidity.

"Well, but what else could I do but bring it back, and then you would have raged at me just as much! Whatever I do is wrong!" bleated Taffy in that plaintive voice which, with his long nose and vacant stare, gave him at times such a resemblance to a sheep.

"Glad you have the sense to own that much. Don't you see that things are worse than ever? You must go and bury it now, if you have to get out of bed in the middle of the night. If Wyatt happens to be prowling about he will smell drains all over the place."

"It's your turn to do something," was his reply.

But at this point our wrangling was cut short by a great noise of voices and footsteps in the yard. I threw up the study window to look out, as did our neighbours on either side. The London men were going off to the station, escorted by the sixth form in a body. Out they trooped in two and threes towards the gate, while the boys at the windows above raised a cheer for our friendly adversaries.

I took no part in this demonstration; I was too much concerned in fearing that some of those passing below would get wind of the grouse, which I scented in the darkness, unless my fancy deceived me. Then I had a brilliant idea.

"Here's our chance!" I murmured in Taffy's ear under cover of the cheering.

"These fellows have left the door open; they won't be back for nearly half an hour; there will be nobody in the yard; let us cut out, and bury the brute under the trees there, and that will be the last of it."

"All right; I'm game, if you are not afraid," said Taffy, in high excitement; and after that way of putting the matter I could not draw back, though I always kept asking myself why I should take so much trouble to help him out of the hole he had dug by his own doings.

We waited a few minutes till the commotion subsided, and when the other study boys had, or ought to have, settled down to preparing their Greek Testament for next day, we two slipped out in the burglar fashion which had become so familiar to us of late, and descended unseen into the yard, the door standing wide open.

This enclosure, modestly known among us as the "yard," was, in fact, a handsome court, shut in on two sides by the school buildings, on a third by the chapel, and along the fourth ran a row of fine old elms, offering a fit scene for our deed of darkness. All here was silent and very cold, for a sharp frost had come on at sunset, so that we shivered going out into the air, bareheaded and in our slippers. Taffy's, of course, were down at heel, which impeded his movements, that anyhow had to be more cautious and considerate than suited a frosty night.

Groping about under our window we soon picked up the grouse's body, cold and stiff, among the fragments of its flower-pot coffin. Taffy acted as bearer, and I led the way, solemn as a mute at a real funeral, treading lightly, and passing round under the shadow of the walls to the other side, for we shrank from trusting ourselves in the open, lit up by moonshine and a thousand frosty stars, every one of which seemed to have an eye on our furtive movements.

Just as we reached the shelter of the trees, there burst forth an appalling cry that made us start, guiltily conscious as we were of our timid footsteps crunching on the gravel.

"A g-g-ghost!" stammered Taffy, and I could feel how he was shivering as he huddled up beside me.

"Bosh!" said I, more quickly recovering my presence of mind. "It's a cat. I say, if we only left the grouse here, Pussy might pick its bones clean before morning, and save us trouble."

But a distant squall came to show the prowling cat in retreat, no doubt more scared than we were. So, kneeling at the foot of a big tree, I opened my knife and began to play the sexton.

I was rather tickled by the stirring interest of this adventure, with its spice of mild sensation. It reminded me of the burial of Sir John Moore—"We buried him darkly at dead of night." At least it was a novelty of experience. But the task proved a prosaically painful one, and harder than I had bargained for. After trying two or three places in succession, and doing little more than scratch the surface of the frozen ground, not to speak of barking my knuckles, I grew too impatient to be careful, and my knife-blade presently snapped upon a stone or a root. The broken end I found next to useless as a tool, nor did I make much more progress scraping with the sharp edge of a sardine-tin which I had also brought along. Several minutes of grubbing in the dark with benumbed fingers produced so little result, that I did not see how I was to dig a hole large enough to cover up the grouse. Taffy hadn't a knife—he never had anything; and his only contribution to the work was to stand shivering by, nervously bidding me make haste, and exclaiming "What's that?" as often as a dry leaf stirred, which was no aid or encouragement.

"But half of our heavy task was done," indeed, and not half, when he raised a real alarm. The football team came back from the station, laughing and talking loudly as they crossed in the open moonlight, without seeing us, though we scarcely trusted ourselves to be well hidden, and drew back as far as we could behind the trees.

"Back already!" whispered I, in dismay. "We must go in. James will be coming to lock the door now. What on earth shall we do with the brute? I never thought it would take half an hour to bury!"

"Stick it in here!" said Taffy, kicking with his feet among a pile of dead leaves which had been swept together in a corner under the wall.

"The very thing! For once, you talk like a book, Taffy. Why didn't you think of that before?"

While so speaking, I had crammed the grouse well down among the leaves, and heaped them over it. A moment afterwards, it occurred to me that it would have been safer to fling it over the wall or up into a tree, but we had no time for deliberate counsels. Already we were both scudding straight across the yard, the risk of being seen from some window overbalanced by fear to find the side door of the school-house shut in our faces.

We got in safe and unseen, congratulating ourselves on our luck. But in going upstairs, at the very same spot where he caught us on Wednesday night, we again encountered Seton, whose week of office it was to see that all doors were locked and all lower boys at their work. We did try to run for refuge into the first study we came to, but found it bolted by its industrious inmates, and the prefect was upon us before we could get out of his way.

"Oh, I say, this will never do!" he began, in tones of mild, almost querulous expostulation. "Why won't you two keep in your study? Twice in one week!"

"We had only just run out for a little. I had done my work. I haven't been out since you spoke to me," answered Taffy, pouring out all the excuses that came into his head.

"But I promised to cane you the next time. You must be made to keep rules. I shall have to keep my word," said Seton, no less heartily anxious to excuse himself, yet too conscientious to find any pretext for pardoning us. "Come into my study," he added, with a ludicrous attempt at stern resolve.

We had nothing for it but to follow him meekly. The prefects had the large studies at each end of the rows of ordinary ones; and Seton's was furnished quite æsthetically with tasteful carpet and curtains, photographs on the walls, a neat hanging bookcase, an ornamental shade on the gas-lamp, and an easy-chair; even the table-cloth seemed fit for a drawing-room, and the inkstand a work of art. All looked too snugly elegant for the rude scene about to be enacted here.

"Oh, sir, let us off this once!" entreated Taffy, thinking to propitiate the prefect by speaking to him as if he were a master, while he made a face on the sly to me behind Seton's back, who was nervously fumbling to get out his cane.

Seton did not answer. It was quite clear he was not very happy about the job on hand. But he had steeled himself to go through with it as an unpleasant duty, and, taking Taffy first, made a sign for him to turn round.

While waiting for my turn, I think I was more amused than otherwise to see how Seton's caning was as little to be afraid of as Miss Ophelia's whipping of Topsy, though, like the latter heroine, Taffy took care to wince and wriggle and sob under every cut, as if he were very much hurt. This did not fail to put out the gentle-hearted prefect; and he was still further disconcerted when, at the third cut or so, having hardly room indeed to use the cane effectively in so well furnished a snuggery, he brought down his beautiful gas shade with a smash, at which Taffy forgot he was pretending to cry and giggled outright.

"That will do," said our mild tyrant, looking very red in the face. "I hope this will be the last time I have to cane you. But you know I couldn't help it—I couldn't really. You can go now."

"Am I not to be caned, then?" said I.

"Oh, you—to be sure!—I forgot," replied Seton, in confusion. "Well, I believe I can let you off for this once, if you will take example from what Rees has got for breaking rules."

"All right, Seton, you won't catch me out again this week," declared Taffy, which was pretty well, considering that the week would be over for us in half an hour or so.

The prefect, much moved by our submission, began to talk to us very kindly and seriously on the necessity of maintaining discipline, even in small points, when Mellish arrived to see what the noise was about.

"I heard something go smash," said he.

"Oh, it was an accident! There's nothing wrong. I have been obliged to cane one of these fellows, that's all," explained Seton, quite shamefaced.

"Let me do it for you; I'll settle them," volunteered Mellish; but hereupon Taffy and I, now standing in the doorway, discreetly hurried off.

My companion was in the very wildest spirits. That broken gas-shade seemed to him a joke of the first water; and I could hardly hinder him from rushing out into some other study, at the risk of being caught again, to describe the fun of Seton's caning, which in real truth had cost him more pain than he inflicted on the culprit. To hear Taffy chuckling over this scene, you would hardly have believed how half an hour before he was in such a mortal funk as to be scared out of his wits by a wandering cat.

As for me, I also felt light-hearted to be rid of our bugbear so cheaply. Yet when I came to think over it, I asked myself if we really were rid of the beast. Might it not rise from its too hasty grave to bring fresh trouble and penance upon us? And as I lay in bed, letting my mind loose to that favourite trick of tormenting itself, I found how the grouse's ghost had still some power to haunt me.

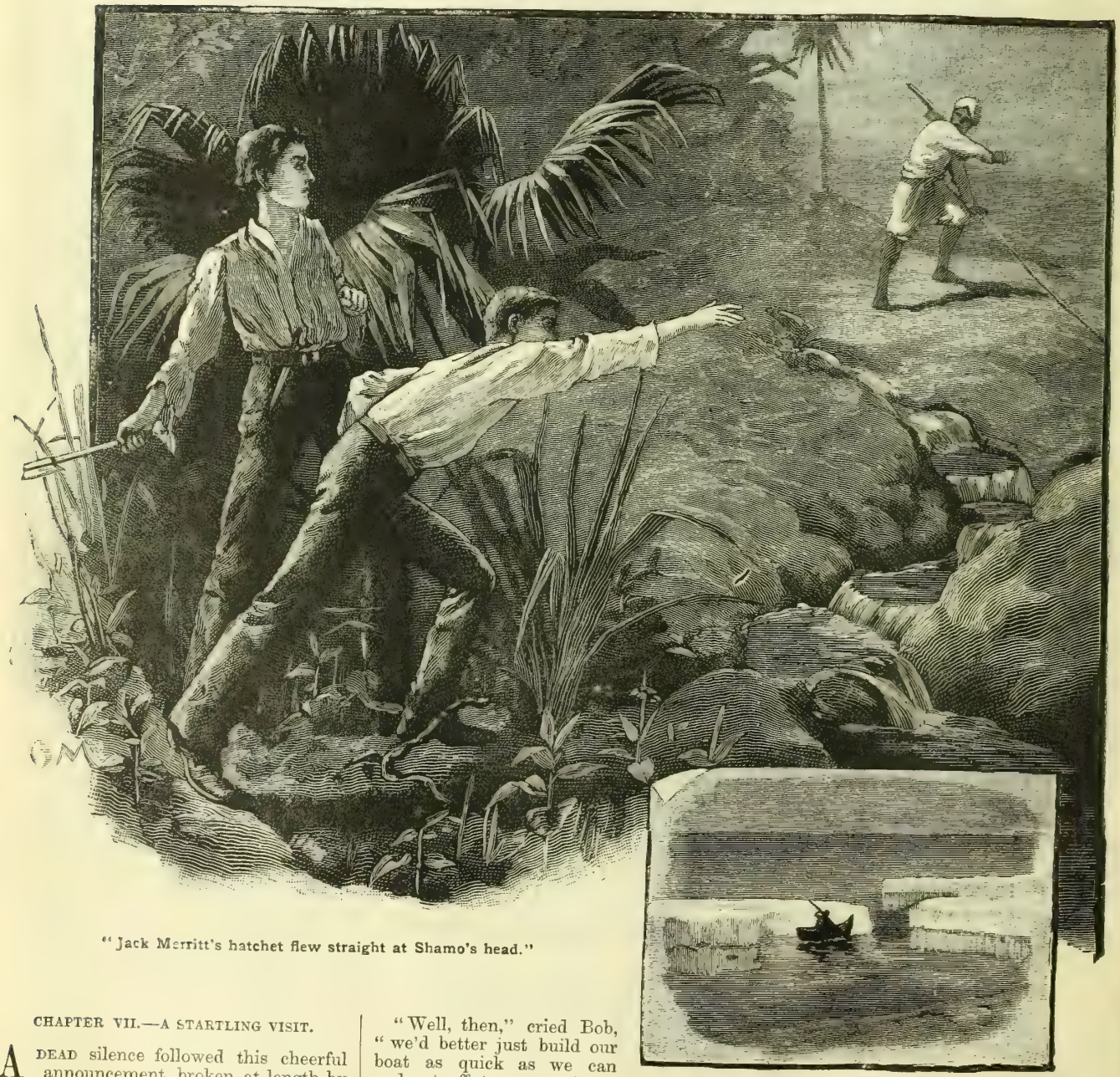
(To be continued.)

A CORAL PRISON; OR, THE BOY HERMITS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

A TALE OF THE MALDIVE ISLES.

By David Ker,

Author of "For Life and Death," "Through the Darkness," "Drowned Gold," etc.



"Jack Merritt's hatchet flew straight at Shamo's head."

CHAPTER VII.—A STARTLING VISIT.

A DEAD silence followed this cheerful announcement, broken at length by Bob Harris.

"Look here, I say—if the plot's found out, and the whole thing knocked on the head, it seems to *me* that we're all right, after all."

"All wrong, you mean. These Mohammedans are always spitefullest when they're fairly tree'd; and now that this plot's busted up, the fellers that's in it 'll do all the mischief they can 'fore they go under, just out of pure contrariness. If they catch us here, we'll have no more show than a dug-out woodchuck."

"Well, then," cried Bob, "we'd better just build our boat as quick as we can and get off to sea again at once."

"We'll build our boat, I reckon," assented the President; "but we want to do more'n that. If any of our neighbours come to call (and I only wonder they hav'n't come already) 'fore that boat's fixed, we're all up a tree. Now, how air you goin' to keep 'em from findin' us, if they *do* come?"

"*I* don't know," said Bob, despondently.

"*I* do, then," rejoined Merritt, enjoying his own superior smartness even in that terrible moment. "We'll go and live in that coral cave."

The others drew a long breath. This was an idea, indeed!

"But ze sharks?" objected Louis.

"Oh, we'll have a private stairway, and let the basement door alone. We'll just turn that waterfall o' one side, widen the hole where it comes through, hang a rope there, and get in and out as we like."

"Boot ze tide zall drown us!" cried Hoffmann.

"No, I reckon it don't kiver the hull cave, only part of it. We'll find out 'bout that to-morrow; but as for the waterfall, we'll settle *it* right away, 'fore daylight gives out."

The source of the waterfall was soon discovered in a tiny rivulet, which, branching off from the brook, disappeared in a hole in the ground. To remove the sand-bank that diverted its course, and build a strong dam of coral across the mouth of its channel, was the work of but a few minutes for the active boys, who, having waited till they were satisfied that their way down into the cave was quite clear, went to bed well contented with their day's work.

But their sleep, though sound, was anything but peaceful.

"If it's part of a President's duties to have bad dreams," said Merritt, when they all met at breakfast, "I guess I've discharged mine consid'able smart. I've been dreamin' all night that I was a Mohammedan prophet, beheadin' Gineral Gordon with a newspaper; and every time I cut off his head, another one grew on, and the one that was cut off turned into a cocoanut, till I had quite a big pile of them around."

"And *I* did dream," cried Louis Beaumanoir, "dat I vas sit at dinnaire, and everysing that I put in my mouf turn to co-ral, and break all my teef in leetle bits!"

"Och, thin, *Oi* had a worse dhrame than either of yez," said Mike O'Brien. "I dhramed that I was a shark——"

"And not far wrong either, judging by your appetite," chuckled Harris, refilling Mike's empty cocoanut-shell.

"And that I thried to swalley that newspaper that we wor rading, and got choked in doin' it," went on O'Brien, disdaining to notice this insinuation.

"Well, I don't wonder at *that*," said Bob, "for newspaper statements *are* rather difficult to swallow. By-the-bye, we didn't finish reading that paper yesterday; let's have some more of it now, while we're digesting."

"I'm thar," answered the President, bringing out the paper. "Here's just whar we stopped off:

"'LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

A FAMOUS NATIVE ROBBER CONNECTED WITH THE PLOT!

"'We have just learned that the chief mover in the plot which has been so fortunately discovered, was Shamo, the famous Mussulman Dacoit, whose daring robbery of the Government mail a year ago, in the teeth of an armed escort, was the talk of all India at the time. Most of his accomplices are already in prison, but when the party sent to arrest him entered the house, he sprang upon them with his short sword, killed one man and severely wounded another, and then, bursting through his assailants, leaped from a window more than thirty feet above the ground into the darkness below. No traces of him having since been found, it seems only too certain that this audacious criminal has escaped once more.'"

"That's as good as Rob Roy himself," cried Bob.

"'Search is now being made for him in all directions,'" continued Merritt, "'and a reward of 5,000 rupees has been offered for his capture. His description is as follows: Figure, tall and bony, nearly six feet in height; eyes small and deeply set, nose long and sharp, coarse black hair, prominent chin, blue seam across left side of forehead, left shoulder somewhat higher than right, and large scar on chest in the form of a white star.'"

"I should think he's the first of the White Star Line that's ever been out here," said Bob, with a grin. "I say, ain't 'Dacoit' a fine name for a fellow? It sounds ever so much better than plain 'robber.'"

"But why do they call 'em Dacoits, anyhow?" asked Merritt.

"Because they *decoy* people, of course," answered Bob, confidently, "just as they call those stranglers 'Thugs,' because they put a handkerchief round your neck and *tug* at it till they throttle you. Now, then, let's get to work."

To work they went with a will, Karl and Bob (who were both practised carpenters) being told off to the boat-building, while the other three widened the funnel-like hole leading down into the cavern. The brittle coral shivered like glass under their blows, and the gap was soon wide enough for one to pass at a time. Meanwhile Louis had been plaiting a rope of twisted palm-fibre, which was made fast to a neighbouring tree and dropped down the funnel by way of a ladder.

This done. Merritt slid down into the cave, and fixed a chip of wood in the face of the coral ledge as a tide-mark. It was still there when he returned after the flood-tide, and thus the question whether the cavern *could* be inhabited was finally settled.

That very evening they "moved their furniture," as Merritt said, though the narrowness of the descent into "Fairy Cave" (as they named their new home) made the job a long one.

"We've got to do all our cooking down here," said Jake, "for we mustn't show more smoke than we can help. The boat-building's got to be done upstairs, o' course, but the bushes hide it pretty well, and, anyhow, folks 'ud take it for the work of the people that were here before us, so long as *we* ain't seen."

But although the boys now laboured harder than ever, and the new boat advanced rapidly, they no longer took pleasure in the work. The shadow of coming danger or death was darkening their brief bright holiday, and withering the boyish, light-hearted enjoyment of their first days ashore. The fairy island was changed to a coral prison, whence they must escape at all hazards, even if they had to trust themselves once more to the mercy of the treacherous sea which had so nearly devoured them already.

All this while, however, nothing happened to confirm their fears. One or two light native boats had been descried in the offing, but always at a great distance; for, so far from approaching the island, they seemed bent upon giving it as wide a berth as possible.

"P'r'aps they think it's ha'nted," said Merritt—"and all the better if they do!"

At last their boat—in building which the timbers of the raft, as well as the nails and ropes attached to them, had been turned to good account—was so nearly finished that a very few hours more would make her quite ready for launching. Hoping to finish her that evening, they had worked till it was almost too dark to see what they were about; and they went to bed earlier than usual in order to be at work again the very first thing next morning.

But that night, for the first time since their landing, Bob Harris was wakeful and restless. Nor was he the only one who could not sleep. A voice suddenly whispered beside him:

"Bob, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Listen!"

Bob listened, and heard something that made even *his* bold heart beat quicker. Faint and far, but more distinct every moment, came a dull, measured sound, which he had heard too often not to recognise it at once. It was the stroke of a *paddle*.

"Don't wake the others," whispered Merritt. "There ain't more'n *one* man comin', or two at the outside, else they'd make more noise. We two 'll go out and spy around, and if we see any risk of their findin' us out, we'll try and give 'em a good reception, and make 'em sick of comin' here any more."

Noiselessly as shadows, the two lads crawled up the funnel, and then, keeping well in the deep shadow of the trees (for the splendid tropical moonlight was now at the full), stole down to the lagoon.

A dark object showed itself against the snowy whiteness of the outer coral reef. A canoe, guided by one shadowy figure, was threading one of the narrow, winding, perilous channels through the reef—a hazardous feat even in broad day, and one which the boldest man living might have hesitated to attempt at night.

"He's a plucky fellow, whoever he is," muttered Bob, admiringly. "Keep close, Jake, he's coming right toward us."

The canoe entered the lagoon, and, gliding across it, touched the beach not ten yards from their hiding place.

As the Unknown leaped ashore, the moonlight fell full upon him, and Merritt gave a sudden start, while Harris barely repressed a cry of dismay. *What* description was it which made them recognise at once that tall gaunt form, those sharp prominent features and small deep-set eyes, those uneven shoulders, and that star-shaped mark on the bare, bony chest, never seen before, but terribly familiar nevertheless?

There was no room for doubt. This midnight intruder upon their peaceful solitude was the brigand, the assassin, the plotter of treason and massacre—*Shamo the Dacoit!*

CHAPTER VIII.—ONLY ONE CHANCE LEFT.

For a moment the boys stood as if turned to statues; but even the stunning shock of this awful revelation could not quite overpower the thrill of strange and terrible enjoyment that came along with it. Here at last was one of the mysterious dangers about which they had read so often, brought home to their very doors; and now was the time for them to show what stuff they were made of.

But the great excitement of the adventure, after all, lay in the fact of their enemy being called a "Dacoit." Meeting a plain "robber" would have been nothing; but facing a Dacoit—*this* was romance indeed!

Meanwhile, Shamo seemed doubtful what to do next. He stood motionless for a minute or two, shooting quick, suspicious glances all around him, and bending his head forward as if to listen for any sound of life, his wolfish face looking so hideous as he did so, that the admiration excited in the minds of both lads by his daring exploits began to change to disgust.

At last, having apparently satisfied himself that all was safe so far, the Hindu moved stealthily forward, and the two boys, after allowing him to get a little way in advance, followed him with all possible caution.

But beyond keeping him in sight wherever he went, they had as yet no plan of action whatever. Even Merritt's quick brain had no device to meet this new and overwhelming danger. It was now certain that Shamo, having made India too hot to hold him, had fled to these remote islands as his likeliest place of refuge; and it seemed clear enough that, hearing of this deserted islet, he had come off to it alone (probably under the pretence of a night's fishing) to see whether he might safely lie hid there in case the British authorities should find out whither he had gone, and should order the islanders to deliver him up.

But what was to be done now? To let Shamo remain on their island was impossible, and it was not easy to see how he could be got rid of. Should they scuttle the canoe to cut off his retreat, and then call up their comrades? But, apart from the tiger-like strength and agility which he evidently possessed, there hung at his girdle the formidable *tulwar* (Hindu sword) with which he had cut his way through a whole band of armed assailants—a weapon worth a score of their short knives and light hatchets.

Merritt had originally intended (as has been seen) to work upon the intruder's superstitious fears, and frighten him away from the island by making him believe it haunted; but a man like Shamo would hardly be assailable by the childish terrors which dismayed the ignorant islanders of the Maldives. Perhaps, after all, their best plan would be to wait and see whether he might not leave the place of his own accord.

While they were thus hesitating, the question was suddenly settled for them. The Hindu, moving slowly across the open ground, caught his foot against the rope by which the boys were wont to slide down into Fairy Cave.

Suspicious as a prowling tiger, the veteran bandit stooped down to examine the rope, took it up in his hand, and then moved forward as if to see whither it led.

The two unseen watchers felt their hearts stand still. Another moment and the entrance of the cave would be discovered, while their companions, if awake, would probably take the jerking of the rope for a signal, and betray themselves by shouting or clambering up.

There was only one thing to do—and they did it. Jake Merritt's hatchet flew swift and straight as an arrow right at Shamo's head, which it would certainly have cleft had not an accidental movement of the Dacoit at that instant diverted the blow to his shoulder, in which the axe made a gash, whence the blood poured in torrents.

Bob Harris's axe instantly followed that of his friend, accompanied with a yell as terrific as an Apache's war-whoop; but at that moment the moon clouded over, and the effect of the blow could not be seen.

Bob's cry, however, startled the three sleepers below, who answered with a shout which, rolling hoarse and hollow up the rock-funnel, and magnified a thousandfold by the echoes of the cavern, sounded unspeakably hideous. The wounded Dacoit turned and fled like a deer.

Bob and Jake rushed from the thicket in pursuit, but a projecting twig tripped Merritt, who came heavily to the ground, while Harris, being close behind, fell over him before he could stop. As they regained their feet, the splash of a paddle in the lagoon told them that their enemy had escaped, just as Mike, Karl, and Louis came scrambling up the "chimney" in hot haste.

"There's only one chance left for us *now*, boys," said Merritt, after explaining what had happened, "and that's just to be off right away. Let's go and finish our boat at once; there'll be light enough with this moon."

"Any chance of that rascal dying, do you think?" asked Harris, as they all went down to the boat. "You hit him hard, I know; and I rather think I did, too."

"No such luck," answered Merritt. "He's bled consid'able, I see, but he ran away a deal too spry to be badly hurt. First thing we know, he'll bring a whole tribe of these niggers down on us, and I reckon we don't want to be at home when they call. I kinder suspicion, by their fightin' shy of this place the way they do, that there's some special reason why nobody ain't allowed to live here; so if they were to find *us* in it, they'd be safe to scalp the lot of us. Now then, to work!"

The little that remained to be done was soon finished, the moonlight lasting them bravely to the very end; and just as the first gleam of sunrise flashed along the silent sea, the castaways, who had gathered all the provisions they could in the time, cleared the outer reef, and shot out into the waste of waters once more.

(*To be continued*).

MISTAKES ABOUT SNAKES.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, f.z.s., etc.

Author of "Out-of-the-Way Pets," "Alligators and Crocodiles," etc.

People who know my pet craze often commence an inquiry on some subject connected with it with the remark, "Now you know all about snakes, don't you?" So I have often heard others addressed as knowing all about dogs, all about horses, all about fossils, all about the moon, &c. I don't know whether any of those so complimented ever really believe that they do know all about the topic in question, or whether they take it merely as a figure of speech; but I am perfectly persuaded that there can be no greater mistake than that anybody should think he knows *all* about any object, even the smallest or apparently the most trifling, in Nature—in other words, that there is nothing left to be learned. He who really considers that he has arrived at this stage has, of a certainty, penetrated to no great depth in his subject. One of the greatest astronomers that ever lived said, when some one congratulated him towards the close of his career on the vastness of his researches, that he felt like a little child playing on the shore of the great ocean of knowledge.

When I was studying medicine at St. George's Hospital, I was one day mentioning certain plans which I had formed for the future to Sir Prescott Hewett (then Senior Surgeon to the Hospital), and I happened to make use of the expression "after I have ceased to be a student."

"And pray *when* are you going to cease to be a student, sir?" demanded Sir Prescott, turning on me quickly. "When you take your degree and leave Hospital, and have no more lectures to attend? That's when you ought to *begin* to be a student in real earnest! *Now* you are only preparing to become one. I am a student still, and have no intention of ceasing to be so!"

It is the same in everything. I have been fond of snakes all my life, some of my very earliest recollections being those of having live serpents put around my neck or laid across my hands; and since that time my medical duties and appointments in many parts of the world have given me opportunities, not only of studying them and matters connected with them from a scientific point of view, but of living in close and constant companionship with them, greater than have fallen to most men, and greater than is ever likely to be my lot again. Now that I am brought to an anchor in England I haven't much time to bestow on my old friends, but I still contrive to see a little of them; all my necessary writing and reading—eating and drinking, too, sometimes—are done in the room devoted to them, so that I sit surrounded by them, and take some of them or something about them in every time I glance up, while for the most part others attend to their feeding and general arrangements. (A little black and crimson head is raised, and a tiny forked tongue quivers like a thread within six inches of my pen, perhaps wondering what can be the meaning of all this ceaseless rush and worry, and why I don't lie down and "hybernate" as he does. Possibly he thinks this strange scribbling animal must be a creature of a very low intelligence to move about so much and exert himself so, day after day and night after night.) Well, even in this casual way, and without having forgotten much of my past experience, I am always learning something new about snakes, something that I am astonished not to have perceived before—something, too, that often serves to link together facts previously observed, but obscure and puzzling until this key to their meaning and harmony comes to hand, opening up fresh disclosures in the life-history and mystery of these interesting brutes. So it is in all other branches of the study of Nature. The practice of medicine—which, after all, is only one department of Natural

History—changes completely in many particulars in the course of a few years.

But what I would urge you to do, whatever you go in for, is to *write* down your observations—you remember Bacon's remark about speaking, reading, and writing. It's surprising how much you collect and group, how many things you *find out that you know*, simply by the order and method of arrangement which is brought about by the reflection consequent on writing. I am led to say all this before starting on the subject of this paper, because of a little discovery which suddenly revealed itself to me as I sat biting the end of my penholder after writing the heading—"Mistakes about Snakes." My intention was (and is) to give a few of the many wrong ideas connected with these creatures which are commonly accepted; but, coming to jot one or two of them down, the fact dawned upon me that almost *every* popular notion about a snake is an error!

A snake is a creature which fascinates its prey, which can be charmed by music, which is poisonous, which puts out a forked sting, which chases people and bites them, which sheds its skin once a year, which basks in the sun, which is cold and slimy, which coils up before it jumps, which winds round an animal, which licks it all over before it swallows it, which is rendered harmless by antidotes, &c., &c. Isn't that something like the usual sum of a serpent's qualities and attributes in most people's minds? Yet there is not an item of this which is not more or less directly false. I wonder how many times a day on an average the keepers in the Reptile House at the Zoo have to answer the question, "Are their stings extracted?" (Kind-hearted folks, who would shudder at the thought of a dog's teeth being drawn or a mouse's tail chopped off, often take the circumstance of a poor serpent's fangs being cut out quite as a matter of course. I am thankful to say that this brutal proceeding is much more rarely done than is supposed.) Royalty itself exclaimed the other day, when a tame rat-snake, which was being handled, flickered out its tongue, "Take care, it's putting out its sting!" Ah, if human tongues were as little capable of harm as the serpent's!

This shooting out of the tongue is always a sign of excitement of some sort (not necessarily of anger) on the part of its owner. It is kept stowed away, when not wanted, in a little tube in the mouth; and there is a notch or chink in the upper lip through which it can be put out without opening the jaws. As for the snake licking its prey all over before swallowing it, that's all nonsense; the tongue doesn't carry moisture enough to damp the wings of a fly, far less to make a goat or turkey slip down easily. Once inside the mouth, the animal is drenched with an abundant saliva. The use of a serpent's tongue is not known. I believe that one purpose which it serves is to attract animals, which mistake it for a worm—to act as a sort of bait, in fact. I have seen a frog "click" repeatedly at the quivering tongue of a moccassin; and a fowl, which was quietly picking up corn close to the head of a large water-boa, kept dabbing at the curling black object which rolled out from time to time amongst the grain. And once, as I was walking up the track from Limon Bay to San José in Costa Rica, where the metals of a projected railway had already been laid for some distance, but where the rapid undergrowth of jungle was already pouring in over the clearing again, I saw a little snake ahead flit away behind a stone. I stood stock still, wondering how I could get up close without alarming him; for the stone was close to the bushes, where he would be lost to view at once.

And while I stood deliberating so, a glorious little crimson tanager flew down between us, and began to peck about on the ground. Just then the snake's head came round the stone, its scales glistening and tongue twinkling excitedly in the hot sunlight; and presently the tanager, seeming to catch sight of it, hopped right over beside it. At that moment I made an incautious movement, and bird and snake were both gone.

(To be continued.)

IN THE MIDDLE WATCH.

By George Andrew Patterson, R.N.

Author of "A Rolling Commission," "An After-Dinner Incident," etc.

I dare say the narration of the following seafaring incident will prove interesting to many of my readers, for I notice that my own grandsons—who, one might suppose, must have had a surfeit of story-telling—still prick up their ears and look out of eager eyes whenever there is another tale to be told. I can spin the yarn all the more readily since I shall not be blowing my own trumpet. And yet I had a share in the event—yes, and a very good share, too, as you will presently see. But in this particular case I was not "in it," as the saying is; however, I know the place well—the truth is, I am never likely to forget it; for, strange to say, it fell to my lot some ten years later to play a leading part there in a smart affair while it lasted, with hard knocks in plenty, and as much of cut-and-thrust as there was little time to parry, tokens of which fray I shall carry as long as I live—so I may safely say I know the place; moreover, my old shipmate, who was one of the principal actors, told me the story over and over again whenever there was nothing else to talk about.

It was in the year 1850 or '51—I can't tell which, for the moment, without looking over my parchment commissions—at a time when the slave trade was in full swing on the West Coast of Africa, and our Government kept a strong naval force under the pennant to check the traffic. Steam had not been generally introduced into the navy, and hence the vessels composing the squadron were mostly 12-gun brigs, of bluff bow and square stern, and masts so taunt that some of the brigs "turned turtle" when the fierce tornado fell upon them, while others sailed away and have not been heard of to this day. The few steamers of that time were nearly all "paddlers," and that is how I came to be there; for it's little I know of sailoring in the matter of managing boats and the like; and I am afraid, if it had been left to me, precious few niggers would have seen daylight through my knocking off the hatches. It was more in my line of business to see the stokers down below attend to their fires, stirring them up with their long pokers, and, on an extra pinch, throwing in a dose of tallow or tar, in order to make our paddle-wheels fly round the faster whenever the signalman from the cross-trees announced a sail in sight.

Well, we had been on the station about eight months or so without picking up anything worth mentioning, and at the time I speak of had just returned from Ascension, where all hands had been regaled with turtle soup after the manner of city aldermen—though perhaps they get conger-eel—to resume our special duty of watching about a hundred miles of coast line. Captures had not been frequent of late; several slavers were known to have escaped. The Admiralty were not satisfied, and had hinted as much to the Commodore, who felt bound to pass it on and to give the various commanding officers a piece of his mind; so that when our skipper dropped a couple of fully equipped boats off the Congo, his parting salutation to the lieutenant and mate was, "Keep your eyes skinned; I shall expect to hear good news from you soon;" while it was his intention to cruise up to his northern limit, calling in upon the merchants on the way, and then to drop down the coast again to Kabenda, which was appointed a rendezvous.

So the mainsail was again filled, and we gathered way on our course, while the boats headed for the shore. A stiff bit of work lay before them, I warrant you, to make headway against the strong current of the river that was pouring out like volumes of pea-soup. However, a brave spurt landed them just inside Sharks Point, where they endeavoured to obtain some idea of what was going on in a palaver with the headmen, who came to the conference variously attired in cocked hat and shirt, or shabby "high topper" (over which a sable attendant behind held an umbrella), plus a naval officer's worn-out coat, but never a pair of trousers among the crowd. There was a strong suspicion that these pretended darky friends were playing us false; so the officers listened attentively to the chiefs, believed just as much as they thought fit, and then pushed on stage by stage up stream.

On the second afternoon, while working up under the sea-breeze, a village of raised huts was observed erected on piles as a protection against the ravages of alligators; for it is not at all uncommon, when the river rises in the rainy season, for these creatures to maroon around the gardens and yards snapping up everything that comes in the way. Before sundown the boats reached Punta-de-Linha, whose situation afforded admirable facilities for the shipment of native produce, and, of course, whenever there was an opportunity, slaves. Many's the slaver that has glided away from its tumble-down wharves. Upon nearing the place several craft were noticed lying alongside, including a large Portuguese schooner, which, at the very first glance, was unanimously voted a slaver. Now, indeed, did both lieutenant and mate keep their eyes skinned, but the keenest scrutiny failed to detect anything incriminating; the hold lay exposed, and was bare except for a small heap of pea-nuts, large quantities of which lay in bulk under adjoining sheds, and which, being indicated with a careless wave of the hand, was considered sufficient answer when suggestions of a live cargo were broached.

Clearly nothing could be done, so the officers departed, affecting to be satisfied, yet being firmly persuaded they had arrived most opportunely. Possibly a slave caravan was expected from an interior market; or, perhaps, the unhappy victims were at that moment secreted somewhere amongst the dense mangrove and network of creeks in the rear of the factory. The boats patrolled the vicinity in hopes of picking up some scrap of information, for that schooner haunted their imaginations. When the labours of the day were over, their boat swinging at anchor, responsive to the gentle undulations of the river, and they, with all the freedom of sailors, indulging in an uninterrupted smoke, all the talk ran upon the schooner; and when twilight deepened into night, when, save the

look-outs, the talkers one by one dropped off into fitful slumbers under the awning; when white mists gathered around, enshrouding the bush with a ghostly pall, and the stillness was invaded only by the river's ripple, and the moan of the surf breaking on the strand miles away, the Portuguese schooner was still present in their dreams.

The worst of it was the dreams seemed little likely to be realised. The boats' movements on the river were all conveyed to the factories by "native post"—the passing on of news from one to another—and a subsequent flying visit revealed no change in the situation; a greater display of pea-nuts, perhaps, but, pshaw! any one looking at the build of the schooner with half an eye could see her keel was never laid down to carry pea-nuts. What was to be done? In playing a waiting game our comrades would inevitably lose, yet there appeared no alternative. Stay; why not adopt strategy? Happy thought! So the officers laid their heads together, and at length matured a plan that seemed to promise success.

Near Punta-de-Linha, but on the opposite side of the river, there were located some natives who, on account of a long-standing trade dispute, were unfriendly to the Portuguese establishment; hence our officers thought it highly probable that, in consideration of a substantial "dash," the chief would be only too glad to further their aims. It was suggested they should palaver him with a view to the mate's being landed among them, where he could lie hid in their village during the day; that, after dark, a couple of the tribe should be provided to paddle the young officer to a sandy patch of tall grass and reeds in the middle of the river, barely half a mile from the factory jetties. Thus ambushed, he would be enabled with his night-glass to fairly command the schooner's movements for several hours after dusk, just at the critical time when, if there was to be a run, the slaves must be hastily embarked, in order that the vessel might clear the thirty miles of river and gain an offing before daylight. The boats were to withdraw and leave the river, giving it out that they were about to rejoin the ship, but, under cover of darkness, were to creep back to an indentation in the red cliffs below Banana, at the river's mouth, an unfrequented locality, where, screened from observation, they would be ready for any emergency; while the mate was to skurry down to them in the canoe upon the first sign of the schooner's slipping away. Such was the scheme which, if all went well, was to checkmate the Punta-de-Linha people, and bring our ship a fat prize.

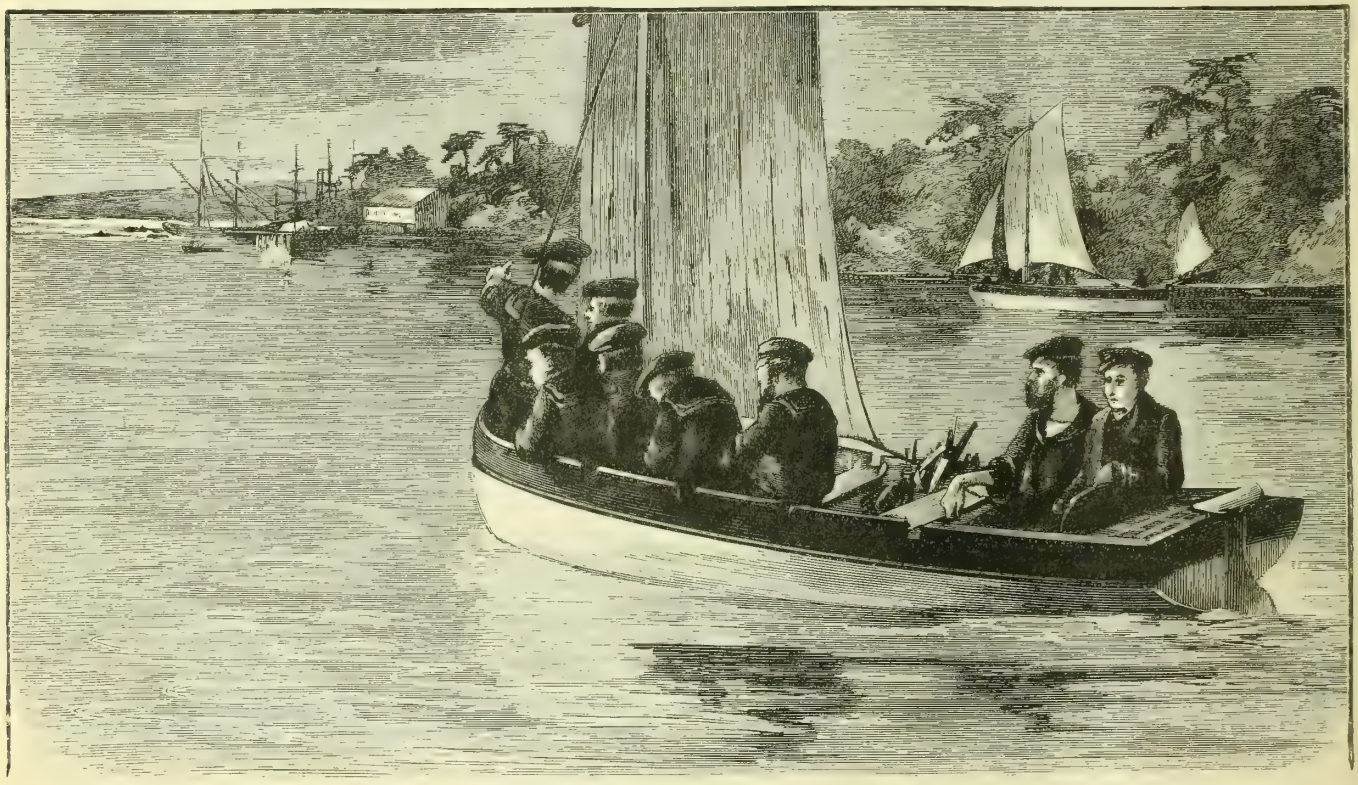
And there was a fair promise that all *would* go well. The lieutenant was right in counting upon the co-operation of the chief, who was willing any way to pay off an old score, and the additional prospect of a "dash" settled the business so far as he was concerned. The mate was accordingly landed one evening after dark, and next morning, in full daylight, the boats went ostentatiously down the river in mid stream, not forgetting to call in at Sharks Point to say good-bye; thence out into the open sea under full canvas, until to darky eyes there was an end of them.

But before the first watch was out they had doubled back to situations commanding the river's outlet, flitting away to the appointed trysting place at the earliest symptoms of dawn. All the day they lay in hiding, resuming their positions afloat when darkness rendered it prudent. That night, however, proved as uneventful as the preceding, but just before noon they espied through the Dollond glass a boat, evidently not a canoe, dropping down towards Sharks Point, which landed its occupant, who, as far as could be judged from his attire, could be none other than one of the factory traders. He made no long stay, the boat being shortly again observed retracing its course at urgent speed. This looked suspicious, and gave rise to much speculation, the general impression being that a run would be attempted that night.

And so it proved; for about eleven o'clock, the boats having taken up their positions at anchor, and everybody being on the *qui vive*, the mate cautiously bore down in the canoe with the intelligence that, having every now and then since dusk heard unusual sounds and excited voices, he had judged it best to rejoin them, since he could be easily paddled back again at early morning in the bottom of the canoe if nothing transpired. But the information, coupled with the trader's suspicious visit, strongly confirmed the notion that the night would not wear away without adventure. So awnings being quietly furled, and arms looked to, the seamen lay along the gunwale in strained expectation.

A weary waiting it proved as the hours dragged slowly out, for half the middle watch had wellnigh gone, and feelings of despair were beginning to creep over the crew, when one of the number fancied he noticed the dusky sky near the horizon, directly over the river, unusually blurred and darkened. Could it be a floating cloud? or was his eye, tired with its protracted vigil, playing him false? General attention was at once focussed upon the object, which gradually rose higher, and by degrees assumed something of definite shape, until at length there was shadowed forth the upper sails and masts of a vessel, and the delighted gazers knew for certain it was the long-looked-for schooner coming at last.

Yes, it was she, sure enough, dropping down upon them under the influence of the current, for there was only a capful of wind; still, she was forging ahead at the rate of knots,* and would probably go like a race-horse in a breeze. There was no time to lose; so, placing a dark lantern over the stern, and lifting the shutter as a signal to the other boat away on the beam, they shortened up anchor as quietly as possible, though, for the matter of that, it didn't make much difference now whether the schooner discovered them or not, seeing that, with so little wind, she was at the mercy of the cur-



"Nearing the place, several craft were noticed."

* "Rate of knots"—a colloquial expression implying speed.

rent. However, the boats being low, they were not seen in the darkness as they lay thus upon the pounce. As soon, then, as the schooner had approached within striking distance, the anchor was lifted, the crew took to the oars, and, concealment being now no longer possible, a lusty British cheer rang out upon the stillness of the night, the rowers gave way with all their muscle, until the cutter bumped the schooner, when grapnels shot out from bow and stern, the lieutenant and crew clambered up pell-mell, best leg foremost, over the low bulwarks, the mate at the same time sheering up on the opposite quarter in the endeavour to be first on board—and, before you could say "Jack Robinson," the schooner was in their hands.

It was all done so suddenly there was small chance of resistance on the part of the prize, even if they had been inclined that way; but they trusted rather to their vessel's speed to elude our cruisers, whom they had given the go-by twice before. When our brave fellows opened the hold—just to look at the pea-nuts, you know—it didn't at all surprise them to find between two and three hundred slaves of all sorts lumped together, whose sufferings they at once proceeded to alleviate.

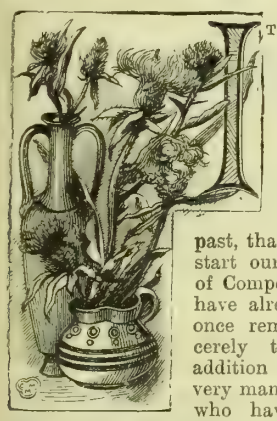
Well, there's little more to tell, except that the capture of the schooner appeared to change our luck, for within the next three months we had taken as many prizes. The lieutenant, poor fellow, never saw his prize-money, being mortally wounded not many months afterwards, while leading his boat's crew—the same boat—into action at the attack upon Lagos. The mate, by God's providence, came out scathless from the fire and fever, received promotion when his turn came, and subsequently figured most honourably in Admiralty records. It is a long time since I saw him; I rather fancy he must have been precluded by age from reaching flag rank, as he retired a few years since; but turning over the pages of the Navy List I see his name in its place among the post-captains, so he is still in the flesh, and I daresay he often reflects with pardonable pride upon the night, forty years ago, when he captured the Portuguese schooner in the middle watch.

(THE END.)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(THIRTEENTH SERIES.)

NEW SUBJECTS AND IMPORTANT PRIZES.



It is with very real personal pleasure, as well as most hearty congratulations to all who have successfully competed in the past, that we once more start our Annual Series of Competitions. As we have already more than once remarked, we sincerely trust that, in addition to old friends, very many of our readers who have not hitherto taken any part in these honourable and stimulating trials of skill will now pluck up heart to strive for a place amongst the more meritorious competitors. Local admirers, it should be ever remembered by aspirants to literary, art, or mechanical success, are not always the safest or best judges of one's capabilities; and it should prove helpful in every way to have one's work tested by competent authorities side by side with that of others of one's own age resident in all parts of Great and Greater Britain.

We should like to repeat here what we have more than once stated, and so render any correspondence quite unnecessary, that where there may be any doubt as to our exact meaning in the announcement of subjects, competitors will be quite safe in following their own judgment in the matter. Our one object in offering the Prizes and selecting the subjects being to help our readers, they may be quite sure we should not allow any deserving worker to suffer because of a mere accidental misunderstanding. The *rules and conditions must, however, of course, be strictly adhered to.* All the subjects *are equally open to every bonâ fide reader, irrespective of sex or nationality, within the ages specified;* so that *any or every reader* may, if so disposed, try IN ALL THE COMPETITIONS. The right to modify or even withhold the Prizes, if in any subject there should be no suitable competition, is of course reserved by the Editor.

I.—A Pocket-Knife Competition.

Prize—One Guinea.

We offer a PRIZE of at least *One Guinea* (which we may increase if needs be) for the best article—to be judged alike as to workmanship and ingenuity produced wholly by means of a pocket-knife and common pine or other soft-grained wood. Open equally to all readers up to 24 years of age.

[*The last day for sending in is December* 31, 1890.]

II.—Writing Competition.

Prizes—Three Guineas.

As a really good legible handwriting is becoming increasingly appreciated, especially in commercial life, and is not always taught and recognised as it ought to be at our public schools, we have decided to make our second subject in this series, as in some earlier competitions, one calculated to test the skill of our readers in this direction. We do not limit the style of writing to any one class, whether the commercial, the corresponding, or the legal, but no extra marks are allowed for ornamentation, in the way of fancy initials, &c.

We offer, then, THREE PRIZES, of *One Guinea each*, for the best copy, in plain handwriting, of the Lord's Prayer, as found in St. Matthew's Gospel—either the Authorised or Revised Version may be used. Competitors will be taken in three classes—the Junior Division, embracing all ages up to 14; the Middle Division, all ages from 14 to 18; and the Senior, all ages from 18 to 24.

The last day for sending in is December 31, 1890, and as we never attempt to commence the adjudication until the prescribed date is past, nothing is gained by competitors in hurrying in their work. This applies equally to the whole of our competitions. (*See "Rules and Conditions."*)

III.—Modelling and Carving.

Prizes—Six Guineas.

We offer THREE PRIZES of *Two Guineas* each, for (1) the best *Model in Clay or Plaster* of the "Old-Time Dominie" issued with our November part; (2) the best *Model in Wood* of the same object; and (3) the best *Bracket, either carved or modelled, suitable for holding the bust.* This competition is open to all readers equally up to 24 years of age.

[*The last day for sending in is January* 31, 1891.]

IV.—Music.

Prizes—Three Guineas.

We once more offer, as during several previous years, TWO PRIZES, of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best musical setting, with organ or pianoforte accompaniment, of any of the verses appearing in our last volume (Vol. XII.), or in the EXTRA SUMMER and Christmas Parts of 1890. There will be two classes only (not including the "Over-age" class), the Junior embracing all ages up to 18, and the Senior from 18 to 24.

[*The last day for sending in is February* 28, 1891.]

V.—Chess Competition.

Prizes—Three Pounds Nine Shillings.

We offer PRIZES of 10*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, and 5*s.* *in each section*, for the three best original problems that may be sent to us by February 28, 1891, in Two Moves, Three Moves, and Four Moves. Self-mates and conditional problems are excluded. The first move may not be the taking in passing, but castling is permissible. Two Queens, three Knights of one colour, etc., must not be used. Mark plainly on outside of envelope "Chess Competition." Open equally to all ages up to 24 years.

VI.—Literary.

Prizes—Four Guineas.

We offer FOUR PRIZES of *One Guinea* each for the best original Poem sent in on the subject of TRUE MANHOOD. The style and metre are left entirely to the choice of competitors, but no contribution should *exceed fifty lines in length.* Competitors will be divided into classes, according to age, as follows, one prize going to each class:—Senior, all ages from 20 to 24; Second, all ages from 17 to 20; Third, all ages from 14 to 17; Junior, all ages up to 14.

[*The last day for sending in is March* 31, 1891.]

VII.—Carving and Fretwork.

Prizes—Ten Guineas.

We select this subject, as we do some of the others, specially to meet the case of readers who, owing to their bent of mind or talent, or the early age at which they had to commence wage-earning, might possibly stand but little chance of winning honours in purely literary subjects; and also because, having successfully tried their hands in such competitions as this, many may haply be induced to follow up the interesting and profitable pastime for the adornment of their own homes.

We offer, then, PRIZES to the value of *Ten Guineas*, to be divided according to the merits of the work in the several divisions, for the best *Bookshelf* (hanging or fixed), capable of holding, say, ten volumes of the B. O. P., whether in carving or fretwork (or the two combined). The choice, treatment, wood, tools, &c., is left wholly to competitors, but the natural difficulties presented by some subjects and woods over others will of course be taken into due consideration by the adjudicators. There will be three divisions—the Junior, including all ages up to 15; the Middle, all ages from 15 to 18; and the Senior, all ages from 19 to 24. The highest prize will go to the division furnishing the best work.

[*The last day for sending in is April* 30, 1891.]

VIII.—Illuminating.

Prizes—Six Guineas and a Half.

This class of competition is, we are glad to know, always popular with our readers, and hence we once more introduce it here. We offer now FOUR PRIZES, of *Three Guineas, Two Guineas, One Guinea,* and *Half-a-Guinea* respectively, for the best Illumination (in oils or water-colours) of the competitor's favourite New Testament promise. Either the Authorised or Revised Version may be followed. Competitors will be divided into four classes, according to age, and one Prize will be awarded in each class. First class, from 19 to 24; Second class, from 15 to 19; Third class, from 11 to 15; Fourth class, all ages up to 11. The highest Prize will go to the class showing the greatest merit. Competitors are not prohibited from using purchased designs, but the colouring must be wholly their own, and, other things being equal, the preference will be given to original work throughout. The size, material, etc., are left to the choice of competitors.

[*The last day for sending in is May* 30, 1891.]

[⁂ *Other subjects, including* PHOTOGRAPHY, *will probably follow in due course.*]

Special Extra "Over-age" Prizes.

We have resolved, in the interest of our many older readers who do not like to be excluded by an age limit, to make a *special extra class*, to include *all ages above* 24. In this class we will give a uniform prize of *One Guinea* in each of the subjects announced for competition, provided the best productions in this extra class surpass those of the prize-winners in our ordinary Senior Divisions. Should the "special extras" fall below the Senior Division, no prize will be awarded. All the subjects now announced in this our twelfth series of competitions are thus open to our older readers, who must, however, conform to the "Rules and Conditions" applicable to all our other competitors.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. *No article of any kind* sent in to us in competition *will be returned*, whether accompanied by stamps or not. *The result of each competition will be published in due course in our columns, and no questions on the subject can be answered through the post, the forwarding of stamped and addressed envelopes notwithstanding.*

2. In addition to the Prizes, handsome "Certificates of Merit," suitable for framing, signed by the Editor, will be awarded to all the more meritorious competitors who may fail to secure prizes.

3. The work must in every case be the competitor's own—that is, must be the product of his own hands and brain; though, of course, any aids received merely in the way of suggestion, whether from books or friends, are admissible.

4. All MSS. must have at the top of first page the *full name, address*, and *age* of sender, clearly and legibly written, thus:—

Name .....
Address .....
Age .....

In the case of the Illuminations, Carvings, &c., these same particulars should be written on a separate piece of paper, *which should also be the certificate (see Rule 5)*, and must be *stitched* (not pinned) on the front top left-hand corner, or *gummed to the back*.

5. All contributions should be certified by parent, clergyman, minister, teacher, employer, or other responsible person, as genuine unaided work. By this certificate we simply mean a letter, or even an endorsement under the competitor's name, thus:—"I hereby certify that the accompanying article is the unaided work of ——." Signed ——.

6. All letters or packets must be plainly marked *outside* "Prize Competition, Class —," and must be addressed to "The EDITOR, BOY'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London," *the carriage being, of course*, in all cases PREPAID.

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER.

I.—In Poultry-Run, Aviary, Rabbitry, etc.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

A happy new year to you all, boys, and to your sisters who, many times and oft, spirit away your paper to read. "But isn't it rather soon," you may say, "to wish us a happy new year?" Not a bit of it. The division of time is arbitrary, and this is the commencement of the B. O. P. new year, and to the new volume now beginning I am to contribute these "Doings for the Month." These words of mine will be read, mayhap, with brimming eyes, by many a lad who has gone to seek his fortune in foreign lands, for will they not bring back to him sunny memories of school-days, with all their joys for ever gone, of gladsome holidays and the fireside of his father's home? Mind you, the sun never sets on the British Empire, and the sun never sets on the B. O. P. This may sound like brag—and so it is—but it is likewise the veritable truth.

And now, boys, before actually beginning the work of the new year, let us take a brief peep back at that of the old. Reviewing the hobbies which you each have had, whether Poultry, Pigeons, Rabbits, or anything else, what is the feeling uppermost in our hearts? I fear we must call it by its right name—Disappointment. In the majority of cases, at all events. Well, and what are the reasons annexed thereto? Let us face the matter boldly out and answer: "First, most of us expected too much. Golden clouds hung along the horizon of our hobby, which accidents, arising as the year advanced, dispelled. Secondly, some of us are imbued with that species of good intentions which, like the seed that fell on stony ground, flourishes but a brief space, then withereth away. Thirdly, many of us started with a flourish of trumpets, and meant doing great things, but knew positively nothing of the habits of the animals we intended to keep. Some of us, I fear, hardly know enough to come in out of a shower. Fourthly, alas! some of us were guilty of positive neglect—a neglect amounting to downright cruelty. We often forgot to feed our fowls; our pigeons found empty hoppers in the morning, because we had been at that cricket match; the canary had to tap the bottom of a dusty tin; the rabbits had to lie on a wet, black bed; our guinea-pigs complained bitterly of being 'Weak—weak—weak!' which they never ought to be; Rover was left on chain and forgotten; and the weeds in the garden grew so tall they could look down and laugh at us." Sad confession! But isn't it true, my lads? Well, anyhow, there is one satisfying thought with it; we all mean to do better in the year that is before us. So there!

THE POULTRY RUN.—The gloomy season of the year is commencing with us again, for November is only too often raw, wet, and stormy. We must see to it that the fowls do not suffer, else our pockets will, for pullets will be put back in their laying. Without giving too much food, or food in abundance that is likely to fatten, the birds should be regularly and carefully fed, and if they have not a good grass run, green stuff should be thrown into the run every other day. Garden refuse of all kinds, such as cabbage leaves and stalks, weeds, &c., and among this a handful or two of grains may be cast. In looking for the latter the birds obtain warmth from the exercise. An eye should now be kept on the dust-bath and shelter. If rain gets upon this and speedily converts it into a mud-bath, this, however beneficial to some kinds of human invalids, is hardly suitable to the requirements of a fowl. Birds that are seen to be ailing in any way, or moping and drooping, or that do not appear to have come through the moult well, should be put into a warm and snug house by themselves, and fed well, say on oatmeal draggled with milk, meaty scraps, and grains. Warmth alone will often restore a seemingly dying fowl to life and health, and the old wife's plan of rolling it up in flannel and placing it near the fire is not to be despised.

November is a good month to commence the fowl fancy. But the first thing to be done is to get the house and run ready. If you invest a shilling or eighteenpence in buying a book before you do anything else, you will find it is money well expended.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—You will ere now, I suppose, have weeded down the loft to its proper dimensions. If not, do so without delay. Apart from the fact that overcrowding is a crime that never goes long unpunished, it is folly to keep birds to eat their own worth in a few weeks. New fanciers should join the pigeon-keeping ranks at once, and they, too, will find it most advantageous to commence by buying and well studying a handbook. Messrs. Dean & Son, of 160A Fleet Street, London, have a sixpenny guide which would do for a beginner. The more advanced student would greatly benefit by a perusal of Lewis Wright's "Practical Pigeon Keeper," price 3s. 6d., or Lyall's book, obtainable at the office of the "Exchange and Mart," 170 Strand, London.

THE AVIARY.—Quiet continues to reign supreme in this branch. There is perhaps no more healthy bird than the canary if carefully and regularly fed, and not overpampered. The moulting season is the most critical; but it should be remembered that moulting is not a disease, and all that is needed to bring a canary or any other bird carefully through it is good food, clean water, green food, and warmth. For the first few days there is somewhat of fever, so green food and plain seeds are enough; then we may feed rather more nutritiously, and by-and-by give a tonic—simply a few drops, say 20, of tincture of iron, in the fresh drinking water daily.

THE RABBITRY.—Your hutches will now be in their winter quarters. Ailments of many dangerous kinds are produced by cold and wet, and if to this is added the mistake of giving unwholesome food, we cannot wonder if such complaints as pot-belly ensue. We must remember that warmth and cosiness are natural to the rabbit, and the boy who neglects to procure a sufficiency of dry, soft bedding cannot expect his favourites to thrive. But even bedding and cleanliness will not suffice to keep your rabbits healthy if you neglect regular and judicious feeding, with frequent changes—hay, oats, green food (dryish), nice succulent roots, a mash now and then, and bread-crusts.

THE KENNEL.—See to the comfort of the kennel now the bad weather is coming on, and give as much exercise as it is possible to allow.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—It is a good plan, as soon as the potatoes are out of the ground, to get down green plants. But if you wish to rest the soil a bit, then rough-dig it—that is, dig without raking; the frost thus gets into it and kills weed seeds. Take a general look around now, and plan improvements, for now would be the best time for making walks and laying out borders. Cut hedges, trim bushes, make everything tidy, and do not forget that weeds will thrive even yet, so hoe them up or dig them down.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS. Get ready window boxes. There is nothing like a little carpentry or joinery work for keeping a boy out of temptation's way. Be busy, therefore, and if you have not a box of tools, do all in your power to honestly procure one.

II.—Pupa Digging, Trawling, etc.

By Rev. THEODORE WOOD.

Even in the mild seasons which now seem to be the rule in this eccentric climate of ours, NOVEMBER is naturally not a very productive month for the entomologist. But it is a great mistake to suppose that there is nothing at all to be done. The net may be left at home, it is true; but it is still worth while to keep an eye on the palings. The November Moth (*Oporabia dilutata*), for instance, is sure to be plentiful, and is so remarkably variable that quite a number of specimens will be required to make even a fairly representative

SPECIAL NOTICE!

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "B.O.P."



Will all our Friends and Readers make a careful note of the fact that this year, as hitherto, we intend to issue a

SPECIAL EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER

of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, *to consist of sixty-four pages devoted to Stories and Articles of striking seasonable and permanent interest, illustrated by the best Artists.*

This CHRISTMAS NUMBER *will be issued with the December Part of the "Boy's Own," and will cost 6d.*

As the Edition may be speedily exhausted, and it will be impossible to reprint, readers who would ensure obtaining copies are strongly advised to give their orders to the Booksellers AT ONCE. *It may be remembered that many who failed to do this in regard to our previous Christmas Numbers found themselves unable to obtain them; and the same thing is of course not at all unlikely to occur in regard to* THIS YEAR'S NUMBER, *which will not be included in the bound volume. All these "Boy's Own" Extras are well worthy of permanent preservation.*

Office: 56 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

series. The beautiful Golden Umber (*Hibernia aurantiaria*) bears it company in favoured localities; but the female, which only possesses the merest apologies for wings, must be looked for at night on or near hawthorn bushes. She is a spider-like creature, and rather hard to see: so that the best plan is to spread a sheet beneath the bushes, and then to shake them violently over it. In default of the sheet, a large umbrella will do nearly as well.

Look out on the gas-lamps for the Sprawler (*Petasia cassinea*), which is something of a rarity. The Feathered Thorn (*Himera pennaria*) may also be taken during the earlier part of the month.

But the great business for November is that of pupa-digging. The ground is likely to be in good condition, the air will not be cold enough to numb the fingers, and—more important still—the mole and his fellow-labourers will not have had time to forestall one. So seize the opportunity, and sally forth after pupæ—like the famous voter—"early and often." Solitary trees in paths and meadows are usually the most productive, especially when their roots are close to the surface and form a number of cosy little nooks and corners just suited to a caterpillar's wants. Dig up the earth to a depth of about five inches and turn it over and over, tear every sod carefully to pieces, examine all dead leaves which are adhering together, and carefully investigate every crevice and every piece of loose bark on the tree itself. Pupæ get into all sorts of odd places, and have an aggravating way of looking like anything but what they really are, so that quite a little education is required before one can hope to be at all successful in the work of finding them. I speak from sad experience, for my first six pupa-digging excursions were absolute failures; and although on the seventh occasion I *did* bring back a pupa, it subsequently proved to be only that of a blue-bottle!

Many beetles are still about, and among them some of the best. If you live near the sea-shore, search the sands and the lower parts of the cliffs on all warm and sunny mornings. In this way I have taken some of my very best specimens, and have found literally in hundreds several species previously considered as among our greatest rarities. One of the best hauls that ever I made, indeed, was on a November day, and I have always reckoned on collecting with fair regularity quite to the end of the month. Of course, success depends entirely upon the weather. But there are nearly always *some* fine and warm days during the month, and if the collector takes advantage of these he is almost sure to do tolerably well.

Correspondence.

E. W. S.—Your best plan would be to visit the Waterloo Panorama in Victoria Street, Westminster, and see the uniforms for yourself.

S. Waller.—Really, a home-made typewriter would be very useful; but have you ever seen one? Get a look at a Remington or a Hammond, and then write and let us know what you think of the simplicity. How many boys do you think would care to tackle such a combination? As to a banjo, we have already built a banjo for our readers. See page 172 of Volume XI.

Baka.—Write to the secretary of the line at the London office, if it has one. State clearly what you know, and how you have gained your experience. Pay differs with country, so that it is impossible to say. You must expect to pay your passage out, and be on the same footing exactly as the natives of the country in the same service.

Coney.—The books are French translations of two well-known stories by Captain Mayne Reid. One is the "War Trail," the other is the "Finger of Fate." The first was published in 1858, the last in 1872. Both are probably now in two-shilling editions, but we do not know the publishers.

H. E. H. E.—You probably mean the Surgical Aid Society, which is in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street; or the Surgical Appliance Society, which is at 12, Finsbury Circus.

Liftonian Cricketer.—The best manual on the game of cricket is our *2s.* "Cricket," by Dr. W. G. Grace, in the Bookshelf Series. Send *2s. 4d.* to the publisher at 56, Paternoster Row, and it will be forwarded to you post free.

Seven-Years' Subscriber.—For appointments in banks having foreign branches a nomination is required from a director. The examination is generally in handwriting and simple arithmetic, including compound interest and brokerage, and the age of admission is about 17; but there is nearly always a candidates' list, on which you should secure a place at 15 or thereabouts.

Scotch Lad.—It depends on the regiment. Regiments recruiting in Scotland have about 90 per cent. of the men from the north of the Tweed, but in a regiment like the Scots Guards the proportion is very much less.

C. B. A.—Get "How to Send a Boy to Sea," price 1*s.*, of Messrs. Warne and Co., 15, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

Naval.—A "Constant Reader" who writes to know how to join the Britannia at the very time a series of articles on that subject by a Lord of the Admiralty is running in the paper, must be too unintelligent to stand a chance in any examination whatsoever.

L. E. S.—If you "have heard of firms in London who buy silk at 21*s.* and 10*s.* 6*d.* per ounce," perhaps you would not mind sending us their names. There are scores of our readers who would very much like to know them. At present we think the firms are as mythical as the used penny-postage buyers and the gold in 1864 pennies!

J. C. Smith.—The book entitled "Nauticus and his Hobby-Horse" was published by Messrs. Hatchard, and can be obtained from any bicycling booksellers, such as Iliffe, St. Bride Street, &c. Write to the Secretary, Cyclists' Touring Club, Fleet Street, E.C.

W. Turner.—1. It depends on the boy; but for a boy in normal health to bathe once a day is desirable, and not dangerous. 2. There is no roach-fishing in spring. The spring months—March to June—are close time, and you can be prosecuted and severely punished for fishing then.

L. H. Lewis.—Brass-casting is a very difficult and unsatisfactory operation, and you would do well to have your castings made for you by some tradesman. Mere book-instruction is almost useless; you must see the thing done to understand it. Is there no founder in Newport to show you?

Hunter.—It is not quite true. As a matter of fact, the Australians in England always play one match at which there is no gate-money. This is the opening match, in Lord Sheffield's park. His ground is the only one in which the public can see the Australians play without paying for admission.

Shakspeare.—1. We have answered about shorthand before, and most say, begin with Pitman. 2. We very much doubt about a compositor's being the best trade out; but, of course, it all depends on what you mean by "best."

P. Dunn.—We are glad to hear of your success with the telescope made from our instructions; but for a larger instrument we would advise you to get some technical book on the subject. A good plan would be to take in "Knowledge" for a few weeks, and write to the editor.

Fred.—We have had no experience of the cameras advertised, but we have heard good reports from friends of the "Kodak." One may be as good as the other, but we only speak here of things we know.

W. J. P.—To take the squeak out of boots, wet the soles, and when they are half-dry rub in a good dose of castor-oil.

Two Lonely Kids.—1. There is a school at Ardingly—St. Saviour's Grammar School, founded at Shoreham in 1858, as an offshoot of Lancing College, and removed to Ardingly in 1870. There are about 400 boys. Ten years ago the fees amounted to about £20 per year for boarders, but what they are now we know not. An application for a prospectus to the Head-master would obtain you the information. It is a Church of England public school. 2. Hand signalling is taught to both Services. 3. Clergymen are trained at all universities. Too many questions.

A. Fuller.—For fishing-net string and meshes apply to any sea-tackle or cordage sellers. Try Hearder and Sons, 195, Union Street, Plymouth, or any of the firms in the London Directory. Benjamin Edgington, of Tooley Street, might supply you.

A. E. Moore.—Communicate with some of the leading musical publishers, such as Chappell of Bond Street, Cramer of Regent Street, Metzler of Great Marlborough Street, Novello of Berners Street, &c.

Coloured Plates.—For the convenience of weekly subscribers wishing to bind, these are sold in packets at the close of the volume for about 1*s.* 6*d.* a packet. See the notice in the last number for September in every year.

Shetland Pony (Shetland, Edinburgh).—At any great Scotch fair. Out of the drove from *5l.* each. About *5s.* a week to keep.

Monkey's Coat off (Reader).—Feed on bread-and-milk, fruit, nuts, &c.; give a warm, clean bed; rub down once or twice a week with a weak solution of salt-and-water.

Inflamed Eyelids (J. R.).—Depends on the cause; may be constitutional. Live well, take cod-liver oil and extract of malt, and cold morning tub. Use an alum eye-wash.

Weaning Rabbits (Anxious).—Begin to wean at sixth week. Take strongest away first, one by one. Finish weaning in a week.

Rabbits dying. Fattening Rabbits (S. D. W.).—1. Doe died of milk-fever. 2. Hutch them. Feed and fatten on mashes of cereal food—bread, potatoes, oatmeal, scalded barley-meal, &c.; a small allowance of green food and oats twice a week.

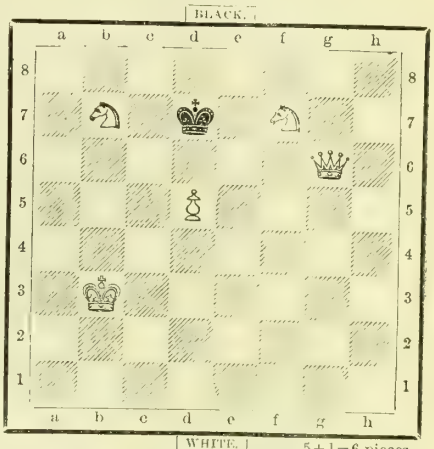
Slow-worm (S.).—Mr. E. Sumner, 135 Oxford Street, London; or through columns of "Exchange and Mart."

Fox-Terrier Puppy (M. F. R.).—1. Groom once a day with a hardish hair-brush. 2. Do not wash oftener than once a fortnight. 3. Milk and bread, a little meat and gravy, four times a day; big bones and old boots and a ball as toys.

CHESS.

Problem No. 252.

By F. M. Teed.



5+1=6 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

Berger's Endspiell.

Sometimes the Q, having the move, can win against two Ps in the seventh line, as Kling and Horwitz proved by the following positions:

White, K at Q Kt 8; Q at K B 8. Black, K at Q R 8; Ps at Q Kt 7 and K B 7.

White, K at Q 8; Q at K B 8. Black, K at Q 8; Ps at Q 7 and K R 7.

White, K at Q Kt sq.; Q at K R 2. Black, K at K 6; Ps at Q 7 and K 7.

Drawn positions by the same authors are:

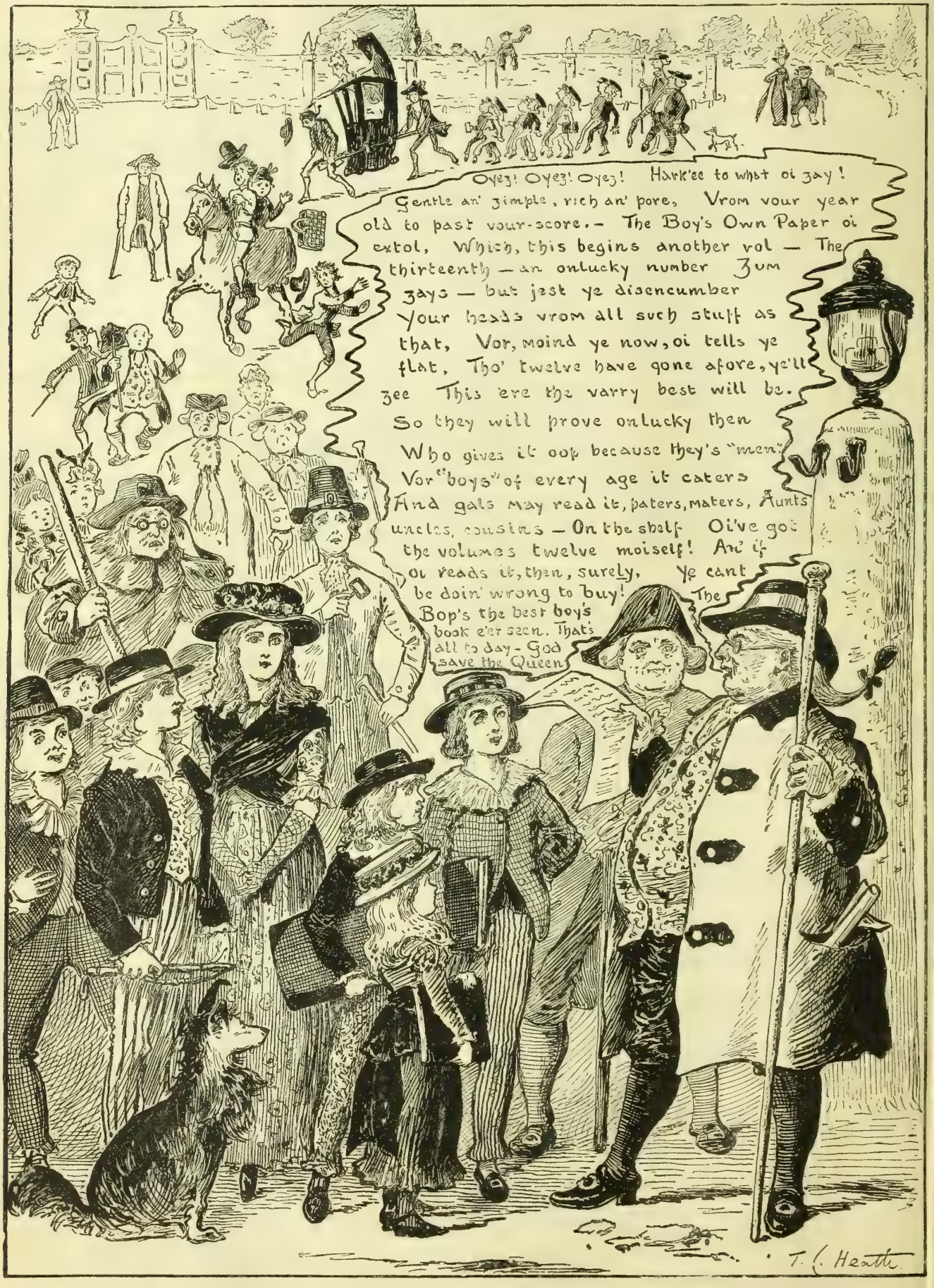
White, K at Q Kt 8; Q at K B 8. Black, K at Q B 8; Ps at Q Kt 7 and K B 7.

White, K at K sq.; Q at K R 8. Black, K at K 6; Ps at Q R 7 and K R 7.

These authors win against four Ps, again giving the move to White, in:—White, K at Q Kt 2; Q at Q R 3. Black, K at K Kt 8; Ps at Q R 7, Q Kt 6, Q B 5, and K Kt 7. Thus, 1, Q—B 5 (ch.), K—R 8. 2, Q—R 5 (ch.), K—Kt 8. 3, Q—R 3, K—B 7. 4, Q—R 4 (ch.), K—B 6. 5, Q—K sq., K—Kt 4. 6, Q—B 2, K—R 6. 7, K—R sq., P—B 6. 8, Q—K 3 (ch.), K—R 7. 9, Q—K 5 (ch.), K—R 8. 10, Q—R 8 (ch.), K—Kt 8. 11, Q × P, etc.

Berger's No. 186.—White, K at Q R sq.; Q at Q R 8. Black, K at K Kt 4; Ps at K B 5, K Kt 5, and K R 5, is solved by 1, K—Kt 2; but White can easily win with 1, Q—Q 5 (ch.), K—B 3. 2, Q—K 4, K—Kt 4. 3, Q—K 5 (ch.), K—Kt 3. 4, Q × P, etc.

The elaborate third chapter gives the much analysed play of the R and B against the R in 19 pages, beginning with Philidor's position from the year 1749:—White, K at Q 6; R at K B sq.; B at Q 5. Black, K at Q sq.; R at K 2. White to play and win. 1, R—B 8 (ch.), R—K sq. 2, R—B 7, R—K 7. (The R must be forced to move to K 6 or K 8.) 3, R—K Kt 7, R—K 8. 4, R—Q Kt 7, R—Q B 8. 5, B—Kt 3, R—B 6. 6, B—K 6, R—Q 6 (ch.) 7, B—Q 5, R—Q B 6. 8, R—Q 7 (ch.), K—B sq. 9, R—K B 7, K—Kt sq. 10, R—Kt 7 (ch.), K—B sq. 11, R—Kt 4, K—Q sq. 12, B—B 4, K—B sq. 13, B—K 6 (ch.), and mate in two more moves. If the position be shifted one square to the left, then the mate follows in 12 moves; if to the left board line, then White wins in 16 moves; if so that the Ks occupy the Q Kt file, then the play is so difficult that Chapais, Bilguer, Zytogorsky, Kling, Kuiper, Rusckow, and others, have tried in vain to find a complete win for White. Should White succeed in getting the men into this position:—White, K at Q B 7; R at K 7; B at Q 3. Black, K at Q R 2; R at K B 3. Black to move; then White can win.



**** *With this, the First Monthly Part of the New Volume, every reader should receive two fine Coloured Plates. Any extra copies of the Part required should be ordered without delay.*



THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER"] Grover & Co., Nottingham. [56, Paternoster Row.

AN OLD TIME DOMINIE.

Painted by MARIE SEYMOUR LUCAS.

(EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, 1888.)

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 616.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1890. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"Tucked him under her brawny arm."

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER VI.—A LETTER FROM RIO JANEIRO

This part of my story will be best told in the language of my boyhood. A bundle of old letters lies before me; so yellow are they, so worn, their ink so faded, that the sight of them brings me very near to the end of all things on earth. I shall need their aid nevertheless, and the reader will excuse an old man whose memory, at least of events which happened so very long ago, must needs sometimes fail him.

"Rio de Janeiro: Sept. 1st, 1814.

"DEAR AND HONOURED MOTHER,—

"At last I have a chance of writing to you. There is a ship sailing within a week from this date. How anxiously you will be looking for a line from me!

"I think I may say that I have settled down to my new life. But oh! how lonely I did feel for the first two or three days! I was very sea-sick. Were you ever sea-sick, dear mother? If not, I hope you never will be. It's far worse than measles, or whooping-cough, or even scarlet-fever. I liked the measles, because I had a holiday, and all sorts of nice things to eat and drink; but when you are sea-sick you wish you were dead, and you have to try and do your duty all the same, and you don't get much pity from anybody; at least, I didn't. Nobody was kind to me except Jaggs, our steward, and Buggins, that's the marine who looks after our kit—at least mine and Johnson's, I mean. I'll tell you more about him by-and-by. All the fellows in the berth laughed at me, and tried to get me to drink salt water; but it's all over now, I'm thankful to say.

"I have so much to tell that I don't know where to begin; but I suppose I had better try to describe the Diadem. She is a frigate, not so large as a first-rate line-of-battle ship, but still a very fair-sized, handsome vessel; and we are very proud of her, I can tell you.

"I think I had better begin with the lower deck; that's where the steerage is, where we sleep, and where we bathe in the morning; at least, where we strip, and get pumped upon by the ship's hose, which is better than any bath. This deck is very low and very dark, and any one in the least inclined to be tall has to creep along in a stooping posture, which is very uncomfortable. Did you ever sleep in a hammock, dear mother? just a strip of canvas slung up to the deck above by ropes. I wasn't at all happy the first night; in the first place, I couldn't get into bed for at least half an hour, partly because I couldn't see, and partly because I didn't know how to do it. Then, just as I was getting to sleep, some one came, Boobyer, I think, and undid the strings, and down it all came with a rush, and I with it. I wasn't much hurt, but I didn't relish standing about in the cold for no one knows how long, with nothing on but a night-shirt, feeling awfully sea-sick, and hearing all the fellows laughing at me. However, presently an old quarter-master came along, and he showed me how to manage matters in a twinkling; and when I had had a good sleep, and got out after it into the fresh air, I felt very much better. I've thrashed Boobyer since, but we're very good friends all the same. Above the lower deck comes the main deck, where our berth is. It is rather a large room, but as there are so many of us, it's all we can do to pack into it. Here we have our meals, salt beef one day, salt pork the next, pea soup twice a week, and twice a week very solid plum pudding, which we call spotted donkey, because of the scanty allowance of raisins and the extreme toughness of the article itself. I used to like salt beef at home, but then there were turnips and carrots, which we never see except when we're in harbour. I thought I should lose all my teeth over the salt junk here; it's so hard, in fact, that Mr. Sheepwash, the gunner, has got a piece polished and made into a snuff-box (I rather think that the worthy gunner was quietly taking a rise out of me); but I can manage my portion now with anybody. I couldn't help wishing, at first, that people wouldn't be so fond of filling up the keyhole of my locker or my chest with putty. I never used to find it out until I wanted something in a hurry, and it's still more awkward when you're sent for at the time, and you're expected to double up on deck mighty sharp.

"The master, Mr. Clew, teaches us navigation in the mornings. It's great fun, but I must say I should like to learn something, and at present I don't quite see how I am to. The fellows lead poor old Clew an awful life; he can't manage them at all. Fitzgerald, that's our senior mid, always has an idea that the blackboard wants painting, and he frequently contrives to get this done just as we are going to school, so that it can't be used. Clew has taken it into his own cabin for the last few days, so now the chalk is never forthcoming. We always argue everything, and insist on having everything explained to us about a dozen times, of course with the laudable object of passing the time; but when the subject is more than usually uninteresting, we always try and draw Clew out by asking him how many horses he kept at Cambridge? It seems he was intended to be a parson, and so he spent a year at the University. He is never tired of talking of it; and he must be very ill-tempered indeed if we cannot draw him in that quarter. You will think we are very bad boys, dear mother, but I don't think you would relish going to school on a very hot sub-tropical afternoon, after you had been hard at work on your legs from six in the morning, or up half the night on watch. Clew's very good to me, however, and always ready to give me a private lesson in his own cabin. Such a queer place it is! He washes his own linen in his washhand-basin, and hangs it out to dry on lines stretched from bulkhead to bulkhead. He always looks very stout, but I have found out that it is half made up of rolls of flannel, in which he is perpetually enswathed. In the evening after dinner he always calls for a huge tumbler, and then settles down to a game of some sort with three dummies. But in spite of his eccentricities every one is very fond of him, and if I were in a mess I scarcely know any one to whom I would sooner apply for help.

"But I was describing the ship, wasn't I? Well, next there's the upper-deck, in the stern of which the senior officers live. I wonder if I shall ever get there. Last of all comes the quarter-deck with the poop, under which the captain lives, the most sacred spot in the ship; I haven't been in there even once yet. All these decks are bristling with guns, and between the guns are the men's messes; you should just see how bright and clean they keep their tables and all their gear.

"I shall never forget the first day I went over the masthead. It seemed awful; the deck seemed so far away, and the ship wriggled about so, and the wind whistled so harshly among the ropes and spars. There was a considerable sea running, and we had to hold on, as they say, with our eyelids. But somehow when one has to do a thing one does it, and I don't mind going up to the truck now.

"In the evening, just before dark, we are sometimes allowed to skylark, as we call it, on the quarter-deck. One of our games is called 'Walk, my lady, walk.' It's good fun, I tell you. We all twist our handkerchiefs into tight coils, each with a hard knot in the middle; then we blindfold one fellow, and he stands on the deck, with his legs far apart, while we stand at a little distance from him and throw the knotted handkerchiefs along the deck between them. Then some one says, 'Walk, my lady, walk.' Then the fellow that's blindfolded has to walk, and of course it isn't very long before he touches somebody's handkerchief. That somebody has to run as hard as he can pelt round the mainmast and back again, followed by all the fellows laying into him as hard as they can, and then he takes his place at being blindfolded. It's a rough game; but there's lots of fun in it, and lots of exercise, which is what we want. Buggins, our marine, is a capital old fellow. He does any imaginable thing for us, washes our clothes, sews on our buttons, cuts our hair, &c., &c. I am confident I should often be in trouble if it weren't for his thoughtfulness. He's up to all sorts of useful little tricks and dodges which no one but a seaman or marine would ever think of. I wish you could see our men in their messes; you'd think that they'd never settle down in so small a space; but they do, and they seem to enjoy life very much indeed. They seem to have had a difference about the cocoa and sugar in Buggins's mess, for I notice they always mix it all together most carefully. It seems, by the time it takes, to be a most elaborate process; but the result is that all are served alike, and therefore none can reasonably complain, and I think it's a very good plan.

"I often hear the men singing on the forecastle in the evenings. You would think they would always sing very funny songs; but no, they're generally quite the reverse, quite sad and mournful very often; and they sing them in a very tender way with a great deal of feeling. But you should see them dance; you would roar with laughing. One fellow plays a merry tune on the fiddle, and then two or three others begin to dance, at first slowly and then faster and faster, with a great deal of stamping and slapping of thighs, their feet twinkling, and their eyes flashing with fun. Harry Mather, our yeoman of signals, is going to teach me a hornpipe; I'm afraid I shall never learn; it's so intricate, and there's such a lot to remember.

"And now, mother dear, I'm quite sure you'll be wanting to hear how we spend our time on Sundays.

"To tell you the truth it's very hard to lead a good life on board ship; one hears so much bad language that it seems to be always ready to hand when anything goes wrong, and so it's very difficult to keep from that as well as from other bad habits. And then people here seem to have such strange ideas of religion. A good many people seem to look on it just in the same way as they regard their other duties, as a mere matter of service, a thing to be put on or off like a full-dress suit. There are others again who do really care very much for it, I believe; but they have got a curious idea that it's impossible to

carry it out while they are serving, so they put it off till they retire. But I can't help thinking that if our religion's worth anything at all, it ought to be strong enough to meet any kind of circumstances, so long as they're right and honourable. The great crux with some fellows is, that we are driven to church like so many sheep, whether we like it or no; and, indeed, I often think it might be far better if the naval parson had to win for himself a willing congregation, like his brother on shore. And yet perhaps many a poor fellow may have been led, without knowing it, to better things, by his compulsory attendance at church. Some striking lesson, or some earnest sermon, may have awakened him.

"We have very hearty singing to the accompaniment of a fiddle and a flute, and the chaplain just talks to the men for about a quarter of an hour. But in the evening, at the voluntary service, if the ship's going on quietly, and there's no danger of a shift of wind, they'll listen to him for much longer; I like this service much the best.

"The chaplain took me into his cabin the other day; I thought he was going to give me a lecture, and that I was in for it.

"'Freeborn,' he said, 'you used a very curious expression the other day; did you really mean that you wished the Almighty to consign the signalman to perdition?'

"'Of course not, sir,' said I, quite horrified at the idea; 'of course not!'

"Then he showed me the grammar of the thing, and how the full expression could be couched in those awful terms.

"'Of course you didn't mean it,' he said; 'but why use so dreadful an expression, neither wise, manly, nor Christian?'

"He spoke in such a kind way that I couldn't have been angry with him if I had tried. He talked to me something like you would have done, mother, only it wasn't half so nice. How I wish I could get half an hour's chat with you now!

"We had a close shave the other day. We fell in with three American frigates, on the look-out, I suppose, for our merchant shipping. Although there seemed to be every chance of our either going to the bottom or being made prisoners of war, we cleared for action, and waited to see if they would come up with us. It seemed very strange and awful to see the guns' crews stripped to the waist and standing ready for action, even against such fearful odds. I was captain's messenger on the poop; the enemy came so near that I saw a white puff of smoke leave the side of the nearest American, and the next moment the shot struck the water on our starboard beam, and then rebounding sank at the distance of a few feet only from the ship. But before we got actually within range of each other the wind suddenly shifted, and we never came any nearer to each other all day; the next morning they were nowhere to be seen. So I have had my first spell of actual service before the enemy; but I can't help wishing I had been born just a few years earlier, so that I could have gone to sea with Nelson or Collingwood. Those grand times have passed away, I fear. And now we learn that there's every prospect of peace between ourselves and the United States.

"I get ashore here about twice a week. As you know, Rio harbour is one of the finest in the world. I wish you could see the sun rising and setting upon the mountains here.

"We are continually beset, both on board and on shore, by crowds of pedlars, black and white, offering all manner of tempting fruit and native wares, particularly flowers made very cleverly out of the feathers of humming-birds. I have procured some of these for you.

"I wish you could have seen Boobyer the other day. There is a very stout negress, about five feet eleven in height, and broad in proportion, who comes on board for our washing. It seems she had kept back some of Boobyer's things, in consequence of which he not unnaturally refused to pay her. She stared at him with her great goggle eyes, and repeated her demand, which was again refused.

"'You no pay my vash?' cried she.

"'No;' said he, coolly. 'You just go ashore and bring off the rest of my things; I'm not going to give you a penny till you bring back every piece.'

"'Now, massa,' said she, sternly, clenching her glistening white teeth, 'you pay my vash!'

"A further refusal so exasperated the lady that she thereupon exclaimed:

"'You no pay my vash? you no pay my vash? Then you jes see what I do. I take you to de captain dis minit!'

"And, suiting the action to the word, she picked up Boobyer in a trice, tucked him under her brawny arm, and, amid roars of laughter from the whole deck, proceeded to carry out her intention. She had not gone many paces before the struggling captive was only too glad to cry peccavi, and come to terms of unconditional surrender. We always chaff him unmercifully now about his ebony sweetheart.

"But we have just got word that they are making up the mail. Oh! whenever shall I be able to write again? Our orders are not to touch anywhere till we reach Port Jackson. We shall be at sea two or three months at least. When we drop our anchor again it will be nearly Christmas! It will seem strange, won't it, then? You will be wondering at the shortness of the days. On Christmas Eve you will draw the curtains close to shut out the sound of the wind; you will light your lamp and draw your chair to the fire, and get out the large Bible. Outside in the lanes it will be very dark, and there will only be a very few people about, moving with dim lanterns here and there; but up in the church tower Ezra and his boys, Adam and Joe, and Tom Robbins, are sure to be hard at work ringing the bells. How different it will be with us! Christmas-time in midsummer, without a scrap of holly or mistletoe, among summer flowers and under a broiling sun. But perhaps I shall have a letter from you, and that will make up for a good deal. And very soon after we shall be on our way home, and we shall arrive in summer, perhaps in time for haymaking. Oh, mother! I never knew what home was until now! Give my love to Ezra and the boys, and my respects to Mr. Jollife when you are writing.

"Believe me,

"Always your loving and obedient son,

"GEORGE FREEBORN.

"P.S.—The whole midshipmen's berth sends compliments to Ezra and Mrs. Ezra, and hope that they will consider themselves honorary members of the mess. The Doctor hopes that his treatment has cured the bile, and that the general health has improved."

(To be continued.)

THE TALE OF A PIG.

AN ARCADIAN STORY.

CHAPTER V.

THE Vicar and Miss Margery came out of the vicarage gate one afternoon, and walked down the street together. She was talking gaily, and he smiling down at her in much content. He was an old bachelor, and greatly appreciated the society of his niece. Indeed, when Miss Margery came down from London on one of her frequent visits, the vicarage was quite a different place, and, as his housekeeper said, "Nobody 'ud take him for the same man as he was when he was alone."

"You are a good child to come back so soon," said he.

"Why, Uncle Chris, I'm only too thankful to get here. Do you know, I've been indoors so much lately that I felt I was going crazy. The atmosphere of elegance, and mahogany furniture, and rep curtains, and regular meals, is fatal to my ideas. I got to be such a worm."

"My dear!"

"Yes, Uncle Chris, 'worm' is the exact word. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to work, nor eat, nor smile, nor read, nor—nothing. I came to abhor my kind. I felt I was sinking into the sere and yellow leaf."

Here Uncle Chris looked and laughed at her rosy face.

"It's no matter for mirth, sir," she responded severely.

"No, my dear, certainly not; it was a very serious state of things."

"And I looked in the glass for crows'-feet, and dreamed that my hair was turning grey."

"It's very rough," murmured the Vicar, but he probably meant the road.

"At last I felt this must end, so I told Aunt Isabel that I felt I ought not to leave you alone any longer."

"Very considerate, I'm sure."

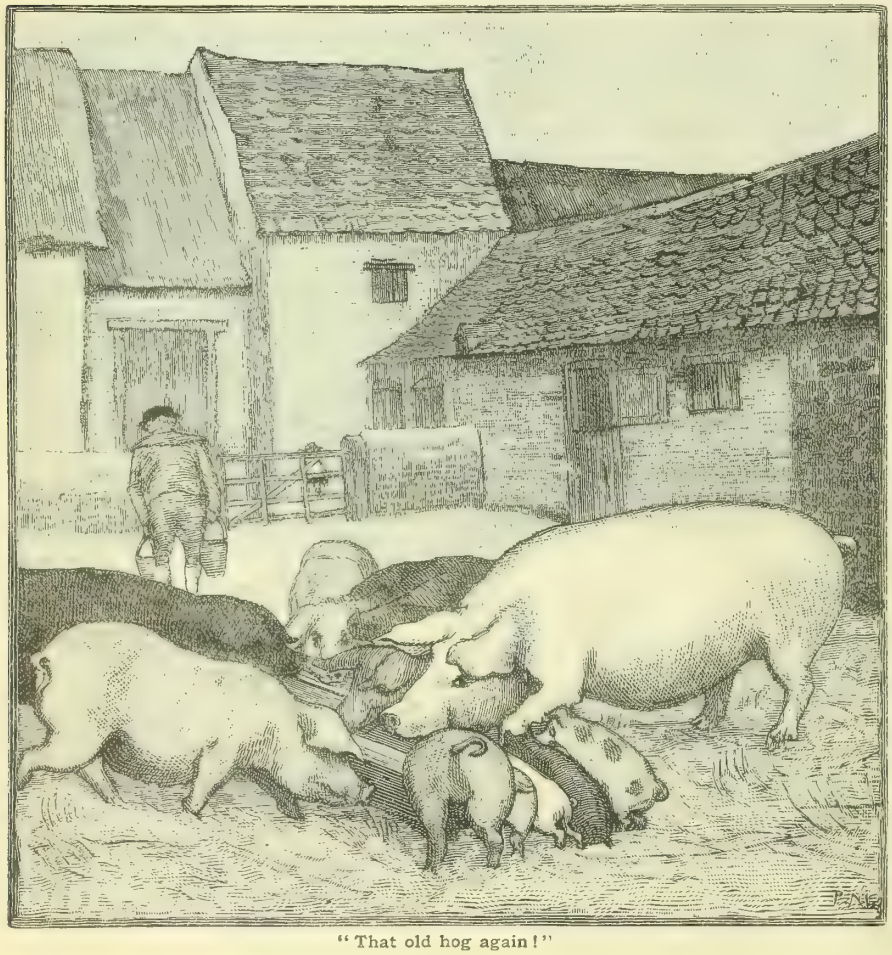
"Yes, wasn't it? And she gave me such a lecture."

"Oh! What did she say?"

"She told me I had most peculiar tastes, and it did not do for girls to be peculiar, and that it was so very queer of me not to like stifling, fashionable 'crushes,' nor going to picnics in elegant costumes and gummy kid gloves, and chattering inanities to curates at tennis; and I heard her telling Miss Greyson—the girls' governess, you know—that she quite feared no young man would ever think of proposing to me."

"I should hope not, indeed!" said the Vicar, with most unclerical vigour. "Bless you, my darling—but you are a naughty girl, and you should try and please your Aunt Isabel when you go and visit her."

"So I did, as long as human endurance



"That old hog again!"

lasted, and when it wouldn't last any longer I got you to send for me, which you did, like the dear charming old uncle you are. There now, you are laughing at me. You are very ungrateful, when I have come all the way from London to see you and try to cheer you up."

"Um," said the Vicar, for just then appeared the affable young gentleman we know of.

"Good afternoon, sir. How do you do, Miss Margery?" said he, coming up and walking along with them. They strolled along, chatting of the weather, and the crops, and the last debate in Parliament—for the Vicar was a strong politician—and so on.

"Haven't seen him lately," thinks the Vicar; "but of course he turns up now." Still, he was very good-humoured to the young man, and listened with much benignity to his spirited account of the parish meeting lately called to inquire into the drainage of the village.

"The squire said, 'Take it down Wood's meadow,' but the majority voted for a new drain altogether. And so they will cut one, I suppose, and carry the drainage into the brook."

"My brook!" ejaculated Margery, in horror; "what has my poor little innocent brook done to be so treated?"

"I did my humble best to deliver it, but I was sat on. 'Ye see, Muster Lancefield, you're no doubt the best judge o' physic, and so as that'—says old Stubbs—'but I reckon we knows best about draining.' So into the brook it has to go. It won't foul your favourite haunt though; it will be lower down the stream."

"It oughtn't to foul it at all; it's a burning shame. Can't you stop it, uncle?"

"I fear not, my dear. I am in the minority there. I expect they would treat me as they did our young friend here," said the Vicar, who often had to possess a big stock of patience over the doings of his parishioners.

"Never mind," said the young man, consolingly, "Old Stubbs is bound to have the gout directly—always has it twice a year—and I'm his doctor. Won't I give him some black draughts." With which she was fain to be content.

"Do you know, sir, there's another row on about the old hog?"

"Eh, is there?"

"He can't be found anywhere."

"I do hope he'll be found, he's so comic," said Miss Margery.

"I haven't heard of his being in the village," remarked the Vicar, who did not share his niece's affection for the hog, having painful recollections of that depraved animal's sojourn in his garden.

"Hasn't been seen all day; his distracted friends contemplate dragging the adjacent ponds and rivers, and advertising in the 'Times' agony column to the effect that if he will return all shall be forgiven."

"Dear me," said the Vicar, mildly, "I'm going to see Mr. Pentelow now."

Master Jack turned and went with them.

"You are not busy this afternoon, then?"

"No, sir; not very. Seen all my patients early this morning, and I wasn't going anywhere particular now."

He wasn't. He had been hanging about that lane some time, having seen the Vicar and his niece from afar.

Presently they came up to the farmyard gate, and saw Mr. Pentelow mounting his cob to go after the harvest men.

"Good afternoon, sir. Fine harvest weather," called the Vicar, cheerily.

The farmer looked testy and cross, in spite of the glorious sun and grand "carrying day." He had just been lecturing Isaac pretty sharply, without much effect, as it would seem, and his brow scarcely cleared as he returned the Vicar's salutation.

"Do you know," said Jack, solemnly, as the Vicar and the farmer turned into the house to talk over some parish business, "do you know what I think?"

"How should I?" she said.

"Well, I think that old hog is possessed of the evil one."

"Oh, for shame!"

"I do. He disappears in an unearthly manner, and bursts up again when he isn't expected. He is a terror to every quiet body. His eyes have a lurid twinkle in them. He is a reprobate. Yes, I'm sure that's it."

"Hullo, Steve."

Stephen came up.

"Old hog's gone again?"

"Yes, Mr. Lancefield."

"Where to, eh?" asked Jack, with a grin.

"How should I know, sir," said Stephen, innocently. "I went down the village this morning, but none of the old women had seen him lately. If you should happen to come across him perhaps you'll kindly tell us," and he went off to the harvesters.

There was surely nothing in this simple observation to cause such uproarious mirth on Master Jack's part, yet after a little half-whispered conversation between him and Miss Margery, she joined in and laughed as heartily as he. But they suddenly became grave as the Vicar and Mr. Pentelow came out of the house and took a violent interest in the view from the farmyard gate. So Jack went home with them, and got invited to dinner by the Vicar, whereby he had a very pleasant evening. For Margery presided at the table, and Jack thought everything delicious; though if she had offered him stewed toads instead of cabinet-pudding and custard, it would have been all the same. And after dinner she sang her uncle's favourite songs while he listened and smoked his pipe; and then she came and sat at the Vicar's knee, and began to talk in her quaint way, while he looked

down at her smiling, and stroked her hair gently. And the Vicar's mastiff pushed his nose into her hand, and gazed at her with slobbery affection.

"How cool and quiet this dear old place is, after stifling London. I am refreshed after only three days of it," she said; "I feel as alive as possible to-night."

"That's well, my child," smiled the Vicar.

"I will not enter a nunnery, as I had thought of doing."

"My dear!"

"Indeed, yes, Uncle Chris. In the atmosphere of Wimpole Street my feelings become depressed, if not depraved, and melancholy imaginings assail me. But be easy. I won't—no, if art fails—and times are very bad now for selling—I shall turn errandwoman."

"Errandwoman, quotha! 'Mistress errandwoman, where are my pipes and tobacco I ordered from town, and the new coat I expect?' 'Alack, sir, I have forgot them.'" thus the Vicar, derisive.

But Miss Margery pursued her reflections, unmoved by his raillery.

"I shall have a blue cart—very shabby blue, greeny and faded in parts. And a grey ass with a rusty black tail. The cart will have a tilt over it of the colour of Hastings fishing-smack sails. That rich brown red, you know, my friends. In fine weather the tilt will not be put up. The harness will be tied together with string, and I shall beat the ass with an ash twig. I shall wear a black silk poke-bonnet, a red cloak, and an old, blue stuff gown, patched neatly here and there."

"And why patched, mistress?"

"Because of my decent poverty, reverend sir; and I shall have a cap border inside the bonnet, and I shall look very picturesque. I shall, by this means, turn an honest penny when artists come my way. They will instantly ask me to sit for them, and my conversation will be of such an interesting description that they will write a paper about me and put it in the 'Girl's Own' or 'Boy's Own Paper.' I shall vary my costume sometimes. I shall have a rusty brown cloak, and a grey one with a large white apron. I think you would find a shilling well bestowed upon me. In harvest time I shall glean, and gather herbs and simples, and make diet drinks."

"Heaven preserve us!" ejaculated Uncle Chris, with his face a-twist.

"Harry Baldwin has taught me some names of herbs that are good for cooling ointments. His mother is a wise woman of that sort. I shall have no megrims, nor rheumatism, nor blues. I shan't be rubbed awry by the affectations of would-be fine people, nor sit in solemn drawing-rooms, nor have to talk when I don't want to; and I can always chastise the ass when I am cross! I shall live to a good old age, and rest peacefully in a country churchyard, and the rooks will caw above me."

The old portraits on the panelled walls seemed to smile at her as she talked; the moon shone softly through the open windows. And, in the silence that fell upon them as she ceased, a nightingale's song came from the garden.

"Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie,"

quoted the Vicar dreamily.

(To be continued.)

MISTAKES ABOUT SNAKES.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, F.Z.S., etc.

Author of "Out-of-the-Way Pets," "Alligators and Crocodiles," etc.

Part II.

Probably the tongue of the snake may have other and higher uses which are not understood, like the antennæ of insects. It may be an organ of touch and smell, for instance; snakes seem to test everything with it; or it may minister to some sense which we do not possess. It is thought likely that many animals have powers of perception for which we have no counterpart, and that they, therefore, live in a world which we cannot comprehend. We, of course, are compelled to look at everything through our five windows of sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell; and although we can imagine the possibility of a sixth sense, we can form no idea of what it would reveal. We are pretty sure that ants can see colours that are invisible to us; and that other insects, from their behaviour in the neighbourhood of each other, emit and hear sounds too shrill for our ears to detect; while you are aware how creatures can smell miles off what has no odour for us close at hand.

Anyhow, there isn't much doubt that the tongue of a snake is a very important property to its owner, because the slightest injury, even to its tips, commonly results in the snake's death. It is not split for its whole length, but only a little way back from the end. The two points diverge when they are put out, and curl upwards as the tongue is flickered; tapering to the fineness of a hair in the small snakes, with whom the movement is very much more rapid than it is in larger ones. It takes no part in the process of drinking, nor does it serve as a lasso to catch anything, like a toad's does. Some snakes have red tongues, and some black—there is no rule about this—but the red ones are usually tipped with black. I don't wonder much that this sharp-pointed, stinging-looking tongue should get the credit of being venomous when it is shot out; of course, I need not remind any of you that the poison, when it exists, is formed and stored in two glands in the upper jaw, and is conveyed through a grooved or hollow tooth—the fang—on each side in biting. Some time ago, a gentleman connected with the British Museum asked the captain of a ship bound for a very snaky part of the world to bring him home some specimens. The captain would not hear of live ones on board his vessel, and had no bottles or spirit to spare for the preservation of dead ones; but he promised to kill as many as he could and extract their fangs, which was what the collector chiefly wanted them for. At the end of two years he returned, with over a hundred snakes' *tongues* stuck on a card-board. He thought they were the fangs!

I was lying half-awake on a low camp-bed one night just outside Bangalore, sleep being ruined by the horrible little flies which utterly spoil that most charming station of Southern India through three or four months out of the twelve. At the edge of the pillow, between me and the moonlight, just on a level with my face and a few inches from it, was a dark triangular object sticking up. It might have been—well, anything almost, and I took no particular notice of it, until a black divided streak streamed up from its apex. Then I jumped, but before I could strike a light the snake was gone!

Another question often put by those who look at snakes in cages is, "Are they asleep?" One can't possibly tell. They keep perfectly still and motionless for hours, and even days; but their eyes are never shut, for the simple reason that they have nothing to shut them with, being destitute of eyelids.

Then about shedding their skins. When they are awake (by which I mean when they are not in their state of winter dormancy or hybernation) they shed much more frequently than once a year; a healthy snake casts its *slough*, as it is called, at intervals of from six weeks to three months, and this does not appear to depend upon growth or feeding. You notice that its colours gradually become duller; then it gets dull in demeanour also, refuses to feed, and curls up in a corner as though ill. A very remarkable change comes over the eye, which, instead of being bright and transparent, is now opaque and thick white, like ground glass. For about ten days or a fortnight all these symptoms go on increasing, until it is quite evident that the snake is totally blind, and brilliant markings and patterns are often entirely lost, and the creature looks so dingy and dusty, as well as sluggish, that you would never recognise the bright, handsome, active whip or garter-snake which you had seen a week or two before.

These changes are produced by the gradual detachment and separation of the outer skin from the layer underneath—of course, the snake doesn't shed its true skin or hide, but only the *cuticle*, that thin white membrane which we see in ourselves when we raise a blister on our hands or have had a mustard poultice on. If you put a piece of thin tissue-paper over a picture, you know you can see the colours through it as long as it lies smooth and close to the painting, and you hardly perceive the paper at all. But lift it ever so little and the picture disappears, giving place to the whiteness of the paper itself. This exactly represents what takes place when a snake sheds its outer skin. The eye shares in the general opacity, because, having no eyelids, the outer layer of its surface is cast off with the rest of the cuticle. The serpent's whole being seems to undergo a great change at this period; snakes which are as a rule tame and gentle often grow morose and snappish, while one which is ordinarily savage may become quiet. All this usually causes a good deal of anxiety to those who keep snakes for the first time and are not prepared for it; and in point of fact the reptile really is ill, and in some danger at such a time, as snakes not unfrequently die during shedding without showing a trace of disease. At the end of from eight to fourteen days the snake gets uneasy, and often rubs its mouth against any projecting corner of wood or stone; the skin splits away from the inner edge of the lips and turns back in two flaps, one over the upper surface of the head and one under the lower jaw—the wideness of the gape of the mouth allows this, as it extends so far back. If you take a muffin and cut it with a knife, as though you were going to divide it as you do when you butter it, and stop when you have got about three-quarters through, that will give you a fair rough idea of the extent to which a serpent's head is split by its mouth. Then the snake crawls through, the skin turning inside out as it goes, the point of the tail being the last to separate, and it emerges glowing brilliantly, not only with its colour-markings, but with that beautiful metallic glistening or *iridescence* over all, has a good drink, and is ready to feed until it can hold no more.

(To be continued.)

A CORAL PRISON; OR, THE BOY HERMITS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

A TALE OF THE MALDIVE ISLES.

By David Ker,

Author of "For Life and Death," "Through the Darkness," "Drowned Gold," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—OVERHAULED BY A BUGGALOW.

"Well, Jake, what orders? you're our captain, you know," said Bob Harris, who sat clutching the sheet which held their tiny sail, while Merritt handled the steering-oar.

"Keep her well out to sea," was the answer. "We've got to stand off and on a bit, for the wind's against us—it's the reg'lar time for easterly winds just now, I reckon—but we'll get along somehow."

In fact the sail, small as it was, and rudely rigged on a spar just big enough to carry it, worked very well in this light breeze, and they were soon at a considerable distance from Union Island.

Thus did the young adventurers find themselves afloat a second time in mid-ocean, on a craft far too frail for rough weather, and with a stock of food and water which, although much larger than that with which they had quitted their burning ship, could hardly be expected to last more than two or three days.

But, in spite of all this, they showed no signs of being anxious and downcast. The spirit of adventure was working into their blood, and after the wonderful experiences of the last few weeks, they felt equal to facing any danger, and overcoming it too.

"Slack away a bit!" shouted Merritt, suddenly, bearing with all his might upon the steering-oar. "Slack away more yet—get her head round—that'll do—hold taut. South-by-west's the course—keep her full."

"Why, you're going to bring us right back again!" cried Bob, staring. "Where *do* you want to go, anyhow?"

"To that island south of Union Islet. I know there's one there, for I've seen it on a clear day once and again."

"Vat?" cried Karl Hoffmann, in amazement, "zall ve go to dem island? Vy, just now ve hafe ron avay from him! If ve do go back, den come ve out of ze fire-pan into ze fry!"

"Not *much*, I reckon," said Merritt, coolly. "Look here, boys—I've been aboard ship with these Mohammedan fellers, and I learned all I could of their ways, 'cause it might come in handy some time. Well, they told me that although they counted a Christian fair game when he was up and able to defend himself, yet if he came to them hungry and helpless, and in a bad fix, they'd be bound to help him, even if he was their worst enemy. They'd have killed us on sight if they'd caught us upon that island; but if we come to them from the open sea as if we'd been just wrecked, *and never let on that we've been on the island at all*, they'll be real good to us."

A momentary silence greeted this brilliant idea, followed by a general buzz of approval.

"Well, *you're* the boy to think of things, Jake, out and out," cried Bob Harris. "That's our game, and no mistake!"

"But what if we mate Shamo?" suggested O'Brien.

"Well, what if we do? He'll never know 'twas *us* that were on that island, for he never got a sight of us from first to last; and we must take good care not to let on that we know *him*. He'll just think he's been attacked by savages, or mayhap by evil spirits. We're all right, I reckon. Go ahead."

They held on their new course for some time, and the loom of land was already visible to the southward, just where Merritt had declared the nearest island to be, when little Louis called out suddenly:

"See, see! dere come von buggalow!"

There, sure enough, a good way to the north-east, but apparently holding the same course as themselves, was one of those queer little craft (familiar to all who have sailed the Indian Ocean) which, with their low bows and high, square sterns, always look as if they were going down by the head. But, in spite of their strange appearance and small size—for they seldom, if ever, exceed thirty tons' burden—these quaint little cockleshells voyage fearlessly across the open seas for hundreds and even thousands of miles, not only to Ceylon and the Malabar coast of India, but even to Sumatra, Borneo, and regions remoter still.

"Well, boys, we're in big luck to fall in with that craft," said Merritt. "If I'd had a wish given me, that's just what I'd have chosen."

"Vat mean you, den, Yawcob?" asked Hoffmann, wonderingly, while his three companions looked up in equal amazement. "If ve zee dem not, ve komm to ze land all ze same."

"Yes! but don't you see what a difference this makes? These fellers 'll bring us ashore in their own boat and tell the story for us without *our* needin' to say a word; and I guess their chums at home can't suspect our havin' been on the islands before when they hear that we were headin' *toward* 'em when first sighted. The other critters 'll tell 'em that we're a shipwrecked crew, picked up in a makeshift boat on the open sea; and I reckon the Maldivians 'll take the word o' their own folks where mayhap they wouldn't take ours. See?"

"Thrue for yez," said Mike, admiringly. "It's an illigant plan, sure, and ye're a broth of a boy enthirely for thinkin' av it!"

"Slack away the sheet a bit—we must tack and veer a spell, as if we weren't sure which way to go," said the diplomatic Jake, seeing that the buggalow, with its huge sail of matting outspread to the freshening wind, was fast overhauling them. "Now, then, all of ye jump up together, and when I give the word, holler like niggers. Are you ready? *Now!*"

The boys shouted with all the power of their lungs, and the next moment a faint answering hail reached them from the buggalow, which slightly altered her course, and stood right for them.

"Now, we'll get quit of these fixings right away," said Merritt, dropping overboard the two hatchets which they had found on Union Island, and the telltale newspaper containing the story of Shamo's escape. "Them axes *might* have some mark on 'em that these fellers 'ud know; and anyway it's best to be on the safe side."

Nearer and nearer came the buggalow, till they could all see plainly her sloping gunwale, her rude pole-mast of palm-wood, her great fan-like sail of matting roughly pieced together, her cordage of "coir" or twisted grass, tough and hard as iron wire, and her big, heavy stern, all ablaze with red, green, and yellow paint, through which its two square port-holes peered like staring eyes.

The dark, lean, blackbearded crew, clad only in white turbans and cotton drawers, looked quite as outlandish as their vessel. Most of them had the dusky skin, small sharp features, and slim, supple limbs of Hindus; but the two who appeared to be the officers were taller, larger, and fairer, showing marks of Persian or Arab blood. All wore thick beards, while shaving their heads as smooth as a billiard ball, so that (as Bob Harris remarked with a chuckle) "when they wanted to be young again, they'd only have to turn their heads upside down."

Queer as they looked, however, the Maldivians seemed kindly disposed, and made friendly signs to the boys, who, rough and ragged as they were, and still thin and worn from their late hardships, had a thoroughly "castaway" look. A rope, flung from the buggalow as she ran alongside, was cleverly caught by O'Brien, and in a trice all five were safe on board of her, after which (as Merritt had shrewdly foreseen) the islanders, not thinking the ill-made boat worth taking in tow, cast her off and let her drift away, carrying with her the only evidence which could betray our heroes' secret.

"Salaam aleikoom!" (peace be with you) said Merritt, who had not studied the ways of his Mohammedan shipmates for nothing.

"Aleikoom salaam!" (with you be peace) chorused the Maldivians, evidently both pleased and surprised to find a "foreign unbeliever" so familiar with their Mussulman forms of politeness.

But from that point the conversation began to flag. Merritt, having exhausted his whole stock of Arabic in his first remark, was rather at a loss what to say next, so he contented himself with pointing seaward, and repeating several times, with great emphasis, the Hindustani word "Ag" (fire), imitating with his hands at the same time the movement of lapping flames.

The Mohammedans nodded, with a look which showed that they quite understood him, and produced a big bowl of rice and several large pieces of a strange yellowish

brown substance, which looked and smelt like decayed leather, but was really dried fish—a favourite dainty with the Maldivians. The boys, too hungry to be particular, made a hearty meal, and then the talk began.

Luckily Bob and Louis had picked up some Portuguese in their previous Indian voyages, while Jake had got a smattering of the Malabar dialect, which most Maldivians know well from their trade with that coast. On the other hand, the taller of the two light-complexioned men (who seemed to be the captain) knew a little English, so the natives soon learned all that our heroes cared to tell.

"You go wid us, we bring you to de Sultan," said Captain Ismail.

"The Sultan of Twelve Thousand Isles?" asked Jake, suddenly recalling the native title of the Maldivian King, of whom he had heard many strange tales in Calicut and Goa.

"Ha! you sabbee dat?" cried Ismail. "Sultan good man—glad see you. Yonder him island—Maleh." *

The boys looked eagerly towards the island (now full in view), and recognised with unspeakable amazement the tall spear-pointed crag with the three palms on its summit, the clustering trees below, the thatched huts among them, the cornfields and plantations, and all the features of that phantom islet which had vanished so strangely from their weary eyes on the memorable night of the storm!

CHAPTER X.—THE SULTAN OF TWELVE THOUSAND ISLES.

On this occasion the visionary island proved solid enough, and their landing was like a triumphal procession. So utterly unvisited are the Maldives, that even upon the principal islet there were many people who had never seen a "Faringi" before; and every one—men, women, and children alike—crowded to stare at them as if (in Merritt's words), "they'd been Stanley and his men comin' back from findin' Livingstone."

One slim, large-eyed boy of twelve or thirteen, who had pressed himself into the front rank of the crowd, said something very eagerly to Captain Ismail, at which the latter seemed greatly amused.

"What does he say?" asked Jake, who was beside the captain.

"He want know," explained Ismail, "all white men small and no beard, same as you?"

"Well, tell him they're not, can't you?" cried Bob Harris, greatly scandalised. "A nice idea he'll have of Englishmen if he gets *that* into his head!"

"Well, I reckon it don't matter much,' said Jake, philosophically. "Guess the existence of the British Empire don't 'zackly depend on the state o' public opinion in the Maldive Isles."

"Prisident," broke in O'Brien, "didn't ye till me wanst that in thim Mohammedan counthries the ladies are all shut up, and niver stir out but wid a veil over thir faces? Troth, they saim to be walkin' about here for all the world like they do wid us at home!"

"Well, I dare say they're not so strict in these out-of-the-way places," said Merritt; "and they can't very well shut 'em up in houses that have no inside to them."

"I vondaire vat ze Sultan sall be like," cried Louis. "He sall hafe von big gold crown, is it not? and ze fine diamond all ovaire ze clothes."

"Well, I calc'late you don't s'pose they manufacture sitch full-rigged kings as them in a one-horse place like this," answered Jake, disdainfully. "More likely he'll be some dried-up old nigger with a bald head and a grey beard, and nothing on but an eyeglass and a pair of spurs, or a one-cent stamp and the rim of a saucepan!"

The path that led upward from the landing-place now turned sharply to the left through a splendid palm-grove, and came out upon a long, straggling street of native huts (with the usual wattled walls and palm-leaf thatch, giving them the look of huge birds'-nests), which the boys rightly guessed to be the Maldivian capital.

Here the crowd was thicker than ever, and as they entered the "town," a tiny child (which had been parted from its mother in the throng) was knocked down close to their feet.

"Never mind, chickabiddy—it's all right now!" said Bob Harris, picking it up, and stroking caressingly the poor little puckered face, which was just making itself up for a good cry.

The baby brightened at once, and Harris perched it on his shoulder, where it crowed and chirruped gleefully. But to honest Bob's no small dismay, it seemed so well satisfied with its new friend as to be in no hurry to leave him. Twining one wee brown arm around his neck, it began to tug vigorously at his curly hair with the other, while the native lookers-on made the nearest approach to laughing aloud of which an Asiatic is capable.

But just then one of Ismail's sailors, who had quitted them at the landing-place, came hastily back, side by side with a tall man in a striped wrapper, who said a few words to Ismail.

"Sultan want make talkee wid you dis minute," explained the latter; "we go right dere."

The disordered group was instantly reformed, the baby (to Bob's great relief) given back to its mother, and away went the procession up the street to a high palisade, in front of which another man in a striped wrapper, with a long Hindu matchlock on his shoulder, was walking up and down between two small iron guns.

"Ship-guns," said Merritt, "come ashore from some wreck, I guess. They don't amount to much *now*, though, by the look of 'em. If anybody touched 'em off, I reckon they'd be like the musket that killed three men at one shot, the man that fired it and the two who stood to right and left."

A huge screen of matting slid back as they approached, admitting them to a large courtyard, at the end of which stood a queer-looking building not unlike a barn. On a mat in the shade of its wide verandah, with a dish of rice beside him, sat a short, fat, grey-bearded old man, wearing a little, saucer-shaped, green cap on his shaven head, and round his waist (tied by its sleeves) something that had once been a British soldier's red jacket, although its colour was quite hidden now by grease and dirt.

Poor Louis's face was a picture when he saw by the low salaam of their attendants that this ugly old scarecrow was really the "Sultan of the Twelve Thousand Isles" himself.

"Peace be with you!" grunted the King as the boys came forward, while their native companions fell back respectfully, all except Ismail, who was to act as interpreter.

"Peace be with the Sultan of Twelve Thousand Isles!" rejoined Merritt, rightly judging that this royal Tom Thumb would be pleased to find a foreigner so familiar with his title.

In fact, a greasy smile flickered over the old man's heavy face as he asked:

"Come ye from the setting sun, out of the land of Frangistan?" (Europe).

"Farther than that," answered Jake; "I come from a great country between two oceans, bigger than all Frangistan put together."

The Sultan looked puzzled (as well he might, having never heard of America before), and asked a number of questions about this mysterious land, which Merritt answered as well as he could, though his replies, strained through Ismail's exceedingly free translation, made the old king's bushy eyebrows bristle with astonishment.

"Bism'illah!" cried he, "it is indeed a far-off land that lies beyond Frangistan! Doubtless it is one of those desert isles of the north, where even the name of the Prophet (may his praise be exalted!) has never been heard."

"Hasn't it, though!" cried Merritt, who had read Washington Irving's 'Life of Mohammed' thrice before leaving school. "Why, one of our great *kessehgous* [story-tellers] made a whole book about your Prophet, and wrote down everything he ever said or did!"

"What?" exclaimed the Sultan, staring, "a kafir [unbeliever] write the acts of the Prophet?"

"Every one of 'em," replied Jake, confidently; "how he ran away from Mecca to Medina, and how he came back and took Mecca afterwards, and how he went up to heaven on a flying horse, and how he fought with Greeks and Jews and all sorts of fellows, and how they poisoned him at last with a leg of mutton—it's all there!"

Ismail listened in open-mouthed amazement, and the old king's eyes seemed to be starting out of his head.

"Mash' Allah!" (praise to God) said he; "even the uttermost isles of the sea have heard the deeds of the Prophet! Well hast thou spoken, O Faringhi, and the mouth that speaks well should be filled."

So saying, he squeezed some of his rice into a ball, and crammed it into Jake's mouth with fingers which looked as if they had not been washed for a month. Merritt, however, knew better than to refuse such a compliment, which all the others (though very unwillingly) endured in their turn. Then the king said a few words to Ismail in an undertone, and waved his hand to show that the interview was at an end.

The consequences of the Sultan's favour were soon apparent. Our heroes were promptly supplied with everything which they required in the way of food or household utensils, and established in a house a little way from the town, which had just been left vacant by the banishment of a

* From this island the whole "Maldive" group is named Maleh-Diva (Maleh Isles).

troublesome chief to one of the southern islands, the Siberia of the Maldive group.

"We'll call it the White House, bein' where the President lives," cried Bob, as they sat at breakfast in the shade of the ample porch the morning after their interview with the King.

"Much obliged, sirree; you're awful polite," said Jake, bowing; "and it *is* a white house, sure enough, for it's 'most all coral. I s'pose that's the Maldivian idea of a brown stone front. Well, it was real nice of that chief to get himself banished just in time to make room for us."

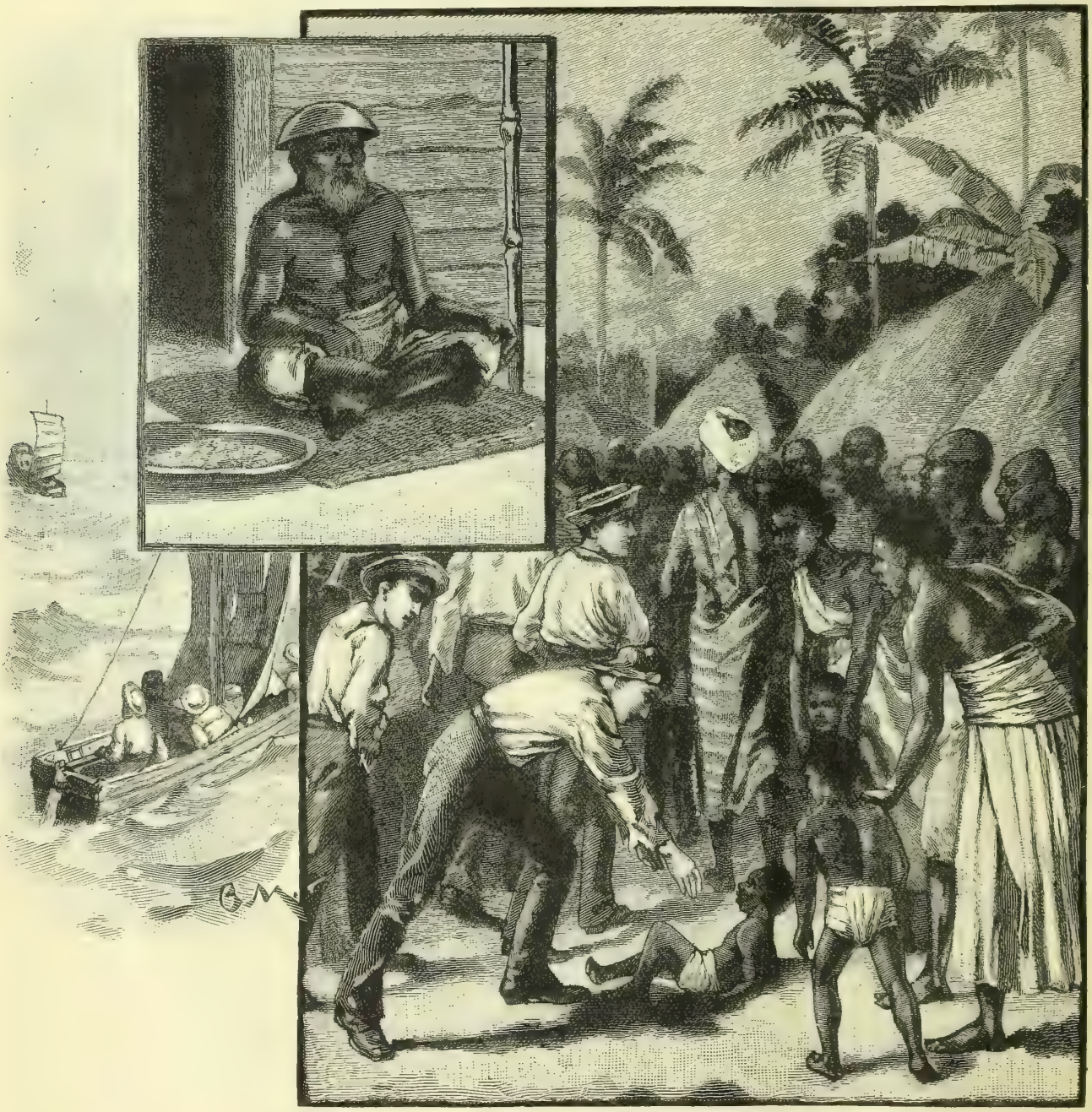
"And dis zall be ze *Black* House!"

laughed Louis, pointing upward to the grim spear-like pinnacle of black rock (evidently the result of some volcanic upheaval ages ago) which had been the first point of the island visible from the sea, and close to the foot of which they were now established.

"No, I'll tell you what!" cried Merritt, "We'll call it 'Mount Grant.' Mayhap the old Gineral 'll still be alive when we git back, and I calc'late it 'll kinder please him to know that somebody's thought of him out here in the middle of the sea."

"Right you are," said Bob, heartily. "Well, it's all gone off grandly, and no mistake. Everybody's friends with us, and we can just make ourselves snug here till the westerly winds set in, and then get these fellows to run us across to India in one of their trading boats."

Poor Bob! He quickly discovered that he was exulting too soon. The words were hardly spoken when a man was seen coming slowly up the path leading from the town, whose appearance struck Harris and Merritt as being somehow familiar to them. And well it might be; for the next glance showed them, too plainly to be mistaken, the tall, gaunt figure and wolfish eyes of Shamo!



"A tiny child was knocked down close to their feet."

(To be continued).

POMPHOLUGOPAPHLASMA.

A SCHOOL STORY.

By Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.

Author of "Beware of the Hydrophagon," "Uncle Towser," etc.

CHAPTER I.

Pompholugopaphlasma! There's a word for you, boys, and no mistake! I don't believe you ever heard of it before, and you certainly will not find it in any English Dictionary. But just get hold of the Greek Lexicon and see how grand it looks in all its native war-paint! Ay, it *is* a grand word! I feel inclined to take off my hat and make a low salaam, and then shake hands with that word, every time I meet it, which happens very often, for the Greek Lexicon is a familiar acquaintance, and in my own particular copy that word is decorated in a manner that arrests the eye. So that whenever my researches lie in the region of P, I come across that word and greet it at least with a pleasant smile, for it is as noble a mouthful of Greek as ever was uttered! Its foster-father was named Aristophanes, and his fame deserves to be immortal for adopting it, if for no other reason.

I am surprised that I have never met with that word in any English book. Some writers are fond enough of airing a little Greek now and then; but not one seems to have selected my friend and trotted him out. All the better; novelty is charming. My object will be to introduce the word to public notice. And what better opportunity could be found than to talk a little about it in the B. O. P.? I believe girls read this magazine quite as much as boys do; judging from personal experience I am convinced they do. Old boys, as well as young boys, read it; why not old girls as well as young girls? Nothing invidious is intended in this last remark; no girl is old so long as she is young. But, at any rate, if boys old and young, and girls old and young, do very generally read this paper, no better occasion could be found for bowing my majestic friend into the room. Majestic, do I call him? I should think so! He belongs to a princely caste. He stands forward in a class of words which, to my mind, have as good claim to that epithet as any others. And I think my friend ought to come at the very head of the class—top boy. I don't believe you will find another to beat him in any language under the sun. There is a noble little specimen in the Hebrew tongue, and I daresay there are others; unfortunately my acquaintance with Hebrew is so limited that I cannot pronounce an opinion on that question. But the little nobleman to whom I allude is as short as his Greek relation is tall. It is—*to-hom*, Hebrew for "the deep." Pronounce it properly, please; the first syllable short, as in "top," with the final "p" omitted; and the last syllable long, as in "Home, sweet home"—dwelling upon the vowel as long as your breath will hold out. It will give you the idea of sinking down into deepest depths, deeper and deeper still.

Well now, this class of words is labelled by a fairly long title—to wit, *onomatopœic*; and, as you probably know, that means making the very name you wish to represent, forming the word into the actual sound or idea which it expresses. It is the "imitation of the sense by the sound," whether in words as *taratantara*, the blast of a trumpet, *bow-wow, cuckoo, splash;* or in lines, as "Shocked like an iron-clanging anvil banged with hammers;" *quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.* The best poets in all languages, it is said, enjoy thus stringing expressive words together to bring vividly before the reader the sound or scene described.

I remember well my introduction to the word which stands at the beginning of this chapter. It happened in this way. One Easter holidays I spent a fortnight with my friend Smith at the Chain Bridge Inn, Berwyn, in the Vale of Llangollen. That romantic little hostelry is situated on the banks of the brawling Dee. There is a station just opposite. You step out of the train upon the platform, pick your way down the steep embankment, and cross the river by the quaint old bridge, and there you are at the very door. That was the order of proceeding some fifteen years ago. Now I believe the inn has developed into a far more pretentious hotel. They have "restored" the bridge, and, as some would think, have done their best to banish from that lovely spot the genius of romance, and frighten away the coy nymphs of river, glade, and hill, to some more sequestered haunt. I can only remember the place in its Arcadian simplicity, when truly it was one of ideal loveliness, only in some measure spoilt by the remarkably plain and unromantic cottages, whitewashed and slate-roofed, which try to ruin the artistic beauty of many a Welsh landscape.

We were walking one day along the margin of the Dee. We had reached a spot where the precipitous bank descended some twelve feet to a deep broad pool, when Smith, who was of the sons of the giants in muscular strength, took up a huge fragment of rock—such as an Homeric hero might have hurled against his adversary's head—and poised it like an athlete preparing to put the shot. "Now listen," quoth he, "with all your ears, and tell me what this rock says when it dives into that pool." I pricked up my ears and was all attention. With the full force of his brawny arm Smith put the rock. It took a magnificent header into the wine-dark pool. The cloven waters uprose in a lustrous crystalline fountain, then sank and broke into a tumultuous confusion of curds and whey, which telegraphed its amazement to the furthest shores in ever-broadening circles of wave-movement. But what did the rock say as it smote the waters and sank to their lowest depths? I thought a while, and then pronounced the word "Pomph!"

"Right you are, old chap," cried Smith, delighted: "the very identical verdict of Aristophanes two thousand years ago! Curious, if you didn't know it. How many rocks must he have pitched into the deep pools of the Cephissus before he finally caught the full expression of the truth and moulded it into language! He went further than you, however. You have only caught the first syllable of that rock's exclamation, or rather of the water's greeting as it received the rock. It had a lot more to say, surely. You must listen more attentively, old chap. Now, I will give you another chance."

He looked around and selected no small fragment of a mountain, and pitched it as before into the pool. I looked and listened, and watched the turbulent commotion of bubbles and foam and circular undulations travelling with such perfect regularity to the shores. But never a bit could I get beyond the original "*pomph;*" and I confessed my inability, feeling sympathy for the boys who shy at the difficulties of Greek verbs.

Smith said no more about the matter just then. We proceeded on our walk along the road that runs parallel with the river—past a lime-kiln, and, if I remember right, getting up on a line of rails for trucks bringing slate from the neighbouring hills—past a salmon weir, and through the outskirts of Llangollen, turning to the left, and crossing some fields to the famous Valle Crucis Abbey, an ecclesiastical ruin (as the guide-book informs us) of much celebrity—a house of Cistercians, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, founded about 1200 by Madoc ap Gryffydd Maelor, Lord Dinas Bran, grandson of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of Wales. We visited that interesting ruin, and prolonged our walk over hill and down dale, returning at dusk to the quiet hostel on the banks of the Dee.

After supper, instead of proposing the usual game of chess, Smith produced a sheet of paper, and wrote across the top in printed capitals the word—

POMPHOLUGOPAPHLASMA.

"There you are," he said, "that's what the waters say when you pitch a big stone into a deep pool. What do you think of that?"

He pushed the paper to me across the table. I pondered on it a while, and repeated the word many times, and thought it very grand. Smith showed signs of impatience, and gradually worked himself up into a state of excitement such as I have seldom seen him evince, being a man of calm temperament.

"My good fellow," he continued, "isn't it sublime—magnificent—the very expression of the inexpressible—a triumph of articulate speech? Why, only look at it! Give me the paper; let me draw you a diagram of the whole proceeding, for I have often studied the word with practical experiment. The more I think of it the greater cause do I find for admiring the sagacity of Aristophanes and the triumph of his patient observation, coupled with stupendous intellect!"

By this time Smith was busy with his pencil, and succeeded in making clear his views upon the subject.

"Now, then—there—you see—of course—when the rock strikes the water it makes a great hole, driving the water downwards and outwards; and, as you said truly, the noise is '*pomph*'—neither more nor less. Well, the waters are parted and compressed, and by reason of their elasticity they spring back, rush towards the centre, and meet. Then following the direction of least resistance they rise in a tempestuous column with a bubbling commotion, caused by the air carried down with the stone bursting upwards in champagne effervescence. There—like that. Well, then, you see how Aristophanes just hit off all that fizzment and surf and yeasty bamboozlement in the continuation '*olugo*.' And lastly, the outspreading of the undulations, broad, liberal, regular, and perfect as the vibrations of a musical note—in such tranquil, stately contrast to all the fuss and flurry of foam and froth—that conclusion of the word '*paphlasma*,' to my mind, renders the whole as triumphant a victory of word-painting as was ever won by the human voice!"

I could only express my satisfaction and thanks to my learned friend for so lucidly explaining the process, and thus I added a word of potent meaning to my vocabulary.

(To be continued.)

TAFFY; OR, THE TALE OF A GROUSE.

A SCHOOL STORY.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "The Parlour Boarder," "A Couple of Crusoes," "Sister Mary," etc.

CHAPTER V.

Sunday passed for us in peace. I found myself more cheerful than I had been since the rape of the grouse. So many narrow escapes from peril on its account encouraged me to trust that all would still go well, especially when, as far as we knew, no notice had ever been taken of its disappearance. I laughed at myself for having been so uneasy, resolving, all the same, to keep very clear of Taffy and his tricks for the future.

But, after breakfast on Monday morning, he and I got a fresh alarm. There appeared in the yard the Warden and Mr. Wyatt, accompanied by two or three workmen, who, moving about from one spot to another, finally halted within a few yards of the heap of leaves concealing—you know what. To tender consciences like Taffy's and mine, it might seem as if they were on the scent of our secret and came here to a point.

All the fellows were curious to know what these unusual proceedings might portend; then, when the masters went away, and the men began to dig a hole in the ground, it was given out:

"They are going to have up the drains."

Taffy and I looked significantly at each other. In the public interest now drawn upon this commonly deserted corner, we had cause to dread *it* might yet come to light. But Mr. Wyatt turned back to warn us off—for fear of infection, I suppose—from the scene of those operations. Almost immediately afterwards we had to go into school.

It was the day of the monthly examination; and, instead of our own jocular master—a good-natured fellow on the whole, though he did give punishments rather freely—my form had to deal with Mr. Batt, whom we found in a very bad humour. Not only had he been unable to lay hands on Conington's Virgil, but, whereas we were in the Medea of Euripides, through some mistake he had understood it was the Alcestis. We inwardly chuckled to think how he must have coached up the wrong book, and how puzzled he would be to examine us in the right one. While we did a paper on Virgil, for which an hour was allowed, we could see him earnestly studying under cover of his desk, and guessed how he was trying to prepare himself to play the strict inquisitor on short notice.

His Virgil paper, from want of Conington's help, turned out a ludicrously easy one, and most of us had finished it long before the end of the hour. Then we sat idle till he sent round to collect our papers; and, having nothing else to do, I supplied him with an opportunity of venting his crossness.

"The workmen may be turning over those leaves," I whispered to Taffy. "Or James will be coming to take them away."

"Let him!" answered he, in his happy-go-lucky mood again.

"All very well to say *let him*; but that's not the way you talk sometimes about it."

"It's all right! Don't bother any more about it."

As thus we were confabulating, Mr. Batt came behind us and knocked our heads violently together.

"What's that for, sir?" exclaimed Taffy.

"You know very well I allow no whispering in school. You are not with Mr. Edgewood now, and you mustn't play the fool."

"I wasn't playing the fool!" muttered Taffy, glaring at him; and we all looked glum, for we were not used to a master laying hands on us in this irregular fashion, and silently resented his bullying ways. Then some of us were moved to grin when our eccentric schoolfellow spoke up in a whining stutter, "I don't know what playing the fool means—I never do it, sir!"

Mr. Batt, frowning darkly, said nothing more, but made Taffy change his place to sit at the next desk. There presently he scribbled me a note, and was handing it to his neighbour to be passed on—of course something about the grouse, which from first to last was destined to hatch so many annoyances! But the master's sharp eye detected it, and naturally he at once suspected cribbing.

"Bring that to me!" he cried, and flew into a passion when Taffy coolly snatched back the note to tear it into pieces.

Mr. Batt rushed up to him, caught his hand, and set to drumming on his knuckles with the butt end of a heavy paper-knife. But Taffy did not submit meekly to this torture. He wrenched his hand loose, and sprang on to the floor, crying out excitedly:

"I won't stand it! You have no right! I am not going to be bullied!"

"Silence, sir!" bellowed Mr. Batt. "Silence!" he repeated, with an angry glance round the room, for the rest of us had begun to stamp with our feet, applauding Taffy in his new character as champion of popular liberties.

"I won't be silent!" spluttered Taffy. "I shall complain to the Warden."

We stamped and shuffled louder than ever at this; and Mr. Batt seemed to be a little staggered, for he knew the Head would not fail to condemn his illegal practices.

"Go to the Warden, then, and tell him you were caught cribbing in examination!" he said sarcastically.

"I wasn't cribbing. I was only writing a note to a fellow. I'll tell you what it said, if you like. It was something about a thing he and I had hidden——"

The unspeakable idiot! I sat on thorns for what he seemed on the point of blurting out, when luckily Mr. Batt, no less excited than himself, cut him short with:

"Hold your tongue, sir! Sit down, and say no more about it; but don't let me catch you again."

"I will not sit down, unless you give me your word of honour not to hit me again," answered Taffy, in what was for him quite a dignified tone, swelling with the novel pride of having got the whip hand of a master. "If you touch me, I go straight to the Warden."

For Mr. Batt had made a threatening stride towards him, but now drew back and stood impotently staring at this defiant pupil. You may imagine what eyes we kept bent upon them, and how amazed we were to see Taffy playing the hero—the last fellow we should have expected to see standing up to our Jabberwock.

"Well done, Taffy! don't give in!" was heard in audible murmurs, while the baffled tyrant, divided between rage and prudence, did not know what to say or do.

I can't tell how this deadlock of discipline would have come to an end, if at that moment a diversion had not taken place to cover Mr. Batt's confusion, even as the gods of old were in the way of sending some timely cloud to hide their favourites in the hour of luckless battle. A thing happened such as was never known before or since in the chronicles of our school. You may think it could not hap-

pen; but I speak of that which I heard and saw, and there are hundreds of living men to bear out my tale.

From the yard without rose a sudden tumult of shouts, and the tootling of horns, and the cracking of whips, and the baying of dogs—strange disturbance to its wonted solitude at this hour! With one accord we ran to the windows, forgetful of all control, to see below a pack of foxhounds that had burst into our scholastic precincts and were ravening through the court, even over that sacred patch of turf before the chapel, without the least fear of getting five hundred lines each. After them clattered in two huntsmen in pink and half a dozen sportsmen in plain clothes—for it was only a cub-hunting day—all brought to a stand in our courtyard, which had no other outlet open for horsemen than the great gate. Thus Diana came to usurp the reign of Minerva!

What an excitement there was among us at the sight! Who could hope to keep boys to their books with such music drawing them like the Pied Piper's? We pressed at the windows, struggling and craning our necks for a look, expecting to see a fox killed before our very eyes. Most of us were country lads, devoted to that dearest idol of Englishmen. They soon saw that the hounds must be at fault, that hard-pressed Reynard had probably sought refuge among us, and might now—rapturous thought!—be slily stealing about the school premises, where it could haply fall to our lot to unearth and bring him to bay.

Heads came crowding at other windows, all turned upon the arena below, where fortune had provided such a stirring spectacle to break the monotony of Greek and Latin. Our masters were not stocks and stones, though of Mr. Wyatt and one other strict disciplinarian it was said that they made their boys work on through all the distracting din. But when the Head himself and the Sixth appeared upon the steps of their sanctum, there was no holding in my form for one. With Mr. Batt at our head, heartily glad, no doubt, of this interruption, we streamed down into the yard, to mingle in the torrent of boys that burst out from all quarters.

Our Warden, in cap and gown, was shaking hands with Lord Witley, the master of the hunt, courteously accepting his apologies for their invasion, however unwelcome in reality, since a pack of hounds are chartered libertines, upon whose intrudings even Doctors of Divinity must be fain to put a good face. But the general interest was concentrated on the dogs themselves, gathered, sniffing and raving, round that hole the workmen had left open. Here the fox had, perhaps, tried to go to earth; but it was not yet deep enough to give him good hiding, and there were other ways by which he might have made good his escape from the enclosure.

While the huntsman dismounted to have a look, then drew his dogs off, trying to put them on the scent elsewhere, and the boys pressed eagerly forward, getting in the way, and all was noise and confusion, a little incident happened to show how even foxhounds do not always attend strictly to business. Some half-dozen ill-broken puppies, I suppose they were, crowded out from the main body of the pack, suddenly threw themselves upon the heap of dead leaves close by. There was a minute of fighting and yelping, and they were seen to be tearing something to pieces—not the fox. Taffy winked at me, and I smiled back. We knew the meaning of this.

As soon as the whip saw what these truants were about, he made for them, laying about him with vigorous cuts and cracks, which brought the riotous whelps to order, but not before they had torn their prey in pieces and gobbled most of it up, doing in a few moments that which Taffy and I had in vain been trying to do for the best part of a week.

"A dead crow!" I heard somebody in the crowd say, with disgust for the low tastes of these hounds; but in my heart I fervently blessed them, whose greedy maws had swallowed up that incubus of mine.

"What a pity we didn't have it for supper the first night!" was all Taffy had to say, with so much more cause to be thankful for this deliverance.

A private gate into the Warden's grounds having meanwhile been opened, the hunters passed on that way, taking up the scent of their fox, which, however, they never found. We boys also were drawn off by our whippers-in, and went back to go on with examination work, as soon as the general commotion had settled down a little.

Mr. Batt, who, in his character as a man of sports, had been much taken up with the fox, now said nothing more to Taffy about their squabble, but seemed tacitly to proclaim an amnesty. He was quite meek over our Medea, as if inviting us to let bygones be bygones; and this time, since he had no hard questions to put, the form covered itself with cheap glory. But what gave me far more satisfaction was to have at length got rid of the grouse. As for Taffy, so cock-a-hoop was he over the half-amused, half-astonished praises showered on him for having stood up to a master, that he appeared to have forgotten all the craven fears with which for the last week he had been so distressing me; and, to hear him talk, you would suppose there was no such thing as a grouse in the world.

You may be sure I took care not to let Master Rees lead me into any of his scrapes again, either as accomplice or mere witness. All my thoughts at this time were bent on escape from a so compromising companionship. But Taffy was to me like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea. Jason could divorce Medea more easily than any of us get free from his study-mate. Once a term, indeed, we were allowed to make a change by mutual consent, but always with the limitation that the two boys in one study must belong to the same form, as they were supposed to do their work together. Nobody would make an exchange for such a fellow as Taffy; and, in the general shuffling after the Christmas holidays, he was still left on my hands, from want of any one willing and fitting to pair with him.

For a few weeks longer I had to put up with this galling yoke; then Taffy himself managed to break the bond between us. He nursed a grievance against Seton, who, he declared, had borrowed a pencil-case from him and never given it back, which the prefect denied. What must that lunatic do but break into Seton's study, lay hands on a box of biscuits, and put it up to auction in the hall, in order to reimburse himself for the loss he claimed! There was naturally a great to-do about this strange taking of the law into his own hands. Some prefects would have settled the matter off-hand in a vigorous fashion; but Seton, distrusting his own impartial judgment of such a cause, thought best to lay it before Mr. Wyatt.

The result of this, tacked on to a long list of misdoings on Taffy's part, was that he became deprived of the most valued privilege of his standing, turned down into the "Den of Cubs," as we called the room where the smallest boys did their work in noisy company till they had earned promotion to study rank. Next term he left our school, not without a strong hint, it was understood, from the authorities, who must have been aware that he was doing little good to himself or any one else.

He did me little harm, in one way, not being the sort of boy whose example is likely to be seductive. But of the vexations he brought upon me, this story of the grouse is a specimen. Even though its spiriting away was no work of mine, and never came to be found out, had we both been called in question for it at once and well thrashed, justly and unjustly, by Mellish or some other muscular prefect, I believe I should have suffered less than I actually did through that "fearful wild fowl."

(THE END.)

THE CRUISE OF THE CHRISTABEL.

By the Author of "A Trip down the Thames," etc., etc.

PART III.

THE wind died away again shortly after, and we did not fetch into Harwich, where we had settled to spend the day, until half-past twelve. We sailed up the harbour, past Landguard Fort, and, putting the helm down, brought up just opposite the Railway Hotel, among a perfect crowd of boats, smacks, steamers, and yachts of all kinds.

Bill had been below for some time previously, getting the dinner ready; and by the time we had stowed the sails in correct harbour fashion, it was on the table. After a pleasant dinner, which we lingered over until two o'clock, we went ashore for a stroll round, and spent the rest of the afternoon watching the holiday folk amusing themselves on the beach.

Harwich is a quaint old town, and with its magnificent natural harbour is a splendid place for a yacht to bring up; but its great drawback is a bad supply of fresh water, yachts having to get theirs from Shotley, opposite.

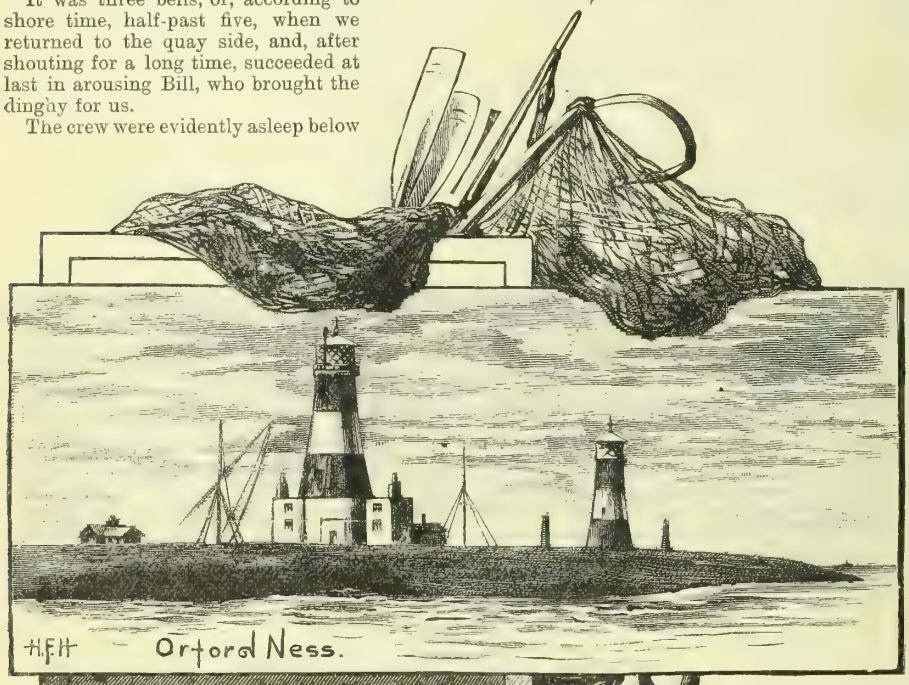
The old place must have seen a good many ups and downs in its time. How busy it must have looked when Edward III. sailed from here with two hundred and sixty ships on that bright 22nd of June in the year 1340. Two days later the French lost at the battle of Sluys two hundred and thirty out of four

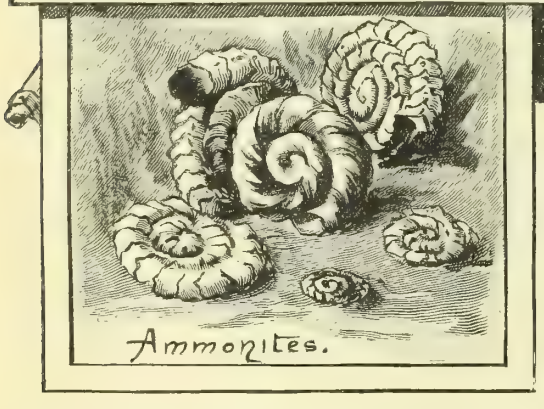
hundred vessels with which they met our gallant English fleet.

Harwich was honoured by a visit from good Queen Bess in the year 1561, when she stayed for several days at a house in the central part of the High Street, at the expense of the mayor and burgesses of the town; and on her departure, she was graciously pleased to enquire what they had to request. The town certainly lost a nice slice of royal favour that day through the modesty or stupidity of the mayor; for that dunderheaded individual, acting as spokesman, replied: "Nothing, save to wish your Majesty a good journey," on which Elizabeth, turning her horse round towards the town, remarked in accents of surprise, "A pretty town, and wants nothing," and so wished them good morning.

It was three bells, or, according to shore time, half-past five, when we returned to the quay side, and, after shouting for a long time, succeeded at last in arousing Bill, who brought the dinghy for us.

The crew were evidently asleep below





—although Mr. Bill protested his innocence; but the art of easily falling asleep is a kind of special gift with him. The heat from the foc'sle stove may possibly have helped, but I have frequently seen him take forty winks while in the act of washing up the plates and dishes!

Tea over, and some letters written home and posted, which necessitated a pleasant row ashore in the dinghy, we spent the rest of the evening on deck, chatting over our prospects for the morrow; and while the mate was busy pointing the ends of a pair of new, white cotton tiller-lines, Bill, spread out at his ease on the cover of the foresail, was eagerly devouring the contents of an exciting story.

The evening was a very pleasant one, with scarcely a breath of air stirring; and, as we lounged about on deck, we were in a fit state to appreciate it. But I had noticed that the glass was falling slightly, besides which there was a windy, green colour in the sky, which, although very beautiful, was not reassuring for our prospects of the morrow. Still, as we could not arrange the weather, the best thing was to thoroughly enjoy the present moment.

The lights ashore gradually broke out as the evening drew in, and with the riding lamps of the various craft at anchor, and the red and green glitter reflected on the dark water in long drawn flashes as an occasional steamer came puffing and grunting into the harbour, it formed a scene one could hardly ever tire of; but human nature requires a certain amount of rest, and although very loth to leave the deck and go below, one of us alluded to the early start contemplated for the following morning; and so, at a comparatively early hour, we turned in, and soon quietness reigned on board, broken only by an occasional heavy snore from some of us, who in our waking moments would have indignantly denied it.

According to orders, Bill had the breakfast ready on the cabin table by seven o'clock next morning. After that meal had been fully discussed, we discovered an absence of fresh tack in our bread locker; so, leaving the others to make preparations for the start, O'Reilly and I went ashore in search of provender; and, after a longish walk round the town, we came upon a baker's shop; and, with several quartern loaves under our arms, made our way down to the dinghy again through the still sleepy town.

My prognostications respecting the weather turned out to be correct. A keen, cold wind was blowing in strong puffs, and a leaden-coloured sky, with plenty of flying scud drawn across it in rapidly moving masses, did not give much promise of a very fine day at sea.

In the harbour there was a short, sharp popple on the water which gave O'Reilly, myself, and the loaves a regular shake-up before reaching the yacht, but we succeeded in getting the bread aboard in a fairly dry condition. O'Reilly said he felt quite tender from the bumping, and remarked that that sort of thing would soon wear out the stoutest pair of pants in half their natural life.

Frank and Jack had been busy in the meantime helping the mate off with the sail-covers, etc., so we immediately hoisted the dinghy on board and turned her bottom upwards on the port side, near the cabin sky-light, where she was least in the way, and could be well lashed down if required.

With all our haste it was nine o'clock before we were well under way, the anchor secured on deck and everything ship-shape, when we went flying out of the harbour with a smother of creamy foam at the yacht's bows, the strong breeze making our topmast bend like a fishing-rod with the weight of the wind in the jib-headed topsail we had set.

The bell-buoy off Landguard Point was tolling mournfully—as is its habit in a strong wind—as we passed it, making O'Reilly feel quite miserable, he said; and so to cheer matters up a bit he commenced singing a lively ditty, entitled "Shall I ever see my home once more?"

"Oh, shut up," said Jack, "you'll give us all the blues if you go on like that."

"This will give you a rare appetite for dinner," said Frank, who was watching the curling heads of the waves gracefully breaking over, and which were getting bigger as we stood further from the land.

"Don't mention anything about food to me for the next week," said O'Reilly, hanging on to one of the shrouds, and opening his mouth like a gasping fish, "I'm beginning to feel queer already."

"Well, sit down here," said Jack—"this is the hospital side of the ship—and make your miserable life happy."

The wind against tide was making the sea very lumpy outside, and it was not until past twelve o'clock, when we had reached Orfordness, with its high and low lights, and rounded the little spit of sand known as "Onion Spit," that we ran into smoother water.

I took this as being a suitable opportunity to arrange about the watches. We might possibly be at sea for several days, and it would be necessary we should have a fixed time for rest.

When by ourselves Frank took the port watch with the mate, while Bill and I shared the starboard ditto; but Jack wanted to take an active part in working the yacht, and O'Reilly, although feeling queer, wanted to join in as much as possible—"not that I shall be of the slightest use, but it sounds better (when you're ashore) to say you belong to a certain watch—so I will join you, skipper."

"All right," responded Jack; "I will turn out, then, when Frank does."

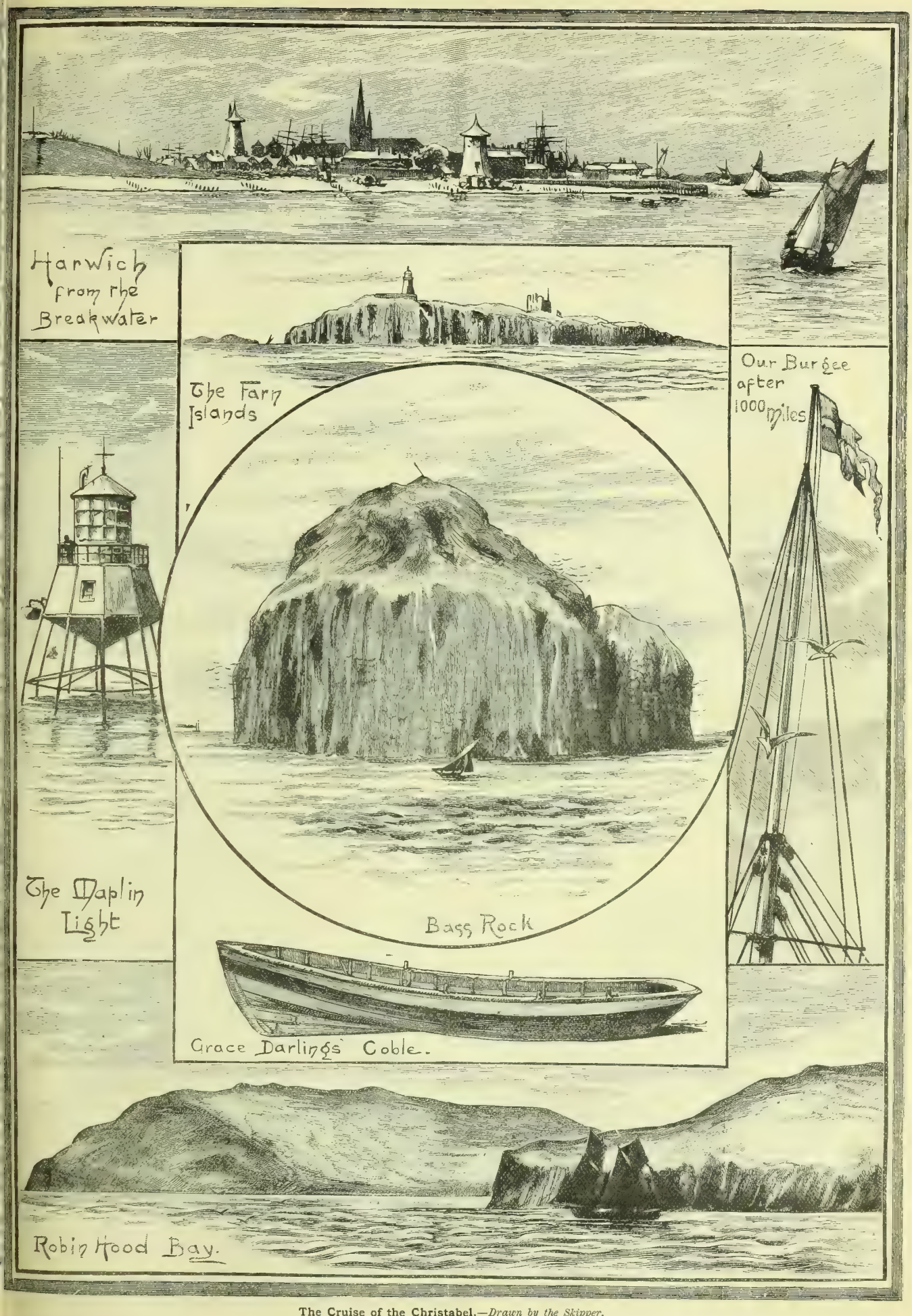
By the time that important arrangement had been settled, we were off the pretty little town of Aldborough, whose ancient site now lies buried beneath some four fathoms of water.

Dunwich soon came into view, and, although a quiet enough sort of place now, this was in olden times the capital of the Saxon kingdom of East Anglia, and a populous and thriving port during the reigns of the Norman sovereigns and early Plantagenet kings.

In 629, when Sigebert, king of the East Angles, held his court here, the town then stood on a promontory jutting out into the sea for about two miles, and covering the sand now marked on the chart as Dunwich Bank.

There is a tradition that south-east of the town there was a very large wood, known as the King's Wood, which a thousand years ago was a splendid cover for game of all kinds, but has now sunk down below the angry waters of the North Sea, which has played great havoc at various places along this coast.

(To be continued.)



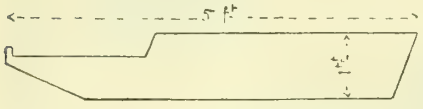
The Cruise of the Christabel.—*Drawn by the Skipper.*

THE "BOY'S OWN" RUSTIC CART.

PART II.

HAVING settled on the wood and planed it up into boards, perfectly true on the face, edges, and sides, the next operation is to make out the shape of the sides of the cart. At first it will strike the eye as very low and long in shape, but it must be remembered the bars and raves have to be added. Fig. 10

Fig 10.

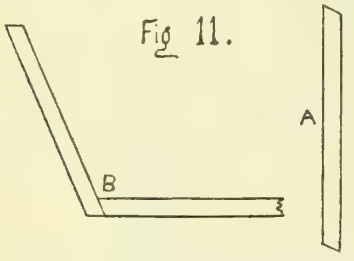


gives the shape to which it must be sawn. Particular care must be taken with the small projection at the end of the cart, for, being in a prominent position, nailing and screwing cannot be resorted to here without spoiling the look of the body. Mark the sides out very carefully, by means of a straight-edge, T-square, and the bevel, to the angle you require, and see that both sides are exactly perfect. Do not have vagrant pencil-marks about, as they are impossible to efface without re-planing, and if allowed to remain show with hideous clearness when varnished.

There is nothing more exasperating than to find that, when cut, the worst side of a board has to be put outside or another one cut. Hence, think well before cutting. When the two sides are cut out, measure them face to face to see if there is any discrepancy, but if the second marking and cutting has been accurate they should be perfectly alike.

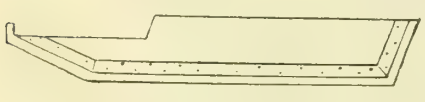
Both sides have now to be bevelled or sloped at the bottom and top, to be all in accordance with the angle at which the sides are set. The bottoms must be bevelled from the inner to the outer side; the tops *vice versâ*. Fig. 11, A, shows more clearly

Fig 11.



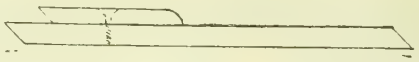
what is meant. By this bevelling the edges are flush with the bottom, B, when in place, and the top edge is parallel with the bottom. The bevel should be set in shape of a T, and the screw tightened at the angle decided upon. One side will form the acute angle, the other the obtuse. It is best not to put the side at a great angle with the floor, a very slight deviation from a square form is most fashionable. Besides, the greater the angle, the greater the side-strain on the bottom screws. The question of angles settled, and the sides planed up to the requisite slope, they may be laid aside and the inner linings put in hand. These consist of strips of wood—oak or walnut—3 inches broad, 1 inch thick, and so long as to extend to the end of the body (Fig. 12). It will be

Fig 12.



noticed that the slanting strip by the end is some distance from the edge. This is to allow of the hinged tailboard fitting into a recess. The bars are attached with screws $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch long, and stout in proportion. It is best to put them in in zigzag form, they resist the strain better thus. But, before being screwed on, they must also be bevelled on their lower edges, and the top inside corners rounded off neatly. The bevelling must be the same as the *outer lower* side (Fig. 13).

Fig 13.



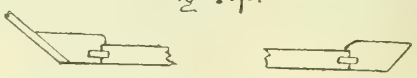
The strips will have to be mitred at the acute corner of the front. When screwed on, the strips should be a clear inch from the bottom of the side, so that the sides slightly overlap the floor boards. This surplus can be planed up before the cart is mounted. The sides lined, and well polished up, inside and out, the floor next claims attention.

In very stylish carts this is made of dark polished wood, and very nice the effect is. I saw one the other day, and made a mental resolve to floor my next cart with polished oak, if possible; but if expense is an object, pine and ash boards neatly planed must do, and when painted and furnished with mats the effect is neat, if not so nice as the polished wood.

For the following information about the fitting in of the floor I am indebted to a series of papers by Mr. O'Dell in the *Exchange and Mart*:—

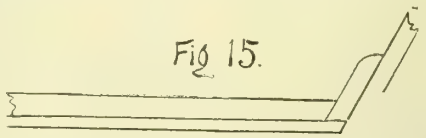
A couple of stout ash bars must be procured $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick when finished, and about 3 feet 3 inches long, and 8 and 9 inches broad respectively (Fig. 14). The 9-inch bar goes

Fig 14.



behind at the back of the cart. The best and smoothest side is selected and marked; likewise the outer edge, which must be planed to match the bevel of the *end* of the side (Fig. 15). The inner side is rounded over so as

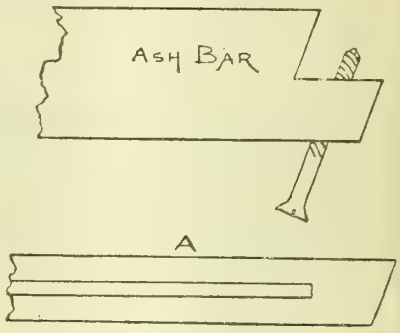
Fig 15.



not to present an angular ridge on the floor. Pine boards can be obtained a foot wide, and two of these should suffice; they should be 1 inch thick when planed up. The depth of the rebate on the side is 1 inch, so $\frac{3}{4}$ inch of the ash bars must be cut out at each end—and in this apparently simple affair is the great difficulty to be encountered. Each end and lap must be exactly true to the bevel (Fig. 16), and to saw a bevel requires a fine saw, true eye, and steady hand—to say nothing of patience. On the ends of these bars the rigidity of the cart depends. Gauge the ends of the bars 1 inch thick, and then set the gauge to the thickness of the rebated strip, and mark these on the top inside of the bar. Then get the ends to the right bevel, finishing up with the trying-plane. Test them over and over till correct. Do same to all four ends. Then cut the lap; mark the bevel on both sides, and saw carefully down to the $\frac{3}{4}$-inch mark; then fix the bar end up in the bench vice, and cut down till the piece comes away. The same process is repeated with the other bars. The pine boards have their ends simply bevelled without the lap being cut. They also must be tested over and over till the right angle is attained.

Next comes the ploughing of the grooves. The pine boards being 1 inch thick, gauge

Fig 16.



the ash bars to the same, running a pencil-mark down to supplement the scratch of the marking-tooth. Then set the gauge again—this time to half an inch—and gauge the *inside* edge of the hind ash bar, then the sides of the pine bars, A (Fig. 16), and the *inside* edge of the front bar. The *outer* edge of this front bar must be planed to suit the angle of the front of the body, as the footboard must lie neatly on it; but of this more in due course.

Work the grooves a full quarter of an inch deep on each bar. Match-boarding can be obtained ready planed of any carpenter, or is easily planed up from sound deal. A mixture of white-lead and linseed-oil is to be brushed on to the inside of the battens, joints, and grooves. It acts as a preservative against rotting through damp. The footboard need not be grooved, only the inside should be sloped down to fit neatly on the edge of the bar. The edges, of course, must be bevelled to the required angle (Fig. 14).

Screwing in the bottom to the sides comes next. Stout $2\frac{1}{4}$-inch screws, No. 12, are needed, also a $\frac{1}{4}$-inch pin bit to fit in the brace. Care must be taken to bore and countersink the holes truly, so that the heads of the screws can be puttied up afterwards; 3 screws to each bar will suffice. The sides must be tested carefully with the bevel, now to be set full at the end of the slot. The screws should go through the bars, transfix the lining pieces, and finish in the wood of the sides. It is necessary two people should be employed on the bars—one to hold firm at the right angle, the other to screw. Driving a $2\frac{1}{4}$-inch screw home in hard wood does not admit of divided attention, as I know by experience.

Now, supposing everything screwed up accurately and the foot-board sitting in at its proper angle, the worst part is over. Next comes the bar from point to point of the end, which must have a good broad rebate worked on its under inner side, so as to fit on to the end of the foot-board and overlap the ends slightly (Fig. 17, A). To these it must be fastened with fine screws—about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch long, well countersunk—which holes will be filled up afterwards with a resinous stopping to be obtained of the coachmaker—coloured to match whatever wood is used. The cost will be a few pence. This bar also must have its top edge bevelled inwards. The hind board can now be cut, and fitted in its place behind. The back edges must be planed carefully to look quite smooth and square, or they would not look well when varnished. Next come

the side-rails—"Raves," as they are technically called. There are two at each side, 2 inches wide × 1 inch thick, and the length of the top edge of the cart. It is best to take a

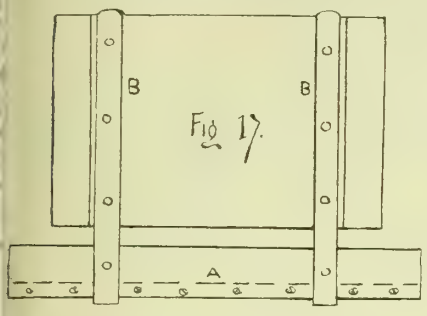
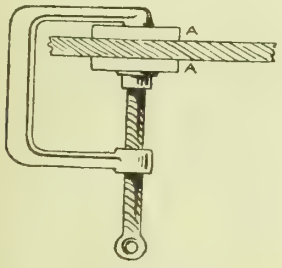


Fig 17.

couple of flat strips and clamp them upright, and at the correct bevel (see Fig. 18, A A) one each end of the sides, with those handy small cramps of which every carpenter ought to have three or four. Put a piece of wood (A A) between the iron on both sides to prevent the marks which will otherwise inevitably result (Fig. 18). The best pattern carts have two long

Fig 18.



cross-bars to each side, and two short ones. These are cut at an angle (see drawing of completed cart, Fig. 28) and bolted through—one bolt to each bar. The ends should be cut with a fine tenon saw, then planed up carefully, and the ends burnished with a piece of hard wood; this, in a way, closes the grain, and renders the end more amenable to varnish.

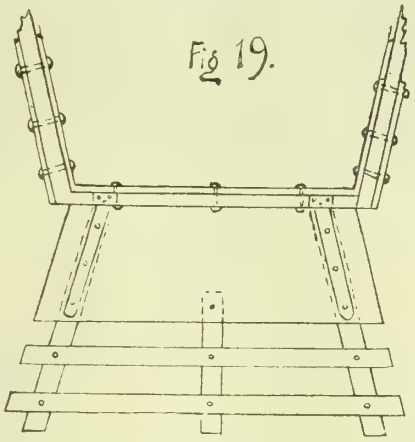
It is of the last importance that the bars should be exactly straight, and the cross-bars at the proper angle; also the bolts must be studded in evenly—not in a wavy line. To cut in the bolts, the long augur bit is used, which must be inserted at right angles to the part sides, or else the bolt-heads will not sit neatly on the wood.

The side-rails must be bevelled to the same angle as the lower sides were, both on their upper and lower edges. The door, or tail-board, has two long bars, and only one short bar in the centre of the board. The horizontal bars must be exactly level with those of the sides.

The sides completed, and the bottom in, the next operation is fitting the inside ironwork. The back stay (Fig. 19) is bolted on just by the door, and the bolts (3 inches long) pass through the side and the lining, and screw up inside. In good work, the heads are concealed under the last outside batten. Nothing looks worse than an eruption of ugly black heads on the smooth panel; so the cart-builder must study to conceal his bolts under the two long bars fore and aft.

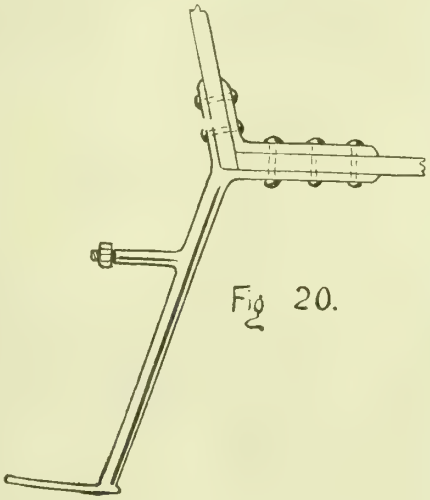
For the same reason, the long hinges must be set at the same angle as the bars of the door; so that the bolts used in securing the bar may secure the hinges too (as shown by dotted lines Fig. 19). The end of the hind bar must be cut to allow of the joint being recessed, and the door must shut truly and evenly.

A pair of angle-irons are put in front; they can be made by the village smith of half-round iron, 1½ inch broad by ¾ inch thick—of course, in the thickest part—tapering off at the ends. These require to be about 12 inches long each angle, and are fixed with a small wood block between the upper angle and the cart side, and long screws passing through the iron and block and finishing in the fore long batten. The lower half can be attached


Fig 19.

to the floor by stout 2-inch bolts. The block of the upper part must be shaped so as to fit the side angle exactly, and should be the same wood as the sides. The side handles only require a reference to the illustration to show the mode of fixing them.

The dash-board irons (Fig. 17, B B) should be fixed about 8 inches from each end, and should be perfectly true and firmly fixed upright. The village smith must be called into requisition to furnish two inside plates to fasten through the end bar to the dash-irons, and bolt down the floor—1 inch × ¼ inch half-round iron will do—with holes corresponding to those in the under plate of the dash-board irons (Fig. 20).


Fig 20.

It will also be necessary for the smith to make and fit the iron brace bar beneath the seat, and the angle iron ledges on which the seat itself rests. The first-named may be a bar of flat iron, 1 inch broad and ⅜ inch thick, and as long as the cart is wide. The second extends nearly the whole length of the first bar, to which they are attached each side by stout screws into the cross battens, besides through the bar itself. They must be made at the correct angle; simply at right angles will not do. The part on which the seat slides should be perforated with round ¼-inch holes all along, to receive pins on the seat-board, which hold it in its place. The hind door must have a couple of chains in leather cases, to hold it in place when the cart is required to carry one or two behind. A hook is attached to the first bar at the end of the angle iron, on to which the chain is put, the lower ends being fastened to staples screwed to the upper bars of the door.

A couple of strips of iron (that known as coach-hooping) extend along the full length of the bottom, giving additional strength; it is screwed on with stout 1-inch screws.

A pair of door-fasteners such as used on Whitechapel carts are preferable to spring catches, which invariably rattle. They cost 3*s.* 6*d.* a pair through any ironmonger, and are screwed to the top raves of the sides and door.

The body of the cart may now be said to be finished; the ends of all the battens must be smoothed to the last degree possible to facilitate varnishing—all projecting bolt-ends must be filed off—and the sharp angles of the nuts also.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME WORDS OF CHEER.

The Rev. A. H. Drysdale, M.A., Northumberland, writes:—"It is a pleasure to testify to the avidity with which boys in my acquaintance, big and little, devour what you provide for them, and to observe the mingled firmness and freedom of bearing they seem to catch from your pages. The B. O. P. is undoubtedly raising the tone of public-school life so far as I have been able to notice."

***

"An old Reader" sends us an interesting letter from British Columbia, in the course of which he remarks:—"I do not know how I should have got along lately without the B. O. P. I have been all alone this winter on the ranch, which is situated at the Outlet, Kootenay Lake, ten miles from the nearest camp. Our log cabin has four rooms, ten by twelve. This is a fine game country. Cariboo, bear, deer, and mountain sheep are pretty plentiful. But the only drawback is the Indians, who hunt with dogs and scare the game all over the country. I have been using a Sharp 44 rifle this last winter, but now I have got a new Winchester, and expect to have a lively time bear-hunting. We have a steamboat running once a week, and on its next trip in, I expect the March and April numbers of the B. O. P., which have to go first to Victoria, and then to be re-mailed through the States. When in England one is apt to get 'riled' when one misses a number (which I have not done yet), but here the case is decidedly better late than *never*. Indeed, when the mail-carrier in December brought the first numbers of the new volume I went to my room and stood on my head!"

***

From Chicago comes a very kindly letter from "A Reader from the First," who offers to do anything in his power for a paper that has proved of such real service to him. "I would be very glad indeed," he concludes, "to do anything for such a splendid paper (the like of which is not known here) and for its happy readers."

***

A lady reader writes from Copenhagen under date of September 29:—"Eight years ago, while at school at Edinburgh, I began to take the B. O. P., and have continued doing so all these years, even after my return to the West Indies. At present I am in Copenhagen, on a visit, and write to let you know how much I have enjoyed reading Mr. Munro's story of 'The Wire and the Wave.' It interested me more particularly on account of its descriptions of life and scenes in the West Indies, which are so familiar to me. Mr. Munro's account of the market-women entering town laden with fruit, and the bull-carts of canes being driven to the factories, reminded me so much of my home that I could not resist writing and letting you know of how much interest it has been to me. It struck me as singular that so many of Mr. Munro's names of places and plantations are so much like those in 'Santa Cruz,' where I was born. The lady at whose house I am staying is also a West Indian, and she remembers having met a Mr. Munro at Bülow's Minde in Santa Cruz in the year 1874, when the cable was being laid that communicated Santa Cruz with other parts. Mr. Munro's description in your interesting paper of the boarding-house he stopped at in every way corresponds with Bülow's Minde, which was at that time a boarding-house. Mr. Munro also mentions that the island he stayed at was one of the healthiest. Santa Cruz is considered the healthiest, and is often called 'The Garden of the West Indies.' Santa Cruz was the name given by the Spaniards to it when they owned it; but now it is generally called St. Croix."

Correspondence.

TAME RATS (P. J. B.).—Milk-sop, potatoes, grain, bread-crusts, ripe fruit, canary-seed.

WEAK EYES (S. A. N.).—It is from debility. Exercise, cold bath, fresh air, and good food. Cod-liver oil, and now and then a fortnight's course of tincture of iron. Don't smoke.

GIRL'S QUERY (Amy G. L.).—1. We do not know the book you mean. 2. A little cold cream or rose-glycerine will protect the face from the frost. But do not come into a warm room immediately from out of doors.

MANNIKINS (W. of Del.).—Do not give hemp; it fattens. Keep warm and clean. Green food of different sorts, and pure water. Do not forget gravel. The cage to be large and roomy.

RABBIT BECOMING VICIOUS (Laddie C.).—They do at times when improperly cared for. Give more exercise. Perhaps you never let him out.

WHICH UNIVERSITY (Anxious).—Like yourself we favour tone of Cambridge. The weakness will leave you if you fight against it, and PRAY.

BLANKETS OR SHEETS (E. C.).—Sleeping between woollen sheets is better in the circumstances mentioned than using linen or cotton; and safer too.

KEEPING SQUIRREL (Pet).—If you keep all surroundings perfectly clean, and use a little Sanitas (toilet fluid), you will not be troubled with any bad smell.

VARIOUS (Esca).—1. No, you do not want a license to carry a jack-knife, nor a jackdaw either. 2. No, but may have. 3. Dewelaws are liked by most judges of St. Bernards.

JOHN MANDUCA (Malta).—The words are certainly *not* Hebrew, but what they are, except street Italian of the period, no one has ventured to suggest. In Cary's "Dante," of which an edition, price 2s., is published in the Chandos Classics, by F. Warne & Co., there is a long note on the passage. See the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," vol. ii., b. iii., c. vii. Benvenuto says he had heard "Paix! Paix! Satan! Allez paix!" in the Paris court of justice. And "aleppe" may be the "Allez paix!"

C. JARVIS and DEERFOOT.—For information regarding candidates for the Metropolitan Police, land or water, apply to the Chief Commissioner, Scotland Yard, S.W.

J. A. N.—Macramé work is more suited for girls than boys, and instruction books can be had at ladies'-workshops. The twine is made by Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, and probably by others.

A. B. C.—The Celestial Empire is China, and is said to be so called on account of its emperors being celestial deities.

SCOTIA.—We have reprinted "Chess for Beginners" in "Indoor Games."

DOLPHIN.—Learn Spanish. Commercially, it will pay better than French or German. You can get instruction books from Sampson Low & Co., Nutt, Trübner, and several other publishers. All boys who learn Latin should follow on with Spanish.

J. G. GERRARD.—You will not do much better than Cassell's "Popular Gardening," but you might write to L. U. Gill, 170 Strand, for list of his books. Wood's "Good Gardening," published by Lockwood & Co., is a trustworthy guide.

C. D.—All promotions to the detective force are made from the ranks of ordinary policemen. You cannot join as a detective.

INSTANTOGRAPH.—Buy a copy of the "British Journal of Photography."

SAMBO.—The most readable book on Natural Philosophy is Arnott's, published by either Longmans or Churchill, but we do not know if it is full enough for you. Your best plan is to join a science class and work up for a South Kensington examination.

YOUNG ENGINEER.—The examinations are almost entirely practical, and books would be of little use to you. A chief engineer may get £20 a month, a second engineer £12, and a third engineer £7; but you cannot average such matters.

S. T. WADSWORTH.—"Mary Barton" was written by Mrs. Gaskell, and published in 1848. It can be obtained in several editions from any bookseller.

COLLECTOR (C. W. R.)—The reason we do not do all the things you mention is simply because we have done them all exhaustively before, coloured plates included, as you will discover on referring to our back volumes.

EGG COLLECTOR.—The name of a firm who sells birds' eggs, wild? There are so many. Try Cooke & Son of Museum Street, Gardner of Holborn and Oxford Street, Hope of Croydon. See advertisements in "Nature," "Science Gossip," and our monthly part.

FIGURE-HEADS.—In the last paragraph of "Figure-heads of Famous Warships," on page 685, "STERN" is a printer's error for "STEM." Please make the correction.

ARMY SCHOOLMASTERS.—Candidates for army schoolmasterships must be either non-commissioned officers or privates of the Regular Army, recommended by their commanding officers, or certificated schoolmasters, or pupil-teachers who have completed their apprenticeship. If either of the latter, they must apply to the Director-General of Military Education, forwarding with their application the following certificates or statements: certificate of age, statement of height, statement of the religious denomination to which the candidate belongs, and testimonial as to good conduct signed by the minister of the parish or of the congregation of which the candidate is a member; and it must be accompanied by a recommendation from the minister or from the managers of the school in which he has been employed. The best plan is to write to the Director-General of Military Education, War Office, S.W., and ask for particulars to begin with. The examination is not difficult. Some years ago English history for army purposes used to end with Richard III., but that may not be so now.

ORION.—The field lens is the larger of the two glasses; that is, the one with the 2-in. focus. It is clear enough in the article.

IGNORANCE.—We had a series of articles on "Pottery and China Painting" in the sixth volume. You will find them in the November and December parts for 1883, and the January and February parts for 1884. We cannot repeat them.

HEIGHT OF BOYS (EQUUS).—In the December part for 1888 we gave a complete list of average height and weight of British boys. A boy of 15 weighs 102·7 pounds, and is 62·24 inches high. One of 16 weighs 119·0, and is 64·31 inches high. For the others you can refer to our table.

M. CARTER.—March 25 used to be New Year's Day, and the week following was given over to festivity, which ended on the "octave," that is, April 1. Hence the wind up with April fooling, and the end of the fooling at noon on that day.

WATERPROOFING.—The composition used in the Army for waterproofing boots is made of a pint of raw linseed oil, 3 ounces of yellow wax, 2 ounces of spirits of turpentine, and 1 ounce of Burgundy pitch. First dissolve the pitch in the turpentine, then boil the oil with the wax until half an hour after the wax is dissolved, and then add the cold turpentine and pitch. Do the boiling in an earthenware pot out of doors, and have the pot only half-full, to avoid accident, as the mixture is very inflammable. When you pour in the turpentine there will be an effervescence, so pour it in slowly, and stir all the time. Keep the composition in a canister, warm it in the sun if it gets too solid, and apply it with a brush. It will not only waterproof the boots, but form a good foundation for blacking, and you will have a splendid polish.



"Afraid!! Oh, dear no! not a bit of it. But, really, the way in which the police permit the muzzling order to be set at nought is positively scandalous! We will write to the 'B.O.P.' about it!"

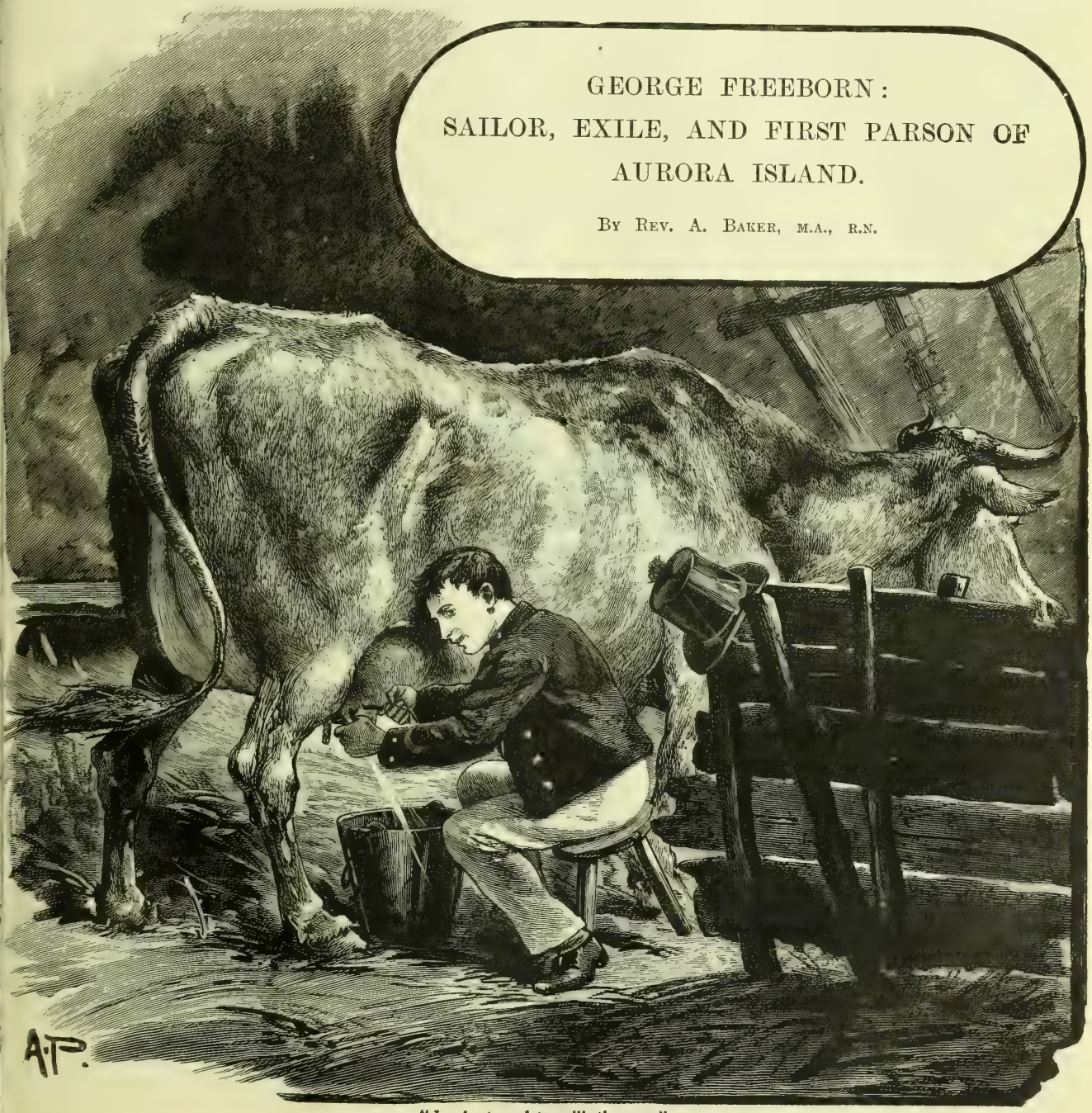
THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 617.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1890. Price One Penny.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.



"I volunteered to milk the cow."

CHAPTER VII.—A LETTER FROM PORT JACKSON.

"Farm Cove, Sydney:
"Nov. 29th, 1814.

"DEAR AND HONOURED MOTHER,—

"We have arrived here at last, and the first thing that greeted me was a letter from you. How jolly it was to see your dear old handwriting again. Some of the others, less fortunate, wanted to buy the letter of me, but I couldn't part with it at any price. How glad I am to know that you are safe and sound.

"We had a terrific gale off the Cape of Good Hope. I thought she never could have weathered it. I have read in books of seas running mountains high, but now I have seen it for myself. It didn't seem to me so much the height of the waves, though they were big enough and broke over us again and again, but they literally stood above us and around us in vast rolling masses of water, and sometimes we seemed to go so far down between the seas that it appeared a marvel how we could ever get up again. Sometimes too the ship would roll over on her side so far that she seemed to tremble for an instant, as if in doubt whether she would capsize or no. My watches, either by day or night, were equally miserable; you do feel so hopeless amid these great rolling seas; and the ship does look so uncanny at night with her tall gaunt spars nearly bare, for we had to take in nearly all our sails. Even then our foretopsail was torn to ribbons, and I saw the wind carrying yards of it away, whirling it round and round in the most comical manner, as if quite pleased with its new plaything. Down below we had to live almost in darkness, slipping about everywhere, continually dodging falling gear or moving furniture, and always on the look-out for a broken head.

"The cook in the galley was quite a sight; he really behaved admirably, for although the sea put out his fire at least twice, and though his existence was continually being imperilled by avalanches of falling pots and pans and cataracts of scalding soup, still he managed to produce a somewhat better dinner than usual, which was some solace to our misery. We ate it with much difficulty, holding on to each morsel like grim death. However, when it was all over, how we enjoyed the calm and the sunshine! I really should be sorry if I had not gone through this experience. It makes one appreciate to the full the ordinary blessings of life.

"Do you know, we lost one poor fellow overboard off the southern coast of Australia. No one knows quite how it happened; it was a very dark night, and we were going very fast. We lowered a boat and tried to save him, but it was no use. It seems awful, doesn't it, to be hurried into eternity in this way? It made us all feel very sad. It only shows how very silly it is for a man to say, 'I'll put off being religious till I've served my time.' I think a sailor, of all people, ought to be religious; I don't mean with a canting kind of religion—I know you hate that, mother, and so do I—but I mean a deep, real, ready-to-die-at-any-time religion, with some pluck in it, and a quiet, firm attention to the standing orders and the discipline of it. I feel an awful hypocrite writing to you in this way, mother, but indeed this is what I am trying to aim at—God knows with what poor results.

"But now I must tell you about Port Jackson. Every one says that this will be a very important place some day. The harbour is one of the finest in the world—fifteen miles long, and landlocked, except for a tiny entrance, not more than a mile broad. Before we passed the Heads we seemed to be rushing straight at sheer cliffs, when suddenly they opened, and in a little while more we were skimming over what seemed to be a vast blue lake, large enough to give safe anchorage to all the navies of Europe, with brown cliffs, purple hills, and dense forests on every side of us. We are anchored now opposite the settlement; there is an island on our right, thickly studded with gum trees, and in front we can see the white houses dotted here and there, with a wharf or two, and some public buildings. A few miles to the southward is Botany Bay, where the Government planted a settlement in 1778, chiefly composed of convicts. The place not proving suitable, the settlement was soon removed to Port Jackson. If the convicts behave themselves they are allowed a good many privileges; they can be hired as servants, and are employed in many other capacities. Many of them have worked out their sentences, married, and settled in the colony, and are owners of land and houses. They say their descendants will be among the principal citizens fifty years hence. The day after we arrived, to my great surprise a boat came alongside, with a note addressed to the members of the midshipmen's mess; the writer was a Mrs. Barlow, who gave us a courteous invitation to make use of her house during our stay. Her address is George Street, Sydney. George Street exists, but there is only one brick house in it at present, which is Mrs. Barlow's, so that we had no difficulty at all in finding our way thither. Mrs. Barlow is a very handsome old lady, and her manners are perfect; she makes us feel quite at home, and some of us are there every day. What was my surprise to hear a few days ago that our kind hostess is an ex-convict, a noted and daring horse-stealer! It seems she had a kind of mania. However, her house is now frequented by a large circle of friends, and she has a fine family of her own. She is a regular mother to us boys; we appreciate her highly, I can assure you. She gives us lots of good cream and fresh fruit. Isn't it splendid to find good friends to look after one even here?

"We go out for long rides, occasionally into the bush. It isn't a very interesting country just about here. You pass through vast tracts of nothing but gum trees—great, lanky, awkward-looking fellows, with reddish stems and long rakish branches, which don't seem to own any harmonious arrangement; nor do they seem to be built for ornament or shade; but the low bushes underneath them, the wattles, and the ti tree scrub are just now gay with delicious flowers, the scent of which perfumes the air for miles. I must tell you how once in one of our rides we lost our way, and were in a pretty fix, wandering about hour after hour in what seemed an endless forest. The further we went the more hopeless the case seemed to be; our horses showed signs of giving out, the sun was very low in the heavens, and we knew there would be little or no twilight. Fitzgerald usually takes a pocket compass with him on these occasions, but alas! he had forgotten it. I thought I would climb a tall gum tree, and have a look round. I strained my eyes in every direction till at last, to my great joy, I descried a thin wreath of blue smoke curling above the tree-tops, a little to the westward. We made off in all haste in that direction, and presently we caught the distant bark of a dog, then the sound of sheep-bells, and the lowing of a cow, till at last we emerged into a clearing, in the centre of which stood a little wooden shanty of two rooms, with a lean-to behind, forming a small kitchen, the greater part of which was taken up by a huge chimney, built, like the rest of the strange dwelling, of wood. A little to the left were some sheds, and what seemed to be a space enclosed as a garden. We were immediately attacked by a ferocious dog of the brindled, liver-coloured species. He evinced so strong a desire to taste our blood that we should have had considerable trouble with him but for the timely appearance of his master, the owner of the estate—a big, yellow-bearded man—who advanced towards us cracking a heavy whip which he held in his hand, and calling to the dog to 'come to heel.' 'Doant mind 'im,' he exclaimed, 'e's nobbut doin' 'is duty; 'e thought ye were prisoners, may be. But now, what's 'appened ye, my lads? Ye're strangers, I can see.'

"We told him our story. He was a tall, well-grown man, attired in a coarse shirt and trousers of faded blue dungaree; a wide, broad-brimmed straw hat completed the costume; he carried a small axe and pistols in his belt. He shrugged his shoulders. 'A thowt as mooch,' said he; 'ye moant think o' gangin' back to Sydney to-neet; ye mun loost camp wi me, and I'll ride in wi' ye mysen i' t' marnin'; noa, ye canna go to-neet; it's betther nor twenty miles away, and the road's none so good. But a doot yer fooaks 'll be sore fashed aboot ye.'

"We dismounted, and he showed us where we could tether our horses for the night; then he set us to work, one to fetch water for man and beast, another to chop wood, a third to help him in dressing the best parts of a fat sheep which he killed for our benefit. I, for my part, volunteered to milk the cow. Presently we were all called into the house, the interior of which was even more strange than the outside. A rough table and stools, with a few cupboards and shelves, formed the only furniture, save that the walls were adorned with two or three grim-looking knives, as many guns, and a few more peaceable-looking agricultural tools. Our supper consisted of mutton-steaks and soup made out of the tail of the kangaroo, which last we drank out of tin cups provided by our host; but the bread and meat we ate with our clasp knives. I don't think I ever enjoyed a meal more.

"We sat talking together for a long time afterwards under our friend's modest verandah, telling him all we could think of about what he styled the old country. His thirst for news was insatiable. We told him how all England had been on the *qui vive* expecting that Napoleon might swoop down upon our coast at any favourable moment with his immense flotilla; how the cunning old dog decoyed our fleet into the West Indies, in the hope that he might wedge in his own ships be-

tween ours and his army at Boulogne, and thus secure to himself the opportunity which he sought. We told him of Trafalgar, of the death of Nelson, of the glories of the Peninsular war. He listened with all his ears, pleading with his eyes to us not to stop, and only breaking the thread of our narrative by an occasional exclamation between the puffs of his long clay pipe. Three or four hours passed in this pleasant way, till at last our friend pulled a huge copper-cased watch out of his pocket. 'Eh, my lads!' he exclaimed; 'a didna think it was so leet; we mun gang to bed; it isn't mooch i' the shape o' bed that a can offer ye, but ye're right welcome to it, sooch as it is.' So saying, he led the way into the house, and opening the door of the second room he showed us sundry heaps of dried gum-tree leaves, gave us a blanket each, and left us to our own resources.

"Not feeling inclined to sleep I went out again for a little space, and for the first time realised the wonders of an Australasian night. Talk of fairies!—the whole glade was thronged with them; every bush was full of music, which imagination pictured as the sound of their answering voices, or the patter of their tiny feet. Their playground was illuminated by hundreds of glowworm lamps twinkling everywhere among the trees. An enormous population was astir, evidently bent on enjoyment, and brimful of innocent fun. We were surrounded by myriads of happy creatures, whose incessant song nothing seemed to mar, save the occasional croak of a frog from some far distant marsh, like the low voice of a satyr bent on some mirthful mischief. The noise is shrill and incessant, yet it does not jar the least upon the ear; and so we were soon sleeping the sleep of the just, utterly oblivious of any consequences which might happen to us on the morrow.

"Early in the morning our good host roused us, showed us a stream trickling over some rocks not far distant which formed a delicious natural douche bath, gave us a substantial breakfast, and accompanied us back to Sydney. Nor would he hear of taking money in exchange for his kind hospitality. 'Nay, my lads,' he said; 'that's not the way we doos things i' this country; it's many a long day sin' I 'ad sooch a neet as last neet. Eh, boot they're grand times. No, keep your brass, my lads; I reckon ye'll be needin' it more than John Jackson does i' this bush. Sithaboot 'appen any on ye cooms to a bit of a village i' Yorkshire, called Manston, think on and ask if owd Mrs. Jackson o' Thorpe Farm's still livin'; that's my owd moother, and if ye'll joost call and say ye've seed me, sha 'll 'ardlins be able to do enough for ye. A moother's a moother, lads, all the world over.' We promised to bear this request in mind, and after an affectionate farewell we proceeded on board, where, when we arrived, we spent the rest of the day at the masthead; but in the evening the authorities relented, our punishment was relaxed, and we were invited to dine with the senior officers, who discussed our adventures over wine and dessert.

"They told us a strange story; they said that a vessel had just come in from a cruise in the Pacific. She had touched at a little rocky harbourless islet, marked in the chart as Eos Island. They made certain that there were no inhabitants; but, to their surprise, their anchor was hardly down before a boat came off to them from the shore full of white men, who hailed them in good English. They told them that they were sprung from a shipwrecked crew; that they had intermarried with the natives of a neighbouring island, and after many wanderings had settled at Eos. They were well governed and well taught by one of their number, an aged man, whom they looked upon in the light of a patriarch—the last survivor of the original crew. They were extremely happy and contented, thoroughly devoted to their island home, and leading virtuous lives as sincere Christians. What a strange history! I wonder if I shall ever go to Eos Island.

"Now, my dear mother, I must close. In a month more we shall be on our way home. I am growing tremendously; all my clothes are too small for me.

"Give my love to all at home.

"Ever your loving and dutiful son,

"GEORGE FREEBORN.

"P.S.—We have got orders to call at the Bay of Islands, New Zealand. I shall have lots to tell, shan't I?"

(To be continued.)

THE TALE OF A PIG.

AN ARCADIAN STORY.

CHAPTER VI.

AND where was the old hog all this time?

After upsetting Harry Baldwin in that unexpected manner, he had rushed through the stack-yard, across the field, and bolted into a dry ditch, where he burrowed under the brambles and nettles until he was quite hidden from the eyes of passers-by. And there he still lay sulking. He had seen, through the chinks of his retreat, Isaac's lumbering efforts to find him; he had seen also the uproarious conduct of Mr. Lancefield and Miss Margery, and he was deeply offended.

Ever since the fatal morning when he had gone forth in blatant wickedness to ravage the corn-field, and had been met by that horrible noise and smoke and burst of fearful artillery from his peaceful gap in the hedge, he had been in a state of wrath and bewilderment. He was determined to cause his oppressors the liveliest anxiety; he wouldn't let them know where he was. They would think he was dead or stolen, and how would they like that? And although the swish of the swill, as it was poured into the pig-troughs every night and morning, saluted his great ears with enticing persuasiveness, he still refused to move. Impertinent porkers, whom he had often driven from their dinner and made to squeal with anguish as he deprived them of their choicest morsels, got fatter and more roly-poly day by day as they enjoyed their meals in peace.

For the first twelve hours he never stirred, and then, feeling hollow beyond endurance, he went and picked up a furtive meal when the farmer and his men were away in the harvest-field. But he got back to his hole again before anybody came about the yards, and lay hidden as before. Perhaps he feared being an object of ridicule to small pigs and pigs of no account, for his countenance was, as I said, seamed and scarred with gunpowder, and his own mother wouldn't have known him; and to be seen in this piteous condition by small fry whom he had hitherto disdained was what a hog of spirit could never submit to. It may be that he could not endure that the lady pigs, among whom he had an extended acquaintance, should view the despoilment of his beauty—for he was of a gallant turn. And, indeed, I am sure we can all sympathise with him!

We may squint and be fat and ugly, but a pimple on our nose excites just as much woe in us as it might have done in the beautiful Miss Gunning herself. Perhaps the feeling is a good one, for, if we took no pride in our personal appearance, what a forlorn, slatternly lot we should be; and perhaps, too, each one of us is attractive to somebody, though never so plain to most eyes.

But whatever considerations kept the hog in retirement, they were powerful ones, for nearly five days had passed and he had not appeared in public. Stephen and Harry had visited him occasionally, but he wasn't going to move for them, and they—satisfied that he was not seriously hurt—had let him alone. It may be that he felt how great a loss he should be to his master, and took pleasure in the thought; but now, after several days of meditation and stealthy mouthfuls, he felt an inward hollowness which made him long once more to enter public life. He peered out from his lair and saw Isaac tramping across the yard with two buckets on a yoke. They were heavy, and Isaac staggered under them; and oh! he knew they were brimming over with delicious skim-milk and barley-flour. He heard the joyful clamour from the other pigs, and saw Isaac pass back and return again with a further supply. Should he go? Already he was thinner, and he felt as empty as those troughs would soon be. His pride began to give way as he slowly pushed his nose out of his hole. Then he went a few steps in the direction of the yard; then stopped, and wrestled with himself; then went on again, hesitating; and so, with various pauses, arrived at the

gate, and slinking in, with no vestige of his former bumptiousness, went softly up to the feeding-troughs.

"Hul-lo!" shouted the farmer, who was looking on as usual. "Isaac!"

Isaac turned and looked about him slowly. It always took Isaac some time to turn. Then his gaze fell on the old hog, and his eyes and mouth opened wide, and remained so.

"Where's *he* been?" said the farmer.

Isaac's mouth closed slowly, and then widened out to a capacious grin.

"I doan' know, master; but he's a fine ole sight, ain't he, sir?"



"Expressing her sympathy with the humbled monarch."

And Isaac grinned again.

"What's come to his face?" said the farmer, going up to look more closely at him. "Why, bless me! I declare he's been shot at."

The old hog took no notice, but went on eating in a masterly way, which showed that, at any rate, his internal arrangements were undisturbed.

The farmer watched him a minute, and then, looking up, his eye caught Isaac, and he saw the broad smile which had not yet faded from that gentleman's expressive face, and the farmer and his man burst into shouts of laughter.

"Well," said the farmer, as he wiped his eyes, "it serves him right, and I hope he's cured o' roaming," and, chuckling, he turned away to go and tell the news to the "missus."

"He *do* look pretty," said Isaac, as he, too, told the tale in the bosom of his family that night. "My! he's face is mottled all o'er, for all the world like a Christmas plum-pudding, an' he let they little ugs shove he about anyhow. Whoy, at one toime he'd ha' half-killed 'em if they did but look at him. Can't think what's come to 'm, I can't."

And always after this the old hog was, if I may say so, a new pig. It is true he ate as formerly, and quickly regained his rotundity, but his fight was gone, his spirit was broken, his glory was departed. There was something quite pathetic in the sight of his fallen greatness, and with meekness he let the little pigs shoulder their way to the trough before him. He passed his time between meals in solitary reflection, half-buried in the straw, and shunning all intercourse with the other inhabitants of the yard. Little pigs grunted briskly, and trotted about with an air of business. Respectable matrons moved slowly with rootling noses in search of stray bits, but he was too depressed to notice one of them. His return after so long an absence had not excited the general joy it should have done; and the farmer, after his mind was once at rest, and none of the villagers came up with a disastrous tale of damage done and damages claimed, was disposed to be amused at his sufferings, and never failed to make fun of "the old chap's beauty-spots" as he watched the pigs feed. Isaac, too, shoved him with his knee when he wanted to pass, and said "Get out wi' ye!" in his most disrespectful manner. Isaac had not been used to act so. Time was when he would not have ventured to treat the old hog with anything but the greatest deference, lest he should find himself violently upset.

One day Master Jack and Miss Margery came up to call upon the farmer and his wife, and after they had sat awhile in the parlour and tasted Mrs. Pentelow's admirable cowslip wine and cheesecakes, they strolled to the yard and looked at the pigs.

Then Master Jack pointed out the old hog, and made fun of his scars and mocked him generally.

"Poor old fellow! I believe he knows what you are saying. It is comic, you know, Jack, but I'm sorry for him, too; it's a sad fall he's had, and I won't flout him in his distress." And she made her way across the yard, and began to express her sympathy by scratching the back of the humbled monarch with a stick.

"Have an apple, then?" she said, holding out a large rosy one.

The old hog hesitated, but the scratching on his back continued, and felt nice, and the young lady had a kind face, and did not say "G-r-r-r-r! get out wi' yer," as Isaac did; and he arose and gently took the apple from her outstretched hand.

Whereupon Master Jack from the gate spouted rhetorically—

> "O woman, in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

But Margery disdained his mocking, and the old hog put up his nose for another apple, which she, after searching in the deepest recesses of her pocket, found and gave him. And when she went away he followed her across the yard, and, thrusting his snout through the bars of the gate, watched her retreating form wistfully.

In our dejected and beaten moments how sweet is sympathy! It comes like soothing balm to our smarting feelings, and when we have made ourselves thoroughly ridiculous, as we too often do, and are shrivelling up under universal laughter—should some kind soul come by who doesn't laugh, but offers us instead the apple of consolation—how good it is. How soft and juicy and comforting to our scarified feelings. To show respect to one at whom the world is laughing is the finest form of comfort.

I do not venture to assert that these thoughts occurred to my hero—indeed, any thoughts at all; but his tail, which had before hung limply, took a cheerful curl, and as he returned across the yard he upset a young and sparkish pig who stood in his way, and passed on, leaving him kicking on his back, and too amazed to squeal.

(To be continued.)

A CORAL PRISON; OR, THE BOY HERMITS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

A TALE OF THE MALDIVE ISLES.

By David Ker,

Author of "For Life and Death," "Through the Darkness," "Drowned Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—MISCHIEF BREWING.

It was only by a superhuman effort that Bob and Jake managed to repress the start of recognition which would have betrayed them at once to the sharp, suspicious eyes of their dreaded enemy. But they stifled all sign of emotion, and forced themselves to assume the half-curious, half-indifferent look with which they might have watched the sudden approach of a total stranger.

As for the other three, it cost *them* no trouble to look unconcerned; for, having never seen him before, they were miles away from guessing that the man before them was the Dacoit who had invaded their island.

"Peace be with you," said Merritt, who, with all his cool courage, had hard work to keep his voice steady when he saw, as Shamo came up to them, the traces of his own hatchet-stroke in the broad bandage that covered the Hindu's right shoulder.

"With you be peace," rejoined the Dacoit, in a tone which sounded very much as if he were wishing them all hanged instead.

"Come you to eat with us? you are welcome," pursued Jake, offering him some fish and bread-fruit, and purposely speaking the Malabar dialect (in which the invitation was uttered) as badly as possible.

"Your words are good; but I am not hungry," said Shamo, waving his hand, as if to put the food away from him. "Tell me, have you been lately in Bombay?"

"Two moons have set since we were there."

"Heard you anything of Shamo?"

"Of *whom*?" asked Merritt, with a puzzled look, as if the name were quite new to him; "Shau-mow?"

"Shamo," repeated the Hindu, slowly and distinctly, "Shamo the Dacoit."

All this while Jake had been in mortal terror lest one or other of the three who were not in the secret should betray them in some way; and when he heard the robber utter in their hearing with such distinctness his own dreaded name, which they all had such terrible reason to remember, even the brave Yankee boy felt his blood run cold.

But by good fortune the three younger boys had already ceased to pay attention to a conversation which they could not understand, taking it for granted that Jake would tell them by-and-by all about his talk with the Maldivian—for such they took Shamo to be. The utterance of the formidable name passed quite unnoticed, and Merritt breathed freely once more.

"We heard nothing of any such man at Bombay," said he, in reply to Shamo's question; "indeed, we weren't allowed to go ashore once, all the time we were there."

This was quite true; for Jake had already made up his mind that no tricks could serve them against a practised rogue like Shamo, and that their best plan was to be as straightforward as possible.

"It is fate," said the brigand, with a well-feigned look of disappointment. "Gladly would I have heard that he was caught, for *I* narrowly escaped him once, and men say that he is cruel as a tiger. But, if it be his fate to escape once more, who can change kismet [destiny]? Peace be with you."

And the Dacoit sauntered away as leisurely as he had come.

Great was the amazement of Mike, Karl, and Louis on learning *who* their visitor was; and they all asked eagerly what he had said.

"Well, he's given us fair warning, anyhow," answered Merritt, after briefly detailing the conversation. "You saw he refused that food I offered him? Well, when a Mohammedan eats out of the same dish with you (like us and the king yesterday), he's bound to be your friend ever after; and if he *won't* eat with you, it's as much as to say, 'Look out for squalls, for I'll go for you the first chance I git.' So now we know what to expect."

"It seems to me," observed Harris, thoughtfully, "by his fishing that way to find out how much we knew about him, that these Maldivian chaps can't know who he really is; for, if they did, it wouldn't make any difference whether *we* knew or not; but if they didn't, he'd want to be sure there was no risk of our telling 'em."

"Den ve hafe him!" cried Karl Hoffmann, excitedly. "Ve go to ze people, ve zay, 'Dis man is von ropper—ze English Regierung gif you fife tousand rupee for him;' den dey gif him up instant-lee, und ve are safed!"

"No good, Karl," said Merritt, shaking his head. "These fellows wouldn't go back on a *Mohammedan* for all the money in Wall Street; and, besides, where's our proof, now that we've destroyed that old newspaper with Shamo's description? No, no; our game's just to keep quiet and know nothing till we see how the thing's going to pan out."

For some time after this all seemed to be going well. Shamo, although he looked sourly at them whenever they met him, gave no sign of active mischief; and all the rest were as friendly as they could be. Louis quite won the king's heart by cooking two or three savoury French dishes for him, over which the old glutton smacked his royal lips in a very unkingly style.

Mike O'Brien, who was a very fair shot for his age, made such havoc among the wild ducks and pigeons with an old gun which he had borrowed, that the delighted natives at once made him a present of it, and elected him hunter-in-chief to the community. This gave a good excuse to Bob Harris (who thought it safest to lay in a stock of weapons even *before* there was any sign of their being needed) to beg another gun for himself, with which he made almost as good practice as his comrade.

Karl Hoffmann, who had noticed the Sultan's fondness for bright colours, made him a present of his own red flannel shirt, for which he had substituted a native wrapper. Ragged though it was, the shirt quite took the fancy of his Majesty, who graciously repaid it with the gift of a dirty old Union Jack, which was one of the ornaments of his drawing-room. This exchange of "old clo'" gave rise to a good many jokes at poor Karl's expense on the part of the other boys, who little dreamed that their possession of this discoloured rag was hereafter to be a matter of life and death to them all.

Merritt set himself to teach English to some of the native boys, declaring that "it made him feel quite good to be a schoolteacher so soon a'ter leavin' school." His pupils got on wonderfully, and when one day the biggest of them stood up before the King himself to recite "Casabianca,"

> "De b'y 'tood o' de burnin' dick,
> Fence all zafe 'e 'ad f'ed,"

Jake felt that he had not lived in vain.

Some of the native customs amazed our friends not a little. Strolling through the town one day, they found their friend Ismail chopping wood vigorously under the direction of another native, who explained that Ismail, being unable to pay a debt which he owed, was his slave by Maldivian law until the debt had been worked out.

"Guess it would be kinder rough on some folks to hum if that was American law," said Merritt, as they passed on.

One of the first undertakings of our young adventurers, as might have been expected, was to ascend Mount Grant, in the rocky face of which they discovered a rudely-cut stair. But, just as they were beginning to climb it, they were stopped by a terrible outcry from Ismail, who, passing at that moment, came rushing up to warn them that the people would certainly kill any Christian that dared to approach the tomb of a famous Mohammedan saint who was buried on the summit.

But, although the boys made a show of desisting, they only waited for the first moonless night to try again, getting right to the top this time. The tomb, which was protected from the sun and rain by a small wooden roof supported upon four stout posts, lay in a hollow between two overarching rocks, shaded by the three palm-trees already mentioned; and the stair which led up to it, notched as it was in the face of the precipice, was so steep and narrow that one man might have held it against an army.

The next day the boys asked Ismail whether there were any more "forbidden places," and he told them (luckily without noticing the conscious looks which they exchanged while he was speaking) that there was an islet not far to the north of Maleh, where a mysterious sickness had suddenly swept off most of the inhabitants. The few who were left had fled from the

islet, which was thenceforth pronounced "unlucky"; and the Sultan had solemnly proclaimed that any one landing upon it thenceforth should at once be put to death.

"Guess we cl'ared out none too soon," observed Jake, when Ismail had gone. "It 'ud be a bully idea to git shut of that skunk Shamo by havin' *him* put to death for landin' there; but we can't do that without lettin' on that *we* landed there too; so we'd best let it be."

On the whole, however, the lads led a very jolly life in their new quarters, despite the dim forebodings of evil which never wholly left them. Bob and Jake got as much shooting and fishing as they liked. O'Brien learned some tricks of swimming and diving from the native boys which, as he said, "would make an oyster stare." Karl Hoffmann, with his musical voice and his inexhaustible stock of songs, became quite a "lion" at the evening parties of the Maldivians, who seemed to enjoy his performance not a whit the less because they could not understand a word of it.

"Dis sall be von fine countree for a poor man," said Louis one day. "Ven he hungry, he got not'ing to do but pull ze fruit down from ze tree, and ze feesh out of ze vataire, so long as he like!"

"And it wudn't cost him much for rint, aither," added Mike, "for he'd have an illigant house wid four poles and an ould mat!"

"And if he ever took it into his head to wear clothes," observed Jake, "as p'raps he might, you know, on a Sunday or a holiday, I guess he'd have a soft thing in choosin' patterns, for he'd be dressed in the height o' the fashion with a bath-towel around his waist and another on his head."

"It is von paradise!" murmured Karl Hoffmann, opening his mouth to let the rich pulp of a ripe fig slide into it.

But at that moment they were startled by a howl of pain close at hand, and Bob Harris, springing up, cried:

"It strikes me that *that* fellow's not exactly in a paradise, whoever he is. Come on, boys—let's see what's up!"

What was "up" was soon apparent. A tall, bony native, armed with a stout rattan, was belabouring a dumpy little fellow, who, tied to the trunk of a convenient palm-tree, was shouting under the infliction as lustily as a boatswain in a gale of wind. In answer to their questions the flogger explained (beating time to his discourse with half-a-dozen whacks of extra vigour) that this man had been caught thieving, and that, by native law, the person from whom he had stolen was allowed to give him as many stripes as the stolen article was worth.

"What would you say to *that*, Karl, in your 'paradise'?" asked Jake.

"Vat I would zay," answered Karl, with a heavy smile, "zall de-pend moch on vedder I vos ze man dat *gif* ze beating, or ze man dat *get* it!"

The next day they "assisted" at a school examination conducted by one of the native *moollahs* (priests), who put the Maldivian boys through their paces in Arabic, mathematics, and navigation, rewarding those who answered well (as most of them did) with huge pieces of sugar-cane.

But this bright holiday life was only the calm before the storm, and although they had encountered many perils, that which was just about to burst upon them was the deadliest of all.

(To be continued.)

POMPHOLUGOPAPHLASMA.

A SCHOOL STORY.

By Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.

Author of "Beware of the Hydrophagon," "Uncle Towser," etc.

CHAPTER II.

As I was ransacking the lumber-room of Highfield memories the other day for something to write about, that word Pompholugopaphlasma somehow flitted like a bat through the cobwebs and dust of years that haunt the dusky shadows of that apartment. It reminded me of a great splash that I once heard in the Highfield lake. Seizing pencil and paper I made a few notes on the spot, which shall now be expanded with pen and ink in more circumstantial detail.

The Doctor's lake, as we called it, was always a centre of varied interest to his boys. Each season of the year invested it with peculiar attractions. In spring there were the myriad hosts of tadpoles darkening the shallow reaches like Liliputian Zulus, no doubt enjoying the warmth of the sun, and deriving from it vigour of growth and development. They had a job to escape from the voracious larvæ of dragon-flies; and when the young ducks came down to frolic upon the water the tadpoles disappeared in proportion as the ducks grew.

Summer saw the lake decked out in reeds and rushes and tall dock-weeds. Water-lilies spread their broad leaves upon the surface and lit their blossoms of white and golden cups to float like fairy-lamps among the leaves. Gorgeous dragon-flies armour-plated with the lustre of unknown metals—peacock-green, crimson, orange, and blue—flashed their splendid jewellery over the dancing ripples. Swallows with graceful sweep skimmed flies off the surface, and enjoyed a douche-bath at the same time. Swifts with many-twinkling movement of their long wings screamed their arrowy courses through the liquid air above. Water-rats, newts, water-beetles, and various insects completed the goodly roll of animal life, for the delight of those interested in zoological observation.

There was the punt too, in which (by special permission) an excursion was obtainable; and pleasant it was to paddle round the island on a hot day. A notice-board gave prominent warning that birds'-nesting was prohibited on the island and adjacent banks, and that the fishing was strictly preserved; for I omitted to include among the inhabitants of the lake a shoal of gold and silver carp.

Autumn carried on the summer attractions in a desultory manner when days were bright and warm; but there was not much spirit in the lake's attractions then—it was rather a sense of regret for the vanishing glories of summer. Evenings grew damp and chill—the sun set early, and it was evidently not "the season" by the water-side.

But when winter in all the regal splendour of his diamond-sparkling apparel held court upon the ice-bound waters, then the pleasures of the lake revived with supreme energy—at least for all except those who were too lazy and lethargic to câre for skating, who preferred crouching round the fire, or sitting on the stove with a library-book, or, if driven out into the exhilaration of the fresh frosty air, would stand shivering with bent knees, and hands in pockets and toes turned in—the picture of misery and chilblain-catching inactivity.

It was the merry month of May. The "darling buds" had not been hurt by rough winds; the foliage on oak and elm and lime and beech was grandly green. It was more like July than May. Summer seemed to have suddenly sprung upon the world with glad surprise. I remember looking out of the open bedroom window one morning between three and four o'clock, and being amazed at the broad daylight and ceaseless chorus of birds heralding the morn.

I could not help waking up Harry Dawson and making him get up to look out and listen to the concert of warblers. He did so with scanty grace and grunts of discontent, being very sleepy and loth to be disturbed. But he was rewarded by seeing a cuckoo flying from tree to tree and joining in the concert with clear organ notes. Harry was keen about birds, and "cracked" on the subject of collecting eggs. The idea of adding a cuckoo's egg to his collection woke him up to take a more lively interest in the charms of an early May morning.

"I say—that's a cuckoo! Watch him! I wonder if he has got his eye on any nest? He seems awfully excited. Look—he keeps flying from that fir-tree to the big beech by the pond, backwards and forwards. I wouldn't mind betting he's up to something. And what's more, I believe there's a rattling good nest in that beech-tree. I had my suspicions yesterday. There was a couple of green woodpeckers hopping about in it, and when I came near they showed alarm. They

ruffled up their feathers and snarled at me. I'll have a shot at that beech-tree to-day, or to-morrow—which is it? Possibly it's yesterday. When a chap gets up at such an unearthly hour he can't be expected to know what day it is—like they do in Latin prose; it's always one of Field's jokes—*cras, heri, hodie:* he declares the fellows do the three-card trick with those words, whenever one of them is wanted for a sentence."

Harry skipped back into bed, and was soon asleep again. I followed his example with a like result, and we both slept hard till awakened by the bell. It was a brilliant, cloudless day. After breakfast we two strolled down to the lake and prospected the big beech-tree. We walked round it several times, and were at last rewarded by seeing the inquisitive head of a beautiful green woodpecker peering at us over a branch close to the trunk, high up.

"I say," exclaimed Harry, with great excitement, "there's bound to be a hole in the trunk behind that branch; and if there is, there's bound to be a nest; and if there's a nest there's bound to be an egg; and if there's an egg I'm bound to get it. It all follows like Euclid. Oh, I say, this is stunning! See that fellow—doesn't he look sharp? He twists his head as if he knew a thing or two. He knows he has got a nest full of eggs close by, and I know I'll have a brace of them, I hope, before tea-time. And if there's any luck going, possibly I'll have a cuckoo's egg as well! I could get up that tree with climbing-irons in the twinkle of a couple of jiffs."

Harry was not enough of an ornithologist to ask whether a cuckoo ever dropped an egg into a woodpecker's nest. It sufficed him that he had seen a cuckoo perch in the beech-tree; and the probability of a nest being there was quite enough to whet his appetite for a cuckoo's egg by way of dessert, after banqueting on woodpecker's eggs.

He got his climbing-irons out in the half-hour before dinner, and the moment that meal was over he put on his flannels and galloped off to the scene of action, deputing me to act as scout below and give timely warning if any danger threatened to frustrate his operations. For there was an element of hazard about the scheme. To be sure the clause forbidding us to climb trees had not yet been inserted in the school rules. It was the outcome of other adventures than those I am now recording. Nevertheless, sundry strong hints were given by the Doctor from time to time that he would sooner see young birds in the trees than empty egg-shells in cotton-wool. He had harangued us at breakfast on the subject only a week before.

"Now, look here, boys: I do hope you will not disturb any nests in the grounds. There's a golden-crested wren's nest, for instance, with a lot of little birds in it. Don't go taking them out every day to count their legs. Be content to believe your Latin prose books, which tell you all birds have two legs apiece; and do let the young ones have a fair chance. I heard of a school the other day where, for the last three years, some swallows have built and hatched their brood inside the cricket pavilion. One year they had a nest on a shelf in the captain's cupboard, where the cricket things were kept. I hear that the swallows used to fly in and out while the boys were sitting in the pavilion scoring and watching the game. Now, I call that one of the most beautiful school stories ever told, and the chief beauty of it is that it's true. Do imitate the example of that school, and let me be able to tell my friends that every bird here is allowed to manage its household affairs in peace and security."

I am bound to say that the Doctor's wishes were very generally respected. An occasional egg was removed from a nest to add importance to some collector's store, but there was a common feeling against causing any bird to desert its home; and, as birds are supposed to be poor hands at arithmetic, the occasional abstraction of a single egg presumably caused no pangs of domestic bereavement to the parent birds.

Harry Dawson was prominent among those of us to whom a surreptitious egg was nuts and almonds. He had already added in this way to his collection, during the season of which I am writing, a brace of eggs appertaining to each of the following birds—chaffinch, linnet, tom-tit, wren, hedge-sparrow, and robin. He had his eye on a jay's nest in Hawthorn Glen, and the prospect of trophies to be won that afternoon from woodpecker and cuckoo shed a halo round the lid of his egg-box.

The beech-tree which now absorbed his attention was a noble specimen of its kind. It grew on a gentle eminence of the bank at the edge of the lake, just where the channel was narrowest between the mainland and the island. Its gnarled and knuckled roots clenched the ground with the grip of an eagle's talons. The long branches stretched with graceful drooping curve, and commanded a wide circumference. Those overhanging the lake reached nearly to the island, while the lower branches descended with their wealth of foliage almost to the water, and sent a reflection of living green deep into their depths.

The lake on this particular afternoon was deeper than usual, thanks to a succession of very heavy thunder showers. The deluge of rain had covered the cricket-field, and flowed off with sheets of water into the lake, causing it to rise a foot in two days.

Harry Dawson had adjusted his climbing-irons, and was chafing impatiently behind the huge beechen trunk when I joined him. (I had an irregular transaction with the Latin grammar to get through before I was at liberty to seek any recreation out of doors.)

"What a time you have been! Here I have been waiting ages. Come on! Look here—stand behind the tree and keep a sharp look-out. You can walk about casually—say, to that elm, and round by the two firs—and whistle if there's any danger ahead."

After which injunctions Harry proceeded to embrace the tree, as if he were taking leave of his mother before going up in a balloon. Then, slowly but surely, he left his mother-earth, and began ascending into the upper regions of air and beech-tree.

(To be continued.)

A NERVOUS MAN'S ADVENTURE.

By the Author of "Obadiah," etc.

Part I.

I am an oldish boy now, and my views are necessarily somewhat antiquated. But of all the wonders that have come up since my time, "when Plancus was consul," nothing surprises me more than the development of romantic adventures and chivalrous achievements at an age when we had barely attained to the first great ambition of boyhood—tails and stickups.

I take up the glowing pages of juvenile romance (*not* found in the B.O.P.), and marvel as I read. It is nothing for the boy of the present day to track the wild Indian across the prairie, or hobnob with the Grand Lama of Thibet. His strength, like his courage, is beyond all measure. Does an enemy attack his ship? he snatches up an eighteen-gallon watercask, which four strong draymen in our time could hardly lift, and, raising it over his head, dashes it like a ninepin into the pirates' bark. Climbing to the top of a ruined mosque, and armed only with a pigsticker, he keeps at bay a whole regiment of truculent Sepoys. At another time he tucks a distressed damsel under his arm, and makes good his escape from forty-nine ferocious Italian monks and an abbot to boot. What were the exploits of Scott's heroes compared with these? Even a grand villain, like Brian de Bois Gilbert, required a strong horse on which to trot off with Rebecca. Lochinvar, too, though his agility was astonishing in springing into the saddle in front of the lady whom he had already seated on the croup—young Lochinvar himself never accomplished anything to compare with his younger competitors of the present day.

If, to be practical, I see a policeman whose duty it is to convey a helpless woman (there are such sad cases, unfortunately) to the lock-up, how does the stalwart fellow proceed? He whistles for his mate on the next beat, and it seems to require their united efforts to carry the poor creature there on a stretcher. Why, I ask myself, has not that fellow been

better instructed? Why has he not had more stirring romances put into his hand? Why was not his education carried on by such writers as I could name? Then he would have learnt that a human being (especially if of the fair sex) can be carried off under the arm as easily as a walking-stick or an umbrella.

Again, I have heard sometimes of travellers in Sicily or Greece encountering those uncomfortable, matter-of-fact brigands of the present day, who show their appreciation of an Englishman by fixing his ransom at a complimentary but very inconvenient figure; and, if this is delayed, send reminders to his friends in the shape of various portions of his person—a horrid process. But, again I ask myself, why should he have capitulated at all? Phew! I would undertake that any boy-adventurer who happened to be bicycling through Thessaly, or footing it with a knapsack round Trinacria, would, with no other weapon than a chance vine-stake, have routed the whole scum of picturesque nose-curtailing villains!

Such are my thoughts when I rise from the perusal of the pages of some of our modern Romanticists.

Alas! I was myself evidently born too soon—before the golden days of youthful adventure! Nothing wilder than Walter Scott fed my boyish imagination; "Sandford and Merton" made up the rest of my light literature, together with a book of "Remarkable Shipwrecks" and "Robinson Crusoe." Perhaps it was a more wholesome *pabulum* than many of our boys are now brought up on. Certainly it was less stimulating. But the point which I want to emphasise is this, that, except in one's childhood's stories of Jack the Giant queller, and his namesake of the Beanstalk, whose exploits were too marvellous to be imitated, I do not remember ever to have been taught that boys could take their part (whatever mailed warriors might do) in daring deeds of romance, or that they were capable of wandering, like knights-errant, over the wide world to redress the wrongs of humanity.

More's the pity, perhaps—more's the pity! For what was the result? I grew up into manhood somewhat too diffident of my own powers. My health in childhood had been rather weak, and, instead of roughing it at a public school, I had, through a mother's too great indulgence, been consigned to the care of a private tutor who advertised for "six young gentlemen at 300*l.* a year," guaranteed to enjoy "all home comforts," and have ponies kept for them. The ponies proved rather a delusion, but in other respects the programme was fairly carried out, and Mrs. Motherwell (that was my tutor's wife) not only had a careful eye to our shirt-buttons, but duly impressed on us the strictest rules of etiquette at our somewhat tedious dinners. It was not a very good training, I confess. A few boys, too few for any manly games, and all their wants carefully provided for, never thrown on their own resources, never brought in contact with the rough ways of the world, were not likely, when their school-time ended, to have acquired much readiness for dealing with the unexpected problems of life.

Such was my case when I went up as an undergraduate to the great University of C——, where I had the reputation of being somewhat shy and retiring in my habits, and was, perhaps (shall I confess it?), rather more popular with my tutors than with the men of my own age and standing. Indeed, I never could get over a certain want of readiness in an emergency. Not that I was actually deficient in courage, but it did not seem to come naturally to me. I believed I could have faced a danger which I had had time to measure and realise, as well as most men, but I lacked, both by nature and education, the inconsiderate hardihood which leads some fellows to court it.

Quick at forecasting all the possible results of an act, I hesitated to assume responsibility for it. Keenly alive to ridicule, I somewhat incurred it through shrinking from the ridiculous. I feared to ask boldly the meaning of anything which I did not understand. Diffident of myself, conscious that I was shy and awkward in society, I often envied the calm assurance of other men. If it had been my lot to occupy the place of the legendary youth who is said to have jerked the goose he was carving into a lady's lap, far, very far from me would have been the assurance with which he requested to have it returned, "Madam, I will thank you for the goose!" My thoughts *could* not have confined themselves to so matter-of-fact an issue. I should have realised, with an intensity of humiliation, my own awkwardness and her indignation, the damage done to the dress, the certain loss of esteem both in her eyes and those of the company—in fact, I should have felt utterly miserable, and ready (as I have heard people say) to sink through the floor with shame.

I must add that, besides this sensitive temperament, which causes me to blush at times in spite of all my efforts to look stolid, and makes me uneasy if I am conscious of any trifling irregularity in my appearance, such as hair badly parted, or a collar that does not fit, Nature has been so unkind as to endow me with a somewhat girlish face and complexion.

Few can understand how hard this is on a young fellow. He is not responsible for his looks, and yet he is conscious that he is put at a disadvantage by them in whatever society he enters. Ah me! how well we recognise the hero of a modern romance at first sight! The chiselled features, deep-set eyes (never protuberant, like mine!), the massive jaw, the fine-set teeth (you could not have a hero or heroine who suffered from toothache), the square shoulders, long, muscular arm, and, last, the waving hair that clusters on his temples—how soon we know him! how instinctively we like him! And yet—what has the fellow done? Nothing! absolutely nothing, as yet! But he *will* distinguish himself, we are sure. He will overcome all resistance, he will vanquish the dragon (the wicked villain of the piece), he will carry off the lady in triumph, and with her the golden fleece and a good store of the apples of the Hesperides.

But, to return. Where was I? Oh, I was explaining my physical appearance as it was forty years ago. Even now, when I am a bald-headed, somewhat rotund personage, I am often chaffed by old cronies at my club, who will persist in calling me by my ancient nickname of "Cherub."

To return again. When I had taken my degree, I accepted a mastership in a school not many miles from the University. Indeed, St. Benedict's was sufficiently near to enable the masters to keep up acquaintance with old friends, and occasionally, when school duties admitted of it, to accept an invitation to dinner at one or other of the colleges.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NAVAL CODE OF PUNISHMENT.

By George Andrew Patterson, R.N.,

Author of "A Rolling Commission," "An After-dinner Incident," etc.

It is fortunate for us as a nation that so many boys evince a natural fondness and desire for the sea; for, following the bent of their inclinations, they enter the Royal Navy, in due course develop into capable and contented sailors, and become the backbone of our first line of defence. It is to be regretted that all our bluejackets are not such as these. Some join the service not for love of it, but for a livelihood, and afterwards, finding its hardships and yoke of discipline galling, they grow discontented, proving a continual source of trouble to their officers, and are only kept in check by the pains and penalties of martial law. It may therefore interest general readers to be made acquainted with the various forms of punishment whereby the service is rendered a terror to evil-doers; while it is as well that our boys, who so frequently address the Editor upon going to sea, should put on the considering cap and be prepared to face all that is involved in entering their names upon the ships' books of Her Majesty's Navy.

Passing by, then, the barbarities of the so-called good old days of the press-gang and flogging through the fleet, there succeeded a somewhat milder era by comparison, but one in which a man-of-war captain was still invested with almost plenary powers in the matter of punishment; and it is not surprising to find that many of his sentences were both capricious and cruel. Courts-martial then were very rare. The commanding officer of that day adopted the rough-and-ready method of rigging the gratings to suppress complaint and preserve discipline among his crew, and, providing he did not exceed his prescriptive right to dispense four dozen lashes, he was not likely to hear any more about it; while in those commands where the cat-o'-nine-tails was not so indiscriminately administered many ingenious devices were adopted as a substitute, under the specious plea of its being for the good of the service. There are still a few old salts left who can tell some queer stories of those times.

But all that is now changed, thanks to the publicity afforded by cheap newspapers. Although in the Articles of War, ordered to be read before the assembled ship's company once a quarter at least, the penalty for very many offences runs thus—"Shall suffer death or such other punishment as is hereinafter mentioned"—the only instance within our memory of the death penalty being carried

out was in the case of a marine who was hung at the yard-arm of the gunboat Leven, in China, some twenty years ago, for shooting his commanding officer. Even flogging (the cat), though not absolutely abolished, is rarely resorted to, and can only be enforced under very restricted conditions. The fact is of late years the Admiralty have formulated very minute and elaborate instructions for the guidance of officers in dealing with offenders, whilst at the same time commanders are shy of their names becoming too prominent with the public or at headquarters on the score of undue severity to their crews.

Intemperance is the besetting sin of the sailor, whether officer or man, and residents at the great naval ports are familiar with the one-gun salute at 8 A.M., indicating that some poor fellow is to be tried by court-martial, his offence being probably due to drink. Now and again it happens that an officer is honourably acquitted and has his sword returned; but the culprit seldom leaves such a tribunal scot-free. Loss of years of service, dismissal from his ship and being placed upon half-pay, or even dismissal from the Navy altogether, may await the officer, while a bar sinister will be recorded upon his escutcheon at the Admiralty; the seaman may lose all the results of previous good conduct, be disrated, or, after a long term of imprisonment, he also may be sent ashore as a worthless character.

But there are, of course, many offences to the prejudice of good order and discipline that never reach the court-martial stage. All such, having reference to the crew, are registered in the Defaulters' Book, kept by the master-at-arms, who acts as the ship's chief of police, and at six bells, or 11 A.M., at the same time that the cask of rum is hoisted up out of the spirit-room in order that the day's allowance may be drawn off and concocted into grog, the offenders are paraded upon the aft deck, where each case is fully investigated by the commander — lieutenant in small ships—witnesses both for accuser and accused are examined, and sentence is passed in accordance with the Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions alluded to above.

Should the case be one of breaking leave, a first offence of drunkenness, or otherwise, or there be mitigating features attending it, these are all taken into account, and the offender may be sentenced to solitary confinement, in irons, in the "cells" for a period, the first three days on bread and water, not allowed his hammock to sleep in except every other night perhaps; he may be mulcted of a certain amount of his pay corresponding to the time the country lost the benefit of his services, his grog may be stopped, he may lose good conduct badges and stripes (which carry additional pay with them), have leave stopped, and be put back into a lower class for leave among those who are not allowed to go ashore so frequently, and who can be awarded severer and more degrading punishment; in addition to which he may be put into the "black list," as it is termed, to swell the ranks of that ignoble army of martyrs who, for numerous minor offences, such as not keeping their gun gear bright, being improperly dressed, having untidy or dirty kit, spitting about the deck—a high crime and misdemeanour in the eyes of the commander—for talking at "divisions," skulking, stealing a smoke during working hours, being behindhand, and so forth, are condemned to knee drill in holystoning a small area of the deck, or to a spell of "spit and polish," otherwise cleaning wood and brasswork, to carrying the clothes-bag on their back, or the washed article upon an oar until it is dry, or the spitkid slung round the neck, *à la* one of W. H. Smith's newsboys, to "toe pitch" by standing toeing a seam of the deck staring at the paint work, and to partake of their meals on deck; all which penance is done in the defaulters' own time, while their more fortunate messmates are skylarking, smoking, or have gone ashore for the night. Men breaking their leave have their description sent out, with a reward for their apprehension, and if taken by the police they must pay the expenses, as well as the expenses of their escort, if subsequently sent to prison.

All serious cases of gross insubordination and the like are remanded for the consideration of the captain, who may deem it imperative to instruct the ship's clerk to draw up a warrant authorising imprisonment in one of the naval gaols, either at Lewes or Bodmin. When the prisoner is thus sentenced to a lengthened term of imprisonment, he is brought up from the cells in custody of a file of marines in the presence of the assembled crew. The warrant for his committal is read aloud, after which the captain, opening the Articles of War—the audience instantly doffing caps submissively and listening bareheaded—recites the particular article bearing on the prisoner's offence. Caps are then resumed, the hands are piped down, and at the earliest opportunity the sentence is carried into effect.

The detachment of marines is quartered in a part of the mess-deck differing in no respect from the seamen's portion, but which it is usual to style "the barracks," and for whose cleanliness and good order the force is responsible. The captain of marines, therefore, holds his own Court of Assize over the rank and file of his detachment, awarding sentences for ordinary offences, but remanding the more serious cases to the final judgment of the captain of the ship.

It will be observed that so far the offender has had to answer for his own misdeeds, but in the Navy it is often impossible to draw fine distinctions, so punishment is sometimes dealt out in the lump, wherein all suffer. Thus, in a fleet, some particular vessel for not keeping her station under sail, for slackness at drill, slovenly condition at inspection, or what not, may be ordered by the Admiral to remain outside on the open sea for a time, while her consorts enter the harbour to enjoy fresh provisions and a run ashore; or she may be ordered to carry out evolutions requiring considerable time and labour. Similarly the whole "watch" may have to pay the penalty by stoppage of leave, &c., for the delinquencies of a few; or the grog of a mess may be either stopped altogether, or be highly diluted (six-water grog), as a consequence of some failing in one or more of its members.



"The Black Brigade."

In conclusion, let it be said that the Royal Navy never offered a fairer opening in life than it does now, and none should be deterred from entering by fear of tyranny. Midshipmen are not now mastheaded, nor is the sailmaker ordered to sew up their pockets because they put their hands therein; the young seaman also is pretty well looked after, and is not now sent to a foreign station before he is thoroughly acquainted with and inured to a seagoing life. Now and again, it is true, some phase of a commander's conduct is brought to light which shows that officers can still do strange things on board a man-of-war that outsiders little dream of; but such instances are rare, and are not likely to enter into the experience of the majority of sailors. After all, a boy might do a worse thing than go to sea.

(THE END.)

MISTAKES ABOUT SNAKES.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, F.Z.S., etc.,

Author of "Out-of-the-Way Pets," "Alligators and Crocodiles," etc.

Part III.

Continuing my subject, I ought to tell you that it often happens that the colour is suddenly restored and the serpent is ready to feed some hours before actual shedding takes place. This is because a sort of damp perspiration causes the outer skin to become transparent; if you moisten your detached tissue-paper over the picture the latter is visible again. I have often been puzzled, believing from its appearance that the snake must have shed, yet not finding the slough. And when you pick up the skin within a few minutes of its casting, you always discover that it is wet.

New-born snakes generally shed at once, and repeat the process much oftener than grown-up ones—every week or ten days. This frequent casting enables one to keep up a good stock of skins; I always give away a boxful when I lecture, and I find that people are very glad to have them, as they are curious and beautiful objects. Each is a complete model or envelope of the snake which has thrown it off, scale for scale, including the transparent plates, like little watch-glasses, which cover the eyes; the pattern is dimly traced also, but it carries none of the colours, as the *pigment-cells*, the little globules containing the colouring-matter, are stored in the skin below. Old snakes, whether big or little, rarely, if ever, cast a perfect slough; it is almost always broken, and comes away in large flakes. The biggest that I have ever seen entire measured twenty-four feet, but that is quite an exception. A snake may go on shedding regularly even though it does not feed, but if the casting is delayed it is a sure sign of ill-health. I have had a water-viper which sickened for shedding, but never cast; it remained for fifteen months, during which time it took no food, and then died. Injuries, even severe ones, do not seem to affect the process, but when a serpent has had a wound which has healed, the skin as a rule always splits at the scar. A rattlesnake of mine plunged its fangs into its own body, and its slough used to divide between the marks afterwards. A singular affection sometimes kills a snake by exhaustion, and is manifested by too frequent shedding; the poor creature will go on throwing off skin after skin, perhaps every week for months, until it dies. Now and then, in captivity, considerable portions of the cuticle remain on, and have to be rubbed off in a warm bath by the keeper; this is especially the case with that over the eyes, and if three or four successive layers are allowed to accumulate there they cannot afterwards be detached, and the sight is destroyed.

Lizards shed their skins too, but they generally break; sometimes, though, one picks up an entire slough of a slow-worm, and a very pretty silvery cast it is, looking like delicate Chinese silk, though more brittle than a snake's. A glass snake (so called)—in reality, a legless lizard, like the slow-worm—in my collection throws his off in long tubes, capital for purposes of illustration. Lizards and very young snakes do not sicken so much as grown-up serpents do, but will go on feeding all through.

The funniest thing is to see a toad shed. First he splits right down the back. Then he rubs the skin down his sides with his hind legs. Then he draws his head back and wipes the mask off his face with his fore feet, which are next withdrawn from the inside. The hind legs have now to be stripped, and this is accomplished by taking up each foot in turn and drawing off the skin, like a pair of trousers. Finally, he takes the end of the slough into his mouth and slowly swallows it. But he is so deliberate and businesslike all the way through that it is delightful to watch him. Still more extraordinary is the shedding of a spider. Casts of big tarantulas are sometimes found so perfect, down to the smallest hair, that they have been taken for the dead spiders until they were lifted and found to be lighter than paper, and nobody could understand for a long time how this could possibly be managed, until the operation was actually witnessed at the Zoological Gardens here in the case of the gigantic mouse-eating spider which I brought from South America.

A travelling dealer in animals, who collects reptiles, birds, and all manner of things in various parts of the world, wrote to me from the Southern States of America, and asked me what I would pay for a hoop-snake; that, he explained, was a species of snake which took its tail in its mouth and bowled along like a hoop! I hastened to reply that I would give him anything he liked to name. He wrote back to say that he had not got the snake, but he knew where there was one. But I am sorry to say it has not turned up yet.

Down in Devonshire a farmer once told me that he had recently killed a viper. He struck it with a hay-rake and disabled it, and then flung it, maimed and wounded, but still alive, into the fork of a tree. He was a kindly man, who would never have ill-treated a sheep or a dog, but he saw no cruelty in thus torturing a snake—I suppose the idea that a snake had feelings like the rest of us never occurred to him. The poor creature, striking on all sides in its rage and agony, presently buried its fangs in the branch, or appeared to do so. There the farmer left it, to find its own way out of life and misery, and went home. The next day when he passed there, so he assured me (and I have no doubt he believed what he said), not only was the viper dead, but the limb of the tree which it had bitten was dead too, seared and shrivelled, as though blasted by lightning!

This reminded me of the story of the Yankee who killed a copperhead with a broom. He held it pressed to the ground, when it managed to wriggle its head up and bite the handle. "You mayn't believe it, Squire," he said—"You mayn't believe it, but jest as trew as you're standing there, in less than ten minutes that broomstick was swelled up as big as your leg!"

Once, in the course of a lecture, I had described how a snake walks on the points of its ribs and the large transverse scales on the under-surface of the body; and in explaining how these scales catch hold of the ground and prevent the ribs from slipping backwards again, I had remarked that it was quite powerless to get along on a smooth polished surface like glass. After the lecture a young lady came up and asked me how, if that were the case, they managed to cross the ice? Really, I had never thought of it before, but I had sufficient presence of mind to point out that snakes were not likely to trouble, or be troubled by, ice!

A very common superstition in many widely distant parts of the earth is that, however severely wounded a serpent may be, it will not die before sunset. One hears in some countries of two-headed snakes—*duas cabeças* (two heads), in fact, is the recognised name in Brazil for an animal which is not a snake at all, but another kind of lizard without legs, a blunt, worm-like object which burrows in the damp earth. You can see them by hundreds on the mountains in the morning after the rains; they are nasty things to handle, though their mouths are small, for they bite out a little lump like a wedge. I brought several to Europe in a tub of mould, and found they would eat raw meat when they could not get grubs, slugs, or earthworms. Like worms, they came to the surface chiefly at night; they were about two feet long, and nearly as thick as my two thumbs. The notion of their having a head at each end of the body, and being able to travel in one direction as well as another, is derived from the fact of their being equally thick and blunt at the head and tail, and that their eyes are so small as scarcely to be distinguished. There is a true snake in India called the Eryx, which looks like a bloated sausage, and is also credited with the possession of two heads. It is of burrowing habit, too. And there are certain singular ringed creatures found in warm mud in different parts of the world, which are called *Cœcilians*, and which are neither legless lizards nor snakes, but amphibians—related, that is to say, to frogs and newts—and these have the triple erroneous reputation of being double-headed, blind, and poisonous.

A snake was once sent to me as being genuinely a two-headed one; but I found that the supposed second head was in reality a large tumour on its neck. But I have seen a reptile, a little turtle, which actually had two perfect heads, one beside the other. I saw it alive, and when it died I preserved it in spirit for its owner; but I could not obtain it to make what would have been an interesting dissection. This, of course, was a monstrosity.

In Mexico they tell you of a flying snake—only a myth, I am sorry to say, for a flying snake would be a great curiosity. There are fish and lizards and frogs which fly; at least, the two latter have wide membranes which they can spread, and so skim down through the air from lofty trees and rocks in safety. They don't really *fly* in the sense that birds and bats do, any more than Professor Baldwin flies when he drops down from a balloon holding on to his parachute. There used to be great reptiles with real wings, but they are all extinct now. Some snakes, however, have the power of flattening their bodies and even their heads when they are alarmed or angry—our common snake has to some extent; but there are many others, such as the hog-nosed and long-headed snakes, in which this property is much more marked; and people think that they dart up through the air when they spread themselves out in this way. The ideas to which I have already alluded, that they jump from their coil like a spiral spring, that they are obliged to coil to enable them to jump, and that they can spring right off the ground, are equally absurd. No snake lifts more than a third of its length, if as much, in striking.

(*To be continued.*)

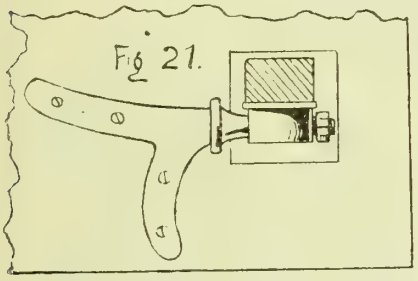
THE "BOY'S OWN" RUSTIC CART.

By F. J. Erskine.

Part III.

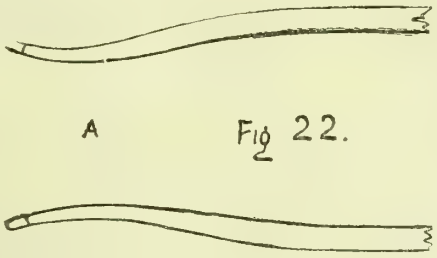
When the body is finished the next piece of work is trimming up and fixing the shafts, which are bought ready steamed to shape—in the rough square form. Lancewood is best, next comes hickory, which is of a reddish-brown colour and rather coarse-grained, but very tough and springy. The cost of a pair of dogcart shafts is about 11s. in hickory, and 19s. in lancewood.

It is important to decide whether the shafts are to go inside the cart, and be bolted solidly to the floor, or to be hung on fulcrum irons, so as to go inside or outside. The first plan is adopted in cheap carts, and is strong and serviceable, but the shaking motion is unpleasant, and it is only very common carts which are so secured. Opinions are divided as to whether it is better to have the hinged-shafts outside, or passing through holes cut in the foot-board—the latter plan looks better—especially with a broad-gauge cart. If the cart is narrow the shafts can go outside without the awkward look of the shaft-space for the pony being big enough for another pony close to the splinter-bar. Taken all in all, the neatest and easiest plan is to cut two spaces on the foot-board and pass the shafts through, arranging the fulcrum-irons so as to pivot on their respective pins, which extend across the aperture (Fig. 21).



The holes should be cut out carefully a little larger than the shaft, which at this point only just begins to taper backwards. The shaft itself should be full $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches broad by 2 inches thick, when it is rough. The part by the splinter-bar is left nearly this thickness, as the strain is most there. It is then tapered gently and easily to the end where the cap must fit, and rounded to an oval form. It is the criterion of good work if the tapering is so gradual as to be quite smooth and flat all over. There must be no holes worked, therefore use the smoothing-plane to all parts possible. For other parts use the compass-plane, one having the bottom shaped so as to resemble the segment of a circle. The front ends of the shafts generally require a couple of inches cutting off to reduce the bend always found there. Now, regarding the proper dimensions of the shafts. If the pony for which the cart is designed is about 14 hands, a length of 6 feet from the splinter-bar will be ample. The length behind is determined by the length of the cart. It should not be such as in any way to interfere with the opening and closing of the hind door. When the point deemed right is found, the hind ends are cut and then are gradually worked down, again taking the splinter-bar as the point of starting. The hind ends should be fitted into the rubber shaft-adjusters before being laid aside (Fig. 25).

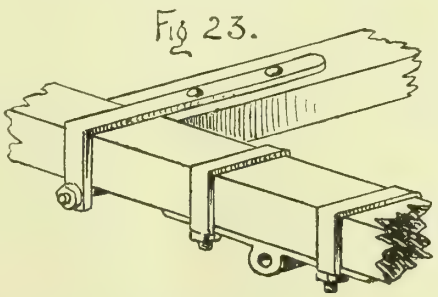
The splinter-bar is best made of oak to match the cart, or *stained*, if walnut is the predominant wood. It is just a solid bar, square at each end, rounded in the middle, 3 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, with what is technically termed a "stump tenon" on each end, which fits into a shallow mortice on each shaft. These must be cut longitudinally, *along* the grain, not across it, and should not exceed $\frac{1}{4}$-inch in depth. The width at the forward bend A, Fig. 22, varies, but 22 inches will be



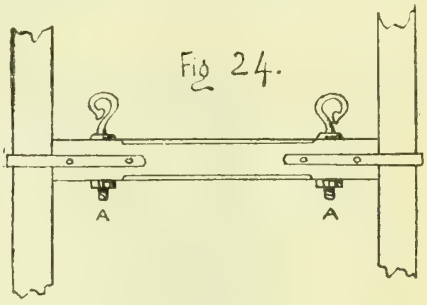
found a good general width. The bar fitted, it is laid aside, whilst the fulcrum irons are adjusted. The fulcrum plates are affixed to the under-side of the shaft, behind the splinter-bar. Two clips, Fig. 4, are used to clamp the plate to the shaft. It is of the last importance no screw or bolt-holes are made, as they weaken the shaft. The clips pass over the shaft, then a coupling-piece of iron is put *under* the plate, and a couple of nuts are screwed up firmly. This is done fore and aft of each plate. Then the pin of the L plate is slipped in, well oiled to avert rust, and the plate itself lies ready to be bolted to the foot-board, with bolt-heads inside and nuts against the iron. Three bolts are sufficient as a rule, $\frac{5}{16}$ inch thick and $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch long.

The shafts are now supposed to be each lying inside the cart, with the shaft adjusters fitted at their ends, ready to be bolted to the floor. This must not be done till the splinter bar is inserted. If a wheelwright's cramp can be borrowed, the bringing up of the mortices will be much facilitated; if not, the ends should be fitted in, and then a helper should get astride the splinter bar and hold it in position whilst the iron clamp, Fig. 9, is adjusted. This, as will be seen, is made in two pieces. The under piece of iron—1 inch broad by $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and 9 inches long—is quite flat, with two holes in its length, and the end turned and threaded to receive a nut. The top piece is in the form of an L, the extremity of the bend having a hole to fit on to the screwed end of the lower plate, and the flat top part drilled to correspond with the holes in the bottom plate. The depth of the clamp should be exactly that of the shaft—*i.e.* $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

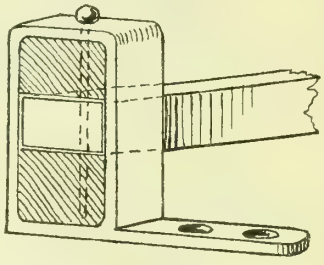
This clamp, therefore, is fitted over the end of the splinter bar and *across* the shaft—a couple of holes should be carefully drilled



with the long $\frac{1}{4}$-inch auger bit, and a couple of round-headed 3-inch bolts, $\frac{3}{8}$-inch thick, should be driven through the plates and bar, and then screwed up tightly from underneath. Same process is repeated with the other side (Fig. 23). Before finally screwing up the shafts at the farther end, the draught hooks have to be fixed. These generally bolt through the bar, about 2 inches from each end, and look best either polished steel or nickel-plated, A A, Fig. 24. The next



operation is to bolt down the rubber shaft adjusters (Fig. 25). The shaft end is fitted into



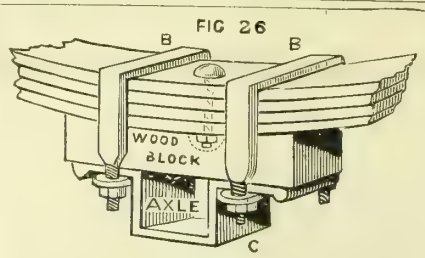
a small square of iron between two layers of rubber. Their practical use in breaking the vibration I have often experienced over rough ground, so can firmly recommend them. The pin at the top screws down through a hole in the shaft end, and holds all firm.

The shafts being smoothed, rounded, and fixed in place, next comes the regular mounting on the springs. As the front ends of these ride on scroll irons attached to the steps, it is necessary to fix these first. The step generally terminates in an angle iron, which fixes up the side and under the bottom of the cart. It should be fixed exactly at the intersection of the angles—the acute with the bottom line of the side of the cart. An angle iron must be fitted inside to take the heads of the bolts, as the strain of heavy people mounting is often very great. The inside angle iron can be $\frac{1}{4}$ inch flat iron by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch broad, the edges carefully rounded off. The steps fitted, the springs should be slipped on to their pins, and the length adjusted by the hind irons, so they shall be perfectly even and straight. The middle of the springs should be a good inch in front of the centre of gravity of the cart. In other words, the weight should fall behind the axle, and the cart should have the *least shade* of a tilt backwards. The hind irons are bolted through when the correct position is found, and the spring ends secured to the bolts on the shackles at each end.

For fixing the axle and springs it is best to balance the cart on a couple of sawing benches inside upside-down, so the floor rests on them, the bars being clear of the floor. The two wood

blocks for the springs—plain oak, with the upper side hollowed, the better to fit the curve of the spring—are put on in the middle over the centre bolt, which has a tiny hole bored with a centre-bit in the block for its accommodation. They are 2 inches thick, $1\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and 4 inches long. These blocks then are laid on the springs, then the long axle is laid on them, each end equidistant as near as can be judged and measured, then the axle clips (Fig. 26), one of which clasps the axle, the other two (B B) com-

FIG 26



press axle, clip, block, and spring, and, passing through coupling plates (c), hold all firm.

Before screwing up take a piece of string, hold one end on the extreme tip of the axle, and get some one else to go to the end of the shaft on the *opposite* side—say, from the right-hand side of the axle to the tip of the left-hand shaft. When right, measured to both tips, from *both* ends it will be the same. Then screw up your nuts carefully and tightly.

(To be continued.)

THE CRUISE OF THE CHRISTABEL.

By the Author of "A Trip down the Thames," etc., etc.

PART IV.

THE breeze freshened about two o'clock, and we had to take our topsail in to save the topmast, and accordingly Frank and Jack got it on deck smartly.

By this time we were off the pretty town of Southwold, which is now the only place of importance on the Suffolk coast between Aldborough and Lowestoft. Perched on a cliff, like Dunwich, it was made a municipal borough during the reign of Henry VII. At that time a small headland projected out into the sea to the north of the little village of Easton Bavents, and was called Easton Ness, then the most easterly point in England. It was in the bay, off Southwold, that the battle was fought between the French and English against the Dutch on May 28, 1672. The Duke of York, afterwards James II., commanded the English fleet, and De Ruyter the Dutch.

Dinner had been in our thoughts for some time, and at three o'clock Bill came up to say that it was ready on the table at last; so leaving the mate to take my place at the tiller, I went below with the others, all feeling quite ready for the green peas and roast pork that were smoking on the table, with the exception of O'Reilly, who remarked, as he turned to go up the companion-ladder again, that he thought a little fresh air would be lighter, and suit his stomach better than roast pork, in the present unsettled condition of the weather.

Shortly after four o'clock we passed the broken mast of a sunken vessel, which rose up like the finger of some hidden hand warning us of possible dangers, and with an old cormorant sitting perched on the tangled rigging as if he was gloating over the bodies of men beneath. Finding the breeze had sunk a little, and to get away from the uncanny neighbourhood of the wreck, I had the topsail set again, and in the course of another half-hour we were off Lowestoft.

I always think this town has a pleasing aspect from the sea, with its lighthouses and splendid beach, and, with the rising ground in the rear, forms one of the most attractive spots on the east coast. Lowestoft has a very ancient origin, and was a fishing village even in the time of the Romans. The inhabitants have always been very loyal, and in the Civil Wars they held with the king, while the people of Yarmouth sided with the Roundheads; and many were the little sea-fights between the respective partisans of Charles and the Parliament.

"Now, then, who's for the shore?" feebly sang out O'Reilly.

"You look as if you are, for one," said Jack; "but we are going to spend the night at sea, old man, if the skipper keeps on our present course; so you must try and settle down to a 'Life on the Ocean Wave,' as you sang about so nicely last Christmas."

"That's all very well with a piano accompaniment," replied O'Reilly, gloomily.

Yarmouth Roads, with its everchanging and shifting sands, lay ahead of us now, and the busy town of Yarmouth was passed by five o'clock.

We would willingly have stayed here for a time, if only to see the place so intimately connected with David Copperfield, Mr. Peggotty, and the rest of them, but a strong fair wind was blowing, and it seemed a pity to lose such a good help on our passage north; so we unwillingly passed on, consoling ourselves with the idea of looking in on our return if possible. As a town and seaport, Yarmouth has managed to hold its own from a very early period of history, although it has had many a hard fight for it. The inhabitants had for many years a great struggle to keep their haven open, the North Sea continuously throwing up sand and shingle, and choking the passage through which the river Yare entered the sea.

Six times the inhabitants tried to cut a channel for an entrance close to the town, at a great cost to them and the corporation, who were occasionally assisted by grants and privileges from the Crown; but each time they were frustrated by the sea undoing all the work they had been to so much labour to perform. The seventh attempt, however, was more successful, and was made during the seventeenth century, when they cut a passage through the Denes or sandhills just below the village of Gorleston, which has remained open ever since.

As early as the reign of Edward III., Yarmouth was a place of considerable importance, and, with the exception of London, no English port sent so many ships and sailors to take part in the French wars of the period.

Edmund, the last king of East Anglia, met his death close by, at Caistor, which is now a little village about two miles to the north of Yarmouth, the castle being in ruins.

The dull heavy masses of dark clouds made the night draw in rapidly, and so, before the daylight quite left us, we handled our topsail, gave a fresh pull on the halliards all round, and with the side-lights up in their place, the binnacle lamps lit, and a reef earring rove, we felt pretty snug for the night.

O'Reilly had taken my advice and had turned in some time previously, and as it was now time for the port watch to go below, Frank, Jack, and the mate did the same, leaving Bill and myself on deck.

The night settled down on us dark and black, with never a star to be seen, and by the time the Haseborough Lights bore a little south of west, the wind had piped up stronger than ever, making our little clipper dance madly over the angry sea, with a smother of foam to her hawsepipes, and a continual shower of spray breaking over her bow and wetting the foresail half mast high. It was getting too risky on such a dark night to crack on as we were doing with so small a crew on deck, so I called to Bill, who, in streaming oilskins, was on the look-out forward, to slack off the jib sheet, and, easing down the helm and bringing the foresheet a-weather, I hove her to, and then proceeded to get a reef down.

The Christabel's mainsail, besides being a very large one, was thoroughly soaked with spray, her main boom being a very heavy spar, thirty feet long. Bill and I found it rather a hard ten minutes' work getting the reef earring well down and the reef points tied, as the canvas was as stiff as a board through the wet, but I did not want to disturb the other watch, so we managed it alone.

The jib was the next wet job requiring attention, so we got it inboard, and then shifted it for No. 2, and, with a reef in the foresail, were nice and snug once more. Letting draw the foresail sheet, I bore up on our course again, north-by-west-half-west.

She took the sea much easier after we had reduced her wings a little, so I sent Bill below to see to the foc'sle fire, and told him to bring me up a cup of coffee, which he soon did, and then took the tiller while I had a look at the chart by the light of the binnacle lamps.

With the Lynn Deeps on our port hand, and the full sweep of the North Sea ahead, there was plenty of sea-room for us now, so, blow high or low, we were all right.

Our watch was now out, but I did not like to leave the deck in the present state of the weather, so told Bill to turn in and call the mate only, leaving Frank and Jack below.

The mate came on deck looking very sleepy and disagreeable, and, thinking that very probably he would fall asleep if I sent him forward to look out, I told him the course to steer while I walked forward.

Staring out into the blackness ahead becomes, after a few hours, a great strain on one's optic nerves, and I don't know whether it was want of sleep or what, but very soon I began to see phantom ships in all directions, and felt very glad when the morning began to break and dispelled the illusion.

The dawn was grey and dull-looking, but after the sun rose the wind gradually lessened in force, and the masses of heavy clouds which were scattered all over the heavens slowly disappeared into the misty distance astern, and there seemed every promise of a fine day.

We were now out of sight of land, Boston, on the Lynn Deeps, being some forty miles from our supposed position.

The mate's watch was up at four o'clock, so he turned in once more while Bill came on deck. I went to the helm again, and at six o'clock Bill roused the mate, and then shook out our reefs and got the topsail set once more, and proceeded to scrub down the decks for the day.

Breakfast over, we sat about on deck, basking in the hot sun, which by this time was pelting down on us in regular June fashion. The wind gradually died away until it was a dead calm, and the sails hung flat as a board, only giving an occasional heavy flap as the yacht rolled on the long swell which the

strong breeze of last night had left behind it.

We saw very few vessels all that day, and the only ones that came anywhere near us were two steamers going north like ourselves, but at a very much faster pace; the long sooty streak from their funnels hung over the horizon long after they had disappeared from sight, and, with the exception of an old Norwegian barque away in the offing, we seemed to have the North Sea all to ourselves.

It was one of those days in which the mere fact of being alive to enjoy it was simply splendid, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Jack and O'Reilly got the lines out, and in extremely negligent attire sat with bare feet over the edge of the bulwark rail fishing, while Frank, ever industrious at sketching, got under the shadow of the foresail busy with his colours.

The mate lolled on the tiller, supposed to be steering, while Bill, planted comfortably against the fore hatch, was shelling peas and peeling the potatoes for dinner.

I myself simply lounged about on a couple of deck chairs enjoying the change in the weather, and think, had I been questioned about it, I could not have denied taking an occasional forty winks; but that was perhaps pardonable, considering I had not turned in all night.

It was evidently too fine and bright for fishing, and so the fishermen had no luck, and could not even entice a huge old sand ray which we could plainly see, in the shadow cast by the counter on the clear green water, swimming about with that graceful undulatory motion of its powerful wings.

That important event, dinner, was ready by 3.30, and Bill had nicely roasted a leg of mutton that we had had hanging from the taffrail astern for two days, and had received a plentiful sprinkling of brine during the previous night's breeze.

I have often noticed that meat subjected to this treatment seemed far superior to that kept in the safe on deck; but it is very risky to hang meat astern when in harbour, and often proves too strong a temptation to night prowlers and longshore men, as a cut string and absence of meat proved to us on one occasion.

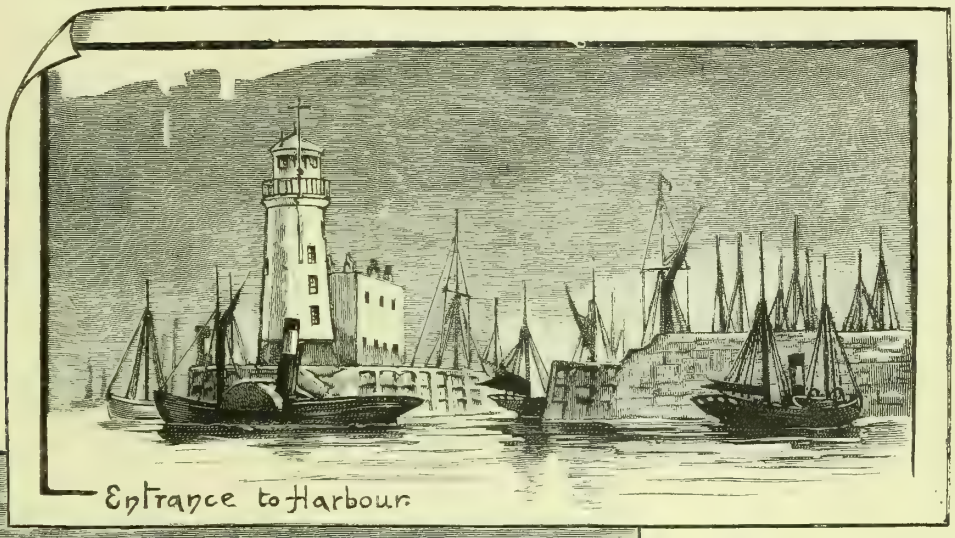
The soothing influence of dinner had such an effect that several of us were sinking into the arms of Morpheus soon afterwards, when a slight breeze made a sensible bulge in the canvas, and we became aware that our craft was really moving.

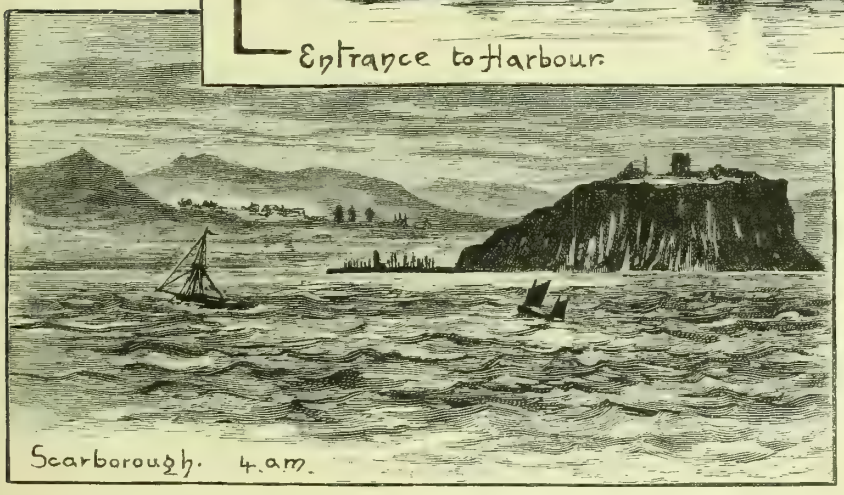
All sleepiness was gone in a moment, and, hurrying on deck, our big balloon jib was hauled up out of its cover in the sail room and as quickly set; and very soon our little bark was heeling over to a steady breeze and buzzing along in the right direction, leaving a long line of bubbles and creamy foam streaming away in her wake. And so the day passed. But as the evening drew in, the wind freshened and headed us slightly, and we had to get our balloon jib in again and set the working one in its place. The sunset was a gorgeous one, a few purple-coloured clouds well down near the horizon showing out in strong contrast against the beautifully graduated golden tint of the sky. But, although so beautiful, it was as transient as a transformation scene; the light rapidly faded away, and one by one the stars appeared; and we soon proceeded to add to the nocturnal illumination by getting our side lights up and the binnacle lamps lit.

We kept a careful look-out for Flamborough Head light, and sighted it precisely at ten o'clock. This light is a revolving one, giving a red and white flash every half minute; and, perched on the top of the rocky headland, it is visible for about twenty miles out to sea

O'Reilly, not yet feeling competent to perform any violent exercise on deck in the way of taking his watch, turned in early; and, after we had fixed our position by sighting the light, I followed him below a little after ten o'clock, with orders to the mate to call me at two o'clock in the morning.

Scarborough was one place we had settled to call at, and during the day we had been discussing the advisability of running in there on our journey out or on our return, as we all wished to see the town; so, before lying down in my berth, I spread the chart on the swing table, and went over the matter again by myself.





We were certainly in a hurry to go north; but then Scarborough was now close to us, and we could get there easily; and then if we left the visit until our return, circumstances might not be so favourable; and so, as it fortunately turned out, I settled we would run in then, and accordingly turned in, and was soon in the Land of Nod.

My four hours' watch below seemed to be very soon up when the mate roused me punctually at two o'clock the following morning. There was only a slight breeze blowing, but it was decidedly chilly, and formed a strong contrast with the warm and comfortable cabin into which Jack and Frank immediately disappeared, leaving Bill and myself on deck—O'Reilly preferring to remain below.

We were right off Flamborough Head by now, and it was sufficiently light to enable me to distinguish the rugged headland of limestone rock rising up out of the sea for some four hundred feet above our heads. Swarms of sea birds make this their home, including guillemots, razor-bills, puffins, cormorants, and different varieties of the gull tribe, but they seemed to be all quiet now; we had evidently made our morning call too early for them, and it was not until later on, on the Northumbrian coast, that we came upon the vast flights which inhabit the rocky shores along that part.

We made Scarborough about a quarter past three in the morning, and, being an awkward sort of place for a stranger to run into except in broad daylight, as the harbour dries right out, I thought it better to heave to, which I accordingly did about four miles out, and Bill went aloft and loosed the topsail lacing, while I lowered it on deck, the wind having freshened into a stronger breeze than we wanted.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO PREPARE AND MOUNT OBJECTS FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "How to make an Induction Coil," "Electric Lamps and how to work them," "Electro-motors and how to make them," etc. etc.

PART II.—MOUNTING IN CANADA BALSAM (*continued*).

The almost universal opinion amongst naturalists at the present day is that insects do not feel pain to anything like the extent that animals do; but whether that is taken as proved or not, at any rate we are bound to give them the benefit of the doubt, and not run any chance of inflicting pain that can be avoided. The best methods of killing butterflies or other insects are either by cyanide of potassium or chloroform. The former is such a deadly poison that you will have some difficulty in getting it unless the chemist knows you; the latter you are not likely to come to grief with unless you deliberately dip a handkerchief in it and hold it to your nose! I therefore consider the latter is much the safer. If either a small lump of the cyanide, or a little bit of sponge just moistened with the chloroform, is put at the bottom of a small wide-mouthed bottle and corked up for a little while, and a fly or other insect is introduced, you will not have long to wait for the result. In the case of the cyanide the fly will fall dead at the bottom of the bottle in an instant; in the case of the chloroform a few seconds will produce a similar result. Leave the insect in the bottle in the latter case for a few minutes *after* it has become motionless.

Now we take out our defunct insect, avoiding the smell of the bottle, and with the small pair of scissors we snip off either a leg or a wing close to the body. If this is now arranged on a glass slide and placed under the microscope we find it is a wonderful organ with a claw and a padded sucker foot at the end (fig. 1). It is by means of these sucker feet

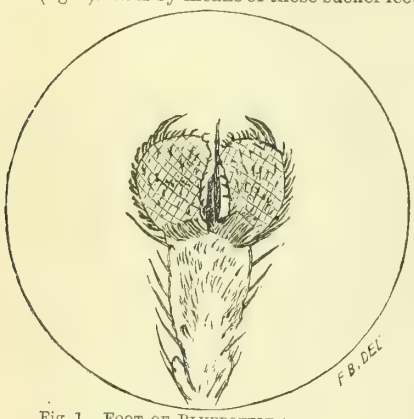


Fig. 1.—Foot of Bluebottle magnified. Front view of pads.

that the fly is enabled to run up the vertical surface even of our window-panes. It has been proposed to make boots with a similar structure by means of which the microscopist might himself walk up vertical surfaces in a similar way. I must confess, however, that I should prefer at present not to trust myself with such an appliance on "high ground," say the dome of St. Paul's!

But though one can see a good deal of the structure of the leg, it is nevertheless quite opaque, and consequently dark, so that it cannot be seen through; how is this to be remedied? Well, it is done by soaking it in a strong solution of a chemical substance, which has an affinity for the oily tissues of the body, and consequently will dissolve them out, leaving the harder membranes more transparent.

This substance is hydrate of potassium, a solution of which is indispensable for our work. It is often known as "caustic potash," and can be obtained from any chemist. No very exact strength of solution can be given, as the strength depends on the organ which is to be soaked in it; some organs take a stronger solution than others. The strength varies from 1 ounce of potash to 20 ounces of water, to 1 ounce of potash to 10 ounces of water, which is generally the strongest solution employed.

The hard tissues of the legs or antennæ, &c., of insects may require to be left in this solution for a long time, say a fortnight. If the potash solution is gently heated it will have more effect, and if this is done at intervals the object may be rendered softer in a shorter time. This is the first part of the process of rendering the leg transparent. Of course, if you stand up all your test-tubes in the stand and put potash solution in each, you can have a lot of objects going on at the same time. In order not to make a mistake as to which each object is, you must be very careful to label each tube by fixing a piece of paper, with the name of the object written on it, to the stand in front of the test-tube; but as even then you may alter the position of the tubes, and so get confused, it would be a better plan still to affix the label to the tube itself by means of gum.

Two or three times while the soaking process is going on you must try to get rid of the interior substance of the leg. To do this you can take it out by means of one of the needles in handles, and put it on one of your glass slips. Now put another glass slip on the top of it, and press the two together; this will squeeze out the interior and render the object flatter. When this has been done two or three times the object will be nearly flat and ready for the next process, which consists of soaking it in turpentine. This must not be done till the object is quite dry; the drying is effected by placing it between two dry slips of glass held together by an American clip for some days, previously washing it in warm water to free it from traces of potash solution.

The turpentine will have the effect of rendering the object more transparent, and will make the Canada balsam permeate more readily into the tissues when it comes to be applied. The object must remain in the turpentine for some hours, and is then ready to be proceeded with.

The most difficult part of the business is now to be confronted. The amateur will probably spoil heaps of objects before he achieves a real success. There is, however, no need to be discouraged, and the result is well worth the efforts made to achieve it. Method and cleanliness are the two great essentials to success, and therefore must be cultivated by every boy who wants to succeed. Even dust is an enemy to the microscopist, and must be avoided as much as possible. Bell-glasses can be bought for very little at the china shops, and are very useful to place over objects while in the various stages of mounting.

Before beginning to mount the object we must first make both glass-slip and cover perfectly clean. Of course, even a slight mark, or speck of dirt, will look quite different under the microscope. The cover-glasses are so thin that the greatest care is necessary to avoid breaking them. You can get these glasses either round or square from a dealer in microscopic materials, for example, Watson & Sons, 313 High Holborn, W.C., or Perken & Rayment, 99 Hatton Garden, E.C. They are sold by the *ounce*, being so light, and half an ounce will be ample to begin with. They are all of different sizes, so you must pick out one to suit the object.

As they cannot be scraped, or even rubbed hard, you must not attempt to get off Canada balsam which adheres to them, but have a wide-mouthed bottle and keep it half-full of turpentine. The neck must be large enough to admit the largest-sized cover-glasses, and when you get any covered with Canada balsam (as you undoubtedly will in a very short time), simply drop them into the bottle. In a few days the turpentine will have dissolved off the balsam, and the glass can then be cleaned.

To return to our object, which is waiting in the turpentine. Take it out with one of your needles, and placing it for a minute at the edge of the tube, to drain off as much turpentine as you can, place it in the centre of the slide. Now gently warm the bottle containing Canada balsam, to render it more liquid, and dipping into it a perfectly clean piece of glass-rod, let a drop fall from the end of the rod on to the object. The balsam will instantly permeate the leg, which you will now see looks much more transparent. At the same time it will spread itself out over the slide, and if you have put too much on it will render everything generally sticky, so that this is to be avoided. Now take up the clean cover-glass, and, placing it on its edge on one side of the drop of balsam, gently lower it with the needle till it covers the object. Before you have done this, however, you will have discovered what is *the* grand difficulty which is the bane of the amateur microscopist, and on your ability to overcome which depends your skill as a microscopic mounter. As soon as the Canada balsam surrounds the object you will see a lot of small bubbles all round it, and the difficulty is to get rid of these bubbles out of the balsam. In putting on the cover-glass a whole stream of them will issue from the object, and in nine cases out of ten will necessitate the removal of the glass again, in order to free the Canada balsam from them. Of course, a most minute bubble will look unsightly under the microscope, so that it is absolutely necessary to get rid of them *somehow*. It is usually done by moving the object to and fro in the drop of balsam with the point of the needle, by which means most of the bubbles will escape, and can be made to collect in one place. They can then either be removed altogether by taking away that part of the balsam, or broken by heating the needle and pushing it in amongst them. If the tyro at mounting finds these bubbles a great difficulty, a good deal of help may be given by first placing the leg, or whatever it may be, in a little Canada balsam in one of the wide test-tubes. If now the tube is gently heated over a spirit-lamp the bubbles of air will escape from the object and rise up through the limpid balsam. If, when the object is saturated with the Canada balsam, it is placed on the slide, there will not be nearly so many bubbles to be got rid of—in fact, it is possible sometimes to avoid any at all in this way.

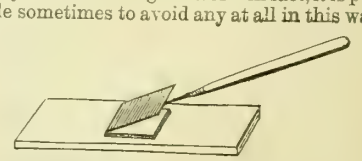


Fig. 2.—Method of lowering the cover-glass over an object mounted in balsam, or a cell containing preservative fluid.

Fig. 2 shows the method of lowering the cover-glass, which must be done from one side and gradually, so as to avoid any air-bubbles forming independently of the object. The slide, when the object and balsam are on it, must be kept warm by heating gently over a spirit-lamp at intervals, in order to keep the resinous medium in a limpid state.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MYSTERY OF HOP-SCOTCH.

By W. J. Gordon.

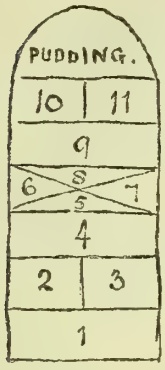


Fig. 1.

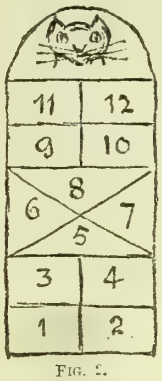


Fig. 2.

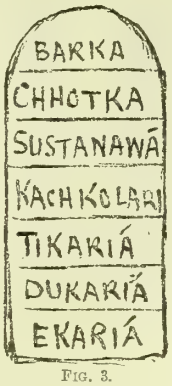


Fig. 3.

A familiar game is Hop-Scotch. A figure with certain cross lines is drawn on the pavement; the player throws an oyster-shell, or piece of tile, or leaden dump into one of the squares, hops into the square, kicks out the shell, or whatever it may be, and hops out himself; then he throws in the shell to the next square, hops in after it, kicks it out and returns; and so he proceeds until he has entered every division.

Look at Fig. 1. The shell is thrown into 1 from a point outside. The player hops after it, and "scutches" it out over the lower line. Throughout the game he may "hop and scutch" only, but in some districts he can "step" and "rest." Let us continue this game on the "step and rest" principle. He throws the shell into 2 from the lower line, or a mark a foot or two outside it, and then steps into 1, hops into 2, scutches the shell from 2 into 1, and then out. Next time he throws the shell into 3, steps into 1, jumps with his legs apart so as to rest with one foot in 2 and 3, jumps on to one foot in 3, and scutches the shell into 2, then into 1, and then out. Next the shell goes to 4, and the player gets it out by stepping into 1, jumping into 2 and 3, hopping into 4, picking up the shell with his hand, placing it on the toe of his leg off the ground, kicking it up, catching it, and hopping out with it from base to base. The same performance goes on in bases 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11, but when "Pudding" is reached, the shell is caught three times off the foot, and then sent flying out through all the bases with one big kick. The game is also played by "crossing" and resting not only at 2 and 3, as we have seen, but also at 6 and 7 and 10 and 11.

It will be noticed that we have said "scutches" instead of kicks. The name of the game is really Hop-Scutch. Notwithstanding that it is often called Scotch-Hopper, there is nothing Scotch about it. In Scotland it is called Pabals, or Peeverals, or more generally Peevers, but there is nothing national about the game. In the north of England it is called Pottle, and it has many other names, as we shall see by-and-by. But the object of this digression is to clear the road for "scutch," which is the same word as we have in "scutching" flax and "scotching" cotton, where a similar mistake is made regarding its spelling. The thing which is kicked—shell, tile, dump, or stone—is also called the "scotch" or "scutch," though it is frequently known as the "clipper."

The plan varies. Sometimes it is in seven divisions only, and this is the original game. One of the modern sevens has 1, 2, 5, 6, and "Pudding," or "London," divided off horizontally, and 3 and 4 vertically. Sometimes it is as in Fig. 2. To begin the game the "scutch" is pitched at the end compartment, and the player who makes the best shot at the centre of that has first turn. Let us follow this game carefully. The scutch is thrown into 1; the player hops in and scutches it out. It goes into 2, and is kicked out on the hop as before. So it goes into 3 and 4 and 5 and 6 and 7; but when it gets into 8 the player rests in 6 and 7 before beginning to scutch it out. At 9 he rests in 6 and 7, so he does with 10, 11, 12, and "cat," and from cat he has to kick the scutch right out. If the scutch be pitched into a wrong number, or rests on a line, or the player puts his foot down except in 6 and 7, or hops on to a line, or fails to kick out from the end, he loses his turn, and the next one tries, and the one who succeeds first wins the game, which is not a very difficult one to play.

And now look at Fig. 3. Here is Hop-Scotch as played at Benares, in Bengal. Here are the little Hindoos hopping about with naked feet and scutching out their "clippers" or "kapollos" over a diagram marked in this way! This is the most distant example at present available, but if you go to Spain you will find Hop-Scotch played on a differently divided diagram in almost every province. As with Spain so with Italy. If you go to Sweden you will find the little Swedes scutching out an oyster-shell from a pattern of their own; if you go to Finland you will find the little Finns similarly engaged. And in almost every case you will find that the plan is the shape of a tombstone, and the divisions have names referring to man's destiny. In the north of Ireland, for instance, Hop-Scotch begins in Misery and ends in Happiness.

Evidently the game is of great age. According to some it is a solar myth. But solar myths, like the Indo-Iranian origin of languages, are in discredit nowadays, since Zend and Sanscrit have been proved to be less archaic than Lithuanian, and the Aryans have been brought back from India to the banks of the Niemen. Hop-Scotch may, however, have started on the slopes of the Himalayas, but we can take it into India by another road. At least, till the solar myths rise into credit again, we can accept the explanation offered us by the wise men who tell us that Ekariá—otherwise Hop-Scotch as played at Benares—was introduced into India by the Portuguese or Venetians, who also instructed the youthful Hindoos in their first knowledge of Tip-Cat. Tip-Cat, by-the-bye, is another solar myth. "Gulli" is the cat and "Dandá" is the stick, and "Gulli Dandá," otherwise "Tip-Cat," represents the—— But this will never do; we shall lose ourselves in the mythical. One thing is obvious: if Tip-Cat be "solar," and Cricket be derived from Tip-Cat, as we are told, then Cricket must have a solar origin—and a very uncomfortable game it is when the solar influences are not propitious!

If Hop-Scotch went to India by way of the Venetians it would simplify matters much. For the tombstone is merely the shape of the floor of the basilica, the plan of the churches before the cross fashion was adopted. And it is curious that all the Hop-Scotch diagrams can be traced back to seven chief divisions, with the chief place in the same position as the altar was in the basilica.

When we were dealing with Mazes some time ago, we saw that the maze had an ecclesiastical origin, and this is evidently the case with Hop-Scotch. But just as there were labyrinths before Christianity, so there was this curious hopping game before Rome was an empire. The Church seems to have taken it in hand, and used it as a means of teaching in playtime, just as many other devices were employed in olden days which do not commend themselves to us now. At the time of the Reformation there was a great clearance of the Hop-Scotch board in Protestant countries, and the designations we find surviving in Southern Europe were with us replaced by numbers, and eventually by geographical names. Even were Hop-Scotch no older than that change, it would be of respectable antiquity.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

Bravely Done.—Scarcely a month passes without proving abundantly that the spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty still exists, as in the best of the "brave days of old," and that it only requires opportunity to turn the dull round of many a humble life into a splendid heroism.

Thus, at Haydock, the other day, it was found necessary to sink a "furnace-pit," in connection with what is known as the Queen Pit. Only very few men can work in such a pit at the same time, and operations can only be carried on continuously by the employment of gangs. The work naturally entails a good deal of blasting, and, failing the electric battery, the fuse has to be lit by hand. Three men went down into the furnace-pit at ten o'clock at night, one of them being Richard Gill, the hero of this narrative. They started work, and about an hour after midnight their charges were all laid, and nothing remained but to light the fuse and leave the pit. The workmen are raised by means of a "hoppett," which a steam-engine lifts or lowers as required. Upon the rope of this "hoppett" hang, literally, the lives of the men engaged at work in the pit. If when the fuse is lit the rope should break, or anything go wrong with the apparatus, certain death must be the doom of those below. Hence great care is taken to prepare the engine-man for the crucial moment. A bell is rung five times in order that he may get ready, and then, when the fuse which conveys fire to the deadly charge is lighted, one final ring informs the engine-driver that the men must without a moment's delay be drawn up.

On the occasion in question Gill rang the bell. The engine-man having thus been ordered to get ready, there was a pause while the men stood ready to apply the match. Everything seemed all right and the fuses were lit. Hurriedly taking their places in the "hoppett," they once more touched the bell and gave the signal to hoist. But the "hoppett" did not move. And then, all at once, it flashed across Gill's mind that he had only rung the bell *four* times. There was not a moment to be lost. Fearing that the engine-driver had not understood the signal, he rushed from the "hoppett," and frantically cut at the fuses. One of the four had yielded to the knife, when, to the horror of the men who remained in the "hoppett," the rope tightened and they began to move. Slowly, but surely, the "hoppett" rose, leaving poor

Gill alone, face to face with death. There was but one chance. They might ring to have it lowered again; and all three might yet reach the top in safety. The brave man's brave companions saw this, and shouted to him to ring that it might be lowered. But, standing near the fuses as he did, Gill could see that the explosion would not much longer be delayed. It was a question whether he should die alone or whether he should force his companions to share his fate. He decided without hesitation. "Go on," he cried; "better one should die than all three. Good-bye!" The "hoppett" disappeared, and Gill was left to meet death alone. His two companions, according to the newspaper account, "distinctly heard Gill praying." But ere the "hoppett" could reach the top, the explosion had taken place. The hero was afterwards found lying on the ground terribly disfigured close to the place where he had cut off the fuse. Thus it is the "praying" men all the world over that ever stand in the very forefront of noble endeavour.



WOLVES.—Wolves were certainly not extirpated in Edgar's time. In 1281 a commission was granted to hunt wolves in the counties bordering on Wales; and this is not likely to have been done if there had been no wolves to hunt. The last wolf in Scotland is said to have been killed by Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, who died in 1719. We had an article—"Wolf Notes"—in one of our Christmas numbers some time back.

HISTORITE.—1. We know of no one English history that would give you all the particulars; but you might refer to a dictionary of dates with advantage. There have been some twenty-four different "peaces with France" since the Norman Conquest, and to give the conditions of all is too much to ask for in this column. The first batch consists of the peaces of 1113, 1118, 1186, 1195, and 1299. 2. We advisedly understated the number of successful invasions of this country, as opinions as to success might differ. Look up your history for the following dates: 1066, 1326, 1399, 1470, 1471, 1485, 1688.

C. A. A.—1. Certainly. 2. All coins of 1887 are not Jubilee coins. 3. We do not bind volumes for subscribers. 4. There are four trains, up and down, on the Great Western which are equally fast. One is the Flying Dutchman, the other is the Zulu. Their average speed between London and Exeter is 50 miles an hour. Between Swindon and Paddington they travel at 52¾ miles an hour; but they are not now the fastest on the line.

MUSEUM.—Do not stick the coins down. Keep them in trays with sunk cavities. If nothing else occurs to you, get a series of pill-box lids, glue these on to a flat tray, and keep the coins each in a lid.

SWORD.—The tang is the narrow piece of soft metal which fits into the hilt. The forte is the half of the blade nearest to the hilt. The foible is the half nearest the point. The false edge is the sharp part of the back which extends from the point to the place where the grooving generally begins. The hilt consists of the shell which protects the hand; the grip, which the hand grasps; and the pommel, the lump of steel at the extreme end by which the sword is balanced.

SECANT.—The depth of a boat is measured from her deck, and means extreme depth. If you have the maximum breadth abaft the centre over all, the boat will not steer properly. The heaviest rudder for a boat of such proportions should weigh three-quarters of a pound.

FOOD FOR FOX-TERRIER (A. Z.).—House scraps of all kinds; but feed regularly twice a day, and give plenty of clean water.

TOE-JOINT ENLARGED (Geo. J.).—It may be a bunion, but you ought really to consult a doctor.

INDIAN INK IN SKIN (O. D. V.).—There is no sure method of removing it short of burning with a red-hot needle.

GRASS (W. J. C.).—No, only the knife or mower.

SLUGS (Slug).—The floor ought to be taken up and properly seen to. It must be a very unhealthy house.

GROWTH. AVIARY (Brisbane).—1. The querist is only 17 years old. He is 5 feet 7 inches in height, and having grown in one direction he wants to grow in another. There is only one way: eat well, take dumb-bell exercise after a cold bath every morning, and do not worry. 2. Build your aviary, and do not overcrowd. Put birds of a size in it, and of kinds not likely to quarrel. Give soft food and seeds. Why not try lories and parrakeets. Tell us how you get on. We are glad to hear from Brisbane.

OWLS AND MAGPIES (Cocker).—Lots advertised in the "Exchange and Mart."

DIZZINESS (J. W. D.).—Consult a doctor. It is a nasty symptom. G. M. and J. C. also should consult a doctor.

PIGEONS FOR FLYING (Flying).—Tumblers are prettiest.

TOO FAT (W. B. G.).—Take abundant exercise. The morning tub and early rising. Avoid sugar and all foods containing starch.

PIGEON BREAST (W. P. and H.).—No good for the Navy. Consult a surgeon.

FOWLS (Joe Henry).—Read our back "Doings" and articles. It is not feeding alone you want to learn, but everything, about fowls.

LANGSHANS (H. H.).—No answers by post, stamps or no stamps. Langshans look like beautiful glossy black, metallic-tinted Cochins. They lay well, and are excellent table fowls.

DISSECTING INSTRUMENTS (B. K.).—You only want one or two fine scalpels and a chain with hooks.

BIRDS LAYING IN SAME NEST (F. P. H.).—No, they build new ones. But a sparrow will take a marten's, a magpie or owl a rook's old nest, &c., and a sparrow may even renovate a last year's nest.

WEAK WRISTS (An Old Reader).—No, gymnastics will not make big bones. Try Fellow's syrup, a teaspoonful thrice daily in water at meal-times. At nineteen the bones are within a few years of being fully formed.

FEATHERLESS (H. T. Wood).—Make a new and better-arranged dust-bath under a good shelter roof. Put dry earth, gravel, old lime, and peat earth in it, and handfuls of black sulphur. Feed well. Not too much soft food. Rub in a mixture of three ounces of fish-oil to an ounce of turps.

BLUE EARS (B. E.).—The result of weak circulation. Applications no good. Brace yourself up by the bath and exercise.

VARIOUS (A. G. Wilson).—1. Glad to hear it. 2. Ask for machine-oil at any ironmonger's. 3. Indiarubber plants should be grown indoors.

NERVOUS (Afflicted One).—Your troubles are connected with your time of life. Don't worry. Go in for exercise, the bath, good food. Do not drink nor eat before going to bed, and take a tea-spoonful of Fellow's syrup twice a day at meals in water.

CANARY ASTHMATICAL (W. S. P.).—Complaint all but incurable. Feed rather better, adding a little egg and bread-crumb to the diet. Often the result of weakness.

JACKDAW WITH BAD FOOT (T. O. R.).—When the matter is cleared out, dress with ointment of zinc, but keep clean.

REDUCING WEIGHT (O. B.).—Avoid sugar, potatoes, and too much flour food. Dumb-bells daily, or cycling.

GENERAL DEBILITY (G. H. Jones).—If you are naturally weak, only time and care can remedy matters. But you ought really to consult your own doctor.

CAT ILL (P. J. Nodbe).—Try Spratt's cure for worms first, then give better food, meat and creamy milk. Nine-tenths of our cats are starved.

NERVOUSNESS, ETC. (A. L. F.).—You seem to be generally out of sorts, the cause being the nature and position of your employment. Do not worry, however. Take all the exercise you can out of doors. The hair will come right as you get stronger. Cod-liver oil is your medicine.

CANARY PULLING OUT ITS FEATHERS (Warwick Lad).—Caused by wrong and irregular feeding, want of green food, pure water, and sand.

PATENTEE.—Indiarubber solution can be bought at any indiarubber shop—say, Piggott's, Milk Street, Cheapside—and it will stick indiarubber to leather.

FESTIVALS (A. S. and Harry).—1. The 25th of December, being the Scandinavian feast of Yule, was appointed to be kept as Christmas by Pope Telesphorus about 137 A.D. 2. Holy Rood Day is September 14th. 3. Capitiluvium is Palm Sunday. 4. Anastasimos is the Greek Easter. Dominica duplex is Trinity Sunday. 5. Mesopentecoste is the Greek name for the eight days beginning on the Wednesday of the fourth week after Easter.

F. HARLAND.—The plate of British Sea Anemones was in the part for July, 1882. The part and the volume have long been out of print.

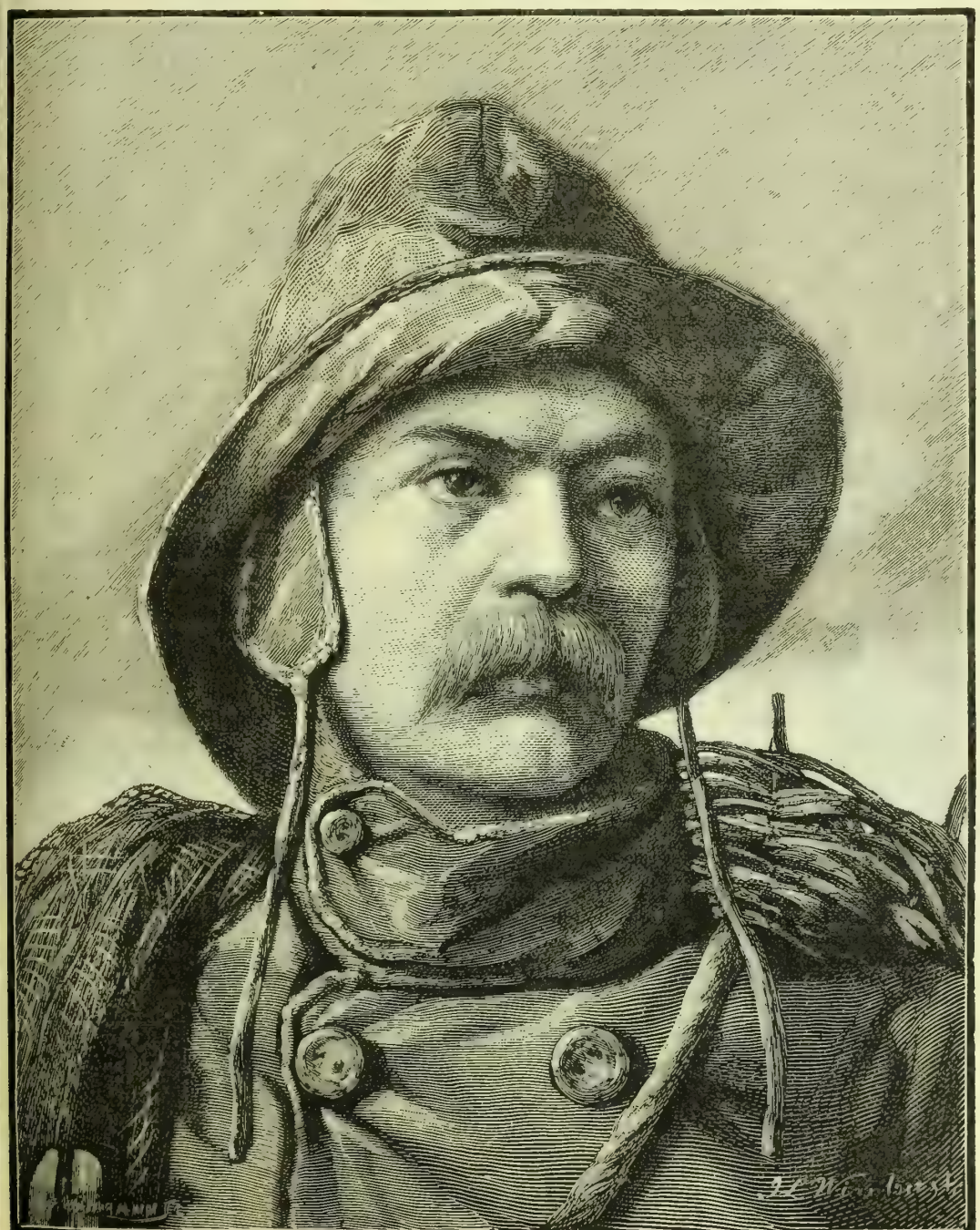
F. L. M.—The Agricultural Colleges are Aspatria, near Carlisle; Royal Agricultural, at Cirencester; Downton, Wilts; Hollesley Bay, Woodbridge, Suffolk; and Minto House, Edinburgh.

COVENANTERS (A Poor Boy).—Messrs. J. and R. Chambers have a book on the Covenanters. Write for their list. Their address is High Street, Edinburgh.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 618.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1890. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.



"A bonnie Fisher Laddie."—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* J. L. WIMBUSH.)

BY REV. A. BAKER, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER VIII. — FIRST MAORIS AT SYDNEY.—WE VISIT THE BAY OF ISLANDS. — A MAORI WAR-DANCE. — CAPE-TOWN.—ST. HELENA. —A NOTABLE INTERVIEW.—HOME.

"Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis."
Juvenal.

I SHOULD be very much tempted to skip over the next few months of my life, except that our voyage proved so eventful that it must find a place in these recollections of mine.

Before leaving Port Jackson for the Bay of Islands, we were fortunate enough to see the first natives of New Zealand that were ever landed at Sydney. They came in a little schooner with the Rev. Samuel Marsden, the celebrated missionary, who brought them on board the Diadem to see us, thinking that they would be impressed by the sight of so large a man-of-war.

I noticed that they were tall, manly-looking fellows, with faces of a light brown shade, tattooed all over in all manner of artistic patterns. They were dressed in what I understood to be called in their language cockahoos, being large and handsome mats neatly made out of a kind of grass fibre. Contrary to our expectations, they exhibited no manner of surprise at our warlike appearance, not even moving a muscle when a salute

was fired in their honour. I afterwards learned that it would have been quite contrary to their idea of good manners to have evinced any feeling whatever.

A fortnight after, when we anchored at the Bay of Islands, we found that we had arrived just in the nick of time for a great Maori festival. Two or three whalers were lying in the Bay, from one of which we learned that there was to be a great war-dance on the following day at a place a few miles distant, called Wai Tangi (Water of Tears). The captain of the whaler was good enough to furnish us with an interpreter, who soon procured us from the local chief Te Heke Tai (The Sea King) an invitation to attend the ceremony. Fortunately it was my day off duty, or I should have missed an extraordinary and never-to-be-forgotten sight. We arrived at the encampment about noon. Only a few of the men were moving about, but a crowd of half-naked children soon gathered round us, staring with all their eyes at the white strangers, and uttering from time to time the word "pakehah," by which they styled us. Just outside the camp (a very large one), and running parallel with the long line of dark huts for nearly a mile, was a wall about three feet high and one foot thick, built solidly of sweet potatoes, provision, we were told, for a huge feast, to extend over several days. Along this wall on either side were distributed some three hundred pigs in every stage of dying from the heat—also destined to be devoured; while the wall itself was topped with great pieces of dried shark, a favourite and esteemed dish with the natives, but most loathsome and repulsive to European sight, taste, or smell. The beach in this place was formed of a large expanse of soft white sand, and on the landward side a bank of turf extended for some distance, at one point sending out a spur almost into the sea itself, thus forming a kind of natural L-shaped platform, on the two sides of which the spectators assembled.

We had not long to wait. About noon the warriors, hitherto hidden in the distance, swooped down upon us, a thousand strong, from three different positions in our rear. They converged at the foot of the natural terrace above-mentioned, and at once charged down it like a whirlwind, waving their spears and clubs, and at the same time uttering shrill cries and making the most hideous grimaces possible to behold. It was a living torrent of glorious manhood, such as waited in dogged patience day by day doing battle, until Troy was won; or stemmed with scanty numbers the advance of millions at Thermopylæ. They were attired in the same cockahoos I saw at Sydney, only yet more handsome; their ornaments were numerous and beautiful, and their weapons were, many of them, most elaborately carved; they wore feathers in their hair, and their elbows and ankles were decorated with bunches of grass. The chief feature in the dance appeared to be a most extraordinary simultaneous noise, a kind of sigh, expressive perhaps of their thirst after vengeance, and which appeared to proceed from the very penetralia of each man's body. It had the marvellous power of seeming to make the ground shake beneath our feet; and we were assured by the whaler's people that it was no uncommon thing for the sound to be heard four or five miles away.

A long palaver succeeded, in which speaker after speaker rose, and in a hurried yet dignified manner addressed the assembly in their most musical language. The speeches of one and all were prefaced by a few words of warm welcome to us. They seemed to be born orators. How I wish I could reproduce the animation of their countenances, their graceful gestures, the excited earnestness of the speakers and the rapt attention of the listeners, framed in surroundings so glorious. Every now and then a murmur of enthusiastic admiration ran through the crowd at some burst of peculiar eloquence; but whenever some grizzled old warrior held up the greenstone, a most potent talisman with them, there was at once provoked as much national feeling as is aroused in ourselves by the presence of the sovereign, or the news of a great feat of arms.

At the conclusion of the affair, which lasted about two hours, we were invited to a great feast spread in the adjoining camp; but we were unable to comply with this hospitable invitation, a fair wind having sprung up, and the captain being anxious to get away as soon as possible. But I would not on any account have missed seeing this most remarkable gathering of a race of men quite as magnificent and quite as courageous as our own Saxon and Norse ancestors, the gradual removal of which from the face of the earth, and the gradual extinction of their romantic and beautiful tongue, I cannot but regard as a matter to be deeply regretted.

We now spent some months cruising in New Zealand waters, passing most of our time at sea for the purpose of thoroughly drilling a somewhat young crew. We boys were daily exercised at cutlass drill, gun drill, and drill aloft; we took our places every week at general quarters, fire quarters, man and arm boats, man and arm ship, and all the other various contingencies of the navy routine; and under the influence of continual fine weather, constant sea service, and a rigid tightening of the discipline, even old Clew managed to make our work interesting to us, and so to gain a certain amount of our attention. Under threats of unutterable things from the authorities, we really began to make some progress, and I think that our superiors were more proud of us than they cared to acknowledge. Still, when the time allotted for our cruise came to an end, and we put the ship on her course for old England, we were, one and all, thankful enough, and the time which had slipped gaily by before now seemed to be all too lagging. We had been just thirteen months away when we arrived at Capetown, at which place, as well as at St. Helena, we were ordered to call on our homeward voyage.

For six long months we had heard nothing of European news. Imagine then our surprise when we arrived in Table Bay to find the whole settlement in a state of great excitement. The town was *en fête*; the men-of-war and merchant craft in the bay were gaily dressed, rainbow fashion, with numbers of signal flags from stem to stern; church bells were ringing, and salutes were being fired from ships in the offing and forts on shore. Only that day the news of the victory at Waterloo had come in; hence the populace was in a transport of joy. The ship that brought the news brought also a packet of newspapers, some two or three of which found their way on board. In the course of a little time one of these well-thumbed journals reached our berth, where we read aloud to each other over and over again that unspeakably glorious history, which served us for discussion the whole homeward voyage.

On this particular day we were granted a whole holiday, and so we hired a large waggon drawn by a team of fourteen lusty bullocks, the driver being a coal-black Hottentot, so expert with his long whip that he could easily flick a fly off the ear of the ox farthest away from him. A very merry party, we proceeded to Constantia, where, in the now celebrated wine, we drank the health of the King, the Prince Regent, the Duke of Wellington, Marshal Blucher, the ladies of England and Cape Colony, and even of Napoleon himself. Finally we drank to each other, and returned home in a very loyal and patriotic frame of mind, singing over and over again all the national songs we could think of. I am afraid some of us suffered from bad headaches the next day, the acknowledged purity of the wine notwithstanding.

During our stay at Capetown we met that remarkable man Henry Martyn, afterwards so famous a missionary in India. I can well remember the astonishment we expressed at the idea of a man who was a senior wrangler, and had every prospect of a splendid career at Cambridge, giving up all to banish himself from home and kindred and what seemed the brightest possible future, in a land then so utterly foreign and so utterly given up to Mohammedan prejudice and heathen darkness. Alas! I fear our comments were principally adverse. But how amply time has justified the self-denial of this great pioneer of Christianity; how many heroes have since followed his gallant lead, and with what priceless blessing to their disciples, to the world, and to themselves!

By the time we left Capetown our news had brought us down to the surrender of Napoleon to the captain of His Majesty's ship Bellerophon. Of his ultimate destination we knew nothing. On our arrival at St. Helena a fresh surprise awaited us; we found that the illustrious prisoner had arrived there in the Northumberland, and was already established with a small retinue and the rank of a general, at Longwood, a country seat belonging to the governor of the island. The house was surrounded by a cordon of sentries; every point whence escape was possible was closely watched; the shipping was placed under the strictest regulations, and the prisoner himself was confined within a twelve-mile radius, beyond which he was not permitted to pass, except when attended by a British officer.

There, in one of my walks, I had the good fortune to see the man who had kindled such fires throughout Europe, desolated so many homes, sacrificed lives in millions, and yet had called into being more enthusiasm, courage, and devotion, than almost any man who ever lived before him. I saw him with Bertrand and Montholon, two of his limited suite. He was on foot, clad in his usual grey overcoat, a white waistcoat, and military boots. When we came upon the party he was standing with his arms folded in the manner habitual to him, talking earnestly to Bertrand. Presently he pointed to a

spring overhung with beautiful willows, and said something in French which we were able to overhear, on which Fitz-Gerald, who knew something of the language, whispered, "He is pointing out the spot where he wishes his grave to be." We could not forbear uncovering as we passed. He called us back, asked us to what ship we belonged, gave us a napoleon apiece, and dismissed us with a few kind words.

Thus was I privileged to speak to the great emperor. What a change from the zenith of power and a brilliant court, and the lustre of sixty victories, to the rank of a general and the status of a captive on this little lonesome island in the Atlantic! What a change from the splendour of the Tuileries and the worship of a devoted soldiery! I can remember distinctly that, boys as we were, and English boys to boot, we could not but feel a deep awe at finding ourselves in the presence of such a man. It was nothing but right that the world should see no more of "Le petit Caporal"; but since a limit was thus placed to his boundless ambition we were free to indulge our sympathy. We never saw any more of him during our stay, and five years afterwards a painful malady terminated his existence. What a life! What a history!

By reason of one of those inevitable uncertainties which always follow in the wake of a man-of-war, we were detained on our cruise for a few months longer, so that we did not actually reach Spithead until the summer of 1816, when the Diadem was paid off, and I found myself once more at liberty to go home for a short time.

(To be continued.)

THE TALE OF A PIG.

AN ARCADIAN STORY.

CHAPTER VII.



"The heroic conduct of Mrs. Toggs."

The Twentyacre had been cleared, and the firm, yellow stubble gleaned over by the women and children. The woods were getting mellow, and rich brown was flooding the summer greens of their foliage. It had been a very fine harvest, and Mr. Pentelow felt a glow of satisfaction as he rode through his stackyard, and looked at the ricks getting neatly thatched and pared ready for winter.

"Isaac," he called, "you must drive the pigs up to the Twentyacre this morning."

"Yes, sir," said Isaac, slowly; and, after five minutes' reflection, he proceeded to find a boy to help him, knowing the nature of pigs and the difficulty of driving the same. Now, the reason of the order was this. A great deal of the wheat had shelled considerably in the process of carrying—because, as I said, it had been such fine, dry weather—and the grain lay about on the hard ground all ready to be picked up, and no other animal can pick up grains of wheat more cleanly than a pig, or find more delight in doing it.

Marshalled by Isaac, a boy, and Stephen, who happened to be about, watched by the farmer—who sat on his old black pony—and by Betty the maid, and Mrs. Toggs the washerwoman—who were hanging out the clothes—the whole drove of pigs passed, grunting, squealing, and whisking their tails, out of the yard. The mothers of the tribe swayed along with a contented waddle, rooting up the grass here and there. The younger brethren rushed into every hole and corner they passed, and trotted down every wrong turning, squealing with glee as they distanced the unfortunate Isaac, who, together with the boy, perspired as freely as ever parson did who tried to direct his flock in the way they should go. Isaac, however, succeeded better than the parson, because he might use the stick as often as he liked, and the spiritual herdsman is only allowed to belabour his charges with the tongue, which, though boasting great things, is but a little member.

"Woosh!" said Isaac. "G'long wi' ye!" and "whack!" went his stick.

"Wee-e-e-e!" said a young and spotted pig, as he obeyed the letter and neglected the spirit of the order, for he went along, but not by any means in the right path.

By slow degrees the whole herd were induced to proceed across the home close, with slight skirmishes and variations, and after a short but determined struggle they were got over the brook, and up the hill to the Twentyacre.

Now the old hog had moved along in the midst of the crowd with much solemn dignity, his course being unmarked by frivolous departures from the regular track; but he seemed perplexed in his mind. He looked about him every now and then—stopping for the purpose—and seemed uncertain whether he should go on or not. Isaac's stick descended upon him once or twice; but, of course, this was beneath his notice, and did not hurry his steps for an instant. However, he got across the home close, lingered a long time at the brook, finally went over the bridge, and began to mount the opposite hill. His pauses became more frequent. He sniffed the air suspiciously; but, as the other pigs went forward, he accompanied them, being alive to his dignity and unwilling to show his uneasiness before the young porkers. At last Isaac and his charges drew near to the field, and the boy ran on before to open the gate, when the old hog stopped short and gazed fixedly before him.

There, in full sight, was a gap in the hedge—innocent enough to the unthinking others, but to him a sight full of horrid memories. He looked. He stopped; and then, wheeling rapidly round, he rushed between the legs of the hapless Isaac, and made off at full speed, never stopping until he reached the yards again.

In vain Isaac, when he had done rubbing his abraded parts, struggled after him; in vain the boy ran, in vain the farmer shouted—the old hog never stopped until he was safe under the shed in the pig-yard.

Now Farmer Pentelow, like most brave men, had a mighty will of his own, and said he:

"I'll make him go! Drive him up again!"

So they tried, and they tried. Stephen, and Harry, and Dick Lee the drover—who was passing—and Dick Lee's dog pursued him round and round the yards, and, after a long interval, got him outside again. But to get him down the home close was another matter. He ran to right and left; he lay down, and was kicked and pushed up by the united forces leagued against him. Then he rushed into the drying-ground, overturned a basket of clean linen—which caused Mrs. Toggs to feel so as you might have knocked her down with a feather—uprooted a prop or two, and left the marks of his rude hoofs on Mrs. Pentelow's best double-damask table-cloth. Betty, who had nerves, being under the impression that her last hour was come, ran away to the coal-hole, banged the door too, and pushed against it with the energy of despair.

Mrs. Toggs was a woman of much spirit and firmness of mind, which qualities were never displayed more admirably than on this occasion, for she danced up and down incessantly, shaking her apron with both hands, and crying "Shoo!"—and no doubt it was her heroic conduct which saved the wash from further damage. After a protracted struggle, the hog was dislodged from the drying-ground, only to bolt into the stackyard. Here he ran over the buckets of water set for the thatcher, who, with his boy, joined in the chase. By this time all available hands had swelled the ranks of his pursuers, and Mrs. Pentelow and Mrs. Toggs stood looking on with breathless interest. Now he lay down determinedly, and was kicked and shoved

to make him stir. Now he would dart up and charge, scattering the enemy in all directions, and leaving one or two prostrate on the field. Now he would make a slow start in the right direction, followed by triumphant cries of "We'm done him," and, after going a yard or two, would wheel round into the yard again. Said the farmer, "He shall go up if we have to be at him all day," and he marshalled his perspiring followers for a fresh attempt.

Now the farmer was a man of mettle; and by his skilful management the old hog was at length induced to start for the Twentyacre once more. Down the close he went, and over the brook, followed, surrounded, and hustled on by all the farm hands, hooted by the boys, barked at by Bruce the collie and Vic the spotted terrier, and gazed at—from a place of safety—by Mrs. Pentelow, Mrs. Toggs, and Betty—who had got over her fright, and was impelled by curiosity to quit the shelter of the coal-hole.

"Well, I'm sure, ma'am," said Mrs. Toggs, "it's fairly wonderful as he've a never been i' the village lately. Niver a day passed but what he'd be somewhere a-rootin', and now Isaac says he don't go nowhere."

"I'm sure I thought he'd ha' ripped everything to pieces i' the baskets," put in Betty.

"It's a mercy," said Mrs. Toggs, with withering emphasis, "as there were somebody along wi' the clothes as had some sense i' their heads, and as dare face him, or what 'ud 'a' become o' them sheets I tremble to think of."

"I'm sure, mum," whimpered Betty to her mistress, "I durstn't ha' stopped—no, not if you'd 'a' paid me pounds! I made sure I should ha' been killed, and how I got away I don't know."

Here Betty shed tears, while Mrs. Toggs smiled in scorn.

"Never mind, Betty," said kind-hearted Mrs. Pentelow; "he's gone now, and you had better help to get the dry things in."

So they turned to the well-filled lines, and began feeling the sheets to see whether any were dry enough to take off, when Betty screamed and sat down in the clothes-basket.

For, up the close, followed by an excited crowd, came the old hog—he well in front, charging determinedly; they far in the rear, straggling, struggling, and shouting, dismayed. But he never stopped until he was back in the yard again, where he rushed under a heap of straw, and moved no more that day.

(To be continued.)

A CORAL PRISON; OR, THE BOY HERMITS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

A TALE OF THE MALDIVE ISLES.

By David Ker,

Author of "For Life and Death," "Through the Darkness," "Drowned Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

One day the boys heard by chance that the Sultan was ill. Bob remarked carelessly that "if he always over-ate himself like that, it was a wonder that he hadn't been ill before;" and then they thought no more about it.

But, little by little, disquieting signs began to show themselves. The King did not get better, and it was whispered that his illness seemed likely to be serious, and that his only son, Prince Tiru, was to be sent for from one of the smaller islands, whither he had gone on a visit.

He came; and the five boys, who had mixed with the crowd that gathered to see him land, guessed, from the very first glimpse of his sullen, scowling face, that he would be a very different man to deal with from his lazy, good-humoured, easy-going father.

In fact, from the very hour of his coming, everything around them seemed to darken slowly, but surely, into the deepening shadow of coming evil. Nothing special happened of which they could say, "This is what we were expecting;" but still the change was *there*, and it grew stronger and more marked every day.

When they went through the village, their Maldivian chums, who used to meet them with smiles and hearty greetings, answered their salutation with a few muttered words, and went hurriedly by. If they came up to a group of talkers, there was a sudden silence, and every one looked uncomfortable. Even the children began to be shy of them, and Ismail himself, though still friendly, never spoke to them without glancing uneasily over his shoulder as if afraid that some one might be listening.

In a word, some secret influence seemed to be against them at every turn; and whose that influence was they could easily guess, especially after they had thrice encountered Prince Tiru in earnest talk with Shamo.

The boys began to feel downcast and miserable. Any open danger they would have faced fearlessly enough; but this unseen horror, which seemed to be nowhere and yet everywhere, creeping up around them, and closing them in like an iron net, tried even *their* strong nerves too hard.

"That rascally Dacoit suspects us still, I can see that," said Bob; "and for fear we should let out about his being here when we get to India, he's stirring up the people to kill us. It's lucky we've plenty of friends among them still."

But even *this* hope was soon to be taken from them. Two days later a great stir and bustle drew them to the landing-place, where they found a number of boats being manned and prepared for sailing under the eye of Prince Tiru himself, beside whom stood Shamo.

This was the outset of the "buying voyage," which is to the Maldivians what the sailing of an East India fleet was to the Dutch two centuries ago. The Maldive Isles (like the Laccadives further north) consist of a number of natural folds or "corrals," each formed by a circular reef inclosing six or seven islets. One of these *atolls* (as the natives call them) is inhabited by carpenters, another by potters, a third by mat-makers, and so on; and shortly before the setting in of the stormy season of westerly gales the islanders make a kind of marine shopping expedition, going in their boats from group to group to buy what they want, laying in supplies for the whole season, and timing themselves so as to get back just before the first storm, which is always a severe one.

Bob and Jake saw, with secret dismay, that among those who were thus preparing to start on a cruise of several weeks were nearly all their own personal friends, including Ismail himself, who stole a pitying glance at them both, although he carefully avoided approaching them. But as he went down to his boat he contrived to pass near enough to whisper:

"You steal boat, go 'way quick, or Prince kill you. He say *you bewitch Sultan!*"

As a lightning-flash reveals a precipice, this one sentence showed to the doomed lads the full extent of their danger. They knew that no tale was too wild and monstrous to be believed by the superstitious and fanatical natives of Southern Asia; and the fact of the King's illness having followed so closely upon their arrival, and of Louis having cooked several dishes for him, would be sufficient proof against any Christian in a Mohammedan settlement.

"We'd better take Ismail's advice," cried Harris: "take a boat the first dark night, and be off again."

"'Twould be sartain death," said Merritt, "to venture among those reefs in the *dark* without a native pilot. Suppose we carry a lot o' food and water, and our guns and fixings, up Mount Grant after dark, and make ourselves snug *there*, where they can't get at us so easily? We'll hoist that Union Jack on the top, upside down, for a signal of distress, and the first ship that sights it 'll come along to see what's up."

It was a desperate plan, but it seemed to be the only one possible; and that very night they began to carry it out. But they were forced to wait so long for the moon to set, that the dawn was upon them long before their work was done, and they had to defer till the next night the final retreat into their tower of refuge, knowing well that they had no chance of reaching it unmolested in the daytime.

That day was the longest which they had ever passed. They all knew well that the Sultan might die at any moment, and that (the friends who might have protected them being now far away) his death would be the signal for their own. Thinking it wisest to let themselves be seen as little as possible by the excited Mohammedans, they remained in the house all day, listening to the distant uproar of shouts and yells, the beating of native drums, and the long, shrill notes of those huge, twisted shells which serve the Maldivians as trumpets.

Night came at last, but the clamour in the village seemed only to grow louder, while a broad blaze of torchlight around the dying King's house revealed a swarm of wild figures eddying ceaselessly to and

fro. But, to Merritt's great relief, the moon did not show itself, and the night was intensely, almost unnaturally dark. Instead of being cool, too, as it usually is in the Maldive Isles, it was strangely hot and close. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and the great banner-like leaves of the plantains and cocoa-palms drooped lifelessly on the thick, heavy, breezeless air.

"*Now!*" said Jake, in a stern whisper.

Silently as shadows, the daring lads crept to the foot of the rock. To scale it in utter darkness, laden as they were, was a perilous task; but they accomplished it at length, came down again for their last load, and then clambered once more to the summit of the precipice.

Scarcely had they reached it, when the dreary silence which had suddenly fallen upon the town was broken by a deep booming report far below.

"The King's dead!" said Merritt, solemnly. "Now, boys, we must just set our backs to the wall and see it through, for *they'll* show us no mercy!"

(*To be continued.*)

A NERVOUS MAN'S ADVENTURE.

By the Author of "Obadiah," etc.

PART II.

SUCH was my case one evening in November 1856. My old tutor at St. John's had invited me to a select little entertainment in the Common Room, where I was to meet, besides some college friends, a distant relative of my own, who had come up to enter his son on the books. Accordingly, so soon as afternoon lessons were over, having arranged with another master to take any exceptional duties that might devolve upon me, I started to walk into C——.

As I said before, I was always rather particular about my personal appearance, and I had been puzzled to tell how I should contrive about my dress. Evening-dress, of course, would be necessary. But, although it might be possible to walk out *after* dinner in black trousers, such an "arrangement in black and white" as was customary for that ceremony would be impossible *before* it, the more so as the lanes and field-paths which I had to traverse were, as I knew well, rather deep in mud. After some consideration, therefore, I had sent in a bag with such articles as I should require by the village carrier, whose tilted van passed us on alternate days, with directions to leave it at the rooms of an undergraduate friend at St. Frideswide's. There I had arranged to dress.

It was half-past five o'clock (I heard the big bell strike twice as I crossed the cricket-ground) when I left St. Benedict's, and darkness was fast closing in. The night was warm and still—so still that, when a faint breeze from the west suddenly rustled the dry brown leaves of the stunted beech trees by the copse, I could not help giving a half-start and grasping my umbrella as if for defence, wondering what I should really do if I were attacked on the road. With a little laugh at my own nerves, I was just stepping forward when I was arrested by a scream, as of a child in pain, from a huge elm on the left. So intensely human was it that it thrilled me to the quick. My heart seemed to stop beating, and I held my breath. A few seconds more, and a loud hoot, thrice repeated from the hollow fork above, betrayed the author of my alarm, and I saw the owl swiftly and noiselessly flit across overhead to the dark oaks in the wood.

"What an ass I am!" I exclaimed aloud, and I pressed on towards a wooden stile, by which the path led into a small turnip field. As I crossed the turnip field an idea darted into my brain. How stupid of me to be startled by a sough of wind and the screeching of an owl! Yes, but anything sudden and unexpected must be trying to the nerves, and the more so, perhaps, in proportion as one has a more susceptible organisation. You don't call an Arab horse a coward because he scents danger in every whisper of the wind, or a cart-horse courageous because he will hardly start if you fire a pistol over his head. No! Why then should I be ashamed of a little weakness of my physical organisation?—it was not of my putting together.

But that cry was a very strange one. What if it were an omen? Are there such things as omens? Yes, surely. And though I cannot explain it, and it may mean nothing, would it not be wiser to take note of it and to choose a less solitary road? Here, at the next stile, I cross a gravelly lane, which leads down to the highway, not much traversed, it is true, but still not so solitary as the path I was about to enter upon, which passes through the wood before me. It is but little farther round, and—and—it will be much cleaner!

I had my suspicions about the last suggestion. It seemed a little disingenuous. I had half a mind to persevere. Nay, that would be foolish. If the road were safer, how unreasonable to choose the more dangerous, simply because that queer instrument, the brain, had flashed a thought into my mind, which I suspected to be an excuse under guise of a reason. Yes, I would take the road.

I did so. Then, as I walked on more briskly in the increasing darkness, it suddenly flashed upon me that it was well I had so determined. For there was good reason to suspect that the copse through which the path would have led me had been lately the haunt of a gang of so-called gipsies, fellows who, after loafing about the country in the summer, and doing a bit of harvest work in the Midlands, or a turn of hop-picking in Kent, were just now at a loose end, hesitating between the certain refuge of the workhouse for the winter months and the uncertain alternative of the gaol. Indeed, it was only on the Thursday previous that a farmer and his son, returning from market in their trap by the high road on the further side of the wood, had been stopped by two ill-looking fellows, who, when refused money, tried to seize the horse's head, and insist on being relieved. Yes, I had done well, I thought.

Presently, after passing through a tiny hamlet, I saw before me the light from the lamps of the city, thrown up on the low-hanging vapoury clouds, and, in another half hour or so, I found myself passing through the wicket in the great gates of St. Frideswide's. Here, in my friend's rooms, I found my bag and dressed hastily for dinner. I had not left myself much time, and the numerous clocks of the city were already striking seven when I snatched up my overcoat, and, throwing it on my arm, hurried off to keep my appointment.

Dinner-hour in college was earlier then than now. "Hall," as we called it, was over, and groups of undergraduates stood about in the quadrangle, while, as I hastened up the street, I met many out-college men making off to their lodgings, singly or in parties, from the gates of the different colleges which I passed on my route. I have already said that I was naturally rather shy of young fellows—indeed, they *are* only too regardless of people's feelings, and I used at one time to redden to my finger-tips if I became conscious that there was anything in my appearance or dress to cause remark. But, I confess, I was more than a little annoyed, as I met one man after another, to observe the evident curiosity and amusement with which I was regarded. One group of men, as I passed St. Edward's, seemed particularly tickled by some remark which I did not overhear, but the point of which was evidently connected with my appearance. Yet, although I had dressed in a hurry, I was not aware of any omission. Supposing, for argument's sake, that the bow of my white tie was not evenly balanced, what was that to men who themselves displayed every variety of eccentricity in their attire? It must be simply that, in their stupid opinion, I was rather too carefully dressed. Well! I could afford to despise such ignorant boorishness.

With perhaps a little more stiffness in my gait, and trying hard to suppress the unbecoming blush which is only too ready to suffuse my features, I hastened on, and soon arrived at St. John's Lodge, where I threw my overcoat to the porter to take charge of.

"Mr. Hodgson? Yes, sir! Summer Common Room, sir. Coat, sir? And trousers too, sir? By all means, sir!"

"Trousers too, sir?" What did the fellow mean? By all that's decorous, I had handed him a pair of those unmentionable articles, in large check pattern, as well as my coat! I must have picked them up together with the latter off my friend's sofa, and had carried them dangling on my arm all the way from St. Frideswide's! What wonder that my transit thence had provoked derisive remarks? that I had been conscious

"ut ora verteret huc et huc euntium"

of those stupid undergraduates? Well, the deed was done. It was of no use to worry myself. After all, 'twas no immoral act. Why should sneers be levelled at one part of man's dress more than another? If no disgrace attaches to the cases in

which one's arms and chest are enveloped, why should there be anything absurd in connection with the integuments of the lower limbs? All this rushed through my mind in a moment.

"Yes!" I shouted to the porter, "of course!" And rapidly crossing the gravelled quad, I mounted to the Common Room with heightened colour, and, I felt conscious, in some confusion.

The annoyance I had experienced was soon dissipated by the hearty reception I met with from my friends, and the evening passed most pleasantly—so quickly indeed that I was startled when, on referring to my watch, I found it was past ten o'clock.

"Oh, I *must* go!"

"You are driving out, of course?"

"No, I made up my mind to walk. A walk always suits me best after a late dinner."

"Well, good-bye, and *au revoir!*"

(To be continued.)

POMPHOLUGOPAPHLASMA.

A SCHOOL STORY.

By Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Beware of the Hydrophagon," "Uncle Towser," etc.

CHAPTER III.

I WATCHED my friend mounting *excelsior*. I once asked a boy to compare that adjective, and he began, "*Excelsior, excelsiorior.*" Harry had got to that degree, and still was he far below the bough from which the green woodpecker had peered that morning. He would have to get *excelsioriorioriorior* before reaching that particular bough. He was proceeding with extreme caution. His iron talons gripped the beechen trunk even as the grappling "crows" of Archimedes gripped the Athenian ships under the walls of Syracuse. I patrolled my beat once or twice, and gently warbled to my exalted friend words of assurance that all was well. I was beginning to take it easy, and, like a careless sentinel, to neglect my watch, when, happening to cast a glance in the direction of the house, I became aware of a very manifest and solid cause for alarm!

No vague mystery attended the vision. Not as with the army of Cyrus, when the news of the near approach of Artaxerxes' army was assuming tangible reality—first a dust, like a white cloud, far off on the plain; then a blackness as they came closer; a flash of brass; and then the spear-points and squadrons of cavalry distinguishable. Not a bit of it! There was no dust—though a very well-defined blackness; no spear-point, indeed—but a flash of brass on the tip of a large cotton umbrella borne by a very stalwart veteran. Nothing less than Doctor Porchester in very substance, solid and stout, wending his way across the field straight towards the lake!

I pulled up short upon my beat, like a startled steed. I shied and dodged, and sped for cover behind the huge trunk of the beech-tree; and pursing my lips with difficulty into the required shape, I gently whistled the opening bars of "See the conquering hero comes."

A timid ventriloquist voice sounded from the leafy regions above:

"Hullo! What's up down there? Anything wrong?"

"Hush! look out—the Doctor's coming!"

"Is he? Oh, bother! Well, look out, I say. You'd better bolt, old chap. He's sure to ask you what you're up to, and ten to one he'll spot me if he sees you."

I took timely heed to this advice; and striking a straight line away from the tree, still screened by its trunk, I reached the friendly shelter of a laurel hedge. Behind the shrubs was safe concealment, wherein I could watch the issues of this doubtful business. Slowly and sedately, as befitted a man of years and wisdom, the Doctor proceeded to the pier, where in leisurely fashion he embarked in the punt. He had brought with him cushions and a rug, which he arranged comfortably in the stern. Then, with gentle oarage, he skimmed the placid waters, thrice circumnavigating the island, and examining with interest the flowers and shrubs which beautified its shores. Meanwhile Harry Dawson lay snug along a mighty branch of the beech-tree, and watched from his eyrie the aquatic manœuvres of his lord and master. The foliage defended him from probable detection; but it was necessary for him to remain still—especially when the punt passed under the umbrageous branches of the beech. If the Doctor had happened at such times to look upwards—"to scan the interminable maze of quivering leaves"—Harry would have been spotted to a certainty. Happily for him, the Doctor was preoccupied with the floral beauties of the island—rhododendrons in profusion of bloom, giant moon-daisies and buttercups. Likewise, he had on a broad-brimmed, white straw-hat, which would have rendered it irksome to look up. Harry took courage and remained still, telegraphing to me signals comical and unintelligible, save that they expressed amusement not unmingled with alarm.

Now, as I stood, like Cyrus before the battle of Cunaxa, looking from friend to foe, I observed a change come over the attitude and behaviour of both. The Doctor gradually stopped rowing and shipped the oars. He then settled himself comfortably upon the cushions in the stern of the ship, and only maintained its progress by an occasional stroke of a canoe-paddle, which formed part of the furniture of the punt. Then the paddle was laid aside, and the broad-brimmed hat descended lower and lower, till it entirely concealed his face. The eminent pillar of scholastic administration had evidently fallen asleep, and the punt had ceased to move. No ripple or breeze was abroad to disturb its rest, as it lay becalmed in the shade under the drooping branches of the giant beech-tree. So much for the foe.

Seeing that all danger of discovery was arrested for the moment, I turned my attention towards Harry Dawson. His behaviour caused me some surprise. He was standing on a great branch close to the main trunk, holding by one hand to a serviceable twig. But he seemed concerned for something in the region of his feet. He took out his handkerchief and flapped at the branch on which he was standing. He looked up and flapped at the trunk of the tree. He stooped down and violently pulled the left leg of his trousers, and rubbed his leg vigorously. He shifted his position, kneeling on the bough and looking down the trunk. Something was seriously wrong.

I emerged from behind the laurel hedge, and, stepping with the delicate tread of a fairy, taking care to keep the beech-tree between me and the punt, I came near, and signified by grins and gestures a curiosity to know the reason of Harry's unaccountable behaviour. Crouching like a monkey on a limb of the tree, he spelt on his fingers "a n t s." I looked at the trunk. There was a continuous stream of large red ants travelling upwards—not by a single line, but all round the girth of the tree. I looked up and saw them gathered in an innumerable army, forming a dark irregular band from one to two feet broad. There were squadrons and battalions massed in battle array, with light horsemen passing between—aides-de-camp, no doubt, carrying instructions from the commanding officers. Beyond this main army, which was continually being reinforced by those coming up from below, were skirmishers in advance, making a reconnaissance up the higher portions of the tree. It was these *franc-tireurs* which had already commenced an attack upon Harry's left leg. Others had passed him and gone higher while he was trying to reach the woodpecker's nest. He told me afterwards that he found a large hole and put his arm in up to the shoulder, but could not touch the opposite side of the cavern, nor fathom its depths. He supposed the tree was entirely hollow.

But there he was meanwhile in a most disagreeable predicament, blockaded by a swarming army of red ants. Harry was always in mortal dread of insects armed with fangs and stings. A wasp in class made him turn pale. A gnat sent a cold shiver creeping down his back. He got out of the way of a big blundering bumble-bee as he did from a swift cricket-ball making for his shins.

No wonder he was alarmed by this hostile army of red ants, which cut off his line of communication with the earth as effectually as a *chevaux de frise* of bayonets. Before him the deep—behind him the foe! Harry was clearly in a fix. The branch on which he crouched extended with downward sweep over the water. The only route by which he could hope to descend was by that branch. He

telegraphed to me for the time—I consulted my watch and intimated that it was ten minutes to four. He had been late for school that morning, and was threatened with the loss of the next half holiday if he was late again. The Doctor was not in school for the first afternoon lesson, and was so sound asleep that there was no chance of his leaving the coast clear in time. Harry was growing desperate. He looked anxiously above—there was no branch within reach. He looked below. Beneath him, though not in a direct line, about twelve feet lower down, was another branch, which he might possibly be able to reach if he could get down to it. This seemed his only chance. If he crawled along the bough till it began to bend, and then let himself down by the smaller branches, he should soon get to the lower branch. There was no time for deliberation, and nothing apparently very formidable in the plan. Once on the lower branch, he could crawl towards the trunk and drop easily to the ground. So he made up his mind to risk it.

Cautiously he proceeded, crawling as far as was possible. Then by nimble movement he swung himself down, clutching with his hands, shifting them along until the limb began to bend visibly with his weight. He now exchanged the main bough for smaller branches, and his descent was at once quickened. Lower and lower went Harry, but where was the bough he wanted? He ought to be near it. He looked anxiously about, and saw it several feet out of reach. He had miscalculated his line of descent altogether—like some blundering antiquary who goes astray in genealogical research.

Harry could not get anywhere near the lower bough. There he was dangling in mid-air above the water—the punt almost immediately beneath him; a clear drop of ten feet—not another branch within reach. He must pull up hand over hand at all costs. He must get back to the trunk and brave an encounter with the red ants—there was no alternative.

Here was an example of the ease which attends a downward course, and the difficulty of recovering the upward path. So sang the immortal bard—*facilis descensus Averni, Sed revocare gradum*, &c. Harry must learn that lesson by bitter experience.

I once watched a similar example in the case of a young rook newly fledged, which had sat all day on a twig outside the nest. He had squawked and fluttered his feeble wings in fussy excitement each time that the parent bird brought him a worm. The sun was near to setting, and mother rook was on one of her journeys. The youngster, no doubt invigorated by the day's feasting, and possibly feeling a stiffness in the leg-joints from fifteen hours spent on the same perch, bethought him of taking a little exercise. He ruffled up his feathers and flapped his pinions, and, nerving himself for the desperate venture, he shut his left eye and jumped. Reaching a lower branch in safety, he manifested his proud delight by a series of guttural congratulations; he rumpled up his scanty plumage till he looked as if he had been dragged backwards through a thorny hedge, and he seemed to fancy himself an eagle. Down to the next bough he flopped, and no doubt imagined he was flying as never ripling flew before. He squawked with a chatter of cynical laughter. Down again, squawk! Down—down—down—and so on till he reached the lowest twig of the lowest branch, not three feet from the ground.

I marvelled at the audacity of this precocious young bird, and walked up to congratulate him. He protested against all overtures of friendship, and thought it high time to get back to the nest. The parent birds above were calling him loudly. Ah! then all too late did this thoughtless child of egg discover the foolishness of his vain confidence and shallow conceit! What desperate efforts there were to fly upwards! Voice and feathers, wings and legs, all in a fluster at once; but meantime he could only cling to the lowest twig, and rue the infatuation which ever induced him to think he could fly when he could not.

Now, Harry Dawson so far resembled this young rook that he found it easy enough to get down, but mighty hard to get up again. By dint of much exertion he managed to work himself up to the main part of his bough, when he summoned all his strength to circle it. At that moment he caught sight of a formidable company of ants within two inches of his fingers. It sent a shudder through his frame. He reared up his legs till his toes nearly touched his hands, but then all strength seemed to ooze out of his finger-tips. His brain grew dizzy, his hands grew limp, and slowly slid away from their hold upon the bough.

"POMPHOLUGOPAPHLASMA!!!!!!!"

(To be continued.)

JEM WARDEN'S LESSON.

By Frances Armstrong,

Author of "Red Herring," "Her own Way," &c.

Doctor Warden's brows were contracted as he read one of his letters—in fact, he read it twice, and then laid it down with a very puzzled expression.

"So very odd," he murmured. "There must be something seriously amiss."

"What is the matter, George?" asked his wife, anxiously, from the other end of the table.

"Well, my dear, Dr. Buller writes that there are reasons which make it advisable that the boys should go home on the 7th instead of the 14th, unless the parents 'are very averse to the arrangement.' It is a very strange letter. I fear he must be seriously ill. You remember Jem said he had not been well."

Ella, a girl of fifteen, with bright, dark eyes, and a thick plait of hair reaching to her waist, looked up eagerly, as did also a boy and girl the other side of the table.

"Then Jem will be here for my birthday!" said Guy. A minute later he exclaimed, "Look! look at Sambo, Mabel!—quick!"

The girl rushed to the window.

"April fool!" cried Guy, with a shout of laughter.

The children were called to order, and Dr. Warden continued the discussion with his wife of the strange letter from the Head Master of the public school where his eldest son was supposed to be doing remarkably well.

"I'm off to Worcester for the day," he said at last; "but I shall have just time to write to Dr. Buller before I start. Of course I must do so as pleasantly as I can; but the change ought not to be made without a reason being assigned."

The Doctor ate his breakfast hurriedly while he talked. If he had glanced at his elder daughter he would have seen that she was crimson in her effort to keep from laughing—that she nearly choked over her tea, and bolted her buttered toast in the most unladylike manner. When he rose to go she exploded into a nervous giggle.

"What's the joke, Ella?" asked her father, smiling. "More April fools? I hope you will all have returned to your sober senses by this evening."

"Oh! do stop," she exclaimed, as she ran after him to the door. "You mustn't write to Dr. Buller. Don't you see Jem has made you an April fool?"

"Jem? Jem?" repeated her father. "What do you mean, child? Make haste, I've no time to spare."

"The letter is from Jem, father; not from Dr. Buller," explained Ella, with a shriek of laughter, in which Guy and Mabel joined.

But their father did not even smile, and they all grew suddenly grave.

"It is Dr. Buller's handwriting. It is a very peculiar one," he said in bewilderment.

"Yes; but Jem can copy any handwriting. You know how well he copies everything," explained Ella.

"A very dangerous habit," replied Dr. Warden, now looking really vexed. "Does he often do this? It is very wrong indeed of him."

"Oh, yes! often. What harm is there in it? He only does it for fun," replied Ella, a little defiantly, for she could not bear to hear Jem blamed.

"No harm may be intended, my child; but it is a terribly dangerous habit, and one that might bring him into serious trouble. I must put a stop to it. I shall write to him instead of to the Doctor." And with an affectionate pull at Ella's pigtail, and a reassuring smile to his wife, he hurried away.

* * * *

Late in the afternoon of the following day Jem Warden was strolling up from the playground; cricket had not yet begun, but the day had been almost summer-like, and an impromptu match had just come to an end. He had been in the winning eleven; had made a good score himself, and was in high spirits.

His special chums had gone in before him. A troop of boys were a few yards ahead; but he dawdled, for he suddenly remembered he had an unread letter from his father in his pocket. He took it out, and squeezing the envelope into a ball, threw it at a sparrow, and then began reading.

Never before had Jem received such a letter. He grew hot all over—and he was hot enough before—then a little injured and indignant. "What is the pater driving at?" he said aloud. "Does he think I'm a forger? I've made him an April fool ever since I can remember!"

Then he thought how ludicrous it would have been if his father had really answered his letter to the Head Master. And he laughed aloud.

He was not in the least convinced that the power he possessed of copying anything he saw was a dangerous one; but (he told himself) of course he would not do it again if his father forbade it—that is, if he could help it.

"I hope you have not done it at school.

It will always be remembered against you," was one of his father's remarks.

Of course, he had done it many a time! Where was the harm?

"Jem! Jem!" a voice shouted, and then a boy of his own age rushed up, looking flushed and excited. Both boys were in flannels with great-coats over. Jem's blue flannel cap was pushed far back; his fair face was by no means as placid as usual. He had fine grey eyes and a firm mouth. Both he and his friend Charlie Wilson were pleasant boys to look at, as, linked arm in arm, they turned towards the school buildings, Jem thrusting his letter in a very crumpled state back into his coat-pocket.

"I say, Jem!" said Charlie, when he had recovered his breath; "you weren't in Lawrence's study this afternoon, were you?"

"Yes; I was. I ran back for my new cricket-ball; but I couldn't find it. Why?"

"Did any one see you?"

"No; nobody. Every one was out. But why?"

"Because there is a row again. Lawrence has lost money, and everybody is asking who was in his study this afternoon," explained Wilson.

"Well; I was there for one," returned Jem, calmly.

"But you needn't say so unless you are asked. You needn't talk about it," pleaded Charlie, a delicate-looking, sensitive boy, whose school experience at fourteen had been by no means as happy as his friend's.

"You don't expect me to lie, do you?" asked Jem, scornfully.

"No, no; of course not; but there is no reason you should go telling every one you had been there. The money was taken this afternoon."

"Rot! Do you think Lawrence will believe I have taken his money?" replied Jem, loftily. "There's a thief somewhere, that's certain; and he ought to be found out. I shall certainly tell any one who asks me that I was there for five—no, for two minutes this afternoon! Come! we shall be late for 'call over.'" And both boys broke into a quick trot.

The whole school had assembled in the big schoolroom for the evening "call-over" of names, and the friends were only just in time to answer to theirs. They often congratulated themselves on the place their "initial" took in the alphabet.

They saw with some surprise that the Head Master was present, and when the list came to an end Dr. Buller said he wished "to put a few questions" to the school.

First, he wanted to know what boys had been in Lawrence's study that afternoon?

There was a pause, and Charlie laid a detaining hand on Jem's arm, but it was not a long one; Jem shook it off impatiently and stepped forward.

"I was there for a few minutes, sir," he said quietly, but the bright colour mounted to his brow.

No one else moved, and poor Jem had the uncomfortable feeling that over three hundred pairs of eyes were directed towards him.

"What did you go there for?" asked Dr. Buller.

"To look for my new cricket-ball, sir. I thought I had left it there, but I could not find it; I did not stay a minute."

Poor Jem was beginning to feel rather nervous.

"It is right to tell you," began the Doctor, sternly, "that money has been again missed from Lawrence's study—he is very good-natured, I find, in allowing you younger boys to come there—it was taken this afternoon, and I am quite determined to sift the matter thoroughly. Empty your pockets."

Very briskly Jem obeyed, walking first, in obedience to a sign from him, to the Head Master's desk; he quite agreed that the matter ought to be sifted.

First came his letter, which was taken from his hand before he remembered how sorry he should be for the Doctor's eyes to catch one word of its contents.

How stupid he had been to throw away the envelope!

Thinking of this made him a little uncomfortable, and when in turning his last pocket a shilling rolled on the floor, he was dumb with confusion. Before he had found words somebody had picked it up.

"I did not know I had any money in my pocket, I thought I spent my last threepence at Mother Clarke's," he at last exclaimed nervously.

"Do you owe anything, there?" asked Dr. Buller. "Not that, perhaps," he added, "that is a fair question; I fear a great many of you are in debt to Mrs. Clarke."

"I owe her a shilling, sir," replied Jem.

Dr. Buller, who had been examining the coin with a small magnifying-glass, now handed it to a tall, lanky young man with a handsome, refined face and dreamy short-sighted eyes who stood near him; he also examined it closely, then, looking both startled and troubled, glanced uneasily at Jem.

"Is that shilling one of those taken from your desk this afternoon, Lawrence?" asked Dr. Buller.

"Yes, sir, it is," said Lawrence, with marked reluctance. He was in the sixth form, and was shortly leaving school for college; no boy was more popular, more beloved; to Jem he was little less than an idol.

"How can you account for this, Warden?" asked the Doctor, sadly; for Jem was speechless with horror and amazement.

"I can't account for it, sir." Then, as it dawned on him what he was being accused of, he exclaimed indignantly, "No one can say I took it! Lawrence, you don't believe it, do you?"

"No, I don't," answered Lawrence, deliberately, and a murmur which sounded like approval ran round the schoolroom.

"Hush!" said Dr. Buller, "you shall defend yourself by-and-bye. I desire that every boy should give me the contents of his pockets; you will all see that this is only fair, as Warden has done so."

One after another the boys walked up to the Doctor's desk; very few had money about them, and no other marked coin was discovered; there was a great collection of cricket-balls.

"Warden," said the Doctor, when this inspection was over, "one of the boys at the Lodge was asked last night to take a note to the Beech-tree at the end of the Avenue. Here it is. It was dark, and the boy assures me he does not know who gave it him. I will read it: 'I will pay you 15s. to-morrow evening if you will be here at five.—J. W.' Is this your handwriting?"

"No, sir," said Jem, glancing somewhat scornfully at the dirty crumpled note.

"The best thing you can do now, is to make a clean breast of it, Warden; nothing can be gained by piling lie on lie," said the Doctor, sternly.

"It is not my handwriting. Any one will tell you that, sir, who knows it," exclaimed Jem, indignantly.

Mr. Max, his form master, now came forward and examined the note.

"No, it is certainly not Warden's writing," he said, with conviction. "His hand is an uncommon one."

And Lawrence affirmed the same, saying he knew "Warden's hand well."

"Will the boys who have these initials J. W. come forward," said Dr. Buller, after a few words with Mr. Max.

Four did so, and each in turn affirmed that the note was not written by him.

"Stop, Woods, this *is* your handwriting," said Mr. Max, sharply, as the last boy turned to go back to his place. "I was looking over some work of yours this afternoon; it is certainly like yours."

"Indeed, sir, it is not," said Woods, sulkily. He was a tall, pale boy of sixteen, with very black hair and shifty eyes. As he spoke they rested furtively on Warden, and he added something in an undertone.

"Speak up, sir," said Dr. Buller, sharply. "What are you saying?"

"Warden can write like me if he chooses; Mr. Max knows that," said Woods, bitterly.

Only a few days before, Jem had interpolated one of Woods' exercises with remarks of his own, bringing some punishment on himself, but much amusement to his "form."

Mr. Max and Lawrence looked at each other, but neither of them spoke; they had both unwavering faith in Jem Warden's honesty.

"What do you say? Do you think that Warden is in the habit of forging other people's handwriting?" asked Dr. Buller, addressing Mr. Max.

"Warden can certainly copy handwriting very closely," admitted Mr. Max, reluctantly.

"I can copy handwriting, but I did not write that note," said Jem, his eyes filling with tears as he remembered his father and mother and Ella. What would they think of this terrible accusation?

All his father had said in the letter now lying before the Doctor's very eyes came into his head. Truly his father was right: his word would not be believed now because he could do this thing, which had seemed such good fun, and which he had been so proud of.

"A very reprehensible habit—and one which certainly tells against you," said Dr. Buller, severely.

Lawrence now asked if he might put Warden a few questions, and the Master nodded assent.

"Where did you look for your ball in my study, Warden?" he asked, in such kind, calm accents that poor Jem's voice grew steady as he replied eagerly:

"On all the tables and in the cup on the mantelpiece, where I thought I had put it."

"And it wasn't there?"

"No."

"Well, it was there at three o'clock, I am quite sure," said Lawrence, deliberately.

"The clock struck half-past three as I ran across the playground, I remember," said Jem, firmly.

"But what does that prove, Lawrence?" asked Dr. Buller, a little irritably.

"It proves, sir," said Lawrence, in his peculiarly slow, gentle manner, "that somebody else was in my study this afternoon, and that that somebody took the ball."

There was an audible murmur of approval round the schoolroom.

"Would you know your ball, Jem, if you saw it?" continued Lawrence.

"Yes," Jem began; "I write my initials my own way, and . . . ."

But Lawrence stopped him. "There is paper on that desk near you; write down the marks by which you will know your ball."

Jem silently obeyed, while Lawrence conversed in an undertone with Mr. Max and the Doctor.

"May I go on, sir?" Lawrence then asked, and, leave being given, he told each boy to come up and claim his ball; but before taking it away it was handed to Jem for his inspection.

"That's mine!" he cried excitedly, as Woods in his turn showed him the one that



"Showing the Ford."

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* H. WALKER.)

had been found in his pocket. "There are my initials and my marks."

"They are my initials too," said Woods; but his colour came and went uneasily as Dr. Buller compared the letters and marks on the ball with those which Warden had written down.

"You had better do as Warden did, and show us how you write your initials, Woods," said Lawrence, a little sarcastically.

But Woods did not seem inclined to stand the test.

"I picked up this ball in our dormitory this afternoon, and thought it was mine, as it is exactly like it and has my letters on it; of course, I may have made a mistake," he said hesitatingly.

"At what time did you pick it up?"

"I heard no clocks," said Woods, sneeringly, "but it must have been nearly four."

"I was in our dormitory with a bad headache," said one of the elder boys, suddenly stepping forward; "my bed is next the door, and I am quite sure no boy came into it after three o'clock."

The Doctor, whose interest in Lawrence's inquiry was now fully roused, asked Trevor whether he could remember if Woods or Warden had been in the dormitory before three, and he said he had seen neither of them.

Woods looked very foolish and confused, and said he had picked up the ball somewhere, he forgot where.

"Did you wear your great-coat much this afternoon?" asked Lawrence, addressing Jem.

"No, it was hanging in the tent all the time. I only put it on when we came in."

Dr. Buller looked from one boy to the other; he was both puzzled and annoyed. When the shilling had rolled out of Warden's pocket he had hoped he had discovered what had caused him anxiety for some weeks; now he felt he was as far from arriving at the truth as ever.

Woods was a clever boy, though idle—the son of an old friend, and he had been in the school for years. That he should be a thief seemed almost incredible, while Warden was two years younger, and he knew little of him.

"I cannot pursue this inquiry further now," he said, after a pause; "but you may both be certain that I intend to leave no stone unturned to discover the truth. The ball found on Woods undoubtedly belongs to Warden, and there is evidence to show it was in Lawrence's study early in the afternoon; he has accounted for its possession by a lie, but that does not prove he took the money. The note which is believed to be in his handwriting points to some disgraceful and secret debt, but it is difficult to speak with certainty as to such a scrawl. A marked shilling has been found on Warden, and he does not attempt to account for its possession. He has owned very frankly that he was in the study for a few minutes during the afternoon. The note is not in his handwriting, but unfortunately it is proved that he is in the habit of copying the writing of others." As he spoke, the Doctor's eyes wandered, not for the first time, to the letter still lying on his desk, and it was impossible for him to avoid reading these words: "It is a disgraceful thing to do, and will bring you into temptation and trouble."

"This letter is from your father, I think, Warden," he added, handing it back to him; "it is only fair to tell you that I unavoidably have read words in it which point to his displeasure."

"I only made him an April fool," said Jem, ruefully. "Please read it, sir," he entreated. The Doctor should see that his father, at any rate, believed his word.

"You will give me your promise, my boy—and that, thank God, I can always trust," were the concluding words of the letter.

"It seems you copied my handwriting this time, Warden. Would you mind telling me what you wrote?" said the Doctor, with an effort to speak as gravely as before.

"I asked that we might go home on the 7th," answered Jem, in intense confusion, which was not lessened by the laugh which followed.

"Your father's warning is well-timed," said Dr. Buller, severely, and then he dismissed the school.

As long as Jem Warden lives he will never forget the week that followed, when, with this terrible accusation hanging over him, the dreadful doubt pursued him as to whether his innocence would be made quite clear, for he felt he should never be happy again if one word of it reached his father's ears; how could he go home under such a cloud?

But these dark days passed at last, when Dr. Buller announced to the assembled scholars that Jasper Woods had made a full confession of his guilt, and had left the school for ever, but that he wished it to be known that the putting the shilling in Warden's coat-pocket had been unintentional. The coats must have been hanging together that afternoon.

"Warden," added the Doctor, heartily, "has proved himself perfectly truthful and straightforward under very trying circumstances, and I hope his example will be of weight in the school."

Very hearty were the congratulations of all Jem's friends—and he had many. Charlie Wilson had followed him with dog-like affection through that trying week, doing his best to cheer him, full of self-accusation when he remembered the bad advice he had given his friend, and what harm it might have done him. Nor was the experience lost on timid Charlie.

Happy Jem sat down at once and wrote the whole story to his father. He had not dared to write to him before, fearing that he would guess something was the matter. Need I say how emphatically he gave the required promise.

Doctor Warden's careworn face grew very bright as he read his son's letter, and then he opened one from the Head Master.

"Nothing the matter with Jem, George, is there?" said his wife, a little anxiously, as she watched him read it.

"Nothing at all; I think we may be proud of our boy, my dear," returned the Doctor, smiling, as he handed Mrs. Warden both letters; "but I think, too, the lesson was needed."

(THE END.)

MISTAKES ABOUT SNAKES.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, F.Z.S., etc.,

Author of "Out-of-the-Way Pets," "Alligators and Crocodiles," etc.

Part IV.

It was from a Mexican paper, too, that I clipped an account of a remarkable snake lately found near the mines (these things always come from the mines). It had no head, but bore instead thereof a tulip-shaped flower, into which butterflies and other insects, attracted by the gorgeous colour and exquisite scent, would fly; the petals of the flower would then close upon it and the butterfly would be absorbed. One of these would make a good companion for that hoop-snake, with a specimen of which I should feel set up for life! One mustn't forget, however, that a creature at whose existence we laughed for a long time was actually brought from the neighbourhood of the silver mines in this region, the Heloderm, a poisonous lizard.

"Cold and slimy!" The first depends entirely on the temperature of their surroundings. Take a snake out of a warm cage, and you will find him correspondingly warm; touch one in a cold situation, and he will be cold. They haven't the same elaborate heating and cooling apparatus within their bodies which we have, and which keeps our temperature (in health) always about the same, no matter what the weather may be—just under 100° Fahrenheit. A snake derives its heat almost entirely from external sources, so that it is quite a mistake to suppose that snakes are always cold to the touch. But none of them are slimy, like a frog or an eel; their skins are quite dry. It must be their peculiar lustre and shininess which have given rise to this popular error; some, like the anaconda, look quite glazed and polished, as though they were made of oil-cloth. That this appearance is in itself really deceptive, and that the mistake is not necessarily due to what one has been told beforehand, is proved to me by the fact that my youngster will sometimes draw his hand back before touching the pythons, and exclaim, "all *wet!*" with a shake of his fingers, as he does on seeing his toys fished up from the depths of his bath.

A very dangerous error is commonly accepted with regard to the puff-adder; it is an ancient one, but has lately cropped up rather prominently on account of the authority, or, at least, consent, lent to it by a very distinguished African traveller and naturalist. That's the worst of it; these creatures have been chopped up, and turned inside out, and studied and investigated by clever and scientific men, who have named every bone in their bodies and scale on their skins (precious long names some of them are, too); but their habits during life, their manners and customs, are scarcely known at all, simply because people will not devote their attention to them and *live with them* in forests and jungles where more attractive birds and beasts abound. As for those kept in confinement, scarcely one species in ten has ever been captured alive. "There's a snake—kill it!" is always the cry. And so it comes about that some, even the highest authorities on other branches of Natural History, when it comes to reptiles, merely repeat the superstitions of the country concerning them, stamping all sorts of mistakes with their names and handing them down as genuine.

I could quote a score of such instances. The error to which I allude in the case of the puff-adder is its supposed habit of striking backwards over its body, and I call it a very dangerous one, because it is said that you are perfectly safe as long as you keep directly in front of this deadly serpent. The puff-adder strikes just as any other snake does, but when it is angry it lies with its head up, and turns it sharply from side to side as if to keep its disturbers in view; the cobra acts in a similar manner, but turns its whole body at the same time. This great African adder is rather a handsome reptile, with bright yellow streaks on a dark velvety ground, a pattern

and colouring which render it almost invisible in the woods, where the ground is strewn with leaves and mosses of different hues, and chequered with light and shade. It gets its name from a singular property which it has of blowing its body out with a loud rushing hiss when excited; its bite is very venomous. During the past summer, a gentleman coming home from the Cape of Good Hope was bitten by one which he incautiously handled on board the steamer, and nearly lost his life; he held it all right, but the snake struck him when he put it down—and that is the great danger in manipulating them. You can pick up any serpent under the sun (when you know how—not by snatching at its neck or tail as most people do), and carry it about all day, if you like, in safety, but the difficulty is to let it go again! The puff-adder which bit this gentleman is now at the Zoological Gardens.

This mistake is the more extraordinary because a snake *could not* twist itself in that way. When you look at one wriggling along, turning this way and that, curling in and out amongst stones and rocks, and gliding up and down over branches of trees and all sorts of obstacles, or lying rolled up in a ball, or perhaps twisted tightly round and round its prey, you would think that it must be as flexible as Indian-rubber, and could have no bones in its body. But when you come to examine its movements closely, you notice that it is almost all done by bending from side to side only, not forward or backward, even in such a complicated performance as the writhing in and out between the bars of a ladder. And you will find that the arrangement of the little joints of its spine—and there are sometimes five hundred of these, all separate and movable; we have only thirty-three, and of these nine are joined together in two solid pieces and don't move at all—the arrangement of the spine is such that only very limited motion is possible backwards and forwards, but that any amount can go on from side to side. And that leads us to glance at another common mistake, the manner in which snakes are usually stuffed, twined round and round a pole or tree; I have seen them set up in such an attitude as they could not assume, even dead, if their bones were left in. Besides, a snake has no power of sticking on in that mysterious way, as though it were a slug or a snail, even independently of its spine. It climbs a tree exactly on the same principle as you and I do, by catching hold of, and stepping on, the most suitable points. I have seen it said in a book claiming to be a scientific work on Natural History that the flat scales underneath a snake act as suckers!

There are very few people who can stuff snakes naturally; they make their necks too thick, as if they had mumps, and the bodies are the same size all through, like shapeless sausages. A serpent is very rarely cylindrical in shape, but is broad at the base, and tapers more or less towards the spine, some very much so. A section of the South American wasp-snake would present an isosceles triangle with a very acute angle at the apex; in fact, it looks as if it were gliding along on its edge. In pictures snakes are generally represented with open mouths, as though they were laughing, whereas you never see a healthy snake with its mouth open unless there is something in it, or unless it is stretching its jaws back into position after feeding—yawning, as it is often called, but there is nothing corresponding to a true yawn about it. (If you grip a snake by the back of the head, it will distend its jaws in a vain effort to bite, certainly; but that is an exceptional cause.) When I see one opening and shutting its mouth, with an action like "smacking its lips," I know at once that there is something wrong with it, probably canker, and I examine it immediately.

In the Natural History Department of the British Museum at Cromwell Road, there is a fine specimen of an anaconda stuffed—and very well stuffed too, which is more than can be said for most of the snakes there. It ought to be rather bigger in the middle, and probably not quite so long, as they are often stretched out in being set up; but its attitude as it hangs on the tree is remarkably good, though I don't fancy it would be likely to find its food in that position. It has just seized a wild pig or peccary in its mouth, and here again the *plunge* of its jaws is rendered capitally. But what strikes me as something very like a mistake is that, although this seizing the prey of course does occur before constriction, you never see it; it is like one flash, and the animal and snake are rolled together in a ball; so that it would be just as unnatural (though just as true) to paint a bullet in mid-air instead of the puff of smoke from the gun, and the falling of the object struck, as to represent this mid-way stage of the lightning process of constriction.

You know it has been discovered lately by means of instantaneous photography that our pictures of galloping and cantering horses are all wrong, and that the animal never assumes in any part of its movements the attitudes given it by painters. But, for all that, they draw what the eye believes it sees, and it seems to me they would be less true to Nature if they gave us the positions which the camera proves to be correct, but which appear most awkward and unlikely to our vision. Talking of snake-stuffing, I think it may be useful to some of you who read this to mention that Mr. D. Bowers, of Watford, is the only taxidermist who has ever set up a snake to my satisfaction. Don't let the label underneath that anaconda at the Natural History Museum delude you into accepting the old mistake that constricting snakes "twist their tails around trees" in order to enable them to crush their prey.

Another great traveller and sportsman, in a book of his adventures in the interior of Africa, recently published, describes the killing and cutting up for food by the Matatees of a snake twenty feet long—no doubt a Seba python. The gentleman who writes it has probably seen more, and knows more, of elephants, lions, sambur, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, giraffes, and other creatures of that continent than any other living man; but it is evident that he can never have witnessed the tremendous force and rapidity of such a serpent's constriction, for he says that if a man were seized he would be able to draw his knife and free himself, unless his arms were pinned to his sides! Why, if he were caught by one toe—and I have actually seen large birds and animals which were held, as far as the jaws were concerned, by a claw only—he would be doubled in and crushed out of all likeness to life, with his bones smashed to splinters, before he could even scream, much less draw a knife. The author says he identified the snake as one which is also found in the East Indies and China. This is another mistake, but a trifling one; in fact, it rather shows how closely observant he must have been of everything which came in his way, for some of the Eastern and African pythons are very much alike, though they belong to different species.

More than once I have had live snakes sent to me in sulphur. I don't know what the idea is, but some people seem to think this yellow powder an appropriate bed for them. It cannot do them much harm, if it does no good, and is, after all, not a greater mistake than putting a lump of sulphur in a dog's saucer and expecting it to be dissolved. Sailors believe that no serpent will cross a rope made of the material called coir (which they pronounce ky-ár). Tobacco, again, is said to be so repulsive to them that they will not bite a hand smeared with tobacco-oil. I don't suppose they are very fond of tobacco, or any other substance of powerful odour—they certainly will turn back from strong carbolic acid and creosote, as well as from ether, ammonia, chloroform, and other pungent smells—but they would strike through any of them, even at a red-hot poker, when enraged. Biting with them means a fiercely-delivered blow, swifter than the stroke of a tiger's paw, not a deliberate action like a boy taking a mouthful out of a bun. Nor could I ever discover any grounds for the world-wide belief that they are fond of milk. In some parts of France, where the flesh of these reptiles is stewed down into a broth and given for rheumatism and gout, while the fat is rubbed into the affected joints, the viper-catchers set pans of new milk simmering over fires at night in order to attract the snakes; but I expect they would catch just as many without going to the trouble of doing this. At any rate, I am sure that snakes won't drink milk when they can get water, and that, if they are driven by thirst to take it, it generally makes them sick. When they are not well, I sometimes compel them to swallow beef-tea, which agrees with them very well.

All serpents are purely carnivorous or flesh-eating; they take absolutely nothing in the shape of vegetables, as many lizards do. It is true that grain and the seeds of fruit are not seldom found in the stomachs of those killed, but these are evidently derived from the crops of birds which have been eaten and digested. I can give you a curious illustration of that. I brought a snake from abroad once which never fed after its capture, and died shortly after arriving here. A friend of mine who was very anxious to have the complete skeleton begged for its body, and buried it in a large stone vase in his conservatory that the flesh might rot off. Unfortunately the delicate bones perished too, as they often do, but up from their midst grew a rare and beautiful tropical plant. I remind you of the fact that they are flesh-eaters, because I saw it stated some time ago in an article on the smooth snake—a species not often found in this country, but occurring sometimes around Bournemouth—that "it could easily be caught by placing a crumb of bread in a pickle-bottle!" If you think it over you will see that there are several absurdities in this.

A not unnatural mistake is that which leads people to believe that snakes delight in brilliant sunshine, seeing that many of them are found in lands where tropical light and heat beat down upon the earth with an intensity unknown here. Now, I am convinced from my own observation that these creatures dislike the sunlight, and will always shun it, provided they can obtain sufficient warmth in the shade or darkness; if not, they will *brave* the light for the sake of getting heat, or a very hungry one might perhaps be tempted out at the sight of a meal. Furthermore, direct sunshine often affects their health, and I have known young rattlesnakes actually killed by it here in England.

You know already what a great mistake it is to suppose that all serpents, or even the greater part of them, are venomous, more than seven-tenths of the whole number of species known being quite harmless. In India, two hundred and thirteen species of snakes have been described, of which less than one-sixth have poison-fangs. It is unfair, however, to take any one country as an instance of this point. India, for example, has a rather large proportion of venomous ones, as you see; China and Japan, low; Europe very low indeed. Great Britain would seem at first to be very high, inasmuch as one-third (practi-

cally one-half) of the number of species found here are poisonous; but as there are only three species altogether, one of these being rarely seen, it follows that, in spite of the high proportion, we have but one venom-bearing snake, the viper or adder, which abounds almost all over Europe. On the Continent it is called the little viper, to distinguish it from the large and horned species common in the South.

I think I made a mistake just now in speaking of a snake as "quite" harmless, because that seems to imply that some may be "rather" venomous. Every snake is either harmless in the sense of possessing no poison, whatever injury it may otherwise be capable of inflicting; or is venomous, with the power of doing most serious harm by its bite. There is no middle stage or half-way between these two conditions; the mildest poisonous serpent causes grave illness, and rarely fails to leave a life-long trace of its effects. At the same time, there is a very common error that all venomous snakes are deadly. This is far from being the case. Fatal results are very rare from the bite of many, and when they have occurred with these they have probably been due to some defect in the constitution of the bitten person, just as one occasionally hears of very old and feeble people being killed by the sting of a wasp. The only well-authenticated instance that I know of where a grown-up person has died from the bite of an English viper happened in Devonshire. A gentleman, a naturalist, too, was walking on the sea-shore, under the cliffs, when he picked up a live snake. He took it home, under the impression that it was a grass-snake, and for several days he and his children played with it (the viper must have been half torpid, for vipers don't often allow such liberties as these). One afternoon, it bit him, and he, of course, immediately knew that he was poisoned; he killed the viper, as he thought, with the poker, and threw it out in the verandah, resorted to such remedies as he knew were best, and sent off for a doctor. In the evening his butler was ordered to throw the snake over the cliff into the sea; he took it up, supposing it to be dead—snakes will lie motionless on their backs for a long time when injured—and was examining it, when it revived, languidly, but enough to bite him. The man was very ill for some weeks, while his master was convalescent in a few days; he never got really well, and died some months later from a trifling cold. On the other hand, there are tropical serpents whose bite is so terrible that recoveries are said to be unknown.

How can you tell a venomous snake from a harmless one? is a question often asked; and one hears all sorts of answers—that the venomous ones all have flat heads, that they have blunt tails, that they are lithe and thin, that they are brilliantly coloured, and so on—all mistakes. The only true answer is that you *can't* tell, that there is nothing in their external appearance to indicate whether they have fangs in their mouths or not, and the only way is to open their mouths and inspect their upper jaws! Even when you do this, you may slip if you are not careful; some fixed fangs, like those of the coral snakes, are very minute and are easily overlooked; while some harmless snakes have long hinged teeth which might lead you to think them some kind of viper. Of course, you may recognise the *species*, and be able to tell in that way what any snake is; you may know a viper, and you may know a grass-snake, just as you may know a boy called Smith and a boy called Brown, and give them their right names in a moment. But what I mean is that, however unlike they may be, there is nothing in their features to tell you which is Smith and which is Brown if you hadn't been introduced to them, and you must turn up their collars or look inside their caps if you want to make sure of the name. If you are well up in snakes, you might make a good shot at the nature of any doubtful specimen, by the close resemblance of the shape of its scales, &c., to some species with which you are acquainted, much as you might guess which was Brown from his likeness to his cousin whom you knew—but it wouldn't do to trust to that. There are both venomous and harmless ("innocent" is the term usually applied) snakes which are flat-headed; both kinds which are round-headed; both which are magnificently coloured, and both which are dull and dingy; thin and thick, blunt tails and taper tails, ground snakes and tree snakes, of both varieties. The innocent cananima of Brazil spreads a hood like the death-dealing cobra, and there are horned snakes of ferocious aspect which are destitute of fangs. I am not aware of any innocent snake which carries a horny appendage on its tail, like the rattlesnakes and curiously-clawed çurucucu; but of course there are heaps of venomous serpents which have no such ornament, and some innocent snakes have singularly roughened tails. Naturally, if you met one twenty or thirty feet long, you would say, "This chap hasn't got any fangs for certain!" because you know that the largest poisonous kind doesn't grow beyond fourteen or fifteen feet; but then you would have to remember that that thirty-footer was once no more than a yard long, and just as liable to suspicion as any other. I really don't know which is the smallest snake in the world when full grown—the dreadful little "ten-inch" viper of Peru, or another kind which is harmless.

It by no means follows that a venomous snake is the more ready to bite. There are some serpents destitute of fangs which are untameably savage always—the glittering black Robben Island snake, for example—and there are poisonous ones, like the coral snakes which I have already mentioned, which cannot be induced to bite without difficulty—in fact, I think that here again the balance is pretty evenly struck. Our English grass-snake is peculiar in this respect; it cannot be said to be a gentle creature, as it is intensely nervous, yet, dash about as it may, it never uses its teeth. I believe that no snake on earth is aggressive; that they bite only in fear, in the real or fancied necessity for self-defence, and that they "chase" or "attack" neither man nor animal, except with the intention of finding food. It is commonly said that the rattlesnake uses its rattle as a "warning," to tell everything to keep out of its way under penalty of being bitten. If that were the case, the poor rattler by ringing its dinner-bell would starve to death. And I believe that the popular notion of the existence of antidotes to the poison of serpents, something which can be taken or used directly afterwards by which the bite is rendered harmless, is as great a mistake as any. That the human body can be made to some degree proof against the effects of certain species I have proved by experiments on myself.

Fascination and charming, their alleged power to mesmerise the animals on which they feed and make them run into their jaws of their own accord, and their being caused to dance by the mysterious influence of music, these may be dismissed in a few words. The first is based, if on anything, on their noiseless and almost imperceptible approach to their prey, the latter being unaware of their presence till they get within distance for the final spring; and the second, as you know, is merely a manifestation of angry excitement on the part of the snake, with which neither music nor training has anything to do. It is an error, too, as I said at the commencement of these articles, to assume that the cobras used in this performance have invariably been deprived of their fangs; only timid and inexperienced jugglers practise this cruelty, while the older ones trust to their dexterity alone, and the cobra is one of the easiest snakes to handle, in spite of his fierceness, by those who understand him.

But there are just two questions which I should like to leave open in concluding these articles (which, by the way, have not exhausted half or quarter of the Mistakes about Snakes). These two questions are: Do snakes eat eggs? and does the viper swallow its young to protect them in time of danger? Some of you may have an opportunity of giving a direct answer to one or both of these questions some day, if you keep your eyes open and see out of them. All I will say for myself is, that although I have catered for all sorts of hungry snakes hundreds of times, and have provided them with eggs, I never yet induced one to take such a thing, nor have I ever seen a wild snake eat an egg. Some cobras received the year before last at the Zoological Gardens came over from Ceylon in a box with scores of hens' eggs, evidently put in with the idea of providing food for them on the voyage. And I have never known any snake show the slightest care for its young; in short, I am sorry to say, I don't believe either story. I don't doubt that young snakes are often swallowed, even by their own mothers—my own idea is that the greater number of those that are born in any part of the world are eaten by something or other before they are many hours old—but I am afraid they don't see the light again. However, these are points in dispute, and you must hear both sides before making up your minds one way or the other. Neither thing has come under the notice of scientific observers, but at the same time there are a great many people who undoubtedly believe in all honesty that they have seen a snake eat an egg, and a viper afford its young ones a place of refuge in her open mouth or throat. I hope it may be reserved for some one who reads this to set the matter at rest decisively by-and-by.

(THE END.)



"You don't say so!"

THE CRUISE OF THE CHRISTABEL.

By the Author of "A Trip down the Thames," etc., etc.

PART V.

BEING now hove to, I left the yacht to take care of herself, and went below for drawing materials, and then came on deck again and took a sketch of Scarborough, which, with the castle on the hill, was just getting visible through the morning haze.

At four bells I roused the sleepers below, and Bill got an early breakfast ready, which we had finished and cleared away by half-past seven; then, letting our foresail draw, we bore up and sailed close in.

The lighthouse on Vincent Pier has a fixed light, which is red to seaward and white inshore towards the entrance of the harbour when there is ten feet of water in there, and in the daytime a ball is hoisted for the same purpose, and this not being up, we dropped our anchor a little outside the entrance.

After a good wash, a boiled shirt and shore-going clothes were donned, when we hoisted the dinghy over into the water, and Bill rowed us ashore to do the lions of the place—I am afraid before most of the lions were fully awake. But what mattered that to us? We were ashore, and intended enjoying ourselves; so, after enquiring after letters at the Post Office, we started for the highest point of land, and when on the summit had a magnificent view. Then the Aquarium was visited and the Spa, which was followed by lunch, and the day rapidly passed.

The old-fashioned harbour was especially interesting from an artistic point, with its quaint, old-world look and fishy smell, which O'Reilly did not relish altogether. The castle was well worth the climb to it, standing as it does on the rocky promontory, about three hundred feet above the level of the sea, overlooking the lighthouse and harbour. It was built in 1163 by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle. The keep is ninety-seven feet high, and stands on an isthmus, which has to be reached by a steep path leading to a gateway and drawbridge. In 1312 Piers Gaveston, the base favourite of Edward II., was besieged here by the Earl of Pembroke, and obliged to capitulate through want of provisions. Since then it has had a very stormy existence. The proverbial saying, "A Scarborough warning: a word and a blow, but the blow first," is said to have originated in the following enterprise, in which Thomas Stafford, second son of Lord Stafford—who, with Sir Thomas Wyatt, was opposed to the marriage of Queen Mary with Philip of Spain in 1554—got possession of the castle in this manner: Thomas Stafford, with some thirty followers dressed as countrymen, came to Scarborough on a market day; and, having obtained admission to the castle as if to view the place, they knocked down the sentries, and then, having secured them, admitted the rest of the party. They only held the place for three days, however, when it was retaken by the Earl of Westmorland, and Stafford and four of the most active of his confederates were sent to London and executed for high treason.

Times have changed since then, when it was the little market town, until now it has grown to be the most fashionable watering-place on the east coast, with its huge hotels, and crowds of fashionably-dressed men and women.

We soon tired of the restraint of stand-up collars and shore life, however, and having accidentally met a friend who was staying at the "Grand," took him on board with us to a five-o'clock tea.

O'Reilly, in the exuberance of his spirits at finding himself safe ashore, and feeling, I suppose, that he had too much spare cash with him to make floating easy in case of an upset, forthwith, with a total disregard of expense, invested some coppers in two of the largest, hardest, and stalest jam tarts it had ever been my fortune to see; they were about ten inches across, and after we had vainly endeavoured to cut into them, they were passed forward to the foc'sle. They evidently proved even too tough for there, as I afterwards saw Bill surreptitiously throw them overboard among the crumbs as he was shaking the cloth, when they immediately sank like a lump of lead; and I felt thankful I had not overtaxed my digestive powers with a portion of them. A restless sort of feeling drew us ashore again to the Aquarium in the evening for an hour; but we had had a hard day's work, so soon returned on board and sat about on deck, listening to the band playing on the Spa, which was just opposite our anchorage.

The cobles, a local build of boat used on the Yorkshire coast, interested us very much. They are peculiar in their make, being deep and sharp in the bow, while the keel runs up to nothing, and ends in a flat floor amidships, where an extra keel commences some little distance away on either side of it, and leading right aft, where they have a flat and raking transome, and are fitted with a deep but narrow rudder. I believe they are good sea-boats when handled by men used to them and knowing their peculiarities, but are not safe in a stranger's hands.

They are generally manned by three men; and there is also a larger sort, called a five-man boat, although there are generally seven persons aboard them, five of whom are shoresmen, and divide the profits of the season among them after the boat's share is paid; the sixth hand is mostly a young man, receiving half a share, and the seventh a boy. These boats are about forty-six feet long by sixteen feet beam, clinker built, sharp in the bow like a coble, and are decked with a hatchway amidships and small cabin astern for the men. They carry three masts fitted with lugsails, and sometimes in fine weather hoist a topsail on a shifting mast over the main-lug, and with a small jib, tanned like the rest of the sails, look very picturesque at sea.

Our intention being to leave early the next day, we all turned in at 10.30 for a good night's rest, and very soon fell asleep, rocked by the gentle swell which set into the little bay.

It was five o'clock when I turned out and gave a look on deck the following morning. There was not a breath of wind stirring, and a thick dense mist hung over the surface of the water, and prevented one seeing anything twenty feet off, so I concluded to turn in for another forty winks, and did not wake again until seven o'clock, when I found the rest were up and busy hoisting the mainsail and getting the slack of the cable in, ready for the first little puff of wind that chanced our way. The mist had lifted and the sun was shining brightly, but there was a haziness in the appearance outside in the offing which betokened wind later on, and the mate predicted plenty before the day was over; but that was not likely to deter us from starting, although he always evinced a strong disinclination to get under way from any place when once the anchor was down, and generally saw some impediment in the way.

In the course of another half-hour we could feel a little breath of wind; so, hastily getting in our mud-hook, we trimmed our sails and stood out from the land. Breakfast was ready by nine o'clock, at which we had some capital plaice that Bill had fried, having procured them from a smack lying close to us on the previous day.

The little puff of wind befriended us until off Robin Hood Bay, when it headed us, and we had to lay off our course.

Robin Hood town, or village, built up the side of the cliffs towards the northern part of the bay, has a most quaint and picturesque aspect from the sea, the red roofs and grey stone walls seeming to be literally clinging to the sides of the cliff. On a moor, some two miles to the southward of the village, there are some tumuli, which are said by the country people round about to be the butts at which Robin Hood and his merry men exercised their shafts.

We tacked off and on against the tiresome head-wind, and at one o'clock spoke a French lugger, the St. Pierre, of Boulogne, whose deck was covered with a dirty-looking lot of men, jabbering and making as much noise as if she was full of monkeys. Having our topsail up we soon passed her, and eventually lost sight of her altogether below the horizon.

Whitby, with its ruined abbey high up above the town, was soon under our lee as we went about on the opposite tack.

The abbey was built by Osway, king of Northumbria, in 657, and forms a notable feature in the landscape. Whitby is associated with the name of Captain Cook, who served his apprenticeship in a vessel belonging to this port, and it is a curious coincidence that all the vessels which he took with him on his voyages round the world were built here.

Dinner was over by half-past three, when a stiff breeze coming in squally puffs made it necessary to get our topsail on deck, and soon after we were busy taking in a reef in the mainsail and shifting jibs.

That work over, to the mate's great satisfaction I took the tiller, and with the strong wind made good headway; as it had shifted sufficiently to enable us to lay somewhere near our course, our little ship going over the seas like a duck, leaving them astern, pounded flat into a seething mass of foam.

At a general meeting of directors, held that afternoon on the gratings abaft the tiller, it was finally decided not to put into any other place, however great the attraction, until we had reached Granton, up the Firth of Forth; so, to hurry on as much as possible, I had the topsail set over the reefed mainsail, and managed to carry it all night.

The port watch turned in about six o'clock, leaving the deck to Bill and me, as O'Reilly was again overcome by the "motion of the perfidious ocean," as the French say.

The tide was helping us along in fine style now, and the daylight remained so long after the sun had sunk below the horizon that it was not necessary to put up the side-lights until nearly ten o'clock.

In all coasting voyages the tide demands a good deal of attention and careful study on the part of the navigating yachtsman; and the tides in the North Sea are slightly confusing, as the varying pressure of the atmosphere and direction of strong winds considerably affect both the time and height of high water at various places. A strong N.N.W. gale and low barometer cause the tides to run half an hour longer along the coast from the Pentland Firth to London, and raise the surface of the water between two and three feet higher; while the opposite effect is produced by E.S.E., S.E., and S.W. winds, the effects of which are felt as far down the coast as Dungeness; so there is always plenty of subjects to occupy the yachtsman's mind and prevent him dying of ennui, as so many persons who never go to sea seem to fancy there is a chance of doing.

(To be continued.)

THE "BOY'S OWN" RUSTIC CART.

By F. J. Erskine.

Part IV.

The Warner wheels I have recommended to be used can be obtained from Messrs. Gadsdon—at the same time as the axle—and it will be best if they are asked to insert the axle boxes (Fig. 26 ×) at the time of sending them. The cost will be a few shillings, but the

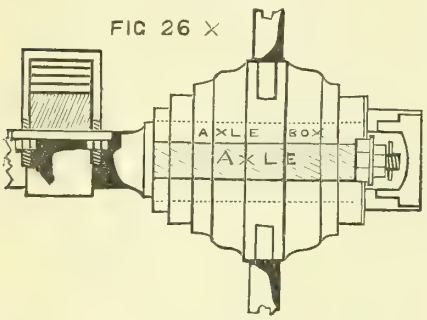


FIG 26 ×

work will be quickly and truly done: for these large firms keep a staff of competent men, and the boxing will be far more efficiently done than if the wheels are entrusted to a country wheelwright. The tyre should be of ½-inch iron, and the fastening nails, or tyre rivets, should be capped and the ends clenched inside the wheel. They will thus be as strong as possible. The brass caps of the axle screw inside the hub hoops (which can also be fitted locally), and must be always kept full of oil, as otherwise a Collinge axle is somewhat prone to heat, which renders the cart useless till unfixed, which is done by pouring in paraffin and allowing it to insinuate into the fixed parts.

The dash-boards for the sides are two pieces of walnut or oak, ¼ inch thick, 6 inches broad, and the length of the top bar. The irons are too simple to need description, and may be seen on any cart. Some have the wings set up slanting, but if fixed in the ordinary way it answers every purpose. The edges must be carefully bevelled off all round.

The wheels must be smoothed up and stained to match the predominant hue of the cart. Some have them painted and lined; but, though this wears better, the effect is rather patchy, and they look best quite plain and varnished. Neither wheels nor body must be sized; it is apt to make the varnish crack and peel. Four or five coats of carriage copal varnish, finishing up with a couple of coats of elastic carriage varnish, will leave nothing to be desired in point of appearance.

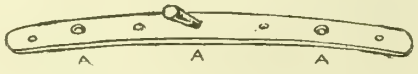
The iron work must be given two coats of lead colour priming, each of which must be rubbed down with sandpaper of the finest kind. The floor of the cart must also share in this priming inside and out. Then follows a coat of drop black, ground up with gold size, to the iron and bottom, and a finishing coat of black japan. It is quite a point of fancy if the spring blocks are oak colour, varnished, or black. If the underworks are all one colour the result is quiet and more uniform, but these minor details are pure affairs of taste.

The varnishing brushes should be those sold as such, or, better still, borrowed from a practical varnisher, ready "broken in" as it is termed. If bought new they must be well soaked before using, and the work well watched to see no *loose hairs* are about. That would be ruination. The trick of varnishing lies in distributing the varnish evenly, in long sweeping strokes along the sides and back, and crossing the work, by working across it up and down till it is all covered evenly with no runs. On no account must the length strokes be backwards and forwards, *they* must be all in one direction, with the grain. The sides of the raves are terribly apt to cause runs, so must be done carefully.

After the first coat of varnish, let the cart dry thoroughly for a good forty hours. Then comes the process of flatting the surface. Get some fine pumice-stone dust—which will be not a gritty, but an impalpable powder—mix it with water, and take a small quantity of the paste and a large quantity of water on a woollen or felt pad, and rub over every inch of varnish, steadily and lightly, with a circular movement like in French-polishing. The result will be the surface will lose its gloss, and be *dead* and smooth. Next take a soft sponge and a pail of cold water and wash off the dust which adheres, and finish by drying carefully with a chamois leather. When it is quite dry put on another coat of varnish, and when dry "flat" again. The result will be very good after the fifth coat, *if care is taken.*

When the shafts are quite dry and hard, it is time to fix the leathers, staples, and tug stops. The leathers extend from the point of the shaft to the back of the bend in front. It is best to cut out the shape of the leather

Fig 27.



and its dimensions in brown paper; this saves waste. If the harness is black, use patent-leather; if brown, strap leather. The latter is more fashionable. To fix, put a nail through each end of the leather at the top of the shaft; then, with an awl and strong needle and waxed twine, lace the leather smoothly on the shaft. The leather must meet, and come level with the metal-cap. Breeching staples are not often put in a dog-cart. Fifteen inches from the splinter bar two staples are generally put for the kicking straps. The leather for these is about 4 inches broad, and fixed by small tacks. The staples are screwed on in the middle. The best tug stop to use is the registered adjustable one, costing, with plated stop, 3*s.* 6*d.* The peg is arranged so as to screw in in three several positions an inch apart, making it suitable for all sorts of cobs (Fig. 27).

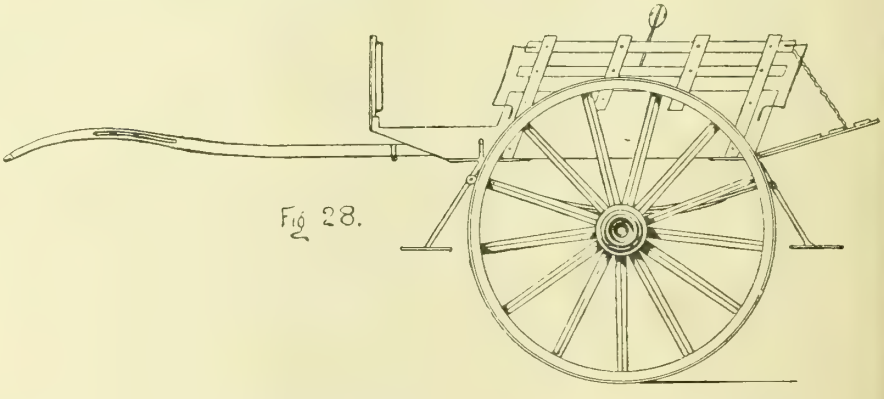
Next comes the question of the seats and cushions. Any upholstress can make the two square cushions needed for the front seat. Dark blue, dark green, or grey cloth is best. The driving-cushion must be wedge-shaped, say 5 inches deep at the back, sloping down to 3 inches deep in front, 18 inches long (for the seat will be about a yard long), and 14 inches wide—the breadth of the seat. The seams must be piped with cord, and the back seam left open to insert the stuffing, which will be partly horsehair, partly flock. Peg down the case on a deal table, and stuff the corners first with flock. Ram it in tight, stop short only at bursting the seams. Line round the sides with flock, and put the horsehair in the middle. When the cushion will hold no more, sew up the seam neatly.

About the seat itself there is nothing much to say. A simple board of pine or ash, 14 inches broad and as long as required, is all that is needed. It should be painted black, to match the floor and other fittings. The iron side-slides are perforated with holes; therefore, a couple of 1¼-inch bolts should be driven through, so that they may fit into these holes and hold the seat firmly in place. The best way of fixing the back is to have the top of the seat-rail angle irons screwed down 3 inches of their length. Holes are bored inside the back bar and the irons are screwed in, and remain strongly and safely ensconced in the wood and out of the way.

To stuff the back rail, just nail pieces of canvas along each side so that they bow out slightly; then push the stuffing in with a stick from each end, taking care to obtain a smooth round surface; cover with cloth, nailing it down with gimp pins, and straining it smoothly with care. Round off the ends and strive after neatness.

This completes my description of how to build a rustic cart. None of it is theoretical; every part has been worked out myself and practically. It has been written, so to speak, tools in hand, and may be relied on. Patience is wanted, and accuracy. The material will cost about 10*l.*, but for this expenditure a careful worker can turn out a cart equal to those costing three and four times as much at a coach-builder's. The worker must have a good pair of eyes to note down the points of the different carts he sees about. Many wrinkles may be picked up thus—but it must be neatness, above all, that wins the day.

(THE END.)


Fig 28.

HOW TO PREPARE AND MOUNT OBJECTS FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "How to make an Induction Coil," "Electric Lamps and how to work them," "Electro-motors and how to make them," etc., etc.

PART III.—MOUNTING IN CANADA BALSAM (*continued*).

A good deal of Canada balsam will be expelled round the edge of the glass when it is lightly pressed down, as it should be, over the object. If before mounting it was rendered perfectly flat, it will not be necessary to keep the cover under pressure till dry; with some hard objects it may, however, be as well to do so, and a very small weight may therefore be placed on the cover to keep it in its place. The slides are now to be put into a warm place on a flat surface. The kitchen oven, after the fire has gone out, will do, but it must not be hot enough to make the balsam boil, or bubbles will appear. If you have mounted the leg of a bluebottle fly, as I have intended you to, this is what you will see through the microscope:—



Fig. 3.—Leg of Fly.

To render you independent of the kitchen oven while your slides are drying, you can place them on the top of a flat foot-warmer full of hot water; the water will keep warm for several hours, but take care that it is not too hot when first filled.

After a few hours the Canada balsam round the edges of the cover will be hard enough to allow you to scrape off the superfluous quantity expelled by the pressure; the remaining traces can be removed by means of a rag dipped in turpentine. The slide is now finished, except that it has to be labelled with the name of the object. It can either be covered entirely with the covers sold on purpose with holes punched in the middle, through which the object appears, or it can be left plain, whichever the operator prefers. For myself, I have a leaning to the latter course, restricting the paper covers to objects mounted dry, about which we shall learn by-and-by. If no paper cover is used, a small label should be placed at each end of the slide, one containing the common name of the object, the other the scientific name, and, if you like, the family or order to which the insect, &c., belongs.

By way of illustration, I give a slide finished and with labels filled up. It is the leg and

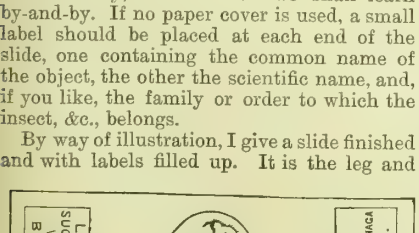


Fig. 4.—The Slide when finished.

suckers of the water-beetle known as *Dyticus marginalis* (Fig. 5), which is one of the most wonderful objects to be shown by the microscope. The whole of the pad of the foot is covered with small suckers on trumpet-like stalks, which enable the beetle to hold any object on which he chooses to make a meal; and as the creature is exceedingly voracious, all sorts of small fishes, &c., fall victims to its insatiable appetite. The beetle is common

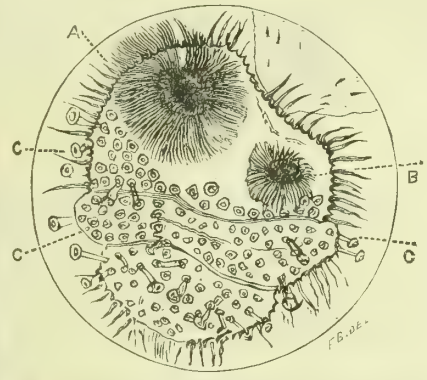


Fig. 5.—Foot and Suckers of Dyticus marginalis.
a, large sucker disk.
b, smaller sucker disk.
c, *c*, minute crowded suckers.

enough in ditches, &c., full of weeds and stagnant water, and may be caught easily enough by means of a net. They even penetrate into the village or town near their native pond or ditch; and when flying over the town on a moonlight night, they sometimes see beneath them the shimmer of the glass of a green-house or cucumber-frame, and let themselves fall with a crash on to it, thinking it to be water. On two or three occasions this has happened, and the beetles have afterwards been brought to me. I have no doubt that numbers have done the same without being discovered.

The suckers on the legs belong to the male beetle only. This is a very difficult object to mount, the suckers retaining so much air that large numbers of bubbles are sure to appear in the balsam. It is therefore best to heat it in the Canada balsam, as previously explained. While being soaked in the potash solution, the leg must be gently squeezed between the glass slips, as mentioned before, till nearly flat. Great care has to be taken with it, or, in pressing out the interior substance, the leg itself may be ruptured, and thus spoilt for the microscope. Care must be taken with all objects during this process, as even a small rupture will look very conspicuous under the microscope.

I said just now that the *Dyticus marginalis* was to be caught by means of a net. During the day these beetles are always to be found in their ditches; they only use their wings, as a rule, when it is dark.

As to the net. This needs to have a very strong framework, or the weeds will soon bend it, by clinging round it and opposing its progress. Every microscopist must provide himself with at least two nets, one an ordinary butterfly-net, which can be used for catching all kinds of moths, butterflies, and other flying insects on the wing; the other a net for catching beetles, larvæ, and other insects in the water. This latter should have a stout handle, say a broomstick 3 feet long, and a framework for the net composed of a thin piece of iron about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch broad, bent round so as to form a hoop, and fixed tightly to the broomstick. The advantage of this is that the iron is comparatively light, and though it does not offer much opposition to the water, through which it is sometimes necessary to move it sharply, it nevertheless gives the advantage of the iron support. The net itself may be made of "leno" (which must be well soaked in boiling water before use to make it *flimsy*) for small organisms, or, if only larger insects, &c., are required, it may be made of coarser material, such as gauze. The water soon rots away the material, so it will want renewing at intervals. The net must not be too shallow, or the insects will jump out; and it must not be too deep, or the stuff, floating about in the water, will prevent the handle being moved as quickly as is necessary. I prefer it rather shallow, and my own is about 4 inches deep.

A glass bottle is a very useful adjunct with which to despoil the ditch of its inmates. This can be fixed to a broomstick also, by means of wire twisted round the neck. It should be plunged to the bottom of the ditch among the weeds, *upside down*, and then suddenly turned over. In filling rapidly, a lot of small insects will be sucked into it. Of course, this will provide heaps of objects for the microscope in a living state, such as animalculæ, &c.; and a lot of insects fit to mount as permanent objects will also be secured in this way.

It is possible to mount objects in Canada balsam by another method, which I give, in order that if any one should fail altogether by the first method, which is the usual way to do it, he may have another plan to fall back upon, in which he may be more successful. I must say, for my own part, if possible I prefer the first method, but in delicate work it sometimes happens that the heat may injuriously affect the specimens, and therefore the second plan is to be adopted.

You must be provided with a bottle of ether, or some of your chloroform will do—perhaps it is even better—and in this you must make a *solution* of Canada balsam by dissolving rather stiff, or even hard, balsam in it. This may be as dilute as you like, but it is less trouble to use it as strong as possible; this, of course, depends on the specimen to be mounted. The specimen, having been placed in position on the slide, is covered with a few drops of the solution (which should have been filtered quickly through clean blotting-paper), and the cover glass is laid on. The slide is then left to dry. As the ether or chloroform evaporates, air will enter under one end of the cover. The slide must then be gently tilted up, and more solution added to fill the vacancy. Of course, in process of time the whole cover will be filled with balsam only, and when this is dry the slide can be cleaned and labelled as usual.

The slides mounted with Canada balsam must be taken care of, for the balsam in the interior, not being exposed to the air, will remain moist for weeks, and any sudden blow on the cover may dislodge it, and the slide have to be mounted again. After a long time, however, the balsam gets so solid that object, cover, and mount become practically one, and can be taken about without fear of damage. Objects which are not squeezed entirely flat, and have been dried under pressure, must be carefully treated for some time, as the upward pressure in the centre of the cover is liable to move it upwards, when of course air enters at the edges. These objects (such as stings, &c., of insects) must therefore be given plenty of balsam when mounting, so that there is plenty of room for them between the cover and the slide.

(*To be continued.*)

HOCKEY.

As a winter game hockey ranks next to football, and since the scattered clubs have formed themselves into an association its progress has been most encouraging. In some schools where football is objected to, hockey takes its place, but the modes of playing it are various. In order that uniformity may prevail, and inter-school matches be rendered possible, it is essential that the game be played in accordance with the laws of the ruling body. We therefore give the code now issued by the Hockey Association, as supplementary to our descriptive article on the game in one of our earlier volumes :—

RULES OF THE GAME OF HOCKEY.

1. A hockey TEAM shall number eleven players, unless otherwise agreed by the respective captains.

2. The GROUND shall be 100 yards long, and not more than sixty nor less than fifty yards wide, marked with white lines, and with a flag at each corner. The longer sides to be called the "side-lines," and the shorter sides the "goal-lines."

3. The GOALS shall be in the centre of each goal-line, and shall consist of two uprights twelve feet apart, with a horizontal bar seven feet from the ground.

4. In front of each goal shall be drawn a line twelve feet long, parallel to the goal-line, and fifteen yards from it. The ends of this line shall be curved round to the goal-lines by quarter circles, of which the goal-posts form the centres. This line to be called the "striking circle."

5. The BALL shall be an ordinary cricket-ball, painted white.*

6. The STICKS shall have no metal fittings whatever, and no sharp edges, and they must be able to pass through a ring two inches in diameter.

7. No player is to have any metal spikes or projecting nails in his boots or shoes.

8. The choice of goals shall be tossed for at the beginning of the game, and the goals shall be changed at half-time.

9. The game shall be started by one player of each side BULLYING THE BALL in the centre of the ground, and after each goal and after half-time there shall be a bully in the centre of the ground. The bully shall be played as follows : Each player is to strike the ground on his own side of the ball and his opponent's stick over the ball three times alternately ; after which either of the two players shall be at liberty to strike the ball.

10. In all cases of a bully, every player shall be between the ball and his own goal-line.

11. A GOAL is scored when the ball has been driven between the goal-posts under the bar. No goal can be scored unless the ball be hit from a point within the striking circle. A ball struck from without the striking circle, and touching or glancing off the person or stick of a player on the defending side, cannot score a goal.

12. When a player hits the ball, any player of the same side who at the moment of hitting is nearer his opponent's goal-line is off side, and may not touch the ball himself, nor may he approach within five yards of it until it has touched or been hit by one of the other side, or, in the case of a goal-keeper, until it has been hit or kicked by him ; nor may he in any way whatever interfere with any other player unless there are at least three of his opponents nearer their own goal-line.

13. The ball may be caught (but must be at once dropped) or stopped with any part of the body ; but it must not be picked up, carried, kicked, or knocked on, except with the stick. The ball shall be played from right to left only, and no left or back-handed play, charging, kicking, collaring, shinning, or tripping shall be allowed. The goal-keeper (who shall be named by his captain before the commencement of the game) shall, however, be allowed to kick the ball in defence of his goal, so long as it is within the striking circle. Fencing or hooking sticks shall not be allowed, unless one of the players is on the ball. A player shall not run in between his opponent and the ball so as to obstruct him, nor cross him from the left so as to foul him.

14. When a player strikes at the ball, his stick must not during any portion of the stroke rise above his shoulder. And no player may interfere in any way with the game unless his stick be in his hand.

15. On the occasion of a FREE HIT, no member of the offending side shall be within five yards of the spot where such hit is made, and the striker must not play the ball again until it has touched or been hit by another player.

16. The PENALTY for any breach of Rules 12, 13, 14, and 15, committed outside the striking circles, shall be a "free hit" by one of the opposite side on the spot where the rule was broken. For any breach of Rules 12, 13, 14, and 15 by the attacking side, committed inside the striking circle, a free hit may be claimed by the defending side. For any breach of Rules 12, 13, 14, and 15 committed by the defending side inside the striking ring, the attacking side can only claim a "bully."

17. When the ball passes over the "side-line," it shall be rolled out along the ground from where it crossed the line by one of the opposite side to that of the player who last touched it in any direction except forward. No other player shall stand within five yards of the side-line. The ball may be rolled out at once, and the player who rolls it out must not touch the ball again until it has touched or been hit by another player.

18. If the ball is hit behind the goal-line by the attacking side, it shall be brought out twenty-five yards in a direction at right angles to the goal from a point where it crossed the line, and there "bullied ;" but if the ball glance off, or is hit behind by any player of the defending side, a player of the attacking side shall have a free hit from a point on the side- or base-line within a yard of the nearest corner flag, and at the moment of such hit all the defending side must be behind their goal-line, and all the attacking side must be outside the striking circle.

19. Should there be no umpire or umpires appointed by the two captains, the captains shall be arbitrators in all disputes, and should two umpires or arbitrators fail to agree, they must appoint a referee, whose decision shall be final. Where there are two umpires but no referee, each umpire is to take half the field and to give his decisions in his half only. The field to be divided across by a line drawn at right angles to the side-lines through the centre of the ground. The two umpires shall not cross over at half-time.

NOTE.—The game is usually played for one hour and ten minutes. Half-time being called after thirty-five minutes.

* The ball must be painted white with ordinary white paint.

Correspondence.

ELECTRICITY (W. Donaldson).—Birds are not killed when they alight on telegraph lines, because they do not short-circuit the current, as they are not in communication with the ground, and also because the current necessary to work a telegraphic instrument is such a feeble one that it would do them very little damage if they did.

KALENDAR.—1. The legal year first began on the 1st of January, 1752. The alteration was made by 24 Geo. II., c. 23, the Act that reformed the calendar. The custom of beginning the year on the 25th of March was adopted by the Anglican Church in the twelfth century. In all cases of two dates being given you take the last ; for instance, Charles I. was beheaded on the 30th of January, 1648–9, which is, according to present reckoning, 30th of January, 1649. When the year began in March, it of course made September, October, November, and December the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months. 2. In Rome, Spain, and Portugal, the reformed calendar was adopted in 1582, ten days being left out in October, the 5th of that month being reckoned as the 15th. In France it was adopted the same year, the 10th being taken as the 20th. In Holland it was adopted the same year, but the ten days were left out later in the month, and the 15th of December became Christmas Day. In Germany it was adopted in 1682, and February lost its last ten days. In Great Britain it was adopted in 1752, when the 3rd of September became the 14th. Sweden adopted the new calendar next year. Russia and Greece still keep the old calendar going. In all the countries there were riots on the part of those who, like you, "could not understand why they should be cheated of some of the days of their life !"

DUMB-BELLS (Ælfieda).—For all ages and all strengths dumb-bells should not exceed two pounds in weight. See our chapter on Dumb-bells in our "Indoor Games."

GYMNASTICS (Hamilcar).—The most flourishing Gymnastic Club in London is the German Gymnastic Society in Pancras Road, N.W. Apply for Prospectus to the Secretary. There are Gymnastic Classes at the Polytechnic, in Regent Street, and at the Young Men's Christian Association, for particulars of which you apply at Exeter Hall, or Aldersgate Street. You might then get information of classes in your neighbourhood.

HISTORIES (A. F.).—Try J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," and J. H. Burton's "History of Scotland."

FRETWORK (J. W. McD.).—Messrs. Melhuish and Co., Fetter Lane, London, sell every kind of tools, woods, and designs for fretwork.

CALISTHENICS (A Cape Colonist).—Get "Indoor Games and Recreations," published at 56 Paternoster Row, E.C. There is no book in the market with "more about Gymnastics and Calisthenics."

MAC.—Clerks in the Army are taken from the ranks You must enlist and take your chance. Civilian clerks belong to the Civil Service, not the Army.

FIFTH FORM (Blockhead).—The "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's" has been reprinted in our Bookshelf Series. Its price is 5s.

BIRDS (R. C. Graham).—Messrs. Cooke and Son, of Museum Street, W.C., publish a catalogue of Birds' Eggs. The best book on birds at present is probably the guinea book by Howard Saunders, published by Gurney and Jackson, late Van Voorst's, in Paternoster Row, E.C.

PENNY WHISTLE (2).—"The Boy's Own Penny Whistle" has long been out of print in the paper, but it is reprinted in "Indoor Games," and that is the only form in which it can now be supplied.

HARP (Camberwellian).—Messrs. Chappell and Co., New Bond Street, would supply you with books on the harp by Chatterton or Thomas. One of the great makers, like Erard, of Great Marlborough Street, would advise you as to the best book.

STICKS (R. Bell).—If you steam the end of the stick you will make it pliable. Bend it then into the shape you want, and tie with wire or string to keep it in position. When it is cold and dry it will retain the shape.

SMOKER.—Smoke rises in the air, therefore smoke is lighter than the air ; therefore if you fill yourself with smoke you decrease your weight. Therefore, though the effect of two cigarettes a week is not, strictly speaking, enormous, still it must have a tendency to elevatory influence, and would not diminish the lightheartedness that troubles you ; therefore we say don't do it.

HISTORY (Jampot).—Mary Queen of Scots was born at Linlithgow. See our "Castles of Scotland."

WATERPROOF BOOTS (L. D. P.).—To make boots waterproof use dubbin or castor-oil.

FOX AND GEESE (E. Frankum).—There is a chapter on "Fox and Geese" in our "Indoor Games." We know of no other rules. "Indoor Games" is published at eight shillings.

N. Z.—The Maories are assumed to have arrived in New Zealand on Christmas Day, 1000.

PAINT FOR CAMERA, etc. (Inquirer).—1. You can make a good dull black paint, for painting inside of camera, etc., by mixing together gold size and good lampblack. If too much gold size is added a glossy paint will be the result. You can easily find the right amount by experiment. 2. It depends entirely on the maker ; Taylor, Taylor and Hobson, State Street Works, Leicester, sell very cheap lenses, and they are *very* good. £2 10s. is a fair price for a ¼-plate lens ; but W. J. Lancaster, of Colmore Row, Birmingham, sells some much cheaper than that. 3. Two grains chloride of gold, half-dram acetate of soda, ten ounces of water. Mix the day before use, and throw it away after toning a sheet of paper ; it is much less wasteful than keeping it. It will tone a sheet and a half with care.

MODEL ENGINE (Alfred Fuller).—You have commenced your engine at the wrong end, as the cylinder is the principal portion, and all other parts should be made in proportion to that, and it should, therefore, be the first consideration. Your idea is of no practical use, and would not work. What you require is the ordinary slide valve, worked by an excentric on crank shaft, and there are drawings and full instructions for making this in our Vol. VII. p. 37.

TAKING ORDERS (Clericus and others).—Not being a graduate of one of the universities you will have to take a two years' course at one of the theological colleges, and then pass the Cambridge Preliminary Theological Examination, before you could be accepted for Holy Orders. One or two of the bishops occasionally ordain men who have worked in their dioceses for two years as licensed lay-readers, and have then passed the above examination ; but we do not recommend you to adopt that course. You will find many useful hints in "A Guide to Ordination," published by Bemrose and Sons, 23, Old Bailey.

BATTERY.—The solution of sulphate of copper in the Daniell battery should be "saturated," that is, it should contain as much of the crystals as the water will take up. You can dissolve as much as you can in hot water, and then pour into the jar when cold. The extra crystals are put into the solution in order to keep it saturated. The amount of sulphate of zinc is not of much importance, but about 1½ or 2 ounces in each jar full of water will be about right. Hope you will succeed better now.

YOUNG NATURALIST.—For a "sugaring" preparation, stir up a wineglassful of coarse rum and a little beer into a pound of green treacle, and paint the mixture in narrow streaks upon the trunks of trees, etc., at dusk. The streaks should be about a foot long by three inches wide ; a rough-barked tree, such as the elm and oak, are better than smooth. Sometimes butterflies will come to the patches by day ; but no compound has as yet been invented for specially attracting them.

T. G. W. SANDFORD.—The bird which you saw was undoubtedly a dipper.

W. B. D. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You ask a question which it would require hours to answer. An article on the subject appeared in our first volume. How can we possibly tell you on what to feed your caterpillars when you do not even say to what species they belong ?

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 619.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1890. Price One Penny.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



A very awkward position!—(*See page* 114.)

POMPHOLUGOPAPHLASMA.

A SCHOOL STORY.

By Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Beware of the Hydrophagon," "Uncle Toussey," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

Harry Dawson had let go! Since all power of voluntary movement was suspended for the time being, his body, with legs and arms outstretched and toes nearly touching fingers, fell with all the dead weight of its inertia. Five feet deep was the lake, and the hole made in it by Harry's rounded back was enormous. The startled waters rushed in to fill the cavity, and uprose in a mighty column, as though a torpedo had been sprung beneath the flood. Full upon the sleeping form of Dr. Porchester burst the column in a shower-bath of bubbling spray, waking him instantly. He pushed aside his straw hat, he rubbed his eyes, and looked with watery vision and open mouth right and left, while the punt rocked on the surface of the troubled deep.

At the same moment, evidently startled by the same cause, there issued from the shelter of reeds and rushes close to the nose of the punt the two black swans mentioned in a former story. Uttering screams of alarm, the two birds commenced a boisterous retreat across the lake. The commotion they raised in their scurrying scramble sent the water flying in froth and spray far and wide.

The doctor had made himself very comfortable on the cushions in the stern of the ship, and it was no easy matter for him to sit up all in a moment. Nor did he see any immediate reason why he should be in a hurry to move. To be sure, he was very moist from the late sousing, but obviously he would be no drier by sudden exertion. Taking out his handkerchief he lazily brushed off the dew, and then with the canoe-paddle he leisurely proceeded towards the pier. He was under the impression that the noise and the wetting which awoke him had been caused by the swans. They had presumed upon his repose to perform their ablutions close to the punt, and his sudden movement had alarmed them. All this was so evident to the doctor that he never gave a thought to looking for any other cause. He had a vague idea that the sound of splashing which awoke him was very considerable; but then the mystic influence of sleep in the realms of dreamland is capable of magnifying molehills into mountains, and whispers into thunders.

You may be sure that I watched these proceedings with the closest interest and attention. It was so obvious that the doctor should think as I have suggested above. The two swans burst from their hiding-place close to the nose of the punt, and their terrified cries were so loud and their whole behaviour so eloquent of splashing and noise, that I myself almost forgot the real origin of the excitement.

But I was immediately reminded of it by the sudden appearance of Harry's head above the water. He had fallen in the rear of the punt, and the shock of the cold water had recalled his scattered wits. Then naturally his limbs aroused their energy to deliver him from a watery grave, and so his head uprose to view. Seeing the Doctor's great straw hat just in front of him, he instantly dived again, and quietly swam round the adjacent promontory of the island, where the shrubs offered close and friendly shelter. Harry dragged his dripping person up the bank, and concealed himself safely in the thickets, there to remain until the coast should be clear of danger.

All this I watched with absorbed attention. The Doctor proceeded on his voyage. He landed at the pier, and moored his vessel close inshore. Then he walked towards the house, and finally disappeared from view. I at once hailed my friend.

"I say, Harry, that was the narrowest shave you ever had in your life! What a lucky escape!"

"Narrowest shave, do you call it? It's the broadest ducking that I ever had, at any rate; and I don't see where the escape comes in. I'm sure to be caught sooner or later."

"No, of course not—easy enough. I'll cut off and get your dry things. You can swim to land and change behind the beech tree. We'll spread your flannels out to dry, and no one will be any the wiser."

"Well, look sharp, and bring a towel while you are about it."

I ran off, and managed to smuggle down the necessaries. I found Harry already rid of his wet garments, behind the tree. He was soon dried and dressed, his flannels were spread out to dry, and we both shortly afterwards presented ourselves in the class-room. We were ten minutes late, and got an imposition. But that was all, and Harry Dawson, at any rate, did not grumble, nor consider it an excessive penalty; he was so amazed to think he should escape any more serious consequences of his misdemeanour. It undoubtedly shook his confidence in the Doctor's sagacity to think that a solid boy could drop from a height of twenty feet into the water, not two yards away from the Doctor, and actually not be caught! Of all the surprising things that had ever happened in his school experiences this was surely first and foremost. So thought the other boys when the news of the adventure was published. They could hardly believe it; the Doctor had such a way of finding out everything. But it is very certain that he never found out this. It only proves that the wisest of men may occasionally be found napping, and so cannot be considered absolutely infallible.

After this incredible escape Harry Dawson showed his appreciation of the part played by the black swans. He used to collect pieces of broken bread from the breakfast-table, and run down to feed them. One day the Doctor found him so occupied.

"You seem very fond of those beautiful birds, Harry."

"Yes, sir; I think they ought to be encouraged. Perhaps they are distant relations of those that saved Rome, sir."

"But those were grey geese, *not* black swans."

"Were they, sir? Oh, yes—I forgot."

"I don't know," continued the Doctor, "that swans ever proved of such valuable aid to men in sudden danger."

"Didn't they, sir? Well, perhaps they did to boys."

Harry felt he was venturing on dangerous ground, and was amazed at his own audacity.

"Possibly so," replied the Doctor. "I cannot at this moment recall any instances. But I will have a look at the classics. There are some pretty stories about swans in the mythology. I would remind you of that prince of the Ligurians who used to walk along the banks of the Eridanus lamenting over the fate of Phaeton. When that rash youth presumed to drive the horses of the Sun across the heaven, they became unmanageable, and, rushing from their proper track, wellnigh involved the world in fiery destruction. Then Jupiter struck Phaeton dead with a flash of lightning, and hurled him into the Eridanus. And the young prince used to walk along the banks of the river weeping for his lost friend, until Apollo, taking pity upon the disconsolate mourner, changed him into a swan, and placed him among the stars. Isn't that a pretty story, my boy?"

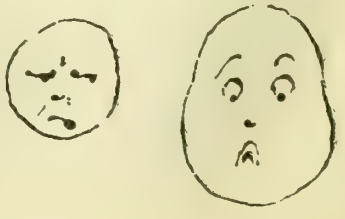
"Yes, sir. I wish they'd put it in the Latin books. It's better than Cæsar."

"Well, you stick to your Cæsar, Harry, and perhaps some day you will find it in a Latin book."

The school-bell rang, and Harry hurried off once more to his hated Cæsar, and drew a picture of Phaeton driving the Sun in a coach-and-four, with grooms and a lot of little suns, on the fly-leaf of his dictionary.

I am aware that Dr. Porchester is a constant reader of the Boy's Own Paper (oh yes, he still takes interest in boys—a grand old man—and long may he so continue!) I cannot help smiling, to think how he will open his eyes when he finds out the real cause of the shower-bath he enjoyed (?) on that merry May-day long ago. And I hope Colonel Dawson, V.C., will not be very angry with me for betraying confidence. It was too good a chance for a story to be lost.

(The end.)



GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER IX.—THE DIADEM IS PAID OFF.—THE LION OF THE PARISH.—I FALL IN LOVE, AND ITS COURSE IS NOT SMOOTH.—I RECEIVE AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION TO SERVE UNDER A FOREIGN FLAG.

"There's a Divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."—*Hamlet.*

If any one wants a real, unmitigated joy, let him go for a long cruise to the antipodes in a man-of-war; a vessel not bound to hurry herself, not bound to go at tip-top speed, crowding all sail; not bound to take the nearest course, and often putting to sea for the mere sake of putting to sea, with a glorious uncertainty as to when she will put into port again. Let such a one be parted for two or three years from all he holds most dear, receiving about three mails from England during that time; and then after all the vicissitudes of calm and storm, after many a night's anxious watch in all weathers, let him round St. Catherine's Point on some fine summer's morning with a gentle breeze blowing from the hayfields of the Isle of Wight, and if he is not as happy as a king, well, I can only say that he ought to be.

For myself, I had then no visions of injured tailors praying me to settle their little account, and in the same breath soliciting my further kind commands. I was not beset with hotel bills, livery-stable bills, or any of those other delights with which I afterwards, alas! became only too familiar. I viewed with complacency beyond imagination the ancient homes of Portsmouth, with their picturesque red-tiled roofs, backed by the green slopes and chalky cliffs of Portsdown Hill, the natural guardian of the enchanting country that lies behind. As we threaded our way with stately pride through the huge black-and-white line-of-battle ships, and the numberless small craft and wherries that thronged the harbour, I felt in a wonderfully contented frame of mind, ready to declare my implicit belief that His Majesty's Dockyard, Portsmouth, was far and away the finest place in the world.

No sooner were we safely moored than a most curious scene presented itself to our eyes. The Diadem was immediately surrounded with a flotilla of small boats crowded both with anxious relatives and friends of the crew, and, alas! by persons who came thither with no such friendly intentions, but with the sole idea of fleecing poor Jack out of as much as possible of his hard-earned pay. It is sad to think how much of this kind of thing is still going on, in spite of the immense improvement which has taken place owing to devoted philanthropy both inside and outside of the Royal Navy. I beheld with much amusement the buxom wife peering upward among the throng of faces which lined the hammock-nettings for the well-known physiognomy of her lord, and at the same time holding up the baby he left behind him, now grown a fine youngster; the mother marvelling at the change in her son from a thin, weedy, ill-conditioned boy to a fine stalwart man, with more than a suspicion of a coming beard; the meeting of the lover and his blushing sweetheart, and the rueful looks of more than one seaman or marine with whom the custom-house officials inconveniently required an interview. Nor were there wanting sadder scenes; a mother mourning over her lost child, and wailing, we think somewhat unreasonably, at the idea of his being buried at sea; a wife who came to look for her husband, whose earthly career had been brought to a close months before. We had had no opportunity of sending to her the sad news of her widowhood. I shall never forget the scene; her wan, white face, her look of acute despair, the tears of her little children. Nor shall I easily forget how the rough seamen, inured for years to the sight of bloodshed and all the horrors of war, men accustomed never to speak half a dozen words without an oath, hard drinkers and loose livers though most of them were, yet gathered round the little group of mourners with all the tenderness of knightly chivalry, and a sympathy deep as a woman's, and from their own purses immediately subscribed enough money to provide the whole family with mourning, with a few pounds to spare for other immediate wants.

All was bustle and confusion, the exchanging of news, the receiving and forwarding of despatches, the visit of now one high official, now another. Everything spoke of home, our work accomplished, and coming rest and holiday. I felt that it was well worth while to have been abroad, and to have returned with so intense a love for my native land. But I would have cheerfully left Portsmouth the very next day had the necessities of the service demanded it, so eager was I to follow the glorious example of so many heroes of the sea.

However, *l'homme propose, Dieu dispose.* I was not to continue in the British navy; and as the bulk of my adventures took place when I was serving under another flag, I intend deliberately to skip over the next two years, save that I must now relate a circumstance which materially affected my after life.

Our ship was shortly paid off; but, before the pennant was hauled down, to my surprise the captain sent for me. He was a good officer, but lived at such a distance from his juniors that I, at any rate, might be said to have scarcely made his acquaintance. Judge of my astonishment, then, when I found him seated with Mr. Jollife, and heard him assure that gentleman and myself that he had a very high opinion of my conduct and abilities, and would serve me in any way that lay in his power.

He gave me a card with his private address, and bade me write to him in case of need; and Mr. Jollife, who now showed himself marvellously gracious and condescending, invited me to dine with him at the "George," as an appropriate finish to a successful commission.

Delighted, as the reader may imagine, at finding myself so warmly recommended, and rejoicing in my freedom, I was not long in turning my face homewards, and in a few days found myself dropped by the Blazer at the "Bear and Ragged Staff," High St. Warwick. Not finding Ezra, as I expected, I sallied forth in the direction of the market-place in search of him. How quiet and eminently respectable the dear old street looked; how pleasant it was to contemplate once more the long line of ancient houses, a delicious blending of delicate-coloured sandstone and brick—warm red or snowy white—with black timbers, embodying several centuries of history in the varied architecture. They tell me the old place looks much the same still, that it has an abiding character of English solidity and comfort, and an unswerving attachment to all that was good in the old time; and this, too, in spite of the fact that the neighbouring village of Leamington Priors has sprung up with marvellous rapidity into a fashionable watering-place, the elegant villas of which extend over several miles, and make the ancient county town and its younger neighbour practically one.

As I was contemplating the pleasant scene I espied Ezra standing on the opposite side of the street, in doubt whether it were really myself or no, so tanned was I by the tropical sun, and to such an extent had I developed under my new mode of life.

And, indeed, I must have looked rather a curious object; for my clothes were one and all too small for me, and very much the worse for wear. But I soon satisfied my friend's doubts as to my identity by crossing the street and greeting him warmly; and good, indeed, it was to grasp that burly honest hand once more, to hear that kindly voice again, and ply my friend with a thousand questions about home and all that I loved there. We made our way back to the inn, where I proudly called for a quart of their best ale for my old friend, and further bestowed upon him a large coil of tobacco, carefully prepared on board ship in the orthodox manner. To have seen Ezra in the enjoyment of a pipeful of this special compound was to me worth many a hundred miles of travel. Having satisfactorily accomplished what little business remained to be transacted, we ordered out the light cart, and were soon proceeding merrily on our way homeward, through delicious green lanes as yet uninvaded by railways, and inhabited by simple, good-mannered folk, with very warm hearts and an idea of what is becoming—sadly lacking, I am afraid, in our own day.

"And how's mother?" I said to Ezra, when we got clear of the town.

"Well, Master George, Oi be agooin' to spake the truth; 'er took on dreadful like when you first went away—seemed as if nothin' 'ouldn't 'elp 'er to bear up with it no'ow. We was very mooch afeerd on 'er at woon toime; 'er face got so thin and drawed loike, and 'er'd got to eat very nigh nothin', and 'er'd a nasty cough with it. Me and the Missis didn't know what to make on it at all, and even the children noticed it. We was very miserable about it, I can tell you."

I felt a lump rising in my throat; I was very near shedding tears; but I controlled myself.

"Woon day our doctor 'ad been down to see 'er, and, instead o' ridin' off again at once, as 'e were used to do, 'e comes stridin' into our kitchen.

"'Mornin', sir,' says I.

"'Obbins,' says 'e, 'do you know as your Missis is very ill?'

"'Oi do, indeed, sir,' Oi says; 'me and the Missis 'ave noticed it this long woild; we're very un'appy about it, sir.'

"'Ah, well you may be,' says 'e; ''er's a frettin' 'erself into 'er grave, 'er is; 'er must 'ave change of air and fresh company; and, what's more, 'er'll die if 'er dooant 'ave it. Oi've just been a tellin' 'er so plainly.'

"Well, sir, we tried all as we could think on to get 'er to goo away for a bit, and at last we persuaded 'er to goo and stay for a month with a sister o' mine as 'as a large farm down Bidford way, as is a very 'ealthy place, Oi've 'eerd. But 'er didn't seem to git no better, and soon come back again; and we was very melancholy.

"Well, woon day, a strange gent come to our place, and the Missis seemed as glad to see 'im as never was. They was a long toime together walkin' up and down the garden and orchard, and at last, when 'e were goin' away, Missis sent for me, and said, ''Obbins, this is a old friend o' my 'usband's; we played together when we was children; and now 'e's a great planter in the West Indies, and 'e's goin' back theer for foive years more, and 'e wants me to take care of 'is little girl in the meantime; 'er'll be 'ere on Tuesday; and Oi shall want to 'ave 'er fetched from Birmingham.'

"'Servant, sir,' Oi says to the gentleman; 'we'll do all as we can to make the young lady 'appy and comfortable; and Oi'm main glad to think as 'er's comin'; 'er'll be as good as physic to the Missis, sir.'

"'So Oi think,' said the gentleman; ''er wants a bit o' company, and it'll be a rare good 'ome for the child; as good a 'ome as 'er could wish for.'

"Well, sir, two days arter that 'er come, and 'er 'ave been with us ever since. Bless you, sir, your mother ain't the same 'oman. Me and the Missis can't do enough for Miss Isabel; and if you dooant fall in love wi' 'er, sir, Oi'm a Dutchman."

Here was news for me! I wasn't quite sure at first whether to be glad or sorry; whether I was prepared to admit any one to a share of that love which was my chiefest earthly blessing. I must confess to a slight feeling of jealousy; I wanted my mother all to myself; I knew that I had confessions to make, sins of omission and commission to speak of; my heart was already full of regretful promises of amendment; I knew that I had fallen far from that innocence in which I had left home—a fall all but inevitable, but still none the less sad. Ezra noticed my silence, and perhaps divining the meaning of it, descanted for some time longer on the change in our home since this ministering angel (I can call her nothing else now) came into it. But suddenly, as we turned into a broad road shaded by mighty overhanging elms, between which we could gain occasional glimpses of the church tower, he exclaimed:

"Look theer, Master George, theer be the boys awaitin' for yer. They're mighty glad, I can tell yer, to see yer back agin."

There stood my sturdy farmer friends, all grown, but ruddy and merry as ever, eager to welcome me home. As we drew up at our outer gate they greeted us with a ringing cheer, and one after another grasped my hand with a true British grip, exclaiming in wonder at my bronzed face and manly appearance. In a twinkling they had taken the pony out of the cart, and, harnessing themselves thereto, dragged us in with a right joyous home-coming. In the porch stood my mother and Isabel, the former a trifle paler and thinner than two years ago, but with such a smile of warm welcome as made me thoroughly ashamed of my late selfish and jealous frame of mind; and so not a thought returned to mar the sacred happiness of that meeting.

How delicious home seemed! how quiet and cool after the noisy and narrow midshipmen's berth! What a luxury it was to roam at will through the dear old garden and orchard, and into the wide fields beyond, in the freshness of the early morning, or in the twilight full of mysterious sounds and shadows! What mighty expeditions we made, the farmers' sons and I; they never tired of listening to my story of travel and adventure, I never tired of joining them in some fishing expedition to a distant stream in search of wily chub or cannibal pike, or in some long day's ramble to Kenilworth, or Stratford, or Edgehill—rambles in which my mother and Isabel would sometimes accompany us.

You would not say that Isabel was exactly a beauty, and yet her whole aspect was intensely pleasing. To begin with, there was perfect health, and a perfect, well-balanced figure. Her features were somewhat plain, but they found abundant compensation in the sunniest of smiles, and a wealth of hair with a slight tinge of gold about it, which clustered round an oval face in a very winsome way of its own. But the great charm about her was a mind which was nothing if not honourable, and a manner which betrayed not the slightest sign of unreality or affectation. It was wonderful to watch the way in which all the dumb things about the place clung to her with the warmest affection. I remember to have seen on one occasion dogs, cats, pigeons, and chickens all following her together, and the great cart-horses used to neigh with pleasure at her approach, and would one and all eat out of her hand. No wonder, then, that she was a favourite with Ezra; and no wonder that, young as I was, she little by little won for herself a place in my heart, which only one has since been able to fill. No wonder that during those two years, as I returned home from time to time, I discovered an ever-increasing affection for her, and began to think and hope that I might one day win her for my own. At first I scarcely dared confess this to myself, still less dared I own to myself what I felt to be equally true, that she, too, had thoughts like mine: in short, that there was an answering love.

I now began to dream of Isabel. In my frequent absences on service she was continually present to my mind, and, young as I was, I began to live for her and work for her; and I dared to hope with a courage which the world would have styled unheard-of audacity in a young sailor. That same world often passes harsh judgments on sailors generally, forbidding them to marry till the best of their lives is over, on the plea that the inevitable separations are too cruel for either husband or wife to endure. But we that are inside the service know the compensations that follow the trial, when it is well and faithfully borne; and I think the truth is that hardly any one needs a good wife, or yields more readily to her reclaiming influence, than the seafaring man.

No doubt I was very young and very foolish; no doubt I richly deserved all that I suffered afterwards. Like many another young man, I fancied that I had got to the end of my education, being not at all aware that education is the business of a lifetime, and death overtakes one when the work is not even so much as half done. I thought that I could steer myself through the waves of this troublesome world, and that every one who differed from me was harsh and unaccommodating.

Things went on, however, much in the ordinary course until I was about nineteen and Isabel a year younger. Her father had now intimated his intention of returning home from the West Indies and settling permanently in England. For myself, I knew that I had come to a period in my naval career when I must expect to be sent away for a long cruise, perhaps extending over three or four years; it is not therefore strange that I felt a great longing to declare myself, that I might not lose that which I held dearest on earth by holding back. It was true, indeed, that the war was over, that my chances of distinction and prize-money were considerably lessened. But had I not won golden opinions from my first captain? Might I not, by hard work, smartness, and attention to the smallest detail of duty win for myself a place among the more fortunate few? We could wait, nay, we must wait, perhaps for years; but anything was better than to lose her, and I felt a growing confidence that I was as dear to her as she was to me.

While I was thus hesitating, two events happened, both of which had a very material effect on my destiny. The first was a private letter from Sir Augustus Clandrawline, which made me open my eyes very wide indeed, and of which more presently. The second was the sudden arrival of Mr. Delamere, Isabel's father, some weeks before he was expected. As the reader may imagine, the state of my mind could not long remain secret—and, indeed, I now grew restless and reckless, and took scant pains to conceal my passion. Mr. Delamere, however, did not tax me with it, and treated me with marked kindness and cordiality. But in a couple of days, taking advantage of my absence on business for my mother at Warwick, he suddenly took his departure, carrying off his daughter with him, so that I could not even say "Good-bye."

What a bitter day that was for me! What a blank there was in the world, which it seemed nothing could fill! And I thought, "My mother must have been privy to this," and for the first time, as I do verily believe, there sprung up in my heart the thought of a breach between myself and my mother.

Bursting with indignation, I sought her chamber, when, steeling herself to the task, she told me, with evident compassion, that I must not expect to see Isabel again for a long time; that her father had taken her away for an extended tour through Europe, and that it was quite uncertain when they would return.

"But, mother," said I, panting with rage and despair, "why mightn't Isabel

at least say good-bye to me? Why were these proceedings kept such a profound secret? What have I done that I should be treated in this way?"

"My dear boy, it wasn't what you have done; it was what you might have done. I quite agree with Mr. Delamere that it would have been a most unfortunate thing if you had proposed to Isabel. Her father has taken her away as much out of kindness to you as from any other motive; for I know that he likes you, George, and in due time you might gain your point, if you are wise and if you persevere in your profession. But you are both far too young to think even of engagement; and she—why, she's quite a baby! My dear George, for the love I bear you, do try to put this affair out of your mind for three years; work hard at your profession, win success, and then who knows what may happen?"

I preserved a moody silence as yet; but the storm was gathering fast.

My mother continued: "I may as well tell you at once, George, you are to consider yourself on probation; and Mr. Delamere desired me to tell you that he puts you upon your honour neither to write to Miss Delamere nor to attempt in any way to interfere with her absolute freedom; and I must say, my dear boy, I think he's quite right."

It costs me a pang to record this; but the truth must be told. Half-maddened with rage and disappointment, I fell into a towering passion. I believed that all my life was blasted; a torrent of unjust suspicions filled my mind.

"It's not as you think, mother; it's a mean subterfuge; he saw that I loved her, and that she loved me; he doesn't like the match, and so he took her away in this sneaking fashion. He does not trust me—a gentleman and a British officer; 'tis a gross insult to my honour."

"Mr. Delamere is incapable of a mean or dishonourable action, George."

"But I say he is capable of it; or why does he treat me in this way?"

"My dear George, this very outbreak of temper shows how wise this decision is. It shows how little you know of your own self, my poor boy. How can you be fit to offer yourself to any young lady in your present state of want of self-control? I should have thought you had learned something of the value of discipline by this time. You must learn to govern yourself; and when you have acquired a fitting position, perhaps you may win your way."

"Does it look like it?" I indignantly exclaimed.

"No," replied my mother, calmly; "it certainly does not, George, as long as you are running into debt as you are now. Only this morning I have had a letter from your captain, enclosing bills to the amount of nearly a hundred pounds. Pretty well, that, for a boy like you. What would Mr. Delamere say, if I told him that?"

At any other time I should have been staggered and utterly silenced by such an announcement as this. How little had I dreamed that that which I had determined to keep from my mother's ear was no longer a secret; that that loving heart was wounded by my misdoings, my broken resolutions, my reckless extravagances, which told their own story only too well. At that moment I could not think of all this. I had allowed my passion to utterly gain the mastery over me.

"I say it's a cruel shame. My honour is disgraced. I am a gentleman, and an officer, and yet it seems I am not to be trusted. I would call Delamere out if he were here; I would at least demand the usual satisfaction. It isn't what you think, mother; there's some slur upon our house; that's why he won't let me have her;" with other bitter and inexcusable words which I will not repeat.

It would take an abler and more experienced pen than mine adequately to describe the majesty that gathered about my mother's face at this moment. A light gleamed from her eyes which I never remember to have seen therein at any other time; the saintly, Monica-like expression of her features died away into a look of queenly indignation, as one would imagine that of some angel, gathering himself up for a never-to-be-forgotten reproof.

"You were born to glorify God here; and hereafter to enjoy Him fully for ever," she said, "and you have done two things, George, which I can never permit you to do in any house of mine. I will be a mother to you, God helping me, to my last breath; but I will not permit you in my house to use language unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; nor will I suffer you to cast the slightest shadow of aspersion upon your father's blameless life."

"Well, mother," I said, still brimming over with passion; "how can I stay here? I've lost all my interest in the place."

"And have you no love left for me, my dear George?"

"Yes, indeed, indeed I have, you know I have. What a heartless brute I must seem! But still I shall never be happy here now; I must go abroad again. This treatment is too harsh for human endurance. What have I done that I mightn't even say good-bye? I know what I'll do," I continued fiercely. "I'll go and join Cochrane in Chili. Look here, mother, read that" (drawing a letter from my pocket), "there's an invitation to me to join those men in their brave struggle for liberty."

I threw the letter across the table; my mother took it with trembling fingers, put on her spectacles, read it deliberately twice, folded it up again, and handed it back to me.

I shall not set down in detail in this chronicle the conversation which followed; my mother's prayers, entreaties, and warnings, parried one by one by excuses more ready than true, as excuses so often are; the idea gathering shape, and seizing fast hold of my mind, that the best way out of difficulties such as mine was to become, as I was invited to become, a sailor of fortune. I shall not reproduce here my mother's earnest appeals; the danger of leaving the beaten track which seemed so plainly pointed out to me; the folly of exchanging a position in his Majesty's service, procured for me with an infinity of trouble by kind friends, for one of uncertainty and incessant peril in a foreign country and under a foreign flag; her own advancing age and failing health. None of these things moved me. I was inexorable; and my mother at last yielded to my entreaties with a sigh that goes to my heart, while I think of it, even now.

"Well, my dear boy," she said, "I must let you go; it is at least some comfort that Sir Augustus has recommended you; but I much fear that you are playing the part of the prodigal, and that there are bitter lessons in store for you, which you can only learn through pain and want. I will pay your debts, and let you go; but remember, I cannot do this again; I will make you an allowance sufficient for your wants, and I trust to your honour and your love for me to pay as you go. But the day will come when repentance may bring you home, and, as long as I live, you will find it here."

Her words came true—I came home, tried, subdued, repentant; a sadder and a wiser man. What I suffered in the meantime is now to be related.

(To be continued.)

A CORAL PRISON; OR, THE BOY HERMITS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

A TALE OF THE MALDIVE ISLES.

By David Ker,

Author of "For Life and Death," "Through the Darkness," "Drowned Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XIII. (CONCLUSION).—THE HARVEST OF DEATH.

The boom of the signal-gun was answered by a wild howl from hundreds of throats at once, as harsh and savage as the cry of hungry wolves in full sight of their prey. Then the torches were seen moving swiftly toward the house which our heroes had just quitted; and then there came a momentary silence, followed by another yell louder and fiercer than the last.

"The nest's warm, but the birds are flown," murmured Harris.

"They'll soon find out where we've gone," said Merritt, "by the footprints leadin' to the rock; but if they can scale this precipice against these two guns of ours, they're cleverer than I think them."

He had hardly spoken when an uproar from below, to which all the previous clamour was as nothing, showed that he was right. The mere thought that the "Feringhi unbelievers" were upon the sacred rock, profaning with their unholy feet the tomb of a Mohammedan saint, perfectly maddened the excitable islanders; and the presence of Shamo—whose deep voice was plainly heard amid the tumult—was hardly needed to hound them on to vengeance.

But, furious though the Maldivians were, they were not such fools as to attempt scaling a dangerous precipice in utter darkness against two guns; and Shamo, who

was probably the most experienced fighter there, saw at once that the siege of Mount Grant would be a serious matter, requiring very careful handling.

The Dacoit held a short consultation with Prince Tiru, after which they divided their men into two bands, and posted them in the thickets on either side of the rock, with orders to annoy the besieged party by shouting and firing a few shots every now and then, so as to make them believe that the attack was just about to begin.

Meanwhile the defenders had not been idle. To save their ammunition, they had piled a number of large stones in readiness at the edge of the platform, which, flung from such a height down the steep narrow stair that was the only approach, would be quite as deadly as a bullet. They had stowed their provisions and water safely under the plank awning of the tomb, and had made fast their flag to one of the three overshadowing palm-trees, to be ready when the wind should rise sufficiently to spread it.

They were finishing their preparations when the first shot was fired from below, and a bullet struck the rock just beneath them.

"Let 'em shoot," said Merritt; "they can't hit us nohow, so long as we keep close. Keep your ears open, though, boys, for if they try to scramble up, we'll be apt to *feel* 'em afore we can see 'em."

Slowly the long, weary hours wore on as they lay crouching there in the darkness, hemmed in by merciless enemies, with every nerve strained as if on the rack. Again and again they sprang to their feet thinking that they heard the stealthy tread of their assailants creeping upward through the gloom, to begin the assault which—as they knew only too well—*must* come sooner or later.

But at last a faint gleam of light broke the blackness of the eastern sky, while at the same time the lifeless air was stirred as if by a rising wind.

But it was no breeze that moved it. The pigeons and wild-fowl had risen by thousands from their nests below, and, after circling around the trees for some moments with shrill, uneasy cries, rose into the air in one great mass, and flew away over the sea, heading toward the eastward.

"Hollo!" cried Harris; "what on earth does *that* mean?"

"It means *mischief*, Bob," said Merritt, gravely; "there's something coming that we don't know of, or they wouldn't act so. If it's a storm rising, we'd best haul down that flag 'fore it gits blown away."

But they soon had something else to think of, for the assailants began to bestir themselves the moment they had light enough to see what they were about. While Prince Tiru's ambushed marksmen sent a constant hail of bullets against the summit of Mount Grant, Shamo, followed by a picked band of the boldest and most active islanders, began to mount the rock-cut stair, confident that the boys could not step forward to fire at them without being themselves hit by the sharpshooters below.

And now the situation of the forlorn boys seemed well-nigh desperate. The stones which they flung down fell with a terrific crash, but so dexterously did Shamo and his men shelter themselves behind the projecting crags, that not one was hurt. Up, up, up they crept, higher and ever higher, till at length the nearest of them were close enough to send their bullets right into the mouth of the hollow in which the doomed defenders stood at bay, five against a host.

Merritt, clinching his teeth in desperation, was straining his eyes seaward, in the faint hope of espying some distant vessel, when suddenly he beheld a strange and awful spectacle.

The bright morning sky, ablaze with the glory of the sunrise, was dimmed all at once along the whole western horizon by a strange yellow haze, not unlike a cloud of flying dust. It appeared to be moving onward with amazing speed, and, wherever it passed, the ocean seemed instantly to change from its usual deep, rich blue to a foul, sickly white.

For a moment Merritt gazed blankly at this grim phenomenon, and then its fearful meaning flashed upon him.

"Down, for your lives!" he cried, throwing himself flat on his face behind the overhanging rock; "it's——"

But the last words were drowned in a roar, as if the earth itself were torn asunder, while the thirty-foot palms above them snapped like sticks of sealing-wax, and were hurled far away into the empty air.

And then the harvest of death began. Busied with their savage work, Shamo and his fierce followers had been blind to the coming whirlwind, which fell upon them like the thunder of heaven on the exposed face of the cliff, whirling them into the air like straws, to be dashed to pieces upon the cruel rocks below.

The last scream of the doomed men was as unheard amid that sky-rending din as the cry of horror that burst from their comrades, who turned instinctively to seek some place of refuge. But there was no refuge for *them*. The destroying might of nature had overpowered the rage of man, and those who had shown no mercy to others found none themselves from the pitiless storm and the roaring sea. Huge trees, torn up by the root, fell thundering on every side, crushing the miserable creatures beneath their weight. The strong houses melted away before the blast of the hurricane as if they had never been. Crash on crash, the giant billows came foaming up over the low islet, each seizing its living prey. Prone on the earth lay man and beast, in a dumb despair like that which seized the tenants of the elder world when "the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened."

But the worst was still to come. Far out to seaward a huge dark shadow surged high into the air, stretching all across the tormented ocean like a mighty wall, as if the whole sea had heaped itself into one wave. The boys had hidden their faces, but they heard the roar of the coming destroyer, and felt the solid cliff tremble at the shock with which that tremendous wave smote the island and passed *right over it*; while, mingling with that deafening uproar, there arose from below a shriek of mortal agony—the death-cry of a nation.*

When the destroying waves retired, the once green and beautiful island was nothing but a desert of sand and stones, broken coral, uprooted rocks, and shattered tree-trunks, which had been twisted and crushed like withered leaves. From the summit of their rocky fortress the five besieged castaways—the only living creatures that had escaped that great harvest of death—looked down in silent horror upon the wide waste of ruin in which two thousand human lives had been engulfed for ever.

Early on the following morning the anxious watchers upon Mount Grant descried in the offing a British cruiser, which seemed to be standing in right towards the island, doubtless attracted by the sight of the reversed Union Jack, which Bob and Jake had hoisted again as a signal of distress the moment the whirlwind abated. Luckily for them, she had been caught by the skirt of the hurricane, and driven far out of her course; otherwise, their signal might never have been seen, for European vessels seldom, if ever, venture close to these dangerous islets.

Seeing a boat putting off from the ship, our five refugees scrambled hastily down the rock, and an hour later they were safe aboard H.M.S. Semiramis, commanded by Captain Clew Garnet, R.N.

"Well," said the captain, after hearing their story, "I thought *I'd* seen something in my time, but you youngsters beat me hollow; and now that I've picked you up I mustn't lose sight of you again. I can give this little chap," patting Louis's shoulder, "a berth as my cabin-boy, for the last I had deserted at Aden; and as for you four others, if you like to ship on board of us with the rating and pay of ship's boys, I shall be very glad to have you. We're bound for Sumatra now, to look after some wrecked sailors whom the savages in Acheen have snapped up, as they did those poor fellows in the Nisero two years ago; and I can promise you some queer adventures, if *that's* what you want."

The boys gladly accepted the offer, and a few weeks later Captain Garnet's promise of "queer adventures" was amply made good. But the story of their voyage to Sumatra, and how it ended, must be told in another place.

(THE END.)

* A similar whirlwind completely desolated several of the Maldive Isles in April 1847.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

AN EVERYDAY AND LIFELONG BUSINESS.—David Livingstone, who did so much toward opening up the dark continent of Africa, told the following story. When he was a boy, a faithful Christian man called him to his death-bed and said, "My son, make religion the everyday business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts." Livingstone's life shows that he followed the advice to the day of his death, even to his last hour, which was spent on his knees in prayer to Him to whom he had so often gone for comfort, and never in vain.

WE are not saved by nations, or by churches, or by families, but as individuals, through a personal interest in a personal Saviour.—*J. A. James.*

ONE earnest gaze upon Christ is worth a thousand scrutinies of self. The man who beholds the cross, and beholding it weeps, cannot be really blind nor perilously self-ignorant.—*Dean Vaughan.*

A NERVOUS MAN'S ADVENTURE.

By the Author of "Obadiah," etc.

PART III.

I SHOOK hands with my tutor and his guests, and left the bright, cosy room, with its comfortable old-fashioned red curtains and dark oak-panelled walls, whose carved framing and smooth surfaces reflected back the cheerful firelight.

But what should I do about my change of dress? and, especially, what should I do with the unhappy trousers? I had intended to run down to St. Frideswide's and there effect an exchange. But it was later than I had reckoned upon, and it would be better, on the whole, to start at once. My friend H—— would send out my things by the next carrier, and the boots which I had on were strong enough for the walk. The night was now clear and bright, with a tendency towards frost. No need for the umbrella which I had brought with me to St. John's. But, the unfortunate nether garments! How should I again run the gauntlet of sarcastic remark from any chance passer-by?—for I had determined I must get them away from the porter's lodge at all hazards. It was bad enough to have to answer Crumpet's question, in which the old man's educated servility struggled with his sense of the comic while he handed me my overcoat.

"Will you have *the other* article too, sir?"

"Of course I will," I replied majestically.

I was not going to leave the "article," as he styled it, to become the jest of the college, to be roared over at the young men's wines, and raise a smile perhaps among the solemn dons.

"Of course I will. Give it to me," I cried. And throwing the hapless integuments over my left arm, I concealed them dexterously by flinging my overcoat upon them; then, grasping my good umbrella in the other hand, I started on my homeward walk.

The stars shone clearly, but there was no moon. I walked along swiftly, and soon crossed the bridge over the river, whose dark surface I could barely distinguish, save by the reflection here and there of some brighter constellation. Outside the city the lamps still extended for nearly a mile, throwing their strange black shadows upward towards the sky and obliquely across the road. Very few persons seemed to be about: fewer still were likely to be going in my direction. Yet, before I left the pavement, I fancied I heard a step following me, and wondered, when I had got beyond the region of walled gardens and saw the quickset fences right and left of the gravelly road, that I did not hear it again.

Ah, surely, there it was! I stood still for a moment that I might catch the footfall. It was rather pleasant than otherwise to find that I had a fellow-traveller, even if he should, as I expected, turn off by the more frequented road to A——. But it seemed remarkable, when I reflected on it, that the stranger, whoever he was, should evidently walk at exactly the same rate as myself.

What did it mean? I had been stepping on pretty quickly, and, to judge by the sound, he seemed to be a quick walker too. I hate to be followed, and by an unknown person too, especially on a solitary road and on a dark November evening. I would slacken my pace and let him pass me. Accordingly I took shorter and shorter steps, till I was making little more progress than a batch of recruits "marking time" in the barrack yard. Now I should hear him approach and see what he was like.

The footfalls seemed to grow nearer, but not much. Still I heard them. Why did not he come up? Could it be that he himself was loitering and did not wish to be seen? And, if so, with what object? I looked over my shoulder where the road took a curve, and tried to make him out in vain. I fancied I could discern a figure, but he seemed to keep in the dark shadows of the trees. It was plain, however, that he too was halting, and, probably, with no good intentions. I thought of all I had heard of ill-looking fellows in the neighbourhood. Was one of them dogging my steps, and prepared, when I got into the more solitary part of the road, to make a signal to his comrades to fall upon me? I would test the matter further.

Resuming my original pace, I gradually quickened it until I was walking as if for a wager—then, crossing suddenly to the side of the road where the hedge was highest and the shadow deepest, I broke into a run. For a hundred yards or so I kept it up, and then stopped suddenly, where a gate into a field gave a little shelter. I listened intently for my pursuer. Yes! there he was! His footsteps echoed on the road. He was evidently running too! But in another moment they stopped. He must either have seen me as I stood there by the hedge, or, perhaps, had concluded by not hearing me that I was resting somewhere. My heart beat loudly. It was necessary a few yards farther on, after crossing a railway bridge, to turn off the more frequented road, which slowly climbed the low Blankshire hills to my right, and take a farm road running parallel with the railway and separated from the fields on either hand only by a broad ditch, choked in summer with rushes and meadow-sweet, but now black under the winter sky.

Before entering on this more solitary route, I resolved that I would get a sight of my pursuer. So I turned on my steps and walked for about fifty yards towards C——. Not a creature did I meet. All was still. I could hardly believe my senses. Where, in the name of goodness, had he disposed of himself? Or was I all along a prey to some hallucination? With no little sense of shame, and not wishing, by unnecessary delay on the road, to arrive very late at St. Benedict's, I resumed my course. I crossed the bridge and walked steadily, at a good four miles an hour, towards home.

From time to time I looked round into the dark, but could see and hear nothing. The adventure was becoming too absurd. Certainly, I thought, I will keep it to myself. If I let out to my dearest friend what I had feared and anticipated—still more, if the story should get wind about the article of dress which I had unwittingly carried through the streets of C——, and was even now bearing on my arm—when should I hear the end of it? Anathema on my friend's choice of unmentionables, with their loud check pattern! Anathema on his scout, who must have laid them on his sofa!—what a place to lay them on! On the tailor, too, anathema, whose ticket, stitched to the waistband, I now noticed for the first time, though the address was not decipherable! When I got to my own rooms I would make them up into a neat parcel and send them away as soon as I could, before enquiries should have been pressed very far as to their possible purloiner.

But here I am at the little hamlet of K——, with its two farmhouses and half-dozen labourers' cottages, all apparently buried in sleep. Not a light stirring—not a sound to be heard save the spongy tread of some cattle in the yard. I had quite got over my nervousness by this time, and, with my renewed courage, I determined, when I had passed the houses, that I would take the short cut by the side of the wood, instead of returning by the somewhat longer route by which I had come. Of course, if the unknown pursuer should again reveal himself, it would be plain that his intentions were of the very worst. The short cut led to nowhere but St. Benedict's, and it was impossible but what the plan was to waylay and rob—perhaps murder—me. But I had heard nothing of him since I left the main road half an hour before, and had almost ceased to believe in his existence.

With light step I sprang up the bank where the footpath turned off, and, humming a favourite tune while I swung my umbrella round by the handle to show myself how much I was at my ease, I stepped forward gaily. The moon, in her first quarter, had risen since I started, and hung over the vaporous river-course and the dim woods on the opposite bank. A flaky purple cloud, the edges of which she was beginning to turn into silver, was slowly drifting across her path. The cottages were now some distance behind, and I stood for a few minutes to admire the scene. I had just quoted to myself aloud (for I was always fond of Tennyson),

> "But ere the silver sickle of the month
> Became her golden shield,"

when I noticed a dark figure, as of a man, moving stealthily by the side of the copse in my direction. I lost it again in a moment, for the moon was now completely obscured. Yet I felt sure I had not been mistaken. Something told me that the crisis was approaching. What should I do? What *could* I do? To continue my course was to fall into the ambush provided for me. I foresaw it all. I had been dogged all the way from college by some one who was, doubtless, to give the signal to his confederates when I should reach the fatal spot. I might be almost at the place agreed on even now. I have

said I was no coward—this was the time to prove it. I would turn on my pursuer, challenge his intentions, and, if necessary, strike the first blow.

"How can man die better
Than facing fearful odds?"

asks Horatius. But a sensible man will only face odds when he can't help it. One to one it should be I was determined.

We were not more than two or three hundred yards from the nearest house of the village, and, if hard pressed, I might perhaps get so far before I was surrounded by the ruffians. A queer, creepy feeling came over me, such as a young soldier is said to experience when he hears for the first time the "ping" of the enemy's bullets over his head. But I overcame it, and, wrapping my great-coat tightly round my left arm, and the unfortunate what-d'ye-call-'ems over that, to serve as a protection from a bludgeon, I grasped my umbrella in my right hand, and stood to await my foe. Again I was baffled. I could neither see nor hear him. What could he be doing? Creeping behind me, perhaps, through the copse, to warn his accomplices to hasten up? There was no time to lose. If I felt sure of this, I might evade the danger, and make my escape by retracing my steps.

The path was now free. A rustle in the copse behind. I clutched my umbrella with fierce determination, but it was only a rabbit scuffling through the dry bracken. All was still. The thought occurred to me that I need not betray myself in the open. Why should I not, in my turn, avail myself of the concealment which the dark shadow of the trees afforded, and see what would happen. If I was for the moment unobserved, I might turn the tables on my dastardly assailant, and should have all the advantage, which he was doubtless seeking, of taking my enemy unawares.

No sooner thought than done. Climbing up the steep, time-worn bank, where a dwarf oak hung across the footpath, I stationed myself behind the rough trunk, which of itself gave a partial protection, and waited for the next move. In a few minutes my quick ears caught a stealthy footfall approaching, apparently along the path, and soon I made out the dark silhouette of a man. From time to time, as if uncertain, he stopped and seemed to listen intently. Perhaps he was expecting some signal from the other ruffians. He was evidently entirely ignorant of my whereabouts. As he drew nearer I could make out that he wore a round billycock hat, and carried a formidable bludgeon. He was now close to me, and again halted under the very tree behind which I stood.

Now was my opportunity. With a loud cry I sprang upon him and dealt him so fierce a blow with my umbrella on the head that he stumbled into a furrow of the ploughed field, and fell on his side with a muttered execration. Ere he could recover his feet I threw myself upon him, and with one hand grasped his club. My own weapon was useless. I had heard all its ribs and stick crack with the first blow that I had dealt the villain. My only chance was to wrest his bludgeon from his hand, or, at all events, to prevent his using it or drawing some more deadly weapon. Several times we rolled over each other, covered with mud from the yielding "plough." At length I got my knee upon his knuckles, and forced him, with a groan, to relinquish his hold of the stick, which fell from his grasp; then, half choking him by pressing the trousers into his face, I seized his throat with my right hand as I knelt upon him. "Mercy," he mumbled out from under the check unmentionables, "mercy, spare me!" He gasped so piteously, and seemed so powerless for further mischief, that I was beginning to relent, when the moon again ran out from behind some floating clouds and revealed to me a terrified face which I fancied I knew. He too seemed amazed, I thought, as he looked up at his opponent.

"Mr. Jones!" he gasped out. "Oh, spare me, sir!"

"Joseph!" I exclaimed, "why, Joseph, what on earth are you doing here?"

"That's just what I don't know, sir!" said the poor fellow, as I helped him up from the furrow where he lay, and we gazed on each other with mutual astonishment.

Instead of the robber whom I had expected to encounter, the moon revealed to me the mud-bespattered visage of one of the St. Benedict's house servants. His coat was torn, his face all scratched and muddy, his whole appearance most lamentable. And I was conscious that I did not present a much better one myself, for I had suffered almost equally in the encounter. My evening suit would hardly now have passed muster at a Jew's shop in Praed Street. Waistcoat torn open, white choker turned round to the back of my head, elbows and knees plastered with clay, umbrella one scene of ruin, I was altogether a different person from the neat and modest individual who had presented himself a few hours ago at his tutor's hospitable board.

But what strange fatality had transformed the quiet and peaceful Joseph into a robber, and myself almost into his murderer? That was what, after Joseph had scraped the mud off my back and wiped his own sleeves with a wisp of dry grass, we tried to make out as we walked amicably together towards St. Benedict's. At length, by dint of many questionings, we arrived at the truth. Joseph, too, like myself, had been to C—— to visit a friend—an old fellow-servant, in fact—who was now under-common-room man at St. John's. From him he had heard that I had been dining in college, and that I had started alone to walk home. And Joseph, like myself, had heard unpleasant and disquieting rumours as to *mauvais sujets* in the neighbourhood. He thought, therefore, that he was doing rather a clever thing for his own protection in attaching himself to my footsteps, though he did not like to acknowledge his reason for doing so, or consider it respectful to me to be seen following me. Hence the supposed bandit's movements which had awakened my suspicions. It was a game of hide-and-seek with him, little suspecting the anxiety that he was causing me. He had lost me at the side of the wood, and when, owing to my hiding myself, he fancied he was obliged to run the risk of tracing the solitary path alone, his courage had altogether failed him. My sudden and unexpected assault was, of course, taken for the attack which he had all along expected, and it was more the instinct of self-preservation than any hope of surviving which had induced him to offer so stout a resistance.

What more could be said? I fear the poor fellow thought the explanation which I offered of my own share in the adventure hardly sufficient to justify so brutal and alarming an attack as I had made upon him. But, although I swore him to secrecy, and backed up my exhortation with a sovereign, I had reason to think afterwards, from something which Joseph mysteriously hinted at in the servants' hall, that he had conceived a higher opinion of my pluck and courage than perhaps they altogether deserved. "Look ye," he had been heard to say, "talk o' Mr. Jones! 't ain't every genelman as 'ud tackle them sort o' customers wi' nothin' but a humberella!"

(THE END.)

THE TALE OF A PIG.

AN ARCADIAN STORY.

By E. M. Chettle.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Uncle Chris, dear, you *are* nice-looking."

Uncle Chris turned and looked at Miss Margery, while his eyes twinkled merrily under his thick white brows.

"Thank you, mademoiselle, that's very pretty."

"You are," she pursued, as she balanced her spoon on her cup, for they were at breakfast, and putting her head on one side she contemplated him gravely. "You haven't much to do this morning, have you now?"

"My dear, I have a number of important things to do this morning," said the Vicar, firmly.

"Now, it's only Wednesday, so you have not to begin your sermon yet; and it's snowing, so you can't go out and visit anybody; and I covered all the new library books last night, and catalogued them; and I have a panel upstairs, uncle dear, a blank panel, and nothing else to do just now; and you need only sit in your arm-chair, and talk to me; and oh! Uncle Chris, you have a nose," stroking it, "and you're such a nice colour, and your white hair comes so well against the oak panelling."

"Everybody has a nose," said Uncle Chris, perplexed, for he was a plain man and loved common-sense.

"Not such a fine one as yours. You will sit a bit, won't you, now?"

"Margery," said Uncle Chris, severely, "do you think your uncle is to be hoodwinked and turned about anyway by your flattery; that the time of the Vicar of this parish is to be wasted in chattering to a monkey, and that he is to neglect his duties for a whole morning in order that you may make caricatures of him?"

"I don't know," said saucy Margery,

Bridle Mustang. (Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper." by R. SOWERBY.)

"but I would like to find out," and her uncle, feeling her arms about his neck, and her hands rumpling up his hair—an operation which, curious as it may seem, he greatly enjoyed—gave in with no bad grace.

"Come into the study, uncle, my things are all there."

"Certainly, madam!" and the Vicar rose, made a low bow, and presenting his hand to his niece, led her into his cosy study, where he found her easel and paints all set ready, and his smoking chair drawn up before a blazing fire. He allowed her to seat him in it and pose him as she liked, putting on an expression of comical resignation as she gravely pushed his chin up, arranged his hair with a paint-brush, and contemplated his general appearance with one eye closed.

Then Margery began to draw with firm careful touches, and presently she took up her palette, and worked with her brushes, pausing very often to draw back and look at her model with her eyes half shut, a proceeding which amused him greatly, and during which he diligently made grimaces at her.

"I met Jack yesterday," he said presently.

Here Miss Margery blushed.

"He had just been present at a sad ceremony."

"A funeral? Whose could it be? No one has died here lately."

"I did not say a funeral," corrected the Vicar, mildly; "I said a ceremony."

"What was it?"

"What did Eumæus go and do when Ulysses came to his house on his return to Ithaca?"

"I don't know," said Margery, with promptness.

"Then, my dear, you should read and find out."

"But don't you think you could tell me what Jack has been doing, now—directly?"

"And then how much of the Odyssey shall I get you to read? No, young lady."

"I don't believe Jack has read it."

"You and Jack would both do well to cultivate your minds a little more and your conversational powers less."

"Indeed, we hardly talk at all! How can you say so?"

"No, my dear? Perhaps I am mistaken, but I certainly imagined you were both extremely gifted in that line."

"Uncle Chris, you digress from your subject, which so good a preacher should not do. What has Jack been doing?"

"I didn't say he'd been doing anything, did I?"

Margery shook her head at him, but was too much taken up with her work to pursue the subject, and a quiet hour passed, she going steadily on, while her uncle looked dreamily out at the thick-falling snow, and the big hound snored comfortably in front of the fire.

"Good morning, sir. What are you doing, Margery? Oh! that's jolly—just like," and in came Jack, rosy from a buffet with rude Boreas, and shining with anticipation of the warmth he was coming to.

"Do you think so? I'm so relieved. Uncle's been teasing wofully, and I do want to get a good portrait."

"Ungrateful child," murmured the Vicar.

"Jack, what did Eumæus go and do when Ulysses came to his house on his return to Ithaca?"

"My dear Margery, I came here for a talk—and to think I should be met so! Can't the Vicar tell you?"

"Uncle? Of course he could. He is a perfect tomb of information, but it takes a great deal of hard work to excavate him, and he wants me to read all through that fat brown thing on the third shelf."

Master Jack looked along the third shelf, and an idea struck him. He hesitated, glanced at Margery, who was hard at work again, and then, evidently making a resolution, said:

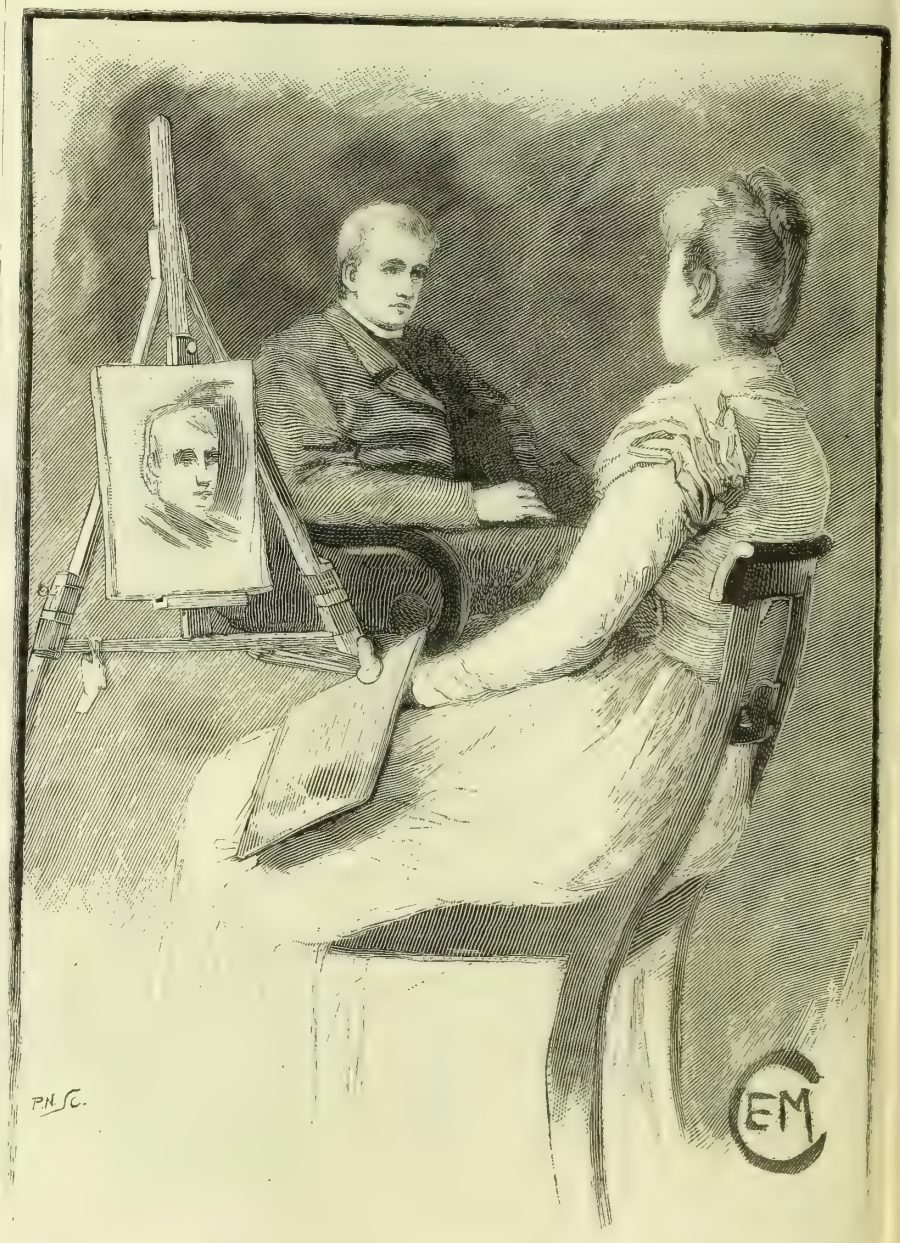
"Shall I find the bit and read it to you?"

"Oh, thank you. Do."

Her head was very much on one side again, and one eye was firmly screwed up, while the other was fixedly regarding the Vicar's nose. He, good man, was eyeing his pipe wistfully, for the opening clause of his next Sunday's sermon upon the journeyings of Israel had just occurred to him, and smoke aided his thoughts.

Unobserved, therefore, was Master Jack, as he climbed the library steps, and got down, not the "fat brown thing," but a thin volume bound in dark green cloth. He turned hastily over the leaves of creamy Indian paper, with their quaint lettering and fanciful initials.

"It's just near the end, I believe. No, that isn't it. Farther on—no. Farther on still. Have patience, we'll catch the beggar. Ha! Got him!" And Jack read, in a mellow, manly tone—



"Margery began to draw.

"If you would know the love which I you beare,
Compare it to the Ring, which your faire hand
Shall make more precious, when you shall it weare:
So my love's nature you shall understand.
Is it of mettall pure? So you shall prove
My love, which ne'er disloyall thought did staine.
Hath it no end? So endlesse is my love,
Unlesse you it destroy with your disdaine.

Doth it the purer waxe, the more 'tis tride?
So doth my love: yet herein they dissent,
That wherein gold, the more 'tis purifide,
By waxing lesse, doth show some part is spent,
My love doth waxe the more by your more trying,
And yet encreaseth in the purifying."

Perhaps it was an odd shake in his voice, as he finished, that made Margery start so, look at him, and drop her brushes, while her face became a furious, fiery red.

"Oh, Jack, how could you?" she said.

But Jack smiled cheerfully, and went down on his knees after the brushes, while the Vicar, seeing her stop work, seized the occasion to fill his pipe, still mentally pursuing the ancient Israelites through the wilderness.

Just then came a knock at the door, and the maid appeared.

"Mrs. Pentelow's servant would like to speak to you, miss."

Margery went out to where Betty stood in the hall, a large basket on her red arm, from under the lid a vision of snowy linen peeping.

"Missis's compliments, miss, and she have sent the Vicar a pork pie, miss, with her duty, and it were made out o' the old hog, miss."

"Oh, Betty, is he killed? What a loss he will be; the pie is a real beauty, and looks delicious. But I'm quite sorry he's gone."

"I'm sure, then, I ain't, miss. I niver could abide the sight of him. It used to put me all in a tremble if I see him ever so fur off—he were that owdacious. I'm sure I were reg'lar thankful when Isaac come in a-carrying of him, for all it made so much extry to do, and the wash about, and it snowing so hard an' all. I says to missis, when we was a rendering the lard—an' what a lot there was to be sure, an' the scratchings was beautiful—I says, now I shall be able to sleep i' my bed o' nights, mum. An' as to the pig-yard, I'm clean forgot what it's like, for I no more dust go in there nor I dust fly."

"Well, Betty, you are quite safe now, and the pie does you the greatest credit. I must go and show it to my uncle," and she went back to the study bearing it on a dish, while Betty retired into the kitchen to be hospitably entertained by Mrs. Follitt, the housekeeper, who, though a lady of superior mind, and knowing what was due to herself, was not above receiving information from humbler sources, and yearned to know how many scores the hog weighed, and where Mrs. Pentelow had got her new purple velvet bonnet, which had so exercised Mrs. Follitt's mind during last Sunday's sermon.

"Now I know what you were driving at with your Eumæuses, good master uncle," cried Margery, as she went into the study. "But I am sorry to lose him; he was so comic."

"I never found him so, my dear."

"Not Eumæus, you know—my dear, funny old hog, that frightened you all so very much."

"Part of him enshrined in that extremely fine pie, my dear?"

"Yes, indeed. It seems a shame to eat him when I sorrow so for his untimely end. And you saw him killed, Jack?"

"No. I happened to go by half an hour afterwards, and saw his pallid corse stretched upon the funeral pile, and the quick-leaping flames consume his bristly hairs, and Steve took me into the house, and we ate his tail between us," said Jack, with a flourish which caused the Vicar, who was quietly slipping off, to raise his hands and exclaim, "Bless the lad! Sure enough his head is turned." And perhaps the Vicar was right. But his own niece was the cause of it.

(To be continued.)

THE CRUISE OF THE CHRISTABEL.

By the Author of "A Trip down the Thames," etc., etc.

Part VI.

At ten o'clock, our watch being up, I told Bill to turn in and rout the mate up without calling the others, as, being strange to this part of the coast, I did not care to turn in, but intended to keep the deck all night; so when the mate came up to relieve me at the tiller I dived below for an extra coat, as the wind had a very keen edge to it. Paddy's daylight rose soon afterwards above a heavy bank of clouds, and lit up the dancing sea with her silvery beams.

I had told the mate to keep on the same tack, and as we had been on it for a considerable time, I judged we were now about level with North Shields Lights, so we tacked and stood in to sight them and fix our position.

There are two lights at Shields, visible about thirteen miles, and as it was not till a long time after we put about that we sighted them, we must have then been quite twenty miles out from the land.

Having settled our whereabouts, I sailed in to within a mile or so of the shore, and then tacked on to a north-quarter-east course for the light on Coquet Island.

This being visible for fourteen miles, we soon came within the radius of its guiding beams.

The wind had been shifting about for some time, gradually lessening in force, until it finally settled down to a light breeze from the south-east, so we shook out the reef in our mainsail, and reset the topsail, and as it was now nearly four o'clock, and broad daylight, I called the others on deck and turned in myself, feeling very sleepy and cold.

Breakfast, that most enjoyable of meals, was ready on the table before I got up, but I suppose the others felt rather peckish, and had ordered Bill to get it ready earlier than usual, as I noticed it was only eight o'clock when we had finished.

By half-past nine we were abreast of Coquet Island, and our course from here was north-by-east to the Longstone on the Farn Islands. As the day wore on we saw several steamers hull down on the horizon, but met very few craft inshore. The breeze continued light and pleasant, and Frank and O'Reilly tried some fishing, but with very little success; and while the mate steered, Jack and I sketched any "bits" of the coastline that took our fancy.

I suppose it was in consequence of the easy motion of the yacht, enabling Bill to handle the things below with less fear of breaking, that the dinner was on the table at the comparatively early hour of two, and we all sat down to it with good appetites.

The Longstone was sighted by three o'clock, and as the weather seemed fine enough to try it, I decided to run inside the Farn Islands, so at once altered our course to nor'-nor'-west.

This little block of islands, off the stormy, ironbound coast of Northumberland, is a spot dear to the memory of all Englishmen as being the scene of Grace Darling's exploit.

Of course, every one has heard the tale, but one cannot speak too frequently of such an act of daring heroism, and therefore I think no apology is needed for saying that it was on September 7th, 1838, that the Forfarshire struck upon one of the numerous rocks which surround the islands, known as Hawker's Rock, and soon after broke apart, and all those in the stern of the vessel perished. Old Darling, who was then keeper of the Longstone, stood with his daughter Grace looking out from one of the lighthouse windows upon the raging storm, and she, hearing the shrieks of the survivors, entreated her father to endeavour to save them. At length, between them, a coble, the only boat they had, was launched, and out over the breaking seas and seething waters Darling and his daughter Grace pulled for the wreck, which they reached after a hard battle, and one by one the nine survivors were got into the boat, and after a still harder fight for it amongst the raging seas they regained the lighthouse. Never was a more gallant rescue effected, and such was the severity of the gale that they were unable to get ashore on the mainland for two days and nights afterwards.

Four years later the brave girl died of consumption, brought on by a cold while visiting her brother, who was then keeper on the Coquet Light, but she has left an imperishable name behind her. A monument was erected to her memory in Bamborough Churchyard, where, beneath a Gothic canopy, she is represented as lying asleep with an oar by her side. I subsequently had an opportunity of seeing the identical coble, and made a sketch of it.

We sighted a French lugger away off the Longstone, well down on the horizon, and after a long look at her through the glasses made her out to be the St. Pierre again, which we had lost sight of during the previous evening.

With fair winds and light breezes we were running through the passage between the islands and the mainland at five o'clock, and I felt very glad that we had come up with them during the daylight, as it is a ticklish job and very dangerous among the numerous rocks for a stranger to attempt at night.

Holy Island, or Lindisfarn, was passed with a flowing sheet about seven o'clock, and having got safely through the passage I gave the tiller to the mate while I went below to tea.

I found O'Reilly busy in the cabin trying to brush the green mould off some shirt-fronts, which he had, with true Irish ingenuity, placed at the bottom of a locker instead of in one of the cabin drawers, and the combined damp of the sea air and bilge water had started a splendid fungus growth on them, much to the amusement of all hands but himself. How difficult it is for some people to see a joke!

The glass had been gradually falling, and soon after tea the wind came dead aft, making it difficult to run our course without jibbing the mainsail over.

A thin drizzle of rain then commenced, which very soon changed to a steady downpour, making oilskins and sou'-westers the "reigning" fashion for the time.

I sighted St. Abbs Head at eight o'clock, looking very hazy through the heavy rain, and then the night shut down on us dark and heavy, and had evidently made up its mind to be a bad night for those not comfortably tucked between the sheets.

"I told you what it would be," said Jack, poking his head up the companion hatch; "here we are, no sooner arrived near the Scotch coast than down comes the rain, and that's what we must expect all the time."

"Oh, we must hope for something better soon," I replied; "but it does seem strange it should commence just as we get here."

"Well," said Jack, "I had a month in the Highlands two years ago, and only got three fine days all the time."

Glad to get my streaming oilskins off for an hour, I left the mate in charge and went below, and at eleven o'clock, when I went on deck again after a little supper, it was raining just as heavily as ever.

There was but little wind, and we drifted along with scarcely steerage way on her. The mate turned in, and as Bill had been pretty busy I told him he could do the same, as Frank proposed keeping up with me.

It was a wretched night, very thick and hazy all round, with an occasional flash of lightning in the distance lighting up the heavy, oily-looking water, which was only disturbed by the constant patter of rain on the surface. We rounded St. Abbs Head under these unpleasant circumstances, and at 1 A.M. Frank turned in and roused Bill, who made me a cup of coffee, which I had on deck; and there still being no wind, I told him he could go below again and lie down ready if I should call, and so kept the rest of that dreary watch on deck by myself.

I trimmed the lights in the binnacle, and at 2.30 A.M. sighted the Bass Rock. The rain still fell heavily, and at half-past four—feeling I had had enough of it—I left the tiller and called the mate; and, as it was now getting light, I went below and left him on deck, to his great disgust.

I think one appreciates the comfort of a yacht's cabin in proportion to the unpleasantness of the weather on deck; and when it has been blowing a gale of wind, and with the yacht hove to, the contrast and cosiness of the cabins have never failed to strike me, and to any one fond of the sea forms a constant source of quiet enjoyment; and I know on this occasion that, after taking off my oilskins and sea-boots, the bright light from the swing-lamps reflected in the mirrors struck me as being exceedingly cheerful, as I fell asleep on one of the sofas.

After continuous rain for eleven hours, the clouds passed off, and at half-past seven—when I turned out—the sun was once more shining brightly, and we were becalmed, with the sea as smooth as a duck-pond.

Breakfast was ready by eight bells, and consisted largely of fried ham and ducks' eggs; for we made the unpleasant discovery that our butter had turned off, and the bread was extremely low in the locker.

It got hotter and hotter as the sun rose higher in the heavens, and, there being no breeze, we were glad to sit under the shadow of the sails.

Frank and O'Reilly took to sketching the Bass Rock, which formed such a prominent object in the landscape—or, more correctly, seascape—while Bill and the mate were busy hanging up various articles of clothing that had got soaked during the previous night, and in getting rid of the sea stains by a good scrub down.

It took us an hour to drift past the great rock, round the summit of which thousands of sea-fowl flew screeching—among them the Solan geese, which are capital sport for the few persons who ever land there for a day's shooting.

Towering up into the sky, with a sheer precipice of over four hundred feet, it has a solemn and lonely appearance, which fits in well with the tales told about the cruelties practised upon the poor Covenanters, who were confined here in 1677 in dungeons made deep down in the solid rock. In 1694 the Bass Rock surrendered to King William, who had the fortress demolished, and the dungeons have since then been in a state of decay. It is included in the parish of North Berwick, and pays a tribute of a dozen Solan geese every year. St. Baldred, the apostle of East Lothian, made this his hermitage, where he died in the year 756.

A heavy swell soon afterwards altered the smooth surface of the Firth of Forth, and, setting right in from the sea, made us roll uncomfortably, until a smart breeze which shortly after got up steadied the yacht a little, and rapidly carried us on towards our desired haven.

We agreed to postpone dinner until after our arrival, as—the weather being fine and clear—we did not wish to miss any of the scenery while we had the chance, Jack still mournfully looking forward to wet days to come.

Running through the South Channel, with a fair wind and flowing sheet, we passed Inch Keith at half-past two, rolling our boom end in the water from the heavy, following sea, which made careful steering a necessity.

Leith looked a dirty place from the water, and, from the quantity of traffic, not suitable to lay a yacht in; and, accordingly, we passed on to Granton, as previously arranged; so, having taken in our topsail, and got a range of cable on deck, and the anchor over the side ready for letting go, at 3.40 P.M. we bounded off the heavy swell into the smooth water of the harbour; then, hauling in our mainsheet, we rounded to and let go our anchor in a good berth near the centre of the harbour.

Our arrival seemed to create quite an excitement among the inhabitants of the few cottages along the harbour's side, who came running out to see us bring up.

I expect their life is generally a quiet one, for, with the exception of a small open fishing-boat or two, we had the harbour all to ourselves.

After stowing sails, the dinghy was launched overboard, and, while Bill was busy dishing up the long-postponed dinner, Frank and Jack rowed ashore to get any letters there might be for us.

They soon returned, bringing with them some huge loaves of beautiful white Scotch bread, which was thoroughly enjoyed after the stale remains of our sea stock. After a very pleasant dinner—which was none the less enjoyed for being a bit late—we put our shore toggery on, when the mate landed us in the dinghy; and, leaving him and Bill to tidy the yacht up, we spent the remainder of the day in Edinburgh; and at eleven o'clock, having tired ourselves out, came aboard again and turned in.

The following day being Sunday was spent quietly at anchor, and after breakfast we went ashore to the Cathedral at Edinburgh, where the usual morning service ended without any sermon.

O'Reilly, having begun to acquire his sea-legs, could not now shake them off in a hurry, and rolled about when standing up in church in a very unsteady manner—to the evident surprise of several of the congregation, who, no doubt, thought he had had too much "soda water"—until I suggested he should prop himself up against a stone pillar he was near, which had the desired effect; but he afterwards said the church seemed to be gently rolling from side to side, and he did not get rid of this effect for several days.

After a quiet chat on deck, beneath a lovely mottled blue-and-white sky that was reflected down into the calm waters of the harbour, we turned in at an early hour to make up for any arrears of sleep we thought might be owing to us.

Monday morning found us again at Edinburgh, doing the various sights and sketching about in all directions; and, there being so much to do, the following week passed very quickly.

The Newhaven fishwives reminded one very strongly of the Boulogne ditto, with their striped petticoats and quaint cry of "Caller Herring." These people keep themselves quite apart from the surrounding inhabitants, and will not intermarry with them on any account.

One day, after a pleasant drive, and visiting Roslin Castle and the noted chapel with its curious carving and apprentices' pillar, we met a friend who invited us to his place in Ayrshire.

After some discussion as to what we should arrange to do with the yacht meantime, we accepted his kind invitation, and finally settled to leave the Christabel under the mate's charge at Granton, while we took a few days' tour through the Highlands under our friend's guidance.

That being settled, we took him back with us to sleep on board the yacht, and after tea packed our portmanteaus and bags, and then turned in.

Leaving the necessary instructions with the mate, we started on the following morning by a steamer up the Forth to Stirling, the Castle being the first place we intended visiting. The river bends about very much as you get well up, and forms what are known as the Links of the Forth, making it necessary to travel a long way to go a short distance; but after much bustle and puffing of steam, we arrived there rather late in the day.

It would be foreign to the subject of a yacht cruise to describe the pleasant time we spent ashore in the Highlands, so we simply have to say that the weather kept beautifully fine, and the trip was thoroughly appreciated by us all. The time rapidly passed, and the few days originally fixed for our visit ashore had already expanded into a fortnight, while we had still our friend's place in Ayrshire to call at; and as he would not take any refusal, we made the best of our way thither accordingly, and after spending another pleasant week with him, we left, with much shaking of hands, for our floating home in Granton harbour.

Our erratic movements during the previous three weeks had made it impossible for the men to write to me, and accordingly I felt very glad to find the yacht quite safe.

The idea of sailing round the coast further north was quite upset by the extra time we had spent in our peregrinations ashore, and as our holiday time was rapidly drawing to a close, nothing remained but to spread our white wings, and make our way down south again to the Thames as soon as possible.

We reached Granton in the afternoon, and at once went down to the harbour, and as the men were evidently down below at tea, and did not hear us, we got a fisherman to pull us aboard. The men were glad enough to see us back again, having run their stock of provisions rather low, so that evening we

went ashore, with Bill carrying a large gunny-bag, on a shopping expedition to revictual for the return voyage. It took the greater part of next day getting the things on board and stowing them away, but being work principally in the cabins we did not mind the rain, which began to come down, although I for one could not help taking notice of the weather, which showed unmistakable signs of breaking.

The glass had gone back considerably, and evidently our fine weather was going to desert us at last; but it was sailor's luck, so we had to put up with it, and take the rough with the smooth.

For the sake of saving time, which was now getting of importance to both O'Reilly and Jack, we settled, as we sat over supper that night, to make the passage direct from Granton to the Thames without putting in anywhere, as it was a long distance away with even a fair wind; and as that was not to be reckoned on all the way, we could only live in hopes of getting a pretty fair slant for a part of the journey.

Under these circumstances it was not with the liveliest feelings that we discovered, on looking out early on the morning of starting, that the wind was dead in the east, which, although it would suit us when well off the coast, meant a dead beat to windward right down the Firth of Forth

After we had had a good solid breakfast, which O'Reilly said he knew would be his last meal for a week at the least, we hoisted our dinghy on deck and lashed her down, and with the mainsail set as flat as a board and the working jib hoisted, with half-cut yarns, ready to burst into a stretch of white canvas at the first pull on the sheet, we lay bobbing and curtsying to the ripple which ran into the harbour.

The news of our departure had got wind, and a line of people had collected to see the event. So, having once more got our anchor after its long sojourn in Granton harbour, and secured it on deck for sea, we waved our caps to the little crowd, and, bidding adieu to Bonnie Scotland, I put the helm up, and we quickly reached out of the harbour into the Firth.

We were rather amused on noticing two or three white handkerchiefs waving in the wind among the crowd ashore, O'Reilly suggesting that possibly Bill and the mate had not been quite so miserable during our absence as they would lead us to suppose.

It was half-past ten when we got under way, and it took until twenty past twelve to reach Leith, the wind outside being very paltry.

A general hazy appearance was gradually but surely creeping up from the sea, but when off Leith the breeze freshened and a lively head sea began to rise, which very soon upset O'Reilly, and he forthwith retired to the inner recesses of his bunk and lay down. We dined without him at three o'clock, and had a great difficulty with the soup, as the yacht was now pitching heavily into the head sea, but we managed to get through the meal without any accident. A plateful of hot soup over one's knees is no joke to the one who receives it!

Immediately after dinner, as the sea was rapidly increasing, I had the topmast lowered, and shortly after a reef taken in the mainsail, which eased her a bit.

Frank and Jack jammed themselves up against the after gratings, where it was comparatively dry, and dived into the "Heart of Midlothian," while I steered until about six o'clock, when we had tea, at which some capital Scotch marmalade was not forgotten.

We had beaten down as far as the Bass Rock by half-past seven, where we hove to, and set the second jib in place of the working one, and tied up a reef in the foresail.

The thick hazy appearance of the sky out to windward had not cleared away, and anticipating a thick and dirty night, and that possibly I might not get a chance later on, I turned in for a couple of hours. The mate roused me at ten o'clock with the comforting news that a thick fog was coming on; so I bundled up on deck, and sure enough it was getting thicker and thicker, until in a short time we were surrounded by a dense sea-fog one could almost cut with a knife.

Strange to say, the wind was blowing as hard as ever, and there was a heavy sea on, making it anything but a pleasant night.

"Here's some nice Scotch weather," said Jack, who, sitting propped up against the companion, was holding on to the slippery deck in the best way he could.

"Yes," I replied, "it is certainly coming on thick; I wish we had got further away from the coast before it had caught us."

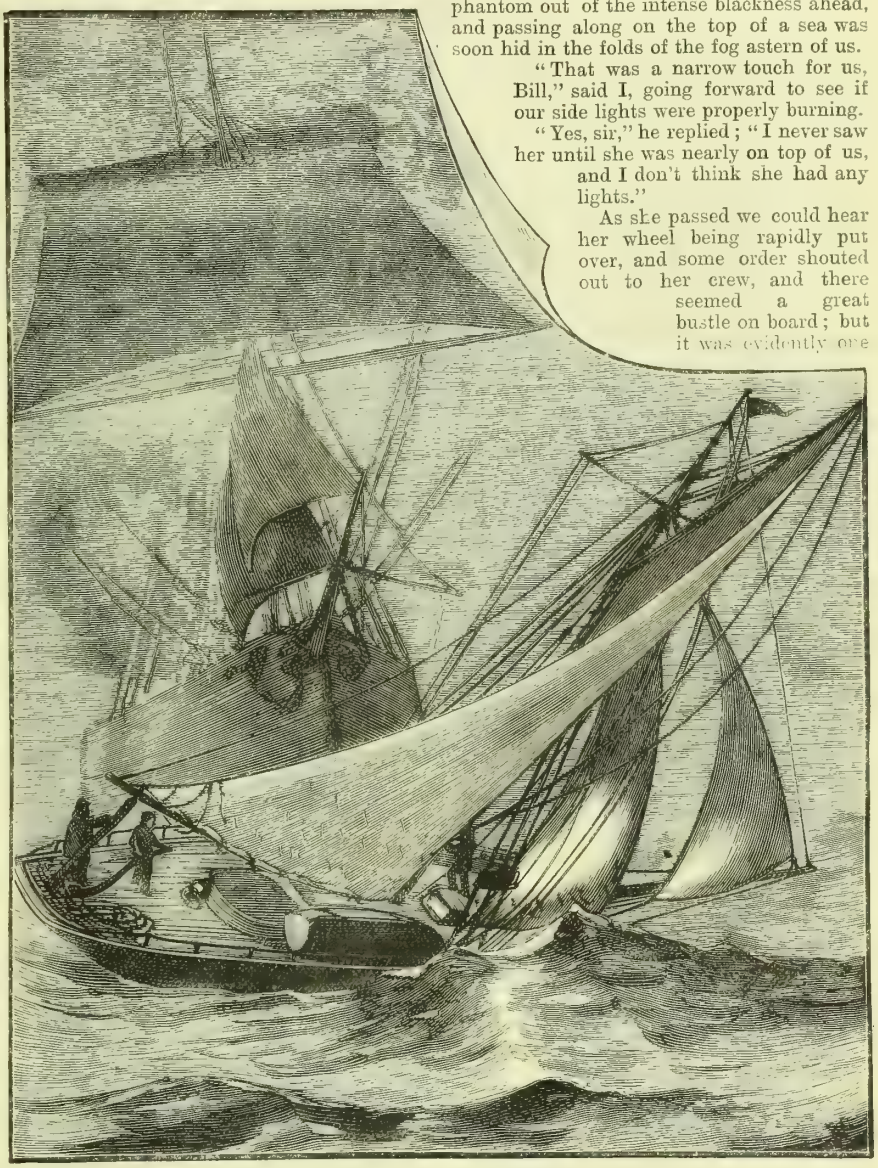
I told Bill to get the foghorn up on deck, and then Frank and Jack turned in; but, to his great annoyance, I had the mate stop on deck with Bill and myself, as I did not consider two hands were sufficient in case of any sudden emergency, and it was not very long before we had a very narrow squeak.

We could occasionally hear the steam whistles and foghorns blown aboard some invisible ships somewhere in our vicinity, and accordingly took turns at blowing our foghorn, which is an exercise requiring a good pair of lungs and plenty of wind. It was eight bells, or midnight, and the mate had just relieved me at the tiller, when Bill, who was forward on the look-out, suddenly shouted, "Hard a-port!" The mate put the tiller hard up directly, and immediately afterwards a large topsail schooner came surging alongside within a couple of yards of us, like a grim phantom out of the intense blackness ahead, and passing along on the top of a sea was soon hid in the folds of the fog astern of us.

"That was a narrow touch for us, Bill," said I, going forward to see if our side lights were properly burning.

"Yes, sir," he replied; "I never saw her until she was nearly on top of us, and I don't think she had any lights."

As she passed we could hear her wheel being rapidly put over, and some order shouted out to her crew, and there seemed a great bustle on board; but it was evidently one



"It was a narrow touch for us."

of those cases of gross negligence in having no look-out stationed forward, and of not carrying proper lights, which but too frequently ends in a sad loss of human life. Steamships, again, I have noticed, from having frequent opportunities of doing so, often travel at full speed through a fog, to the imminent danger of any craft that may be in their path, and well earn their name amongst fisherman of "Silent Deaths."

One passed us while we were hove to the same night; she certainly had her lights burning, but at the speed she was travelling it would have been quite impossible for them

to have cleared any vessel in time that might suddenly have appeared on her course on such a thick night.

And so it is that the fisherman in his little boat, lying to his nets on some stormy night, suddenly sees the great red and green eyes of the huge iron monster, bearing straight down on him out of the dark hazy thickness, and before he has time to light a flare, or get clear in any way, the huge vessel, with its well-lit cabins and merry families aboard, heedless of the danger and death they carry with them, has passed on its way, while he goes down with his wrecked boat amidst the foam astern, and is reported some weeks later as "missing at sea."

At one o'clock the fog commenced to clear a little, and gradually turned to a genuine Scotch mist, which thoroughly drenched us poor mortals on deck.

We were off St. Abbs Head by three o'clock, and the fog-signal was blowing like a grampus. This makes a terrific noise, being worked by steam-power, and giving a blast lasting for six seconds every quarter of a minute.

When the fog had lifted a little and it began to get clearer, I told the mate he could turn in, and Bill took his place on the look-out.

(To be continued.)

THE BOYHOOD OF LORD MACAULAY.

Macaulay once sat turning over the pages of a book, his features in unwonted repose. Thomas Carlyle caught sight of him, and mentally took his portrait. "I noticed," said Carlyle afterwards, "the homely Norse features that you find everywhere in the Western Isles, and I thought to myself, 'Well, any one can see that you are an honest, good sort of fellow, made out of oatmeal.'"

Macaulay's oatmeal strain came from the Hebrides, through many generations of the culture characteristic of the Scottish manse. His great-grandfather, Aulay Macaulay, was minister of the islands of Tiree and Coll, and afterwards of Harris. His grandfather was John Macaulay, successively minister of Barra, South Uist, Lismore, and Inverary. His father was Zachary Macaulay, who did so much of the real work in the matter of the abolition of the slave trade. When he was sixteen, Zachary Macaulay was sent out as book-keeper by a Scotch house to an estate in Jamaica, of which he soon rose to be sole overseer. There his position brought him into the closest possible contact with negro slavery. There, says Sir George Trevelyan, in his admirable "Life of Lord Macaulay," "the young Scotchman's innate respect for his fellows, and his appreciation of all that instruction and religion can do for men, was shocked at the sight of a population deliberately kept heathen and ignorant. His kind heart was wounded by cruelties practised at the will and pleasure of a thousand petty despots. It was not for nothing that he had been behind the scenes in that tragedy of crime and misery. What he knew he had spelt out for himself, with no teacher except the aspect of human suffering and degradation and sin."

He returned to England, and in 1793 he sailed for Sierra Leone, and became Governor of the colony then being formed there for freed slaves. In September 1794, a squadron of eight French ships appeared off the undefended and unresisting colony, and proceeded for two hours to sweep it with grape and bullets. Macaulay went on board the French flagship, and politely pointed out that a nation professing to wage war with the express object of striking off the fetters of mankind was hardly consistent in destroying an asylum for liberated slaves. The commodore replied that sentiments made for European consumption were out of place on the West Coast of Africa, and that he had come to capture the colony, and intended to do so. And he did. Every desk and every drawer and every shelf, together with the printing and copying presses, were demolished in search of money. The floors were strewn with types and papers and the leaves of books. The telescopes, thermometers, and other instruments were smashed to fragments. The town library was destroyed, and the volumes that bore any resemblance to Bibles were torn in pieces and trampled on. "Plants, seeds, dried birds, insects, drawings were scattered about in great confusion, and some of the sailors were in the act of killing a beautiful musk-cat, which they afterwards ate. Every house was full of Frenchmen, who were hacking and destroying and tearing up everything which they could not convert to their own use. The destruction of live-stock on this and the following day was immense. In my yard alone," says Zachary, "they killed fourteen dozen of fowls, and there were not less than twelve hundred hogs shot in the town."

Such was the gospel of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity as preached at Sierra Leone. The French remained in riotous debauchery till the middle of October, and then, decimated by fever, sailed for Brest. They left the place in such a condition that it was not worth their while to return. "The houses had been carefully burned to the ground and the live-stock killed. Except the clothes on their backs, and a little brandy and flour, the Europeans had lost everything they had in the world. It took a year's hard work to get the colony straight again, and then Zachary Macaulay returned to England, to be admitted to the innermost circle of friends and fellow-labourers who were united round Wilberforce and Henry Thornton.

To see Hannah More, he went to Bristol, and there became engaged to Selina Mills, one of Hannah's pupils. She was the daughter of a member of the Society of Friends who was a bookseller in that city. Her brother was the editor of a Bristol newspaper. A rather good story is told of him and his father. While resident in London, young Mills went to Rowland Hill's chapel, and there lost a new hat. "John," said his father when he heard of it, "if thee'd gone to the right place of worship thee'd have kept thy hat upon thy head!"

Zachary Macaulay went back to Sierra Leone until 1799, when he returned to England to marry, and be appointed secretary of the Colonisation Company. On the 25th of October, 1800 (St. Crispin's Day), his son was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, the house of Mrs. Babington, Zachary Macaulay's sister. At the end of the year Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay and the baby were installed in Birchin Lane, London, and for an airing the baby—young Tom, as he was already called—used to be taken, of all places in the world, to Draper's Gardens, a dismal yard which then boasted a notice-board almost as big as itself. When a move was made it was to a much airier spot, to what is now No. 5, The Pavement, Clapham Common. In those days the house had a small garden back and front; now the front garden is occupied by a fishmonger's shop. The house can be easily identified; it is just opposite the cabmen's shelter near the Plough, and is five doors southward of the Religious Tract Society's depository. When he grew to be old enough to sleep alone the boy had a room given him; the room is the top one on the right-hand side nearest to London. Clapham is proud of Macaulay, and Macaulay Road, leading off the Common near the parish church, is named after him.

In this house he passed a quiet and most happy childhood. "From the time that he was three years old he read incessantly, for the most part lying on the rug before the fire, with his book on the ground and a piece of bread-and-butter in his hand. A very clever woman, who then lived in the house as parlour-maid, told how he used to sit in his nankeen frock, perched on the table by her as she was cleaning the plate, and expounding to her out of a volume as big as himself. He did not care for toys, but was very fond of taking his walk, when he would hold forth to his companion, whether nurse or mother, telling interminable stories out of his own head, or repeating what he had been reading, in language far above his years. His memory retained without effort the phraseology of the book which he had been last engaged on, and he talked, as the maid said, quite printed words, which produced an effect that appeared formal, and often, no doubt, exceedingly droll. Hannah More was fond of relating how she called at Mr. Macaulay's, and was met by a fair, pretty, slight child with abundance of light air, about four years of age, who came to the front-door to receive her and tell her that his parents were out, but that if she would be good enough to come in he would bring her a glass of old spirits, a proposition which greatly startled the good lady, who had never aspired beyond cowslip wine. When questioned as to what he knew about old spirits, he could only say that Robinson Crusoe often had some. About this time his father took him on a visit to Lord Waldegrave, of Strawberry Hill, and was much pleased to exhibit to this old friend the fair bright boy, dressed in a green coat with red collar and cuffs, a frill at the throat, and white trousers. After some time had been spent among the wonders of the Orford collection, of which he ever after carried a catalogue in his head, a servant, who was waiting upon the company in the great gallery, spilt some hot coffee over his legs. The hostess was all kindness and compassion, and when after a little while she asked him how he was feeling, the little fellow looked up in her face and replied, 'Thank you, madam, the agony has abated.'"

Day after day he played on Clapham Common, among the furze-bushes, and in the gravel-pits, and by the side of the ponds, inventing for its different features a nomenclature which has been faithfully preserved by two generations of children. "A slight ridge, intersected by deep ditches, towards the west of the common, the very existence of which no one above eight years old would notice, was dignified with the title of the Alps; while the elevated island, covered with shrubs, that gives a name to the Mount Pond, was regarded with infinite awe as being the nearest approach within the circuit of his observation to a conception of the majesty of Sinai. Indeed, at this period his infant fancy was much exercised with the threats and terrors of the law. He had a little plot of ground at the back of the house marked out as his own by a row of

oyster-shells, which a maid one day threw away as rubbish. He went straight to the drawing-room, where his mother was entertaining some visitors, walked into the circle, and said very solemnly, 'Cursed be Sally; for it is written, Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.'"

While still very young he went to the school kept by Mr. Greaves, close by; and before he was eight years old, started literary work by writing a compendium of Universal History—a subject affording much scope! One day he accompanied his father on a morning call, and found on the table the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which he had never before met with. He kept himself quiet with his prize while the elders were talking, and on his return home sat down on his mother's bed, and astonished her by repeating as many cantos as she had patience or strength to listen to. He was always noted for his wonderful memory, and had that rare gift of photographing, as it were, the whole page on his mind at a glance, so that he read books faster than most people skim them, and could remember the whole, letter perfect, without effort. "At one period of his life he was known to say that if by some miracle of Vandalism all copies of 'Paradise Lost' and 'The Pilgrim's Progress' were destroyed off the face of the earth, he would undertake to produce them both from recollection whenever a revival of learning came."

The reading of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" led him to begin a "Battle of Cheviot" in the same style, but after three cantos this was abandoned for an epic *à la* Virgil on Olaus the Great, the ancestor of the MacOlaus—that is to say, the Macaulays, whose deeds were to be immortalised.

> "Day set on Cambria's hills supreme,
> And, Menai, on thy silver stream.
> The star of day had reached the West,
> Now in the main it sank to rest.
> Shone great Eleindyn's castle tall;
> Shone every battery, every hall;
> Shone all fair Mona's verdant plain;
> But chiefly shone the raging main."

Thus it began—by no means badly for a boy of eight years old. Working at school, but chiefly at home, reading book after book, and remembering all he read, and writing much in the epic and ballad line, no wonder that his mental development was rapid, and that the wonderful precocious boy attracted much attention. In 1813 he was, after much thought on the part of his father, sent to a private school kept by the Rev. Mr. Preston at Little Shelford, near Cambridge. The choice was a good one; it was just such a school as Macaulay required; the pupils, who were limited to twelve at a time, got far beyond their share of honours at the university and of distinction in after life. Macaulay's letters from school are charming, but too long to quote entire. One extract we must find room for. "We have had," he tells his father, "the first meeting of our debating society the other day, when a vote of censure was moved for upon Wilberforce; but he, getting up, said, 'Mr. President, I beg to second the motion.' By this means he escaped. The kindness which Mr. Preston shows me is very great. He always assists me in what I cannot do, and takes me to walk out with him every now and then. My room is a delightful snug little chamber, which nobody can enter, as there is a trick about opening the door. I sit like a king, with my writing-desk before me—for (would you believe it?) there is a writing-desk in my chest of drawers—my books on one side, my box of papers on the other, with my arm-chair and my candle—for every boy has a candlestick, snuffers, and extinguisher of his own."

A beautiful letter from his mother is of the same year:

"My Dear Tom,—I am very happy to hear that you have so far advanced in your different prize exercises, and with such little fatigue. I know you write with great ease to yourself, and would rather write ten poems than prune one; but remember that excellence is not attained at first. All your pieces are much mended after a little reflection, and therefore take some solitary walks and think over each separate thing. Spare no time or trouble to render each piece as perfect as you can, and then leave the event without one anxious thought. I have always admired a saying of one of the old heathen philosophers. When a friend was condoling with him that he so well deserved of the gods, and yet that they did not shower their favours on him as on some others less worthy, he answered, 'I will, however, continue to deserve well of them.' So do you, my dearest. Do your best, because it is the will of God you should improve every faculty to the utmost now, and strengthen the powers of your mind by exercise, and then in future you will be better enabled to glorify God with all your powers and talents, be they of a more humble or higher order, and you shall not fail to be received into everlasting habitations with the applauding voice of your Saviour, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' You see how ambitious your mother is. She must have the wisdom of her son acknowledged before angels and an assembled world. My wishes can soar no higher, and they can be content with nothing less for any of my children."

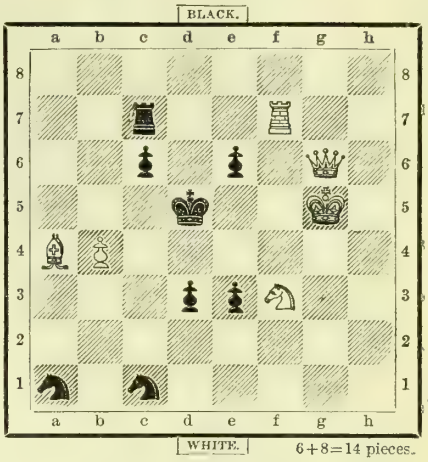
In 1814 Mr. Preston's school was removed to Buntingford, in Hertfordshire, and there young Macaulay spent four years. As his master had confidence in his discretion, there was no check in his reading, and he roamed "almost at will over the whole expanse of literature." He lived almost exclusively amongst books, and wrote but little. When he came home to Clapham for the holidays there was much harmless frolic—and, sad to relate, much novel-reading, which his father was by no means pleased with himself for permitting. In fact, this fondness for fiction got the somewhat staid but good-hearted Zachary into a sad mess. As editor of the "Christian Observer," he received a letter defending works of fiction, and, as the case was ably and reasonably put, he incautiously inserted the communication in the magazine. It brought down upon him "the most violent objurations from scandalised contributors, one of whom informed the public that he had committed the obnoxious number to the flames, and should thenceforth cease to take in the magazine. The editor replied with becoming spirit, although by that time he was aware that the communication, the insertion of which in an unguarded moment had betrayed him into a controversy for which he had so little heart, had proceeded from the pen of his son." Such was young Macaulay's first appearance in print, if we except the index to the thirteenth volume of the "Christian Observer," which he compiled during his Christmas holidays in 1814.

In 1818 young Macaulay went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, and we may consider his precocious boyhood at an end. At the university he secured the reputation of being one of the most brilliant of students, as in after years he was acknowledged to be one of the most gifted of men. He died on December 28, 1859. As reviewer, politician, member of the Supreme Council of India, ballad-writer, and historian, he left a good broad mark on the world, and a reputation for honour and uprightness excelled by no writer or statesman of English speech.

CHESS.

Problem No. 253.

By S. Gold.



6+8=14 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

Sturgis's Problems.

Professor O. A. Brownson, of Rockdale, Dubuque County, Iowa, has now published the collections of fourteen composers, the twelfth of which is entitled "A Collection of Chess Problems, by General S. D. Sturgis, 1890." Price 25 cents. Among the twenty-six problems are five in two moves, twenty in three, and one in four; for the most part below average merit, and only a few of them fairly difficult. The following are Nos. 7 and 17 in the book:—

Problem No. 254.

White, K—Q 8; Q—Q 2; Rs—Q Kt sq. and Q 4; Bs—Q B 7 and Q B 8; Kt—K Kt 6. Black, K—Q B 4; Q—Q R 5; R—K R 2; B—Q Kt 6; Kts—Q 2 and K Kt sq.; Ps—Q R 7 and Q B 7. White mates in three moves.

Problem No. 255.

White, K—K R 8; Q—K Kt sq.; B—K 7; Kts—Q Kt 3 and K B 5; Ps—Q B 6, Q 2, and K B 2. Black, K—Q 4; Ps—K B 3 and K R 4. White mates in three moves.

The thirteenth of Brownson's collections is that by A. C. Palmer. Price 25 cents. A specimen of this composer's ability is this:—

Problem No. 256.

White, K—Q Kt 6; Q—Q 6; Bs—K B 4 and K R sq.; Kts—Q 3 and K B 7; Ps—K B 2 and K R 4. Black, K—K B 4; R—Q 8; B—Q R 5; Kts—Q Kt 6 and K R 2; Ps—K 3, K B 3, and K Kt 5. White mates in three moves.

The fourteenth collection is that by Col. A. F. Rockwell, U. S. Army. Price 50 cents.

Professor Brownson is now using the international notation of the board.

TO CHESS CORRESPONDENTS.

T. H. M. and J. L.—The game in vol. viii. p. 192 is correct, for at move 15 the white Q cannot play from R 5 to Kt 7 and mate, and at move 16 the P is defended by the Kt. It was played between two well-known composers.

J. S.—The written capitals I, J, S, and T are often respectively mistaken, so please write them plainly. J. Berger's writing is very minute, but that of O. T. Blathy is large and clear.

J. B.—We understand that Herr Hans von Minckwitz, at present at Belgern a. d. Elbe, whose complete name is Johannes G. E. L. von Minckwitz, has inherited "von" from his ancestor, the Freiherr Ehrenfried von Minckwitzburg, who died about 1625, and belonged to ancient Lusatia—Bohemian nobility. Besides several works on chess, he has lately published a pamphlet on "Jungdeutschland."

Correspondence.

Death's-Head. -You might try the American moth-trap, which is to be procured of the different natural-history dealers; but it has not proved very successful in this country. Kill your moths by means of a bottle charged with cyanide of potassium, which you can obtain of the same tradesmen. For your third question see answer to "Young Naturalist."

To Kill Big Moths (W.F.F.).—1. Chloroform is the best, only you will have to use a good deal of it. Put a few drops into the box with a camel's-hair brush, leave for ten minutes, and then repeat the dose. Do not take the insect out of the box for at least half an hour. 2. You can always purchase larvæ and pupæ from the London dealers. Try Messrs. Cooke, 30, Museum Street, W.C.

White Rat (Rat).—Yes, it is safest to take away the buck before young are born, though this is not always necessary.

Rabbits (R.).—See columns of "Exchange and Mart." Large half-breeds, such as Patagonians and Belgium, are best for market.

Teeth (St. Halcombe).—If charcoal will not whiten them you must see a dentist; the enamel, however, seems gone.

Bad Breath (R. Wilson).—If from the teeth, Sanitas tooth-powder thrice a day applied; if from stomach, attention to digestion and rules of hygiene; if from lungs, see a doctor.

Window Plants (Young Cadet).—Better renew your compost, repot, and water, then pick away all decayed parts, and keep clean daily. We cannot give a receipt for growing tall. You, perhaps, are not the growing sort. Gymnastics will assist, so will swimming, which seems to stretch the whole frame, and strengthen it too.

Cat with Film on Eyes (Eye-Film).—Better not interfere if it is going away. Leave well alone.

Cold Bath (W. C. E.).—Before breakfast in the morning is the best time. Get up earlier.

Canary always Moulting (Willie).—Put five grains of chlorate of potash every day in drinking-water. Renew daily. Give clean sand, green food, and nothing but black and white canary-seed. Perhaps, however, the bird is very old.

Pigeon and Ducks Ill (G. O. M.).—We could not say for certain, but we blame the water. The water for pigeons should be soft, pure, and free from all taint. Your birds evidently had inflammation.

Dog and Rabbits (W. J. Minto).—1. Dog is too fat, give less flour food, more boiled lights and paunch, and more exercise. 2. Rabbits do not need milk as a rule. 3. When big enough, of course. 4. Dip? No, a rabbit isn't a sheep. A boy that can't keep his rabbits free from insects is a lazy lad. Bed well, and keep clean.

Cutting Parrots' Nails (Inquisitive).—Certainly, if too long. In the wild state exercise keeps them short.

Hairs and Volcanoes (Antoinette).—This young lady wants to know how to get rid of a few hairs growing on the face, also how many volcanoes there are in the world! Pull the hairs, if few, out with the tweezers. As to the volcanoes, we should not like to hazard even a guess.

Crickets (C.).—Try oatmeal, mixed with salt, or some of the shop preparations. 'Ware poison, however.

At a Loss to Know (J. W.).—What you ask about is natural to your age. Take a cold bath every morning.

Breeding Canaries (Jossy).—Birds hatched in one season breed in spring of next.

Making the Calves Grow (W. P.).—You silly boy! Was the poultice you put on your back made of Scotch oatmeal? You make us laugh. Try exercise, climb hills, ride the cycle, swim, and *eat* the *oatmeal*.

Mole (P. Robinson).—No, leave it alone.

Clematis from Seed (Dora).—1. Gather in autumn, store in a dry, cool place, sow in sandy soil, with gentle heat, nurse under glass, and plant out in rich mould. 2. Too much tea is bad for nerves and complexion.

Taming a Puppy (Dog Fancier).—Only by kindness and firmness. Give more exercise.

Somnambulism (Iser). — Digestion all wrong, and nerves as well. Consult a doctor.

Nervousness (Escribiente, late Miserable).—We are glad that by following our advice you are Miserable now no longer. We wish other boys would abjure all evil habits, and go in for more exercise, the bath, good food, wholesome reading, and hard bed or mattress, and, if medicine be needed, just about 10 to 15 drops of tincture of iron thrice daily in water after meals.

Consult a Doctor (J. H. R.).—We cannot counsel too much self-doctoring, and in all cases that look serious the family doctor should be consulted.

Book on Rabbits (Agnes and Marion).—Glad to see the number of our girl readers ever on the increase. We bid you welcome, and are always pleased to answer your queries. Get Wright's book, price 3*s.* 6*d.* It is called the "Rabbit Keeper."

Tame Mice (Alice).—A little sop of bread and milk daily, small grains, barley, etc., canary-seed, water, a dark room, with cotton-wool bed; sawdust in cage. That is all, Alice.

Swimming (Zenas).—No, wait till you get stronger. Giddiness is a dangerous symptom.

Mice Again (T. Pistol).—Don't give too much hemp. Read reply to Alice.

Warts (S. C. B.).—Try milch-weed juice, or burn off by touching with caustic silver.

Pimples (J. E. M.).—Give up smoking. It is bad enough in men; it is everything that is bad for boys.

Cat's Hair Coming Out Continually (W. H. Veles).—Get a comb and brush and groom daily. Feed on the plainest food, but feed well. You cannot do anything else.

Strength (A Reader).—You can only obtain it by obeying the laws of health, and living temperately in every way.

Pigeons Going Back (A. N. W.). — You cannot prevent pigeons returning to the old home, except by shutting them up. Those born on the premises will remain.

A Letter from Rangoon (F. L. Dawson).—1. Glad to hear from you. 2. The same treatment for pigeons as for summer in this country, only give softer food when breeding. 3. Yes, doves will breed in an aviary. 4. Get Wright's book on pigeons, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Feeding Mice (B. B. Barnes).—No, not malt. Feed plainly.

Australia (Blackbird).—Don't go to Australia without having friends there, unless you go right away up country and mean to rough it. Hardly any situations to be got in towns.

Pimples (W. E. G.).—Usually at your time of life from poverty of blood. Take 10 drops of tincture of iron thrice daily in water after meals.

Food, etc., for Squirrels (Old Reader). Keep in a good big clean cage, with a tree-branch in it. The cage must be protected from its teeth. No wheel. Food, bread-and-milk, nuts, acorns, grain, etc. A little meat in spring-time.

Tortoises (Anxiety).—They hide themselves in autumn and reappear in spring. Give them plenty of freedom. The run of the garden. In house they eat lettuce, cabbage, and even bread-and-milk.

Hair Falling Off (C. E. Thompson).—You must have the scalp examined by a doctor. It may be from scurf. Anyhow, see to it at once. Beware of quack advertisements.

Chickens Ill (M. Brown).—It was not pip, but the gapes. Try Spratt's remedy. Advertise in the paper called "The Feathered World."

Moulting (H. Hodgson).—Simply keep the canary free from draughts and cover up at night. A little egg-and-breadcrumb food will help. Tinge the water with saffron. Give green food.

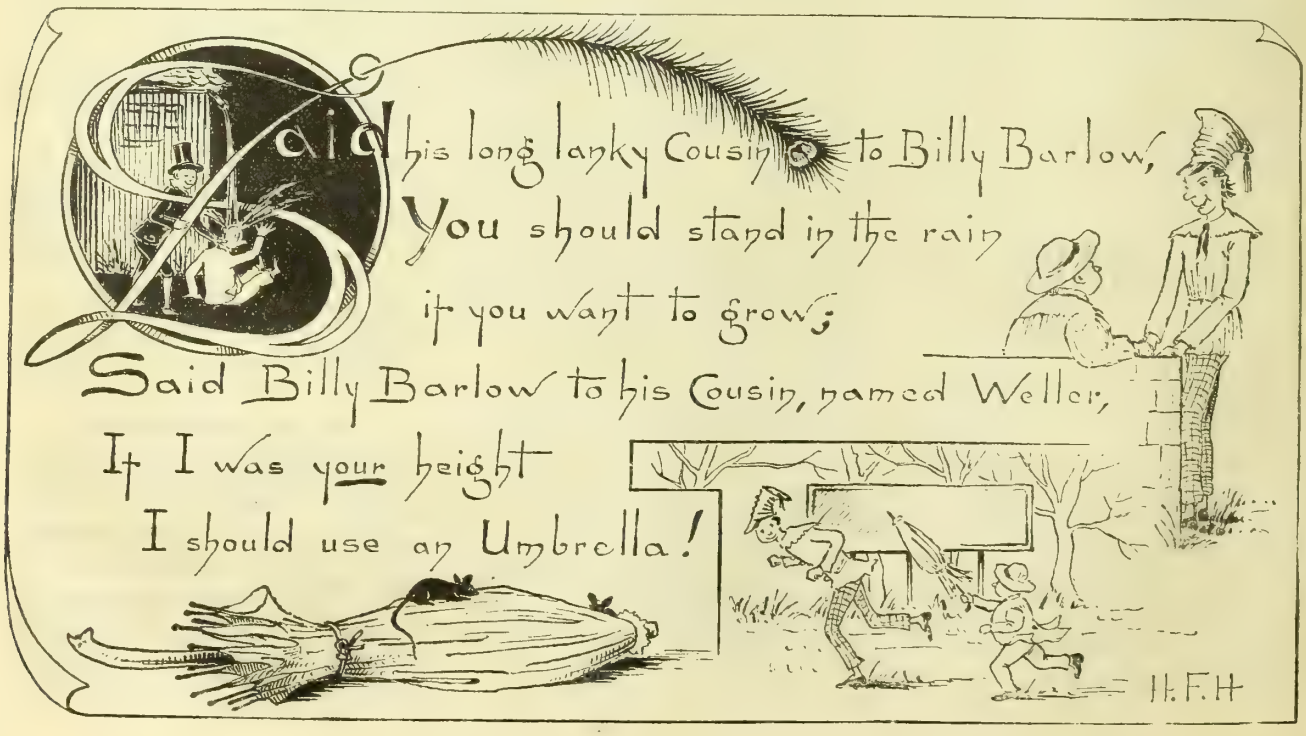
Gold Fish (Fred).—They will only breed in regular ponds. Feed on ant's eggs. Put a handful of watercress, roots and all, into the bowl.

Silkworms Dying (La Touche). - Probably through want of perfect cleanliness. This is imperative.

Perfectly Miserable (Harry M.).—As you get older and stronger you will get over your shyness. Never mind your looks. Improve your mind, and go in for some kind of athletics. Take a cold bath every morning, and take plenty of good food. Do not take medicine.

Canker in Cat's Ear (Guinea-Pig).—If external, zinc ointment, after washing with warm water and soap. If internal, a lotion of 5 grains of sulphate of zinc to an ounce of water.

Rabbit Ill (McDonald).—Hair falling off perhaps from bad bedding. If dusty, hay is apt to do this.



THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 620.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



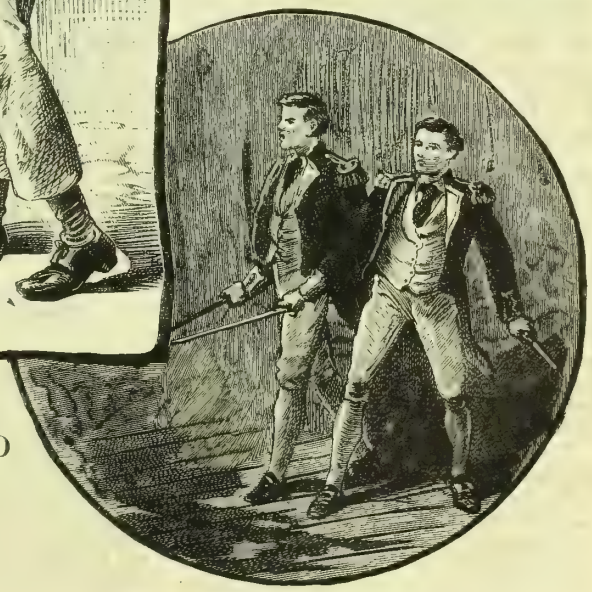
GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER X.—I JOIN LORD COCHRANE'S FLEET.—A LOOTING EXPEDITION AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—I FIND MYSELF A CAPTIVE IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

When I arrived in South America I found the rebellion in full progress. Lord Cochrane arrived at Valparaiso on November 28, 1818, and shortly afterwards hoisted his flag in the O'Higgins as commander-in-chief of the Chilian fleet, which consisted of six or seven ships, and for the present made Valparaiso his head-quarters. I joined him at that place on January 7, 1819, and was at once appointed to a small sloop-of-war of sixteen guns, called the Esperanza, commanded by a canny Scot called David Mutchmore, a man gifted with all the reticence and sangfroid peculiar to his race, one of the very few who were able to combine with the undoubted glory of this enterprise a measure of solid advantage to himself.

The admiral was resolved to put to sea. Fortune, which had at first so favoured the Chilian arms, seemed now to have withdrawn her smiles; the most sinister rumours were prevalent; Valparaiso itself was threatened; and the ship in which I had come from England had narrowly escaped capture by an armed cruiser of a type but little removed from the pirate.



"We placed our backs against a bulkhead."

Lord Cochrane accordingly determined to attack the Spanish fleet in Callao harbour; and left Valparaiso on January 16, 1819, with this audacious design in view. Our squadron consisted of seven ships, mounting in all 220 guns. The Spaniards were numerically far superior, having, in addition to their fleet of seven considerable vessels, a large flotilla of gunboats and well-armed merchantmen, while the cliffs in the rear of their anchorage bristled with cannon, making their artillery strength more than double that of ourselves.

It was in truth a hazardous enterprise. But we were under the leadership of the captain of the Speedy, and the hero of the Basque Roads. If there was one man competent to silence the batteries of Callao and to destroy the Royalist fleet, that man was surely our noble and gallant commander.

Captain Mutchmore I found to be a man of but little sentiment. In peace his principal idea seemed to be that of scrubbing the decks till they were so clean that you could eat a meal off them in comfort without any tablecloth; or of polishing guns and brasswork till they caught the rays of the tropical sun like so many burning-glasses. He dealt out justice most rigorously to the men, and seldom a week passed by without a flogging or two. Indeed, there was a legend about him that in the early days of his career in the Chilian navy he had a crew not one of whom had escaped the lash; and that on one occasion he had received a signal from his senior officer, ordering him to put to sea until he had got his ship into a better state of discipline, since his punishments were an annoyance and disgrace to the whole fleet. As, however, the crew of the Esperanza was composed of about a hundred of the greatest scoundrels imaginable, it was probably desirable to pipe all hands to punishment pretty frequently. We were, therefore, in a high state of efficiency at this moment, and quite ready for the fray.

The captain received me with as much cordiality as was consistent with the caution characteristic of the Scot. He was attired merely in a shirt and trousers, as the weather was extremely hot. His cabin was furnished in the severest possible manner, with a hammock to sleep in, an antiquated-looking bureau, two or three Windsor chairs, and a portrait of John Knox launching forth the thunders of his eloquence against the Popish queen.

"Weel, mon," said he, "sae ye're to be billeted on Davie Mutchmore, are ye? I trust ye ken weel how to keep a ship clean. There's nae trust to be placed in these puir Chilians; a mair feckless crew never drew breath. I've tried kindness wi' 'em in the shape o' whuskey; I've tried fair words and foul; but, afther all, I find there's naething like a gude dose o' corporal punishment.—Wha's there? Is that you, Gonsalvo?" A boy entered, bearing something wrapped up carefully in a coarse blue cotton handkerchief.

"Weel, hae ye gotten the required number the noo?"

To my astonishment the boy threw the handkerchief down on the table, opened it, and exposed to view a hideous pile of cockroaches, which he proceeded deliberately to count one by one, the captain standing by and checking him the while.

"Ah, ye scunnrel, Jose," said he, "ye're just fifteen short o' yer right number; noo gang awa' for anither half hour, and if ye no bring me anither score o' puir deed bodies by that time, I'm sair afraid ye must undergo yer well-merited punishment. Aw, mon," continued he, turning to me, "look weel to yersel, while ye're in this bit barkie, or it's never a bit o' toenail ye'll have at the end of the week. Nothin's safe from the wretches; ye'll not see many o' em durin' the day, but when the morn's nicht, and ye've doused the glim and turned in, man, it's like a hail regiment o' dragoons clatterin' down Prince's Street, Edinburgh. But, come on, my laddie, let's hae a bit crack upon matters mair professional."

And then the old salt subjected me, kindly enough, to a somewhat rigorous catechizing as to my knowledge of the nature and extent of my duties; the experience I had gained of wind and tide, compass, soundings, and seamanship generally. I must confess I was not quite prepared for so searching an examination; but I am glad to say that the canny Scot appeared satisfied, and even vouchsafed a word of praise.

"I had a verra gude report o' ye, my lad, except in one thing, that matter o' gettin' into debt; but under a gude Scot's guidance, perhaps ye'll be mair careful. 'Deed, but I'll take care o' yer siller myself; for it's no that pleasant to be thrown into the caboose for debt, to stay there naebody knaws how lang. Now, be off to ye're duty, my lad; and if we go into action in the mornin' ye'll attend me on the quarter-deck."

The next morning the admiral signalled to us to stand in towards the enemy's ships in company with him, his design being to cut out their frigates. As American ships were expected, we hoisted American colours and proceeded according to orders. But a thick fog suddenly came on and put an end to all operations for the time, so that the design had to be abandoned until a more favourable opportunity presented itself.

A few days afterwards the carnival took place, and Lord Cochrane, determining to take advantage of the circumstance, advanced as before under American colours. The fog which had proved such a hindrance to our operations now served as a cover for our advance; and we should have succeeded in approaching within a very short distance of the enemy's line, had it not been for the fact that the Esperanza suddenly fell in with a Spanish gunboat, which surrendered to her after a short engagement. The cannonade roused the enemy to immediate action, and in a very few moments,

> "Each gun, from its adamantine lips,
> Spread a death-shade round the ships."

And a death-shade indeed it would have been, but for the fog and the unequal practice of the enemy. As it was, a round shot entered the admiral's cabin, and took off the head of a marine who was on duty there. The face of Lord Cochrane's little son, who happened to be standing by, was bespattered with the poor fellow's brains. His father turned round in horror, thinking that his son was slain; but the brave child ran up to him exclaiming,—

"I'm not hurt, papa; the shot did not touch me. Jack says the ball is not made that can kill mamma's boy."

He persistently refused to be carried below, and remained on deck during the action.

After a furious cannonade of about two hours' duration, it became evident that we could not hope to carry the place against such fearful odds, without having recourse to some stratagem hereafter to be developed. The only visible result of the bombardment had been to silence the fire at one angle of the forts; the enemy's practice was beginning to improve; two of our squadron had failed to co-operate; in the Esperanza the splinters were flying in every direction, and already some dozen of poor fellows had gone to their last account, while the captain himself had sustained a severe wound. The game was plainly not worth the candle, and, becoming more and more disabled, we presently sheered out of action. The commander-in-chief was not long in following suit, and the whole fleet retired out of range, waiting for the next move in this dangerous game, and, to the best of our ability, making good defects.

During this interval a circumstance occurred which deprived the patriots of my services for a considerable time.

It happened that a small French trading vessel went ashore a few miles up the coast and became a total wreck, securely wedged in between two rocks which were separated from the mainland except at dead low water. Now, we were very short of provisions, and it occurred to us that we might very well replenish our stock from the stores of the ill-fated Jean Crapaud. I am afraid we were not troubled with very punctilious ideas about the eighth commandment in those stirring days; we looked upon the wreck as fair game, giving no heed to any notions of salvage which might have been entertained by the owners, or to any ideas of jetsam or flotsam held by the inhabitants—indeed, the latter seemed in some unaccountable way to have missed taking advantage of their prize, a circumstance which made us increasingly anxious to relieve them of the responsibility. Accordingly, when our first-lieutenant suggested to Captain Mutchmore the expediency of our instantly making an expedition to the wreck, he took up the idea with very great warmth. "Ay, puir creatures," said he, "they dinna hae muckle idea o' the navigation o' these parts; I dinna doot that it'll be a sair misfortin to the owners, and they'll rin short o' siller for some time to come; but I canna reconcile it to my conscience to let gude claret rin to waste on those rocks when gude men might be drinkin' it elsewhere. So, Jamieson and Freeborn, tak' the cutter and the whaler in tow and pay the barkie a visit, and bring awa' anything that ye think'll spoil; and especially dinna forget any liquors that ye may find in the captain's cabin. I dinna apprehend any molestation from the enemy, but ye must just go armit, and keep an eye on the signals; and if I recall ye, mind and return immediately."

Delighted at the prospect of such an expedition, we ordered the gig to be manned, and, taking the whaler in tow, pulled rapidly towards the wreck, which lay conveniently hidden behind a little headland which concealed it from the view of any one in the harbour. We were

delighted to find that the Maria Pia was to all intents and purposes a derelict. We clambered on board in high glee, and were soon completely absorbed in the exciting task of plunder.

As we expected, we found a large quantity of claret, to which a small supply of champagne had been added. There were Bologna sausages, all manner of dried fruits, most inviting biscuits in tin-lined cases, choice tobacco and cigars, and a variety of other luxuries, culminating in a small supply of live-stock and poultry, which gave us most agreeable visions of fresh meat in the immediate future. Delighted with the success of our venture we at once began to load the cutter with the live-stock and as many cases of wine and provisions as could be stowed away in her, while in the bottom of the whaler we stowed all the arms and ammunition we could find, mindful that our own stock often ran perilously short.

As soon as the two boats were loaded I suggested to Jamieson that if we sent the cutter back to the ship she might return for a fresh cargo; he seemed to think it a very bright idea of mine, and we acted upon it accordingly, thus depriving ourselves for the time of all our force in case of an attack. The men, accustomed to unquestioning obedience to orders, immediately took their places in the boat and shoved off.

"Now, come on, Freeborn," said Jamieson, whom I ought to have introduced as our second-lieutenant, "the gude Scot's so verra canny that we shan't reap much benefit from this little game if we don't take time by the forelock; let's have a good tuck in while we can; the boat'll soon be back; lend me a hand, and we'll soon see what's in these cases here."

Nothing loth, I went to work, and very soon the captain's table was spread with a repast at least bountiful, if served in the roughest and readiest manner. We did ample justice to the good cheer, pledging each other's health and drinking success to the saucy Esperanza. We were just in the height of our enjoyment when we were suddenly startled by the report of a gun.

"Hallo," exclaimed Jamieson, "that's one of our twenty-pounders."

I sprang up and ran to the port.

"Yes," said I, "there's the cutter coming back, and they're giving way like mad."

At that moment the cause was amply explained. There was a loud trampling overhead, the sound of many feet, and voices in angry altercation in a foreign tongue.

"We're in for it now, old man!" exclaimed Jamieson; "the cutter can't possibly get here in time; we must make for the whaler and sell our lives as dearly as we can."

It was too late. There was a great clattering upon the ladders, and in another moment in rushed about a dozen of the enemy's soldiers, villainous-looking fellows, armed to the teeth, and thirsting for our blood. We placed our backs against a bulkhead and struck out in true British fashion with such weapons as we had, inflicting more than one ugly gash before we finally succumbed. But, after seeing Jamieson run through the heart with a rapier, I received a blow on the head from the butt-end of a musket, and remembered no more.

(To be continued.)

THE TALE OF A PIG.

AN ARCADIAN STORY.

By E. M. Chettle.

(With Illustrations by the Author.)

CHAPTER IX.

Years had passed. Spring had come round again, and the rooks were cawing over their nests. The dull, grey winter sky had rifted, and streaks of tender blue smiled out upon the pale primroses. Again the delicate powdering of green appeared on the brown woods, and the thrushes called to each other, and the brook chattered gaily to the sedge. Sweet shafts of sunlight pierced the window-panes and scattered the gloom within. They shone in at the doctor's, where he and his wife sat at breakfast with their children round them. They lighted up the kindly Vicar's white hair as he paced musing about his garden, making the most of his quiet, because he knew it was so sure to be broken in upon by Margery's boys when their breakfast was over. They shone all over the country, and it smiled back again, and everything looked frisky.

"Three halfpence and twopence,
Three halfpence and twopence,"

said the pit-pat of hoofs up the road, and a stout bay mare came cantering along, bearing, like Templar's horse of old, a double burden—Farmer Pentelow, with his eldest grandson astride on the pommel before him, and shouting gleefully as the wind whistled through his curly mop.

"Faster, Grandad, faster!" shouted Curly-wig, kicking his fat legs against the mare's shoulders and brandishing the ash-twig his grandfather had cut for him, so that he could ride like a horseman.

"Never ride your horse too hard, my lad," said Grandad, gravely, "or you'll maybe break his wind and spoil the sale of him. Fair and softly does it." And he pulled the mare in, and walked her leisurely past the Twenty-acre.

"Look at the crows, Dumpty. Scare 'em, boy!"

Dumpty promptly opened his mouth, and emitted a yell loud enough to scare anybody.

"O-O-e-e-e-e-e!" said Dumpty. "I done it, Grandad."

"Clever chap! But if you don't sit a bit quieter you'll fall off, and then you'll be more like your namesake than ever." For Dumpty was called after that unfortunate historical personage whose attempt to sit upon a wall ended, as we all know, so sadly—because he, too, was always tumbling across buckets, down ditches, and into every puddle he met. And his poor mother said he tore his clothes to distraction.

But Dumpty's excitement was not to be curbed by fears, and he grew so restive that his grandfather swung him off the saddle, and, dropping him to the ground, bade him "run among 'em and scatter 'em a bit," which Dumpty did, valiantly striding over the soft fallows with his little fat legs, and pelting the crows with all his might. And Farmer Pentelow looked after him proudly.

Dumpty and his Grandad were always together. Wherever one went the other must go too—to fairs, markets, and sales. And no bargain was complete unless Dumpty was there to tell Grandad—with his curly head very much on one side—what he thought of the matter in question. Dumpty's mother said whenever that child was to be taught anything, she couldn't imagine; but Dumpty's father laughed and let him go. And now, when he had scared all the crows from the field and came back to his grandfather to be lifted up again, he sat astride on his pommel, flourishing his twig, and perfectly persuaded that it was quite impossible for any business to be done unless he, Dumpty, were with Grandad to help.

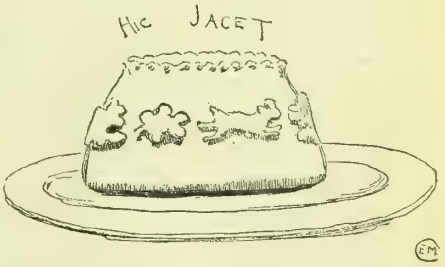
So Dumpty, and Grandad, and the mare went leisurely along the lane, and Dumpty made his oft-repeated request:

"Tell me a 'tory, Grandad."

"What about, eh?"

"'Bout father, and the gun, and how he shooted," said Dumpty, settling himself luxuriously.

Grandad put his arm about Dumpty more firmly, and the mare went slower and slower, and, as Dumpty listened delightedly for the hundredth time, Grandad told, with his usual pride in the cleverness of "my son Steve," the "Tale of a Pig."



(THE END.)

QUEER SPORT: A BARRISTER'S EXPERIENCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By Hendrik B. Knoblauch, ll.d., of Appelskraal, Cape of Good Hope.

It was in March last year that I left Cape Town to spend a week at Appelskraal, our country-seat on the River Zonder Einde (River "Without End"), a hundred miles east of Table Bay and thirty inland from Cape l'Agulhas. I had twenty miles by rail to Eerste River Station, where at 5 p.m. I took to the post-cart, and, travelling through the night, reached my destination at seven o'clock next morning.

Immediately on my arrival I made for a dip in the fine old river, where—the sun's rays falling on the waters close to where I was standing—I could look down, ten feet and more, and see as in a tinted crystal the little red-finned silver-fish disporting in myriads below the surface over the bed of golden sand. After my plunge and breakfast came a nap to counteract the effect of the night's jolting in the post-cart. For, I tell you, eighty miles in the dark on top of the mail-bags in a Cape post-cart, going as hard as the horses will trot over stone and hill, through river, vale, and mountain pass, stopping only for five minutes every three hours or so to hitch on a fresh team, is lively work. The loving hands of a thoughtful sister had softly closed the shutters without awaking me, so that I was slumbering in perfect darkness.

Bom! Bom! I started bolt upright, utterly bewildered. The room was pitch-dark, and I thought it was midnight. Certainly I had been awakened by a tremendous row of some sort or other, and I——

"Bom! Bang!" I recognised the cause of the noise this time. Two gunshots, fired in quick succession at this unearthly hour. What could be the matter? I rushed to the window, wrenched open the blinds, and was almost blinded by the flood of sunlight that struck me straight in the face, while a roar of laughter greeted my startled appearance.

"Well, I guessed *this* would have some effect. Hammering at your window for half an hour would not stir you, so I started blazing away. Why, man, it's twelve o'clock; and we have Tys Human and Gert Maandagzoutrivier, and several others, here. They have come to help catch and shoot these sheep-stealing tigers," as he called them.

"A tiger-hunt!" I exclaimed, as I looked at the disturber of my rest, who was no other than my brother Charlie, the "baby" of the family, nineteen years old, squarely built, and standing nearly six foot in his boots. Under his left arm—he shoots both right and left—he held a still smoking double-barrelled shot-gun.

"Yes," said he, "Gotliep came from the gardens shortly after your arrival, and stated that, while taking a short cut across a ridge along the foot of the mountain, he came upon sixteen sheep killed by the tigers but a few hours previously. Listen! Don't you hear the hullaballoo the baboons are making? The tigers are there—in that gorge to the left of the waterfall. But come on. Look sharp and get something to eat. They are saddling the horses at the stables, and we are in a hurry to get off."

As Charlie had remarked, I could distinctly hear, miles away in the mountains, the hoarse "Hoo-auch-om! hoo-auch-om!" of the baboons echoing through gorge and glen until the mountain resounded. Sure sign that to go by. There are two things the Cape baboon has firmly set his face against, and which make him howl and yell and splutter like a German music-master serenaded by a Scotch piper. He cordially dislikes the snow, which in the higher altitudes, during the short winter months of July and August, renders his leaf and stick-strewn cave—*his* "castle in the air"—most unbearably cold. You see, not even with all *his* intelligence (and I hope in a future paper to show you that he can be 'cute enough when he tries) has he mastered the antiquated stick-rubbing, fire-producing friction dodge. And he dislikes the snow all the more because of its aggravating partiality for mountain-tops. While *he* is actually shivering in the cold and keen blasts as he searches for sleeping scorpions in the neighbouring crags, he can see plainly—thanks to the surpassing clearness of the air—the boss of the place stalking about three or four thousand feet below under a white and green sunshade to keep off *the rays of the scorching sun*. And those dark-green trees down there below? Ah! He had paid them a short visit about 2 a.m. only the other morning, quite in a friendly way, you understand, and he had found the golden oranges weighing the branches down to the very earth. True, he had not been able on that occasion to spare the time for a detailed inspection of the place, owing to a cowardly brute of a dog beginning to yelp and bark and growl, so that, to avoid a disturbance, he had to make for the river and recross to the mountains. Not that it was *fear* that induced him to take this course. Oh dear, no! Why, the dog had even run after him—no doubt to persuade him to return to the grove; but, objecting on principle to be seen in such company, he had plunged straight away into the cold—yes, icy-cold—stream, and had swum through without taking the trouble to go round by the foot-bridge. He somehow did not personally care much about dogs. *Their* not liking the taste of oranges themselves was no earthly reason why they should always snarl and make a fuss whenever they happened to see other folk enjoying the fruit. No, to his mind the party that invented dogs ought to have been shot, and had his patent destroyed. Certainly he had murmured to himself something about "Home, sweet Home," as he reached his den that particular morning; but then, the thing would have been much more pungently appropriate, and he could have sung it with right-down pathos, had the *orange-trees* developed the highly desirable habit of growing on the tops of mountains, and the *snow* that of falling only far, far down in the plains below.

And if the baboon dislikes the snow, he positively and undisguisedly—in defiance of all religious precepts—hates his neighbour the Tiger or Great Spotted Leopard (*Felis Pardus*). "For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain," the African leopard, like the Heathen Chinee, "is peculiar;" and it is this peculiarity of his, this nasty habit of pouncing from an overhanging bough like a flash of lightning on to the unsuspecting quadruman underneath, and strangling him without further notice, that the latter strongly disapproves of. Accordingly he never misses a chance of making known to the surrounding country by his hoarse cries and "Hoo-auch-oms" the presence of this arch-enemy. And if the baboon would only stick to the business—if he would only be content in his humble sphere to act as a tiger-indicator instead of demeaning his profession, as he frequently does, to serve petty personal and temporal ends—he would often save himself being made an object of wanton pursuit, and might even inspire a sentiment of indulgence, nay, of respect, towards himself in the breasts of the large sheep and cattle owners, to whom his services would in such case be invaluable. But, alas! he has, or thinks he has, grown wise in his generation; and, not unlike the city company promoter or the skinflint attorney, he resorts to strategic transparencies which have in the long run balanced his usefulness on the wrong side of the ledger. As an instance in point, Gotliep, our mountain gardener, mentions that hearing one day the loud cries of a troop of baboons in a *kloof*, where on a former occasion a tiger had been seen, he made for the spot with his two dogs as fast as his legs could carry him, leaving the garden unprotected. After a two hours' fruitless search, for not a hair or sign of tiger or track could he espy, he returned, only to find that during his absence that same herd of baboons had been, and left not an apricot or plum—the only ripe fruit at the time—on the trees, while the thieves were actually at that very moment leisurely climbing the mountain about 400 yards away on the homeward journey. Gotliep says that such proceedings naturally shook his confidence in the friendliness and good faith of the advice, as *he* thought, so opportunely proffered.

In less than half an hour we were all in the saddle, ten men strong. My father, my three brothers, five neighbouring farmers who had responded to our invitation, and myself. Gotliep, who had discovered the slaughtered sheep, and Hans, the shepherd of whose flock they formed part, and who had come to report, had already gone on afoot to await us at the spot where the dead animals lay. We were well mounted. Our horses were all, without exception, large-boned, angular, and fit for work, the sort of Cape farm-horse that will carry a fellow up and down hill all day long at a gallop, stop out in the rain all night, get a rub down with the old cocoa-fibre saddle-rug next morning, and be ready to start into a gallop again at the bare mention of his name, to repeat the previous day's performance. In the way of arms, my father and two of my brothers each carried a double-barrelled central-fire breechloading shot-gun; three of our friends were similarly armed; the fourth had a Martini-Henry, and the fifth a *double-barrelled half-rifled breech-loader*. As for Charlie and myself—well, we had the choice of three weapons between us: my father's elephant-gun, with the weight of a pivot-punting duckshooter; a neat-looking 30-inch barrel muzzle-loader; and a rusty single-barrelled old muzzler that *looked* a lot but hardly ever *said* anything, as it generally missed fire on the slightest provocation. I, of course, chose number two, and Charlie, after shouldering the elephant-gun and pompously stalking to the door with it, quietly came back and took up number three instead.

Apropos of the double-barrelled half-rifled breechloader—*that*, to my mind, is the gun *par excellence* for South African shooting. And I venture to say that, with a first-class 30-inch barrelled, compact-firing 12-bore of this description, a strong charge of large spherical SSSG pellets in your right barrel, and a conical bullet, explosive or otherwise, in your left, if you are a real sportsman—knowing *where to aim* and *when to fire*—there is not a savage animal in all Africa, from Mount Atlas to Cape l'Agulhas, that you need avoid. Never mind what people tell you about the "shield" of the rhinoceros and the "impenetrable" hide of elephant, hippopotamus, and bison or buffalo. If you are not a fool, not one of those greenhorns that their mammas ought, for safety's sake, really never to allow out shooting anywhere in Africa with anything short of an 80-ton gun and a squad of soldiers—one of those fellows that will blaze away at an animal in the rear, and then, while grumbling at the

lightness of their weapons, scramble up the nearest tree out of the way of the justly infuriated beast—you will find such a gun sufficient for every imaginable purpose, as I may demonstrate to you in future papers. Remember, also, that a *smooth barrel and a clear bead* are indispensable requisites where you have to deal at close quarters—and you would never deal otherwise—with a screeching elephant, a snorting rhinoceros, a roaring lion, or a growling tiger. Take care, therefore, that you remove the rear sight, if your gun has one, where you have encounters of this sort in close prospective.

By the way, I have a most vivid recollection of a little incident connected with a rifle-sight that happened one afternoon during our Basuto campaign of 1880-81, in which I served as a substitute. Our men were scattered in different directions in the course of a short halt. My uncle, who was commandant of the column to which I was attached, had just put a fresh cartridge in his rifle, while I was sitting washing my hands in a rivulet close by, my rifle lying on the grass near my horse, about ten or twelve yards from me. All of a sudden, and with a whoop, a Basuto leaped from a thicket within fifteen yards of my uncle and levelled a Snider pointblank at the latter's head. Like lightning the old boy covered the nigger with his Martini-Henry; but, to my consternation, instead of firing, I heard him call out in Kafir to the Basuto, "Look out, you fool; you are aiming too high." A second later the two charges exploded almost simultaneously. The Snider ball whistled over my uncle's head, while the Kafir, as the commandant's ball passed through his chest, bounded into the air like an india-rubber doll and fell backward with a thud. I was fond of this uncle of mine, and yelled a "hurrah!" that must have rather surprised the men who came running up. "Stop that!" shouted the commandant to me as he picked up the Snider that came so near putting an end to him. "What an ass!" he said aloud in Dutch; "I could distinctly see the muzzle-line a foot above my head, and here I find that at fifteen yards the gun is sighted for 1,000. These fellows have undoubtedly some European scoundrels to drill them in rifle-practice. Good job, though, they didn't knock off the sight of this gun, or I should have been blown to pieces by the nigger."

The alarm was sounded, and we soon found that we had halted in a perfect ants'-nest of Basutos. Within forty minutes of the sight-incident I had my turn at Kafir-shooting; and this is how it came about. We were advancing eastwards in line along the flank of a hill, some riding, some afoot leading their horses—each and all on the alert for the Kafirs to pop out. We had the sun in our favour, and were literally ploughing that old hill like 500 beaters in an English game-preserve. But the bush was thorny, thickets nasty and plentiful, and where the loose boulders did not slip and trip a man, huge projecting rocks, centres of white puffs, whistling balls, and running niggers, made things most unquestionably ticklish and uncomfortable for a youngster – as I was in those days. Next to and within fifteen yards on my left rode young Louwrens, a friend of mine. Bullets came whistling pretty thick over our heads (a Kafir invariably aims high) when I heard an ominous "thud," and, looking toward Louwrens, I saw his horse shy and his right stirrup go up as he fell down the other side. I let go my horse, rushed up and caught his bridle, and found him hanging by the stirrups and his blood trickling to the ground. "You are not much hurt, are you, old fellow?" I exclaimed, as I caught him in my arms. Alas! there was no answer. He had been shot straight through the head; and, as the next man rode up and we released him from the stirrups, and laid him down behind a bush, and I fastened my blood-stained handkerchief to a branch to mark the spot, the hot tears welled to my eyes and silently coursed down my cheeks. However, this was no time for sentiment, with bullets flying thick and fast; and, without a word, we caught our horses and steered for the large rounded piece of rock from which we knew the fatal shot must have proceeded. I put my hand through the reins of my old light chestnut, Beaufort, and held my rifle ready to my right arm—it was a question of kill or be killed, you see. We had got so close to the rock that I began to think the Kafirs had all decamped, when—"Wh—r—r—r!" and an assegai flashed past within an ace of my companion's side and grazed his horse's shoulder, the animal, in its fright, pulling him right off his legs. At the same instant a Basuto—who, if he had had a gun, might easily have shot either of us stone dead; for, to enable him to throw the assegai, he had stood bolt upright in a niche we had not noticed—started out to round the corner of the rock into safety. But I was too quick for him. Up went my rifle; along the barrel I caught a glimpse of his black shoulders, and in a twinkling I fired, the bullet passing through him "like a needle through a piece of sailcloth."

But, *à mes moutons*—I mean *to my tigers!* We had at least sixteen dogs, of different sorts, shapes, and sizes—from "Don," my old brown pointer, half blind, stone-deaf, and so full of shot, received accidentally and otherwise, that he would have panned a very respectable number of ounces of lead to the ton—up to "Moulap," the striped old wolf-hound. And no two alike. When a man goes to a rendezvous at the Cape for shooting or hunting purposes, he takes with him all his own dogs and as many of his neighbours' as they will lend him. Arrived at the starting-point, those that may come in handy are quickly picked out, and the rest locked up to await their masters' return. Now, for African *tiger-hunting* you ought never to be too particular in the dog-line as to either quantity or quality. No, take the whole lot; there's safety in a crowd, the more the merrier, and ten to one you will find each and every of them useful at some point or other never dreamt of. Charlie and I each had a couple of bags slung across our saddles, containing the usual complement of a Cape afternoon hunt, in the shape of refreshments and one or two drinking-horns.

In about twenty minutes we had reached the ridge where lay the slaughtered sheep. We found the two Hottenbot boys awaiting us. Each had a stout *knobkierie*, while Hans carried in addition that indispensable article and symbol of the Cape shepherd, the "*Karawats*," a thick, tapering whip, from 12 to 15 feet long, fastened to a stick of about 24 inches. A clumsy and useless weapon, truly, in the hands of the uninitiated, but a veritable conjuring sheep-dog when wielded by the Cape shepherd. Nowhere in the world is there a whip with an exploding crack like the "karawats." It seems but as yesterday that, as we rode up, Hans turned towards the east, in the direction of where his flock of close upon a thousand sheep were scattered over hill and dale, and rolled out a crack that, with its retreating echoes, sent the animals scampering towards the big leader-goat as if their very lives depended upon it! We dismounted and examined the dead sheep—*sixteen* full-grown wethers, lying within at most three feet apart. No sign of scuffle at first sight, though closer inspection revealed in each case the deep wound in the neck from which the poor animal's life-blood had been sucked. The leopard, or leopards (for there had evidently been two) had crept noiselessly and cat-like upon the sleeping flock, had fixed their fangs in the throats of the defenceless creatures one after another, and satiated themselves with the warm blood. No, not satiated; for even as we were standing there, Hans and Gotliep had to forcibly restrain the barking and impatient dogs from rushing along a track disclosed by the broken reeds and shrubs, and showing but too plainly whither, after the slaughter of the others, a *seventeenth* victim had been dragged. Fortunately the sky was cloudy, and there was a light breeze, so that we could proceed to business without being deterred by the heat or baffled through the scent being lost on the track giving out.

The track slanted down the hill into a valley formed at the base of the mountain by the widening of a deep and thickly-wooded gorge, 2,500 feet above us. We pressed the dogs in line, our two niggers following close behind. To most Cape people, all blacks are *niggers*. It matters not whether they speak of the jet-black Mozambiquer, or of the bilious-looking Indian rajah. And they would as lief, in private life, associate with a monkey as with either of these or their connecting links; though I have no hesitation in saying that, as a *servant*, the nigger is, in the majority of instances, far better treated at the Cape than is the English "slavey" in her fatherland.

As we got into the valley at the bottom of the slope, the track, still plainly visible, struck parallel with the dark green strip of reeds and rushes that marked the course of the deep, clear mountain-stream, which, 3,000 feet higher up, first became visible as a magnificent waterfall thundering down the barren escarpment forming a rocky wall 500 feet high, then dashed in lovely cascades among the moss-grown rocks and leafy giants, and hid itself at the head of the gorge, finally to emerge far below, calm and undisturbed, in the valley where we were.

As we advanced, the dogs got more and more restless and excited. With the exception of the rifled guns, every barrel was loaded with a strong charge of "loopers" (Cape Dutch for SSSG pellets). With the slightest disturbance ahead of the dogs—if but a bird hopped about among the reeds—every eye was instantly riveted to the spot, and every gun-barrel pointed at it, as we tightened our reins preparatory to pulling up. And so we proceeded for above an hour, getting deeper and deeper into the mountain, and the yelping of the dogs getting louder and louder as the scent freshened.

We had just reached a spot where the surrounding rocks presented a sufficient opening to allow of our drawing up abreast again, when the leader of the pack, hidden in the bush, gave a loud bark, there came a crash of an animal through the reeds, a flash as each man's gun sprang to his shoulder, and ten charges were simultaneously emptied into an unlucky *grey-buck*, for such it was, that had so inopportunely dared show himself in the tiger's track. Gotliep held up the animal, riddled like a sieve. "Well," exclaimed the farmer who was riding by my side—one of the best shots I have ever known, but also one of the greatest stutterers it has ever been my lot to happen across—"if th-th-th-this is the tr-tr-treatm-m-ment the t-t-tigers are going to m-m-meet with at our h-h-h-hands, they w-w-would d-do b-b-b-better to go on tr-tr-tr-trek to the Tr-Tr-Transvaal; w-w-w-what do y-y-*you* th-th-th-think?" I was not going to contradict a man that stuttered; no, not if I knew it. So I said I thought so too.

The rocks were now beginning to narrow down to the water's edge and to hem us in. We had fallen once more into Indian file, when Hans, climbing through the rocks on

the right, a little in advance of the leading horseman, called out: "Daar lè die schaap, Baas!" ("There lies the sheep, master!") We were down, and on the spot in a second. Sure enough, there lay a large wether, with its eyes picked out by the crows and its entrails protruding through a hole torn in its side by the leopard. From the size of the sheep and the great distance it had been dragged two things were clear: the tigers we had to deal with were unusually big, and had cubs. You see, when the Cape tiger kills either calf or sheep in the open, he might, after sucking its blood, drag and hide it a short distance, say a hundred yards or so, away; returning later to feed on it. It is this habit of his, this return journey, that often enables the farmer to catch him in the deadly steel tiger-trap, set close to the slaughtered animal. It is only when they have cubs that tigers will drag their prey, or part of it, any long distance; and *then*, so wary are they, they will not take it up to the lair unless the cubs are too young to accompany them out.

The pack took up the scent again, and, after a deal of stiff climbing, brought us to the commencement of the thick wood that from this point lined the gorge. Leaving our horses in the charge of Gotliep, we proceeded afoot. Ah, what truly magnificent trees there were there, and what an acquisition for the fernery of any botanical garden would be the gigantic maidenhair ferns, such as I saw them that day, growing luxuriantly to the height of six feet and more, and spreading out their lovely leaves, almost palm-like, in that wild old tiger-haunted gorge where man's footstep scarce ever fell.

A shout from one of the party brought us all together at the foot of a big yellow-wood tree, on the smooth bark of which a tiger had but recently sharpened his claws and had scratched deep furrows in so doing. Things were now, in schoolboy parlance, getting decidedly "hot," we thought. But the dogs began to waver and to show an inclination to go back upon the scent and to separate. This, and the clawed bark, made us suspect that perhaps at that very moment the tiger might be quietly watching us from a bough of one of the many forest giants around us. Accordingly we kept a sharp look-out overhead, as well as underfoot. We also listened intently for the hoarse call of our friends for the nonce—the baboons; a "hoo-auch-om!" at that moment would have meant discovery and death to the tiger. But no, that grey-buck volley had shattered the nerves of all the monkey family for miles round, and they gave not a sign.

Telling Hans to come with me, I slipped down to the splashing torrent at the bottom of the gorge, cleared it at a jump, and began ascending the steep on the opposite side. I had seen a large bower bird, with a pretty lilac spot at the back of its head, and as I could not kill it, our orders being to fire at nothing short of the tiger we were in search of, I had followed it some distance with great difficulty, through bush and bramble, over the rocks, and had emerged at one end of a wide open space that extended along the base of the rock forming the western wall of the gorge. I had not taken five steps forward ere I saw, about forty yards away on the right, something moving, and in a moment I beheld the very animal we were seeking—a large *spotted leopard*, with head lowered, trotting towards me.

Without thinking of the blunder I was committing in firing at that distance at a tiger that was approaching me, I had my gun to my shoulder in a twinkling, took a line from his left ear to his shoulder, and pulled the trigger. I had made another mistake, which under the circumstances was perhaps more pardonable. I had taken no account of the abnormal strength of my charge, and, forgetting that the rarefaction of the air so high up the mountain-side would cause an immense concussion, I had not pressed the gun to my shoulder with sufficient tightness.

As the charge exploded with a tremendous report, I literally "saw stars," the kick of the gun seemed to sever my biceps, and the trigger guard in the rebound tore the skin off my second finger. My ears sang, and I felt completely dazed. But only for a moment. There came a howl and a growl of pain and rage, as through the smoke, within five yards of me, at the foot of the rock, the wounded tiger alighted with a bound, his neck and breast covered with blood, his ears thrown flat, and his white teeth gleaming as he drew his shoulders back. I saw he would be at me the next moment, so taking a quick step to the right, in an instant I had my bead in line with his eye, and pulling the trigger as he was in the act of launching forward, I scattered his brains like chaff against the barren rock beyond, while a magnificent somersault terminated his last jump and his earthly career. It was a splendid shot that, and had it not been for the pain the second recoil caused my arm, I would have given vent to as loud a hurrah as on that afternoon in Basutoland.

I heard a shout, and turning round, saw Hans, who, having just reached the opening in time to witness what took place, shouted out, "Almachtig, Bassie schiet amper nes die Oubaas in zij jong daë!" ("Upon my word, that's like old master's shooting in his younger days!") And thereupon he rolled from his "karawats" a crack that reverberated from rock to rock till it went clattering down among the trees in the gorge below. Scarcely had the echo died away when all of a sudden I heard him call out in a tone of fright, "Pas op, Baas Hennie, pas op!" ("Take care, Master Henry, take care!") Before I could comprehend what was meant, a violent blow fell between my shoulders from behind, and I was thrown forward, gun and all, with my face into a bramble-bush. Although I could see nothing, for I instinctively closed my eyes as I fell, I needed not the growl close to my ear to tell that I was being attacked by a tiger. Only a second—it appeared a pretty long one, though, with my head fixed ostrich-style in a wild blackberry bush, and a heavy leopard on my back ready to commence business—and I heard old "Moulap's" angry bark close above me, and felt the tiger dragged off. It appears that at the very moment the tiger sprang at me, the whole pack, attracted by the reports of my gun, had bounded into the opening. Hans, brave fellow, rushed up to me, and, setting the dogs at the tiger, *caught hold of the animal's tail, and with a tremendous jerk pulled it off me!*

I jumped to my feet. Hans had hold of the brute's caudal appendage with his left hand, and was trying to pull it backwards over the grass, while with his right he was raining blows on the snarling creature's head with his heavy "knobkierie." Moulap had fixed his teeth in its neck, and the rest of the pack were biting wherever and whenever a vacant piece of tiger-skin presented itself I had caught hold of the barrel of my gun—you will remember it was a muzzle-loader, and there could therefore be no time for reloading—and, calling to Hans to "hold on to the tail," was going to bring down the stock with a smash on the tiger's head as soon as the angry dogs should permit me, when into the opening leapt the other members of our party.

What an odd sight met their astonished gaze! There was I, with my face all scratched and bleeding and my coat torn down my back, with my gun uplifted wrong way round, waiting a chance to bring it down on the tiger's head. And, believe me, when a tiger unceremoniously from behind ducks your head in a bramble-bush, it does not tend to improve your temper! The dogs were tumbling, barking, biting, and howling, and the mountains resounding with the pandemonium. There was the tiger, with fiery eye and gleaming teeth, fighting against insuperable odds, its head only visible as it snapped fiercely at everything within reach. Finally, there was brave Hans steadily hanging on to the brute's tail, while with might and main belabouring it with his redoubtable "knobkierie." With a shout, and before I could strike, one of the farmers whipped out a long hunting-knife, and, springing almost on the back of the tiger right among the dogs, plunged it over the haft into the animal's heart! The tiger gave a groan with something of a whine in it, followed by a shiver as the blade was withdrawn, and sank back—dead. With difficulty we beat off the dogs, and I thanked Hans for coming to my rescue.

While I was recounting to our party the substance of what had happened, Moulap, who had been poking his nose about the underwood, gave a bark that caused us to seize our guns and hurry forward. To the right, and within a few steps of where the tiger had thrown me, the dogs had rushed in and there was a scrimmage. We expected another tiger, and kept our fingers on the triggers as we advanced. But, not desiring any closer acquaintance with wild blackberry thorns, I waited at the edge of the opening while the rest went on to see what was up. In the course of a minute they called out "Klein tiertjes!" (little tigers); there was a scuffle, and they brought out two fine little leopards, almost the size of a cat, killed by the dogs. This explained the whole matter. I had landed right at the entrance to the lair; had shot the male tiger, and been attacked by the tigress to defend, as the latter undoubtedly intended, these two youngsters. Hence the abnormal fierceness of the creatures. Hence also that whining moan, that somehow touched me to the quick, as the knife went through the mother's heart.

I must say I felt pleased as, side by side, we stretched the four leopards on the grass. The male was beautifully spotted, and measured eight feet from nose to tail-tip, while the tigress was not far behind as regards size. We all bore a hand in skinning, and in half an hour the work was done.

And so we started homeward, and found Gotliep fast asleep in the valley below, with our horses quietly feeding around him. Mounting with pretty loud expressions of relief, we reached home just as the sun, with its last rays, was tinging with purple the peaks above the gorge where we had had such a lively time of it but an hour or two previously.

* * * * *

In the gun-room at Appelskraal, among various other sporting souvenirs, may be seen a rusty-looking Snider rifle sighted for 1,000 yards; in a glass case—quite *à la* Madame Tussaud—a coat with a slit torn from the shoulder to the centre seam; and in a corner close by two large and two small leopard or Cape tiger skins, the head part of the largest of the four showing a rent through which a strong charge of "loopers" had torn its way. Close to a "knobkierie" and a "karawats," which also figure in the picture, hangs the portrait of a Hottentot shepherd evidently taken by an amateur. The reader no doubt recognises these trophies.

(THE END.)

FOR FATHER'S SAKE.

By Rev. C. N. Barham.

Filial affection, an implanted instinct, is exalted by feelings of gratitude and a sense of duty. The Roman daughter who nourished her imprisoned father from her own breast, when he was condemned to be starved to death, has generally been quoted as the noblest recorded instance of filial affection. An Irish boy, however, ran the Roman heroine close, if his father's evidence is to be accepted. "Ah! now, me darlint," said the old man, when his "broth of a bhoy" threatened to enlist, "would yez be laving your poor old father that dotes upon yez? You the best and most dutiful of all my children, and the only one that never sthruck me when I was down."

Let me tell the story of an Irish boy, a hero of the truest type, whose life-work was of the noblest character, and was early finished. It is no record of the great and nobly born, but of one who found no historian to chronicle his work. Few who die young—outside, that is, of the page of the romancist—crowd so much of that which makes men good and great into so brief a space as did the Irish boy, Volney Beckner.

Volney Beckner, who was born in 1748, at Londonderry, a town famous in history, was the son of a common sailor. As such he received no educational training beyond that which would enable him to follow in his father's steps. He was strong, active, and robust in body, with mental qualities corresponding thereto; and, as a child, displayed such determined courage and resolution, that the captain of the vessel on which his father served was wont to point him out as a model to other boys, remarking, "If this boy continues to display the same courage and good conduct, I doubt not that in time he will obtain a post superior to my own."

The year was 1760; the season autumn; the day Sunday.

Volney Beckner, then twelve years old, was at sea with his father. The vessel was bound from Port-au-Prince, in the notorious West Indian Island of St. Domingo, to France. It carried passengers as well as cargo. Among the former was a wealthy American planter, who, with his infant daughter, was making a voyage to Europe. After a few days of sea-sickness the child found her "sea-legs," and frequently ran about the deck, amusing the sailors, with whom "missy" speedily became a favourite with her infant prattle.

It was early evening, the ship lay almost becalmed, the ocean shone like burnished gold. The little American girl, with her nurse, came on deck. Suddenly the child sprang forward, ran to the head of the vessel, and, in a moment, fell overboard. The sailor Beckner witnessed the accident, and, with the quickness of thought, plunged into the sea to her rescue. With a few sturdy strokes he reached the child's side, and, seizing her, was about to make his way back to the ship, when, to his horror, he perceived the black fin of a shark above the water.

His shipmates, too, saw his danger. They did what they could. The boldest of them dared not share his peril, but they, with the passengers, began a brisk fire upon the cruel monster of the deep. Sailors, however, are proverbially bad marksmen. It may be the shark was aware of this; certainly he continued on his course until he had almost reached his intended victim.

It was an awful moment of suspense. The agonised planter was upon the deck, offering incredible rewards to any who would rescue his daughter from her imminent peril. Men's faces were blanched with fear, their hearts stood still with dread.

Then it was that Volney Beckner, seeing his father's danger, did that which brave, strong men had not the courage to dare to undertake. Seizing a well-sharpened knife, the boy plunged into the sea to his father's rescue. Diving beneath the shark, he, with skill, steadiness, and resolution, thrust his weapon into the monster. Writhing with agony, the voracious creature at once abandoned its intended prey, and turned with fury upon its youthful assailant, who, nothing daunted by the formidable appearance of his terrible foe, continued the unequal strife. Whilst the brute twisted and turned its unwieldy body, in futile attempts to seize its adversary, Volney Beckner plunged his weapon again and again into its belly, in a vain endeavour to reach its vitals.

A fearful sight now presented itself to the horror-stricken spectators on board the vessel. The sea, lashed into foam by the frenzied contortions of the monster, was flecked with blood. They dared no longer fire, lest they should hit the youthful combatant whose heroism they admired, and for whose fate they feared. It was soon evident to all that the boy's strength was not sufficient to enable him to inflict a mortal wound. He became, apparently, convinced of this himself; for reluctantly relinquishing the deadly strife he endeavoured to regain the ship.

Now all was eagerness and haste on board. Ropes, lifebelts, and hencoops were hurriedly thrown overboard, and the firing was recommenced. It was evident that the ropes were the only real means of safety available; for, as is sadly too common at sea, it would have been impossible to clear and launch the boats in time to effect a rescue. One of them had been utilised as a shelter for the cow, and the other was encumbered with lumber. For some time the motion of the waves, and the necessity of keeping away from the yawning jaws of the enraged shark, prevented the swimmers from availing themselves of these means of escape. It was only after repeated efforts that father and son succeeded each in grasping one of the numerous ropes that were thrown out. All on board lent their assistance, and the two were soon above the water, suspended in mid-air. Their rescue seemed to be certain.

It was now that the awful tragedy occurred. The wounded fish, with the cunning peculiar to its bloodthirsty race, perceived that its assailant was on the point of escape. A moment more and its plans of revenge would be frustrated. With a tremendous effort the shark almost threw itself out of the water, and catching between its horrid serrated rows of teeth the unfortunate boy as he clung to the rope, it literally severed its victim into two parts, one of which it immediately devoured, and an instant later the remaining part shared the same fearful fate.

At this agonising spectacle a cry of horror burst from the appalled spectators. Strong men fainted. Some, however, preserved sufficient presence of mind to render aid to the unhappy father, who safely regained the deck with the child who had been the innocent cause of the catastrophe.

It would afford me pleasure to be able to record the capture of the murderous shark, the recovery of the mutilated remains, and their decent burial at sea. But one must be true to one's facts. The monster, gorged with its meal, sank slowly into the depths, and the saddened crew, as good old John Bunyan would have said, saw it no more.

Thus perished the heroic boy, Volney Beckner, at the early age of twelve years, and, poor and unknown as he was, he leaves behind him a nobler name than many a titled leader who has sought the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. Short as was his life, it was sufficiently long to enable him to leave behind him a touching illustration of intrepidity, courage, and filial affection which has seldom been surpassed, and to offer a noble example to the young of all ages.

"He, dying, left behind a name,
Great, though unchronicled by fame."

AGAINST TIME: A CYCLING STORY.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "School and the World," "The New Boy," "The Two Chums," etc.

Last summer I was spending a short holiday at my uncle Robert's place on the edge of Harley Moor. The house was very lonely, but, being often full of visitors, by no means quiet. My uncle was a man of resource, and never allowed us to feel dull.

My cousin Mabel's birthday happening to fall due during my visit, a grand picnic was arranged. We were to drive to a wood known as the Pine Head, near which stood the celebrated mansion, Kirby Hall. By Sir George Glyde's courtesy my uncle received permission for us to visit it, a permission but rarely accorded.

The whole household was to share in the festivities, except the butler, Pritchard, and one maid, who remained to look after the house. The barouche, basket carriage, and victoria were all required to accommodate our party; even then there was not quite sufficient room.

"Never mind," said Uncle Robert, "we can hire a horse or two, and you, Tom, can go on your bicycle."

I made no objection; I was very fond of riding, and not easily tired. Without having ever succeeded in beating a record, I was able to hold my own in most contests, and was always handicapped in local races. Besides, as I should be able to make my own pace, I foresaw I could join whichever party I preferred.

I found that I preferred to ride beside the

basket carriage, which soon fell rather behind the others. My uncle drove, and by his side was seated Mabel. I rode rather close to her.

We were about a couple of miles from home when uncle suddenly pulled up.

"What is it, papa?" asked Mabel.

"Awful nuisance, just like me! I've left Sir George Glyde's letter behind."

"Won't they let us in without it?"

"No, he's away from home; it said admit bearer and friends. We must turn back."

I think I deserve some commendation for the part I then took in the discussion.

"Don't you think of it, uncle; I'll ride back and catch you up again long before you reach the wood."

"Will you, my lad? That's very good of you. We won't drive fast."

"Oh, I don't mind if you do," I laughed. "I can beat Kitty (the pony) by a good many laps to the mile."

It did not take long for me to reach the house. To save going the whole length of the drive I descended in a lane at the back of the kitchen garden. A pony with an empty trap was standing by the hedge; I thought I might safely leave my bicycle beside it whilst I broke through a well-known hole and made my visit to the house.

I entered at the back unseen. But as I went down the passage towards the hall I heard men's voices. I stopped short.

"Sure everybody's out, Pritchard?"

"Every man jack, and woman jack too. They won't be back all day."

"Then I tell you what, mate, let's have a drink before we begin business; time enough to look up the plate afterwards."

"What time does the train go?" asked a third individual.

"Not till 12.10; lot's of time. We can get there in twenty or twenty-five minutes with the trap."

I heard their footsteps approaching. Stepping as quietly as I could, I made my way to the back entrance, skirted the garden, plunged into the shrubbery, and in another half minute was on my bicycle.

There was not the slightest doubt that the house was to be robbed, and that Pritchard, the trusted butler, was the accomplice of the thieves!

"What could I do? It was two miles to the nearest house; if I went there I might find no one home but ladies, for Mr. Appleby, the owner, was generally out during the day. Kingscote, the nearest village, was four miles distant, but if I could get there in time I could get assistance for certain. Had I time?

I pulled out my watch—11.29. I would try it; 'twould take all I knew, but I was too excited to calculate my chances too closely; I couldn't remain idle whilst I weighed pros and cons. I threw my coat over the hedge and started.

My machine was an "ordinary," a 55-inch wheel, in good condition, and a capital roadster. I had twice ridden from London to Brighton and back on it in a day. My four-mile ride had put me in good fettle, so I set off with hope, if not with confidence. Bar accidents, I ought to do it.

There were two roads to Kingscote, the old and the new; the former considerably the shorter, but much steeper. Could I go by the old road and return by the gentler ascent?

That depended on whether I had the pluck or the rashness to ride down Everdean Hill. I had never done so, nor ever heard of any one attempting it. The road was narrow, and not too well kept. But then I should save time, if only I reached the bottom safe and sound.

There was no time for hesitation—I took the old road.

After about a mile and a half of level there came a slight ascent to the brow of Everdean Hill. It was a warm day, and the ascent took more out of me than I expected. But what chiefly occupied my thoughts was the great question how I should manage the descent.

When I reached the top not a soul was in sight. I pulled myself together, set my teeth, and began the descent.

The road was straight for some distance, and then curved to the right—not very suddenly however.

Gently enough at first, but the pace soon quickened. The brake was a good one, but before long it ceased to be of much use. My cap flew off, and I felt my face cutting the air like a knife. We flew along, I and my machine. What an exhilarating sensation it was! I felt as I imagine a swallow must feel as it shoots through the air.

Bump! over a stone; it seemed a couple of yards before we touched ground again. Another five seconds and I should be round the curve. Then, if nothing were in sight, I should be safe, for the road soon became level again.

The air rushed by me so fast that I was partially deafened. At least, I can only account in that way for the fact that I never heard the ominous panting of a vast traction-engine just round the corner.

It filled the roadway, dragging behind it a mass of some kind which I saw but imperfectly. There was no time to choose the best course to follow. Instinctively I headed my machine straight at the low hedge in front of me. There was a ditch on my side of it, but we leapt over that as if it had not been there.

I remember nothing, except being shot into the air and turning a somersault. When I came to myself I was lying face downwards choking on a large haycock.

A labourer hauled me off by the leg.

"Better give us warning next time you're coming this way, mister," he remarked. "Bee'st much hurt?"

I was not sure for a few moments. Then I found that my head was bleeding, though not badly. I had hit it against the handle of a hay-rake. I was bruised and sore, but luckily no bones were broken.

But my bicycle, in what condition should I find that? A second labourer brought it to me. One handle was badly bent and a couple of spokes were snapped, but apparently that was all. I've never had an accident which bade fair to be serious result so lightly.

I had recovered my senses completely by now. I looked at my watch—11.44. There was not a moment to lose.

Throwing the men a shilling, I scrambled back into the road with my machine, taking care to choose a point behind the traction-engine. Then I mounted again, not so lightly as before, and set off once more for Kingscote, almost despairing now of being in time. For a moment I thought of asking the labourers to accompany me, but I was only a mile from Kingscote now, where I could get a trap and horse, not to mention a constable.

And now for the first time I recognised what a fool I had been. If only I had gone direct to the station I could have enlisted the porter and station-master, and we could have caught the thieves as they drove up with their booty. Instead of which, I was scouring the country for a constable!

I wanted something to cheer me after my bodily and mental troubles, and to my great relief I got it. Coming swiftly along the road towards me I caught sight of a gig with two men in it. Judge of my joy when I saw that they were constables.

I explained the situation in a moment. The head constable, who told me his name was Kaye, looked at his watch dubiously.

"Can you ride as fast as I drive, sir?" he asked.

"I think so."

"Then come along; I can't give you a lift, you see."

The fact was evident—I never saw a smaller gig; there was barely room for the two men. I might have sat on the shafts, but it would have dragged the mare down badly.

I warned Kaye of the traction-engine, but he was a man of resource. His mate jumped down and opened the gate leading into the field.

"Lucky the hay's cut," remarked Kaye, as he drove quickly amongst the haycocks. I kept to the road, seeing there was just room for my less bulky vehicle to pass the engine.

I reached the further gate in time to open it for them.

"Now then, old lady!" exclaimed Kaye, "show us what you can do for once! We must stick to the new road," he added, "though it's the longest."

The mare certainly was a good one. She threw her head forward, and trotted up that hill gamely. I was hopelessly outdistanced. Tired and sore, I made no attempt to ride up even the gentler part of the ascent.

To my surprise Kaye pulled up.

"Can you stick on if we pull you up?" he shouted back.

"I'll try," I cried, running to him as fast as I could.

He held out a loop of rope. I dropped it over my handles, and mounted once more, the second constable holding the other end of the rope.

The start came very near upsetting me. Nor was that the only time I was nearly spilled. It is by no means an easy matter to keep one's balance whilst being towed uphill behind a gig; it took me all I knew to manage it. If I had taken my feet from the treadles I should have been over the next moment.

At the brow of the hill Kaye cast me off. He glanced anxiously at his watch.

"We shall barely do it. We must make straight for the station, of course. Eleven fifty-three, and over three miles to go!"

He took a short cut down a lane, which was not good going for me. I was getting sorer every minute; I was permeated with the consciousness that I shouldn't be able to move next day. It was all I could do to keep up with the trap, for Kaye drove furiously. Of course it was an important business for him; it might mean promotion.

We wasted no time over conversation. The mare did splendidly, and I must say Kaye showed himself an accomplished whip.

In sight of the station at last! But, sad to say, in sight of the train also.

It shut off steam as we caught our first glimpse of it. We saw it enter the little station. Our chance seemed hopeless.

The mare hadn't a spurt left in her, but I fancied I had. Trying to imagine I was doing the last lap in a ten-mile race, I bent over the handles, and put on my last ounce. Kaye gave a shout as he saw me forge ahead.

Just in time! I fell off my machine before it had stopped, and with my last breath shouted "Stop the train!"

"All right, young man!" cried the guard; "don't over-excite yourself."

"Thieves!" I gasped out.

"Thieves? Where?"

Luckily Kaye was on the spot in a moment to explain. Almost too late, however.

A man leapt out of the train on the further side and made for the fields.

"A sovereign to the man who catches him!" cried Kaye to a group of labourers who had arrived by the train.

Half-a-dozen set off. Meanwhile Kaye was inspecting the carriages, I limping behind him.

It was not difficult to spot the second scoundrel. He sat defiantly waiting for us;



In the Harbour.—(*Drawn by* VAIL.)

a heavy square box on the seat was sufficient to identify him. It was full of plate and various valuables.

By the time he was in custody his companion was in the hands of the yokels, caught as he was clambering through a quick-set hedge.

I did not ride home on my machine; I couldn't mount it. Nor did my uncle receive his precious letter till late in the afternoon. I sent a man with it on a good horse, with instructions to say that I had fallen off my machine, but that no damage was done. He was forbidden to mention the attempted robbery; there was no use in spoiling Mabel's birthday.

I forgot to say that Pritchard was captured as he was leisurely packing his portmanteau. He intended leaving by the 3.20 train. So he did, but he was accompanied by Kaye.

(THE END.)

THE CRUISE OF THE CHRISTABEL.

By the Author of "A Trip down the Thames," etc., etc.

PART VII.

The Christabel was now slipping over the seas in her own easy fashion, and in the mist I sailed her in much closer to the rocks than I had intended, but fortunately heard the sea breaking on them in time, and put her about on the opposite tack about five o'clock, and stood out for some six miles.

The mist now began really to clear off as the daylight made itself seen, so I told Bill to rouse Frank and Jack, and then turn in himself. I was getting thoroughly tired out and sleepy after the exertions of the previous night, so about eight o'clock, after we had had breakfast, Frank took the tiller, while I lay down and slept soundly until twelve noon.

I felt quite fresh after my nap and some dinner had been discussed by us three—poor O'Reilly, not feeling well enough to sit up, had some brandy and a biscuit, which he said suited his delicate organism better than roast beef.

It began to rain again about four o'clock, so, as we had run short of fresh water for washing purposes, we stopped up the scuppers and caught some on deck. We did not have tea until eight o'clock, and, shortly after, the wind shifted round to the north, which was just the right quarter for us; so I had the reefs shaken out, and in the course of another hour the northerly wind was blowing steadily over our taffrail, and, with the mainsheet eased well off, we were running a straight line for home. As the night drew in, the rain ceased falling, to our great delight, and we had a good scrub down.

The port watch went below at ten o'clock, and by midnight we were abreast of the Longstone Light, which bore west of us, distant about ten miles.

We were now slipping through the dark water at a good pace, leaving a broad white wake astern of us on the heaving sea.

Bill went below at one o'clock to make a cup of hot coffee for ourselves, which, with a buttered biscuit, is, I have found after many trials of other things, much better than them all, and vastly superior to spirits for keeping one warm and comfortable during a night's watch at sea.

The grey light of the early dawn began to steal over the sky about three o'clock, and Frank and Jack coming up on deck I roused the mate, and then two-thirds of the starboard watch turned in, the other third, consisting of O'Reilly, having been below since we left Granton.

When I went on deck again about six o'clock there was a heavy cross sea on, which made her roll a good deal; and Jack had marked the log-slate as having passed Coquet Island at half-past three, so we were "making tracks," as the Americans say.

Blyth passed, we went below to breakfast, and tried some tinned stewed beef, which turned out excellent.

Off Souter Point I altered our course to south-by-east; but by two o'clock, when we had dinner, the favourable breeze had dropped, until we lay without making any headway, but rolling in the heavy swell, which made the sails flap and bang about, and we had to put chafing gear on to save the rigging. It was very annoying this continual violent motion, shaking the yacht through from stem to stern, without going ahead one yard.

There was nothing to be done, so I got a book, and, lying down to read on one of the cabin sofas, very soon fell asleep.

O'Reilly, venturing up on deck soon afterwards, was captured by the others, who charged him with doing no work and having no visible means of subsistence. Accordingly they sat him down to mind the tiller and, as we were quite becalmed, turned in and left him on deck by himself, to his great apprehension and alarm, until about seven o'clock, when I turned out, and found him in a very nervous state about which way to put the tiller, a little breeze having just sprung up.

The wind rapidly freshened, and by the time a rather late tea was over, it was blowing so fresh that we had to take a reef in.

It looked very threatening out to windward, the glass had gone back, and altogether there was every appearance of another dirty night in store for us.

The clouds came scurrying overhead in dark masses, and the wind, as it shifted round to the east, had a keen, cutting edge to it that made an extra coat a real comfort. By midnight it was blowing half a gale, and when off Whitby I hove her to, and got another reef down and shifted jibs, and about half-past three we passed Scarborough about ten miles out from the land.

The dawn broke low down on the horizon, which was a promising sign for a finer day, and presently the sun rose above the heaving hills of green water, and cast its golden rays with magical effect on the foaming heads of the "white horses" around us.

Thoroughly tired with another night's watch on deck, I roused the mate and the others, and turned in for a couple of hours. I was astonished, on getting up again at half-past seven, to find appearances entirely changed.

The sun had disappeared behind a thick bank of stormy-looking clouds, and the rain was falling heavily, while the wind had again sunk to a light breeze.

We were in the midst of a fleet of about seventy sail of fishing cobles and smacks, mostly hailing from the Yorkshire coast, whose tanned sails and streaming hulls dotted about gave a lively appearance to the view.

The rain continued until past nine o'clock, when we had breakfast, at which the last of our stock of eggs and bacon disappeared; but in another hour it had cleared off, and a nice sailing breeze from the north-east sprang up, so we shook out our reefs once more, and by a quarter-past ten we were off Flamborough Head.

Taking our departure from here, I shaped our course south-by-east for the Dudgeon Light, distant some sixty-five miles from us on a straight line.

The cold leg of mutton that Bill put on the table at dinner was found to be so extremely high and "gamey" that it had to be thrown overboard, to the great delight, I have no doubt, of numerous fish, while we supplied its place with some tinned beef from our sea-stock.

The afternoon was splendid, with a fair wind and hot sun.

We spent a good time after dinner scrubbing decks—not that it was at all necessary, but it was pleasant to feel the cool sea-water swashing about one's bare feet; and even O'Reilly found the amusement too enticing to remain below any longer.

Soon after tea our favourable wind, which had continued steady up till then, suddenly dropped, leaving us becalmed.

A slight swell soon after set in from the east, and, being right across our course, we commenced rolling rather uncomfortably, until, by ten o'clock, I thought it was time to do something to save our spars.

The topmast would spring forward with a sudden jerk, enough to fetch it right away from the masthead; so, to prevent it breaking off, we got it lowered down, after some little difficulty through the fid jamming. Then the main-boom began its tricks, threatening to knock some of us overboard, until we got it pinned down with an extra purchase, and occasionally a deck-seat would make a sudden lunge across the deck and bark one's shins, and in the meanwhile books, bottles, and various odds and ends which had been left strewn about the cabin were affording infinite amusement and considerable exercise to Jack and O'Reilly down below.

Leaving the mate grumbling at the state of things on deck, I turned in about half-past ten for a little rest.

At one a.m. the following morning the mate roused me, saying there was less roll on, though still calm, and weather looked cloudy and very stormy. So I turned out, and, calling Bill on deck, the mate retired to his beloved berth and much-loved repose.

A slight easterly breeze soon afterwards reached us, enabling us to keep on our course over the long swell, which, as the wind freshened, got heavier.

A large steamship going north passed us at four o'clock, and I timed my watch by it as it struck eight bells, and found mine was correct. She formed a fine sight in the grey of the early dawn, as she sped onwards on her course over the heavy swell, at one moment being hid in the trough of the sea half way up to her funnels, and the next would heave her forefoot and dripping keel clear of the water as she rose to meet the sea.

About five o'clock Bill roused the mate, and we got the topmast on end again, and set up the rigging.

There were some very nice minced collops at breakfast. Bill was really a capital cook, and turned out a good many fancy dishes very creditably, to our great satisfaction; but he was in the habit of making the coffee so strong that we finished our reserve stock sooner than I had reckoned on, and this morning we found the last spoonful had been used, so had to put up with tea, a beverage I am not partial to at breakfast

The wind having chopped round to the south, I altered our course for the Inner Dowsing Light. During the morning a large porpoise came to the surface close alongside the yacht; it was very interesting to watch its antics as it swam after some small fish through the clear water. We sighted the Inner Dowsing at 10.50, and in the course of another half-hour the land ahead became dimly visible. There was now a good capful of wind, which increased rapidly with very heavy puffs, and it was as much as she could look up to with two reefs down in the mainsail, a reefed foresail, and No. 2 jib. I had to sail her very carefully as we beat down towards Cromer, some of the head seas being both heavy and steep.

Having handled her until seven o'clock, I then went below to tea, and found O'Reilly very queer again. "It's all very well you fellows laughing, because you can stand it, but it's no joke for me," remarked O'Reilly. "I was afraid I should die at first, and now I'm afraid I shan't; I wish some one would chuck me overboard."

Jack prescribed some cold tea, which seemed to freshen him up a bit, and he soon began to look a little more cheerful.

I went on deck again after tea and relieved the mate, who turned in, but soon came on deck again, grumbling that everything was soaking wet in the foc'sle, which I found was really through his own negligence in not shutting the forehatch properly, with the result that when the next big comber caught us, some of it found its way below, to his great disgust, and having told him my opinion of matters he retired again in a sulky mood, like some overgrown child.

Three large smacks of about fifty tons were, like ourselves, under close-reefed canvas, beating down towards Cromer, and it required a careful and constant watchfulness in the gathering gloom of the evening, as we crossed and recrossed them on different tacks.

Bill had the side-lights up early and the binnacle-lamps lit; there was no moon, and heavy clouds hid the stars, making the night very dark, and I felt extremely glad when I saw our three fishing companions bear off towards the Lynn Deeps and the land, while I stood seawards.

We tacked off and on all night long, and at one o'clock in the morning the sea commenced to go down, and as we did not seem to make much headway against the strong tide and head-wind, I hove her to while Bill helped me to set the topsail over the reefed mainsail, which I hoped would improve our speed. It very possibly did so, but when the dim light in the east began to show over the horizon, and it got clear enough to see the land ahead, we still seemed to be a long way off it, so at two o'clock I hove to again, while we got the jib in and set our working one in its place.

With that canvas we gained a bit on the tide, and by 4.30 were off the little town of Cromer, with its church-tower forming a capital landmark to those who venture down to the sea in ships on that coast.

The ancient church of Shipden, of which parish in years gone by Cromer formed part, was totally destroyed by fire during the reign of Henry IV., when the present one was built.

In January, 1665, a part of the cliff, some little distance further down the coast, was washed away by the action of the sea, and, shortly after, some enormous bones were discovered, one of which was a leg-bone weighing fifty-seven and three-quarter pounds, and measuring three feet two inches in length! The doctors settled it was a human bone, and, that being so, it would make the owner a huge giant some thirteen feet high. Perhaps he was one of those that "Jack the Giant-Killer" came across!

I turned in at five o'clock until breakfast, which we had about eight, and then pumped her out, as she had shipped a good lot of water during the night's buffeting with the angry sea. Yarmouth, with a quantity of shipping lying in the roads, was passed in due course; and Lowestoft came abeam of us by a quarter-past nine.

It being much finer now, we got our big balloon-jib out of the sail-room, and set it. This was always a powerful-pulling sail on a reach, and did good service on this occasion, for by half-past three we were off "Onion" Spit at Orfordness. Dinner was on the table at the same time, and O'Reilly's health had so far improved that he took his place with us for the first time since starting, and did good justice to the meal.

The tide was now running strongly against us; but, with all the reefs shaken out, the topsail set, and our balloon-jib doing its duty, we steadily went ahead, and by six o'clock had made the Cork Lightship. While the mate steered, we sat chatting over tea, and prolonged that social meal rather longer than usual.

As the sun sank, the wind dropped considerably; but by eight o'clock, when we got the side-lights up, we were close to the Gunfleet Light, whose red, revolving rays were reflected in bright flashes on the dark water beneath. In an erratic manner, the breeze freshened again, but chopped more round to the south, and, as it headed us, we had to shift our big jib and set the working one.

The condition of our beautiful blue-and-white silken burgee, which fair hands at home had lovingly worked for us, was quite lamentable when I hauled it down that evening at sunset; the battle with the breeze over a thousand miles of sea had gradually flacked it all to ribbons quite beyond repair.

Getting, as we were, towards the end of our cruise, no one felt any inclination to turn in until after we should bring up, as we all felt an interest in seeing how far we should make that night; so we sat chatting on deck, and watching the phosphorescence in the water as it sparkled alongside in little jets of brilliant light, and then disappeared astern in swirling eddies.

I steered through the East Swin, and we passed the Swin Middle Lightship to the northward, and then, close-hauled, made the Maplin Light by half-past ten.

Our motive-power then gradually went down and dropped to a very light wind, and it seemed a long time before the sheeny-looking green rays of the Mouse Light were over our quarter and we were leaving it slowly astern.

We kept close in along the edge of the Maplin Sands to cheat the tide as much as possible; but gradually it got too strong for us, and we were at last obliged to let go our anchor. All was still and quiet when we brought up at midnight about two miles below Southend Pier, not a puff of wind was left, and the water was as smooth as glass. Having got our riding-light up, taken our side-lights in, and stowed the sails, we went below to supper, which had been purposely postponed until then, and many were the jokes and yarns spun as the evening—or rather early morning—meal progressed; everybody, even including O'Reilly, was in good health and spirits, and we had certainly made a good day's run considering the weather; for, reckoning from half-past four that morning—when we were off Cromer—we had run a good hundred and thirty miles, which, taking into consideration that we had the tide against us for a large portion of the time, was not bad.

The next day was to be the last of our holiday; so, with the fixed determination to rise early and make the most of it, we finally turned in for the rest of the night. The night's intentions do not always get carried out during the day; but on this occasion the cheery click click of the windlass as Bill and the mate got our anchor at half-past five, roused those who would otherwise have slept on to a later hour regardless of previous arrangements; but time and tide would not wait for us, and I had roused Bill early.

It was a lovely morning, with just a little breath of air astern, sufficient to fill out the creamy folds of our white sails, and send us gently along over the clear water which was shining under the morning sun. A few vessels were dotted about on the horizon astern of us, while a couple of large steamers were evidently racing to see which should make the mouth of the Thames first. The land away down by the Isle of Sheppey was faintly visible in the blue distance, while ahead the brown seaweed-covered piles of Southend Pier stretched out from the shore like the legs of some huge sea monster that had accidentally got stranded on the mud and was trying to crawl into deep water again.

A pleasant smell of cooking and a rattle of dishes made us disappear below about eight o'clock, and the bright sun shining down through the open skylight gave a very attractive appearance to the breakfast table. Drifting slowly up with the flood-tide—for the wind had dropped entirely, and there was a dead calm—we floated quietly past Leigh, and the Chapman Light was made by ten o'clock.

A little cat's-paw sprang up from the west about noon, and, being quite in the opposite direction to our early morning's breeze, we had to beat up for the remainder of the distance home.

By this time numbers of steamships were screwing their way up towards London and the docks, and the river was fairly alive with a large fleet of barges that we had noticed earlier in the day coming out from the Medway, and which were now tacking across and across, and making a very pretty scene with their picturesque tanned sails and little bits of brightly-coloured bunting fluttering in the breeze. Gravesend Reach was literally crowded with shipping as we passed through, tacking among numerous large ocean-going steamers moored to the buoys in the tideway.

Greenhithe looked just about the same as on the day we started, with the hot sun pouring down on its red roofs and green trees; a few yachts still lay at their moorings, looking as if they had been fixed there all the time with no one aboard them; but while a good distance down St. Clement's Reach we were discovered, and caps waved to welcome us on our return.

Another yacht had taken possession of our moorings during our absence, so we slid gently alongside, and, while the other dropped further astern, we made fast, and were once more home, and the cruise of the Christabel was over.

The sails were lowered and neatly furled, the covers put on, ropes Flemish-coiled on deck, the dinghy in the water, and everything "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," as the seamen say; and by the time dinner was ready, none would have guessed from her appearance that she had been away from her moorings at all.

After a very pleasant dinner, at which Bill had made great efforts to shine in his culinary capacity, and was a great success, came the less pleasing job of repacking the luggage; and then, as trains will not wait, and the best of friends must part, Jack and O'Reilly bade us and the Christabel adieu, with many promises to join in another pleasant cruise in her next season.

(THE END.)

HOW TO PREPARE AND MOUNT OBJECTS FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "How to make an Induction Coil," "Electric Lamps and how to work them," "Electro-motors and how to make them," etc. etc.

PART IV.

CHAPTER II.—MOUNTING IN FLUID AND BY THE DRY METHOD.

Having now given details of the process of mounting objects in Canada balsam, I will proceed in this chapter to tell you how to mount objects in the two other ways. There are many objects which it would be quite impossible to mount by the method already given; for example, if one tried to mount a vegetable object in this way it would probably completely lose its characteristic appearance, while an object such as a butterfly's wing would be entirely ruined by the balsam. The former would, therefore, be mounted in fluid, the latter by the dry method.

In considering how to mount in fluid, obviously the most important consideration is the preservative fluid in which the mounting is to be accomplished. There are many recipes for different kinds, all of which have their own peculiar value in individual cases; but here I can only give three of the most important, on account of space:—

Preservative Gelatine—

Gelatine	1 ounce.
Honey	4 ounces.
Spirits of wine	½ ounce.
Creosote	6 drops.

Glycerine Preservative Fluid—

Distilled water	3 fluid ounces.
Glycerine	1 fluid ounce.
Camphorated spirits of wine	¼ ounce.

To be mixed together and kept in a bottle ready for use. This is especially useful for "desmids" and algæ of all kinds.

Ralf's Liquid—

Bay salt	1 grain.
Alum	1 grain.
Water	1 ounce (fluid).
To which I add Creosote	6 drops.

The first of these formulæ is made by soaking the gelatine till soft, and adding to it the honey, which should have been previously raised to the boiling-point in another vessel. Then boil the mixture, and when cool add the creosote, which must have been dissolved in the spirits of wine. Filter the mixture through thick flannel, when it ought to be quite clear.

When required for use the bottle is warmed by putting it into a vessel of hot water to melt the gelatine. The preparation, whatever it may be, is placed in the centre of a clean slide, which is also warm, and a drop or two of gelatine allowed to fall upon it. The glass cover, also slightly warm, is laid over it in the manner given for mounting in balsam. Air-bubbles must be carefully excluded; it is a good plan to soak the object for some time in a little of the mountant kept fluid in another vessel before mounting. The cover is placed on pretty quickly, or the drop may solidify; when it is on and the gelatine has set, the edges of the glass can be covered with a film of Brunswick black, put on with a small brush, which will prevent possible accidents to the slide. I much prefer mounting objects in this or some other medium which *sets*, as fluids are always more or less trouble to deal with; however, for very fine objects these media are not always suitable, and the mounting must be done in a fluid.

To mount in a fluid we require what is known as a "cell," *i.e.* we must have some containing-vessel for the fluid built upon the glass slide. In the majority of books on the microscope one is expected to make the cells for oneself of some varnish or other substance, which becomes hard when dry, and resists the action of the fluid afterwards to be put in it. Obviously, if it did not do this, the fluid would find its way out in course of time. To make a cell in this way take a small brush charged with the varnish (Brunswick black is most frequently employed, or a thick solution of shellac in naphtha or methylated spirit), and make a ring in the centre of the slide with the varnish, the size of the glass to be used and large enough to contain the object. It must now be left for some hours till quite dry, and then another ring painted on the top of it, and so on; in this way it is evident that a cell as deep as is required can be made in time. By having a number of glass slides going on at once, more can be made in the same space of time. Of course, the varnish must be thick enough for the successive layers not to *run* on the slide, or it will not be built up properly. By means of a "turntable," which can be bought from any dealer at small expense, the operation of making cells is greatly simplified. Microscopic dealers abound; I have dealt with Mr. John Browning, 173 Strand, W.C., and Mr. W. F. Stanley, Railway Approach, London Bridge, S.E., both very civil and obliging; at the same time any other dealer of whom you may know will supply you with just the same things.

I must confess that with the natural impatience of youth I always found this process of making cells by successive additions of varnish took a horribly long time, and I therefore had recourse to the ready-made cells with which the dealer will supply you. Those made of glass are preferable, as they are not liable to be acted on chemically by the preservative fluid inside them.

The cells having been provided it is the best plan to fasten several to the centre of glass slips so as to be ready for use when required. This is done by cementing them to the glass by means of "gold-size," which can be obtained from a chemist, a small quantity being painted on one side of the cell, which is then laid flat down in the correct position in the centre of the slide, and not moved afterwards, or it will cause a smear on the glass.

Scrupulous cleanliness must be observed when mounting in either of the three ways, as of course any dust or dirt appearing on the slide will show very plainly in the microscope. To clean the thin cover glasses requires a very gentle touch; it should be done with a silk handkerchief or piece of chamois-leather. It is a good plan to take two cardboard pill-boxes and cover the tops with chamois-leather, either by glueing over the edge or pushing the edge into the underside of the lid, and then shutting up the box, which latter plan admits of fresh leather being substituted for old when required. These chamois-leather buffers can now be used to clean the thin glass covers by laying one between them and rubbing the buffers together; this, of course, will clean both sides of the glass, and, being flat, there is less likelihood of the buffers smashing the glass.

A solution of carbolic acid in distilled water is also very good for preserving many animal and vegetable preparations. Very little of the acid will be taken up by the water, but that little has a strongly preservative action. One part of carbolic acid to a hundred parts of water is sufficient. The acid can be obtained as a brown fluid from any chemist. The crystalline form, which can be got from a large establishment, is purer.

Before mounting, the object should be immersed in some of the solution, and moved about in such a way as to get rid of all air-bubbles if possible. It is so difficult to do this that many mounters employ an air-pump for this special purpose. If the reader has one, he can easily make use of it. If he feels inclined, he can get one for £1 1s. from many of the London dealers in scientific apparatus, and will find lots of experiments that can be performed with it apart from this particular use.

The method of using the air-pump for microscopic work is very simple. If the slide is placed on a small tripod or wire stand of some kind under the receiver, after placing the object in the cell filled with fluid, on exhausting the air the bubbles will be seen to rise from the interstices of the object and burst at the surface of the fluid; the rarefaction of the air in the receiver, as exhaustion proceeds, drawing them out to fill the vacuum with the air therein contained. Of course, the further the exhaustion is carried the less chance there will be of bubbles remaining in the fluid.

The bubbles having been thus got rid of, the next thing is to lower the cover gently over the object from one side. The cell having been completely filled with the liquid, by which means the excess of liquid is ejected and no bubble of air remains in the cell, the excess of moisture is now to be carefully removed from round the outside of the cell by means of blotting-paper; but care must be taken not to absorb any from the inside of the cell, or an air-bubble will of course appear. The outside of the cell will then become dry in a short space of time, and the object is now to be sealed up by means of gold-size or thick shellac-varnish, put on with a small brush round the edge of the thin glass cover, so as to cement it to the cell. The surface of the cell may be brushed over with varnish before beginning to mount the object, and enough will survive the overflow of the fluid contained in the cell to act as a connection between the glass and the cell, and give additional security to the object.

When the first film of varnish is dry another coating must be put on, and this repeated until a strong bulwark is erected between the fluid and the outer air. The slide is then safe when the final coat is dry, but must not be roughly handled for some time, as, if the cover should happen to get dislodged, the object might be irretrievably ruined.

Sections are amongst the most interesting objects for the microscope, and, if of animal or vegetable tissues, must be mounted in fluid as described. A description of the sort of object whence to cut sections would take up too much space here; but the method may be indicated, and for further details you must refer to a standard book on the subject, such as Dr. Lionel Beale's "How to Work with the Microscope." Sections of soft substances are generally made by means of an instrument known as "Valentine's knife." This simply consists of a knife with two blades, which are mounted so close together that on simply drawing the knife across any soft object a section is formed between the blades. The blades are pressed closely together by means of screws, and on cutting a section it is removed from between them by taking out the screws and separating the blades of the knife. The blades must be kept perfectly clean, as, like a razor, if they get rusty, the knife will be spoilt. After using each time the blades must be washed in water, and dried with a soft cloth or piece of wash-

leather; and if any water gets between the blades it is quite essential to take them apart and clean them separately.

As dust is the ruin of microscopic slides, you should provide yourself with a few glass-shades to protect objects between whiles, especially after being in the fluid on the slide before mounting. Green glass "propagating glasses" answer well for this purpose, and can be got cheap (from 2*d.* to 5*s.*) at any glass warehouse. Watch-glasses are also very useful for holding objects in fluid. Cheap ones cost as little as 1*s.* a dozen from the watchmakers.

Sections of hard substances, such as bone, coral, &c., canot be made with a knife, as above, but are far harder to manipulate. The best plan is to cut as thin a section as possible with a strong knife, and then to cement it with Canada balsam to the centre of a glass slide. When dry the slide is held tightly, and the object ground down by holding against a grindstone till it becomes transparent. The balsam can now be dissolved by soaking the slide in turpentine, and the object will then float off, and can be remounted in Canada balsam or dry, as the case may require.

Slides are now sold with "excavated cells"—i.e., the centre of the slide is hollowed out into a cavity, and this cavity acts as a cell, over which the thin glass cover is cemented when the object and fluid, if any, has been placed in the cavity. These slides are of course a great advance on those with cells built up on them, as there is far less danger of breakage, and no danger at all of the fluid leaking out at the bottom, which *may* happen if the cells formerly described are not carefully constructed. Like most other good things, however, they are more expensive than the old sort. In the catalogue of Mr. T. D. Russell, 78 Newgate Street, E.C., they are quoted at 3*s.* per dozen.

For arranging delicate objects in fluid or balsam you must have some needles of different sizes provided with small wooden handles. These can be bought ready fixed, but it is more economical to make them oneself, which is easily done by inserting the eye end in a small circular slip of wood with a pair of pincers. Pocket magnifiers are of great use when the object is small, and every boy who is fond of this work should always have in his pocket a lens provided with two or three glasses, which can be used together or independently at will, in order to be able to examine any object of interest that he may discover during his walks abroad. The price of these varies from two to four shillings, according to the number of lenses included in them.

Our next consideration is the mounting of objects by the third method—i.e., simply as they are, dry, without addition of fluid or balsam. This is the simplest of all the methods, and calls for no effort of genius; but, for all that, it is possible to turn out a badly-arranged slide by this method, and equally possible, with care, to turn out one that will do you credit. Some workers simply take one of the paper covers (sold gummed, ready for use) and stick it down over the glass cover, which is placed above the object; but this is an untidy proceeding, and does not look well the other side of the slide. I prefer to cover the whole slide with coloured paper, which gives a much neater effect. A hole is, of course, cut in that part of the coloured paper which will come under the object when it is pasted on to the slide. The object having been placed in position, with or without a cell, according to its size, the glass is placed over it, and the centre of the gummed paper cover is then placed so that the object shows through, and the cover gummed down. It is better to pay a little more for paper covers which have the holes in the centre ready cut out, for, as this is done by machinery, it is far neater than if one attempts to do it for oneself with a pair of scissors, and it is a difficult job to achieve at all. These covering papers are sold by all dealers in microscopic goods; they have spaces at the end for the name of the object to be inserted. Some cover the slides on which objects are mounted in Canada balsam with these papers, but I much prefer myself to leave them plain, fastening a label at each end. If paper covers are used the slides can be of plain glass; if no paper is to be put on it the glass should have the edges ground, to avoid cutting your fingers. Whether the paper cover is fastened on it or not, it is usual to mount the object in the middle of the slide. The best plan is to have a gauge wherewith to judge the centre of the slide. To make this take a piece of thick cardboard, and from it cut a piece the exact size of a slide. Now from opposite corners rule straight lines, and the spot where these intersect will be the centre of the cardboard slide. (You can prove this some day when you are in want of a "rider" for Euclid!)

Having now got the centre of the cardboard, you can put every slide on the top of it, so that it just coincides with the edges of the cardboard, and then the object can be placed on the spot where the lines cross. You are thus certain of always getting the object central, and in the middle of the hole of the paper cover. The illustration will show you how the slide looks when finished.



Fig. 6.—Slide completed.

This is, I think, all that is necessary to be said on the subject of mounting. In the next chapter I intend to guide you to a few typical objects especially worthy of your notice, and to tell you how you may procure them and view them when procured.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME INDIAN YARNS.

By Philip Kent, B.A.

In the early days of the New England settlements, Governor Joseph Dudley of Massachusetts saw an able-bodied but half-naked Indian idly looking on, while his (the governor's) men were toiling like niggers. Quoth Dudley, "Why don't *you* work and get some clothes to your back?" Replied the Indian, "Why you no work yourself?" Rejoined Dudley, touching his forehead, "I work head-work. But come, now, if you'll kill a calf of mine, I'll give you a shilling." The Indian accepted the offer, killed the animal, then stood with his hands folded, looking on, as before. Thereupon Dudley asked him why he didn't finish the job by skinning and dressing the calf ready for the butcher. "No, no, Gobonah," replied the savage; "you give me shilling to *kill* calf. Am he no dead?" Dudley smiled, and gave the man another shilling to flay and quarter the calf. And thus began a series of dealings, in which the redskin generally proved himself more than a match for the white. At last Dudley, meeting him one morning, said to him: "I can't make out, Arrowpoint, how you contrive to outwit me so often!" Quoth Arrowpoint, patting his forehead with his forefinger, "Headwork, Gobonah, headwork!"

When the town of Litchfield, Connecticut, still consisted of a few log-huts, a wandering Indian, wasted with hunger, and scarce able to drag one limb after the other, limped to the door of the only inn at nightfall, and humbly begged for something to eat and drink. The surly hostess bade him begone for a lazy, drunken, worthless loafer on whom *she* wasn't going to throw away *her* scanty earnings. But a settler named Browne, sitting in the tavern, took pity on the poor wretch, and promised to pay for what he ate and drank. The meal over, the Indian rose, and, heartily thanking his benefactor, quietly departed.

Several years afterwards Browne had occasion to travel some miles into the virgin forest which then stretched between the clearings round Litchfield and the town of Albany. On his journey he was captured by an Indian scout, and carried off to Canada. On reaching the head-quarters of his captor's tribe on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, he was handed over to an old squaw in place of a son whom she had lost in the war then raging between her tribe and the English settlers. With her he spent the winter; faring, however, more like a slave than a son. Next summer, while toiling alone in the forest, he was hailed by a stalwart and warlike-looking Indian, who, coming up to him, bade him meet him at a certain place at noon that day week. Though somewhat distrusting the strange Indian's intentions, Browne promised. But ere the appointed day arrived, his heart failed him. A fortnight later the same Indian again surprised him at his lonely task, and gravely rebuked him for not keeping tryst. Browne began to stammer some lame excuse, which the Indian warrior cut short by bidding him meet him at the appointed place and hour on the following Thursday. Browne once more pledged his word; and this time he redeemed it. On reaching the trysting-place he found the Indian at his post, armed with two guns, ammunition, and a pair of knapsacks. Sharing his load with his white companion, he turned his face southwards and led the way, telling Browne to follow him in perfect silence. Thus they marched for several days, shooting the game which fell in their way, and kindling a fire at night to cook it and keep off the wolves and bears while they slept. At length, after a wearisome march, his silent guide led him one morning to the top of a hill, and bade him look below. Browne obeyed, and joyfully recognised the clearings of Litchfield, studded with scattered farms. After eyeing him for a moment in silence, the Indian opened his lips to utter the first full sentence that passed them during the whole twelve days' march. "You forget Indian. But Indian no forget his friend—never! Yonder," pointing to the town, "you save me from starving years ago! Now I pay you. Go home!" With that he wrung the Englishman's hand, ran down the hill, plunged into the forest, and was seen no more.

An Indian chief, being on a visit to Sir

William Johnson, said to him one morning at breakfast, "Last night me dream you give me fine suit of soldier's clothes." Now, Sir William well knew that Indian etiquette required either host or guest to make over anything thus indirectly begged. So the coveted uniform forthwith changed owners. Some months afterwards, the chief repeated his visit. And now came Sir William's turn to dream. *He* dreamt that his guest freely gave him a large tract of land over the price of which they had long been haggling. On hearing the dream, the chief solemnly replied, "The land is thine. But we no dream any more."

An Indian deacon of Natick was asked why the youths of his tribe, reared in English households to be industrious and sober, so often turned out drunken vagabonds on rejoining their kith and kin. He sententiously replied: "Tucks will be tucks, for all old hen hatch 'em!"

An English trader succeeded in selling a large quantity of gunpowder to an Indian, by assuring him that it was grain that would yield a hundredfold, like wheat, if carefully sown. Away went the Indian to sow his powder; full of glee at the notion of raising enough for his own use and to supply his neighbours at a large profit. Still, on finding by experience how he had been duped, he held his tongue and bided his time till he reckoned the trickster must have clean forgotten the trickery. The Indian then went to the trader's store and bought five pounds' worth of goods on trust. The time for payment having come, the dealer trotted off to his customer's dwelling to demand his due. "Good!" exclaimed the latter. "But my powder no yet sprouted. Me pay you when me reap him." He kept his word!

A Delaware Indian once shot a bear through the backbone. The animal fell, and set up a most plaintive wail. The hunter, instead of firing again, ran up to the bear, and thus addressed it. "Harkee, bear, you coward; no warrior, as you feign to be. Were you warrior, you show it by your firmness, no wail and whimper like old woman! You know, bear, our tribe's at war, and your tribe began it. You have found the Delawares too strong for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods stealing Delawares' hogs. Maybe at this very time you have hog's flesh in your stomach. Now, had you conquered me, I bear it bravely, and die like true warrior. But you, bear, lie here and whimper, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardice."

"I rejoice," said a missionary clergyman to the chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you yourself drink no whisky. But it grieves me to find that your people drink it so freely." "True!" rejoined the chief, fixing his glittering brown eye upon his interlocutor. "Ottawas *use* much whisky, but they no *make* it."

When General Lincoln went to make peace with the Creek Indians, one of the chiefs of the tribe asked him to seat himself on a log. He complied, and the chief then begged him to move a little further towards the end. The general again complied, and was surprised to hear the request repeated. However, he humoured the Indian's whim, and moved and moved till he reached the end of the log. But still came the old request, "Move further." "Move further I can't," quoth the general. "Just so with us!" replied the chief, with a sardonic smile. "You have pushed us back to the big waters. And still you bid us 'Move further.' We can move no more."

SOME CRICKET CURIOSITIES IN 1890.

By Somerville Gibney.

For the third year in succession I have to mention as one of the characteristics of the past season, its dampness. Unless the clerk of the weather soon sees his way to alter matters I shall have to reverse the order of affairs and note a dry season—when we *do* get one—as a curiosity. 1890 has been terribly wet and disappointing, the rain interfering with, and in some cases altogether stopping, matches over and over again; but if Jupiter Pluvius has an antipathy to our grand national game, and has intended to put an end to it altogether, he has not succeeded, and the love of cricket is as rampant in the breasts of the majority of English boys as ever. I feel myself justified in making this statement from some of the performances of *boys* during the past season which I have jotted down, and this paper being intended for the B.O.P. they shall have the first place.

It would almost seem as if wet wickets suited the youngsters, for there have been higher scores this year than I ever remember having seen before. Taking the totals of the innings first, Wellingborough Grammar School has made its mark, for on May 26 the school, masters and boys' eleven, scored 403 against All Saints, Wellingborough; and two days later, on the 28th, the boys' eleven scored 252 (E. H. Fryer 106) against the 25 and 40 of Bedford County School; and on May 31 the same eleven scored 193 against Stamford Grammar School, when E. H. Fryer made 100; and yet again, when later in the season the same school, masters and boys' eleven, played Finedon, they scored 411 against the latter's 34. Another big thing was accomplished by the Elstree boys (and small boys, too, for it is only a preparatory school), when they scored 212 for the loss of two wickets (T. Ferris not out 110, V. Swete not out 73) against Christ's College, Finchley, on May 28. On May 26 Forest School, knocked up 331 against W. M. Guy's eleven, and on May 24 Dulwich College made 301 (C. M. Wells, 124) against Tunbridge School. But the biggest score of all was made on July 30 and 31 by the Rettesian Lorettonians, which I believe to be a school eleven, against Liverpool, when they compiled 563 for six wickets (M. R. Jardine 217). When Repton School played Malvern College on June 27 and 28, for the former R. C. N. Palairet made 172 out of 347. And on May 14, G. Russell Wright made 183 not out for Dorset County School *v.* Dorchester Depôt. Such batting as the above gives satisfaction to all lovers of cricket, whether young or old, because it shows we have good material coming on to fill up the gaps when older and more famous players drop out of the ranks. But it is not only with the bat that success has been attained among the youngsters. They have deadly bowlers as well, as witness the match between Wellingborough Grammar School and Bedford County School already mentioned, when E. H. Fryer got six wickets for twelve runs, performing the hat trick, and J. F. Fernie four for eight, while in the second innings Battams obtained eight for sixteen. And again in the match against Stamford Grammar School, also mentioned before, E. H. Fryer in the first innings took seven wickets for *no* runs, and in the second J. F. Fernie took nine for fourteen. I may perhaps here mention that the headmaster has most kindly supplied me with the averages of the team for the past year, from which it appears that Fryer, the captain, has an average for 14 innings of 36·7, and has taken 57 wickets for 405 runs at an average of 7·6, while J. F. Fernie has secured 61 wickets for 644 runs at an average of 10·34—performances which for boys are remarkably good. J. M. Marshall playing for Tunbridge School *v.* M.C.C. on June 14, took 7 wickets for 12 runs, another excellent performance considering the batsmen opposed to him. Keith, playing for Abbey School, Fort Augustus *v.* Inverness College, after making 61 took 7 wickets for 3 runs. And another startling performance was that of Harris when playing for the Philberds (boys) *v.* Cordwalles on May 24; with his first three balls he took three wickets. As a contrast to big scoring I may mention the match Kent College *v.* St. Augustine's College, when the former played a first innings of *O* and a second of 50. That was a big smite of Fry's which he made for Repton School *v.* Burton on May 31, a seven! without an overthrow; and what glorious excitement there must have been towards the end of the match Bedford Grammar School *v.* Dulwich College on June 14, when the former won by one run! Before leaving the subject of boys' cricket I can't help calling attention to the *début* of A. C. Maclaren for his county, Lancashire, in first-class cricket. Last term he was captain of Harrow, and in the match with Eton his batting showed decided promise. He was asked to play for his county *v.* Sussex, and scored 108.

And now it is time to leave school cricket for cricket in general. The writing the name of Sussex just now reminds me it has done the worst of any county, either first or second class, this year, having played 12 matches, of which it has lost 11, ten of them by more than an innings, and won one; while Surrey finds herself again, for the fourth consecutive year, champion county, with 9 wins, 3 losses, and 2 draws out of 14 matches played. Somersetshire, at the head of the second-class counties, has a most remarkable record: 12 matches played, 11 won outright, and 1 drawn. A balance-sheet like this takes some beating.

But I find I am wandering from my text, which is "Curiosities of Cricket," and must hark back, though I feel called on to make no apology for mentioning the doings of Somersetshire. Perhaps the greatest curiosity of the year occurred in the M.C.C. and Lancashire match on May 22, when Whitehead, in delivering a ball to Hornby, let it slip from his fingers, and it rolled 6 or 7 yards across the pitch; Hornby sprang forward to hit it, but before he could reach it Whitehead had dashed forward, picked it up, and thrown it to the wicket-keeper, who put down Hornby's wicket, and appealed for a run-out, Hornby, on the other hand, claiming to have been obstructed by the field. It was a knotty point, and the umpires consulted, when they gave their decision that Hornby was not out. Another curiosity happened in this match, when M.C.C., having won the toss, lost 3 wickets without scoring a run, and 7 wickets for 8 runs. An uncommon incident much resembling one I mentioned last year occurred in the Freshmen's match at Oxford on May 8; Jones and Palairet were in, when the latter hit a ball hard back, it bounded off the bowler into the wicket, and Jones, who was backing up, was out. It is not often one hears of an umpire reversing his decision, and yet this happened in the Kent and Australian match, when the umpire gave Barrett run out, and then recalled his decision. There was also another case in the match between Kent and Surrey, when Abel imagined he had been caught in the slips, and walked off to the

Pavilion, only to be sent back by some of his companions to appeal, when he was given *in*.

This year is remarkable in that two records have been broken, the first in the Notts *v.* Sussex match on May 15, 16, and 17, when Shrewsbury scored 267 and Gunn 196, a partnership of 398, the previous best having been 340, made by K. J. Key and H. Phillipson in the Oxford and Middlesex match of 1887. The second record was also against Sussex, when Cambridge scored 703 for 9 wickets, the former record having been 698 for the full side made against this unfortunate county by Surrey in 1888. This innings is a long way the biggest of the year. There have been a good many big ones, and from my rough notes I can count one of 700 or over, one of 600, six of 500, and over 30 of 400, and some of the latter made for the loss of a comparatively small number of wickets. The 5th of June was a red-letter day for 'slip,' no less than 16 catches in first-class cricket alone being made by that very useful fielder: Trumble caught 5 at Cambridge, Abel caught 6 at Leicester, and 5 of the Notts men fell victims there at Gravesend. Writing about catches reminds me of the ill-fortune of Sherwin in the Notts and Surrey match on August 4, 5, and 6, when, having caught 5 at the wickets, he received a severe blow on the nose.

It would seem that cricket runs in the blood of the Robinsons, for I have noted down a match at Backwell House on August 5, when the Robinson family made 416 runs for 7 wickets against R. Ford's eleven; and quite late in the season the Christopherson team opposed an eleven at Blackheath, but I have not the result before me. There have not been any great number of big individual scores, but F. Atkins's innings for Hundred of Hoo *v.* Incogniti on June 11 and 12, when he made 103, including six 6's, deserves to be mentioned.

If there have been big totals there have also been small ones, and the only wonder is there have not been more considering the wetness of the season. The batsmen were evidently not at their ease in the M.C.C. and Sussex match on May 12, when the respective scores were 57 (Horsley 45) and 36, and 41 and 53 for 6 wickets; and on the same day Surrey, by making 183, defeated Leicestershire with 55 and 48 in one day. The Surrey and Lancashire match on June 9 and 10 was also productive of small scores, Surrey making 69 and 103, and Lancashire 61 and 50. Sussex again scored very badly against Lancashire's 246 for 2 wickets on July 1 and 2, when they could only total 35 and 24.

And now we must take a glance at what the bowlers have been doing. S. M. J. Woods for Cambridge took every wicket in the second innings of C. J. Thornton's eleven on May 12 and 13, at an average of a fraction under 7 apiece. Mr. Davey performed wonders on June 5 when he played for Bickley Park *v.* Beckenham. His analysis for the second innings read 5 overs, 0 runs, 5 maidens, 6 wickets, and in the two innings he took 11 wickets for 18 runs. In the Kent *v.* Surrey match on August 28 and 29 Martin only took 3 wickets in the first innings, but he took them with consecutive balls. There was a real curiosity in the English bowling in the England and Australia match of August 12 and 13. In the first innings Martin took 6 wickets for 50, in the second 6 for 52. Lohmann took in the first innings 3 for 34, in the second 3 for 32. Sharpe in the first 1 for 8, in the second 1 for 10. It would be difficult to come across two innings where the bowling was so similar.

Close finishes often provide curiosities, and there have been several of these this year. On May 27 Derbyshire beat Essex by 8 runs, and on June 3 Surrey beat Derbyshire by 28. On August 8 Felixstowe beat the Herons by 7 runs one minute before time. Yorkshire beat Surrey on August 23 by 15 runs, and on June 27 Somersetshire snatched a victory from Hampshire by 2 runs. And for the most exciting finish of the year we must look to Somersetshire and Middlesex on August 21 and 22. It was a tremendous struggle all through. Somersetshire went to the wickets first, and scored 107. Middlesex answered with 108. Somersetshire then made 127, leaving Middlesex 127 to get to win. They made 121 of these, and still had 3 wickets to fall. How Somersetshire played up is a matter of history now, and their prowess was rewarded, for the last of these three wickets fell when only 5 of the 6 runs required had been obtained, leaving the match a tie, and the Somersetshire record still unsullied by defeat. It was a grand match all through, and few there are, I am sure, who are not glad that it ended as it did.

And now lack of space warns me I must stop. I am aware I have not mentioned *all* the curiosities of the season. Some of my readers may know of others which I have omitted, but I think I have set out the chief ones, and among them perhaps some that had escaped their notice. At any rate, we must part company for the present, and in doing so let us express a hope, which I doubt not will be echoed by all lovers of cricket, that the next season may prove more propitious in the matter of weather than the last.

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

DECEMBER.

I.—In Poultry-Run, Aviary, Rabbitry, etc.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

The Poultry-run.—If not the coldest, December is, as a rule, the dreariest and darkest month in all the year—I feel inclined to add, the wettest. Many boys may also say, "the jolliest." Aren't there school holidays in it? isn't there Christmas in it? also geese and turkeys in it—cooked, I mean? Of course there are; and lots of other nice things as well, with—who knows?—doctor's stuff to follow. But we must have our fowls alive as well as dead and on the table. It is our bounden duty, also, to see well to their comfort. If, therefore, we haven't finished all repairs a month and more ago, let them be done forthwith. Hens that are kept in draught or wet are not only subject to discomforts and diseases of different kinds, but they positively go off laying. This is a pity, because a young fowl that cannot pay for her food is not worth keeping. The food, certainly, has a deal to do with the laying capacity; but not all, for, if miserable, cold, and wretched, she gets weakly—then good-bye to the eggs. The best food for causing a hen to lay is a mixture—as I have often told you—of soft food from the table, with boiled potatoes, meaty scraps chopped fine, lean parings from the butcher, or bullock's lights. They must have it about half dry in the morning, and no more than they eat greedily. A little hemp in winter's cold, and ground chillies. Always a handful of grain before they go to roost. This keeps the strength up all night. To have all in good form, see that each has a proper share.

To fatten: pen up, and feed four times a day on boiled oatmeal and milk, flour and suet, boiled rice and treacle, etc. But be regular in your feeding, and be sure the bird is warm at night. You will see this is almost flour feeding, and boys who want to fatten themselves may take a hint as to how to do it.

Sell off all surplus stock; overcrowding is a mistake in more ways than one. It adds to expense in the run, and breeds disease. So beware! It is too soon yet, of course, to think much of the breeding season. Better make up your minds, however, about the kind of stock you intend to keep, and be prepared. Remember, too, that, as soon as the weather will permit, fowls may be set in cosy corners. A nice young pullet in early spring is a delicious dish. So is a young duck, and more valuable. In frosty weather see that the water does not get frozen in the run.

The Pigeon-loft.—There may be many things to attend to in the loft as well as in the run; but study your sanitary arrangements of all things, and feed well. The breeding season is a long way ahead yet, so beginners will have plenty of time to manufacture dovecots and get ready lofts.

Although the more ordinary pigeons, such as runts, tumblers, etc., are safest to start with, it is always best to have even these well up in points and properties. So it is a good plan to purchase only from well-known prize-winners. Shows are so common all over the country now that it is not difficult to get a marked catalogue after a show is over. You thus secure the names and addresses of good breeds, and there you are! There are many ailments incidental to this inclement month and to the months to come. Perhaps no one yet ever succeeded in curing a pigeon that was really ill. Prevention is better than cure. Clean food, clean, soft water, and dry, clean loft, freedom from draughts, ventilation, and the digestive mixture called "salt cat" will keep your birds strong and healthy. I am convinced that all breeders would greatly consult their interests by taking good care of the loft during the three months or so that precede the breeding season. Good stock never can be bred from weakly parents. This rule runs all through creation, so don't forget it. Salt-cat is a mixture of gravel, lime from old walls, and rough salt wetted or damped with brine. By the way, I heard of a boy the other day who fell in love with one of the neighbour's kittens, caught it, killed it, cooked it, salted it, and hung it by the tail among his pigeons. I don't think that boy will ever be Editor of the B. O. P., nor even President of the United States.

The Rabbitry.—Keep your pets dry and warmly bedded above everything. An oatmeal-and-bran mash is a capital supper in cold weather. Not too hot. Warm milk is sometimes greatly appreciated. Water, rabbits should always have, though some there be who deny it. Good grain and succulent roots will complete the bunnies' comfort. Only don't leave old stale pieces of cabbage and roots about. Note this, please: a *rabbitry should never smell sour or disagreeable.*

The Aviary.—Just keep all sweet and clean. Cultivate the excellent habit of attending to your birds' wants before you take your own meal. Much useful time could now be put in during the holidays in practising birdcage-making, or in building an outdoor aviary. This last would have to be in a sheltered corner, say between two walls with a south-western exposure. Being arranged corner-fashion thus, you need less material. It should be prettily thatched, and wild convolvulus planted to partly screen it in summer, and, with a summer seat near it, you will have a delightful place to read in during your spare time.

The Kennel.—Outdoor dogs will want their kennels seen to, if this work is not already done. Mind, a rotten floor always holds the damp. Bed well, feed well, and exercise; but keep out of the water. Dogs suffer a deal during the winter months from neglect, exposure, careless, or what I might call forgetful, feeding, and from the galling, irritating chain. Surely the kindly creature, so faithful and so true, who meets our approval each morning with every expression of affection and goodwill, deserves better treatment. See to it that yours gets this, else you fail in your duty, and are selfish and cruel.

The Kitchen Garden.—Be busy in open weather preparing for spring work. Not a weed ought to be seen, not a path bed or border left unsightly, not a bush left untrimmed. During hard frost, wheel out and spread manure, ready to dig in as soon as the ground is soft. It is a mistake, however, leaving manure spread out long; its principal gases are thus lost, and it becomes inert and useless.

The Flower and Window Gardens.—Keep everything ship-shape. You may profitably employ your spare time in the manufacture of what I may call garden luxuries, such as rustic seats in cosy corners, trellis work, rustic arches, window boxes, or you may plan out a new garden. Only do not attempt too much. If you have a large garden it becomes a weedy encumbrance, and seldom, if ever, a pleasure.

II.—Entomology.

By Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.

Although winter has now come upon us in earnest, there is still a fair amount of outdoor work to be done. One or two moths even are abroad, and may be found whenever the air is mild and the wind comes from either the south or west. There is the December moth (*Pœcilocampa populi*), for instance, which sits on fences and tree-trunks by day, and comes to the lamp-posts by night. The Mottled Umber (*Hibernia defoliaria*) and the two Winter Moths (*Cheimatobia brumata* and *boreata*) bear it company; but you must look for the wingless females on their food-plants (oak, hawthorn, nut, sloe, and birch) after dark. Generally they are too plentiful, and farmers and gardeners are driven to all sorts of expedients to protect their fruit-trees from the ravages of the caterpillars. These wingless females, by the way, are best mounted upon clean white card, with the gum-tragacanth, mixed to the consistency of a jelly, which is used for setting beetles.

You will, of course, be digging for pupæ at every opportunity. Later on in the season the mole will have gone his rounds, while numbers of pupæ will have perished from other causes, and you may as well leave your trowel and boxes at home. Unless you want to "force" your pupæ—which is always a rather risky experiment—do not keep them in a warm room. The best plan is to place them upon a layer of sand at the bottom of your breeding-cage, or even a good-sized deal box, and then to put them in an outhouse, where they

will be protected from the damp. Every now and then, it is true, they will require a little moisture; but this must never be applied to the pupæ themselves, for fear of mould. Slightly damp the sand between them, or place a few pieces of wet moss in the box. And be specially careful to avoid interfering with the pupæ more than is actually necessary. They are delicate creatures, and a very slight injury will result in a hopeless "cripple."

The coleopterist may find beetles in plenty, no matter whether the days are mild or frosty. When the ground is soft let him dig at the foot of trees, fences, and walls, where a rich harvest will await him. I have often turned up beetles at the bottom of a fence in such numbers that I could hardly examine them fast enough. On cold days a lot of soft feathery moss may be collected and brought home in a bag, to be shaken at leisure over a sheet of white paper. Many very good beetles are often taken in this way. In the loose rubbish at the bottom of a stack of hay or straw, again, beetles literally swarm, and a few handfuls of this rubbish will supply one with occupation for hours. Some of the larger beetles hibernate in decayed logs and stumps; but it is of no use to search rotten wood which is sodden with rain or snow. A beetle's great idea during the winter is to keep itself dry, and your best plan will be to pass by the damp spots altogether, and to look out for snug nooks and corners where the rain cannot enter, and beetles may rest in peace—until you come and turn them out!

Correspondence.

WEAKNESS (A Troubled One).—You may not be so bad as you think. Anyhow, go in for a course of hygiene, coupled with gymnastic exercises. Take a cold bath every morning. Don't hurry at meals. Take a teaspoonful of Fellows's syrup in water twice a day, and keep your mind easy. A Harness belt would help

COCKATOO'S FEATHERS COMING OFF (Cockatoo).—It is the meat and the bones and hemp. Stop these.

GREEN FLY (C. W. J.).—1. Calvert's preparations and carbolic acid are the best cures for green fly. 2. Get a look at Lyall's pigeon book.

TOO FAT (Tabiage).—Avoid starchy and fatty foods; also butter. Take moderate exercise and the bath.

DOVE OR PIGEON COT (H. B. Brett).—It would want to be three feet high, three feet wide, and fifteen inches deep, the attic in addition to this.

INBREEDING (Young Fancier).—All right if both are healthy and strong, but animals in some litters inherit the same weaknesses, and these would be perpetuated by in-and-in breeding.

FOWLS AND DUCKS (H. P.).—1. No, it is best to have the ducks by themselves. 2. Yes, about ten eggs. 3. Yes, young ducks are the better of a swim. 4 Yes, and the pullets would come in handy in the spring.

FOOD FOR JACKDAWS, BLACKBIRDS, etc. (W. K. Clarke).—We have frequently given this, and cannot keep repeating.

RABBITS (R. J. Chambers).—You do not want to store green food. You can always buy it or gather it. Don't let it be wet.

STUFFING FISHES (J. Stevenson).—Process too long to describe here. Our earlier articles on Taxidermy will tell you all you want to know.

CANARY QUEER (J. Hodd).—It is your feeding. Give only black and white canary seeds, a little green food, sand in cage, and pure soft water.

COLOURING CANARIES (Nil Desperandum).—Cayenne is given at moulting time. We do not approve of the plan, however.

GOLD-FISH (Gold-fish).—Your plan is all wrong. Water-plants must be grown to keep the pond clean and clear. Read "Home and Farm Favourites."

NEWFOUNDLAND (Uncle Towser).—A puppy of this breed will suit you best. Price about £5, if really good.

MOUSTACHE (M. Nouvel).—Yes, shaving will improve your down.

MEDICAL (Many Querists).—Those unanswered are either far too serious, too trivial, or of too delicate a nature to answer in these columns. Trust your family doctor

H. C. NORRIS.—We are aware that there are several American magazines besides the *Argosy* which reprint our stories and articles without acknowledgment, but there is no copyright between the United States and this country, and there is no penalty for such unprincipled proceedings. As far as we are concerned, we have only once or twice had American matter in our columns, and we have in each case paid for the same—a practice which is unknown to American "pirate magazines."

AN ART PUPIL.—By all means join an art class. One in connection with the Science and Art Department would suit your pocket best. From the specimens you send we should say that your improvement will have to be immense before you draw sufficiently well to earn a living as an artist—except on paving-stones!

TRACING-PAPER.—We hear from F. S. that he has made excellent tracing-paper by mixing together by a gentle heat an ounce of Canada balsam and a quarter of a pint of spirits of turpentine, and spreading the mixture with a soft brush thinly over one side of good tissue-paper.

COINS (Avatar).—1. Roman, Emperor Maximinus, as it says. 2. A Chinese "Cash." 3. French, but too indistinct. 4. A Scottish "Turner" of the time of Charles the Second. On the obverse is CAR. D. G. SCOT. ANG. FRA. ET. HIB. R. with a crowned C. R. and II. in the middle. The reverse is the leaved thistle with NEMO ME IMPVNE LACESSET. The coin was worth about twopence Scots; nowadays it may be worth a couple of shillings. Many of Charles the Second's "turners" have not got the II.

COINS (C. H. W.).—1. Edward the Confessor's silver penny, if in good preservation, may be worth five shillings; there are, however, three sorts, and two of them are rare, and consequently more valuable. 2. Roman copper coins such as you mention are worth about sixpence each. 3. It is a token; you can tell that by its wanting the king's head.

A. H. PAYNE.—Better get some such book as Martin's "Float-Fishing," price 2s., published by Sampson Low and Co. Artificial bait rarely succeeds with small fish.

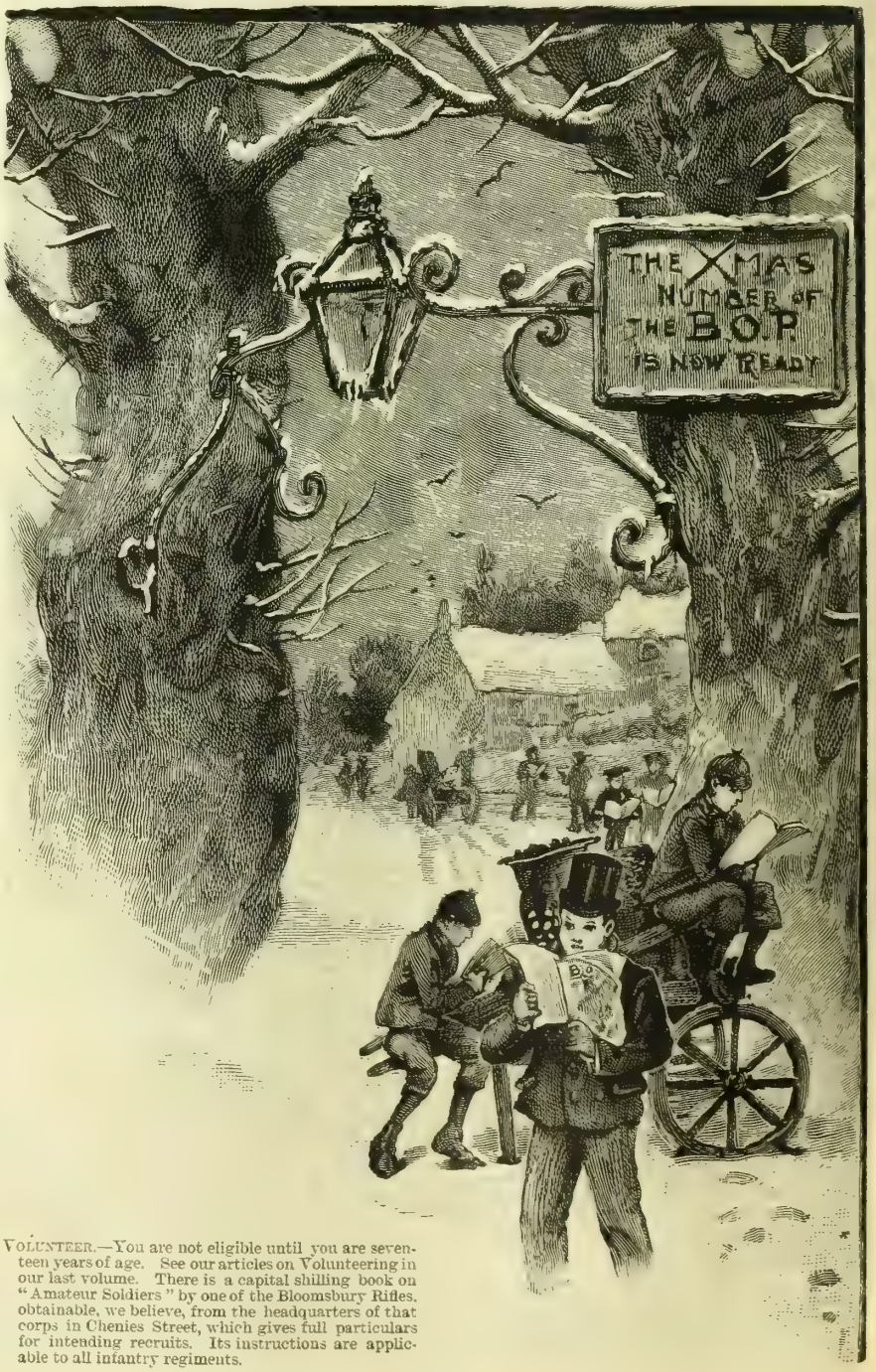
COINS (Scipio).—A Queen Anne five-guinea piece is worth from £7 to £8, but it all depends on the condition of the coin. Some of the five-guinea pieces issued before the Union have sold for £15; those issued after the Union are not so rare. The most interesting are those issued in 1703, which have VIGO on them, owing to their being coined from the gold captured in Vigo Bay in the Spanish galleons of 1702.

JUBILEE COINS.—The rubbing you send is of the ordinary sixpence now in circulation. The Jubilee sixpence had a tail like a half-sovereign, not one with a wreath and crown.

WAR HORSE.—There is no one book on the uniforms of the army. The information would have to be obtained from many books and tailors' fashion plates. There are too many varieties of uniform to render it possible for such a book to be sold at a reasonable price.

SAM.—It is an Americanism. In this term we speak of innings whether it is singular or plural. In America an innings is called an inning. As we introduced the term we may be pardoned for considering our own form the best.

CYCLING (M. Leroy and Jim).—The best catalogue of cycles is the catalogue of the Stanley Show, which takes place in February every year, generally at the Crystal Palace.



VOLUNTEER.—You are not eligible until you are seventeen years of age. See our articles on Volunteering in our last volume. There is a capital shilling book on "Amateur Soldiers" by one of the Bloomsbury Rifles, obtainable, we believe, from the headquarters of that corps in Chenies Street, which gives full particulars for intending recruits. Its instructions are applicable to all infantry regiments.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 621.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1890. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER XI. A SPANISH PRISON—I TURN CROSSING-SWEEPER—A FRIEND IN NEED.

I had a horrible dream of being jolted along in a cart through an endless succession of streets which seemed to be ever growing narrower and narrower, the windows and balconies of which were thronged with pitiless



"I made a furious grab at the pitcher."

faces, while a glare and heat even more pitiless was crushing the life out of me. At last the walls on either side seemed about to close on me, and just as I was giving up all for lost, my eyes opened, to find that they at least were a dread reality—four of them, dazzling white, relieved only by a tiny window, far out of my reach, securely closed by strong iron bars; this on the one side, and on the opposite wall a rough crucifix, alone relieved the dire monotony. In fact, I was in prison, lying, in great pain and stiffness, upon a litter of filthy straw, in company with cockroaches, and, it might be, scorpions and centipedes, a prey to a raging thirst, the maddening influence of which none can understand save those who have borne it.

How long I lay in this position I cannot tell, except that to my fevered frame it seemed hours; hours of indescribable torment, in which death itself would have been a welcome relief.

At last the key grated in the lock, and there entered a huge, brawny negro, clothed in a poncho hideous in its filthiness, and bearing in his hands a hunch of coarse black bread and a pitcher of water. These he deposited on the stone floor of the prison. I made a furious grab at the pitcher, which he dexterously anticipated, placing it just out of my reach, and saying with a malignant leer:

"Not so fast, Senhor; you are to prepare for visitors. Afterwards, you and I will have a little interview, and then you can dispose of your luxuries."

He then proceeded to shake me roughly by the arm, causing me such exquisite pain that I turned and made such a lunge at him that if he had been of another colour he would have undoubtedly scored a black eye.

"Carrambo, Senhor," cried he, with a muttered oath, under his breath; "know you not by this time that you are a prisoner, the guest of his Sacred Majesty the King of all the Spains, in his Majesty's prison at Lima? What if I report your mutinous conduct to the alcalde? Let me advise you, Senhor, to control those fierce passions of yours. We have excellent methods of keeping in order refractory prisoners, and life, especially that of an enemy of Spain, is not reckoned of much value among us. But here is his Excellency, the prison physician, coming to pay you a visit; he has dissected nearly a hundred prisoners already since he has held his appointment. Let me advise you, therefore, to be more civil to him than you have been to me."

There now entered a tall, cadaverous-looking Spaniard, wrapped in a long black cloak, and attended by a boy carrying certain ominous-looking cases. The doctor was a man whose hard features showed little sympathy with his patients; it was a sullen, gloomy face, unadorned except by heavy grey moustaches, the ends of which were twisted into sharp points, and a few scattered locks of the same iron-grey hair distributed over a bilious-looking cranium.

"Whom have we here, Jose?"

"A young Englishman, Senhor; one of El Diablo's imps incarnate. Ha, ha! the story is almost too good; it will surely suffer in the telling. The good ship 'Maria Pia' has found an uneasy resting-place among the rocks a few miles down the coast; it appears most desirable to the Captain of the Esperanza to avail himself of the circumstance, and replenish his larder and his wine-cellars; perhaps he will be able to send some of the spoil to where it may help to smooth his path in future. No sooner said than done. A boat is sent to the wreck, with this imp and another in charge. The situation invites confidence; they send back their boat laden with the spoil, and sit down to enjoy themselves; but a reconnoitring party had been watching their movements; and here they are, at least one of them."

"What became of the other?"

"He was run through the heart, Senhor. They fought like fiends."

"A capital story. And now, my good Jose, what are we to do with this young buccaneer, this ardent follower of Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher? Bah! these English were always pirates, from the very beginning."

He then commenced to thoroughly overhaul me in no very tender or ceremonious manner, uttering every now and then an imprecation upon all foreigners, but on Englishmen especially. Having stripped me of my clothes, he observed: "This young limb will be all the better for losing some of that hot blood of his. A basin, Pepe, and my instruments. Here, you Sirrah, be still, or I warn you I shall have little mercy." He then proceeded to open a vein in my arm, and extract from me about a pint of blood, and having bound up the wound with a not over-clean bandage, he wrote out a prescription, and, turning to Jose, said:

"The boy will be well in a few days; these English have as many lives as the proverbial cat. Give him some light employment; he doesn't look as if he could stand the mines or the galleys."

"No, your Excellency, he would be dead in a month. I have a nice little office in store for him within the municipality. The dog must not be allowed much chain, though; they're slippery as eels, these English lads."

The doctor withdrew, and I had now the mortification of seeing the negro bear away all my clothes, leaving me naked on my filthy couch. In a few moments he returned, bearing with him a pair of cotton trousers, a coarse shirt, and a poncho, and himself wearing my white waistcoat. I had to get into these unsavoury garments, and was then allowed to lie down again, and left to my scanty meal, to my thoughts and fears, and to the lagging hours of another night of wakefulness and pain.

I lay for a week in this loathsome prison, the only variations in the day being the visit of the gaoler with the morning or evening meal of coarse, hard bread and brackish water, the latter carried in a dirty pitcher, which always had an unconquerable aroma of garlic about it; or a visit from the alcalde, or some one or other of the officials of the prison. I was much relieved when the monotony came to an end on the seventh day, when Jose appeared earlier than usual, and bade me rise and follow him.

I obeyed with much difficulty, however, for my limbs were very stiff with long confinement and low diet, and I did not realise the meaning of my prison until I began to exert myself. It was all I could do at first to totter after my conductor down a long paved corridor, and across the little yard that intervened between it and the guardroom of the prison.

But the fresh air soon revived me; loathsome as the place was, the air in the court was full of the scent of orange-blossom and other delicious flowers; I felt my life little by little returning to me, and gathered myself up for the effort, whatever it might be.

I was not long kept in suspense, for Jose now handed me over to the custody of a couple of soldiers, by whom I was securely handcuffed, and immediately bidden to proceed. "Was I going to my death? Was this my last hour? Did the inhuman wretches mean to put me to a summary death without notice or preparation?" Such were the thoughts that passed through my mind, as we tramped through the prison portal and into the open street.

But nothing was farther from the intentions of my captors. I might be useful hereafter in case of an exchange of prisoners: meanwhile I was to be put to any kind of degrading labour, or at least labour supposed to be degrading by them. And so, when we reached the Plaza San Antonio, I was commanded to halt, and one of my guards disappearing for a few moments into a large building, which appeared to be a kind of barrack, presently returned, carrying in his hand a heavy chain about nine feet long, and followed by a smith carrying a twenty-pound spherical shot. One end of the chain they shackled deftly round my right leg, and the other they attached to a staple riveted into the shot. They then thrust a broom into my hand, and intimated that my duty was to walk round the Plaza and sweep up the dirt which from time to time accumulated there. I was further informed that the sentry, who was always pacing up and down before the above-mentioned building, would shoot me without mercy should I attempt to escape. I was then left to the broiling sun, the dusty street, the uncongenial task, and my own bitter reflections.

I was compelled to perform this labour, in all weathers, for several hours of every day, and had I not been gifted with a very robust constitution, the constant exposure to the glare of the tropical sun, combined with the deprivation of all the comforts of civilised life, would have proved fatal to my health; and I am quite sure that, had I been in any way predisposed to tetanus, nothing could have saved me from it; for the chain, constantly galling my limbs, caused wounds, which in that climate obstinately refused to heal; and the torture I endured from them was continually being increased by the bites of sandflies, mosquitoes, and other noxious insects. My gaolers did, however, make some slight alteration for the better in my prison fare, for which I was thankful enough. But it is always a matter of astonishment to me, when I look back upon what I suffered here and in the hands of Don Lobo, that I am spared to write this chronicle.

I was a continual gazing-stock to the populace of Lima, and was constantly surrounded by crowds of children, staring at me out of their deep dark eyes, and

sometimes offering compassion, sometimes indulging in raillery. I afforded material for conversation to many a group of well-to-do citizens, and sometimes a senhora would look at me in passing with a smile of true womanly pity, and slip a coin into my hand, which, however, I had no means of spending, since I might not leave my post, and since I was invariably searched by Jose on my return to prison, when he never failed to annex any stray coin found in my possession. Now and then a passing Capuchin would stop, and opening the bag which he carried over his shoulder would bestow upon me scraps of white bread or meat, which I should have thrown to the dogs at home, but which here I devoured ravenously.

I gradually got used to the gaping crowd; but I chafed more and more under my captivity. Fortunately it came to an end through an accident which happened opportunely, at least for me.

I began to notice that a somewhat singular individual passed and repassed the square a good many times a day, to whom I seemed a special object of interest, so frequently did he stop at a little distance to take a mental note of me. Under his broad palmleaf hat was an attenuated face, sallow in complexion, with a pair of small, bead-black eyes, twinkling with intelligent sympathy. What little hair he had was equally black, but its scantiness was compensated for by a luxuriant grey moustache, and a beard which would have been just as luxuriant but for the owner's habit of keeping it trimmed to a sharp point. He was usually dressed in a suit of blue dungaree, a shirt of a somewhat loud pattern, and a gay-coloured neckcloth; his ears were pierced, and in them he carried several rings of silver, copper, and gold. Although, as I have said, the Peruvians themselves were not interfered with when they approached me, either out of curiosity or kindness, the sentries had, nevertheless, strict orders to allow no foreigner to approach me on any pretext whatever, so that the stranger had to exercise the greatest caution. I could not help noticing, however, that he seemed increasingly anxious to communicate something to me. At last he hit upon a plan.

He was often accompanied in his walks by a little boy of remarkable beauty, dressed in a miniature priest's habit and broad-brimmed hat, which proclaimed him to be designed for the ranks of the secular clergy. One day I noticed this child crossing the Plaza alone, at a time when most of the other children were at school; he came up to where I was standing, and with a look of childish wonder thrust into my hand an orange, by way of charity, and disappeared as quickly as he came. I clutched the fruit eagerly, thinking to satisfy my burning thirst, when, on pulling the rind asunder, I found that a tiny slip of paper had been deftly inserted into the very centre of the fruit, whereon was written in a small, neat hand:

"Keep up your courage; you have friends only waiting for an opportunity to effect your rescue. Destroy this."

I obeyed, swallowing the paper along with the orange, and oh, how cheered I was by its kindly message! There was hope then. I might rely on help, even in this abominable place.

I was employed for about a month in this fashion before the wished-for opportunity presented itself. The combination of evils under which I suffered was making serious inroads upon my health. I grew every day more weak and listless. I cared less and less for the coarse food set before me. I became constantly a prey to the most acute anguish of body and mind. But deliverance was at hand.

One day, as I was pursuing my task as usual, it came. An unlooked-for event took place which startled the whole city out of its midday siesta, and threw it into the most intense excitement. I have hinted that one side of the square was occupied by a large building, partly arsenal, partly barrack. On this day, then, soon after noon, the barrack portion was discovered to be in flames, and, being very old and built partly of wood, the fire soon gained a complete mastery. The news quickly spread from street to street, but, owing to the time of day, a considerable period elapsed before any organised help could be tendered, and for several hours the efforts of the citizens proved singularly futile.

Words would fail me to describe the panic in the square; the dense crowds ever coming and going, surging to and fro; the sightseers elbowing the workers; the workers cursing the sightseers; the incessant cries for water; the struggling hither and thither with long ladders; the rumbling of water-carts; the roar of hoarsely-given orders; the crackling of timbers, the fall of heavy masonry; whilst over the dense mass of heads rolled the clouds of black smoke, the showers of sparks, and the long tongues of lurid flame.

The heat was intense and stifling. All day long a disorganised, undisciplined crowd contended in vain against the common enemy. And to crown all, when the sun began to go down a breeze sprang up which carried the flames in the direction of the arsenal itself. "Carrambo!" exclaimed a gentleman standing near me; "that building is full of shells. Unless the fire is stopped, and that soon, we shall have the whole city in flames. Will these curs never learn discipline?"

When the new direction of the flames became only too apparent, the disorder and panic increased threefold; and the water-carts now came surging across the square, followed by the excited populace, and established themselves in a huge column between myself and the burning building, so that not only was I effectually screened from the observation of the sentry, but also I was in imminent danger of being crushed to death in the general *mêlée*.

This was the opportunity long sought for by my friends. I had seen the mysterious stranger loitering in the vicinity more than once during that eventful day: and now, just as I was in extreme peril, two powerful men jumped down from one of the outermost carts; I felt myself gently lifted up, chain, shot and all, and placed in it; a man in the uniform of the city police laid his hand on my mouth, bade me lie down, and covered me with a heavy horserug. The bystanders were too much occupied with the progress of the fire to pay much heed to an incident so apparently trivial as the timely rescue of a prisoner by the police; and so the cart, which was loaded with empty water-casks, was suffered to go on its way without molestation.

We rumbled along for some time through several streets, my companions vouchsafing never a word, till at last we stopped at a little café, apparently deserted for the moment by all but the owners, to whom I heard my new conductor talking in anything but pure Castilian; of which conversation I could just make out this much, that I was represented as having been seized with a sudden illness while watching the fire, and would require a bed immediately. Shortly afterwards I felt myself being lifted from the cart and carried upstairs, during which process I did not neglect to groan loudly in order to keep up the character. When we arrived at the chamber destined for my reception, the rug was thrown off, and I immediately recognised in the amateur police-officer my old friend of the square, who now proclaimed himself very delighted at the success of the adventure.

"Well, young man," said he, "you may thank your stars as that precious old Inferno o' theirs 'as been and catched fire; circumstances 'as turned out amazin' providential."

I expressed to him my profuse thanks.

"Howsomever," continued he; "don't lets holloa till we're out of the wood. The panic will come to an end; you'll be enquired for, and found to be missin', the perlice 'll be on your track; and a precious pack o' blood'ounds they are, I can tell you."

I begged him to give me any advice he could as to making good my escape.

"Why," said he, "you don't think I'm goin' to leave yer in the lurch, do yer? I should think not, indeed. But we must leave this 'ere nest o' sarpents afore we're many hours older, or I wouldn't answer for the consequences. We must pray for a fair wind, and get under way in the Mayflower afore daylight to-morrow."

"But," said I, "what am I to do? I thank you much for your kindness, but I am afraid I can never repay you adequately. I haven't a cent to my name, nor anything here except the vile clothes in which I stand."

"Now, you jest keep quiet; what's a man good for if he ain't spry at 'elping a fellow-critter in distress? Besides, you can 'arn your bread and cheese on board the Mayflower as well as anywhere else, I reckon. Ain't we cousins? Ain't we just concluded a honourable peace? I don't know as I wouldn't 'a done just the same, though, if we'd been enemies. But let's get them there horrid shackles off. Here, Pablo!"

Pablo was the son of the owner of the café, and a smith by trade; I was, therefore, soon released from my wearing burden. The good American uttered a variety of unparliamentary expressions when the state of my leg was disclosed, but gave it as his opinion that he had suthin' in the medicine chest as 'ud set matters right; and till then I must bear the pain as best I could.

"And now, Pablo," said he, "wheer's that frock as the Reverend Father left be'ind?"

Pablo disappeared, and I took the

opportunity to ask as to the whereabouts of Lord Cochrane and his fleet.

"Oh, that there old fire-eater 'ave found that 'e ain't quite strong enough for 'em yit. There! I never see such a owdacious customer, never. He's gone off to the southward, and that's just where the Mayflower's goin'. I'll put you on board the Esperanza, never fear; and you'll taste some o' that there claret yet, and see plenty o' fightin'. The cause is the cause o' liberty, and it's bound to succeed."

Pablo now re-entered, bearing a strange-looking bundle upon his arm.

It was the chocolate frock, cord, and sandals of a Capuchin. "Now," continued my deliverer, "you're a young lay-brother belongin' to a house down the coast; you wants to be back as quickly as possible. My ship was about to sail, and you've took a passage accordingly. I'll write them words in Spanish for you, and you just git them off, as you may find 'em useful; and if you can put in a bit o' Latin, so much the better. Now they'll give you some grub, and I should advise you to get a good sound sleep, as we must be moving early in the morning. You needn't to fear these people here; they're all friends."

"But, my dear friend," said I; "you haven't told me your name."

"My name, young man, is Boaz Bloomer, and very proud on it, I am, I can assure you."

(To be continued.)

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLUE RIBBON.

A SCHOOL-BOY'S ADVENTURE ON THE BROCKEN.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "Taffy," "The Parlour Boarder," etc.

PART I.

If you ask how an English boy, only some year or so into his teens, came to have an adventure among the romantic forests of the Hartz Mountains, you must know that I had been sent to school near Hanover, to learn German betimes, which I have since largely forgotten, though I can still make bold enough to talk it to any one not himself a native of the country. *Ach!* as I learned then to say, what a time that was of struggling, at the first, with inexplicable genders, and uncouth inversions, and maddening irregular verbs. Why the sun here should be feminine, and the German moon masculine; why a tricksy particle should now be stuck at the very end of the sentence, and now allowed to stay comfortably in its proper place; why such and such nouns must be declined in the singular after this or that fashion, or not be declined at all; and why the sound of so many others had to be modified in the plural, like our *mouse, mice, goose, geese*—which of course one knew from the nursery, and there was an end of it—these were mysteries that I judged closely allied to the origin of evil. German seemed worse than even Latin, which by its very nature was a nuisance that could not be cured and must be endured, yet only through tiresome school hours; but surely one had a right to groan over having to mind one's cases and tenses so painfully in such common matters as asking for a second help of pudding, or letting another fellow know that all Germany couldn't hold a candle to any county in England!

That so much trouble should not be thrown away, it had been arranged I was to remain at least a whole year without coming home for the holidays. In the bright summer weeks, then, I must conquer as best I could my longing to see an English joint of beef again, to handle an English cricket-bat, and content myself with the thin soups, the doughy black bread, the outlandish *Mehlspeisen*, the messes of stewed fruit, or vegetables and such like, which made the staple of our diet at this establishment: not a bad diet either, on the whole, though we young Britons were pleased to turn up our noses at it, dwelling tenderly on memories of the fleshpots of Old England. I had plenty of companions in misfortune, for this was a sort of international school, drawing its polyglot pupils from all parts of the world. As well as English and Germans, there were young Frenchmen, Americans, Russians, Belgians, Hungarians, a Norwegian or two, a Brazilian, and even a black boy—fabled to come from Timbuctoo, really a native of Egypt—who all lived together as a more or less happy family, and only on Sundays were allowed, without fear of punishment, to raise a Babel of unfettered talk, each in his own language. Not a few of us lived too far away from home to return for the holidays, which yet brought an agreeable change for this band of exiles. Every summer, as is the custom in many German schools, our master took us a long walking tour through some picturesque part of the country, whereby we at once stretched our legs and expanded our minds in a lesson of practical geography. You mustn't think that I am making fun of you, when I mention that this master of ours was in sober truth called Münchausen, a name of which some malicious wags of his flock held him deserving, through the wonderful tales he told us about his early climbing feats in Switzerland.

I had not been long at the school, and as yet knew German very imperfectly—I remember it was not long after the end of the six weeks' grace granted me, as a new comer, for speaking English—when we set out on an expedition to the wooded Hartz, the scene of so many picturesque fancies and wild legends: which mountains, by the way, are not of themselves particularly imposing, but standing out, as they do, on the wide flat plain of Northern Germany, may well seem a home of wonders to the untravelled lowlanders around. They were at all events the biggest mountains I had seen, and I was delighted with this novel experience. Dressed in linen blouses and straw hats, equipped with stout sticks and knapsacks on our backs, we wandered on, through shady forests and sunny valleys, from one snug village to another, climbing every height, exploring every stream, and making the roads resound with merry chattering, laughing, and singing, so that more sedate travellers, whom we met rolling lazily along in carriages, must have envied our sunburnt faces and dusty boots, bespeaking appetites as hearty as our slumbers would be sound. Up at dawn, and for the most part taking provisions with us for an open-air midday meal, we would be out all day, at sunset to find shelter in some homely inn, where there were seldom beds enough for us all, and as often as not we had to sleep in a barn or a hayloft. But that was all part of the fun; we were proud of our independence, tickled with a sense of adventurous chance about our fare and accommodation. It was a perpetual picnic, an easy playing at Robin Hood, Robinson Crusoe, and suchlike personages dear to juvenile imagination; so I, for my part, being a somewhat romantically-minded youth, took its small hardships as well as its enjoyments in a right holiday spirit, while the German boys of our party seemed to find most satisfaction in the idea of practising for their future service as soldiers.

All went well with the expedition till we reached the famous Brocken, at the hotel on whose summit we were to spend a night and see the sunrise, or perhaps be even favoured with the rare sight of that gigantic spectre which, as every schoolboy knows nowadays, is nothing but a magnified reflection of the observer, thrown, as from a magic-lantern, upon the sheet of mist veiling some opposite peak. Towards the end of a sultry afternoon, toiling up the Brocken's rugged sides, we came to an open space of heath, thinly planted with young firs, where the older wood seemed to have been burned down some years before. Here the sun beat upon us hotly, so that we were glad to scatter over the heath, picking the blue *heidelbeeren*, or bilberries, which grew thick under our feet; and I, for one, was so eager in quenching my thirst by this refreshment as to straggle behind the rest. Down on my knees picking berries among a little patch of bushes, I did not notice how all my companions had disappeared into one of the adjacent thickets; and when I came out into the open space, it was to find myself alone.

You may be sure I ran after them, following a path I supposed they must

have taken, which soon led me back into the dark pinewoods we had been traversing most of the afternoon. But when I had run till I was out of breath, and still did not catch them up, it struck me that I must be on the wrong tack, for this winding path began to bear down the mountain-side instead of upwards. Presently I reached a spot where it split up into three tracks, going off in different directions among the trees. Panting and perspiring, I tried first one, then another, for a little way, still without seeing any signs of my party. Then I did what, perhaps, I should have done at first: I stopped, and shouted out at the pitch of my voice.

No answer came but a sudden peal of thunder from overhead. Looking up through the roof of branches, I saw how the blue sky above was fast growing inky black. A sweltering stillness filled the air, through which I soon heard the patter of big rain-drops. The great heat of the afternoon had been a forewarning of one of those terrific thunderstorms which often break over the Hartz region.

In a few minutes it was upon me—crash after crash of thunder, flash after flash of lightning, and the solemnly silent pinewood became alive with the dashing and dripping of such a shower as I thought I had never seen in my life. Since we set out, there had not been a drop of rain; now the clouds seemed to be making up with a vengeance for that spell of fine weather. I huddled myself close to the trunk of one of the largest trees, till the heavy rain began to make its way through this natural umbrella; also, I remembered having heard that to be under a tree was a dangerous position in a thunderstorm, so I came out from my unavailing shelter to hurry along the nearest path, facing the elements like a youthful Lear.

Before long, I was lucky enough to hit upon a large pile of wood, cut down and stacked for removal, which offered me a better place of refuge. Among the logs I found room to creep, and lay there crouching under cover, while the rain rattled loudly overhead, and poured past me in torrents down the mountain-side, whose channelled surface showed how it was used to such visitations. Thankful I was to have got out from beneath that tree when I saw one struck by lightning close at hand. There was a blinding blaze, a crash, and when I looked again, what a moment before had been a stately mass of boughs, stood stripped, splintered and scorched, a ghastly ruin.

My reflections, meanwhile, could not but be in gloomy harmony with the scene. Here was I, tired, hungry, and already wet through, hopelessly lost in the heart of a forest, and hardly knowing German enough to ask my way, even if I did fall in with any of its inhabitants, who were not likely to be stirring much from home in such weather. A more cheerful consideration was that it could not go on raining for ever at this rate. I saw nothing for it but to wait till the thunder-shower had spent its fury, then to make up the mountain as straight as I could go, in hopes of thus coming upon the Brocken Haus at the summit, where I should meet my companions, unless they, like myself, had been driven to shelter, and so I might even have the satisfaction of arriving before them.

"It isn't every fellow that has such an *experience*," I told myself by way of encouragement.

There was, after all, a touch of romantic excitement about this plight of mine which helped to keep up my spirits, in some need, as they were, of fortifying. I had always been of a disposition to long for adventures, such as one reads about in story-books; but now that a taste of adventure came, I had not quite bargained for it taking so damp and dismal a form, without even a squire, or a friendly enchanter, or a distressed damsel to bear one company, as was usually the lot of knights lost in a wood. And, to tell the plain truth, the thunder and lightning frightened me not a little, and might have frightened me more, had I known the destruction wrought by storms in Germany, where people will get out of bed and sit up all night while the thunder goes on, and men and cattle are often killed out of doors, or houses set on fire by the lightning. It occurred to me to wonder whether those mailed knights of old never ran the risk of being turned into lightning-conductors, which I did not remember as anywhere mentioned among their other perils. For the nonce, I was as well pleased not to have a long lance, or sword, or shield, or any such dangerous apparatus about me.

The thunder-cloud had passed away, but night was drawing on, when at length I crawled out of the wood-pile, not to lose the last glimmer of twilight in directing my steps, though it still rained a little and the dripping branches above kept up a smart shower of their own. The path here soon dwindled down to an obscure track, and I gave up all attempt to follow it. Upwards I toiled at random, pushing through thick underwood, slipping upon wet grass, stumbling on roots and feeling my way over rocks, eager to gain sight of some landmark before the light wholly failed me. But darkness came on fast, and found me still buried in the deep pinewood.

I began to grow thoroughly alarmed—and no wonder. The worst of it was that I did not quite know how much to fear. I had come to Germany with my head full of ruined castles, midnight apparitions, secret tribunals, and so forth; then some of the boys had delighted in cramming me with stories of witches, bogies, and robbers, fit figures of dread to people those gloomy forests; and from my imperfect knowledge of the country and the language I was by no means sure how far some of such dangers might still exist. I had certainly come across no robbers as yet; but, on the other hand, I had not seen anything in the shape of a policeman about the Hartz. Now it was quite conceivable that violent and dishonest persons who might keep themselves out of sight of a large party would yet welcome the chance of falling on a single and small traveller, if not aware that he had no valuables about him beyond a few nickel coins and a silver watch. I thought the matter of enough importance to hide away that watch in my trousers-pocket, in case the next thicket might prove the lurking place of native highwaymen. As for bogies and bogles, of course I did not believe in them; but, I can tell you, it is one thing to be incredulous in full light of day upon a London pavement, and quite another in the dark, when, for all you know, you may be traversing the very ground of the Walpurgis Night's grisly revels. I wished I could have made myself secure that every projecting branch would not turn out to be a warlock riding on a broomstick, or that every bush or stump did not conceal a bandit armed to the teeth with implements of lawless ferocity, blunderbusses, battleaxes, daggers, bludgeons, or what not.

"All nonsense!" I spoke out aloud, to exorcise such uncanny visions; then, next moment, not looking to my feet, I sprawled headlong into a hole half full of rotting leaves, from which I picked myself up in a pretty mess and wetter than ever.

Altogether I was a woful wight in sorry case, upon which a ray of hope came to shine at last. Fairly brought to a stand before a ridge of inaccessible rocks fortified by matted underwood, I looked about me anxiously on every side, and through the trees caught sight of a glow to my left. What more likely to happen to a knight lost in the forests of romance! At once I pushed towards this light, but it proved to be further off than I thought, leading me on and on like a will-o'-the-wisp till I had almost given up the search. At last, however, I came close enough to see a fire burning from the top of a great black heap, that looked as if it might be meant for the funeral pyre of hapless travellers. Within the ring of light around this weird glow, at the threshold of a low hut, sat two black, begrimed, bearded men, to whom fancy gave such a forbidding appearance, that, though they were engaged in the peacefully prosaic occupation of eating sausages, the very sight of them sent a shiver through my drenched carcase. They recalled to me that grim story of Fridolin and the forge, to which, through just such dark woods, came an innocent page, with the message, *Have ye done my lord's desire!* and his false lord's desire was forthwith to heave him into the flames!

Should I advance and accost them in my bad German? This was the question I stood debating with myself under cover of the trees, having stolen forward as close as I durst without venturing into the fire's flickering shadows. The swarthy figures which so much impressed my imagination were, in fact, honest charcoal-burners; but this I did not guess, and, with the remembrance of those ugly tales strong upon me, I shrank from trusting myself in their hands. So, partly out of shyness, and partly out of vague fear, I moved away as stealthily as I had approached, the more readily as my wanderings had now brought me across a good path which promised to lead to some less questionable aid.

Presently, a guide-post, though it was too dark to read the directions set forth on its branching arms, confirmed me in this hope; and, taking the wider of two paths which here diverged, as soon as I could be sure that I was out of hearing of the black men, I set off at a run, to find my confidence rewarded when, at the end of a few minutes, I came out upon a clearing, and saw before me a good-sized house, with lights shining out of half a dozen windows. What a welcome sight!

My first thought was that it must be the hotel on the summit, but a dark background of wooded hill, still rising high above this house, showed me that I was mistaken.

Now again the question was how to explain my needs in that terribly unfamiliar language. I thought I could talk to a woman or a boy, if I saw one, more readily than to any of the big men, who always stared at me so amazedly as soon as they heard my foreign accent. I went cautiously up to the house to reconnoitre, and then was attracted by a great noise proceeding from a lighted room on the lowest storey. It was too high from the ground for me to peep in; but I found a trellis-work covered by some creeping branches, by the aid of which I hoisted myself up to the sill, so as to have a view of the interior. Then I had almost let go to rub my eyes and ask myself if I were living in the nineteenth century.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO JACKS: A CHRISTMAS-EVE EXPERIENCE IN INDIA.

By the Author of "Bobby Bounce," etc., etc.

One of the Jacks was a boy, bugler in a regiment recently come out to India. The other Jack, you must know, was a dog, a regular British bulldog, whose coat and collar his namesake kept as smart as any uniform in the cantonments. These were the two friendly companions who sat staring silently at the glow of a gorgeous Indian sunset, such as they had seen, night after night, for weeks and weeks, always promising another baking day, till they both longed for a shower of rain to lay the dust and fill the half-dry river bed.

"There's no place like home!" at length exclaimed the two-legged Jack, with something like a sigh; and Jack on four legs rubbed his ugly head against the boy's hand as if to say that he, for his part, quite agreed with him.

Neither of the Jacks had yet come to feel at home in India. The dog seemed for ever to be turning up his short nose at everything he saw there, except the bones, which he condescended to crunch for want of something better to do in his many idle hours. He did not like the heat, nor the dust, nor the look of the black people, nor the bandicoots, mongooses, jackals, and other strange creatures which prowled about, flying in terror of him, but not till they had disturbed his snooze and put him into a continual bad temper. As for the mongrel pariah dogs of the country, he simply declined to take any notice of them. The native servants he had such a poor opinion of, that he would hardly let himself even be fed by them without snarling and sniffing; and the first time old Gunnoo the sweeper tried to handle him, Jack made such a savage show of teeth that the terrified Hindoo declared he would rather wash and comb a tiger-cub.

So the Captain, his master, was well pleased to have a son of his father's gamekeeper as bugler in the company. That Jack became handed over to the care of this Jack; and there would be no growling and snarling between old friends like them. The dog had been born in a kennel behind the keeper's cottage, and had known the boy ever since he opened his own puppy eyes on the world. As likely as not, the one had stood godfather to the other—then who so fit to feed him every night, and to keep him clean and tidy, as a real English dog ought to be kept, especially when he belongs to the army?

That was how Jack the bugler came to be sitting with Jack the bulldog, having just given him his supper on the steps of the verandah at the back of the Captain's bungalow. It was Christmas Eve, of all nights in the year—but Christmas with a difference, thought Jack, who now saw it for the first time under an Eastern sky.

"This is what they call a garden, Jack!" he said aloud, by way of venting his dissatisfaction; and the dog, apparently in the same glum humour, glared after a half-naked native, who had just been watering the flowers from a skin carried on the back of a puny bullock.

The Captain's garden, indeed, was little better than a poor show of flower-pots, buried in the thirsty ground, and a patch of bleached grass shut in by a dusty cactus-hedge from the jungle of bushes and stunted trees outside, where every minute you heard a crackling or a pattering as often as a bird stirred among the dry twigs. Beyond that lay a field of castor-oil plants, and beyond that again a mango grove, by the side of which ran the road. An elephant was stalking slowly along under a howdah filled with gaily-dressed native children out for an airing. Then came a string of sullen camels, loaded with bales of merchandise; but they had to get out of the way as the Rajah's grand coach dashed past, escorted by half-a-dozen fierce-looking warriors with red coats and black beards. Further away, a line of bamboo thickets marked the river bed, where, against the sunset, two cowardly jackals could be seen sneaking off into the reeds. In the distance Jack heard a din of howls and tomtoms, and a wreath of smoke showed how some dead Hindoo was being burned at the queer temple down by the river. Nearer at hand he caught the hearty shouts of his comrades, playing football on the parched grass of the *maidan*. The young bugler was in no mood for football that Christmas Eve. Having surprised himself in something like a sentimental mood, he had left the game, and stolen away to think about England, with no other company than Jack the dog.

The shouts ceased: the men were going back to their quarters, now that it became too dark to see the ball. The hubbub of the funeral, also, fell silent, and the tinkling of camel-bells died away in the twilight. The flying foxes—huge, hideous, bat-like creatures—began to stir in the trees, where all day they had been hanging head downwards. The mosquitoes came out with their disquieting hum. The air began to feel cool, even cold in comparison with the sweltering heat of the afternoon. And still Jack sat staring into the dusk, so that you might have thought him fascinated by all the not yet familiar forms and colours of Indian life.

But what he saw, painted on his fancy, was a snug cottage beside an English copse, thousands of miles over sea and land. How well he knew the green meadow in front of it, and the patch of gorse and blackberry bushes on the slope beyond! So far away, he saw the cheerful light streaming out into frosty darkness from its low, square window. It was not the distant thumping of tomtoms he heard, but the hissing of the kettle on the hob, and the joyful bark of dogs at their master's tread among the dead leaves. He saw the stalwart keeper shaking the snow from his gaiters, and laying away his gun before he kissed baby crowing in its mother's arms. He saw his red-cheeked brothers and sisters pressing round their father, whose pockets that night were known to be full of Christmas presents—a toy for one, a picture-book for another, a bag of sweets to be divided among all. He could hear their merry chatter, even the frying of the rashers on the wood fire, as they sat down to supper—all but mother, who must first put baby to bed. He saw the china figures on the mantelshelf, and the bright tin-ware hanging to the wall, shining in the firelight, beside the coloured almanac-sheet which would be pasted up new that night. All the dear faces came before him, one by one, as in a dream; and the old pussy-cat was not forgotten, licking her whiskers on the hearth while she patiently watched the family at their meal, sure that her own turn would come. He could almost believe he heard the carol-singers striking up "Noel! Noel!" in the lane as they tramped round on their way to the parsonage.

"All nonsense, Jack!" the boy spoke out abruptly, jumping to his feet like one who would shake away drowsiness. "The sun doesn't set in England for hours yet, they tell me. It will be broad daylight there, and hard frost as like as not, or pouring rain maybe. Well, give me the dullest 'smothering' day in Suffolk, better than this everlasting fine weather that's good for nothing but all kinds of flies, and fleas the most harmless of them, Jack!"

Here it grew darker, till the moon peeped out, bright and large, over the mango grove. For all Jack's efforts to force his thoughts back into common sense, he let himself fall a-staring at the bright Indian moon, as if he saw turnip-fields and oak copses in its horns. Now a strain of real music reached his ears. It was the band of the sepoy regiment practising, or performing over at the mess-house. And what should these black fellows be playing but our own "Home,

sweet home!" which in his present fit of the dumps had almost brought tears into Jack's eyes.

"Never mind—it is only three more years, and then hey for Old England!" he said, half to himself and half to the dog. "Wouldn't you like to be back at the cottage, Jack, looking ugly at old pussy, as you used to do—don't you remember?"

For answer, the other Jack moved away with a growl, and shrank back into the shadow of the verandah.

"Don't be cross, old fellow! I'll fetch a light to scare away the snakes, and you and I will have a little walk before you go to bed."

But the dog was behaving so peculiarly that Jack turned round to see what might be exciting him to such suspicious uneasiness. What was this—two hot eyes glaring through the darkness! Before the boy could move or cry out, something enormous sprang past him, lighting on the verandah with a thump that shook the house. There was a sudden stifled yelp, a short struggle, and away went the huge creature, carrying off Jack into the bushes.

For a moment, the two-legged Jack stood spell-bound and bewildered, even after the house rang with a shriek of alarm that brought all the servants running out of their quarters in the compound; from inside, Imogé, the butler, had rushed forward at the noise on the verandah, then, half dead with fright, saw the panther disappear with its victim. It was a panther, that great, fierce cat-creature which has such a sweet tooth for dogs in particular, and often shows itself bold enough to carry them away from the very doors of houses, so that there are said to be villages in the jungle where a dog can hardly be kept.

Only for a moment Jack had stood helpless in his confusion. It might be a tiger for all he knew, but he wouldn't let the other Jack perish without trying to rescue, or at least avenge him. He flew indoors, knowing well where the Captain's guns were kept; he sometimes helped to clean them, and made sure he would be allowed to use one on such an emergency. What would the Captain say if he heard his dog had been killed?

Cramming in a couple of cartridges, he darted out again, past the group of jabbering natives huddled together in their terror, and down to the cactus hedge, beyond which he heard a noise of tearing and tumbling and choking among the dry brushwood. The hedge was so low he easily sprang over it, and a few steps brought him in sight of the spot where, by the moonlight, a huge, dark form could be seen writhing with another in its clutches, and he recognised the voice of the bulldog, though crushed into a sort of angry sob.

Jack hardly understood what a dangerous thing he was doing; he was too much excited to think even of the risk of shooting the dog—anything rather than that brute should carry him away! Once, twice he fired, the flash dazzling his eyes, and the double report half drowning a groan of pain that told he had aimed straight. When the smoke had cleared away, the panther was gone.

"Jack, Jack!" he shouted, running back to the house to get fresh cartridges.

"Not go—light making; *burra* panther bad beast!" cried Imogé; and the other servants flocked about him in chorus, trying to keep him from the madness of following a wounded panther in the darkness.

But Jack might not have minded them, if just then he had not felt something warm and moist on his hand, that made him start to find the dog safe and sound beside him, though its white coat was torn and dabbled with blood, and instead of its usual fierce snarling, it whined gruffly in a tone which seemed to admit something serious having been the matter. Jack could have kissed his namesake for joy. Only now that he found time to think of it, he began to feel thankful the panther had not taken a fancy to himself. He did not know yet how fond panthers are of dogs, and how few wild beasts will make for men when they can get any other game more to their taste.

It was all up now with Jack's Christmas Eve meditations. The whole neighbourhood had been thrown into commotion by the shots. A crowd quickly gathered. Some of the officers came hurrying from the messhouse to see what might be wrong, among them the Captain, who at first burst out upon Jack for having the impudence to meddle with his guns, but took a different tone when he heard how it was.

Hastily providing themselves with arms and torches, a party ventured into the bushes upon the panther's blood-stained trail. They soon came across it lying as dead as a door-nail, so lucky had been one of Jack's shots. After all, the panther turned out to be a very old one, with such worn-out teeth that it was no wonder she had not been able to do much harm to the dog, who, protected partly also by his spiked collar, had left the marks of his own fangs upon her throat, and appeared to have made such a good fight of it that Jack the boy could not be sure in taking the credit for his friend's deliverance. And if Jack the dog had quitted hold of his enemy, as a bulldog is expected not to do, we must remember he had never seen a panther before, and make allowance for the shock of being carried off in so surprising a fashion, to which he was nowise accustomed. Perhaps, indeed, he had been in more danger from the almost random shot which probably made the panther let him go, for, left to themselves, the bulldog's jaws might have had the best of it, while bullets may hit an inch or two from the right mark, especially in the dark, and with such an unsteady target.

All, however, had ended luckily, except for the panther; but in future both the Jacks knew better than to muse or snooze at ease by moonlight within reach of cover for a panther's spring. Jack the boy got plenty of praise for his courage, and a more solid reward for the panther's skin, which enabled him to send home most wonderful Christmas presents to his family in Suffolk. As for the four-legged Jack, he got a good Christmas dinner, if ever a dog had one, and seemed to enjoy it so heartily that he could not have been much the worse for his encounter with that giant of a cat.

SMITH, JR. MAKES A NAME.

By Somerville Gibney.

Smith, Junior, that prince of pickles,
Had got his remove at last,
And out of the Second, the "duffers'" form reckoned,
Up into the Third he passed.
With him 'twas a great occasion,
He marched to his place with pride—
Removes, you may say, were not much in his way,
And therefore he put on "side."

But, still, he was hardly certain
How long in the form he'd stop,
For hard-hearted masters, and luckless disasters,
Might cause him again to drop.
And so that the world might know that
At any rate there he'd been,
He'd blazon his fame by engraving his name
In letters that could be seen.

With gradus and dictionary
He artfully masked his toil,
Supposed to be working he only was shirking,
And doing his best to spoil
The desk's even glossy surface,
As S M I T H grew,
With many a slip, and a scratch, and a chip—
His knife was not always true.

The back of the S was broken,
The M was a bit too tall,
The I was unsteady, the T was top-heady,
And H seemed inclined to fall.
But Smith thought them rather nobby,
And added J r quite small,
Then up to the brink he engulfed them in ink,
And went off to play football.

Next morning he rubbed his optics,
As gaily he took his place,
His carving! where was it? 'Twas wondrous, because it
Had certainly filled that space.
But now it had gone *in toto*,
And never a scratch remained;
How great his surprise when, in pedagogue guise,
The knowledge he sadly gained.

"Smith, Junior, come here at once, sir,"
The master in stern tones said,
"Your carving's delicious; no doubt you're ambitious
Of making a name—instead
Of making it there, however,
And spoiling the desk—for shame!
You'd much better try to win *it* by-and-by
By work on the Scroll of Fame.

"At present your name's not famous,
I don't care to see it there;
I've had it filled in, sir, and you for your sin sir,
Will pay what it costs me, sir.
And this is the bill they've sent me,
For trouble and time, you see;
I'm sure that the charge you will not say is large.
It's only just four-and-three."

Smith's face was a grievous picture,
He'd never a word to say.
And what was most trying, there is no denying,
The four-and-three he'd to pay.
A month he was minus money,
No *grub* nor no *tuck* had he—
No more he sought fame by engraving his name
On desks; he grew wise, you see!

THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND COUNTRY LIFE.

By Ashmore Russan,

Author of "A Strange Epidemic," "The Last of the Great Auks," "The Speckled Giant," "That Little Jackdaw," etc.

CHAPTER I.—DR. DRYSDUST TAKES THE CHAIR.

Afternoon school at Alne Abbey was over. Every boy in the school-room was on his feet, stowing away books, pens, pencils, etc. Confusion reigned where, one minute previously, order had held sway.

"Don't forget the 'score book'!" shouted our old friend, Jack Arundel, to another old friend, Ralph Funibois, adding, in a lower tone, "Wonder what *he's* staying for."

The "he" alluded to was jolly Dr. Richard Hardridge, the "Old Dicky" of "That little Jackdaw" and of the more disrespectful of the jovial gentleman's pupils, who had remained at his desk, contrary to custom.

The Doctor rose to his feet He might have heard Jack's remark. Tapping the desk with a ruler he produced silence, or rather, to be strictly correct, less noise. Then, having cleared his throat, he addressed the more or less attentive boys as follows:

"This evening, in the Corn Exchange, at seven o'clock, Mr. Matthew Sterne, F.R.S., F.G.S., F.S.A., F.Z.S., will lecture on the *Lepidoptera*. The chair will be taken by my old friend, Dr. Drysdust, F.S.A., than whom a greater authority on the subject is not to be found in the county. Those of the senior boys who would like to hear the lecture may hand in their names to Mrs. Hardridge immediately after tea."

Having spoken, the Doctor locked his desk, buttoned his coat over his broad chest, and left the schoolroom.

"That's jolly!" said Sapington. "I shall go. I love leopard and tiger stories. I could listen for a week."

"What?" cried Tim O'Callaghan, facing Sapington, his blue eyes twinkling with fun.

"Hush!" interrupted Funibois, warningly. "Sappy said he loved to hear *leopard* stories. So do I," with a wink that Tim instantly understood.

"I hope he'll have something to say about bears, too," continued the innocent Sapington. "A good bear story's as jolly as a tiger's."

"I suppose you mean a tale of a tiger," corrected Jack. "A story-telling tiger would be a curiosity. I hardly think bears are included in the *Lepidoptera*, but I fancy Mr. Sterne will have something to say about a tiger. Perhaps if you were to request the Doctor to ask the lecturer to include bears he would do so."

"Do you think he would?" asked Sapington, eagerly.

"Perhaps. Ask him and see."

"I don't think I would like to. It would be jolly to hear a gentleman with such a lot of letters after his name speak about bears; he would be sure to know no end of good stories; but if they don't belong to the *Lepi*—— what is it? he might laugh if he were asked to include them."

"Shure now I'm thinking he'd roar," said Tim, turning aside to conceal his expressive countenance and the broad grin that adorned it.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Muggins major, strolling up in his usual conceited fashion, "What is it, Tim?"

Muggins major strongly objected to be left out in the cold when fun was in the air. He liked to know the why and wherefore of everything; also to put in his oar, generally a very clumsy one, and figuratively much given to crab-catching.

"Oh, Sappy here is vexed because the lecturer won't be able to include bears in the *Lepidoptera*," replied Tim; adding, with a sly wink, "Sappy isn't satisfied with leopards and tigers."

Now Muggins major was no better informed than Sapington. He, also, was ignorant of the fact that *Lepidoptera* was the scientific name of butterflies and moths. But he was not going to show his ignorance by asking questions. He, like Sapington, had a dim notion that *Lepidoptera* and leopards were synonymous terms, and had Tim explained without winking, he would have been convinced that his surmise was correct. That wink, however, gave him pause. It was the ice-crack which warned him to take heed where he skated. It caused him to reflect, to put on his considering cap, and rack his cranium for a Latin root—with a rather funny result.

"Sappy's an ass!" he said, with a conceited smile and waggle of his head. "I don't believe there's another boy in the school that doesn't know that bears and hares are of a different family."

Jack Arundel turned away his head. So did Tim O'Callaghan. So did *not* Ralph Funibois.

"I don't believe there is," said that young gentleman, gravely. "By the bye, Mug, where did you get your information? Have you been to a dictionary?"

"A dictionary!" cried Muggins, scornfully; "what do you take me for? Do you think I don't know that *Lepus* is a hare, and that *Lepidoptera* is derived from it, and means the hare family?"

A roar of laughter, in which Sapington joined, was the immediate reply to Muggins major's questions.

Muggins blushed to the roots of his hair. He knew he had put his foot in it, somewhere, but was by no means sure of the direction, or the depth of the hole into which he had inserted his pedal extremity.

"I wouldn't speak scornfully of your Latin dictionary if I were you," said Jack, still laughing. "You don't know it by heart, yet. Hadn't you better look into it?"

"Shure, now, I thought *Lepi*——" began Tim, but a warning glance from Jack brought him to a sudden stop.

Tim evidently intended to say that he thought the term *Lepidoptera* was derived from the Greek. Jack, however, had divined his intention and nipped it in the bud.

Muggins major sneaked to his desk, and, unobserved, pocketed a small dictionary, which he carried upstairs. As soon as he had gone Funibois took Sapington by the shoulders and proceeded to lecture him.

"Sappy," he said, "you laughed when Mug made a donkey of himself. Don't you know it is very wrong to laugh at another's ignorance? Don't you know that it was your duty to put him right in a gentlemanly manner, and without any parade of your own superior knowledge? Now, Sappy, perhaps you'll tell us why you laughed?"

"Well, Muggins pretends to know everything, and it's jolly to see him taken down a peg."

"So it is. I suppose we may take it that you laughed because Mug didn't know that *Lepidoptera* was the scientific name of leopards and leopardesses. It was wrong of you, Sappy. You forgot that you wanted to include bears."

"Well, I don't pretend to know everything."

"No, and it wouldn't be of any use if you did. Look here, Sappy, the Doctor is in the garden. I saw him pass the window. Go to him, and ask him to request Mr. Sterne to give us a few bear stories. Say you know that bears aren't included in the leopard family, but you thought, if the Doctor asked, the lecturer might tell you something about them."

"All right," said Sapington, putting on his hat, and leaving the schoolroom in search of the Doctor, followed, at a certain distance, by Jack, Tim, and Funibois, who were desirous to witness the fun.

Dr. Hardridge never discouraged inquisitiveness if he approved of the object. Nothing pleased him better than to see his boys anxious for information, and he was never too busy to answer their questions. Hence Sapington had no reason to fear a curt reply.

He found the Doctor in the garden, and went straight to him.

"Well?" said the pedagogue, kindly.

"It's about the lecture, sir."

"Yes."

"I thought the gentleman would say something about bears if you asked him."

"Dear me! About bears! This is very extraordinary. Why about bears, boy?"

"I like bear stories, sir."

"Do you? Dear me! You like bear stories, and you want the lecturer to tell you some. Mr. Sterne is certainly a Fellow of the Zoological Society, but I hardly think he would care to speak about bears in a lecture on the *Lepidoptera*. Why do you think he would?"

"Well, sir,



A Full-dress Rehearsal.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* GEORGE FOX.)

"Well, sir, I thought as he would be telling us about leopards and tigers he wouldn't mind saying something about bears."

The Doctor discontinued his search after a cabbage caterpillar, whose track he had discovered, and seized Sapington by the arm.

"Leopards and tigers!" he cried. "Do you see these holes in this cabbage-leaf?" pointing to the green-heart he had been examining.

"Y—es, sir," faltered Sapington.

"Do you know what caused them?"

"Yes, sir; a caterpillar."

"Find it. Your eyes are sharper than mine."

Sapington dropped on his knees and opened the cabbage leaves. Presently he discovered the marauder, a caterpillar with a green back, covered with black points, and yellowish sides, which he gave to the Doctor.

"Thank you," said the kindly old gentleman. "Now, Sapington, this is the caterpillar of the common white, or large garden white butterfly. It is a member of the family of *Lepidoptera*—or, rather, it would be if I allowed it to become a butterfly, which, as it has helped itself to my cabbage, I shall not do. Do you trace any resemblance between this creeping thing and a leopard?"

The abashed and astonished Sapington did not, and said so.

"Very good. Now listen to me. Mr. Sterne will not lecture upon leopards, but on butterflies and moths, of which the scientific name is *Lepidoptera*, which means 'scaly-wings,' derived from *Lepis*, Greek for a 'scale,' and *ptera*, meaning 'wings,' in the same language. Now go, and write out the term, and the words from which it is derived, a dozen times. That will assist you to retain it in your memory."

As Sapington hurried away, the Doctor gave his thoughts speech.

"Dear me! what an extraordinary idea! *Lepidoptera*, leopards and tigers! Ha, ha, ha! And he wanted bears included. Ha, ha, ha! I'll tell Drysdust. It will amuse him."

Having thus relieved his feelings, the Doctor resumed his search for exceptionally late *Lepidoptera larva*, whose chief business in life is eating green stuff, a by no means satisfactory diet for leopards.

Outside the garden gate Sapington was confronted by the three conspirators.

"Are we to have the bears to-night?" Jack asked.

"Can't you see the answer in his face?" laughed Funibois. "The expression it *bears* is a negative. What did he say?"

"Gave me an imposition," replied Sapington, surlily.

"That's too bad. I hope it won't detain you so long that you'll be unable to hear the bear stories. If it does, you must grin and *bear* it, Sappy. What have you got to do?"

"Write out *Lepi*——what is it? and two Greek words, *tearer*, a scale, and *leapus*, wings, a dozen times."

"Very interesting, I am sure," rejoined Funibois. "When you have done it, bring it to me. '*Lepi*, what is it?' '*tearer*' and '*leapus*' will look well on paper. Hullo! here's Muggins. Have you looked in the dictionary, Mug?"

"Yes, I have," was the reply.

"Did you find *Lepidoptera*?"

"No; and I don't believe it's a word at all. The nearest is an adjective, *lepidus*—pretty, quick, charming."

"And isn't that a good enough root? You're as blind as a bat, Mug. Mr. Sterne is going to lecture on pretty things—pretty things that fly—and you ought to have known it?"

"That will do," interrupted Jack. "We are very clever, some of us; but if it hadn't been for the Tiger moth I caught, and Tim's old book on Natural History, we should have been just about as wise as Mug and Sappy."

Which was true.

During a ramble over Heyward's Hill Jack had caught a very beautiful moth, which he had taken home. The next step was to discover its name. A perusal of Tim's "ould book" revealed it, and also imparted the knowledge that said Tiger moth belonged to the family of *Lepidoptera*.

Hence the superior scientific knowledge of Tim, Jack, and Funibois.

After tea, about a score boys handed in their names to Mrs. Hardridge, and Sapington his imposition to the Doctor.

The old gentleman read it, and put it in his pocket, chuckling:

"Dear me! what a bad memory that boy has! I'll show this to Drysdust. A laugh will do him good."

At ten minutes to seven the doctor entered the Corn Exchange with his charges. The chairman, Dr. Drysdust, was on the platform, a temporary one, awaiting the lecturer, who had not arrived. Seeing his old friend, Dr. Hardridge, he descended to the floor of the Exchange.

A little dried-up man, clad in a rusty dress-suit, plentifully besprinkled with snuff, he looked for all the world as if the last twenty years of his life had been passed in a butterfly cabinet. Indeed, it did not require a very high flight of imagination to picture the long, strong, small-headed pin by which he had been fixed to the cork. Now don't imagine him a "Camberwell Beauty," or other gem. He was a "Dingy Skipper," of which butterfly the following is a truthful description: "Colour, dull grey-brown, with confused bands of darker brown; near the border of the wings a row of dingy white dots; size, small."

"Ah, Doctor, how d'ye do?" said the "Dingy Skipper," holding out his hand, which the Doctor grasped warmly. "Delighted to see that you take an interest in the hobby of my life—I might say the *work* of my life. Brought some of the boys, too? Glad to see you, boys. Hope you will go home enthusiastic butterfly collectors. You will find the pursuit more interesting than Euclid. Ahem! a very good audience—very good, indeed. Mr. Sterne will be pleased with his audience—very pleased, indeed. Take a pinch, Doctor?" proffering his snuff-box, in which a tonquin bean lovingly reposed, "No? ah, I forgot; you don't snuff. I do," extracting as much of the titillating mixture as would lie on a sixpence, balancing it on the broad part of his thumb, and dexterously conveying it up his nostrils without spilling more than one-third of its bulk on his anything but snowy shirt-front. "Ah, here is the lecturer; excuse me."

Dr. Drysdust hurried away to greet the learned Fellow of many Societies, and Dr. Hardridge turned his attention to the "very good audience."

"Farmers, their wives, and children, chiefly," he murmured. "Dear me! I wonder how many are wiser than Sapington. Ah, Mr. Fallowlands, how d'ye do?" shaking hands with a hearty-looking gentleman whose red face and attire were racy of the soil. "So you have come to hear the lecture?"

"We be all come," returned the farmer. "You see, doctor, we've bin a bit curious to know what it's about. Some says it's leopards. Some says it's a new sheep-wash. Then there's some as will have it that it's a new trefoil or sanfoin that grows four feet high."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Doctor. "How extraordinary! But what do you think, Mr. Fallowlands?"

"Oh, my Joe asked the curate, so I know summat about it. I reckon the Lunnon gentleman has come to tell us how to get rid of the plaguy turmit [turnip] fly."

The Doctor loosened his neckcloth. He was in some danger of choking. Fortunately the appearance on the platform of the chairman and the lecturer prevented any further conversation with Mr. Fallowlands, or the joke-loving Doctor might have had a fit of apoplexy.

Mr. Sterne was a pompous gentleman, a head and shoulders taller than Dr. Drysdust, and about twice his weight. Nothing of the "Dingy Skipper" about him. He rather resembled a "Purple Emperor," not in a glass case with a pin stuck through it; but throned high on a lofty oak, the favourite haunt of its kind.

Dr. Drysdust immediately stepped forward to introduce the lecturer, which he did with a vengeance.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, tapping his beloved snuff-box with his withered fingers to fix the attention of the audience. "It is my pleasurable duty to introduce to you Mr. Matthew Sterne, Fellow of the Royal Society, Fellow of the Geographical Society, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries—of which Society I also have the honour to be a Fellow—and Fellow of the Zoological Society," lingering lovingly over the lecturer's Fellowships, the initials of which had sorely puzzled and somewhat awed the bucolic audience.

"Mr. Sterne," he continued, taking a very large pinch of snuff to emphasise his words, "is a gentleman whose attainments have won him great and well-deserved eminence in the scientific world."

Here the lecturer smiled and bowed. Flattery, even from a "Dingy Skipper," is pleasing. Here, too, the agricultural part of the audience stamped its collective feet upon the floor, a tribute to the eminence attained by the much be-fellowed gentleman.

"Before our learned friend commences his lecture," continued the chairman, "I would like to say a few words. I have spent the greater part of my life in the pursuit of *Lepidoptera*——"

"Hear, hear! Hurrah!" from Mr. Fallowlands, with the "plaguy turmit fly" on his brain. Indeed, the farmer was delighted to hear that the turnip fly, the bane of his life, had an inveterate and relentless foe in Dr. Drysdust.

During the interruption the chairman took another pinch of snuff, and resumed:

"I have brought several cases of specimens to assist our learned friend——"

Here the lecturer bowed again.

"This," and Dr. Drysdust lifted up a case, which, to the audience, appeared to contain several rows of bunches of brown rags—"This is a case of *Rhopalocera*. It contains specimens of every family of *Rhopalocera*, including *Papilionidæ*, *Nymphalidæ*, *Erycinidæ*, *Lycænidæ*, and *Hesperidæ*, with many of their subfamilies. Now, I would like to say a few words about these families, which, I need not inform you, are all embraced in the term *Lepidoptera*."

Thereupon Dr. Drysdust let himself go in scientific language, hardly a word of which could the great majority of the audience understand. He dissected the *Diurnal Lepidoptera* [butterflies], the *Nocturnal* [moths], and explained everything connected therewith. He told the audience all he knew about the *Ephemeridæ* and *Lampyridæ*, and used none but scientific terms. The agriculturists, tradesmen, and schoolboys present, sat with open mouths and swallowed the scientific flood, but, not being entomologists, it was so much Sanscrit to them. When his voice failed him, and not before, Dr. Drysdust paused, and his gaze fell upon the lecturer, boiling over with rage—as well he might be.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO PREPARE AND MOUNT OBJECTS FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "How to make an Induction Coil," "Electric Lamps and how to work them," "Electro-motors and how to make them," etc., etc.

PART V.

CHAPTER III.—OBJECTS WORTH NOTICE, AND GENERAL DETAILS.

I have now given instructions as to mounting the objects when you have them, but, as the cookery book of former days says—"First catch your hare"—and as many of my readers will not have much idea as to what sort of objects they are to look for, I propose now to give them one or two hints, though to cover the whole subject I should have to write a large volume.

The first thing to consider, however, is how to use the microscope when you have got it. As soon as it arrives you will want to be looking at something through it, but will probably find considerable difficulty in getting the object to appear at all. Some excellent directions for a beginner are given by Dr. Lionel Beale, and from them I select the following notes for your guidance.

Place the microscope on the table, and a lamp or candle in front of it. Turn the mirror underneath the "stage," as the support for the slide is called, out of the way, and either let the back of it be under the object-glass, or place some thin black and opaque object to take the place of a glass slip. On this, and under the object-glass, place a dry crumb of bread the size of a pin's head. The condensing glass has now to be so adjusted that the rays from the lamp in front are concentrated on the crumb of bread, which will thus be brilliantly lighted up. Now screw the body of the microscope up and down till the object is seen distinctly. The crumb of bread is in this case viewed by *reflected light*, and only its *surface* is visible.

Now turn away the condensing glass (these are generally fixed to the front of the microscope, or it may be on a separate stand) and turn the mirror round, so that the light from the lamp is reflected *through* the crumb of bread placed on a glass slip. It will now be indistinctly visible, being nearly opaque. The next thing to do is to render it transparent. Take a penknife and break up the crumb into several smaller pieces; some of these will be fairly transparent and permit their structure to be well seen, but the majority still seem rather indistinct. Remove the slide from the stage and place a little water on the crumbs, and over them a thin cover-glass. When the crumbs have soaked for a few minutes a slight tap or two on the cover will crush them and make them spread out. Now examine them again by transmitted light (i.e. with the aid of the mirror underneath), and you will find that they are now far more transparent than before, when they were examined in air, the reason being that the refractive power of the water approaches more nearly to that of the starch granules, of which you will see numbers.

You can now proceed to examine very thin shavings of deal or of cedar pencil, a bit of blotting-paper, a piece of cotton or linen scraped as fine as possible, a minute pinch of flour, ordinary starch, common pepper, cayenne pepper, powdered mustard, &c., &c., in the same way as the breadcrumbs, allowing them to soak in a drop of water for an hour or more, if necessary, so that they may be transparent right through. You will find abundance to occupy yourself with for a whole morning without moving out of the room; and if the work is intelligently done you will be considerably wiser at the end of the morning than you were at the beginning.

Other simple objects are moist tea-leaves, very thin sections of potato and its peel, the skin and interior of an orange, lemon, or other fruit, pieces of rhubarb, cabbage, and other vegetables.

Dr. Beale recommends different kinds of *jam* to be examined, and preserved fruits. Owing to long maceration in syrup the vegetable tissues contained in them are beautifully transparent, and suited for observation in the microscope. The spiral vessels and woody or cellular tissues can be easily obtained by this means, and the minute structure of the different vegetable tissues most clearly made out. You must work with a book, however, or you will hardly understand all you see in the new world to which your microscope has introduced you. "Half-hours with the Microscope," is a capital little book for its size, and has admirable illustrations by Tuffen West. It was published by R. Hardwicke, and can be got now from Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly.

One caution is to be observed. Don't work too long at a time with the microscope. It is fatiguing to the eyes and may cause injury to them. You can easily learn to keep both eyes open when observing; and this is preferable, as it rests the eyes. Learn also to use both eyes independently, so as to rest one while using the other. Of course, if you are so sumptuous as to go in for a "binocular" microscope, both eyes will be employed all the time. Dr. Beale recommends that one should not work for a period of each day regularly, but alternate days, till the eyes get accustomed to the work. When you find that external objects are not seen so distinctly directly the eye is withdrawn from the microscope, stop working and go and do something else for some time. These cautions are by no means unnecessary, as it is most absorbing work for those who are fond of it, and too great a persistence in disregarding the warnings of nature may end in seriously damaging the sight if naturally weak.

Now for a few hints as to what to look at. There is so vast a field open before you that my courage fails me when I think of giving advice on a subject with which I could fill the "Boy's Own Paper" annual volume with ease; but one or two objects specially worth notice I may mention here, in order to lead you on to the right tracks to find more for yourselves.

Of animal organisms insects lend themselves especially to one's notice, being of a suitable size and easily procured—only don't slaughter them needlessly, but try and learn something definite from those you make use of. The microscope will let you in for an enormous amount of work in this quarter. Do you want to know how a bee stings? Your microscope will tell you, and under it you will find the organ which produces such an uncomfortable sensation for so long a time to look very much like fig. 7.

In this picture, *a* represents the tube in which the poison which causes the stinging sensation is secreted until it is required for use and defence, for which purpose it is held ready in the bag *b*; *c* represents the sheath of the sting, in which it is preserved from danger till the time comes for action, when the poison passes down the hollow canal between the lancets and enters the hole made



Fig. 7.—Sting of Honey-Bee.
a, Poison-secreting tube. *b*, Poison bag. *c*, Sheath. *d*, One of the lancets. *e*, Tip of lancet more enlarged.

by them. At *d* is seen a lancet entire, and at *e* the same lancet more enlarged, only the tip of it being given. You will probably have heard that while a wasp may sting you many times, a bee can only do so once, if the sting is really inserted in the flesh. If you look at the barb *c* in the above picture you will easily understand why this should be so. The barb is furnished with points projecting backwards up the sting, and these form no obstacle to its entering the skin, but withdrawing it is a different matter, for, of course, the points will stick in the surrounding flesh and resist the withdrawal of the sting, which is therefore frequently left behind, and has to be got out by the recipient of the bee's unsolicited generosity. In the case of the wasp the barbs are also present, and may cause the death of the insect by the withdrawal of its sting, which almost always happens in the case of the bee.

(To be continued.)

A FEW HINTS FOR HANDY BOYS.

PART I.



ONSIDERING the trouble there often is to get a small job of work done for you by a professional workman, it is a wonder so many persons put up with the inconvenience and loss of time and temper, when, with a little care, they could easily do the work for themselves; and you know the old adage about "doing a thing for yourself if you want it done well."

Workmen and shopkeepers are generally very ready to promise, but they cannot always perform.

Being without a lathe, a friend of mine called on a wood-turner some time ago, and asked him to turn up a small ring in black ebony to the same size of a sample one he took with him.

The job was one that would take about half an hour, and my friend naturally thought he could have it that afternoon. The man, after carefully inspecting it, promised faithfully it should be ready in two days. "Couldn't get it done before then," said he, "I'm too busy."

So my friend left it to be made; and, on calling again in due course, found the shop in charge of the assistant, who knew nothing about the matter. The following day the wood-turner was there, and was extremely sorry; it was not ready, but would get it done next day without fail.

The next day found my friend at the shop again.

"Look here!" said the shopman, "I aint got no wood like this 'ere ring o' yours; 'ow would a bit of hoak do?"

My friend explained in a calm manner that oak did not exactly match ebony, and suggested he should procure some. The following day he had to go on business to the north, and was away from town for two weeks; on his return he paid another visit to the shop, and found the turner had actually procured the wood.

"Well," said my friend in a cheerful way, "this looks more like business; but why have you not turned the ring during the time I have been away?"

"I've only just managed to get the wood," said the man, "but you shall have it for certain by to-morrow evening."

The next night was pouring wet, but my friend thought to himself, as he put on his topcoat and turned up the legs of his trousers, "I won't let a shower like this stop me; I promised to be there for it, and I'll go."

So off he went, and found the shop closed, and then discovered it was early-closing night, so trudged back through the mud and wet in anything but a good humour.

Several days elapsed, and he then called, and the ring really was finished at last; "but," said the turner, "I'm sorry to say I've lost the original one."

My friend was now no better off than on the day of giving the order about a month previously, and I forget how many times he called again before the second ring was turned. Now, had he been able to do the little job himself, what a lot of trouble and annoyance he would have been saved!

There are all sorts of little jobs continually requiring attention in every house, and it is with the intention of helping those handy boys who have a wish to help themselves that I offer the following "Hints" on some of the most ordinary jobs of everyday life.

The first attempt or two may possibly look rather amateurish to a professional eye, but that does not matter. "Practice makes perfect," and the experience gained as a boy may prove very useful to you when a man.

You can never tell under what circumstances you may be placed later on in life, when, perhaps, through not being able to undertake some simple job, you may be put to considerable inconvenience.

I remember once getting a letter from an old schoolfellow who, being fond of travel, had left England to try his fortune in America, and, settling down in a log-hut by himself, far away from any town or buildings, he described how annoyed he had been by the spout of his coffee-pot beginning to leak round the joint, which he tried to stop by applying a small plaster of bread; that being only a temporary patch, it soon began to leak again, and, finally, on leaving it one day too near the flame, the spout suddenly dropped off, and he had to go without coffee until he had ridden over to the nearest town, about thirty-five miles away, for a new coffee-pot.

Now if he had had a little practice with the soldering-iron when he was a boy, the job of mending the spout would not have taken ten minutes, and he could have done it at once, instead of having to wait for his coffee until it was convenient to take a long ride.

One great advantage of ordinary tinkering work is that very few tools are required, and you can generally manage to make the few ordinary tools found in the tool-box in most houses available for every job. You will find a pair of shears for cutting sheet-tin, &c., most useful, and they can be bought at any tool-shop for about two shillings. A hammer, also a wooden mallet flat at one end and rounded at the other. A bradawl or two—those sold at a penny each, and made from square steel, are the most useful, being suitable as broaches for enlarging holes previously stamped in any piece of metal.

A soldering-iron and a few sticks of solder, with a little rosin as a flux, which will enable the solder to flow easily on tin ware, is about all you want. If you require to solder brass or steel, copper, iron, or, in fact, any metal not previously coated with solder or tinned, you will have to use a flux made of killed acid.

To make this, get a pennyworth of hydrochloric acid at any chemist's, and then cut some small scraps of zinc and drop them into the bottle containing the acid; effervescence will immediately take place, and care should be taken not to inhale the fumes given off during the operation; it is better to do this in the open air, and, as soon as the effervescence has stopped, the acid will be ready for use.

For any work that has been previously tinned you can use this mixed with half its quantity of water, but for soldering steel, iron, or any metal not previously tinned, it is better to use it at its full strength.

The so-called soldering-iron is made of copper, and is also known as the copper-bit, and should *never* be allowed to remain in the fire until red-hot. So soon as it is of a dull heat remove it from the fire and clean the point with a rough file; it should then be dipped into the acid just for an instant, and the stick of solder applied, when it will at once run all over the point of the iron, and it is then ready for work. This is called tinning the bit, and care must be taken not to make it quite red-hot on any subsequent occasion, or you will burn off the solder, and the bit will have to be retinned before you can use it.

Having got the bit ready for work, place the edges of the article you require to solder close together, and it may be necessary to bind them in position by means of a piece of wire; then, having previously scraped the surface of the metal quite clean and bright, and free from all trace of grease, rub a little of the acid along the joint with a small brush; a little piece of cane split up at one end into a number of fibres makes a capital and lasting brush for this work.

Now take a little of the solder on the point of the bit and work it along the seam towards you. Never put more solder on a joint than absolutely necessary, as it makes a clumsy seam and looks very amateurish indeed. You may often find it more convenient to hold the edges together by tacking it here and there with a small drop of solder instead of binding it with wire; and this is a very good plan, as the drops of solder used in tacking, work into the seam as you draw the bit along, leaving no sign of its having been previously tacked.

(To be continued.)

GLASS-SNAKES.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, F.Z.S.,

Author of "Out-of-the-Way Pets," etc.

At the recent Paris Exhibition a wonderful piece of glass was displayed amongst other curiosities of modern art. It represented a lion, life-size, entwined in the embrace of a huge serpent, supposed to be in the act of crushing it to death. I have been told (for I did not see it) that the struggling attitude of the lion and the heavy constricting folds of the python were marvellously true to nature, and the whole work is said to be the largest as well as one of the finest specimens of manufactured glass ever produced.

That, however, is not the kind of glass-snake which lies with half its body across my blotting-pad as I write these words, and about which I am going to tell you some thing. My glass-snake isn't made of glass, nor is it a snake. Popular names don't count for much—nor scientific ones either, sometimes, I am afraid.

Yet if you met this creature in the course of a country ramble, and saw it dart away among the bushes or into a hedge, I think you would certainly go home and report that you had encountered a snake. Furthermore, if you caught it and surveyed it in a more leisurely manner in a glass case, I don't expect you would be undeceived, unless you happened to have made a special study of the subject, particularly if it bit and hissed at you, as it would be pretty sure to do.

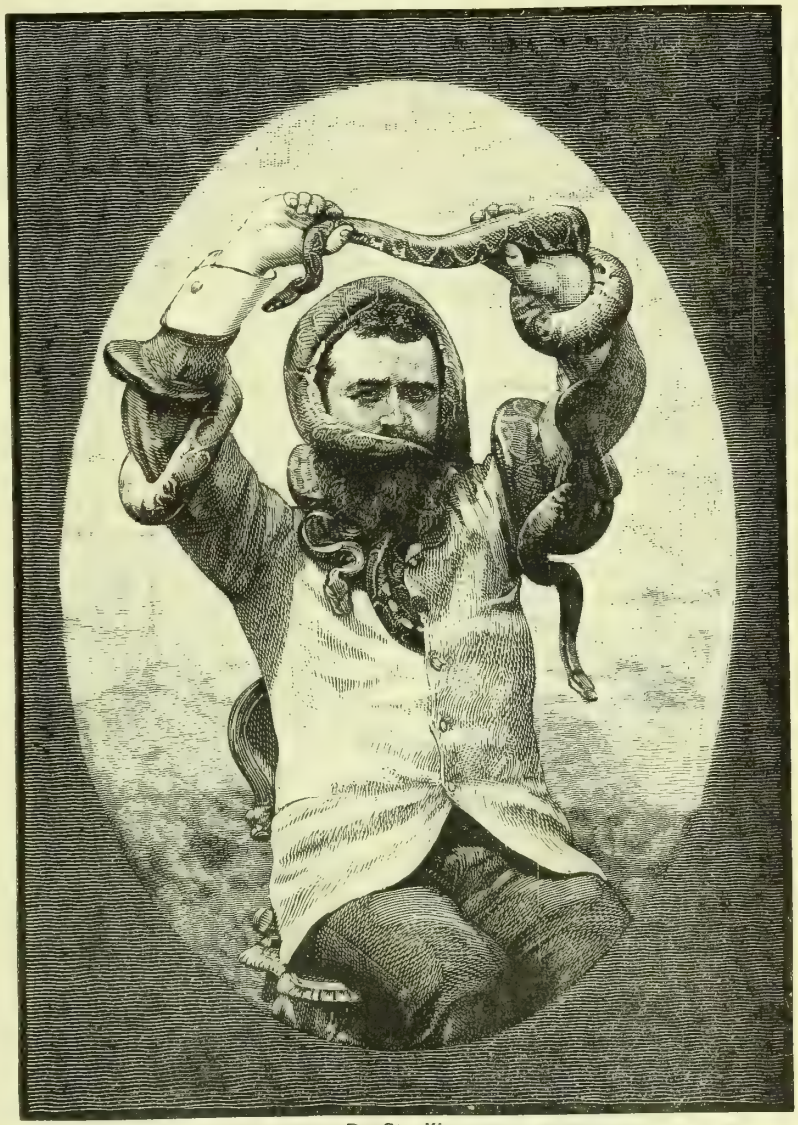
Why is it not a snake, just as much as the boas and diamond-snake in the cage from which I have just taken it? It has no legs; it glides along with a serpentine movement, and is of serpentine form, length, and slenderness of body, being about four feet long, not much thicker than one's two thumbs at the biggest part. and tapering away to a fine point at the tail. Certainly, if you look at its head and compare it with those of the serpents who are its cage-mates, you will notice that it is more lizard-like in outline, especially at the muzzle, than theirs; but then, on the other hand, there is a true snake, the lacertine, which is even more lizard-headed than this. What is the difference, then, between a glass-snake and a real snake?

Well, if this poor old chap of mine were cut open, you would see in the first place that his lower jaw consisted of one single arch of bone, like our own, and like that of most animals; whereas a serpent's is composed of two separate halves, loosely united in the middle by a string or ligament. And continuing the dissection along the body, you would find that, although he hasn't got any legs, he has got hips and shoulders all ready for them; and, moreover (and this is a very important distinction), that he has a sort of breast-bone to which some of the ribs are tied. A snake has no hip or shoulder-bones, and no trace of a breast-bone at all; after you get behind the head, its skeleton presents nothing but ribs and backbone. And that's how it is that they are able to swallow such huge mouthfuls; the two parts of the jaw can be stretched apart, and then there is only skin and flesh to be distended as the meal goes down, the ribs being loose or *floating*. A glass-snake can bolt a tolerably big frog or mouse, but it must not be larger than the natural width of the mouth or the shoulder-girdle, the space between the spine and the breast-bone—must not exceed, in fact, the diameter of the bony rings through which it has to pass, because they don't yield or stretch. There are, of course, other points of difference, but I mention those which would be likely to strike you most.

Long, long ages ago—or, as people with vague ideas about geology say, "in those days"—there was a big, but long and proportionately slender, kind of lizard called *Clidastes*, and the fossil remains of this creature show that it had a permanently divided jaw like a snake, though it was possessed of a shoulder-girdle. I say *permanently* divided, because the jaw-bone of many animals when young is cemented together in the middle by soft gristly stuff only—our own, for instance—but it soon hardens up and becomes solid bone all round.

Although the glass-snake has a breast-bone for the attachment of some of its ribs, it has a lot of loose or floating ones, too, like those of a snake, joined on to the backbone at one end, but free at the other. Do you know that we ourselves have a couple of these snaky ribs on each side? The bones of our chest make a sort of cage, not unlike an old-fashioned hen-coop. There is the upright piece behind—the spine; and twelve curved bars, the ribs, come round from this. Ten of them are united, more or less directly, with a short straight bone in front, in the middle, the breast-bone or sternum, by means of strips of cartilage which get just like bone itself in elderly people; but the two lowest ones, the eleventh and twelfth counting from the top, are not tied up in this way, but are said to float. If you are not very fat, you can feel your own. Tuck your fingers up under your ribs just where you are most ticklish, and then trace them back towards your spine; try it when you get up in the morning, before breakfast; you will find them more easily on the left side, because your liver is rather in the way on the right.

These are rather dry details, but you won't be any the worse for knowing a little anatomy, though I have no doubt you prefer to make yourselves acquainted with the manners and customs of animals, rather than the stuff they are made of—I'm sure I do. We shall come to the glass-snake himself presently (he has encircled my inkstand in a stiff coil and gone fast asleep this while), but I have laid a little stress on the foregoing particulars, because every word of it applies to a little creature which you all know, the common slow-worm—no more a worm than the other is a snake—and certainly not slow, as those of you who have seen one slip away into the heather can testify—but a lizard without external legs, just as the glass-snake is. They grow to a pretty good length, too, reaching twenty-four inches sometimes. Now, I am



Dr. Stradling.

[With five Royal Pythons from Zululand—first time of handling.]

sure that none of you would kill a poor slow-worm under the common and inexcusable mistake that it is a poisonous snake; but you may very naturally ask the question how, if these legless lizards are to be found in other countries four or five feet long, and as thick as a broomstick, you are to distinguish between them, and their kind, and possibly venomous snakes?

We can't, you will say, go about slitting up every unfortunate reptile we come across to see whether it has got a solid jaw and a breast-bone or not. You won't have much difficulty about it when you have had a little study and experience in matters reptilian, but in the meantime here are two rough-and-ready external tests. When the glass-snake, amphisbœna, slow-worm, or whatever the *apodous* lizard may be (you can easily derive that word for yourselves), flickers out its tongue, as it is almost sure to do in its excitement when you catch it, you will observe that it has to open its mouth to enable the little forked organ to shoot forth—just as we should; but a snake's tongue, on the contrary, streams through a chink in the upper lip itself while the jaws are firmly closed. And, secondly, you can make it wink by touching it near the eye; in other words, it has eyelids, whereas a serpent has none and can never close its eyes. That's how it is I say without hesitation that this old glass-snake of mine is asleep around the ink-pot at this moment. Had it been a snake I could not tell whether it was asleep or awake, however quiet it might be.

Although we know his real character now, we can readily understand how he comes to be called "snake;" the explanation of the "glass" is not quite so obvious, because there is nothing specially suggestive of that substance in his brown skin, lustrous and hard though it is—but I suppose the name must have been given on account of its brittleness. Like all lizards, slow-worms included, the tail will break off with the slightest fall or violence, and it is really rare to find a captured specimen perfect to the tip, as mine is. They don't quite "snap in two" as they are said to do; but as the body tapers away to the tail without any apparent division, and as there are no hind-legs to mark where the body ends, if the tail should break high up I daresay it does look as if the creature were snapped in halves. By the way, there are some lizards, with bodies almost as elongate as this, which possess legs scarcely bigger than a caterpillar's.

I could have shown you something a few weeks ago which was much more like a snake of glass. Having some serpent's eggs incubating in a hot tin, I opened one about a month before it was ready to hatch out, and there inside was a perfect little reptile as far as form was concerned, but quite clear and transparent, so that you could see all its veins and arteries and the blood pulsing through them as the heart beat, though it was not sufficiently alive to move—altogether a beautiful and interesting object.

It is usually said in books on natural history that the glass-snake is found in Dalmatia, but I don't know that it is more plentiful there than it is throughout Turkey, Greece, and Asia Minor. This specimen I bought about seven years ago from a German dealer in the Euston Road, who was, I think, the representative of a large firm of animal-importers in Hamburg, and who had for a time (alas! not long) a good collection of European reptiles for sale. It is much easier to obtain in England boas, pythons, crocodiles, and rattlesnakes than it is to get hold of the snakes and lizards which are common on the Continent. You may notice that for yourselves at the Zoo, where you will see by the labels that by far the greater number of the reptiles there exhibited hail from the tropics. This man Paul, however, had a fine stock of them—great glass vases brimming over with different species—rare ones, some of them, too—enough to make one's mouth water. I bought as many as I could accommodate—more, in fact; I started on a short lecture tour just then with nearly a hundred-weight of small snakes! Once I did him a trifling service in a medical way, and hurried out of the house to escape his profuse thanks and proffered fee. "Stop!" he cried, plunging his hands into one of his boxes, "if you won't let me pay you, take these!" and he pursued me out into the Euston Road with an armful of writhing serpents (not the first reptilian fee I have received). But I am afraid he had few other customers; the demand for snakes was not brisk enough to warrant a second consignment, and he has long since retired to his native land.

I turned my glass-snake in with a very old-established royal python of mine, because I feared he might eat any young snakes in the other cages, and the two lived together in perfect concord for five years; and it was wonderful to note how attached to the serpent he seemed to become. If the latter were removed from the case for a short time, he became very uneasy, and wandered about apparently searching for him under the cork, in the water-tank, and up on the bough overhead; while on one occasion, when the python had been invited out to tea and to spend the evening—and I beg to say that such of my snakes as behave themselves are often honoured with such invitations—on that occasion he became so agitated after a time, and dashed about his den so wildly, that he quite alarmed the household. It was no fancy on our part, for he was always tranquillised when the python was restored to him. But I am sorry to say that the object of his attachment did not seem to value his friendship a bit, and was perfectly indifferent to his presence or absence. Two years ago, the serpent developed disease of the mouth and died, and the glass-snake now has two pythons, an Australian diamond-snake, and a lovely boa-constrictor for companions, but he has never taken to any of them as he did to the old royal.

He feeds almost entirely on big worms, though he has occasionally swallowed dead frogs, mice, snails, and lumps of raw meat; and I venture to say that there is not a fatter, healthier glass-snake in any collection in the world, though he is rather subject to colds. If he lies in a draught it sets up a bursting sort of sneeze with him, and an evident "cold in the head." Curiously enough, he has never become very tame, even with me, though he does not bite—I touched him a few moments ago, as I dipped my pen into the ink, and he woke up with a loud hiss. But he knows me thoroughly, and will take food from nobody but myself—rarely even in the presence of any one else. When I come home at any hour of the night—and, however late or tired I may be, I never turn in without a glance round my cages—he hears my step directly, for these lizards are not deaf like snakes, and begins to sniff and snort and scrape noisily towards the front of the den, though it may be shut up and dark; then, when I come over and look at him, he hisses at me, stupid old chap. But if he is hungry he sits up and "begs"—rears himself, that is, as high as he can towards the door, and this is quite a performance of his. He knows the old pair of forceps with which I lift the lob-worms out of the tin, and will beg on being shown these at any time when he is inclined to feed. I let him take three or four from my fingers (he generally makes one or two bad shots), and when he has had enough he says "No more, thank you!" in the most unmistakable manner by hissing and rushing away to the remotest corner of the cage.

I regret to say it, but he has ten times the intelligence of a snake; and so has a slow-worm. Not but what snakes can discriminate between different people, and show evidence of observation in many ways. Two broods of little vibikaris (Japanese serpents) which were born here while I was laid up from an accident several years ago, were attended to by my wife, who has taken charge of them ever since. They will feed out of her hand and let her do anything with them, while they frequently bite me and even jump at me when I stand in front of their case; so you see that even young snakes evince a certain amount of recognition. But they are awfully stupid in other respects. They will worry their noses until they are raw to poke through a mesh of wire netting not a tenth part wide enough to admit them, and I have seen an anaconda lying on the hearth trying desperately for an hour to force its head through the interspaces of a fender over which its body was roving to and fro all the time. So if one is feeding and whatever it happens to be eating chances to drop on the other side of one of its folds, it is quite at a loss to know where to find it again; and when a snake is under water he seems to be looking about for a way to get out anywhere till his head accidentally strikes the surface. We noticed this particularly when those little vibikaris were very young, comparing them in their manner of feeding with some slow-worms of about the same age. The snakes struggled with worms in the most awkward manner, often seizing them in all sorts of impossible positions, and being obliged in the end to relinquish them, while the slow-worms would search about for the head of the worm and let it slip down easily enough; they had a good idea, too, of shaking them so as to bring them into a straight line and prevent them from curling around their heads. I have seen a hungry garter-snake excitedly snap at its own tail in mistake for a worm, and chew away on it enthusiastically for some seconds before it discovered the error.

And here let me say that if it ever falls to your lot to feed snakes or lizards on worms, shun those horrible red-ringed ones of evil smell which fishermen call brandlings. They are, for some reason, deadly poison to these creatures. I nearly lost three beautiful crimson garter-snakes as well as my glass-snake through giving them a feed of these worms on one occasion; it was frosty weather, and these brandlings, being found under manure-heaps, were more easily procured than common earthworms just at that time when the ground was hard. The poor reptiles were violently convulsed, and turned over on their backs as though dying; I made them all vomit, and that saved them; but a whole brood of young striped snakes were killed at the Zoological Gardens by eating these brilliantly coloured worms. By the way, I have observed my glass-snake, when he finds a difficulty in picking up rather a small worm from the flat wooden floor of his cage, push it along with his nose until it "rubbles up" and affords a better hold. A specimen of his kind lived for nineteen years at the Zoo.

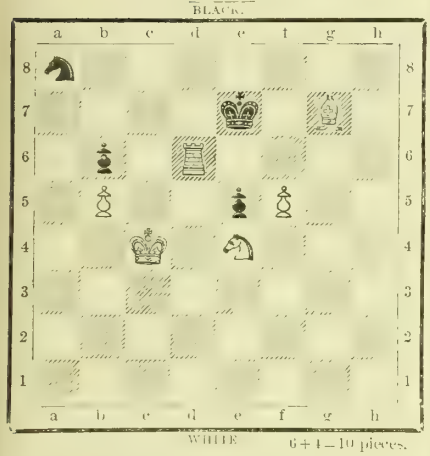
Come, my boy! It's bedtime for both of us, and you're getting cold around that ink-stand. Back to your hot box, or you'll be sneezing again to-morrow! Oh, yes, you may say "siss" and pretend to be cross, but I think we understand each other, and we're not going to quarrel after being together all these years!

In he goes, and I close the case on him as he dashes away underneath the pieces of bark, hissing like a boiling kettle.

CHESS.

Problem No. 254.

By J. Dtina.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

Berger's Endspiele.

In the section of R and Kt against R, the analysts are Forth, Assalini, Centurini, Salvioli, Berger, Lasa, and others. The result is the same as with the R and B against the R, that the stronger force can only win in favourable positions. The author has made a frontispiece of this: White, K at K B 5; R at Q 5; Kt at Q B 7. Black, K at K B 2; R at K B sq. White to play, and win. Some of the most difficult moves are omitted in the book, and also in five articles in the "British Chess Magazine," namely: 1, R—Q 7 (ch.), K—Kt sq. (ch.) 2, K—Kt 6, K—R sq. 3, Kt—K 6, R—R sq. 4, R—Q 6, K—Kt sq. 5, Kt—Kt 5, K—B sq. 6, R—K 6, R—Kt sq. 7, Kt—R 7 (ch.), K—Kt sq. 8, R—K 7, etc. The other variations are easier.

The section of R and P against the R contains positions by Lucena, Salvio, Cozio, Salvioli, Philidor, Ponziani, Puder, Kling, and Horwitz, and proves that the P often wins.

R and P generally win against a B, yet the following are draws:—K—K 5, R—K Kt 6, P—Q 6; K—Q B 3, B—Q Kt 5.—K—Q Kt 7, R—Q R 6, P—Q B 6; K—Q 3, B—K 5.—K—K Kt 5, R—Q R 7, P—K B 6; K—K B sq., B—Q B 5.—K—K B 6, R—K Kt 7, P—K R 5; K—K R sq., B—Q Kt 8. If in the latter position the white K be placed on K R 6, then White wins, as Lequesne showed thus: 1, R—Q Kt 7, B—R 7, 2, R—Kt 8 (ch.), B—Kt sq. 3, K—Kt 5, K—Kt 2. 4, R—Kt 7 (ch.), K—R sq. 5, K—Kt 6, B—Q 4. 6, R—R 7 (ch.), K—Kt sq. 7, R—K 7, K—R sq. 8, P—R 6, B—R 7. 9, P—R 7, B—Kt 8 (ch.). 10, K—R 6, and wins. Guretzky-Cornitz plays fine moves in this position: White, K—K R 6, R—K Kt 7, P—K R 4; Black, K—K B sq., B—K 5, thus: 1, R—Kt 5, K—B 2. 2, R—Kt 3, B—B 7. 3, K—R 5, K—B 3 (or *a*). 4, R—Kt 5, B—Q 8 (ch.). 5, K—R 6, K—B 2. 6, R—Kt 7 (ch.), K—B 3. 7, R—Kt sq., B—B 7. 8, R—Kt 2, B—Q 6. 9, R—B 2 (ch.), and wins.—(*a*) B—Q 8 (ch.). 4, K—Kt 5, K—Kt 2. 5, R—Q B 3, etc.

TO CHESS CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Pierce, M.A., author of "English Chess Problems," and of "Stanzas and Sonnets," has now published another small volume of poems: "In Cloud and Sunshine," Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill, London. Price, 3*s.* 6*d.*

M'G.—A stale mate is counted as a draw.

H. J. M.—The international notation is preferable.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

Perseverance under Difficulties.—The case of Mr. Frederick J. B. Heler, one of the new students at the South Kensington Schools, is causing not a little interest, and shows how far indomitable pluck may go in surmounting difficulties. Having lost both his hands in early life, Mr. Heler found the art-instinct too strong within him to be deterred by such an accident. He now draws and paints with his mouth, and shows, it is said, unusual promise for a successful artistic career. As our elder readers know, however, he is by no means the first who has triumphed over an unkind fate. There lives in Antwerp an artist who, born without arms, paints with his feet, and not only that, but paints admirably. Then there was Miss Biffen, who died in Liverpool in 1850. Born armless, she showed remarkable artistic talent. Educated by Dukes and by Craig, the miniaturist, she was "patronised" by the Earl of Morton, and in 1821 gained the Society of Arts prize medal. George III., George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, successively employed her as a miniaturist, and many of the aristocracy followed the fashionable example. M. Noel Masson, too, the painter etcher, who died in March last, lost his hands by an accident. Yet by means of mechanical hands he attained a high degree of merit in his art. Many boys who take part in our own competitions do so successfully, though having to work with left hand only, through having lost the right, or without fingers at all, or while lying on their back, unable to move, through spinal mischief, &c. We always specially rejoice when such competitors are able to carry off prizes or certificates in spite of their difficulties.

Letter to a Lad Going to Sea.

The following letter was written to a youth leaving home to go to sea as a midshipman. It is valuable for the wise and kind counsel which it contains, and interesting from its references to the personal experiences of the writer, the Rev. John Newton, in early life a seaman, afterwards Vicar of Olney, and then Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London.

I hope your strong inclination to go abroad will lead you, under the providence of God, into a line of life which may prove beneficial to yourself and useful to others. It will be so if you seek His favour, and acknowledge Him in all your way, according to Proverbs iii. 5, 6. Our times and ways are in His hands, for the way of man is not in himself. His blessing, if you seek it, will guide you through life with honour and comfort, and then He will receive you to His glory. Many things are proper and necessary in their place; but one thing is absolutely needful, namely, such a knowledge of your relation to God, and your dependence on Him, as a creature and a sinner, as may fix your hopes upon Jesus the Saviour for time and eternity. In seeking and obtaining this one thing (the only thing we can never seek in vain) all other blessings which infinite Wisdom and Goodness sees best for you shall be added to you.

You are a child of many prayers; so was I. You are now entering upon a seafaring life; I was once in it; but I, alas! broke through all the advantages of a religious education, renounced the good advice of my pious mother, stifled the convictions of my conscience, and plunged headlong into wickedness and misery. You have read my history; I trust yours will be very different.

There are two disadvantages in a seafaring life. One is the want of the public ordinances of divine worship; but the promises of God are suited to every lawful occupation. A careful perusal of the Bible, with prayer to the Lord for His teaching, will supply the absence of public means when we are necessarily separated from them, and there are many occasions during a voyage to remind us of the presence of God, and the need of His guidance and protection.

The other, and the more formidable evil, is the company among whom you must live while on shipboard. How different will be the language around you from that which you have been accustomed to at home! I will not suppose you in immediate danger from the profaneness and debauchery of the openly profligate; these, I trust, your good name and your habits of life will enable you to avoid with abhorrence. But you will probably be more or less assailed by the arts and sophistry of infidelity. These too easily prevailed over me. I was ridiculed out of the principles which my good and careful mother had aimed to instil into me from my infancy; and when I gave up these I was gradually drawn into every kind of wickedness, and to the commission of sins such as some time before would have made me start and tremble had they been proposed. Let no one tempt you to question the truth of God's Word. Pray to the Lord, by whose inspiration the Scriptures were written, to teach you, by His Spirit, their true meaning; and always take it for granted that all you read there is truth, because it is His Word, and there can be no higher positive proof of a thing than "Thus saith the Lord."

Cannibals.—The black cannibals of Northern Queensland are reported as being partial to Chinamen. The reason is said to be that the flesh of the Chinese is peculiarly tender and palatable, owing to rice being their staple article of diet. There is now a numerous Chinese population in the north of Australia, and scores of them who have ventured beyond the confines of civilisation have been captured and devoured by the natives. This explains the nonchalance with which the Northern Queensland surveyor recently reported in these terms to the Government:—"The blacks have stolen all my provisions and *sampled* two of my Chinamen." "Sampled" in this connection is rich indeed!

A Holy War.—The men of olden times, who taught that war was glorious and peace inglorious, that every man of honour and ambition must be engaged in the profession of arms, were not, after all, so entirely wrong. Their views were mistaken and their energies misdirected, but down below all error and mistake was a deep underlying truth, which we can only forget at our peril. They taught that every man of honour must be a soldier, and they were quite right. Every man is called to be a soldier in that Holy War which is ever going on, the war of right against wrong in every form. In this war it is a disgrace and dishonour to have no share.

Once, to every man and nation,
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
'Twixt the good and evil side.

The choice offered us now is between true "philanthropy and patriotism, and gunpowder-glory" and false ambition; between the ambition to help and serve and save our fellow-men, and the ambition to help and serve and save ourselves, even when it means trampling down our brothers and sisters of this or other nations to enrich and glorify ourselves at their expense. Notwithstanding the rampant militarism and the vast standing armies of to-day, all the nobler tendencies of our age are of a directly opposite character. Our sense of the brotherhood of man, revealed by Christ, is stronger than ever before in the world's history, and we have yet to see what it will effect.—*Messiah's Kingdom.*



Correspondence.

COINS (Philip).—"Portcullis Money" was the currency struck by Queen Elizabeth for use by the East India Company, and was so called from its having the Westminster arms on the reverse. It was issued in 1600, and at the beginning of the inscription on each side you will find a puzzling O. which is the Mint mark, giving the date

MARIAN.—Jessie Brown of Lucknow, the woman who heard the pipes of the rescuing army, is purely imaginary. The story appeared in type in this country about a fortnight before the letters announcing the capture reached England. The pipe-major of the 78th Highlanders at the time dissipated the myth by showing that on September 25, 1857, the date of the hearing, the pipes of the regiment were not played at all. And it is also a fact that no 78th woman was in Lucknow, all the women of the regiment having been left at Poona when the regiment started for the Persian campaign. It was one of the grievances of the 78th that owing to the Mutiny they were separated from their wives and children for two years and four months.

W T LOWRIES.—You might get a serviceable microscope, second-hand, for three guineas at such a place as Baker's in Holborn, near Little Turnstile. Swift and Son, in Tottenham Court Road, make a good many instruments for South Kensington students

P. J. W.—You had far better return the bicycle to the makers, or their London agents, and get them to renickel it for you.

F. H. T.—1. A coracle is not a safe sort of craft for a boy to go afloat in, and we would rather not take the responsibility of instructing you in the matter 2. The best blow-gun is a glass tube such as you buy at the chemist's. Thrust it down a bamboo cane to preserve it from injury.

A. E. (Cardiff).—Some people keep a large marble inside the kettle. This collects the "fur," and prevents its accumulation on the walls of the kettle. There are "anti-incrustators" sold for the same purpose, the most fashionable one at present being a brush of twigs

INSTANTOGRAPH and IMAGE.—Our articles on Photography for Boys have not yet been published in a volume. Your best way would be to look through the advertisements in the "Photographic News" and "British Journal of Photography."

R. M. BOGER.—Information on South African matters can be obtained from the Agent-General for South Africa, Victoria Street, Westminster.

PISCATOR.—The close time for coarse fish is from March 15 to June 15 The sizes of fish allowed to be taken in the Thames are stated on a bill exhibited at every lock, or will be supplied by the Conservancy We have given the measurements before.

ADMIRER OF T. B. R.—Mr. Baines Reed wrote our first story, and has contributed to all our volumes. We had a long series of articles on Draughts, which have been reprinted in "Indoor Games."

HUDSON'S BAY.—The address of the Hudson's Bay Company is Lime Street, E.C.

PRAIRIE CHIEF.—1. Write to Mr. E. Withers, 22 Wardour Street, London, for his catalogue of violin-strings and sundries. 2. Messrs. Cassell publish a book on British trees by Boulger; but perhaps you mean a "flora," in which case either Babington's, Bentham's, or Hooker's would suit you.

NAVY.—No advice is necessary. You are too old for the navy, and if you go to sea at all it must be in the merchant service, where age is not so much considered.

W. H. SMITH.—Pray do not trouble to send us the translations. We should have no space for them for a very long time.

TRANSFERRING ENGRAVINGS (Scientific).—Dissolve three drachms of common yellow soap in a quart of hot water, and when the solution is nearly cool add one-and-a-half fluid ounces of spirit of turpentine, and shake them thoroughly together. Take an ordinary engraving and wash it over with this mixture with a soft brush or sponge, taking care not to smear the ink. Leave it to soak for a few minutes, and then lay on it a piece of damp white paper. Moderately press the papers together for a minute or so, and on separating them you will find a reverse copy of the engraving printed off.

MIDSHIPMITE.—You have confused two very different things. A midshipman, or rather a cadet, has two chests, one in which he puts his clothes, the other which is measured by the doctors, and which is used for quite other purposes.

CONICS.—The Lloyd's surveyors have many of them passed through the Government Dockyards, and nearly all are old pupils of the School of Naval Architecture at South Kensington.

PONY (J. T.).—All the numbers containing "Coltish Chronicles" are in print, and can be had through your bookseller. There will be plenty of time to think of firearms after you have learnt to spell.

G. G.—The best book on British birds at a reasonable price is that by Howard Saunders, published by Gurney and Jackson, of Paternoster Row, at a guinea. The best book for eggs is Seebohm's—and the best book altogether perhaps—but it costs six guineas. It is published by Dulau. Get a look at it at your free library. If it is not in the library persuade some one to enter the title in the suggestion-book.

COLLECTOR.—Surely you ought to know that the language of the Hungarians is Magyar? All stamps with Magyar on them are Hungarian. The one you sketch is an unpaid letter stamp.

A. G. FORSTER.—Try a shilling book on "Athletics," by H. H. Griffin, published by George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden.

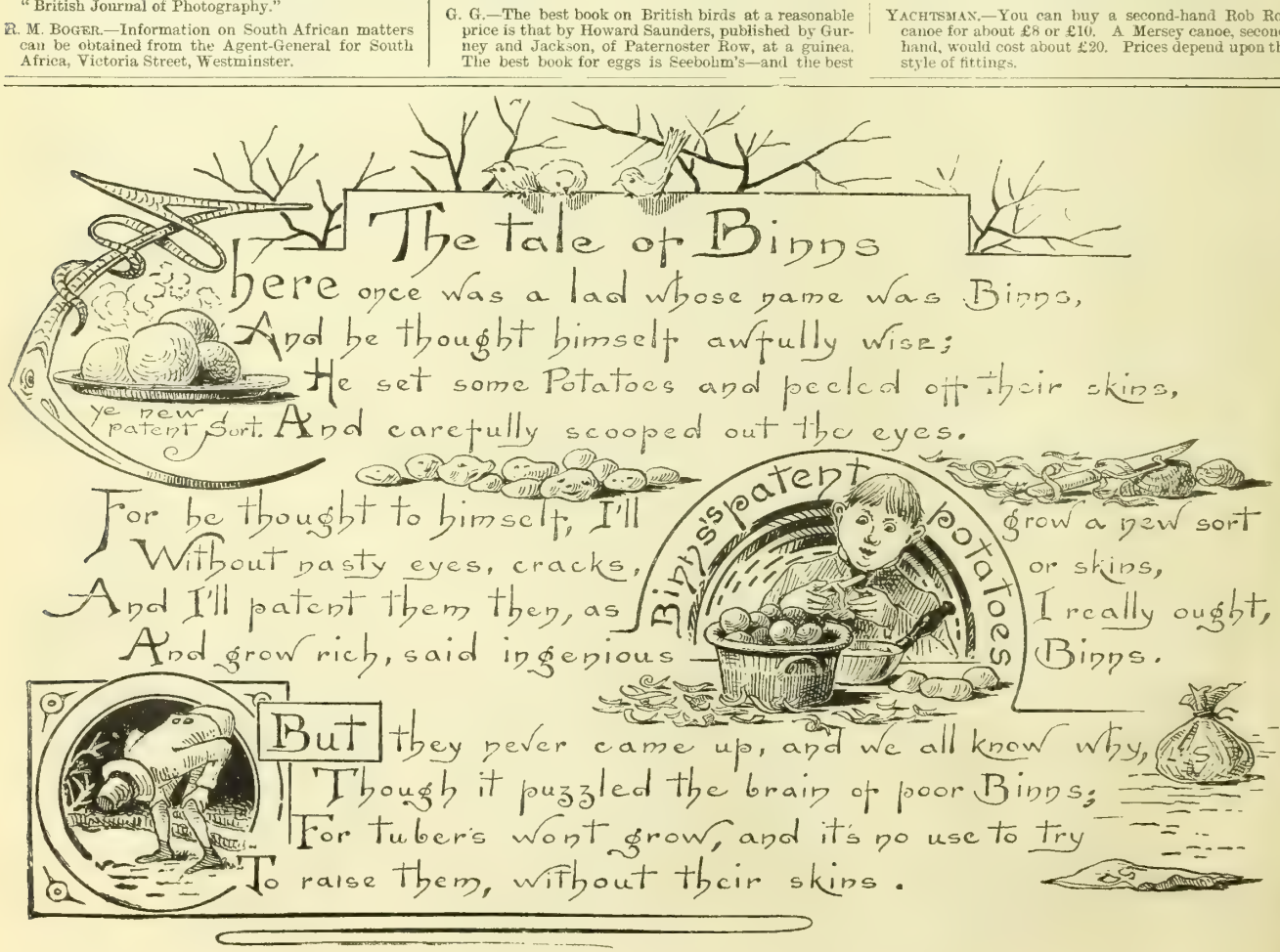
ARMY.—There are many other armies besides the Salvation Army. The Registrar-General has a list of Denominations every year. You will find it in Whitaker's Almanack. There are among others an Army of the King's Own, an Army of the Lord, a Christian Army, a Crusade Mission Army, a Free Salvation Army, a Glazebrook Army, a Gospel Army, a Holiness Army, an Hosanna Army, a King Jesus's Army, a Methodist Army, a Mission Army, a Red Ribbon Army, a Redeemed Army, a White Ribbon Army, etc.

NAVY DICK.—It is not true that in the war of 1812 the Americans "were about equal to the British in successes on the sea." The Americans captured eighteen armed vessels, of which three were frigates of 38 guns and fifteen were sloops and brigs. The three frigates were the Guerriere, Macedonian, and Java. The British captured 148 armed vessels, of which three were frigates, and 145 were sloops, brigs, and schooners. The three frigates were the President of 59 guns, the Essex of 44, and the Chesapeake of 38. Of the captures by the Americans four did not reach an American port, the Frolic, 18 guns, and the Levant, 20 guns, being recaptured, and the Java and the Reindeer being destroyed as unseaworthy after the action. The idea that the Chesapeake was the only capture may possibly be owing to the peculiar circumstances of the battle. The fact of the Americans not having lost a line-of-battle ship was due to the very excellent reason that they had not a line-of-battle ship to lose, even the big President being classed by their historians as a frigate.

H. S.—You should send the manuscript to some educational publisher, and ask him on what terms he would publish it for you. It is the publisher that advertises the book, not the writer. It is a very rare thing for the writer to have any voice in the matter.

T. E. T.—1. If you meet a lady and gentleman, and know either the lady or gentleman, you should raise your hat. 2. If two gentlemen meet a lady, only the one that has been introduced to her raises his hat.

YACHTSMAN.—You can buy a second-hand Rob Roy canoe for about £8 or £10. A Mersey canoe, second-hand, would cost about £20. Prices depend upon the style of fittings.



[The story of a Genius—"too old, don't yer know," to study the B. O. P.]



THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER"] Grover & Co., Nottingham. [56, *Paternoster Row.*

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

Painted by C. MAC IVER GRIERSON.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 622.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1890. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLUE RIBBON.

A SCHOOL-BOY'S ADVENTURE ON THE BROCKEN.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "Tuffy," "The Professor Boarder," etc.

PART II.



"I found myself roughly grasped by the scruff of the neck."

What I saw through the window might well startle me, for a party of German students carousing was as strange in my sight as a charcoal-burner's hut, or even a witches' dance. Some half dozen young men sat or sprawled round a table, drinking beer and smoking long pipes which had filled the room with an additional cloud of mystery for my astonished eyes. They were dressed in what I took for a uniform; most of them had long boots such as I associated with dragoons or huntsmen, rather than pedestrian tourists; all wore flat blue caps and blue-striped ribbons across their breasts, and nosegays of blue wild flowers in their button-holes. I did not guess them to be students, so much older did some of them seem than they were, and as yet I was innocent of those lazy, beer-swilling habits which so often give German youth such a coarse and bloated look. The din they made was as overpowering as the smoke: Germans, with all their love of music, are strangely fond of noise, and I sometimes fancied that even their railway whistles have a more excruciating screech than ours. Now the whole party were yelling out at the pitch of their voices a song of which I could catch only the chorus, and could not understand that. Not that there was much to understand, the words being chiefly, *Ha! Ha! Ha! La! La! La!* and so forth. It was a most extraordinary kind of melody, more befitting a band of lunatics than grown men in their senses. Through one verse they all whistled, in another they sneezed, in the next they clapped their hands, and the last consisted mainly in concerted peals of unearthly laughter, which made me more sure than ever that I had best have nothing to do with such doubtful characters.

As the song ended in a wild burst of shouting and thumping on the table, one of the party, happening to turn round, caught sight of my bewildered face glued to the window pane. With a whoop he bounded towards me. I tried to make off, but my foot had stuck fast in some broken woodwork of the trellis; then, before I could get clear, the window was flung open and I found myself roughly grasped by the scruff of the neck, hauled into the room as if I had been a sack of coals, and flung upon the table like Gulliver among the Brobdingnagians.

Gesticulating around me, my captors all spoke at once, and so loud that I could hardly have made out a word they were saying, even if I had not been in such confusion, and my German less imperfect, where as yet I was master only of short and simple sentences within the compass of a school-boy vocabulary. Through the uproar, at last, I made out that these men wanted to know what I was doing at the window; but when I tried to gasp out some explanation, besides words failing me, a fit of coughing stopped my breath as soon as I opened my lips in the reeking tobacco smoke.

"A spy! A spy!" howled they all in chorus, with such melodramatic scowls that I could not be sure whether they were in jest or in earnest. "Death to the spy! Death to the traitor!"

"I am no spy—I am an Englander!" exclaimed I, whereupon one of the festive crew turned me round, amid roars of laughter, apparently with the purpose of examining whether I had not horns and a tail.

"What seek'st thou here?" demanded another in hollow tragic tones, such as one might expect of midnight conspirators.

"Something to eat," stammered I, to which a third carolled out with the same theatrical gravity what seemed to me a sort of nursery rhyme—

> "Wurst und Braten
> Essen die Soldaten,
> Wenn sie es haben"

The rest was drowned in the laughter of his companions. I should have been surprised to find such ferocious personages making so merry, if I had not by this time fallen into a state to be surprised at nothing that might happen on the Brocken.

Then came a fresh outbreak of vociferations, amid which began certain proceedings whereby I soon gathered that I was being put on my trial for the crime of spying upon these orgies. The revellers resumed their seats round the table, at the bottom of which I was placed as at the bar; and now that my eyes grew a little more accustomed to the smoke, I could scan their faces through that fog, three or four of which have photographed themselves on my memory. A stumpy, bearded little fellow took the head of the table, appearing to act as judge. On his right hand sat an enormously fat, smooth-faced youth, who looked like an angelic Daniel Lambert in gold spectacles. On the other side was a swarthy visage, seamed with hideous scars, of which the owner seemed to be rather proud than otherwise, but I, ignorant of their absurd duelling customs, wondered he should care to show himself in public. I nicknamed him Don Quixote to myself. A still more repulsive countenance was that of him who had hauled me through the window, his blotched and pimply cheek being laid open by a recent cut imperfectly healed, besides which he had a patch of sticking plaster on his nose, and his bloodshot eyes, one of them squinting horribly through a double eye-glass, by no means improved his appearance, any more than did a great shock of towzly hair and a coarse straw-coloured moustache. He stood beside me as in the capacity of constable, and appeared to take the lead in my persecution with a gusto which caused me inwardly to dub him Flashman, after the bully in "Tom Brown's School Days." There were two or three others who have left no particular impression on me, and might be set down as Herr Smith or Herr Jones for all I know to the contrary.

To my further consternation, a sword had been produced from somewhere, perhaps it came out of a sword-stick, and was ceremoniously laid before the president, who called the court to order by striking it on the table; then all the members relit their pipes and tried to look solemn, as Daniel Lambert rose to make a long rigmarole of a speech, which I took to be the indictment against me. He got up on a chair to deliver it, and from that height seemed to loom through the tobacco-cloud like a Brocken spectre, yet his menacing gestures could not impose upon me when I looked at his full-moon of a face beaming with oily good-nature. For all his air of mock seriousness, I could see that he was making fun of the whole business; and the rest of them laughed till they almost fell off their seats, while they surveyed me with appalling frowns, puffing their long pipes and from time to time taking great gulps out of their beer cans.

I presently recovered my self-possession, seeing that these tomfooleries betokened no question of midnight execution, but a noisy joke on the part of my judges, who seemed to me to have drunk more beer than was good for them, and I hoped I should never learn in Germany to make such an idiot of myself. Indeed, I began to despise them as Alice did the court in Wonderland, and still more when, at the end of that speech for the prosecution, they broke out into another song by way of enlivening the proceedings, and in the course of it, sitting astraddle on their chairs, galloped, or rather hobbled, thus around the room, howling in chorus and stamping with heavily-shod heels, till I thought they would have brought the house down, all which struck me as very poor sport for grown men. I felt satisfied that even schoolboys in England would not make such great babies of themselves.

The court again settled down, and, after more jabbering, I understood myself to be called upon for my defence, which I offered accordingly as best I could. All my genders and cases running loose, I mumbled out that I had lost my way, that I meant no harm by peeping in upon them, that I hoped they would not be offended with a foreigner who did not know their customs. But what I said was drowned in the shouts of laughter raised by my grammatical blunders, and, finally, I gave it up and joined in the laugh, thinking well to show that I could take the whole thing goodhumouredly. It was no laughing matter, however, when I heard my sentence delivered in Beardy's resonant voice, after he had commanded silence by waving his sword and hammering the hilt of it on the table.

"Thou!" was the brief and forcible style in which he addressed me. "To show that thou art an honest strangerling, thou shalt drink a glass of beer to the health of Prince Bismarck."

"Hoch! Long live Bismarck!" chorussed the others. "Give him the glass."

How should they know that this was the very thing I could not do? If they had asked me, now, to bite an inch off the poker, or to kneel to the prettiest of them, bow to the wittiest, &c., I would cheerfully have paid such forfeit, but what they required of me was out of the question. My mother had been much concerned on my account about the German beer-drinking habits, and I had faithfully promised her never to touch a drop of beer or any other intoxicating beverage, a promise that cost me little, as I had no taste for such things. Indeed, I was a pledged teetotaler from childhood, and had come to Germany boastfully wearing a bit of blue ribbon in my buttonhole, till I found that the foreign boys took it for an order of chivalry, and when, on explanation, their curiosity gave place to amusement, I thereby earned for myself the nickname of the Blue Knight.

"I drink no beer," I told them. "*Ich bin ein Teetotaler.* I wear the Blue Ribbon when I am at home," I added, in my perplexity, to make the matter plainer, though I felt conscious that they would not understand what that meant. The

blue-striped ribbons which they displayed across their waistcoats had evidently nothing to do with teetotalism, whatever such mysterious insignia might imply.

A howl of derision was their only answer, and they crowded round me to carry out the sentence. Beardy forced the brimming mug into my hands; Flashman tried to tilt it over into my mouth; I vehemently rejecting it with signs of abhorrence, by no means inclined to submit as calmly as Socrates to receive the bowl of hemlock. Even if I had been in the way of drinking beer, I don't think I should have been willing to let myself be thus bullied by those fellows. The spirit of a young British teetotaler was up; the more the executioners laughingly tried to make me drink, the more vigorously I kicked and struggled in their hands, and succeeded in getting rid of the potion elsewhere than down my throat. Half of it was splashed into the scarred face of Don Quixote, and the other half mostly found its way down one of Flashman's long boots, as he pulled me by the hair to make me turn up my face. That was not all: when Daniel Lambert would have held me fast, I twisted about and tripped him up, so that his gold-edged spectacles fell off to be trodden underfoot in the fray. Hot and breathless, I finally managed to tear myself loose from them all, flinging away the almost empty glass, which smashed against a great iron stove. That was all these roysterers got by trying to make me break my pledge, a matter no doubt inconceivable to them.

Now they were really angry, as well they might be. With fresh hullaballoo, they all fell upon me again, and this time I could no longer wriggle out of their grasp. In a trice, I found myself forced into a corner, seized, and my arms bound behind my back with a strap or belt, Flashman twisting them like a true bully, till it was all I could do to help crying out for the pain. Their prisoner thus secured, they took brief counsel, the result of which was a loud shout accompanied by clattering with the metal covers of their beer mugs.

"Mariechen! Mariechen!" This summons brought into the room a stout, stumpy young woman, with the good-natured, simple face, blue eyes and flaxen hair so characteristic of the German peasantry. From the bag she wore at her side for holding change, I perceived she must be a waitress, and was relieved to find the place no worse than an inn.

"What a noise you student-gentlemen are making!" she said, and out of those blue eyes cast a look of wonder at me, as if asking who I might be, and how I came there, while she smiled in answer to the students' familiar salutations. She went out again, receiving from them an order to me unintelligible.

"Let me go! I did not wish to offend you," I pleaded, in vain striving to extricate my arms from the bonds that rendered me helpless.

"Stupid blockhead of an Englander, thou shalt drink a whole *maas* full!" snapped Flashman, wrathfully examining his boot turned into a beer receptacle, while Don Quixote ruefully wiped his face, and even Daniel Lambert's placid looks wore something like a real frown as he tried to gaze reproachfully upon me through his broken spectacles.

"What would they do next?" I asked myself in alarmed suspense, but had not long to wait. In came the waiting-girl carrying an enormous long glass that must have held more than a quart, filled to the top with foaming beer. I understood that all this was to be poured, willy-nilly, down my reluctant throat, and again raised my voice in entreaty, but it was drowned by a chorus of exultation from the whole crew.

"Stay, Mariechen, and you shall see a sulky foreigner made to swill, for once, like a right German!" commanded Beardy, and Flashman snatched the jug from her, again taking on himself the congenial office of chief tormentor.

Mariechen turned on me a gaze of mingled curiosity and pity, as I stood there with my back against a corner, shivering in my wet clothes, my hands tied, but my lips set tight, determined to resist to the last. I thought I could floor Daniel Lambert for one by butting my head into his stomach; and as for the rest, they would have a hard job of their undertaking. Still I feared it was all up with the cause of teetotalism; and pride, wrath, and shame boiled in my heaving breast. There were tears in my eyes, too, but that, you will take for granted, was the work of the tobacco smoke.

"What are you doing with the child?" asked Mariechen.

Child, indeed! I was certainly rather small of my age. But I let the word pass for the sake of the sentiment; in such forlorn plight, it was so much to find any one taking my part. This protectress of mine had a snub nose, and cheeks marked by small-pox, but no fair damsel of old ever seemed more beauteous to her chosen knight.

"Let me go!" I repeated. "I don't want to drink beer. I promised I would not. Tell them to leave me alone, please," and now my imploring entreaties were not thrown away.

"Why do you torment him? He has done you no harm," she said. "He must be a stranger by his speech."

Then they broke forth all together, pouring a storm of accusations on my devoted head.

"He is a proud beast of an Englander!"

"He pretends not to drink our beer!"

"Has insulted Bismarck!"

"Has spied upon us through the window!"

"He deserves to be executed!"

"But he shall drink it to the last drop, if he would escape with his life.—We have sworn it!"

"*Das ist Unsinn*," remarked Mariechen bluntly; as much as to say, "All nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense, and you are not civil, Mariechen," answered Beardy. "Mind your own business. The urchin has deserved punishment, and must endure it. So, go and fetch us some more beer, and hold your tongue."

"I will not be civil to any one who misuses a child," she spoke up, warming in my cause. "No more beer will I bring you, unless you leave the small man in peace. Shame on you! It is my business that you behave decently in this house. So!"

"Make an end of this!" cried Flashman, springing forward to throw himself upon me, the gigantic glass in hand.

Suddenly Mariechen flung the door wide open, so that it almost touched the end of the table, and thus cut him off from me.

"Run, small one, run!" she cried.

Seizing this chance, I slipped out like an eel. Beardy, the only one of the students who was on my side of the room, made a dart at me, but stumbled over one or two chairs which stood in the way, the furniture being all in confusion after our recent struggle. As I gained the passage, Mariechen slammed the door behind me, remaining within to guard it, like that brave Lady Catherine Douglas who vainly offered life and limb to save King James I. from murderous conspirators. My heroine was more successful; and had this Mariechen, "Little Mary," been an English girl I might here make a classical joke: *Sic me servavit a Polly!*

(To be continued.)

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER XII.—I START FOR CALLAO—I FIND SOME DIFFICULTY IN ACTING MY PART—A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE—ON BOARD THE MAYFLOWER—WE SAIL FOR THE SOUTHWARD.

"We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespere spake; the faith and morals hold
That Milton held."—Wordsworth.

My benefactor now left me for a while, and shortly afterwards a girl made her appearance, bearing my supper, an omelette swimming in oil, a tough beef-steak, and a dish of some kind of coarse fish. To me, this repast, which under any other circumstances would have seemed most loathsome, appeared a feast fit to set before the most renowned of Roman epicures. It was washed down by very good wine—if rough and sour, at least pure juice of the grape. After I had supped, I speedily betook myself to bed, for the first time for many a day stretching myself upon a mattress, and enjoying the luxury of a pair of sheets; and despite the hum of voices in the street (the whole populace being yet astir), despite the perpetual clink of the dominoes, and the occasional scraping of violins in the café below, I slept the sleep of a child for several hours.

It seemed, however, as if I had but just laid myself down, and indeed it was still

dark, when I was awakened by some one moving about with a dim lantern in my chamber. My first thought was that the alguazils had discovered my retreat; I was much comforted at finding that the new-comer was only my good friend, Boaz, who bade me rise and dress myself; which I accordingly did. "You can wash your skin when you gits on board the Mayflower," said he. "Now you jest listen to my instructions."

I professed myself all attention.

"You leaves this place by yourself in 'alf an hour's time—no later, mind! You turns to your right on leavin' 'ere, which is the straight road to Callao.

"Yer keeps yer cowl pretty well over yer 'ead, and yer jest seems to be 'urryin' on to the day's business like, absorbed in yer own reflections. When yer gits down to Callao, look out for a little lad as'll be waitin' for yer outside of the second wine-shop as yer comes to, on the left 'and side; you'll know 'im by 'is wearin' a striped poncho with a patch let into it in front; and 'e'll 'ave a dog with 'im, a blood'ound; you jest foller that there young shaver, and 'e'll take yer right to where I'm to be found, and then we can consider what the next move is to be. It's clear it won't do for yer to be seen wi' me; yer description's out already, and a reward offered for yer apprehension; but I think they'll 'ardly know you in that rig."

Whatever may have been the advantages of the said rig to its owner, I certainly didn't find it at all convenient. It seemed, in addition to being extremely hot and stuffy, to carry deception and discovery in its every fold, and there was a very decided bouquet about it, suggestive of stale broken meat, and staler vegetables. Moreover, it had belonged to a brother of a pronounced corpulent habit, so that, though all very well as to length, its ample skirts hung about my attenuated limbs in the most ludicrous fashion. I had not proved my armour, and would fain have gone forth in a more simple disguise. Drawing the dark cowl over my head with a shudder, I threw my dirty white wallet over my back, and with a muttered attempt at a benediction to the few loungers in the café, I started on my perilous journey. Immediately its difficulties dawned upon me; to have to travel some ten miles amongst enemies, under a broiling sun, on foot, with legs still stiff and sore from my fetters, and my whole system, indeed, a long way below par, owing to the terrible sufferings undergone in the past few weeks! Nothing but the delightful prospect of liberty, on the one hand, and the fear of a still more rigorous imprisonment, and still further degradation, on the other, braced me up for the final effort.

I should have mentioned that my late captivity had been varied by three or four days' hard labour on the batteries of Callao as a punishment for some small breach of the prison regulations. During that short time I observed several poor wretches collapse under the broiling sun and the brutality of their taskmasters; and I myself showed such manifest signs of speedily sharing the same sad fate, that I was hurriedly transferred to the scene of my former labours. As may be imagined then, I found the dread of returning to the batteries a very sharp spur to my resolution.

I accordingly limped along, every few moments experiencing the most exquisite pain from the uneven state of the pavements, by which my limbs were being continually jarred. Early as it was, the streets were already thronged, and, as I knew nothing of this quarter of the city, I dared not leave the main road. I soon found that I had quite as much to fear from friends as from foes; for every now and then I had to stop, for the purpose of thrusting into my wallet scraps of broken meat or stale bread bestowed on me by charitably-disposed persons. I chafed inwardly at the constant delay thus experienced, and expected every moment that some involuntary exclamation of pain or impatience would betray me to a pitiless enemy. My heart was continually in my mouth; but I am sure that my youth, my lameness, and my evident sufferings operated very strongly in my favour, and that I was looked upon as a brother of peculiar sanctity. Nevertheless, I was not allowed to effect my escape without finding myself more than once in extreme danger.

It happened that one of the most eminent physicians in Lima passed me at that very time when engaged on his morning rounds; being of a benevolent disposition, and seeing my evident distress, he ordered his carriage to stop, made his way to my side, and with many expressions of concern and pity begged me to take a seat in the vehicle, which was going the same way as myself.

I drew my cowl more closely over my face, and yielded reluctantly to his kind advances, partly because I had begun to entertain very grave doubts as to my ability to perform the task set before me, and partly because I thought that I might arouse suspicion by a refusal. I feigned to be too miserable to speak, indicating by a gesture that I was suffering from a severe toothache, in addition to my other miseries; and to my great joy my new friend contented himself with feeling my pulse, and administering some very good cordial out of a flask, which seemed for the time to put new life into me.

As luck would have it, the carriage conveyed us completely beyond the city of Lima; but my fears were doubled when at length it stopped at a large house on the main road to Callao, and the doctor, alighting, bade me courteously to wait his return, and then knocked heavily at the gate, and was presently admitted. It was now that I suddenly found I was in the very jaws of the lion; I was extremely uncomfortable, being, of course, completely in the dark as to what my new friend would do next; so much so, that I seriously debated whether or no I should discover myself to him, throwing myself upon his mercy, and imploring him at least not to betray me; but this idea had scarcely time to gather shape before it was dispelled by the arrival of another carriage containing, to my infinite horror, no less a person than the doctor of the prison, whose temper I knew only too well, and of whose visits I had the most agonising recollections. Fortunately, this magnanimous individual was in too much of a hurry to cast more than a passing glance at a poor Capuchin, to whom his professional brother had been eccentric enough to give a seat in his luxurious carriage. Dr. Desnoes was evidently anxiously expected, for the porter was on the watch, and in another moment his tall gaunt form had disappeared from view, while the carriage in which he came was driven rapidly off in the opposite direction.

Here was a pretty predicament. They would undoubtedly return together, and I should once more be subjected to the scrutiny of those keen grey eyes; detection would immediately follow, with imprisonment, perhaps death, in its train. There was no time to lose. I noticed that the driver had fallen into a somnolescent state, owing to the great heat of the noonday sun; moreover, it was quite unlikely that he would risk horses, carriage, and situation, on my account.

I therefore meditated slipping quietly out of the vehicle and making the best escape I could, when just as I was on the point of putting my resolve into practice a new character appeared on the scene, no other than the gaoler Jose himself. I gave up all for lost, but lay back in the carriage with the air of a great invalid, my heart beating loudly, and the perspiration standing in great beads on my brow. I held my breath while the negro aroused the driver.

"Where is His Excellency?" cried he; "I have scoured the city through to find him. One of the prisoners has hanged himself. They are always up to some trick or other. And to think, too, that that young English limb of Satan should have given me the slip. But he will soon be caught, I warrant him, and then the saints help him! he will pass the rest of his short existence on the batteries. Heigho, holy father," he continued, peering into the carriage, "How long will His Excellency be?"

"Don't you see, you rude man," said the driver, "that the holy father is unwell? He has been fasting too much lately, and saying too many aves on the cold floor of his cell; let him be, can't you? Listen, there is Pablo the butler calling you to have a cup of wine; go and tell him that I, too, am thirsty, but can't leave the box. Nay, I will go with you myself. These old horses won't budge an inch; and if they do, may they carry the padre to heaven."

With these rude jests he descended from the box, and the two worthies entered the house together. Now was my time. I slipped out of the carriage, and finding necessity the sharpest possible stimulus, I soon put a considerable distance between myself and that dreaded house, devoutly hoping that the consultation would be a protracted one, and that the excellence of the wine would render both the coachman and Jose indifferent to my somewhat strange disappearance.

I think it must have been so, for I reached Callao without further mishap, except that a somewhat garrulous old market woman insisted on stopping me and pouring into my distracted ears a long tale of affliction, not one word of which I understood; but as I could not have got a word in edgeways had I been able, and as the old lady's attention was fortunately required in another quarter, I escaped without much inconvenience.

I found the boy with the patched poncho attended by the bloodhound, as above described, followed the pair at a convenient distance through several narrow and filthy streets, till we reached a

little bye-street apparently in the rear of several wharves, since the tall masts of the ships showed themselves above the roofs of the houses. My conductor stopped at an archway leading into a little court, wholly encumbered with boxes, bales, and casks of every description; we threaded our way among these until we came to a rickety staircase, at the top of which, in a little office, stood my friend and deliverer, motioning me to ascend. The boy disappeared. "Well, where on airth 'ave yer been?" exclaimed he; "I've been waitin' on yer this long time; I'm on pins and needles lest them fellers should be on our track; they won't show no mercy to yer, if they ketches yer. Come on now, we must git to the rale business at once."

I assured him that I was only too ready and willing to do anything which he might propose, and briefly recounted my late adventures, whereupon he decided that I must be packed up in a case without delay and placed on board. Accordingly he called two of his crew and gave them the requisite instructions; and in a very short space of time I found myself the occupant of a large crate, in which I was carefully packed in straw and marked, "Earthenware, fragile; this side up." The straw was so arranged that I could easily make a breathing-hole for myself; and a few old plates were judiciously laid on the top, a precaution which proved of great service, since the custom-house officers were thus easily satisfied. At last, after being nearly stifled, and after what seemed interminable delays, caused by the transaction of an endless series of formalities, I heard the welcome splash of oars, and knew that I was once more afloat; and presently there burst upon my delighted ears the still more cheery sounds of the weighing of the anchor, the squaring of yards, the setting of sails, and the pleasant rush of a vessel scudding before the wind.

At last, at last I was free, afloat, under a neutral and friendly flag! My kind deliverer lost no time in setting me at liberty from my suffocating quarters, and, congratulating me on my escape, bade me go below and refresh myself in the cabin. Glad indeed was I to exchange my heavy garments for the clean and wholesome sailor's rig which the care of my friend had provided for me, and to sit down, for the first time for many weeks, to a plain but appetising meal.

Good kind Boaz Bloomer! a friend in need; my companion in that lonesome voyage from Callao to Eos; ever faithful messmate, true friend and adviser, almost my foster-father; rugged but honest; impetuous, yet how unswervingly true! how unsparing of meanness! what a friend to the weak and injured! I shall meet you when the hands are mustered aloft, ay, in spite of the tragic end of your life by your own seeking on the cliffs of that lonesome isle. It was not the true Boaz Bloomer that did this; it was the delirium of suffering that caused that fatal deed, even if not purely accidental. We shall meet hereafter, in the haven where we would be.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST SURVIVORS.

AN EAST-INDIAN STORY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ilderim the Afghan," "Drowned Gold," etc.

"So, my boys, you want me to tell you a story about soldiers and fighting, eh?" said old General P——, pulling his long grey moustache reflectively, as his nephews came crowding round his arm-chair, with loud and repeated demands to that effect. "Well, I've been a soldier myself, and I've seen plenty of fighting, sure enough—a good deal too much to be very fond of it, I can promise you, young people—and what I think about fighting is that it's one of those things which are much better kept in their place. When somebody comes and wants to hurt you or anybody that you're fond of, of course you must defend yourself; but when the fighting's done by two brothers in their own home, it doesn't seem quite so natural."

Here he looked meaningly at two of the boys (whose faces bore visible traces of a recent "set-to"), and both, as they met his glance, began to look rather foolish.

"Now," resumed the General, "I'm just going to tell you a story about two soldiers quarrelling and fighting, and we shall see what you'll think of them when you've heard it. So now, listen to me:

"When I first went out to the East to join my regiment—which had just been ordered off to some out-of-the-way place in the Himalaya Mountains—there were two young officers in it who were so constantly together that we used to call them 'The Siamese Twins.' Their real names don't particularly matter; so, for convenience' sake, suppose we just call them Lieutenant Jones and Lieutenant Brown.

"The two were very much about the same age, but in all other points they were as different as any two men could well be. Brown was a grave, sober, steady-going young fellow, always reading and studying, hardly ever speaking to anybody, and having no friends except his one especial crony, Jones. The old Colonel always spoke of him as a very praiseworthy young officer, and the young officers always called him a fool.

"Lieutenant Jones was the very reverse of all this—a rollicking, harum-scarum, headlong youngster, always laughing and joking, playing tricks upon everybody he met, making friends and quarrelling with them again in the same five minutes, always last on parade, and everlastingly in some scrape or other. The Colonel didn't call *him* a praiseworthy officer by any manner of means; but all the young subalterns in the regimental mess thought him the finest fellow alive.

"It seemed queer to most people that two men so utterly unlike one another should be such chums as these two were; but perhaps it was just because they *were* so unlike that they took to each other. Now and then, it is true, there was a little disagreement between them, when Jones's light talk disturbed Brown in the midst of his studying, or Brown's grave looks and short answers jarred upon Jones. But such little tiffs never lasted long, and always ended in a hearty laugh, leaving them just as good friends as ever.

"Now, I should tell you that our regiment had been ordered up into the Hills to take part in a war in which we were then engaged with the Goorkhas of Nepaul, those queer little wide-mouthed people of whom you've seen so many pictures lately in the illustrated papers. Their whole nation is perched on a kind of shelf of the Himalaya, twelve thousand feet above the sea; and there they have been for hundreds of years, and I don't think anyone would care to try and drive them out. In any case it wouldn't have been an easy job, for, apart from their all being splendid shots, and accustomed to handle firearms from their very childhood, they're tremendously strong, in spite of their small size, and can cut a man clean in half with one slash of those big knives of theirs (*kookris*, they call 'em), the blade of which is as broad as the palm of my hand.

"As for *fear*, they don't know what it is. Once when we were besieging a Goorkha fort, one of them came right down into our camp all by himself, and asked to see the General, and said that his jaw-bone had been broken by a bullet, and that, as there was no doctor among them in the fort, he had come down to ask the English doctors to tie it up for him! The old General was so tickled by the fellow's coolness that he at once called up one of the regimental surgeons, and handed over the man to him to be doctored; and when the wound was healed, the Goorkha (after vainly trying to force upon the surgeon all the money that he had) coolly went back to his own people, who were still defending the fort! The soldiers gave him three cheers as he went, and I think he well deserved them; but we had no idea in those days that these same Goorkhas would one day furnish us with the best soldiers in our East-Indian army, and fight as bravely *for* us as they had once fought *against* us.

"When we got fairly up into the Hills, it was decided to repair a ruined hill-fort, which the enemy had abandoned, and leave there some stores and a number of sick and wounded in charge of a small party, while the main body went on to scour the passes and cut off some Goorkha plundering parties which had been doing a good deal of mischief.

"Well, it happened that among those who were left behind to garrison the fort were our friends Brown and Jones; and very sulky they were to think that while their comrades were fighting, *they* would be left behind to do nothing; for, as the fort stood on the brow of a high cliff, so

steep that there was only one point at which it could be climbed at all, they never thought there could be any chance of the Goorkhas attacking *it*; but in that they were mistaken, as you will presently see.

"Now, what with this vexation, and what with the heat of the weather, and what with this dull, do-nothing life in the fort after the excitement of their march, all the garrison, officers and soldiers alike, were as cross as two sticks; and the worst of the whole lot were our two precious lieutenants, Messrs. Brown and Jones. They hadn't learned then what they found out later on—that instead of it's being a fine thing for a man to get angry at every chance word, and keep thinking that everybody means to insult him, it's the very smallest, and meanest, and most babyish thing that he can possibly do. Depend upon it, boys, any man who can't 'keep up his dignity' without quarrelling about it has no dignity worth keeping up. But these foolish lads hadn't the sense to see that; and so, having once begun to quarrel, they kept on getting worse and worse.

"At last, one night after dinner, Jones got so savage at something which Brown had said to him, that he turned round and snapped out:

"'Upon my word, I never met such a sulky, ill-conditioned bear in all my life!'

"'Perhaps you're right,' said Brown, getting angry in his turn, 'for I notice that a bear generally has a *monkey* chattering and grinning beside him!'

"In those days, boys, when duelling was in fashion (which it is not now, thank God), two brave men would go out to kill each other just for a few rude and silly words like these; and those about them, instead of trying to check their folly, would encourage them and spur them on in every possible way. So, of course, these two young fools thought that because they had lost their temper and been rude to each other, they were bound to mend matters by fighting a duel and blowing one another's brains out, forgetting that their lives belonged to their country, and not to themselves.

"The duel had been fixed for daybreak the next morning, at a spot just outside the fort; and Lieutenant Brown—who had not been to bed at all that night, having a good many things to arrange in case he should be killed—was just writing the last of half-a-dozen letters, when he suddenly heard, or thought he heard, a strange sound amid the darkness of the valley below, like the patter of rain upon withered leaves.

"The next moment there came a hoarse challenge from one of the sentinels: 'Who goes there?' and then followed the bang of his musket, the report being instantly answered from the heart of the gloom by the yell of the Goorkha war-cry! The enemy were upon them at last.

"I need not try to describe the fight that followed. It was all like the confusion of a troubled dream—guns banging, bullets whizzing, men falling, flashing fire and whirling smoke, savage faces and tossing arms looming dimly through it like ghosts, and everywhere a crash, and din, and commotion, and rushing to and fro, as if the end of the world were come.

"Five times the Goorkhas came fiercely on, and five times they were beaten off again. But each of those assaults cost the besieged almost as dear as the besiegers; and when the fifth attack melted away, and the setting sun broke through the rolling clouds of smoke and dust, Jones and Brown found themselves standing alone among the dead. Every man of the garrison, except their two selves, had been killed or wounded, and they were left to defend the fort single-handed against the whole Goorkha army!*

"The two doomed men looked at each other; but before either of them had time to say a word, the enemy were upon them once more.

"Jones brought down the two foremost Goorkhas with his pistols, while Brown—who had been loosening with a bayonet a huge mass of masonry that overhung the slope just where the old wall joined the new one—gave it a tremendous heave with his shoulder, and sent it crashing down right into the midst of the swarming assailants as they came yelling up the ascent. The few of them who escaped turned and fled, and the fort was saved again!

"As the last of the enemy vanished into the thickets, Jones turned to his companion, and said in a whisper, the first words that had been spoken between them that day:

"'Is there any chance left for us?'

"'None,' answered Brown, grimly. 'The next time they come on, they *must* force their way in; and the moment they do, I mean to set fire to the powder, and blow up the whole place. Better that, anyhow, than surrender it to the Queen's enemies, and let our poor wounded fellows fall alive into the hands of these cruel foes. We'll all die together, like Englishmen; and may God have mercy on our souls!'

"'Amen,' said Jones. 'But look here, old fellow—we two mustn't die as enemies, after having been friends so long. Shake hands, and say you forgive me; it was all my fault.'

"'Not a bit of it!' cried the other, heartily, as he held out his hand; 'it was all mine, and I'm very sorry to have provoked you as I did. Good-bye, old boy—God bless you!'

"The steps and voices of the returning Goorkhas were already heard below, and Brown, with a lighted fuze in his hand, was just stooping over the train of powder communicating with the magazine, ready to blow into the air the fort and all that it contained, when Jones gave a sudden start, lifted his head as if listening, and then, clutching his comrade's outstretched arm, said hoarsely:

"'Hold hard, Harry! don't you hear? That's the sound of distant firing, if I ever heard it yet!'

"So it was, sure enough; and the commotion which was instantly visible in the ranks of the Goorkhas showed that *they*, too, had heard and understood that dull, distant rumble. The wave of wild figures and glittering weapons that was surging up the rocky slope paused, wavered, and then ebbed sullenly back into the valley below. Louder and nearer came the far-off crackle of musketry, and then there broke shrilly through it a sound which the two forlorn men had never expected to hear again—the blast of an English bugle sounding the charge.

"'We're saved!' shouted Jones, snatching the smoking match from his friend's hand. 'Thank God!'

"Saved, indeed, they were, as if by miracle, at the very last moment. The relieving force had come up to the rescue just in time, and an hour later the two last survivors of that doomed garrison stood amid their old comrades once more, snatched from the very jaws of the grave."

As the story ended, the young listeners drew a long breath of relief, and a boy in the centre of the group called out eagerly:

"Oh, I'm *so* glad they made it up at the last! Wasn't Jones a brick?"

"I think I like Brown the best, though," said a girl's voice. "Don't you, Uncle Henry?"

"Well, I mustn't say anything on *that* point," answered the General, with a smile, "for it happens that Lieutenant Brown's real name was Henry P——, and that he was no less a person than *myself!*"

There was a moment's pause of silent amazement, and then all the children cried out in chorus:

"And the other man, Lieutenant Jones? what's become of *him?*"

"He is now my brother-in-law, and your respected papa, Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Berrington," said the General, laughing; "and here he comes to send you all off to bed."

* This is no invention. At the capture of a French hill-fort in the Higher Alps, toward the close of last century, only *one man* was found alive in the place when the besiegers entered it.—D. K.

THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS.

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND COUNTRY LIFE.

By Ashmore Russan,

Author of "A Strange Epidemic," "The Last of the Great Auks," "The Speckled Giant," etc.

CHAPTER II.—"OLD DICKY" LECTURES.

Without doubt the "Purple Emperor" was in a rage. His very face was purple with suppressed anger. Had not he, Matthew Sterne, F.R.S., F.G.S., F.S.A., F.Z.S., come all the way from London to Alne to lecture on the *Lepidoptera*, and had not a presumptuous "Dingy Skipper," a little man with only three letters attached to his name, had the audacity to deliver the lecture and practically exhaust the subject? Verily the "Purple Emperor" did well to be angry.

Dr. Drysdust looked at Mr. Sterne. Mr. Sterne glared at Dr. Drysdust.

"Dear me! how extraordinary!" ex-

claimed Dr. Hardridge for the twentieth time. The previous nineteen ejaculations had been emitted during the chairman's address—lecture.

"Really, Mr. Sterne, I—I—I—" stammered the "Dingy Skipper," "I—I'm afraid I have allowed my tongue to run away with me. I must have spoken for a quarter of an hour. Pray accept my humble apology; pray do."

"You have spoken for nearly two hours, sir," replied the "Purple Emperor," who looked as if he could have eaten Dr. Drysdust, his snuff-box, and every insect in his cases without salt. Then rising, he stepped to the front of the platform.

"Now we shall hear summat about the turmit fly," whispered Farmer Fallowlands to his next neighbour, whose eyes were heavy with sleep. "Now we shall iear summat as we understands. Dr. Drysdust's speech were mighty fine, no doubt on it, but what it were all about ›e a mystery to me."

Judging from a confused murmur, some-:hing like the buzzing of a swarm of iumble-bees confined in a churn [humble-›ees do not swarm, but no matter], similar remarks were being made all over the Exchange.

The lecturer waited until the buzzing iad subsided, then cleared his throat and, n ringing and intensely sarcastic tones, ;poke as follows;—

"Ladies and gentlemen,"—Mr. Sterne did not address the chair, or even look at t—"My friend, the Chairman, Dr. Drys-lust, whose knowledge of the *Lepidoptera* s only equalled by his extremely lucid nanner of imparting it to you, has told vou everything on the subject that is inter-:sting, and I beg to propose a vote of hanks for his very able, comprehensive, :nd lucid lecture. Before it is seconded : will supply an omission. My friend has trangely omitted to inform you that the ubject of the lecture to which you have iiven such earnest and appreciative atten-ion has been the nature and habits of *Butterflies and Moths!* The term *Lepi-loptera* simply means *Butterflies and Moths!!*"

Here the lecturer regained his seat, :miling the smile of a man that has cored a century and carried out his bat.

"Butterflies and Moths!" cried Far-ner Fallowlands, rising to his feet, and aising his stick, which he brought down hwack! on an empty bench in front of iim. "Butterflies and Moths! that lay :ggs and hatch caterpillars as eat up he cabbages—ay, and the very fruit-buds ›' the apple and plum-trees! Who wants o know anything o' butterflies and noths? I came here to learn how to get id o' the turmit fly. Come along, Joe, et's get out o' this."

Nobody rose to second the motion for a 'ote of thanks. Everybody rose to leave he Exchange. The majority were in a 'ery great hurry. Every farmer present ooked as if he had sold a fat cow and ›een defrauded of the money. Sour, doomy disappointment was writ large ipon their faces.

Many were the exclamations. Various ine inflections. All expressed disgust and ontempt. Some gave vent to their feel-ngs by accentuating "butter," thus:

"*Butter*flies and Moths!"

Others emptied the vials of their wrath in the "flies," so:

"Butter*flies* and Moths!"

Yet others spake scornfully of the "moths":

"Butterflies and *moths!*"

Dr. Hardridge was highly amused by the fiasco. He had a keen sense of humour. He tried to sympathise with his old friend, Dr. Drysdust, whom the "Purple Emperor's" sarcastic speech had stung to the quick.

"Very extraordinary, my dear sir; very extraordinary, indeed. Subject so interesting that it carried you away. Well, well, Mr. Sterne could not have delivered a more learned lecture. You gave me a great pleasure, my dear Drysdust, and I really must compliment you upon your knowledge of the subject; but—ha, ha, ha!—I'm afraid our friend Fallowlands, and several other farmers, were a leetle disappointed. You see, they expected to be told how to get rid of the turnip-fly. Ha, ha, ha!"

Dr. Drysdust did not laugh; no, not even when his friend told him of Sapington's leopards and bears, and produced that young gentleman's imposition. The "Dingy Skipper" was not in a jocular humour.

Neither was the "Purple Emperor." He had scored well at the end of the game, certainly, and that was some little consolation. But he would have preferred to have had his innings earlier. He retired to his hotel in high dudgeon, and left by the first train in the morning, when the little town of Alne saw him no more.

Dr. Drysdust's lecture was really a very remarkable one. It fairly bristled with facts never published, and quite new to students of entomology. If delivered before the Entomological Society, it would probably have won him a gold medal. He certainly would have received the thanks of the Society inscribed on vellum, or some similar material; but at Alne it was wasted. Doubtless, Mr. Sterne understood it; no one else did; not even Dr. Hardridge, who had often been compelled to take a mental leap in the dark, with the natural result that he had landed on a wrong conclusion.

"Well, Sappy," said Funibois, on the way home, "what do you think of the *Lepi*—what is it, now?"

"Lot of bosh. I couldn't understand a sentence," was the reply.

Such was the verdict of the boys from Alne Abbey—of all who had not slept—and no wonder. For nearly two mortal hours they had been bombarded with such terms as *Larva*, *Pupa*, *Imago*, *Antennæ*, *Haustellum*, *Papilio Machaon*, *Satyridi*, etc., etc. What were they to make of scores and hundreds of bare sentences like the following extract from Dr. Drysdust's address—lecture?

"The *Haustellum* of the *Gonepteryx Rhamni* is often distinctly visible in the *Aurelia*, owing to the transparency of the *Pupa* case."

How were the boys to know that this meant: "The sucker of the Brimstone butterfly is often to be seen in the chrysalis"? No wonder they made "a lot of bosh" of it.

But Dr. Hardridge did not think fit to allow it to remain "a lot of bosh" in their minds. He sent a messenger to Dr. Drysdust with a request for the loan of his cases of specimens. Having received them he set to work to read up the subject, and was soon prepared to deliver a lecture in language that his boys could understand. Then, armed with the "Dingy Skipper's" specimens, he entered the schoolroom, stopped the classes, and proceeded to disseminate his newly acquired knowledge.

Even Muggins major and affected Frank Brown were interested. They saw the butterfly now as Spenser saw it when he wrote—

> "The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
> The silken down with which his back is dight,
> His broad outstretched horns, his airy thigh,
> His glorious colours and his glistening eye."

"Under the microscope," said the Doctor, in concluding his speech, "the wings of the butterfly are seen to be covered with overlapping scales. This is the dust which adheres to the fingers when the insect is handled. There is no break, and no flaw. The wing is as perfect, the texture as close, the painting as smooth as when the butterfly is examined with the naked eye. But place a piece of the closest woven silk under the microscope. What do you see? A coarse mat. Examine a painting. You see a daub. Here you have a magnificent example of the difference between the work of God's hands and that of man's. The one is perfect, no matter how many times it may be magnified—ay, it would show no flaw if magnified a million times; the other will not bear examination. I can appreciate the interest taken in entomology by such men as Mr. Sterne and Dr. Drysdust, who are men of leisure; indeed, I feel tempted to take up the study myself in earnest. You boys, who have a considerable amount of leisure, cannot do better than buy some books on entomology and study insect life for yourselves. It will, at least, save you from falling into the pitfall into which Sapington stumbled. You will not imagine a lecture on the *Lepidoptera* to be a discourse on leopards. Think over what I have said, and be sure if you wish to form a collection that I shall not object. I draw a distinction between butterflies, and snakes, frogs, and weasels. The most ferociously named of the *Lepidoptera*, the Tiger moth, may be trusted not to bite its captor."

The Doctor's allusion to his adventure with Muggins major's weasel, as recorded in "A Strange Epidemic" [which readers of the "B. O. P." may remember], to use a popular figure of speech, fairly brought down the house. The boys cheered "Old Dicky," every word of whose discourse they had understood, to the echo. Under cover of the cheering he retired from the room.

That evening the study occupied by Jack Arundel and Ralph Funibois was crammed with visitors. Tim O'Callaghan, who had spent his holidays in Ireland, had brought back with him the "ould book" to which he had so often referred. It proved to be an early edition of Goldsmith's "History of the Earth and Animated Nature." It now lay on the table, open at a chapter headed: "Of Butterflies and Moths."

"It's not good enough, Tim," Jack was saying. "I have read somewhere that Goldsmith knew next to nothing of the subject. He wrote to order, and got his information from other books. We had better ask the Doctor to get us a trustworthy work."

"Shure now," returned Tim, "I'm not saying that all that's here is thrue. I don't belave half ov it. Hwhat I say is that it's good enough to begin with."

"Very well. We'll begin with it."

Jack took the book and commenced to read. Presently he came to a stop.

"He says caterpillars sting like nettles. I don't believe it," he cried; "I have handled many a caterpillar, but I've never been stung."

"That's no proof," said Funibois; "I've handled many a nettle without being stung. They were 'dummy' nettles; perhaps your caterpillars were 'dummies.'"

"Perhaps so. Well, we'll pass that statement as not proven."

Jack continued to read, but not for long.

"Oh, dear, this is too much," he cried. "He says some of the hairy caterpillars sting if approached 'too nearly,' that is, you may be stung without touching them. That's a great deal more than a nettle can do. What have you to say to this, Tim?"

"Really, I don't know how it's done, unless the hairy caterpillar carries a penny squirt and squirts a sort ov poison over anybody that comes too near."

"All right; we'll accept the supposition—and the squirt," said Jack, resuming his task of sifting fact from fiction. He did not read long without coming to another halt.

"He says butterflies view every object multiplied in a surprising manner owing to the peculiar structure of their eyes; that a soldier seen through a butterfly's eye appeared like an army of pigmies. That's rather tall."

"Rather short, I should say, if they were pigmies," remarked Funibois. "Pass the pigmies. As we are not likely to see with a butterfly's eyes, we must take Goldsmith's or his informant's statement for granted. Fire away, Jack!'

"Here's another," quoth Jack, reading: "The butterfly's trunk is then uncurled, and thrust out either wholly or in part; and is employed in searching the flower to its very bottom, *let it be ever so deep.*" Now I've seen flowers eight or nine inches deep, how did the butterfly's trunk reach the bottom?"

"Shure, he must have got inside," said Tim.

"In the trunk?"

"No; the butterfly unpacked its trunk in the flower."

"And left all its old clothes there. Pass the trunk," said Funibois.

"I will," said Jack, "and the book back to its owner" (suiting the action to the word). "To-morrow is Wednesday, and a half holiday. I propose that we commence the study of entomology with the *Lepidoptera*; that we go to Heyward's Hill, there to hunt for Sapington's leopards. If we fail to catch a leopard, we may possibly succeed in capturing another Tiger."

"I beg to second that proposition," said Funibois, rising.

"All in favour of the motion, please signify in the usual way," continued Jack.

A small forest of hands immediately shot up towards the ceiling.

"Carried unanimously. All hands to the pumps. I mean let us make butterfly-nets, and prepare boxes to contain our captives when we have them."

Five minutes later the study was unoccupied. Its late occupants, to a boy, had gone to prepare for the morrow's campaign.

(*To be continued.*)

WILD LIFE IN THE WILD WEST.

By Dewey Bates.

(*With Illustrations by the Author.*)

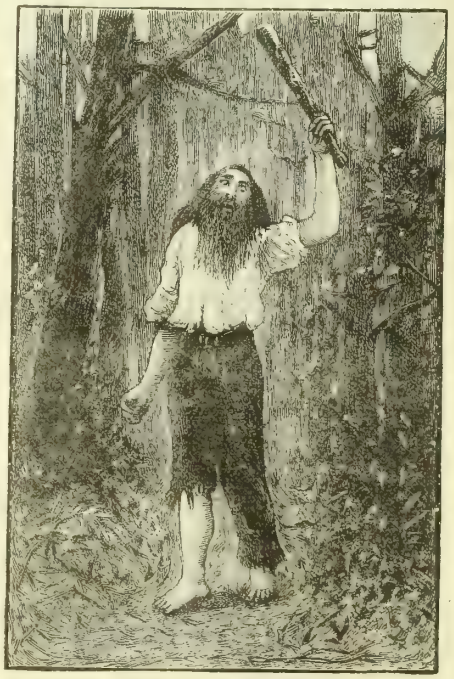
To the north-westward of that long chain of mountains which, running north and south through the eastern States of America, form a water-shed on the one hand for the rivers emptying into the Atlantic, and on the other for those which find their way through the Father of Waters into the Gulf of Mexico, there is an upheaval of lower elevation, known as the Foothills of the Alleghanies.

Here is a country wild beyond measure, where, but for an occasional clearing or a rough forest path, there are no traces of man's footsteps. Here for miles extend unbroken forests of the towering hemlock, with its sombre foliage defying the light of brightest noonday suns; where never a human habitation or sign of human life greets the eye, and no sound is heard save the cries of strange birds, the mysterious re-echoing tapping of the woodpecker busy at his work, or perhaps the occasional tinkling noise of some mountain stream forcing its way through the forest, over mighty trees which it has felled in its progress, and which lie across its bubbling torrent in a hopeless confusion of tangled root and stem, or over great boulders hurled by titanic force, and crowded together in inextricable and unexplainable confusion in a vain attempt to bar its path.

To know what silence is one must, as it were, have heard it; for to be alone in such a forest with the knowledge that no human abode is near for miles, where only the occasional murmuring of the stream or the flight or twittering of a bird break the solemn, awful stillness, the absence of sound becomes like a positive thing, and seems so to brood over and crush the senses with a strange weird power as to make the silence audible.

Winding its way between these foothills runs a rapid stream which would be dignified in England with the name of river, but which here is only known as a creek, and which still bears the poetical-sounding name given to it by the aborigines of the Tionesta.

For miles this stream runs through solitudes unbroken by the hand of man. On one side grim precipices of jutting rocks



A wild man of the woods.

covered with rank wild vegetation descend sheer into the river, whose constant friction has worn away the base into strips of beach-like sand; on the other side stretches the unbroken gloom of the stately hemlocks—while here and there an islet dots the silvery surface—islets where the wild flowers grow unplucked and the birds build undisturbed.

What a glorious sense of freedom is here in paddling, or rather poling, about this stream in the old raft-pilot's canoe, hollowed out of a log.

The pilot's canoe is a rude structure, roughly hewn out of a pine log, about ten feet long and eighteen inches broad. To propel this you stand at the stern, and direct the long, narrow, cockly structure by means of a pole, as in punting, save that you must preserve a complete sense of equilibrium, or the frail craft will cockle over. Then, too, you must be careful not to get in too deep water, so as to lose your ground, or you may drift over the dam or weir, which would mean absolute destruction.

But once a master of the rude bark, to move about this deserted water, to explore its islands, coast along its banks—landing here to gather a strange flower, or there to examine some strange rocky glen—while the kingfisher flies perilously near, unused to the sight of man, and the humming-bird buzzes by, flashing his brilliant plumage in the sunlight—there is an exquisite sense of being master of the situation, such as might have been experienced by a Juan Fernandez, or the early discoverers of unknown lands. The war-whoop of the Indian is only wanting to make the picture complete. For, excepting this, there are present all the elements of strangeness and solitude which go so far to make the charm of those tales of adventure, which have, and doubtless ever will be, the attraction of boyhood. But they are all gone, those once dusky denizens of the forest. Their birch bark canoes, with rude ornamentation, no longer stealthily ply these deserted waters to the steady stroke of the stalwart arms. And though all is fair to see, a silence of desolation seems to brood over the landscape, an undefinable sense of awe enshrouds all, causing the slightest

noise beyond it, even the low breathing of nature, to startle one almost to fear. It was into this wilderness I was sent as a lad, to make certain sketches in connection with the lumber trade, which is the staple interest of this country, for the land is too hilly and the hills too rocky for cultivation.

The nearest railway station on the other side of the Alleghany river was a good number of miles from my destination, "up country" as the inhabitants call it.

To reach it, in the first place, there was the river to be crossed on a primitive sort of a rope ferry-boat, like a large punt, and then from the "Hotel" on the other side (the smallest inn in America is dubbed an hotel), a stage-coach left once a day for the little group of clap-board cottages and saw-mill known as a town. This stage-coach was as primitive an affair as the ferry-boat; a



Preparing to shoot the dam.

structure on four spindly wheels, perilously delicate for the rough roads and hills they were destined to cross. Over the top was a cover of leather, a few rough seats arranged crosswise inside, the hardness of which increased in proportion as the journey lengthened, and the bumping and jolting, particularly as we crossed what are known as the corduroy roads and bridges, would, as my fellow-passenger remarked, have shaken the dyspepsia out of the most confirmed sufferer from that complaint.

Our driver was one of those typical Uncle Sams such as one sees portrayed in the cartoons of comic papers: the lantern jaw, the hollow cheek, the clean-shaven upper lip, the goat-like stubbly beard, the small, piercing grey eye. He did not, however, wear the red and white striped trousers, nor the star-spangled blue field for a waistcoat. He was a good whip, but had a failing, not uncommon in those parts, of a too great fondness for the fiery water distilled from the rye, known as rye whisky. A foreknowledge of this fact made me tightly clutch the rails of the seat as we dashed madly along these rough roads, now along a cutting where on the near side the great, rough, granite rocks rose steeply, covered with a rank growth, while to the right, down a precipitous descent of many feet, could be discerned the foaming waters of the mountain stream, into which the slightest slip of the horses or any breakage in the coach would have sent us helplessly rolling. The crossing of those parts of the road and bridges made of what has been before referred to as corduroy gave the liver a shaking quite equal to the most powerful of antibilious pills.

The corduroy road was so called, I suppose, from the cloth of that name much affected by the English agricultural labourer, which, as every one knows, consists of an infinite number of elevated cords with corresponding depressions. The roads here in swampy places, and the bridges, were made of logs placed transversely, and as the interstices between were not filled up, it is not difficult to imagine the sensation which would be produced in driving across in a four-wheeled vehicle.

It was a wild and interesting drive, with its occasional glimpses of savage scenery through the virgin forest at the top of some height, interspersed with anecdotes from the driver, who delighted in pointing out various spots, hollows in the great rocks, where rattlesnakes' nests had been found, and recollections of various persons who had been bitten by this terrible viper.

At last, with a final twirl and crack of the whip, our thin but wiry steeds rattle us down the last incline through the wood into a sort of clearing nestled in a hollow, where two or three low wooden houses, a saw-mill, a store, and a hotel, form what is there called a town.

As we entered the place, I noticed a great fire burning—an enormous bonfire made of great slabs of wood, which seemed a terrible waste, considering how valuable this wood would have been in some eastern city. I afterwards learned that this wood was burned, as garden or field rubbish is, to get rid of its accumulation.

As our springless vehicle pulled up in front of the two-storey wooden structure, which bore over the doorway the inscription "Forest Hotel," there was a curious group gathered to greet us, for this was the all and only important incident of the day in this out-of-the-way place. Young men and old, in their shirt-sleeves and soft hats, some whittling with their jack-knives, others smoking the red-clay pipe, gazed silently but curiously as we drove up; while at the door stood the buxom landlady in her print frock and arms akimbo, and from various windows peered the more charming daughters in expectancy of news from the outer world and curiosity to see the new arrivals. Inside there was good cheer, though homely. Over the great wood fire in the great kitchen stove (coal was not used there), a dish of pike, fresh from the river, was soon ready for consumption, and the traveller from civilisation was speedily at home with the bluff but picturesque old raft pilot, the landlord, his wife, and comely daughters.

Whatever else may be said of women, one thing is certain, that they are naturally more refined than men, and if we were ever to

retrograde into a state of barbarism, it would be the man that would go first. To look at these girls, brought up in and under these wild influences, surrounded by rough, uncouth men who earned their livelihood in the rude pursuits of timber-cutting, raft-making, and piloting, it seemed almost incredible that they should have been able to preserve those refining influences peculiar to women, to be tolerably *au fait* with current literature, and even to be able to "claw the keys" of the pianoforte—more *forte* than *piano*—which adorned one wall of the best room of the hotel—the Sunday room, known as the parlour.

I soon became at home in my surroundings, and began to enjoy the strange, wild life of the country. I could have wished, however, for some St. Patrick to drive the snakes out of the place, for I could never become quite comfortable in my wanderings when I thought of the dangers of these deadly reptiles. Near the house, when one of them showed himself, the fowls used to gather about him with a loud clucking, which guided the men, who killed him with sticks. But snakes had a bad and terrifying habit of coming up occasionally through the boards on the ground-floor, and, on one occasion, I met one coiled up in the road. On hearing my tread he projected his head from one end of the coil, and gave with his other extremity that formidable note of warning, the rattle—a sharp, whirring sound, produced by the rapid oscillation of his caudal appendage, consisting of a series of rings, each containing a loose sort of bony structure—the number of the rings being said to represent the age of the reptile. I was not valorous on this occasion, I fled.

One day I met a bear, or rather saw one, wabbling along the road toward me. Being armed only with a lead pencil and some sketching paper, I again thought discretion the better part of valour, and left Master Bruin—rather hurriedly, perhaps—to his own pursuits.

But the great charm of the place was in poling about in the log canoe, although, indeed, in my first venture I nearly lost my life through being unable to manage the frail structure, and thereby nearly drifting over the dam. The current was strong, and, failing to direct the canoe properly, I drifted into mid-stream, where I sought in vain to touch ground, and a cold sweat came over me as I felt myself getting nearer and nearer the dull roar of the water as it dashed over the weir. At such times in one's life one sees strange visions, and I certainly saw them then. Slowly but surely I felt myself drifting in my frail craft toward the long straight line where the waters broke over into the foaming rapids beneath; but with the energy of despair I gave one plunge with my pole, and, happily, touched bottom, and with a few strokes I was safely out of danger.

Once, however, master of this frail craft, once able to deftly direct its movements, which was a matter of some little time, there could be nothing more enjoyable than moving about those strange, silent waters, coasting along the rock-bound banks, rank with a savage vegetation, or landing now and again on some island thick with an almost impenetrable tangle of luxuriant undergrowth. No notice boards here, "Camping not allowed," no mention of "Private Water," no great chimney-stack polluting the air with its belching vapours. Here all was wild, pure, solitary, natural.

Some little distance above the forest "town" there were, however, signs of human work in the shape of a log shoot, where the great virgin forest pines, after being felled, were tumbled down from the steep hillsides into the creek, where, after being deftly bound together, they assumed the proportions of a small raft, which in the spring, with the floods from the melting snows and rains, are drifted down the stream across the dams, until, reaching the larger waters, they are amalgamated with others to form a great compact structure. Upon this a rough house is built to accommodate the pilots. And so these great timber rafts float along the various rivers from the Alleghany to the Ohio, from thence to the Mississippi, and then down that great river to the wharves of New Orleans.

The management of these unwieldy structures is at the best of times attended with considerable danger; for, borne along as they are by the irresistible surging current of a swollen river, it requires a most skilful pilot, knowing thoroughly every inch of the way, to be able to so adjust the great oars at stem and stern with such nicety as to avoid collision with bridges or whatever other obstacle he may encounter. But in shooting the dams at the head waters of the smaller rivers, as depicted in the illustration, the coolest nerve is required, for the slightest slip will send the lumbering affair crashing on to the boulders below, where in the tumultuous seething of the waters any escape would be almost miraculous. And these great jutting rocks rise like funereal monuments to mark the spot where more than one poor fellow has lost his life.

The purposes of my visit to this country necessitated me on one occasion making a journey to a saw-mill some ten miles further back in the country, the path to which lay through an unbroken forest of hemlock,



A raft wrecked on the boulders.

When about to start on my expedition, I received the not altogether reassuring intelligence that the forest in question was the dwelling-place of a gang of outcasts from society who held peculiar views as to the rights of other people to the possession of their property, and were not averse to taking anything they could lay hands on, from a hen roost to a horse. I was advised to go armed. The only available weapon was a sort of tomahawk or hatchet. So with this tucked round my waist and concealed by my clothes, I started on my lonely walk.

At first there was a certain charm of novelty about the situation as I walked along the narrow path between the straight and stately hemlocks, only breaking into spiky sombre foliage far up the trunks, while under my feet the earth was springy with the deposit of ages of dead vegetation. There was little undergrowth, and the trees lost themselves one behind the other in a misty perspective, while over all a half twilight brooded.

Occasionally the shrill *meeauw* of the cat-bird would break the stillness, or the dull thudding sound made by the woodpecker at his work. After walking for some time like this the silence and gloom began to grow oppressive, my nerves seeming strung in expectancy of some fresh sound, and it was with a sigh of relief that I saw a glimmer as of sunlight ahead, and heard the murmuring sound of a trout stream.

Presently the path passed out of the wood into a sort of clearing made by the rivulet, across which was a bridge of logs rudely placed together. It was a delightful sensation to pass once more into the daylight and feel the warm rays of the sun. As I stood watching the water tumbling and bubbling over the confusion of heaped-up boulders, across which great forest trees lay here and there, their branches twisted into strange shapes, and the stream splurting and foaming about them as if in madness at the obstruction to its progressa, humming-bird buzzed by quite close to my head, flashing its brilliant iridescent plumage in the sunlight.

With the idea of getting a better view from up the stream, I took off my boots and waded some little distance through the pure transparent water, little thinking of the danger, as I afterwards learned, I ran from the dread serpent's bite, for at this time they were wont to seek the coolness of the river-side. Seated on a log which had fallen across the stream, I was absorbed in the strange wild beauty of the scene—watching the blue flash of the kingfisher's wing, listening to the cries of strange birds, seeing the crimson flashes from the speckled trout as they darted into the sun-lit stream to seize an unwary fly, and then return to the still dark pool under the shadow of some great rocks, while above the otherwise stillness rang out that peculiar musical note high and clear, but yet mournfully sweet, made by the continual flow of the water over the rocks and eddies—when all of a sudden, out of this drowsy, dreamy indolence, I was awakened by a sound unlike the other natural sounds to which I had been listening, and which, although faint and distant, made me prick up my ears in wonderment as to its cause. In these solitudes, all the senses seem painfully quickened to detect anything out of the usual run.

All, however, again became still, save the singing note of the stream and the occasional song of a bird.

I had scarcely, however, begun to comfort myself with the thought that my sense of hearing, wrought up by the abnormal stillness, had been deceived into exaggerating some trivial sound, when again, and nearer, I heard this strange noise. There seemed no doubting the fact now, and, with every nerve strained, I sat in anxious expectancy of a repetition of the sound. Everything else seemed hushed.

Presently the stillness was again broken by what seemed now a strange, unearthly cry, unlike to anything human, to anything which bird or beast could make. I thought of one of the tales of Fenimore Cooper, where he so graphically describes the dreadful cry of agony made by a horse in its death-struggle. I thought of the South American bird, whose mournful note is likened unto the cry of a lost soul; but this sound was like neither of these.

It would be useless to deny that a dreadful sense of fear took possession of me. And when, now again, this demoniacal yell rang out through the silent avenues of the forest, with quaking knees I dropped from my perch into the stream and crept stealthily into the thick tangle of trees and bushes, through which the forest path was just discernible. Here, crouched down, I waited almost breathless, peering with strained eyes through the confusion of leaf and branch, and listening with a sort of spell-bound fascination for a repetition of the cry.

When next it re-echoed through the wood, it was evidently quite near, although as inexplicable as before, and, did I not know the sequel, I should have ever after been a firm believer in the supernatural, for to nothing earthly could I liken this wild, ringing shriek.

The death-like stillness which succeeded was broken by a trampling and pushing sound over the dead leaves, and, from my place of concealment, my eyes, which were fixed immovably on the little glimmer of light which marked the course of the path, saw a herd of swine running and jostling each other, while behind them, brandishing a club, followed a figure having the semblance of a man, a wild, dishevelled creature in rags, who, as he passed, uttered another of those piercing yells which echoed and re-echoed through the surrounding stillness. I breathed a sigh of relief as I saw the uncanny figure disappear with his strange companions over the bridge, and wiped the cold sweat from my face as I crawled out of my hiding-place. Although I should not have cared to encounter this madman, for such he proved to be, as I afterwards learned—mad through solitude and drink—it was the strange unaccountableness of his wild cry disturbing these solitudes which was the great cause of my terror.

The remainder of my ten-mile walk through the forest was devoid of incident. It was one unbroken wilderness of trees, without a habitation, nor did I encounter another human being, not even a horse-thief, until I arrived at the saw-mill which was my destination.

(THE END.)

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL.

In the November issue of his organ, "Night and Day," Dr. Barnardo writes: "In the March issue of this magazine I was delighted to be able to announce that Mr. G. A. Hutchison, editor of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, had nearly succeeded in the very beneficial and helpful project which he had proposed to his readers, viz., that they should subscribe for the last of the large wards in Her Majesty's Hospital as a memorial to General Gordon. Nearly the whole of the £750 required for this purpose has been already contributed, and the Gordon Ward is in a fair way to become at an early date a fully realised fact. During my absence Mr. Hutchison has, I find, presented the Ward with a beautifully framed original drawing, worth, at the least, 20 guineas. It has already begun its mission of brightening and beautifying the Gordon Ward." A fine engraving from this picture, which is entitled "Duty," will appear in our next month's part.

"FISHERMAN'S LUCK."

BY J. PAUL TAYLOR.

Some fishers who scarce get a bite
From beginning to end of the season,
Still think their own methods are right,
And for failure have always a reason.

And this, you will probably hear,
Was "water" or "weather" or "tackle,"
For the stream was "too high," or "too clear,"
Or something went wrong with the "hackle."

In short, if you want to know why
For fish he is vainly a striver,
'Tis the fault of "the rod," or "the fly"—
But never, oh never, the *driver!*

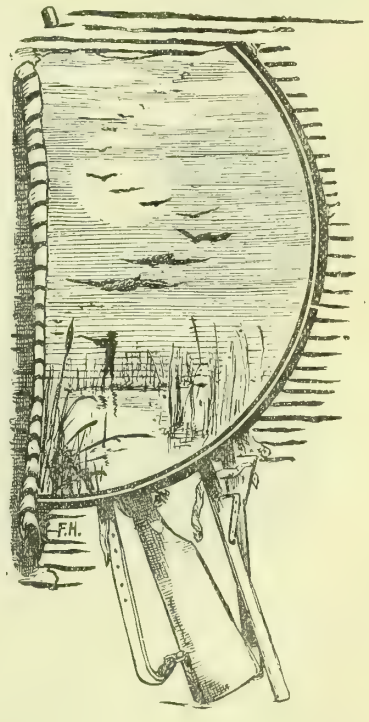
And whenever you make the remark
That they seldom bring anything in,
'Tis the "sun was too bright" (or too dark),
Or the "water too thick" (or too thin!)

The exception to this is "Old Sam,"
An ancient professional angler,
If the fishermen passed an exam.
He'd surely be senior (wr) angler!

One day he had caught but a few,
And none of the others had any;
I ventured to ask if he knew
The reason he didn't get many?

He answered, "The truth for to say,
And not for to tell you a whopper,
I'm a little bit queerish to-day,
And fancy I didn't fish proper!"

Then, reader, when never a bit
Of luck will attend you, be candid;
That you "didn't fish proper" admit,
As this very eccentric old man did!



A CENTURY OF FRENCH HISTORY, ILLUSTRATED BY THE COPPER COINS OF THE COUNTRY.

By Daniel F. Howorth, F.S.A. Scot.

Author of "Coins and Tokens of the English Colonies," etc.

PART I.

Perhaps some of the boys who read this paper delight in looking through the contents of those trays of copper coins which are sometimes displayed in the old curiosity-shops, and in seeking therefrom to make additions to their collections of coins or tokens, English, colonial, or foreign, or the more ancient Roman or Greek.

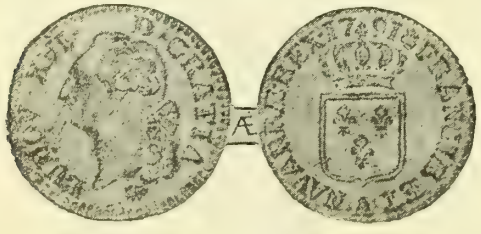
In their search they will turn over many coins of the neighbouring great nation of France, and well will these coins repay a little careful study. In the present article I propose to refer almost exclusively to coins which are comparatively common, so that it will not be beyond the means of many boys to make up a series completely illustrating a period of history which is full of lessons of deep importance to individuals as well as to nations.

In connection with the coins to be noticed, there are some matters of general interest and information which claim attention before we look at the coins *seriatim*. Every coin issued from the French mints tells more of its autobiography than do the coins of our own country. Besides the date, we may also frequently learn who were artist (or designer) and mint-master, and from what mint the coin emanated. The designer's name or initials may be found, on many coins, below the bust on the obverse (head-side). The mint-master is distinguished by some badge which he adopted, such as an anchor, a hand, a lamp, a caduceus, or some animal. The mint itself is known by a letter, or monogram, or some other distinctive mark, either alone or in combination; and as those which relate to French mints are numerous, and, during the period under review, invariable, I will give a list of them.

A	Paris	N	Montpellier
B	Rouen	Q	Perpignan
B and an acorn .	Boulogne	R	Orleans
D	Lyons	T	Nantes
G and a lion . .	Geneva	W	Lille
H	La Rochelle	&	Aix
I	Limoges	M & A interlaced .	Marseilles
K	Bordeaux	AA	Metz
L	Bayonne	BB	Strasburg
M	Toulouse	A cow . . .	Pau

Other mints existed, each with its own mint-mark, before the time to which this paper refers; but they had been closed, and gradually the number of mints was further reduced, until of the seven (A, B, D, K, W, M & A, and BB) which were in operation during the first year of Louis Napoleon's reign, all have been closed except the metropolitan (A). The last copper (or bronze) that I have seen of any mint other than Paris is a 10 centime, 1872, of Bordeaux (K). It will be well to note that the same mint-marks on the coins of other countries refer sometimes to French mints, sometimes not. For instance A on German coins indicates Berlin, on Austrian coins, Vienna, as the source of issue; but on coins of Uruguay, of Greece, &c., it stands for Paris. On many English, colonial, and foreign coins, H is the mark of Heaton and Sons of Birmingham, who make contracts with various Governments to supply bronze or other money. The last example which I have noticed of an issue from a French provincial mint is not the 10 centime above referred to, but a series of Greek coppers, 1, 2, 5, and 10 lepta, of 1878, bearing the mint-mark K.

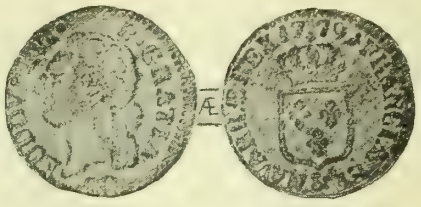
Sou.



Ludov. XVI. D. GRATIA. (Ludovicus XVI. Dei Gratia=Louis XVI. by the Grace of God.) King's head to dexter, thereunder a lion passant, or other device.
Franciæ et Navarræ rex. (King of France and Navarre.) The shield of France regally crowned; at beginning of legend a lyre; under the shield m.m. A.

A century ago the throne of France was occupied by Louis XVI.; but already was its stability suffering from the sins of its former occupants, from the political incapacity of its supporters, and even from the kindly good-nature of the king himself. His coins still bore their legend in Latin, as did those of all western Europe at that time. One nation, however, after another has discarded the use of the learned and universally-known language, until not a copper coin issues from any European mint without the legend in the language of the country in which it is intended to circulate, with one remarkable exception—our own native land. The copper coins then (1774–1791) in use in France were the sou (=12 deniers), the double liard or half-sou (=6 deniers), and the liard or quarter-sou (=3 deniers). The obverse bears the inscription Ludov. XVI. D. GRATIA round the king's head looking to the dexter side; and the reverse continues and completes the inscription FRANCIÆ ET NAVARRÆ REX with date and mint-mark, round a crowned shield bearing the three lilies of France, its coat-of-arms under the Bourbon dynasty. The coins are more fully described under the accompanying illustrations.

Half-Sou.



Ludov. XVI. D. GRATIA. (Louis XVI. by the Grace of God.) King's head as before; thereunder a bow, etc.
Franciæ et Navarræ rex. (King of France and Navarre.) The shield of France regally crowned; at beginning of legend a bird; under the shield m.m. &.

Quarter-Sou (Liard).

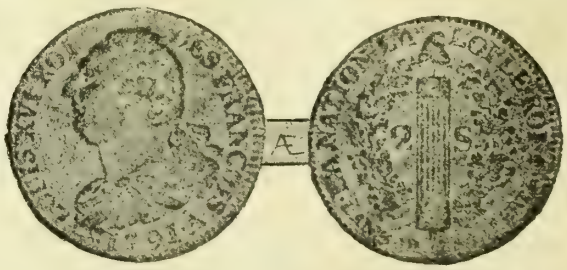


Ludov. XVI. D. GRATIA. (Louis XVI. by the Grace of God.) King's head as before; thereunder a dog seated, or other device.
Franciæ et Navarræ rex. (King of France and Navarre.) The shield of France regally crowned; at beginning of legend a globe; under the shield m.m. T.

This type of coin continued in use until 1791, when the National Assembly decreed changes which affected the whole coinage of the kingdom. For kingdom it still remained, though the king was deprived of almost every kingly function, and the ruin which soon overtook the monarch and the monarchy was darkly imminent.

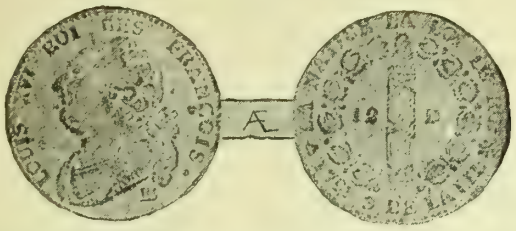
The number of coins was increased by the addition of a two-sou piece, and the legends on both obverse and reverse were altered by decree of the National Assembly dated April 9, 1791. The king's bust still ornamented the coins, but his title was significantly changed. No longer "King of France and Navarre by God's Grace," but "King of the French"; and since God's name is omitted, it is inferred that the king is only such by favour of the people. The legend on the reverse, too, puts the king last; and adds to the year of our Lord the date of the era of liberty; an era which dated from January 1, 1789, the year in which the Bastille was stormed. These coins were struck both in copper and in bell-metal; many of the churches being despoiled of their bells to provide material for the large coinage of small change which was at the time much needed.

Two Sous.



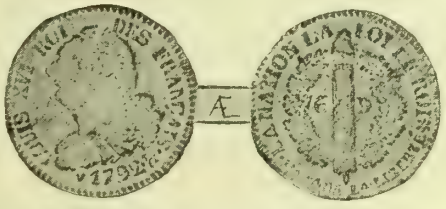
Louis XVI. roi des françois. Bust of Louis XVI. to dexter; thereunder a lion passant, the date, and m.m.
La nation la loi le roi, followed by a lyre. Surrounded by an oak-wreath is a fasces crowned by a cap of liberty. In the field 2 s (two sous); and below l'an 3 de la liberté.

Sous.



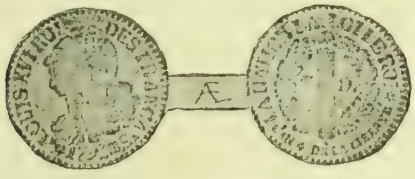
LOUIS XVI. ROI DES FRANÇOIS. Bust of the king looking to dexter; underneath, on the border of the bust DUVIVIER, the engraver's name, and the m.m.
LA NATION LA LOI LE ROI, followed by a star. Surrounded by an oak-wreath is a fasces with bands, crowned by a cap of liberty. In the field 12 D (12 deniers) and below the date, 1791, 3 DE LA LIB.
Some of both the above coins with the m.m.'s of Metz and Strasburg have the inscriptions LOUIS XVI. ROI DES FRANÇAIS.

Half-Sou.



LOUIS XVI. ROI DES FRANÇAIS. Bust of king similar to that on the two-sous, looking to dexter; thereunder a heart, the date, and m.m.
LA NATION LA LOI LE ROI, followed by a star. The fasces surrounded by a wreath of oak, and crowned by a cap of liberty. In the field 6 D (6 deniers), and underneath L AN 4 DE LA LIBERTÉ.

Quarter Sou.

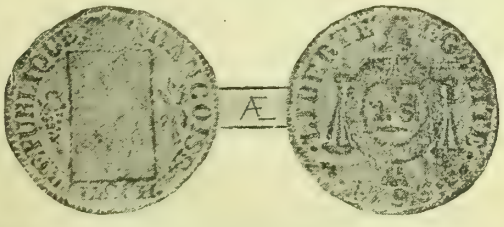


Obverse and reverse exactly as the last, excepting the value 3 D (3 deniers).
Issues of both the above coins from other mints appear with the legend round the King's head LOUIS XVI. ROI DES FRANÇOIS.

Some two years only did this type of coinage continue. In December, 1792, the King was brought to trial, and was condemned to death by the guillotine on January 20, 1793; the sentence was carried out on the following day. The coinage of these four coins, however, continued (without any change beyond the adoption on some of them of the modern spelling Français instead of François), in spite of the protests which the Republicans made against the issue of money bearing the "image and superscription" of a king. Some of the coins minted in 1793 have "L'an 4 de la Liberté" instead of "L'an 5"—an error of the engraver.

Before the close of 1793, a new series of copper, brass, and bell-metal coins was issued from the mints under decree of the National Convention. It consisted of three coins—the 2 Sous, Sou, and ½ Sou. On these coins first appears the era of the Republic, which was continued on some of the coins of the first Napoleon, even after he became emperor.

Two Sous.



REPUBLIQUE FRANÇOISE. A table on which is inscribed in sunken letters LES HOMMES SONT EGAUX DEVANT LA LOI. DUPRE. The table is placed between a bunch of raisins and a bouquet of wheat, and has at its head an eye surrounded by rays; beneath it the date L'AN II.
LIBERTÉ ÉGALITÉ. A wreath of oak surmounting a balance which hangs in equilibrio and is crowned with a cap of liberty. In the field 2 S (two sous), and beneath the m.m. and date.

Sou and Half-Sou.

Exactly similar to the two sous, excepting the difference in value indicated within the wreath as 1 S and ½ S respectively.

The issue of the above type of small moneys only appears with the date 1793, or L'an 2 (de la République). It was speedily followed by recommendations to adopt the decimal system; and dies were prepared for 1, 5, 10, and 50 centime pieces, of which patterns are occasionally seen, but they were not circulated.

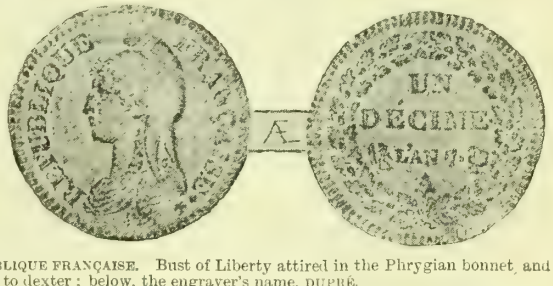
No coins are found of L'an 3; but L'an 4 brings into use the new decimal coinage, in a series of new types. The first issue of 5 centimes, 1 and 2 décimes, was very speedily called in and superseded by a coinage of double its weight, and the 2 décimes ceased to appear. Unaltered coins of this first issue are rare. Great numbers of the 2 décimes underwent a process similar to that by which glass is engraved; by means of which the figure 2 and the letter S at the end of the word décimes were speedily erased, and where the 2 had been, the word UN was impressed with a punch. Others were passed through the coining-press a second time, and retain traces of their original impress as 2 décimes showing through the re-strike as Ones. The single décimes were re-struck for 5-centimes pieces, and the original 5 centimes were withdrawn from circulation. The altered coins retain their date L'an 4; the re-struck ones appear with L'an 5.

Five Centimes (withdrawn).



REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE. Bust of Liberty wearing the Phrygian cap and looking to dexter; below the bust DUPRÉ.
5 CENTIMES across the field, with date L'AN 4 and m.m. between a figure of Victory and a cornucopia.
This was the first coin struck of the French decimal system. Specimens were presented at the session of the National Convention on September 29, 1795 (7 Vendémiaire l'an 4). It was afterwards withdrawn as being too small.

Décime.



REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE. Bust of Liberty attired in the Phrygian bonnet, and looking to dexter; below, the engraver's name, DUPRÉ.
UN DÉCIME, date, and mint-marks surrounded by a wreath of oak-leaves.

Five Centimes.



REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE. Bust of Liberty as on the Décime, with engraver's name. DUPRÉ.
CINQ CENTIMES in the field, with date and mint-marks, the whole surrounded by a wreath of oak-leaves.

One Centime.



REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE, with head of Liberty wearing cap of Liberty, and thereunder the name DUPRÉ.
UN CENTIME across the field, with date and mint-marks underneath.

Coins of the above types were issued from the various mints up to L'an 8, the one-centime first appearing in L'an 6. Of L'an 9 I have only seen the five-centime with the mint-mark of Geneva, which was then included in the enlarged France.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS-BOXES MADE BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "How to Start a Boy's Own Postal Photo Club," etc., etc.

With the advent of Christmastide there comes to us the yearly demand for suitable offerings which we can give to our relatives and friends, to whom we have given so many and varied gifts on former occasions that there seems hardly anything left that is new and worthy of their acceptance, and, at the same time, will not make too great inroads on our, perhaps, slender stock of pocket-money.

Our boys who are fond of photography (and there seem to be a very large number of them fluttering round the "B. O. P.") can easily make a large number of very suitable articles by means of their stock of negatives. Christmas-boxes made by the giver, though they may not be intrinsically valuable, are obviously of special interest to the recipient, from their novelty and from the fact that they were made expressly for him or her, as the case may be.

In this paper, then, I propose to show how those who are not equal to very elaborate carpentry or other workmanship may still, by means of their photographic knowledge, turn out gifts which will be acceptable to the recipients and additionally valuable as being the handiwork of the giver.

And first as to Christmas cards. These time-honoured institutions are rapidly gaining ground every year, and as rapidly superseding the less elegant—and frequently decidedly vulgar—valentines, which is a change for the better, as most of us will be ready to admit. For those who have taken advantage of the bright summer weather to lay in a stock of prints, the manufacture of Christmas cards is a very easy matter, nothing more being necessary than to stick these on to cards bearing a suitable motto, instead of ordinary mounts. Such cards can often be got from the fancy-dealers or stationers in a large town, but if no such place offers itself to the reader, he can get them direct, for vertical or horizontal prints of any size, from Messrs. W. Hooper & Co., 5 Hand Court, Holborn, London, W.C.

For those who have yet their printing to do, and who live in a smoky town where the illumination is not sufficient for printing on ordinary silver paper at this time of year, I should suggest the use of bromide paper in the place of albumenised. This can be printed in the dullest weather, or even at night, being quite independent of daylight. There are many brands of bromide paper in the market. I have myself tried Eastman's, the "Ilford" bromide paper, and Fry's "Argentotype" paper—the latter works particularly well in my hands. The Hydroquinone developer is a very good one for this work; and as it is always given with the paper, it is not necessary to give it here. When finished, the "Argentotype" or other bromide prints are easily stuck to the cards with a spirituous solution of glue, for which I give the receipt, as it is the best and cleanest thing of which I know for mounting bromide or silver prints of any description:—

Take 4 ounces of best glue, and put it into a jam-pot, first breaking it (the *glue* that is, *not* the jam-pot!) into small pieces, and, filling the jam-pot with cold water, leave the glue to soak over-night. In the morning you will find it has absorbed a lot of the water, and is in a soft, spongy state. Pour off all the water that is left unabsorbed and put the jam-pot into a good big saucepan, with enough water to reach about half-way up its sides. Boil the water gently until all the glue has melted; when this has taken place pour in 4 fluid ounces of methylated spirit, stirring all the time. Mix well together for a few minutes more, and then strain it through muslin into a large bottle for use. When cold it sets hard, but is easily liquefied by placing the bottle containing it in a little hot water. Shake the bottle when liquefied, as it has rather a tendency to deposit. The only other mountant equal to this, and as easily made, is starch, or preferably arrowroot, and the glue has this especial advantage over either, that it can easily be dissolved by placing photo and mount in hot water, and thus the photo can be readily unmounted; whereas in the case of starch you would run the risk of tearing it to shreds before it left the mount.

Any subject will, of course, do to mount on these cards, but it may be remarked that photos taken on purpose, introducing a Christmas motto (e.g. a group of puppies or kittens holding up a large card on which is inscribed "A merry Christmas"—this is quite possible to achieve with a quick shutter and a little patience), produce a very much more striking effect. If flowers are to be taken the newly introduced "Orthochromatic" (or, as they are generally, but wrongly, called, "Isochromatic") plates should be used, as they render the difference of colour between the flowers considerably better than plates of the ordinary kind. Of course, if you can manage to paint the flowers skilfully afterwards it will add a good deal to the effect of the card.

"Eastman's transferotype paper" is exceedingly useful to the maker of photographic Christmas gifts. For example, the plain photograph frames of white wood, that can be bought for 6*d.* or 9*d.* at many fancy shops, can be embellished by transferring photographs on to them, and thus be rendered much more valuable; it would not be a bad idea to surround the photograph of the donor with small views of his home, and the whole would then make a very original and acceptable gift. This transferotype paper can be developed with the "ferrous oxalate" developer, but must not be developed with hydroquinone, as, owing to its tanning action, this retards the very effect we want to produce, viz. the stripping off of the film. The ferrous oxalate developer is easily made by pouring 48 oz. of hot water over a pound of oxalate of potash (poison) in one bottle, and adding to it 3 drams of acetic acid, and 32 ounces of hot water over 1 pound of protosulphate of iron in another bottle, and adding to this ½ dram of acetic acid, or ½ oz. of citric acid. Both these are "saturated solutions," so that a little of each salt will remain in the bottle undissolved when the solution gets cold. Besides these, dissolve 1 oz. of bromide of potassium in another bottle in 32 oz. of water. The details of development are always given with the paper, so it is unnecessary to give them here. I have merely given the developer as it answers well for other bromide papers if preferred to hydroquinone. When about to use it, 1 oz. of the iron solution is added to 6 oz. of the oxalate of potash solution, and ½ dram of the bromide solution is mixed with them. When the picture has come up well—which it ought to do with very strong contrasts and plenty of "pluck"—the print is put into a bath of acetic acid, 1 dram, water, 32 oz. It is not to be put into water, or a precipitate may take place in the pores of the paper. Three separate portions of acetic acid are poured over it, and it is then well washed. It is to remain in each portion of acetic acid for one minute. It is now fixed in ordinary hypo-solution—hyposulphite of soda, 3 oz., water, 16 oz.—and is then ready to transfer. I will not take up space by narrating the details of this process, as, if you get the paper, you will also get the instructions; all that may be mentioned is that the print is placed film side down on the surface of the object to be ornamented, and, having been "squeegeed" with a roller and several thicknesses of blotting-paper, is left to dry—if possible, under several sheets of blotting-paper and a heavy weight—for not less than half an hour. After that, hot water is poured on the back of the print until the paper blisters, when the corner can be taken hold of and the back pulled off, leaving the picture transferred on to the object. When dry it will stand a good deal of rough usage, but must not be exposed to damp unless well varnished with some colourless varnish to protect it. If you find you succeed well in getting pictures on this paper, you can use them as ordinary bromide prints by simply drying without transferring them.

"Transparencies" made by simply printing on plates specially prepared, just as in the case of paper, and developed either with hydroquinone or ferrous oxalate, are capable of being used to make very pretty Christmas-boxes. Plates coated with "lantern slide emulsion" can be obtained from many makers, e.g. Messrs. R. W. Thomas & Co., 10 Pall Mall, London, S.W., or The Fry Manufacturing Co., 5 Chandos Street, Charing Cross, London, W.C. Aim at getting a transparency with the deepest shadows clear glass, and the "high lights" very black, which can be done by "keeping back" the developer a good deal and giving a full exposure. The transparency, having been made, has now to be mounted. To do this, procure a frame the exact size to hold it—quarter-plate or half-plate, as the case may be—and put the transparency into it, film side inwards, a clean piece of glass being first placed in the frame to protect the film. A few small slips of wood, glued on the inside of the frame, will hold them in securely. The back of the frame, if any exists, is, of course, not wanted; with a little skill you can easily make frames for yourself, only purchasing the moulding. Now a piece of wood, about ¼ inch thick, is to be taken and covered with perfectly clean white paper, to act as a reflector; this piece of wood must be of such a size that, when the transparency is fixed at a certain angle, with the edge of the frame resting on one end of the wood (forming the base), the white paper fills the whole transparency. This can be ascertained by experiment; for a half-plate the size is about 7½ in. by 6 in., but a good deal depends on the angle at which the transparency is inclined to the base. The frame is then to be fastened at the right angle by side pieces of wood, which can either be plain or carved in fretwork as elaborately as you please. When all this is done the effect is really beautiful, the transparency giving much more delicacy of detail (if the negative was a good one) than an ordinary silver print. I can state from personal experience that these easily made ornaments are most highly appreciated by those to whom they are given, especially if (as is generally the case) they have never seen or heard of such things as photographic transparencies before.

In speaking of transferotype paper just now, I gave a method for ornamenting photo frames and similar objects of white wood. Those who are not equal to the transferotype process can produce very good results with

ordinary silver albumen prints, by fastening them to the frame in good positions, and then giving them several coats of varnish. If the varnish has a tendency to sink into the paper, begin with a good coating of strong gum-arabic, and afterwards apply the varnish—"paper varnish" preferably. Those who are good enough carvers to recess the prints back into the frame, or box-lid, or whatever it may be, can make a more imposing piece of work of it.

Lamp shades made with transparencies are very ornamental, and at the same time useful. Glass, however, is too heavy, unless the frame is of metal. Instead of glass, celluloid films may be used. Purchase a common lamp shade made of extra thick mill-board (to resist any cockling of the films caused by the heat), and cut holes any size you may think suitable in each of its sides. Now make the same number of transparencies on celluloid films, just as was done in the case of glass, and glue a transparency on the inside over each hole, fastening tape over the edges to the sides of the lamp-shade on the inside to hold the transparencies securely. You must, unfortunately, put the gelatine film outwards, or the pictures will be reversed; that side can be varnished, if necessary, to protect it from injury.

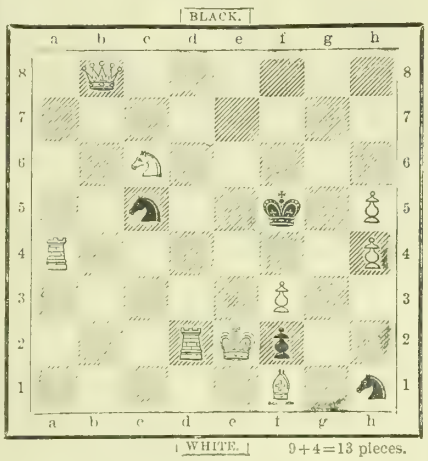
Very cheap photograph frames have been recently introduced, in which the front is formed by a bevelled-edged piece of glass, and the back by a spring frame, which forms the support of the easel. These can sometimes be got as low as 2*d.* for C.D.V. size, and 3½*d.* for cabinet size, and can soon be made worth as many shillings. Take a suitable silver print and prepare a solution of gelatine, made by soaking about two ounces in cold water till soft, then adding enough boiling water to make a rather thick solution, and filtering through muslin into a flat dish. Now dip your silver print into this, and wait till it is thoroughly permeated by the gelatine. Put the glass also into it, and then sliding the gelatined print under the glass, lift both out together. There ought to be no signs of any air-bubbles between print and glass; if there are, you will have to go through the process again. Supposing that there are none, a rubber roller is to be passed over the back of the print to squeeze out all superfluous gelatine and get the print into optical contact with the glass. The solution of gelatine must be kept at a temperature of about 100° Fahrenheit while these operations are going on, or it will not run easily. When it has all drained off the glass and the print, leave them to dry, and when dry the print can be trimmed to the size of the glass, using a sharp penknife and cutting on another piece of glass. The easel is now slipped on again, and a pretty ornament is the result. They are commonly known as "opalines," and if you like the effect, which considerably enhances the appearance of the photo, you can procure glasses with bevelled edges on purpose for their manufacture from most large photographic dealers. The gelatine solution, I may here remark, should be kept hot while the process is going on by standing the dish in a larger dish of hot water, which can be heated by a spirit-lamp or gas-stove. The dish containing the gelatine must not be heated directly, or if the heat is uneven it may get burnt in places and thus spoilt.

There are many other ideas for the manufacture of photographic Christmas-boxes, which will suggest themselves to the more inventive of my readers, whom I will now leave to follow out their own designs, only hoping that all who profit by my instructions may thereby be enabled to give pleasure to others, and may themselves have "a happy Christmas" and a "bright New Year."

CHESS.

Problem No. 255.

By F. Möller.



9+4=13 pieces.

White compels Black to mate in five (5) moves.

Berger's Endstiele.

R and P generally win against a Kt, but the following is a draw:—White, K—K R 2, R—K R 3, P—Q 3; Black, K—Q 7, Kt—Q 5. If 1, K—Kt 2, K—K 7. 2, R—Kt 3, Kt—B 4. 3, R—R 3, Kt—Q 5, and White cannot play his K to R 3 and then to Kt 4. The following is the end of the 27th game between Labourdonnais and Macdonnell, and terminated in a draw, but Lewis proved that White might have won:—White, K—Q B 4, R—Q R sq., P—Q R 6; Black, K—Q Kt 3, Kt—Q R 2, White to play.

The section of the R against two or three pieces contains studies by several of the above-named masters.

The R in most cases can only draw against a B, but Kling and Horwitz win in this position:—White, K—K B 6, R—K Kt 7; Black, K—K B sq., B—K B 6, thus:—1, R—Kt 3, B—K 5. 2, R—K 3, B—Kt 7. 3, R—K 2, B—B 6 or B 8. 4, R—K B 2, B—B 3. 5, R—Q B 2, B—Q 2. 6, R—Q Kt 2, K—Kt sq. 7, R—Kt 8 (ch.), K—R 2. 8, R—Kt 7, and wins.

The R wins more easily against a Kt than against a B, but in many cases can only draw. There is an Arabic manuscript from the year 1257 at the British Museum, which contains the white K at Q B 6, the R at K R 8; the black K at Q R 2, the Kt at Q Kt 2, Black to move, White to win. The play is instructive: 1, Kt—R 4 (ch.). 2, K—Kt 5, Kt—Kt 2. 3, R—K B 8, Kt—Q 3 (ch.). 4, K—B 6, Kt—B 5. 5, R—Q 8, Kt—R 4 (ch.). 6, K—Kt 5, Kt—Kt 2. 7, R—Q 7, K—Kt sq. 8, K—Kt 6, K—R sq. 9, R—R 2, and mates in two more moves. If 5, Kt—K 4 (ch.). 6, K—B 5, K—Kt 2. 7, R—Q 5, Kt—Kt 3. 8, K—Q 6, Kt—B 5. 9, R—Q 2, K—Kt 3. 10, K—K 5, Kt—Kt 3 (ch.). 11, K—B 6, and wins.

Frequently the R can only draw against a P. If White, K—Q R sq.; R—Q Kt sq., Black, K—K Kt 5, P—K R 2, then White with the move can win, but Black with the move can draw. The win is 1, R—Kt sq. (ch.), K—B 4. 2, R—R sq., K—Kt 3. 3, K Kt 2, etc. The draw is 1, P—R 4, K—Kt 2. 2, P—R 5, K—B 2, etc. Occasionally one P can win against the R, for instance: White, K—K Kt 4, R—K Kt 5; Black, K—K B 3, P—K 6; the P moves to K 7, and if R—Kt 8, 2, K—B 2. If the four pieces be shifted one square to the right, then White can draw thus: 1, P—B 7, R—Kt 5 (ch.). 2, K—B 3, R—Kt 3. 3, P—B 8 Q, R—B 3 (ch.). 4, Q × R, stalemate.—Cozio's K—K 8, R—K Kt 7, black K—Q 3, P—Q B 3, White to play, is a win for White, thus: 1, R—Kt 5, P—B 4. 2, K—Q 8, P—B 5. 3, K—K 8, K—B 3. 4, K—K 7, K—Kt 3. 5, K—Q 6, followed by R—Q B 5. A second solution is 1, R—Kt 6 (ch.). Black with the move can draw.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

Roast Duck *v.* Nose.

There is a school well known to fame
(Whose name I'll not disclose),
And in this school there chanc'd my tale
Of "Roast Duck *versus* Nose"!

All private cooking strictly was
Within those walls taboo'd,
And so it follow'd that the boys
Cooked always—when they could!

One day to have a private spread,
Three fellows did agree;
And to do honour to the feast,
A duck must roasted be.

The duck was bought, and pluck'd, and cook'd,
And ev'rything prepar'd;
When in the distance suddenly
The Master's step was heard.

Then quick as thought the students hid
All that might tales have told;
Each took a seat, and seized a book,
And sat as good as gold.

Soon at the slowly op'ning door,
Appear'd the Master's face;
"Methinks," said he, "I smell a smell
Proceeding from this place."

A student raised his wond'ring eyes,
And sniff'd the tainted air;
"Why, dear me, sir, and so there is—
'Tis roast duck, I declare."

They looked about, and in, and out,
But nothing could be found;
And then the Master and the boy
Began to make a round

Of all the studies: and how strange
The smell still hover'd near,
But yet of culinary art
No traces did appear.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
But nothing could perceive;
The Master guessed not that the boy
Had roast duck in his sleeve.*

At last he left the fruitless quest
In a bewilder'd mood;
The boys sat down and ate the duck
And found it very good!

E. M. D.

* The boys of this school wear gowns with loose sleeves.





AN OLD READER.—Your best plan would be to read the article on India in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which you can see at the nearest free library, and choose the book you want from the list given at the end of the article.

SKIPPO.—We are glad to hear that the crew of the Boy's Own Lifeboat at Poole have won both sailing and rowing matches at Bournemouth Regatta during the last two years, and that the boat gives much satisfaction. If you write to Brodie and Middleton, Long Acre, or Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, asking about a book on sign-writing, they will tell you the prices.

A. J. W.—Maps and charts of the Yarmouth Broads are sold by Stanford, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, and doubtless by other map-sellers.

A. B.—Unless the lad can draw well and has a taste for it, it would be better for him to choose another means of livelihood. Send him to an art class, under the Science and Art Department, for a term and see how he improves. The time will not be wasted, and the cost is trifling.

JUVENIS.—1. Cycling is healthy, but it is not over good for growing boys. In moderation it is well enough. 2. As to the death-rate from accidents you can disregard it altogether. You are as safe on a machine as off it. 3. Get a safety; a good one may cost £15. The cheaper the machine the more chance there is of a breakdown, and the more certainty of the machine soon wearing out. 4. There are not many minor expenses, but there is the work of cleaning, which is sometimes not agreeable. You would probably want another machine in three years.

J. W. F.—You would not find it worth while to re-gild your watch. Leave it as it is, and keep it clean. If the watch is a good machine why convert it into an article of sham jewellery? If you must have it gilded take it to a silversmith and have it plated.

GAS (F. E. Robins).—The gas catches alight in the burner because the fire is so arranged as to be too near it. If you have the air inlet further away you will have no trouble from the gas igniting accidentally.

WOULD-BE CANADIAN.—Buy a thermometer and see for yourself. If freezing-point is at 32° it is obvious that zero must be 32° below freezing-point; if, as in the Centigrade scale, freezing-point is at zero, then zero must be at the freezing-point.

A. REID.—If you will enclose stamped envelope to the Secretary of the Royal Humane Society, Trafalgar Square, he will send you a copy of the directions for restoring the apparently drowned, etc. But why not join an ambulance class?

W. A. WILSON.—Learn to spell. When you have done so, write again. Do not trouble about boxing until you can improve on "Proffesser." You are not quick enough in the eyes, Wilson; you want more observing power.

JACK.—"We all love Jack." He is quite at the other end in his ambition. "I should like to be a nobleman!" says Jack. We believe it is managed by getting into a front place when the band goes by, but we have had no experience in such matters. As to Persian viscounties being cheap we know not. But what is a Persian viscount? Is he of the same peerage as the Duke of Gum Arabic?

W. REYNOLDS.—The "Clipper of the Clouds" and "Adrift in the Pacific" are obtainable in book-form from Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., Fetter Lane, E.C.

F. W. T.—The "Aviary of British Birds" was in our fourth volume. The articles began on page 565.

BANK.—A list of the directors of the Bank of England is given each year in Whitaker's Almanack.

A. A. D. MACKENZIE.—Get Geikie's "Primer of Geology," published by Macmillan and Co., and Skertchly's "Geology," published by T. Murby, of Ludgate Circus.

CAPTAIN BART BURSE.—The verses entitled "B. B." appeared on page 211 of the seventh volume, in the part for February, 1885.

P. B. WALMSLEY.—The cross in Xmas is the Greek letter *chi*, the initial of Christos. The pronunciation "Exmas" is an exhibition of pure ignorance.

TENROC.—A B flat cornet can be bought for £3 or less, but a good one will cost at least £7 7*s*. There are so many instrument-sellers that we must refer you to the Directory. The maker will give you the name of a tutor.

LOCOMOTIVE (A. Marin and B. P. C.).—The articles on building a model locomotive have been reprinted in our "Indoor Games."

GILT FRAMES.—To clean off fly-marks use soap and water sparingly, by means of a piece of rag on the finger-tip, then rinse with cold water and dry with wash-leather. When your frame is new or clean give it a coat of Copal varnish. You can then wipe the dirt off easily whenever you like.

D. D. R. R.—We are unaware of any record of the man who made the first box to keep money in with a hole in the middle.

A. HAYWARD.—Address a letter to the Secretary, Cyclists' Touring Club, Fleet Street, E.C. Could anything be simpler?

CRUS.—There are no appointments direct to the Indian Staff Corps. You must first have served with a regiment, and then pass on by examination.

FISHERMAN.—You must not fish for roach, bream, perch, carp, dace, gudgeon, etc., between March 15 and June 15 in any year.

A. W. W.—1. The Middlesex County Council meets at Westminster. 2. There is no such thing as "a premier university." 3. There are many universities, such as London, Manchester, etc., where degrees are obtainable by examination without residence.

YOUNG VOLUNTEER.—When you join the Volunteers you will be taught how to clean your rifle. Until then you had better leave it alone.

A. B. W.—For the explanation of the ring of smoke from your cannon see "Aerial Rings," on page 239 of our seventh volume.

C. EATER.—1. When 1900 comes it will be written 1900. It will not be written '00. People will be too proud of it to cut it short in that way. 2. The members of the staff. 3. Yes. 4. No article on the guitar as yet. 5. We know nothing about the promises made in advertisements. Your only plan is to try.

VIOLINA.—You ought to get a fairly good instrument for £5. Write to Novello, Ewer and Co., Berners Street; Chappell, Bond Street; Cramer, Regent Street, etc.; or consult the advertisements in any of the musical papers.

GIRL READER.—The rivers which "flow underground, then appear and then disappear underground again," are called nailbournes.

MATRICULATOR.—You can get the particulars of the London University Matric. Examination from the Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens, W. A complete set of the needful books is obtainable of W. B. Clive and Co., Booksellers Row, Strand, W.C.

GYMNAST.—Heavy dumb-bells are quite old-fashioned, and are said to be more harmful than helpful. Use light dumb-bells, weighing not more than two pounds each, those made of wood being preferable. The place of heavy dumb-bells is now taken by Indian clubs.

A. J. M.—We have already had a magnificent double-page coloured plate, giving portraits of every variety of birds found in Britain, and we cannot repeat.

"OUR BRITISH CAVALRY."—The very handsome and skilfully drawn representations of British cavalry, which we present to our readers this month, were submitted before publication to Lord Wolseley, who, writing from the War Office, expresses his opinion of the picture as being "a very good and faithful representation of the dress of this arm of the service." Our readers may be quite sure, therefore, that all the details of the plate are strictly accurate and up to date.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 623.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1890. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLUE RIBBON.

A SCHOOL-BOY'S ADVENTURE ON THE BROCKEN.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "Taffy," "The Parlour Boarder," etc.

PART III.



"He dropped the candle, and turned to fly."

Out I flew, and inside broke loose an uproar as from caged wild beasts robbed of their prey. I was sorry for Mariechen, left alone to bear the brunt of their wrath; but what could I do? My arms bound behind me, I scampered along the dark passage, looking this way and that for an exit. How to get out of the house was my only thought. To one side, at the end of a cross-passage, I saw black night where this way apparently led out of doors. As I turned towards it I heard the door of the room I had just quitted flung open, and the din of that Comus crew sallying forth in pursuit. Without further hesitation, I ran for the opening, heedless where it might take me.

When too late, I found that this was not an ordinary open door, but the entrance of a loft over a courtyard below, for the house being built on a steep slope, one side of it stood level with the higher ground, while on the other there was a drop from the same storey. I could not now check myself, nor wished to, with such hunters at my heels. Bound as I was, I made a spring for it, half expecting to break every bone in my body. But before I had time to consider this danger it was over. I fell plump and soft into a great heap of hay, which luckily lay piled up almost to the height of the loft.

There I huddled, quivering with excitement, like a rabbit escaped into its hole. What a refreshment it was to breathe the fresh air again, after all that stifling reek of tobacco! I drew long breaths of relief as with alert ears I listened to the tramping and calling of my late persecutors, searching for me high and low. You may be sure I took care not to answer, even when Daniel Lambert came to the loft door, crying, "*Pst! Hier!* English boy! Come back! Thou hear'st me?—Where can he have hidden himself?—You have no more to fear; really and truly not! It was only a joke. It is all over now. Come in and get some supper. Nobody will hurt you."

It might be that they thought the joke had been carried too far; perhaps they feared I had hurt myself seriously; if so, it would serve them right to be a little anxious. Anyhow, I would not trust myself with them, let them call till they were hoarse! I was too glad to be once out of the hands of such sons of Belial, whose condition I perhaps exaggerated from the quantity of beer I had seen them drain down, not being aware how much less potent this liquor is in Germany, where it more often, I suspect, injures the stomachs than the heads of deep drinkers. So I continued to lie still as a mouse, rejoicing in my safe concealment and in the sense of warmth which stole into my chilled body now that I was almost covered up by the hay, though it pricked my hands and head, and I wished I could be quite sure there were no fleas or rats sharing the same shelter.

By-and-by the students seemed to give up their search for me as hopeless. From the muffled sounds of their talking and singing, I knew that they must have gone back into the room and shut the door on their revels, in which, it was to be hoped, they would soon drown all thought of me. When I had at last succeeded in working my arms out of the troublesome bonds that fettered me so uncomfortably, I felt I had no more to desire for the present, unless it might be something to eat. I might do worse than lie in my snug nest till morning. After all, this was nothing but a lively adventure, one to remember, quite in the romantic style of political fugitives and Protestant martyrs. If only a hen, now, were to come and lay an egg or two within reach for my benefit—I had read of such a thing happening under similar circumstances—the interest of the story would be complete.

"If my mother saw me now, she needn't be afraid about me keeping the pledge," was my self-approving reflection. Also I wished the other fellows at school could have seen how I defied and resisted a band of grown-up swash-bucklers, boots and all, albeit I could not but be uneasily conscious that it was only to a girl's interference I owed the virgin purity of my Blue Ribbon.

I might have been ten minutes or so ensconced here, when I heard a soft footstep in the courtyard and saw the gleam of a lantern.

"Where art thou, little Englander?" was whispered once or twice; and as soon as I recognised Mariechen's voice I crawled out of my hiding-place. I could trust her.

"Don't let them know—you will help me away from these men?" I begged her.

"Hush!" she answered, taking my hand. "Come here with me. They shall not find thee."

Lantern in hand, she led the way into a dark underground vault almost filled up by casks, which made me think of Morgiana and the forty thieves. What was to come next? Did she propose to aid me in revenge on the boisterous bullies, whose racket I could still hear overhead, for the little tavern was built chiefly of wood, and every noise resounded throughout it! If I could just have the fellows boxed up in those casks by any means, I felt spiteful enough to treat them, at all events "Flashman," to a sprinkling of hot oil, and the rest to at least a shower-bath of soapsuds. Most of them looked as if they would be the better for washing.

Mariechen set her light upon the head of an empty barrel, and went away, making a sign for me to wait. I hoped she would not leave me long alone, for now that I came to look about me, the place suggested tombs and dungeons, not to say drains, if there were any drains to the castles of romance. I felt sure there must be rats here; I recalled with a shudder Bishop Hatto and the Mouse Tower. Into just such an underground Chamber of Horrors were the treacherous innkeepers of the middle ages used to hurl their murdered guests, if all stories be true. In sober earnest it was very damp and cold, so that I began to sneeze, awaking dismal echoes in that gloomy vault.

Then hardly had Mariechen gone, before the door again opened, and in came an old man, with a candle in one hand and a large jug in the other—the landlord, I supposed. I was concerned to think what he might say on finding me here without any apparent business; but much greater was his alarm when he saw me standing, half hidden by a cask, in my soiled linen blouse, my hair all in disorder, garlanded, I daresay, with bits of hay sticking in it, and no doubt a most spectral look on my face, seen by the dim light of a flickering dip. I must have had the appearance of a small shy ghost, much in need of going to the wash; and the landlord evidently took me for something of the sort. He dropped the candle, and, with a smothered exclamation, turned to fly as fast as his clumsy wooden shoes would carry him, while for the life of me I could bethink myself of no German word to assure him that I was a creature of flesh and blood. But at the cellar door he ran against Mariechen, who laughingly ended his panic; and when they had jargoned away for a little, and the man had treated himself to a good long stare at me, he shuffled off, leaving me with my friend the waitress.

She brought me a great hunk of sour brown bread and a basin of warm milk, also my cap and knapsack, which she had rescued from the den of lions above. My heart went out to this kind *mädchen*, nor did my slight familiarity with German betray the air of patronage on her part, implied by her addressing me as *thou*, so that I had no temptation to resent being thus treated somewhat as an unfortunate child. Through my romantic spectacles, I would fain have seen in her the peerless Dulcinea, whom sooner or later all true knights fall in with in the course of their adventures; only I could have wished she were not quite so fat, and did not want two front teeth, a drawback to an ideal heroine; but I felt ready, upon occasion, to stand duly up for her against any giant or dragon in the world. Meanwhile, as I ate and drank on a beer barrel, I undertook an achievement almost as difficult for me, that of clearly explaining how I had come in need of her aid.

"I know. They have told me," she smiled, jerking her thumb towards the room above. "And so you drink no beer, *nicht wahr?*"

"*Gar nichts!*" quoth I, sturdily, feeling resolute, in the fresh strength of that bread and milk, to bear testimony to my teetotal principles.

"Do none of the English drink beer?" she asked wonderingly, and surveyed me as if I belonged to a race of strange monsters. I did not answer for a moment while I gathered up my best German to put the case properly.

"Some Englishmen, I am sorry to say, drink too much beer, so the others drink none to set them a good example. Besides, I have been taught that it is a waste of time and money. I belong to the Blue Ribbon Army," I declared proudly.

"*Ach!* So young!" exclaimed the plump fair one, clasping her hands. "Yet you bear no weapon—no uniform?"

I could not help laughing at this natural misunderstanding, but I had not German enough at command to set her right, so I gave up the attempt, and there we stood grinning at each other for want of conversation, till I had finished my bread and milk.

Let me fill up this pause by relating an anecdote which has just occurred to me *à propos* of Mariechen's expectation that I should wear a uniform, a thing by no means uncommon with Continental schoolboys. A Bluecoat Boy I knew once went to spend the holidays with his family who were living abroad. His peculiar costume, as may be supposed, attracted a good deal of attention, so much so that he was fain to disguise himself in cricket flannels for the most

part. But on the occasion of a party, it behoved that he should appear in all the glory of blue skirts and yellow stockings. The foreign ladies treated him with much affectionate sympathy, mingled with a touch of respect, and one of them said to his mother, "How sad it must be for you to see your son so early vowed to the cloister!" They thought he was some kind of little monk.

It was clear that Mariechen did not know what to make of me; but I knew very well what to do with her bread and milk. I wanted her to take some money for this refreshment, but she pushed it away with a show of good-humoured indignation, as much as to say that her kindness was not done in the way of business. Then I consulted her as to how I could rejoin my comrades at the Brocken Haus.

"That would be easy," she replied. The hotel stood almost in sight from where I was. A good road led up the mountain to it, and the rain had now stopped. So she agreed with me that the best thing I could do was to set off at once.

She accompanied me a few steps to point out the way I must follow. For a moment she lingered at the gate, as if loth to send the helpless stranger adrift from this haven; and she asked tenderly—

"Thou poor one! Hast thou a mother at home?"

"*Ya wohl*," said I. "She would thank you for being kind to me, if ——" there I broke down in my sentence, not recalling a suitable conclusion out of the exercise books. "We English, too, have mothers," I finally added, finding something to say which struck me as rather fine.

"*Go!*" she exclaimed thoughtfully, then, moved by a sudden impulse, stooped down and gave me a motherly kiss.

I didn't like that; indeed, I started back as if stung by a serpent, and struggled in her stout arms almost as vigorously as in those of the bully a little while before. It seemed to take the gilt off my gingerbread romance, to be thus treated as a child. But after all she meant no harm, and I did look very small of my age, and I hope it was too dark to let her see the shamefaced confusion in which I tore myself away from her kindly embrace. How should she know that we young Britons, up to a certain age, are not so fond of kissing as foreigners! Mastering that hurt pride of mine, I had the grace to turn round at the corner of the road and wave my hat to her in the moonlight, as became courteous knight rescued by gentle damsel from foul caitiff's den.

The moon was up now, and I had no difficulty as to finding the way. But my troubles were not quite yet at an end. I still felt ill at ease to be tramping alone by night through the forests of the Brocken, even on a good carriage road, bordered by telegraph posts to conjure away all spectres of the past. Before long I came to a halt, as I saw several figures advancing towards me in the misty moonlight. I was for shrinking back among the trees, when one of them called out, and I knew the voice. Now advancing confidently, I found myself safe among a detachment of our party, who, as soon as I was missed, had come out to search for me. The master was too much relieved at getting me safe back to scold me much for my carelessness in going astray. And since he would not allow me to speak to him in English, for the present I kept the full story of my adventures to myself, not feeling competent to do justice to it in German.

A short walk brought us to the Brocken Haus, a most prosaically modern building crammed full with whole caravans of weather-bound tourists, where such insignificant customers as we were had barely civil welcome. I found my comrades crowded into one big room, to sleep on the floor, while our clothes were dried round a stove; then the heat, the closeness, the steam, joined to the excitement I had gone through, hardly let me sleep a wink all night; and when I did drop off, it was into a restless nightmare dream, in which I fancied myself arraigned before some terrible tribunal of mailed knights, who, with masked faces and naked swords, had assembled to judge me, according to the laws of chivalry, for the crime of being a teetotaler; then came a gigantic bearded headsman, sharpening his axe on a can of beer, and signing me to lay myself on the block to be flogged by it, and this grim vision in turn gave place to one of our master condemning me to write out all the German irregular verbs for having told the damsel of the castle, in English, that I was much obliged to her.

We were all up early to see the sun rise, but we saw nothing of the kind, and no appalling Brocken spectre, only a steady downpour of rain, through which our damp band must set out manfully after breakfast, since this hotel was too expensive a place of sojourn for us. As we tramped down the dripping sides of the mountain, whom should we meet coming up but that party of students. They wore a downcast, sullen look, as if their spirits had been washed out in rain—and beer. At the sight of me, Don Quixote uttered an exclamation, Flashman frowned, Beardy threw me a laughing word of recognition, and I think Daniel Lambert did not see me at all, for want of his broken glasses; the others stared in silence. I returned their gaze with one of defiance, meant for "Touch me now, if you dare!"

And so we went our opposite ways, knights of such different orders of the Blue Ribbon. Theirs implied nothing more than membership of a students' club, as I came to know. To the pledge of mine I held fast all the time I was abroad, and therefore cannot say from my own experience why young men in Germany are so fond of swilling more beer than can be good for their digestions, not to speak of their wits, which certainly spoils their looks, like the duelling scars they seem as proud of as a savage of his tattooing. It is a good thing that English youngsters find their recreation rather in manly sports, for so I am assured by a French author, who goes off into warm admiration over the way in which, as he declares, even the shopmen and office boys of our provincial towns will hurry forth after business hours to spend their *Christmas evenings* at cricket, football, archery, and lawn tennis! Yet it may be that in England, too, we have some ways and customs which we might reform from the example of our neighbours.

(THE END.)

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER XIII.—LIFE ON BOARD THE MAYFLOWER.—I AM CALLED TO ORDER.—MEDICAL EDUCATION. ARRIVE AT VALPARAISO, AND REJOIN MY SHIP.

Imprimis, The Mayflower. That celebrated craft was a topsail schooner of some sixty-eight tons' burden, of a somewhat antique build and appearance, she having been plying up and down this particular coast for a period almost beyond the memory of man. She creaked in a very decrepit kind of voice, and, except when the weather was very calm, she moved like a chronic sufferer from rheumatism, rising stiffly upon the waves with intense labour, or darting suddenly from side to side as if in constant paroxysms of pain. The skipper gave it as his opinion that her complaint was sciatica, and that there was no cure on account of her age; "And yet," added he, "she's a game old girl, and won't allow herself to be broke up a day afore 'er time comes."

In the stern of the ship there was a little cabin, about eight feet square, on each side of which was a large bunk, so constructed that two men could lie in it side by side, if the inner sleeper had no objection to being half suffocated in the process. The middle of the apartment was partly taken up by a small table about eighteen inches square, and partly by a rough ladder communicating with the deck above; underneath this last were two small holes, leading into unknown cavernous regions beyond. "We takes passengers sometimes," said Boaz, doing the honours; "and that's wheer I puts the babbies."

The remaining furniture of the cabin was of the simplest character: a small compass blinked overhead, a few common mess-traps, an almanac, and an old cutlass formed the chief ornaments of the walls; and on either side, beneath the bunks above mentioned, was a ledge forming a seat and locker combined. The only other article worth mentioning was a large brass-bound box which dwelt under-

neath the table, and of which more anon.

Forward of the cabin was a little galley, in which marvels of cookery were performed by a gigantic negro. I shall never forget what delicious yam pancakes he used to make; and he was one of the best hands at a Welsh rarebit that I ever met with. Forward of this again was the forecastle, and between that and the galley was a large space for cargo, where, upon bales, boxes, and casks of no matter what, extra passengers would at times accept a gruesome shakedown, upon not over clean straw; since men, ay, and even women, in those days, when the facilities for travel were so much less than they are now, were glad enough at times to find even such wretched accommodation as this. But on the present occasion, for once, we had no passengers, but merely a quantity of cargo consigned to various southern ports, our ultimate destination being Valparaiso. Here, then, amid an endless variety of packages of all sorts and sizes, Bloomer reigned supreme—monarch of all he surveyed: a good seaman, a wise master; of rough exterior, but of sterling excellence. I shall hardly look upon his like again.

Somehow or other, under the strange circumstances of our early acquaintance, I had never connected Boaz and religion together. I am sorry to say that the fault was wholly in myself, for I grieve to have to confess that it was months since I had opened a Bible. I had little by little dropped the habit of saying my prayers, and, if I had not learned to look upon the restraints of religion as vexatious and unnecessary, I had, at any rate, allowed myself to be deluded into the idea that the practice of piety was wholly incompatible with life on board a man-of-war. But now I found myself most unexpectedly brought to my bearings.

We slept in company on either side of the little cabin, and on that first night, since he was on deck when I turned in, and I fell asleep long before his bedtime came, I saw nothing of his movements; but on the next night he was present when I proposed to go to bed, and, as usual, I turned in without saying my prayers, assuming, of course, that he would do the same. But no; he produced from some unknown corner a much-worn Bible and Prayer-book, the places carefully marked in each by slips of faded ribbon, sank upon his knees, and went right through the evening service for the day; this done, he added a few private prayers, and at length got into bed.

I shall never forget the look of sorrow and yet of affection with which he regarded me for some minutes in silence; at length he spoke—

"I say, young shaver, don't you believe in no Providence? Don't yer never say no prayers?"

I was so taken aback by this unexpected question, that neither excuse nor apology offered itself.

"I can't think what's come over you young men; yer seem to think nowadays that yer can go to sea without pilot, anchor, or compasses; not to speak o' lights, or anythin' else as 'elps a vessel to make a safe voyage. Seemin' to me you've solved all the knotty questions as 'as puzzled us old 'uns all our lives through, and 'll never be quite settled o' this side the grave. Seemin' to me you've settled with death, and judgment to come, and eternity. You ain't got no new revelation, 'ave you, as tells you you may throw all the old well-tried safeguards overboard? I wouldn't trust to it, my boy, if I was you?

"I could no more lie down to sleep without sayin' my prayers than I could live without meat and drink. Do yer know that there's on'y a single plank, and that a very old un, let me tell yer, between ourselves and a ocean grave? But that's not the on'y reason why I says my prayers; no lad, I'd be sorry if it were. *My mother's God 'as been my God.*

"This was 'er Bible; and this was 'er Prayer-book; and these is the very markers she used; and 'ere's a lock of 'er 'air; and when I say these prayers I feel I'm jined thereby to Christian men and women throughout the whole world; for I don't believe there's a minute in the twenty-four hours when them prayers ain't bein' said by somebody; and thanks be, God Almighty reigns everywhere, and He don't count time, and distance and space, and latitude and longitude, as we count 'em. What are they to 'im?"

He turned over on his side, and was soon in the enjoyment of such sleep as comes to bless a tranquil mind and a body wearied out with honest toil. It was not so with me. The waves amid which we lay tossing were not more turbulent than the tumultuous crowd of thoughts which now chased one another through my mind, the flood-tide of a tardy repentance. Anger was at issue with sorrow, petulance with shame, while excuses grappled in vain with conviction. I heard voices from home mingling with the creaking spars, the flapping sails, and the hoarse voices of the watch on duty. Home faces thronged the darkness, and when they came to me I tried to make them linger, but they invariably faded from my mental vision as quickly as they came, and left me to commune alone with myself, as I now saw myself.

"*My mother's God has been my God.*"

How these simple words haunted me! How they carried me back to my own sweet mother! How came it that I had so done violence to my early training? How came it that I had cast away, one by one, those precious safeguards which had nurtured and built up a life so sacred, so inviolate, so complete a testimony to the truth of our holy religion; a life which seems to me, when I think of it, only less tried, only less faithful, than the lives of the Maries of the cross and the sepulchre?

In the middle of the night I sobbed out my confession, with a thousand repentant resolutions praying for pardon and grace.

At last wearied nature began to assert herself, and I fell into a dreamy doze. I was once more at home; I was at my mother's knee, and on her lap lay a large old volume full of pleasant pictures and stirring words—a treat for winter evenings and rainy days. The book lay open at the picture of a young king addressing a group of listening soldiers; and underneath were the words: "Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, work every mote out of his conscience; and, dying so, death is to him advantage; or, not dying, the time was blessedly lost in which such preparation was gained."

And then I seemed to see my mother turn to another and still more immortal book which lay beside her, and place her finger on the words of the Psalmist:

"The Lord God is a sun and a shield:
The Lord God will give grace and glory:
No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

The morning light ushered in a new chapter in my life; not without its difficulties, for it was only by degrees that I yielded myself to the wholesome influences by which I was now surrounded. The moral restraint involved in such an example as that of Boaz appeared in the light of a perpetual reproof, and, alas! at times I felt myself chafing at the idea of being reproved and guided by one so very much beneath myself in the social scale. Unworthy thoughts these, the recollection of which always gives me acute pain. But my friend had rare gifts: patience, indomitable perseverance, a far-reaching insight into character, method in dealing with all kinds and classes of men; and while I was with him he taught me almost more of what I believe to be God's truth than any man has done whom I have ever met before or since. He had no small share in the shaping of my strange destiny. It was he who taught me to love my Prayer-book, to waive my judgment of those parts of it which involve controversy until my faculties were more matured; in the meantime to use and follow it; and as a consequence I have found it, after long experience, to be indeed heaven's armoury and, after the Bible, all but perfect guide and counsellor.

My old friend was not without his eccentricities. One of his hobbies was medicine, and he was not long before he began to resume his studies, in which I soon became much interested, while he avowed himself delighted to have found a pupil. I have much reason to be thankful to him for the lessons he gave me. Not that I think Boaz would have passed a very successful examination either in medicine or surgery; and he was not without a leaning towards the "curative syrups" and "solar elixirs" of those times. But he was a long way in advance of that old lieutenant in command of a gunboat, who, not being allowed a surgeon, used to pass a tape round the patient's waist, inquire whether the pain was above or below, and prescribe accordingly.

The mystery of the brass-bound box was now cleared up; it contained a miscellaneous collection of common drugs, a few simple instruments, and a large "Household Guide to Medicine and Health," read and thumbed till it was almost in rags, and neatly patched in divers places. The illustrations were many and varied, calculated to fill with horror the uninitiated reader, and to make him imagine himself to be suffering from all sorts of insidious diseases; but as this volume, together with the Bible and Prayer-book, formed the whole library of the Mayflower, I was glad enough at times to peer into its contents, and I found even the scanty knowledge thus acquired of infinite service when, at Eos, first as teacher, and afterwards as chaplain, I found myself confronted by

accident or epidemic, with no medical man nearer than Tahiti.

The crew of the Mayflower were but a very small number; but we touched at several ports on our way down the coast, and at some of these we took in a great many more deck-passengers than would have been allowed in more civilised times. My friend's fame as a medicine-man preceded him wherever he went; and on several occasions I had the advantage of observing his methods of treatment. From him I learnt to extract teeth, in which I had much practice in after days at Eos. But it was in cases of influenza attended by high fever that he was at its best. It was always his plan, when any case of this distressing disease occurred, to assume that it would run through the ship; and he assured me that it was often brought by ships, and spread from them to the shore like any other epidemic. There was nothing, he used to say, like being prepared. On such occasions, therefore, he used to spend his evenings in measuring out doses of tartar emetic, jalap, or calomel, which he administered with great regularity, with quite the air of a professional man, and, I am bound to say, with a marked degree of success. His surgery was of a very rough-and-ready character, but when any accident occurred he was always equal to the occasion, and took any amount of pains with the patient; but in ordinary cases, bleeding, emetics, and calomel were the remedies in which he had most confidence, and they built him up no bubble reputation.

During this voyage, then, I learnt my bones; the names, positions, and functions of the different organs of the human system; the common symptoms of well-known diseases; the precautions to be taken with regard to them, and the remedies to be applied. The old man pronounced me to be an apt scholar, and I was actually entrusted with the treatment of an occasional case. I feel that lasting gratitude is due to him for all that he was good enough to teach me. What queer dry remarks he used to make, and how his beady little black eyes used to twinkle with fun when some swarthy Spaniard approached him, with bilious looks and dolorous accents, "Ah, Señor, I am miserable. Vil you not give me a vomito?" or when old Bill Ballast, our caulker, varnished himself, thinking by this novel treatment to get rid of the mosquitos, and found the remedy so much worse than the disease that he had to put himself on the sick-list.

But I am digressing too far. After calling at several ports, and having been seriously delayed by the northers which were blowing furiously at that time, we at last arrived at Valparaiso, where, to my great joy, I found the fleet, and, of course, reported myself on board the "Esperanza" without delay. Boaz made great lamentation at parting with me, and insisted on my accepting a present of fifty dollars in addition to my pay, which I had regularly received, nothing being deducted for mess expenses. "And, look 'ere, my boy," said he; "there 's many a true word spoken in jest, and I 've 'eerd it said somewhere as 'ow a sailor ought allus to 'ave the fear o' death afore 'im, because from their berths they see their shrouds through their deadeyes. Jest or no jest, it's true, and we forgits it far too often. Try to live, lad, as if you was agoin' to meet yer death within the hour, and, depend upon it, your life 'll be 'ealthier, 'appier, wiser, an' 'olier. Now, good-bye, my lad, till we meet again."

(To be continued.)

THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND COUNTRY LIFE.

By Ashmore Russan,

Author of "A Strange Epidemic," "The Last of the Great Auks," "The Speckled Giant," "That Little Jackdaw," etc.

CHAPTER III.—GREAT PREPARATIONS AND EXPECTATIONS.

Practical, matter-of-fact Jack Arundel was not satisfied with Tim's "ould book." The statements it contained were a little too marvellous. So he went to the Doctor, who lent him a more modern work, with reliable coloured illustrations, and instructions how to catch, kill, and cure, or "set out," the butterflies.

"Now we shall do," he told his chum Funibois. "This book will tell us the names of the insects when caught. But first we must have something to catch them, and receptacles to place them in."

Following the instructions contained in the book, Jack and Funibois improvised a couple of nets out of two fishing-rods, two lengths of cane, and a couple of yards of gauze. A dozen pen-boxes with strips of cork glued to the bottoms, and a supply of pins, completed the chums' outfit. They were now prepared for two dozen specimens.

"I don't think we need bother our heads about a store cabinet until we see what sort of luck we have," Jack remarked when all was ready.

Funibois concurred. Neither boy was given to reckoning his chickens before they were hatched; yet both would render all possible assistance to the hatching.

Of course it soon leaked out that the Doctor had lent Jack an illustrated book. Muggins major heard of it, and visited Jack's study immediately.

"I say, I wish you would lend me that book you have," he said.

"That's cool, anyhow," returned Funibois, who was studying it with an industry that would have astonished the head-master, Mr. Stoneleigh, had he seen him; "we haven't had it two hours. Come in a month's time."

"Show it to him," said Jack.

Funibois obeyed, and submitted the covers to the visitor's inspection. He then tantalisingly opened it at a page of highly-coloured illustrations, only to close it immediately.

"Who wrote it?" Muggins haughtily asked.

Funibois showed him the title-page.

"All right. I'll have one before school to-morrow morning. Smith the book-seller will have it, I know, and you can keep your beastly book."

Muggins major forthwith marched out of the study with his nose in the air, and returned to the room occupied by himself and his younger brother.

"Give me the five shillings you have," he demanded.

"What for?" asked Muggins minor.

"To buy a book."

"What book?"

"Never mind. Hand it over, or there'll be a row."

Muggins minor demurred and expostulated, but eventually handed over the money. The reason for the demand was so unusual that he was astonished into parting with his coin. Many a time before had his brother called upon him to "stand and deliver" for some purpose or other—never to buy a book. All Muggins major's previous book-purchases had been charged in the bill sent to his father quarterly.

Mr. Smith the bookseller had just taken down his shutters when Muggins major called, he having obtained permission to run into the town before morning school. Mr. Smith's breakfast was ready and waiting to be eaten, so that he did not look altogether kindly upon his customer.

"Well?" he said in a loud tone, placing his right hand behind his right ear, a gesture common to the deaf, which Mr. Smith happened to be.

Muggins major never neglected an opportunity to "show off" or make himself look big, and here was a capital one. Jack or Funibois would have asked for a book on butterflies. Not so Muggins major.

"I want a work on the *Lepidoptera*," he shouted, loud enough to be heard half a mile away.

A puzzled expression came into the bookseller's eyes. He knit his brows and scratched his head.

"Eh?" he exclaimed, after a thoughtful interval.

"A book on the *Lepidoptera*."

Mr. Smith heard. There was no doubt of it. He must have been stone-deaf had he not done so. Mr. Smith was not stone-deaf, nor as deaf as a barn door; he simply did not understand the term, and made use of his defective hearing to mask his indifferent education.

"Eh?" he repeated, bringing his right ear close to Muggins major's mouth.

"Deaf old idiot!" replied the impatient Muggins in a lower tone.

Mr. Smith started. He heard the adjectives and the epithet distinctly, but took no notice of them. It would have told his customer that he was not so deaf as he had pretended to be.

"Eh?" he once more ejaculated.

"A book on the *Lepidoptera!*" shouted the furious Muggins.

Clearly a bookseller with any respect

for himself could not continue to repeat "Eh?" an indefinite number of times in response to a customer's demands. Mr. Smith appeared to think it derogatory, and allowed his deafness to depart.

"Oh, the 'Leppydoptearer'? Why didn't you speak up?"

"I did. I shouted as loud as I could."

"No, you didn't."

"Why, you—I tell you I did."

"Well—I haven't got it."

"Then order it."

"I can't; it's out of print."

This was too much for Muggins. He knew there must be dozens of books on butterflies and moths. Dr. Drysdust had mentioned many, besides weekly and monthly papers.

"What a bouncer! Listen, you deaf old donkey!" and Muggins made a trumpet of his hands and shouted, "Order it!"

"Shan't," was the prompt reply. Mr. Smith had sniffed the ham and eggs in the back room.

"Then leave it alone, and you'll lose the Abbey custom."

The bookseller heard the awful threat without a tremor. His business was a monopoly. There was no rival bookseller in Alne.

"I'll bring a written order from the Doctor," continued Muggins, turning to leave.

This altered the complexion of affairs. Mr. Smith respected Dr. Hardridge, his best customer, and, thinking he had sent the insolent youngster, gave the proverbial soft answer that turneth away wrath.

"Here, stop! The book you want is sold out, and out of print; but perhaps another will do. What is it about?"

"I thought you didn't know," replied Muggins, in high glee. "Allow me to inform you, Mr. Smith," very loftily, "that *Lepidoptera*—not 'Leppydopteara'—is the scientific name of butterflies and moths. I want a book about them."

Mr. Smith turned on his heel and reached a book from a little pile immediately behind him. It was a facsimile of that lent by the Doctor to Jack, in fact another copy of the work.

"Here is the very thing; but the next time you want a book about butterflies, ask for it, and don't make an idiot of yourself, and waste my time. Half-a-crown."

Muggins threw down the money, seized the book, and ran out of the shop without uttering a retort.

The bookseller strode into the back room and banged the door behind him. His temper was ruffled, and he did not enjoy his breakfast at all. How could he, when he swallowed a "young donkey!" between each mouthful?

It was a peculiarity of Muggins major's personality that, sooner or later, he ruffled the tempers of all with whom he came in contact.

He took the book into the school-room and surreptitiously gloated over the illustrations when he should have been otherwise engaged.

An opportunity being afforded to speak to Jack, he took advantage of it.

"You were too mean to lend me your book, so you can keep it. I've got one of my own—a much better one. I'll tell you what I am going to catch this afternoon. First I shall have a 'Purple Emperor.' Then I shall get a 'Red Admiral,' a 'Peacock,' and a 'Camberwell Beauty.' If a 'Bath White' or a 'Painted Lady' comes in my way I shall catch that as well, and you can have all the other beastly things."

This was very like Muggins major. The experienced entomologist who should succeed in capturing six such gems in one day would go wild with delight. But the entomologist never existed that would call Psyche, no matter how plainly coloured or common, a "beastly thing."

Morning school over, and the remainder of the day before them, those boys who had not previously made their preparations for the campaign set about doing so in haste. Jack and Funibois were ready, so left the Abbey immediately after dinner. Muggins major loaded Muggins minor with an angler's fine-meshed landing net, some cotton-wool, an empty fig box, a tin candle box, and a dozen pill boxes of various sizes, carried loosely in a cyclist's knapsack.

"You can carry the things, you know; I shall want my hands free to catch the butterflies," he remarked while loading up the often impatient human camel.

"I hope you *will* catch 'em," rejoined the junior Muggins doubtfully. "I'm sick of being laughed at because you have made an ass of yourself."

"Hold your row!" retorted his senior.

Castor and Pollux, otherwise the twin brothers Smith, entirely avoided any expenditure of money in fitting themselves out as collectors of entomological specimens. Each possessed a broad-brimmed straw hat rather the worse for wear. Having repaired the rents with a needle and thread, they tied the hats to the bottom joints of their fishing-rods, and thus constructed two admirable flappers—instruments calculated to spoil any specimen so unfortunate as to come within range. An angler's creel, carried by Castor, in which the poor unfortunates would have room to get rid of any of the plumage left by the "flappers," completed their outfit.

"Shure now," said Tim, who saw them leave their study, "Castor's carrying his banner into the fray—a ragged 'castor' on a shtick. Why, if butterflies' eyes multiply ten thousand times, they'll see twenty thousand 'Castors,' an' kape away."

Tim and Sapington, having the "ould book" in their keeping, had perused it diligently. It contained no instructions how to capture butterflies, but much about the fragility of their wings, and the ease with which the colours upon them could perform the vanishing trick.

"Shure, they mustn't be handled with the fingers at all," Tim had many times remarked.

This had set Sapington thinking, with the result that he had borrowed a pair of curling-irons from the housemaid "to handle the butterflies with." Tim laughed when he saw the instrument, but forbore from chaff. To bring the insects within range of the curling-irons Tim had constructed a flap-net similar to the article used by bird-catchers, but with a towel in place of the usual netting. It was simply a towel stretched between two sticks, curved and joined together at the tops. It worked pretty well in the study, and Tim promised himself a great success with it. To bring the butterflies home uninjured he carried a bait-can with a large supply of moss, and Sapington a box containing a pin-cushion and two cork boot-socks.

Harry Bluffton and Frank Brown had made no elaborate preparations. Frank was inclined to think butterflies beneath his attention, and the pursuit of them "decidedly dewogatowy." Still he could not resist the impulse that was drawing his chums to Heyward's Hill and the woods and meadows adjacent. Harry did not hold butterflies in contempt. Indeed, he thought them "rather pretty," but there his interest ended. He was not of the stuff of which collectors are made. He could not be enthusiastic over anything; it was not his nature. However, as there might be some fun going, he also would go, and if a butterfly should fly against his nose would endeavour to capture it. To this end he carried a stick, and a strip of whalebone to which he had knotted a crimson silk handkerchief by the four corners. He had only to curve the whalebone into a circle, tie it, and fasten it to the stick, and his net would be ready.

"No boxes wanted," he said in his usual curt, word-sparing manner. "See Jack and Ralph; they'll carry home what we catch."

Frank carried nothing, either in his hands or pockets. The first would have been "dewogatowy"; the second, well—he hated bulging pockets, and everything that detracted from his usual smart, trim appearance. He was the "swell" of Alne Abbey, and intended to remain so.

To what splendid "hunting grounds" were not the boys bound!

On Heyward's Hill—with its moss-covered banks and trenches, remains of Roman earthworks; its giant oaks, centuries old; its hoary elms and ashes; its ancient beeches and mournful wide-spreading yews; its chestnuts, walnuts, and horse-chestnuts—might be seen, on a fine summer's day, dozens of "Purple Emperors," throned high among the foliage of the umbrageous oaks; indeed, it was a favourite haunt of this magnificently painted "Emperor" of British butterflies, as Dr. Drysdust knew well. Here, also, might be seen the "Wood Argus," with its beautiful "eyes"; the lovely "White Admiral"; the "Tortoise-shell," or "Elm" butterfly; the orange-tipped "Wood Lady"; the "Wood White"; and, occasionally, the richly hued "Peacock"; while where the yews grew thickest, and shut out the sun's rays, "Tiger," "Death's Head," and "Hawk" moths—called "Match-owlets" by the country people—might be caught in the daytime.

At the foot of the hill, the "Silver-washed Fritillary," that prize for the collector, hovered over the bramble blossoms; here, also, might sometimes be seen the "Dark Green Fritillary"; and further away, in the lucerne and clover fields, the "Clouded Yellow," known among collectors as *Edusa*, the "Comma," with "Azure," and "Adonis Blues," mixed with the tiny "Skippers" and countless "Meadow Browns," in numbers that would have made a city entomologist wonder if this were not the Butterflies' Paradise.

Among the willows, by the flag-bordered Arrow, Dr. Drysdust had more than once

captured a "Camberwell Beauty," and duly informed the "Entomologists' Chronicle" of the rare event. Indeed, there were but few butterflies whose scientific names found a place in the list in the British Museum absent from Heyward's Hill and its neighbourhood.

It might be supposed that a threatened invasion by a small army of foes, armed with a varied assortment of weapons more or less fatal to butterflies, would cause a "flutter" among them. No especial alarm, however, was shown. They fluttered, certainly, because it was their nature, but not more than usual. Perhaps if they had known that their deadliest foe was on the way, the famous entomologist Dr. Drysdust, who had all their points by heart, and, when his eyesight was stronger, could distinguish a rare "Mazarine Blue" from a common "Azure," or a "Black-veined White" from a "Large Garden White," in full flight, they would have sought safety in a rapid retreat from the ofttimes fatal spot.

Fortunately—for Dr. Drysdust and the Alne Abbey boys—the butterflies were in a blissful state of ignorance of their danger.

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN OF SERPENTS.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE IN JAVA.

By David Ker.

I.

"Well, I wonder what they'd say to all this in London? It would make some of the boys stare a bit, I guess!"

So spoke Fred Lawrie, as he strolled around his father's coffee plantation in Java at sunrise on a glorious summer morning, having finished his "first breakfast" of tea, bread-and-butter, and bananas at racing speed, in order to leave plenty of time for his early walk.

And well might he say so. Although three years had passed since he and his father came to live in Java, everything in the great tropical island was so perfectly new, and so utterly unlike anything which he had seen in England, that it seemed impossible that he should ever grow tired of them. The long, low, one-storeyed house in which he lived, with its overhanging white roof and shady piazza, just like a picture in one of those books of travel which he used to read so eagerly in the long winter evenings at home; the splendid flowers that filled the garden, and the magnificent palm-trees of the surrounding forest; the rivers with real live crocodiles in them, and the jungles with their black panthers and glittering green snakes; the tall, gaunt, fierce-eyed Malays, with their bare brown limbs, scanty white dresses, and curiously curved daggers—all these were a source of never-ending delight to our hero, or, in his own expressive phrase, "better than being at a circus all day long."

Having reached the border of the plantation, Fred found himself just at the entrance of one of those narrow, winding paths, barely wide enough for two men abreast, which the natives had hacked with axe and bill-hook through the bristling mass of dark jungle that stood up like a wall on every side of the cleared ground.

Here he paused, not from fatigue—for he could have gone tramping on for another hour without feeling it in the least—but because he was not quite sure whether to turn down the path or not. At that early hour, the vast bowl-like leaves of the tropical plants would be brim-full of dew, and would drench him at every step like a shower-bath, not to mention the risk of being mortally bitten by one of the deadly snakes with which these gloomy thickets were literally creeping.

He was still hesitating, when he suddenly caught sight of an old man in Eastern dress (with a bamboo yoke over his right shoulder, to either end of which was hung a small basket) coming slowly along the jungle path to meet him.

At first sight there was nothing remarkable about the new comer, except that by his dress and features he seemed to be a Hindu rather than a Malay. But as he came nearer, even the unimpressionable Fred was struck with the dignity of his look and bearing, which contrasted very strongly with his soiled and tattered clothes. Through the heart of that perilous jungle he strode onward with firm step and haughty mien ("just as if the whole forest belonged to him," as Fred afterwards said), seeming to feel confident that neither snake nor panther would ever dare to harm *him*.

All at once the stranger was seen to stop short with a sudden start, to stagger for a moment, and then to fall full length upon the ground.

"Bitten by a snake," thought our hero, as he darted toward the fallen man; but he soon saw that he was mistaken, for the stream of blood that was flowing from the Hindu's bare feet could never have issued from the pin-like prick of a serpent's fang.

"*Luka-kah angkow?*" (are you wounded?) asked Fred in Malay, which he already spoke as fluently as English.

"*Duri*" (a thorn), answered the stranger in the same language.

Fred stooped down, and saw that a huge thorn had pierced the fleshy part of the foot through and through, burying itself up to the very head.

"I can get it out with my knife," said he, "but it'll hurt you pretty badly. Can you stand the pain?"

The old man replied only by a disdainful smile; and, in fact, though the cutting of the skin and drawing out of the thorn must have caused him acute pain in spite of Fred's careful handling, the sufferer never uttered a sound, or moved a muscle of his dark, stern face.

"What a tough old Turk he must be," thought the boy, looking admiringly at his patient; "if it had been *me*, I'd have yelled like an infant!"

And then, seeing that the wounded foot was still bleeding freely, Fred pulled out his own pocket-handkerchief, and began to tie up the hurt with it, while the Hindu watched him wonderingly.

"Who art thou?" he asked, "who carest thus for a wandering beggar? Truly thou art the first Feringhee (white man) who has shown me kindness since I came hither. How do men call thee?"

Our hero told his name and that of his father, and then (the bandaging being now completed) stretched out his hand to help the man up. But the latter drew back quickly, as if to avoid his touch.

"Beware!" he cried, "for she knows thee not yet; but she *shall* know thee henceforth. Samp-ka-Ranee" (Queen of Serpents), "come forth, and greet thy master's friend!"

And instantly, to the boy's amazement and horror, there came wriggling out from under the old man's ragged white tunic—coil after coil, as if it would never end—a black and white snake at least six feet long, which he recognised at once as the "Hooded Naga," or cobra-di-capello, the deadliest serpent in all India.

"Queen of Serpents," said the Hindu, "thou seest this youth. He is my friend, and *my* friends are *thine*."

The cobra (which seemed to understand him perfectly) answered with a low, rippling hiss, and laid its broad flat head on the arm of the startled boy, who submitted to this strange caress with a very bad grace—for, brave as he was, he had a mortal horror of snakes.

"I shall not forget thee," said the Hindu; "and if ever thou hast need of a friend, remember Lal Singh the Serpent-Charmer."

With these words—which he uttered as grandly as a king offering protection to a peasant—the old man vanished into the gloomy thickets, leaving Fred Lawrie staring after him as if he had seen a ghost.

II.

"Fred," said our hero's father one morning about three months after the adventure with the serpent-charmer, as he and his son sat at breakfast in the piazza, "I'm going to ask you not to go beyond the bounds of the plantation after this, when you start out for a walk by yourself; for that rascal Datoh Noongal, the brigand chief, not content with robbing the natives, has taken to kidnapping white people and holding them to ransom, and I hear that he has been seen in this very jungle only a day or two ago."

Fred Lawrie's eyes sparkled. He had already seen almost every wonder of the tropics—wild beasts, sharks, cyclones, floods, jungle-fires, snakes, and what not—and now the only one that he had not seen (viz. a band of real live robbers) seemed to be coming of its own accord to his very door. What luck!

But his father's next words made him look grave enough.

"I know you're not afraid of any ordinary danger, my boy, and I'm very glad of it; but when it's a question of being tortured, or having your ears and nose cut off (as these fellows have done again and again, to squeeze money out of their prisoners), why, *then* there's no sense in running unnecessary risks."

Fred thought so too, and for the next three days he took care to keep well within the cleared ground, at a safe distance from the border of the encircling jungle. And it was well for him that he did so; for, though he knew it not, all his movements were closely watched by a tall, ill-looking Malay who was hidden in the thickets, and this Malay was no other than a brigand belonging to Datoh Noongal's band.

Early on the fourth morning, our hero, while strolling around the plantation without particularly noticing which way he was going, suddenly found himself just at the entrance of the jungle-path on which he had met the mysterious serpent-charmer three months before.

"Wouldn't it be queer, now," he thought, "if I were to meet the old fellow again just here?"

At that very moment a shrill, strained cry (as if uttered by one in mortal pain or terror) was heard from the nearest thicket.

"*Tulong! tulong!*" (Help! help!)

"Is it Lal Singh again, with another thorn in his foot, I wonder?" cried Fred, as, darting at full speed in the direction of the sound, he caught sight of a figure in native dress lying on the ground, and writhing as if in great agony.

But he was suddenly and terribly undeceived. Just as he reached the prostrate man, the latter sprang up like a tiger, and clutched him in an iron grasp, shouting as he did so:

"Caught at last! Come forth, comrades, and bind the prisoner of Datoh Noongal!"

At that terrible name poor Fred saw at once, though too late, the treachery practised against him, and guessed that his captor was the renowned brigand himself. But before the three ruffians who broke from the thicket at their leader's call could reach the spot, a stern voice from behind cried, "Forbear!"

All started and turned round; and there, looking sternly at them, was Lal Singh, the Serpent-Charmer!

The robbers evidently knew him, and for a moment these four strong and well-armed ruffians stood trembling before a defenceless old man, scared at the thought of having offended one who could let loose upon them a host of poisonous serpents whenever he pleased. But at length Datoh Noongal himself, perceiving that the two baskets in which the Hindu usually carried his snakes were nowhere to be seen, and that the latter was thus left without his only weapon, plucked up courage, and cried insolently:

"Art thou a king, that thou bid'st *us* forbear? Begone, fool, and dare not to disturb the lords of the jungle; but rather be thankful that thou art too old and too useless to be worth making prisoner. Begone, I say, and trouble us not!"

"This youth is my friend, and none shall harm him," said the old man, as calmly as ever, but with an ominous gleam in his keen black eyes. "Let him go free this instant, as I bid thee; or if not——"

"Or if not," echoed the brigand, defiantly, "what then?"

"The fate which thou hast so long deserved shall overtake thee in a moment."

"And think'st thou," cried the robber, laughing scornfully, "that the babble of a crazy old man can scare *me?* This boy is my prisoner, and if I give him up to any man without a rich ransom, may this moment be my last!"

"Receive thy doom, then," said Lal Singh, sternly.

He uttered a strange, shrill cry, and instantly the terrible cobra-di-capello—the Queen of Serpents—issued as before from the folds of his white robe, and, darting like lightning upon the bullying ruffian, struck its deadly fangs into his throat. For one moment the doomed man stood as if turned to stone, without sound or movement; and then he flung up his arms convulsively, and fell dead on the ground, while his three accomplices fled as if for their lives, making the silent jungle echo with yells of terror.

"Thou art free, young chief," said Lal Singh, turning to the boy. "Go back to thy father in peace, and remember that he who shows mercy shall receive it."

(THE END.)

PAT'S ADVENTURES WITH THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

By Eustace J. C. Baird,

Author of "My First School," "Professor Bouget's Christmas Dinner," etc.

Squire O'Finn was a middle-aged, hearty, portly, untidy old Irish gentleman. He was getting on in life, full of hospitality, and liking nothing better, when he could get it, than a cross-country ride with the hounds.

The Squire (as he was always called) had neither "kith nor kin," so he lived, as he said, "all alone, by himself," with old Bridget only to do his cooking and housekeeping, and the lad Pat Dempsey "just to help about generally." Castle O'Finn was a tumble-down, dreary old place, but it had been in the Squire's family for generations, and he loved it accordingly.

On this night before Christmas Eve, when the snow lay thick outside, and the wind went howling and whistling about the old place as though to show it was thoroughly master of the situation, the old gentleman sat in his study, with the peat glowing before him, and a glass at his side, almost unconsciously puffing his old "churchwarden," with an occasional sip from the steaming mixture taken just mechanically, for the Squire was ruminating, and ruminating deeply.

The fact was, the old fellow enjoyed good living (that is to say, as far as his scanty means would permit). As it was, however, except on rare occasions, when he dined out with some neighbour, perhaps fifteen or twenty miles off, he seldom sat down to what the Yankees call a "square meal."

But Christmas Day had hitherto always formed an exception, for then the Squire went in for a real good, old-fashioned dinner, a fat savoury goose, followed invariably by a mighty pudding, crowned with holly. Just now, however, the customary treat seemed very distant indeed.

The Squire aroused himself with an effort, stirred the peat with the toe of his heavy boot, and rang the bell.

"Bridget," he began, when that small dried-up individual presented herself, in a prodigious cap and apron; "I'm afraid you weren't anyways successful in your quest after a goose, this past week. Hey?"

"Shure, and it's true for ye, sir. I've been to every farm hereabouts, but not a bird could I get from the lot, bad luck to 'em! 'twas nothing but excuses everywhere! Says one, 'The praties has been so bad I've no geese to sell this winter.' More betoken I heard them cackling in the back yard, and Mr. M'Linch was that nasty and misbehaved, says he, 'Is it another ye're wanting, and me not paid for last year's?' and then he says something about you, yer honour, that I wouldn't demane myself to listen to! So I just turned me back on him, and left him to scowld to the pigs if he minded."

"Well! well!" said the Squire, with a smile, "I suppose it's not to be helped! Do you think O'Shaughnessy now?—I cured that young horse of his, and——"

"Shure, and I forgot him intirely, so I did! 'Deed! and I'll be over there the first thing in the morning; it's not much better than four miles! and I'll just work it this way, yer honour. Says I, coming up as bould as brass; 'Mr. O'Shaughnessy,' says I, 'I'm after wanting you to pick out one of your finest geese for the master, and ye'll plaze to make out the account at onest to take wid me! for,' says I, 'his honour's one of them that likes to pay for a thing when he gets it.' Sure now, and that's true enough, your honour—leastways, when you've got the convanience to do it handy."

"Ah! well, Bridget, I don't doubt O'Shaughnessy will let me have a goose, and not mind about the price of it for a bit neither, but the walk's too far for you! You'd best send the boy, Dempsey."

So it was settled; and the next morning Pat started off in great glee, with a host of injunctions from Bridget, and a note from the Squire; "and as there's never a thing about the place to stuff the cratur with, you might just mention a sprig of sage and an onion or two would come in handy."

"All right, missis, I'll not forget," called out Pat, as he strode off.

Now if such an individual as a second Handy Andy should ever be wanted, Pat Dempsey might be very well picked out to fill the post, for, for a thick-headed, blundering, good-hearted lad, Pat was the renowned one's equal. If there was mischief to be got into, he got into it, and if anything went wrong Pat was sure to have a hand therein. He generally meant well,

but nothing would, or could, make him think of consequences.

This morning, however, he was full of good resolutions, and trudged manfully along, through narrow lanes half blocked with snow, and across bogs and fields where the keen wind caught his shock red hair and sent it towzling about his good-humoured, freckled face.

Pat had walked about a couple of miles when he spied a pond well coated with ice. "Hurroo! for a sloide!" and in another moment he was up to his knees in the freezing water; yet, nothing daunted, he floundered cheerfully out, emptied the water from his brogues, and finished his journey at a swinging trot.

O'Shaughnessy was not at the farm when Pat reached it, but his wife said she would attend to the note.

"Maybe now you can't read it," said Pat, confidentially, "so I'd best tell you what Bridget——"

"Whisht, with yer impudence, ye young spalpeen! Can't rade it, indade? Tell me now, is it alive or dead the master wants the goose?"

"Shure, he didn't say nothing of it being kilt," answered Pat. "I am thinking I'll just take it under me arm, with the legs of it tied, if you'll do that for me, missus!"



"Thus conscience makes cowards of us all."

"Shure, ye can take it as you like, but it's a tidy armful ye'll have," muttered Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, as she went off to select the victim.

The capture was soon made, and the goose thrust into a large sack—it was far too "obstreperous" to be carried in any other way.

After a short rest, Pat started homewards, with the sack over his shoulder, and his pockets well-crammed with sage and onions. But a weighty bird was the goose, and, before he had walked half a mile, resting became a necessity, and by the time another half-mile had been covered, Pat had quite settled that he neither would nor could carry the bird another step; so the unfortunate goose was tumbled unceremoniously out of the sack, with a "There, you lump of a cratur! It's on your own two legs that you'll walk, if ye plaze! for mine's too good for the likes of ye!" But the bewildered bird, dazzled by the sudden light and strange surroundings, only waddled about in an undecided sort of way, until Pat, losing all patience, whipped it up with the empty sack, and sent it scuttling along before him at a fine pace, but the terrible squawking that it at once set up, and kept up, was so loud and discordant, that Pat, who had some ear for music, was almost deafened.

"Hould yer noise! will ye, ye scraaching varmint!" he roared, and the sack was applied with additional vigour, but without the desired result.

"Hould, then! quit it, or I'll be the death of ye! so I will! I'm thinking it's the evil spirit is in the long neck of ye! Bad scran to ye, then, is it through the hedge ye're going?" For the unfortunate goose at that moment took advantage of a friendly gap, and, half scrambling, half flying, got through into the adjoining fields, where it led its young driver a pretty dance for over half an hour, at the end of which time Pat managed to drive it into the lane and secured it.

"I'm thinking I'll keep ye, now I've got ye!" muttered Pat, producing a piece of string, which he tied firmly to one of the goose's legs, and fastened the other end to a heavy log that lay under the hedge. "It 's dead bate I am, entirely, and wanting me dinner!" he continued, seating himself on the log, and falling to on a lump of bread and bacon.

"Shure, I wish then that some of the hate of me face would go to my legs, for it's mighty cowld they are! I'll just slip myself into the owld sack; maybe that'll warm me."

No sooner said than done. In a few moments our hero was enveloped up to the arm-pits, and before he had finished his meal, was as warm as he could wish.

"Now," he said, turning to the squatting goose, and pulling from his pocket some of the sage and onions, "I suppose it's *your* dinner you're wanting, but let me tell ye, not one bit nor morsel would ye taste, if it wasn't that the Squire's going to eat you, and Bridget said ye'd be no ways fit for the table if ye weren't well stuffed with this first! So there's an onion for ye!" and he tossed one in front of the wretched bird, who, however, only turned its head away with a loud squawk. "And where's yer manners, ye ongrateful baste?" exclaimed Pat, waxing wroth at his delicacies being so treated. "Ate 'em now and be thankful," and he threw down three or four more onions, but with no result.

"Oh! it's dainty ye are, me foine friend, then take this!" and a bunch of sage went whizzing past the yellow beak. "It's my belief you're in the sulks, but I'll soon tache ye to turn ye're ugly mouth from the good victuals provided for ye;" saying which, Pat, without more ado, took a small stick, and seizing the goose by the neck, literally crammed some pieces of sage and onions down the unfortunate creature's throat.

"There," he said, resuming his seat in the sack with some complacency, "now ye'll perhaps"——"What! what, is it after spitting it out, ye are! Eh! but ye're a dirty ill-mannered cratur entirely, and I'll have nothing more to do with ye!" and Pat thereupon turned his back on the unhappy goose, snuggled his arms into the sack, and in two minutes was fast asleep!

It was getting late in the afternoon when he awoke with a start, and stared about him, first in wonder, then in dismay!

"Shure, now, and what will Bridget say? and me so late!" he exclaimed, as he scrambled out of the sack. "Now then, ye fat cratur!" But imagine our young friend's face of open-mouthed horror when he discovered that not a vestige of "the cratur" was to be seen! The piece of string still tied to the log proved on examination to have been cut.

"It's been just stowlen, while I was asleep! Whatever will I do?" wailed the unfortunate Pat. "I daren't ever go home without it! Oh, hurroo, hurroo!" and down he sat disconsolately, trying to think out the situation.

Soon he brightened up, however.

"I must just be after getting another. I can tell them at the farm as the cratur got itself drownded or lost someways, as it undoubtedly has, and I've just come back for another." Nevertheless, when Master Pat found himself nearing the farm, his heart began to beat most uncomfortably. Greatly to his relief, therefore, he spied two of the "craturs" still swimming contentedly on a pond some little distance from the house.

Pat wasn't long enticing them to the land with some crumbs from his pocket, and while these were being demolished he adroitly slipped behind one of the birds, seized it by its neck, and then began a tussle which Master Pat had by no means bargained for.

Suffice it to say, he was battered, bruised, and pecked, till it was all he could do, by nearly strangling his opponent, to get it securely into the sack.

Now, if the other goose had been heavy, this one was nearly twice the weight, or at any rate Pat thought so, and he ended by cutting a long stick, with a sharp hook at one end, which he hitched into the mouth of the sack, and so was enabled to drag it and its unfortunate occupant along at a good round pace.

It was dark when he reached home, and though he told a story more plausible than true as to how he had spent his time, he got a sound rating from Bridget. However, a bright idea for putting her into a good humour struck him while he was eating his supper. The moment he had finished he made an excuse to go out; then, by the light of an old lantern, he first decapitated and then plucked his prize, till never a feather was left.

This done, he triumphantly exhibited his handiwork to Bridget, who owned that it was a moighty foine "cratur," but with a bit of a quare look about it!

"Just hang it up, Pat, me boy, in the larder, and I'll remember ye in the making of the pudden."

* * * * *

"Well, Bridget!" exclaimed the Squire next day at 1.15 P.M., "I can make neither head nor tail of it. Here have I spoiled two good knives, and twisted off the handle of the carving-fork, yet not a dacent helping can I put on me plate. You'd best try your hand, I'm thinking!"

"'Deed! and it's no manner of use, sir; it's quite a darty trick of O'Shaughnessy's; sure the 'cratur's' that owld and tough ye might hammer nails in it."

"Well, then! have in the pudding! I warrant that's neither old nor tough. But first go and just see what's all that noise downstairs."

Bridget soon returned. "'Deed, Squire, and it's Mr. O'Shaughnessy himself, and he's blathering on to our Pat, saying as he's stowlen his foinest swan or something, and he's got Pat's knife with his name on it, as he found, he says, by the pond where the marks was."

"It's drunk he must be," remarked the Squire, "but I'll just go down and see him;" upon which a stormy argument ensued between the Squire, O'Shaughnessy, and Pat.

The latter stoutly maintained "he'd never seen swans at all, at all; he was bidden to get a goose, and he'd just got it from Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and no lie about it!"

Nevertheless, Pat had terrible inward misgivings that perhaps he might have made a mistake about the second goose, and his terror of discovery was increased when he perceived that the farmer's dog was poking his nose into the very shed where last night's execution had been.

"Rover! Rover! come here, sir," cried Pat, hurriedly; "will I just howld him a bit, yer honour? He'll be afther the chickens, maybe."

"Let the dog alone!" said O'Shaughnessy, "he's safe enough! Hi! Rover, come out of that now!" And Rover did come out, but, horror of horrors! with something in his mouth. Vainly did Pat in desperation try to intercept him. The dog dodged him easily, and trotting with some pride up to his master laid at his very feet the most unmistakable head of a fine swan.

The sight took the Squire's breath away, and before he had regained it Pat was down the yard and out of the gate like the wind, speeding on despite cries, threats, and invitations to come and be horsewhipped, not heeding anything, indeed, until, about half a mile away, he reached an old faggot stack, upon which he scrambled hastily, removed some of the top faggots, and let himself down into a cosy nest beneath, already lined with straw, for this was an old hiding-place of Pat's. And here we'll just leave him, wishing him better luck than maybe he'll get, for the Squire will have to pay heavily for the *swan* business, and when after that he gets the little bill for that other "*goose*" business, then—why then—Pat may look out for "*squalls*."

(THE END.)

A FEW HINTS FOR HANDY BOYS.

PART II.

The great secret about soldering is to hold the copper bit on the joint long enough to make the metal being soldered as hot as the molten solder itself, and this is the great secret of success in making a firm solid join, and it is principally on this point that beginners mostly fail, and when their work comes apart on the slightest knock they blame the solder as not being good, or the acid too weak, &c., in fact, anything but the real cause.

I cannot give any fixed time that the iron should be kept on a part, as it would vary so much according to the thickness of the metal you are soldering, but a little practice will soon enable you to judge from the smooth, sunken-down appearance the solder has when the metal is hot enough.

When soldering articles such as plated cruet-stands, or clock-frames, &c., with which it is particular that the join should be barely visible, it is better to first tin the ends of the broken part with some solder by means of the copper bit, and then holding the two portions close together with a pair of pliers direct the flame from an ordinary blow-pipe on to the joint, and then, if you have not put too much solder on during the process of trimming, you will get a nearly invisible seam.

Should any solder project, it should be cleaned off carefully after the joint has set cold, by means of an old file. You will find a small blow-pipe, costing sixpence, very useful for soldering small articles; also in brazing little things, such as brooch-pins and fastenings, or anything of that kind, which I have no doubt your sisters will generally have a stock on hand for you to do.

In brazing you require some powdered borax for a flux; take a pinch of it and grind smooth with a little water until you form a paste like cream. I will suppose, for instance, you have a brooch-pin to mend. First scrape it bright with your penknife, then bind the two pieces in position with some very fine wire, as at A (fig. 1), then lay the pin on a piece

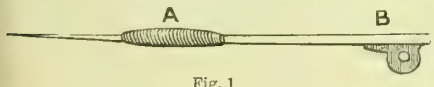


Fig. 1.

of charcoal and cover the joint over with the borax-paste and direct the flame from the blow-pipe on the joint, and immediately you see the wire melt and run, the joint will be complete and can be finished neatly with the file.

A fresh hinge, B, can also be brazed on in the same way, and this makes a very strong join and is far better than solder for all small work made of copper, iron, or steel, but is not suitable for any articles composed of tin, pewter, or lead, &c., because the heat required to melt the brass wire would also melt at the same time the article you wish to mend. In brazing larger articles you will require some spelter or fine brass filings in place of the brass wire previously used, and sometimes you require to keep the "temper" of the article, as in case of mending a pair of scissors, where the heat of brazing would spoil the temper of the blades unless some means were taken to prevent it; this is done by sticking them into a raw potato, which keeps the temperature down at the part you require.

Scissors generally get broken at the part A (fig. 2), and they should be bound in position

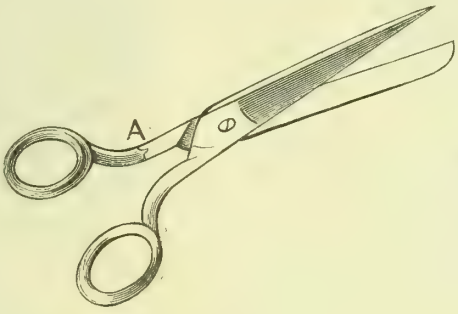


Fig. 2.

with some strong iron wire, then some spelter placed on the joint with the borax-paste, and then brazed in the same way as the brooch-pin.

There are various kinds of solder in use, according to the work required to be done, and can be had ready prepared at most metal shops, but I will give a short list of the different compositions, in case you should require to make them for yourself at any time.

The ordinary tinman's solder is composed of equal parts of lead and tin, and the solder will be of a finer quality by adding more tin up to double that quantity.

For soldering pewter, Britannia metal tea-pots, or the composition pipes used in most houses for gas, you require a solder that melts at a much lower temperature, or, as I mentioned before about brazing, you would have the article melted before the solder.

To get over this difficulty you must mix a small quantity of bismuth with the previous mixtures of lead and tin.

One part bismuth, one lead, and two parts tin is a good proportion, but care must be taken not to put too much bismuth into the solder or it will melt at a few degrees below boiling point, and the result will be seen next time your mother makes tea.

Spelter, or hard solder for brazing, should contain one part of tin, four of copper, and three of zinc, but if you require it to stand a very high temperature it should be made of three parts copper and one zinc.

For small work, silver solder is useful, and might take the place of the brass wire used in mending the brooch-pin, &c. Take two parts of silver and one part of common pins, melt together and roll out flat and thin.

This short list is sufficient to meet the requirements of any job you may have to do, and when making any solder, no matter what kind, always proportion the parts by weight.

When working in tin you will find an ordinary chisel, about two inches wide, very useful to bend the edges of the sheets over for making joints or inserting strengthening wires, and a parallel and taper stake (fig. 3) is very handy for forming tubes or spouts, &c.

The shapes of the various articles you may require to cut from the sheet tin, can be found by first unsoldering the old article and then hammering it out flat, or you can cut a paper pattern and try if it will fit where required before cutting into the tin, and perhaps spoiling the sheet, as the things when in the flat are of such a totally different shape to what they are when bent round; take for instance the coffee-pot spout which caused my friend so much trouble, you all

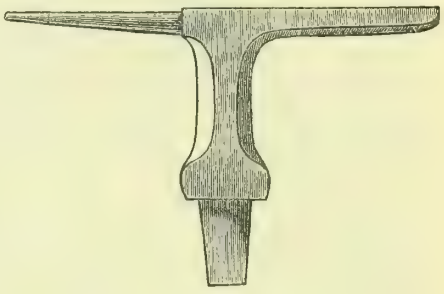


Fig. 3.

know the shape when finished, but A (fig. 4) is the shape you would have to cut it on the flat sheet.

If required, a fresh hinge to the lid can be easily made from two small pieces of tin, cut to the shapes B C (fig. 4), each of which should be doubled back on to itself round a short piece of brass wire. The holes cut in one piece of tin will then be found, on putting

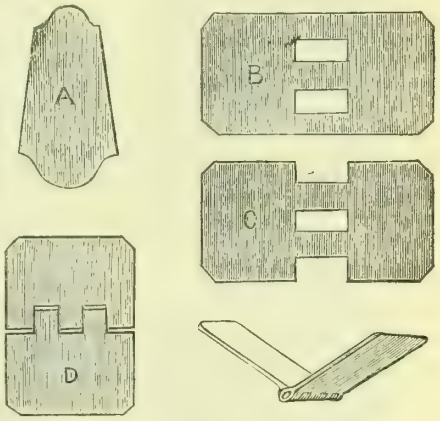


Fig. 4.

them back to back, D, to fit the projecting portions on the other piece, and the wire can then be pushed through and used as the pin of the hinge, which may then be soldered on in position.

Empty milk-tins, etc., can be cut up for small jobs like this, and come in very useful for various purposes, as they are generally made from a good quality of tin.

(*To be continued.*)

A CENTURY OF FRENCH HISTORY, ILLUSTRATED BY THE COPPER COINS OF THE COUNTRY.

By Daniel F. Howorth, f.s.a. scot.

Author of "Coins and Tokens of the English Colonies," etc.

PART II.

Under the first Napoleon no copper coins were issued; with one exception, a five-centime struck at the Strasburg mint. This, cannot, however, be called a common coin. Numerous ten-centime pieces were struck in billon, an alloy of silver and copper; they are about the size of our sixpence, and are met with from almost the ruddy brown of copper to a silvery white colour. On the obverse they bear Napoleon's initial, N, under an imperial crown, and surrounded by a wreath; the reverse shows value, date, m.m. &c. These were issued in considerable quantities from many mints.

To the close of Napoleon's career must be assigned the copper siege-pieces struck in Antwerp and Strasburg in 1814, 1815. I mention these as they are not unfrequently met with amongst old coppers, and may excite the interest and curiosity of some boys. After Napoleon's defeat and abdication in 1814, when the rest of Belgium was reconquered from the French, or had otherwise declared its freedom, General Carnot still held Antwerp, upon whose fortifications the emperor had expended much care and large sums of money. Called upon to surrender the city to the Allies, when his imperial master was obliged to abdicate, the brave old general replied that he held Antwerp for France and not for Napoleon, and until France ordered its cession he should do his utmost in its defence. He therefore required his troops to take the oath of allegiance to Louis XVIII. and persevered in withstanding the allied armies. To supply the deficiency of small change within the city, General Carnot ordered that pieces of five and ten centimes respectively should be struck. They appear with the initial of Napoleon and of Louis, as varied fortune placed the one or the other on the throne. The city was given up to the Netherlanders (Holland and Belgium being then formed into one kingdom) by the Treaty of Paris, 1814. In Strasburg only the ten-centine (décime) was struck; and like the Antwerp coins, it changes from N to L, and rechanges to N again during the One Hundred Days Empire. I append rubbings with descriptions.

Ten Centimes (Antwerp).

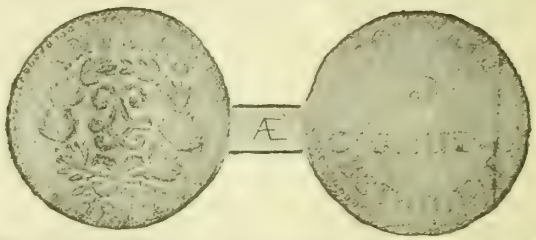


Anvers 1814: and the initial N, or interlaced L's surrounded by a laurel wreath. Monnaie obsidionale (siege-money), and the value, 10 cent.

Five Centimes.

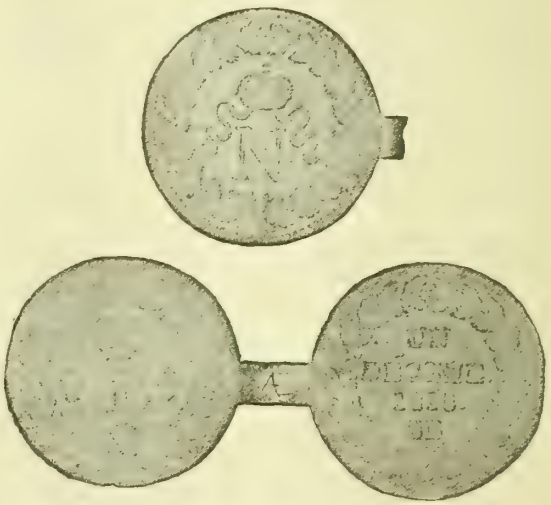


Five Centimes.



Anvers 1814: and the initial N, or interlaced L's, surrounded by a laurel-wreath. Monnaie obsidionale, and the value, 5 cent.

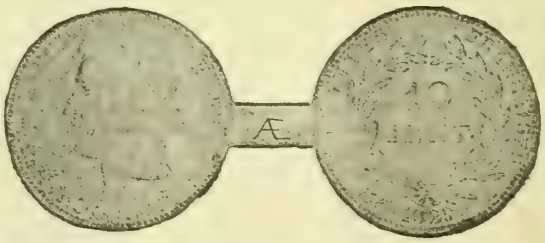
Décime (Strasburg).



The initial N under an imperial crown; or the initial L under a crown, and between three fleurs-de-lis; all surrounded by a wreath of oak-leaves.
Un décime, date and mint-mark within a similar oak-wreath.

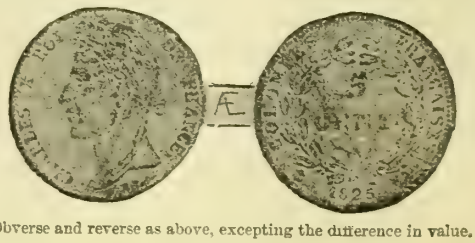
Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe followed the first Napoleon; but under none of them was there any copper coinage for France. The five and ten centimes of Charles X. and Louis Philippe issued from the Paris mint for colonial use are not uncommon; but for France itself there was no coinage of copper until the Second Republic, 1848.

Ten Centimes.



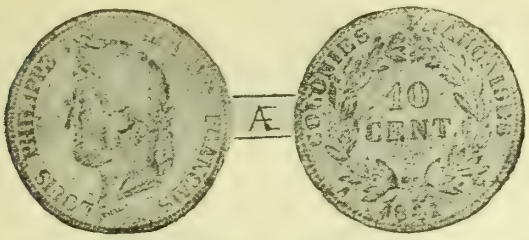
Charles x roi de France. The King's head, laureated, looking to the dexter, underneath the name of the engraver, R. Violier.
Colonies françaises, date, and mint-mark. In the centre within a wreath the value, 10 cent.

Five Centimes.



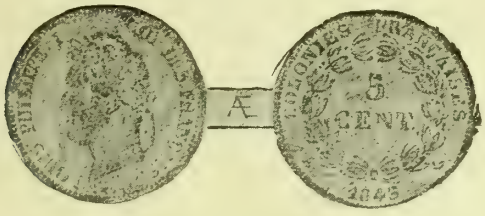
Obverse and reverse as above, excepting the difference in value.

Ten Centimes.



LOUIS PHILIPPE I ROI DES FRANÇAIS: the king's head, laureated, looking to the dexter, thereunder the names VIOLIER ET BARRE.
COLONIES FRANÇAISES, date, and m.m. The value, 10 CENT., in the field within a laurel wreath.

Five Centimes.



Obverse and reverse exactly as above excepting the difference in value.

The revolution of 1830 deposed Charles "King of France," but brought another monarch to the throne, Louis Philippe, the "Citizen King," who thought the title "King of the French" more congenial to his people's feelings. Another revolution, however, caused him to follow the footsteps of his predecessor and seek an asylum under the English flag.

The copper coinage of the Second Republic was confined to the issue of one-centime pieces, very similar to those of the First Republic, but retaining the Christian era in their dates. This coin is obtainable of each of the four years, or their portions, during which this republic lived (1848–51).

One Centime.

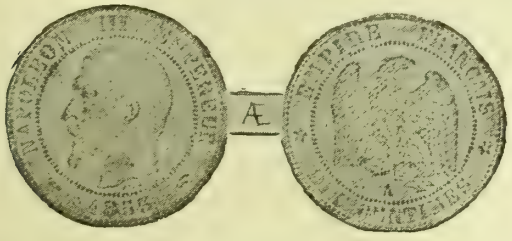


REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE, typical head of Liberty, wearing the cap of Liberty, looking to dexter. Underneath the head the name Dupre.
UN CENTIME, date, and mint-marks.

I have seen none of the above with m.m. other than Paris (A). The issue of larger copper coins was under consideration when the *coup d'état* closed the Second Republic, and ushered in the Second Empire, of whose "entrance" and "exit" history has painful recollection.

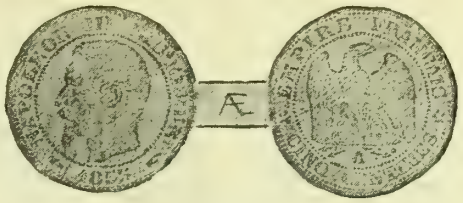
It is said that actually before the empire was proclaimed, quantities of coins were struck in England bearing the Paris m.m. of exactly the types which we are now going to inspect; and they were thus intended immediately to familiarise the people with the fact that they had again an emperor and a Napoleon. Those to which I refer bear the date 1852, and are not very commonly met with; but it is not difficult to make up sets of the four coins (1, 2, 5 and 10 centimes) issued from 1853 onwards, to represent each of the seven mints still remaining in operation.* Many of the 5 and 10 centimes of this type, and of the two following, were in circulation in this country, especially in the south of England, and were generally accepted as halfpennies and pennies, with which they correspond in size, until their recent withdrawal.

Ten Centimes.



* *Ante*, p. 172.

Five Centimes.



Two Centimes.



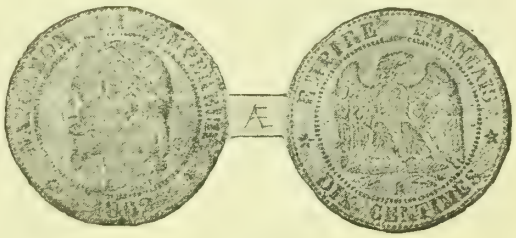
One Centime.



NAPOLEON III EMPEREUR: head of the emperor looking to dexter, and thereunder the engraver's name BARRE. The legend, date, and mint-master's badges are separated from the field by a string of dots.
EMPIRE FRANÇAIS, and the value in words. In the field the imperial eagle grasping a thunderbolt, underneath the mint-mark, all surrounded by a string of dots, separating from the legend.

After the war of Italian independence 1859–60, when Louis Napoleon took the field against Austria, and the allied troops of Italy and France were victorious, a change was made in the French coinage to commemorate the victory; and one result of the battle of Magenta was to crown the emperor's head with the laurel-wreath.

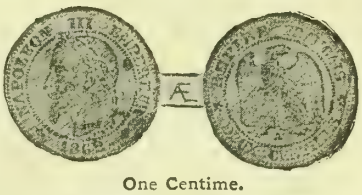
Ten Centimes.



Five Centimes.



Two Centimes.



One Centime.



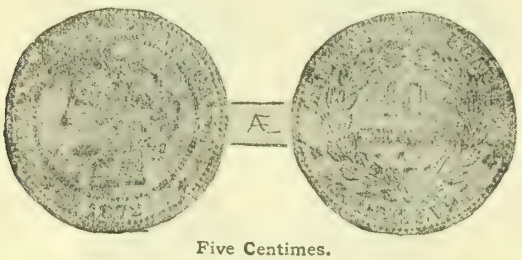
Obverse and reverse as last coins, excepting that the emperor's head is encircled with a laurel-wreath.

The above coins were issued from three mints only (A, BB, and K), until in the carnage of Sedan laurel-wreath and throne were "in one red burial blent."

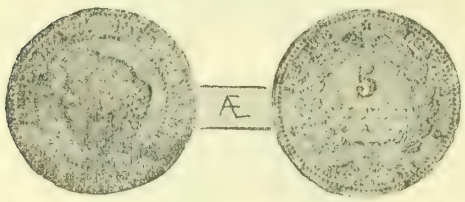
France then turned for the third time to a republican form of government: and the change was soon manifested in the coinage. The same four sizes of bronze coins were emitted from the mint; but

a head appears now on the obverse of the coins which is new to French bronze money, though it was used on the silver coinage of the Second Republic.

Ten Centimes.



Five Centimes.



REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE and date; within a circle of dots a head of Ceres crowned with wheat, &c., looking to the dexter, and thereunder the engraver's name, OUDINÉ.
LIBERTÉ ÉGALITÉ FRATERNITÉ, with the value and mint-mark in the field surrounded by a wreath of laurel.

Two Centimes.



One Centime.



Obverse exactly as above.
Reverse similar, but a string of dots substituted for the laurel-wreath for the sake of clearness.

Whether ever again the lilies or the eagle shall be seen on the coins of La Belle France we cannot tell; but we may all join in the hope that wise government, and true progress, and prosperity may long bless our neighbours, and that the unique history of a century of so much suffering and violent change may never be repeated in the experience of any people.

(THE END.)

ON THROWING A CRICKET BALL.

By Colonel Maitland.

Cricketing readers are very well acquainted with the appearance and feel of the dark-red ball which they so dexterously toy with in the field when waiting for a new batsman. They know that, with the exception of a slight roughness of surface caused by an equatorial seam, it may be reckoned to be as nearly as can be made a perfect sphere, and its impact on various parts of their bodies has practically convinced them that it may be considered hard. The rules of the great English game teach them that the weight of the ball must be between five and a half and five and three-quarter ounces, and that its circumference must measure between nine inches and nine and a quarter inches; or, to be more precise, the above weights and dimensions are the minima and maxima allowed.

Presently one of the fielders jerks the ball sharply to a comrade not on the watch; it escapes him and rolls merrily to the Pavilion. A light-haired giant steps out, picks it up, and throws it clean to the wickets, over a hundred yards away. The crowd recognise him and applaud. It is Bonner, the Australian.

It may be doubted whether many of the cricketers who frequently perform this feat are aware of the perfection with which they make use of the immutable laws of nature. It is permissible to suppose that for the most part they resemble the man in the French play, who found he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it.

But it will serve to pass the time while the teams are at luncheon if we think out the rationale of throwing a cricket ball for ourselves.

First of all, it is necessary to impart velocity to the sphere. A body in motion will continue to move at the same speed and in the same direction unless acted on by some external force. Therefore the ball will leave the fingers at the same velocity with which the fingers holding it are moving at the last moment before quitting it. To make this velocity as high as possible, the thrower runs at the speed of, say, 20 feet per second. If he were simply to hold the ball loosely against his chest, and to run against a barrier which pulled him up short, the ball would continue to move forward over the barrier, leaving the chest at 20 feet per second. This would not send it far, so the thrower stretches the hand, holding the ball well behind him, and brings it forward while running, with a quick motion. If he contents himself with this he will "bowl" and not "throw." In this case the arm resembles a sling, and however circular the course taken by the hand, the ball on escaping will retain the motion impressed upon it at the last moment. The arm may easily be made to move forward so that the hand travels about 60 feet per second faster than the body; adding the run and the swing of the arm together, the hand then moves over the surface of the earth at about 80 feet per second, and if the ball be allowed to escape from the hand it will begin its solitary flight with that velocity. When Turner, the great Australian bowler, recently visited the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, one of the officials requested him to bowl through the electric screens used for measuring the velocity of projectiles, and it was found that, at a point representing halfway between the wickets, the velocity of Turner's fastest ball was 81 feet per second, or about 55 miles an hour.

Still, this velocity would not be sufficient for a very long throw, and it is to the sharp motion of the wrist, and probably also of the fingers, that the extra velocity realised by a good thrower is due. To make a cricket ball travel through calm air, when projected at the most favourable angle of elevation, so that it shall fall a hundred yards from the hand, requires a starting velocity of about 112 feet per second, or about 75 miles an hour. It may be taken, therefore, that a good thrower causes the fingers to move about 30 feet per second faster than the bowler moves the hand without using wrist or finger action.

Having now got the required velocity, the thrower has to project the ball at the most favourable angle of elevation. How is this to be arrived at? It is all very well to reply "By long practice"—but luncheon is not over yet, and we have time to think over the reasoning which will lead us to the same result. Everybody knows that the attraction of the earth, briefly known as g, causes bodies to fall at an increasing rate, so that after dropping for one second they have acquired a velocity of about 32 feet per second, after falling during two seconds they are moving at 64 feet per second, after falling during three seconds at 96 feet per second, and so on. Supposing that Bonner held the cricket ball in the air eight feet from the ground, and let it drop, it would fall for very nearly seven-tenths of a second before it touched the ground. Supposing he held it four feet from the ground, it would take just a quarter of a second to fall. If he took it into his head to roll the ball along the Pavilion table, four feet high, it would still take a quarter of a second to reach the floor after falling off the edge of the table. If Turner picked it up and bowled it back along the table, giving it a velocity of 80 feet per second, the ball would still reach the ground in a quarter of a second after passing the edge of the table, but instead of falling straight down it would touch the floor at a spot (nearly) 20 feet from the edge of the table, so that its motion, after losing the support of the table, would be compounded of two motions, a forward one imparted by Turner, and a downward one imparted by gravity. Please to observe the word "nearly" in a parenthesis just above, and remark that though the ball left Turner's hand with a velocity of 80 feet per second, a little of that speed will be lost owing to the friction of the table and the resistance of the air. This latter, the atmospheric resistance, offers great difficulty to mathematicians, and though it must be taken into account when the complete calculations are made out, it will be convenient to consider first of all what would happen to the cricket ball if projected at various angles merely under the influence of Bonner and gravity—it is to be hoped that the famous Australian will not object to the association—that is to say, *in vacuo*.

It will be at once perceived, after the table experiment, that if Bonner throws the ball *in vacuo* in a direction level with the earth,

keeping his hand eight feet high, which is about as much as even he can do, and imparting a velocity of 112 feet per second to the ball, that it will travel forward, gradually falling, for a period of seven-tenths of a second, striking the ground just over seventy-eight feet away, or only twenty-six yards. It is necessary, therefore, in order to throw a long distance, to project the ball in a direction above that parallel to the ground. But how much above? It must be considered that the higher the direction given to the ball, the less is its velocity in the line of the object aimed at. When it was thrown level with the ground its velocity was all utilised in the direction of the object, but gravity pulled it down too soon. Throwing it upwards keeps it longer from striking the ground, but if the direction is continually raised till the ball is thrown straight up overhead, it will come down again in the same place, and the throw will measure nothing along the ground toward the object. In this case, still neglecting the air, the ball, starting vertically upwards, will rise against the increasing retardation of gravity for three and a half seconds, and then fall again for three and a half seconds. Its height at successive seconds will be as follows: 1st (112 −16 =) 96 feet; 2nd (224−64 =) 160 feet; 3rd (336−144 =) 192 feet; at three and a half seconds it attains its highest point, viz.: (392−196 =) 196 feet; 4th (448−256 =) 192 feet; 5th (560−400 =) 160 feet; 6th (672 −576 =) 96 feet; 7th (784−784 =) 0; so that in seven seconds it returns to the hand of the thrower; the first number in the brackets shows the height the ball would reach if gravity did not act on it, and the second number shows the retardation due to gravity, the difference being, of course, the actual height of the ball. It is noticeable that the ball falls through each point on its return journey, after an interval of time from reaching its maximum height equal to that occupied between the same point and its maximum height on its ascent; thus, as it loses velocity gradually when rising, so it acquires it again at exactly the same rate when falling, and reaches the thrower's hand at the same speed as it left it at, and occupies the same time in rising as in falling.

But it must be remembered that this calculation is based on the supposition that there is no atmospheric resistance. What will be the effect of the air? Roughly, the effect of the air will be that the velocity of the ball will be reduced more quickly when it is ascending, so that it will not rise so high; and on descending the velocity will not be acquired so quickly; so that it will not reach the hand of the thrower at quite so high a speed as it left at. It will, therefore, take a little longer to come down than it took to go up.

Now take a fishing rod and line with a float on it. Hold the straight rod at any angle you like, and consider it represents the path that would be taken by the ball when thrown, supposing gravity not to act. Suppose the relation between the length of the rod and the velocity of the ball to be such that the ball would travel the length from butt to point in one second; move the float to a position on the line distant 16 feet from the point of the rod. Then at whatever angle the rod is held the float represents the position of the ball one second after leaving the hand.

Returning to Bonner's throw, if the rod be 14 feet long, and the velocity of the ball be 112 feet per second, it will travel to the point in an eighth part of a second, during which time gravity will have pulled it down a quarter of a foot, so that the float should be placed 3 inches from the point of the rod. As was seen when the ball was thrown straight up, gravity soon gains the upper hand and brings the ball down again to the surface of the earth, especially as it is assisted by the retardation due to atmospheric resistance. But it is not difficult by the exercise of a little imagination to suppose the velocity so enormously increased that the ball would pass out of the envelope of air surrounding us and become subject only to gravity, just as in the supposition we have been compelled to make. If our imagination has placed the velocity high enough the ball would then become a small satellite to our earth, and imitate the moon in its course round us; for the moon is but a big ball which has a velocity of about 3,500 feet per second,* and which is always trying to move in a straight line along the fishing rod, but is perpetually pulled towards the earth by gravity, so that it describes (approximately) a circle round it. Supposing now that a tremendous meteoric stone met the moon and checked her velocity, it is easy to see that she would take longer to travel the length of the fishing rod, and gravity would pull her down farther in proportion; she would therefore reduce the size of the circle in which she travels till equilibrium was again restored; that is, till the circle was small enough for her to complete it in a little less time than before. It would not do for her to complete it in exactly the same time as before, because, being nearer the earth, gravity would act upon her with increased power.

Supposing the meteorite to catch her up and strike her behind, as in the case of a leg-ball hit very fine past the wicket-keeper standing back, her velocity would be increased, and her circle enlarged.

But still we have not determined at what angle of elevation we are to project our cricket ball so as to make it drop as far off as possible. Bonner does not take quite so long to think about it when he shies the ball up to the wicket. Well, the calculation is rather a difficult one; but its result may be easily understood. Hold the rod so that the butt rests on the ground, and the float hanging on the line from the point of the rod just reaches the ground. Measure the number of feet between the float and the point, and also between the float and the butt, and multiply these two numbers together; when the rod is at such an angle that the product of these two numbers is the greatest, then that angle is the one at which the ball should be thrown to attain the greatest range. If the rod is a 14-foot one, then move the float to a position on the line about 1 inch short of 10 feet from the point, and hold the rod (which must be straight) so that butt and float just touch the ground. It will be found that the distance from the butt to the float is also about an inch short of 10 feet. The rod therefore is halfway between being horizontal and being vertical—between lying down and standing up. Trial will show that the maximum product of the two measured lengths is thus obtained.†

But this only gives the angle of elevation when we leave the resistance of the air out of the question. This is an extremely difficult part of the problem, for though a great number of costly experiments have been carried out in England and in other countries for the purpose of determining atmospheric retardation, no definite laws have yet been discovered, and it is only by laborious calculations, taking small parts of the arc of flight at a time, that the ranges of projectiles can be predicted. A fresh impetus was lately given to the inquiry when the Government fired one of the most powerful of the Woolwich guns at Shoeburyness at high angles, and obtained a range of no less than 12½ miles, but at present it is only possible to give an approximate result. A ball projected *in vacuo* at 112 feet per second at 45° elevation would range 392 feet. To obtain the maximum length of throw in the air, it should leave the hand at an elevation of about 35°, and with the same velocity of 112 feet per second at starting would range about 100 yards.

So much for the elevation which Bonner has practically discovered long before we have; now, what about the direction? The day is calm, and right in front of us is the wicket we wish to hit. How are we to aim? Probably we shall do no injustice to the tall Australian if we conjecture that he would reply, "Why, aim straight at it, of course!" And no doubt for the amount of accuracy required by cricketers he would be quite right; but when we are thinking a matter out, it is well to think it out thoroughly; and a little reflection will show that it would not be right for us to aim exactly at the stumps. Suppose we are standing due south from the wicket, and therefore that the ball has to fall on a spot due north from us.

The earth rotates on its axis once in twenty-four hours, and, being approximately 24,000 miles in circumference, it is evident that a person standing on the Equator is carried round at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour, while a person standing about eight miles from the Pole is carried round at the rate of only one mile an hour, and a person at the Pole merely revolves on the same spot. The ball in the hand of the thrower of course partakes of the motion given to the thrower by the earth. Hence, when the thrower in this hemisphere throws due north, the spot he throws from is travelling faster from west to east than the spot he throws to, and he will throw therefore a little too much to the right. For similar reasons he will also throw too much to the right when he throws due south.

In the southern hemisphere, however, this is reversed; and when Bonner learnt his cricket in Australia he threw a little too much to the left when throwing at all to the north or at all to the south. Bonner would probably say that he never perceived it, and that he generally found he threw pretty straight; and he would add that at any rate there is none of this bother about throwing due east and west.

Well, it may be admitted that he is right enough as regards his throwing pretty straight; but he is wrong about east and west, except when he is crossing the line on the voyage. It has been shown how gravity pulls the ball down, and it always pulls it towards the centre of the earth; that is to say, the path described by the ball lies in a plane passing through the centre of the earth. The circle made by this plane in cutting the surface of the earth is called a "great circle." Now look at the cricket ball. The equatorial seam between the rows of stitches is plainly to be seen, and if we were to draw lines round the ball parallel to the equatorial seam we should be drawing them east and west, and the planes passing through them would not pass through the centre of the ball, but would cut off round slices, which would be smaller and smaller in diameter as they approach the pole. Thus, a person throwing from east to west in this hemisphere throws a little too much to the left, and if throwing from west to east a little too much to the right; the conditions being exactly reversed in the southern hemisphere.

* Neglecting the annual revolution round the sun.

† The equation to the curve is $y = x \tan e - \frac{gx^2}{2v^2 \cos^2 e}$, where e = angle of elevation and v = velocity. The range x is therefore $\frac{v^2 \sin 2e}{g}$, or, to suit the illustration in the text, $\frac{2v^2}{g} \sin e \cos e$.

Correspondence.

TENACIOUS.—In the "Lawn Tennis Annual," published at the "Field" Office, corner of Wellington Street, Strand, you will find a list of clubs. Write to the Secretaries for particulars of the method of election.

ONE OF TEN.—The "on demand" in the inscription stamps your treasure at once as a "token." It is not a "coin" at all.

OREGON.—For particulars as to the Natal Mounted Police apply to the Agent-General for South Africa, Victoria Street, S.W.

G COOPER.—The third volume has been out of print for years.

PORRIDGE.—An "Old Scotch Mother" very kindly writes to us from Glasgow to say that "porridge ought, in her opinion, to be boiled twenty minutes, no more or less. Put on two breakfast cups of water; when almost boiling stir in a good handful of meal, letting it trickle through the fingers slowly; add a saltspoon of salt; boil twenty minutes very slowly; dish and sup with sweet or butter milk."

RECENT READER.—We have had a lengthy series of articles on swimming, and another series on stuffing birds. Both are at present out of print; but will appear in "Outdoor Games."

DRAGOON GUARD.—Wait till you are three years older and then apply at the nearest post office for a free copy of the Government pamphlet giving directions as to joining the army. Lancers are armed with swords as well as lances.

WOOD TURNER.—There is a Turners Company in the City of London. A letter addressed "The Clerk, Turners Company, London, E.C.," would procure you a reply as to prizes offered, etc.

STAMPS (L. J. G. Anderson).—About 40,000. No collection of less than 1,000 stamps can be considered a particularly good one.

FIERY CROSS.—The derivation of marmalade from the Mary Queen of Scots incident is practically the one we gave. It is the oldest and newest of the derivations. The quince theory belongs to the middle period, and did not hold its ground, though it should be remembered that the French form is marmelade, which certainly looks like a form of marmelon.

A. TRINOBANT.—Your verses do not please. The feet limp and the rhyme collapses. To make "ocean" rhyme to "stern" you would have to spell it "o-shern," and that is not permissible at present, though it may be in the "fonetik phuture."

B. G. R.—Your best way is to get a shilling guide to the university you wish to go to, and pick out the information for yourself. Good guides to both Oxford and Cambridge are sold by Macmillan and Co., Bedford Street, Strand.

H. SPROULE.—Address your letter to "The Commanding Officer," giving the name of the ship. At the same time it is as well to remark that there are no training-ships for officers of the Royal Navy in the Mersey.

GYMNASIUM (H. J. Ford).—There is a chapter on building and fitting a gymnasium in "Indoor Games." It originally appeared as an article in these pages in a number long since out of print.

HUSSARS (W. Mead and Others).—The plume of the 13th Hussars is white; that of the 19th is white; that of the 20th is crimson; that of the 21st white.

ELECTRON.—We have as many articles on electricity as we shall require for some years.

A. E. H.—Send your letter addressed "The Secretary, London Model Yacht Club, Kensington Gardens, W."

G. H. WILSON.—We have had articles on "Fishing-Tackle, and How to Make it," but they are now out of print. They will probably be reprinted in "Outdoor Sports."

CRYSTAL.—You can get zoetrope pictures of Perry and Co., Holborn Viaduct, E.C., and of most toy-sellers.

C. M. SWINNERTON.—Catalogues of birds' eggs are sold at all "natural history shops," such as that kept by Cooke and Son, in Museum Street, Oxford Street.

FOSSIL HUNTER.—The sketch is that of a poor specimen of Productus, one of the characteristic fossils of the Carboniferous Limestone.

ARTHUR S.—Bore a hole in a flower-pot just below the rim, making it about a quarter of an inch in diameter. Then put a cork in the bottom hole of the flower-pot, and fill the pot with water. Place a saucer over the top, and turn the arrangement upside down, so that the pot full of water stands in the saucer. The saucer will remain full of clear water so long as the pot contains a supply.

TIMBROLOGIST.—There are several publications devoted to stamp-collecting. One of them is "The Stamp Advertiser," published monthly, price 6*d.*, obtainable of C. J. Phillips, 28, Spring Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Another is "The Stamp News," price 3*d.* monthly, obtainable of Buhl and Co., 11, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

MOTHER'S JOY.—Get a book. Mr. Gill, of 170, Strand, publishes a sixpenny book on "Macramé Lace," and a shilling one on "Printing for Amateurs." He sends all books carriage paid on receipt of published price, so you have no trouble about postage. It would be well to ask for a list of his books at the same time.

GOLD-FISH, ETC. (A. Conder).—Thanks for your note as to pressing flowers between cotton-wool instead of botanical paper. Your gold-fish item we quote:—"The remedy you gave was to let a tap drop on the fish. I have found it a very good cure to let the tap run, at the same time sprinkling fine sand on the fish, so that as the sand is washed off it takes the particles of slime with it."

H. R.—Your information is twenty years behind the age. If you will read Isaac Taylor's "Origin of the Aryans" you will find that your Aryan migration theory is not now generally accepted.

F. A. R.—The articles on Juggling are out of print in part and volume form, but you will find them now in "Indoor Games." There was no more etching.

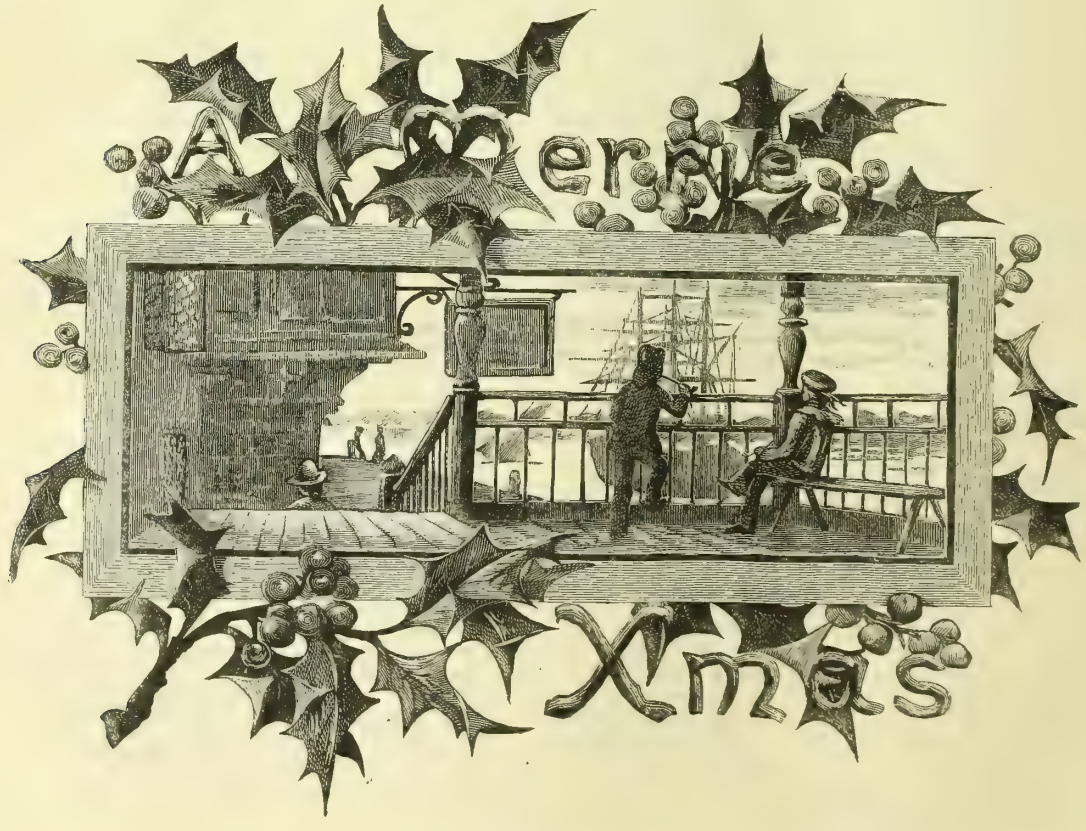
JAMES CARR and OTHERS.—"The Last of the Paladins" was translated and freely adapted by a member of our staff from the French of Monsieur Deslys, by special arrangement. It is not published in book-form. We know of no other books by M. Deslys, but Messrs. Hachette might inform you on the subject.

RUBER.—The stamp should be classed as a Gibraltar one. We are much obliged for the information regarding the "Weekly Examiner" publishing our Verne story. Unfortunately we are helpless in matters of copyright in America. The Americans can claim copyright in this country and in France, but we have no claim in theirs. Even the "New York World" published the whole Verne story in one number as a special supplement, and neither Jules Verne nor his English representatives received a farthing for authorship.

A. J. P.—A good trip is from Arundel to Alton, then to Haslemere, and on through Godalming to Guildford, Dorking, Tunbridge Wells, and Canterbury. An ordinance map is the best guide; the 6-inch ones being the best if you can afford it; if not, take the inch.

W. R. GOULD.—For tonnage add the yacht's beam in inches to her length on the water line in inches, multiply the amount by itself, multiply that result by the beam, and divide by 1730 to find the measurement in tons. For rating find the area of your sails by ordinary mensuration, multiply the amount in inches by the water-line in inches, and divide by 7000. This rule gives you the number of "sail tons." See "Chess for Beginners" in our "Indoor Games."

F. BROWN.—The matter was strictly a personal one, and of interest only to yourself; and we do not answer such questions, owing to the interval that must necessarily elapse before these answers appear in print.



THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 624.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1890. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER XIV.—I REJOIN THE FLEET, AND AM APPOINTED TO THE FLAGSHIP.—ACTIVE SERVICE BY LAND AND BY SEA.—THE CUTTING-OUT OF THE ESMERALDA.

"Lord Cochrane paid dearly for his temerity."

Captain Mutchmore seemed at first astounded by my unexpected re-appearance; but quickly recovering himself, he rang his bell violently, and ordered Gonsalvo to bring some o' that gude claret that came from the wreck, and bade me sit down and relate my adventures. When I recounted my sufferings in captivity, he exclaimed, "Ay, puir fellow; I know weel tha wadna be ower ceevil to any English body, when they treat their ain flesh and bluid like puir savages. I'm thinkin' it's well ye were ower canny to offer any resistance, or ye wadna be here now I reckon." When I told him of my wonderful escape, he chuckled violently and rubbed his hands with delight. "Weel done, mon, weel done; 'deed, but that were a gude thought to put ye under the protection o' the kirk.

"The Deevil was sick,
The Deevil a monk wad be;
The Deevil got well,
The Deevil a monk was he."

"Weel," continued he; "whar's this canny auld Hail Columbia body? Whar's his bit barkie lyin'? wa munn a let him rin short o' claret. Ain gude turn deserves anither; and so wa'll send him a dizen or twa later on. But now, laddie, I mun just acquaint the commander-in-chief of yer arrival; he were no best pleased that ye exceeded yer instructions, and talked aboot courts-martial and sic-like things. Take my advice, laddie, and dinna begin to excuse yersel; put yersel in the wrang, as ye undoubtedly were. Throw yersel upon his mercy, and I mak nae doot ye'll come off wi' naethin' but a reprimand."

My arrival was duly reported, and in the course of a day or two I received a signal to repair on board the O'Higgins, and was speedily in the hero's presence. It would be idle, nay, impertinent to set down here the manner in which I was received by that prince among sailors; suffice it to say that, mindful of the gude Scot's sage advice, I offered not a syllable of excuse for my misdeeds, took the sound rating that was given me, and then, at the admiral's bidding, related my story, which proved so entertaining to his lordship that I was invited to continue it over the luncheon-table. After the meal, the admiral handed me an appointment to serve in the flagship herself; so that now I bade adieu to the Esperanza, only too proud to have the honour of serving under the immediate eye of so distinguished a seaman.

As it is not my purpose to be the historian of this memorable war, but merely to relate my own personal adventures therein, I shall now pass over a period of some months, merely remarking by the way that the unfortunate accident to the O'Higgins, on January 9, 1820, prevented my taking any very active part in that brilliant action the capture of Valdivia.

To my great disappointment, we were only able to close after all the hard fighting was over. I was present, however, at the desperate engagement on the island of Chiloe, when we were defeated by an army of devotees led on by their priests, each carrying in one hand a lance, and in the other a crucifix. Nothing could exceed the courage and devotion of the enemy, and after some very severe fighting we were compelled to retire.

Later in the same year, however, we were more fortunate. After seven months of comparative inaction we again put to sea with the intention of once more attacking Callao. A splendid frigate, the Esmeralda, magnificently armed, and with a valuable treasure on board, was at that time lying in the harbour. Lord Cochrane determined, if possible, to capture this noble vessel.

The audacity of the enterprise will be fully understood when I say that the fleet was covered by shore batteries mounting no less than three hundred pieces of cannon, and that the Esmeralda herself lay in the rear of a strong boom with chain moorings, and was further protected by blockships and a flotilla of twenty-seven gunboats.

The admiral, after much anxious consideration, determined to attack by night, and November 5 was chosen for the attempt. Lord Cochrane issued a stirring address to his men; caused them to muster by divisions, and asked for volunteers. Every man came forward. One hundred and sixty seamen and eighty marines were selected and told off to seventeen boats, one of which I had the honour of commanding.

I shall never forget the scene at ten o'clock on that eventful night—the spectacle of some two hundred and fifty men clad in white, embarking in strict silence, looking more like an army of ghosts than a band of determined heroes bent on glory or content to die. Orders were given in hushed tones, as well as last instructions in case anything should happen, and with muffled oars we stole away into the pitch-dark night on an errand which, under many a person little less qualified to lead men than was Lord Cochrane, would have seemed sheer insanity.

All hearts beat high with hope! but how thronged was the silence with impetuous voices from home which would brook no denial of their right to be heard! For that short half hour I had my mother so vividly before the eyes of my mind that I could have almost spoken to her with my lips and heard her answer me again. The sweet, brief vision soon faded into the stern reality of war.

The boom was reached in due course, and fortunately there was a small opening through which we were enabled to pass. Here the admiral's launch came into collision with a guard-boat; but the occupants were promptly secured, and being threatened with instant death if they made the slightest noise, they judged discretion to be the better part of valour, and did not offer any resistance.

There lay the Esmeralda in happy oblivion of the fate which speedily awaited her. The hands had been piped down, and only a few lamps were twinkling here and there. In another few moments she was surrounded by our boats, and a determined foe was swarming in every direction up her sides. The surprise was complete.

Lord Cochrane, however, paid dearly for his temerity; as he was boarding the ship by the main-chains he was knocked down, in the first place, by a blow from a seaman's musket, and sustained a second and much more serious wound by falling back on one of the tholepins of his boat. Nothing daunted, he re-ascended the side, receiving a third wound in the thigh, which he calmly bound up with his handkerchief, and retained the command throughout the action.

And a very sharp action it was; for about a quarter of an hour the fighting was desperate, the decks were slippery with blood. The crew made a most gallant stand, contesting every inch of space, from the forecastle to the quarter-deck. Three times they had to be charged, and at last, when it became too evident that there was no chance of saving the ship, many of these brave fellows preferred jumping into the sea to the risk of capture on board.

The Spaniards on shore were now guilty of the shocking inhumanity of opening fire from their batteries on the Esmeralda. Lord Cochrane, however, had foreseen this danger and provided against it; it had not escaped his notice that two foreign men-of-war which lay at that time in the harbour hoisted every evening lights of a particular colour, from which he rightly inferred that they had been advised to do so as a precaution against a night attack. He now hung out a similar light from the Esmeralda which he had caused to be prepared in the event of this very emergency. The ruse was completely successful. The enemy were puzzled, ceased to fire at the Esmeralda, and actually directed their artillery on the two neutral ships. Several other prizes were now added to the Esmeralda, and the whole enterprise was crowned with the most glorious success.

During this memorable action I had several narrow escapes. My cutlass was more than once knocked out of my hand, and I was in continual danger from open hatchways below, or from splinters or falling spars from above. On one occasion, a round shot from the batteries passed through the ship's side within about two inches of my head. My boat's crew, however, backed me up splendidly; and though we had five killed and seven wounded out of our small number, we managed to contribute a very fair share to the success of the expedition. When I look back upon that never-to-be-forgotten scene, the awful carnage, the clash of arms, the starlit sky clouded with smoke hanging in dense masses, illumined every moment by the lurid flashes from the guns; when I call to mind the cheers and counter cheers, the groans of the wounded, the wails of the dying; the rolling of the drums, the ringing of bells in the city, mingled with the roar of the cannon from the heights above, and all the varied sounds of an excited multitude intent on the business of war, I am filled with wonder at the way in which we were enabled to completely sink ourselves, to have but one thought, to press onward and win, or perish gloriously. It is ever so with true men ranged on the side of right.

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just." I have seen soldiers, and sailors too, previous to an action, apparently quite unmanned. I have seen tears shed on the quarterdeck, or in the ranks, while we have been waiting for the first shot, or the order to advance. But once let the action begin, and these very men

have ever been first and foremost, ready to conquer, ready to die. By such brave men was the Esmeralda won.

A few days afterwards the admiral sent for me. I found him in his sleeping-cabin, still in much pain from his wounds, one of which proved a constant and fruitful source of suffering to him until the end of his life. He motioned me to sit down by the couch on which he was lying, and then proceeded to compliment me very highly on the part I had taken in the late affair, saying how much he wished he had a better prospect of promotion for me. "However," said he, "I will do all in my power for you. I have much pleasure in handing you your commission as lieutenant, and at the same time your appointment to the command of one of our prizes, the gun-vessel Matador. See that you are very careful to continue to perform the duties allotted to you with the same pluck and attention to orders which has of late so distinguished your conduct. The war is by no means over yet, and we shall need to maintain the most vigilant watch, lest we lose the advantages which we have gained."

Thus did I find myself captain of my own ship, with sixty-four men under my command. How proud I felt, and how often I vowed to myself that, come what might, no ship should be cleaner, none more smart than mine; and that I would be the foremost in the breach whenever duty called us to deeds of daring and self-sacrifice like the cutting out of the Esmeralda. I was soon put to the test. Adventures were before me by the side of which my experiences in Lima were but insignificant child's play. These must be related in the next chapter, with which I must bring to a close my adventures in this war.

(To be continued.)

THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND COUNTRY LIFE.

By Ashmore Russan,

Author of "A Strange Epidemic," "The Last of the Great Auks," "The Speckled Giant," "That Little Jackdaw," etc.

CHAPTER IV. THE "PURPLE EMPERORS."

On their way to Heyward's Hill, Jack and Funibois kept a sharp look-out for specimens. They chased several common "Garden Whites," in the hope that they would turn out to be rare "Hawthorns," or "Bath Whites." A closer acquaintance with the objects pursued, however, led them to abandon the chase. As Funibois said:

"What is the use of catching common things? We must have rare ones or none. Now Muggins major has a book, he is sure to make fun of us if we give him a chance. And if we take nothing back but 'Meadow Browns' and 'Kitchen Garden Whites,' he'll laugh and sneer for a week."

No capture was effected until they reached the river, where a prize awaited them. As they passed a large bed of yellow-blossomed "flags" Jack gave a whoop, and, followed by his companion, dashed along the river-bank in pursuit of a large purplish butterfly with yellow-bordered wings. So also did another creature, a far more deadly foe—none other than a large blue dragon-fly. In vain the poor butterfly changed its course, now turning to the right, now to the left; the dragon-fly seized it, and doubtless would speedily have devoured it had not Jack's net brought both itself and its victim to the ground.

"This is something like a start," said Funibois exultantly, dropping on his knees and inserting his hand beneath the gauze. "A case of the biter bitten, and no mistake."

Both insects were instantly killed by pinches beneath and behind the wings, the most humane method of despatching specimens. While Funibois was engaged in extricating the butterfly and its voracious enemy from the net, and killing them, Jack had prepared a couple of the cork-lined pen-boxes. Then, sticking a pin through the dragon-fly's thorax, he fixed it to the cork. When the butterfly had been similarly secured, the boys sat down to examine and classify their prizes, aided by the Doctor's illustrated book, which Jack had brought with him.

"The dragon-fly doesn't belong to the *Lepidoptera*, so it is useless to look for it here," said Jack, turning over the pages. "Its scientific name is *Libella*."

"Just so," remarked Funibois, "and the butterfly doesn't belong to the *Libella* family, but it would have done if we hadn't been on the spot."

"How so?"

"Oh, just as the young lady of Niger belonged to the tiger—because the beast was outside her. You know——

> 'There was a young lady of Niger,
> Who went for a ride on a tiger;
> They returned from that ride,
> With the lady inside,
> And a smile on the face of the tiger.'

Can't imagine a smile on the dragon-fly's face, though. There's no room for it; it's all eyes. Perhaps it would have winked, and left the smile to the tiger. Well—what do you make of it?"

"From its colour and flat body, I fancy it is a 'Depressed dragon-fly.' That is as near as I can make out. So now for the butterfly. Here we are! 'Wings:—centre, deep purplish brown, two borders. Inside border, a glossy black spotted with pale blue. Outside border, pale yellow.' Does that agree?"

"Exactly, in every particular."

"Then it's a 'Camberwell Beauty,' and very rare. Here it is in the book."

Funibois looked at the illustration, and leapt to his feet with a wild whoop of delight.

The yell was immediately answered by another of unmistakable Irish origin, a piercing "Hurroo!" and Tim and Sapington appeared from behind the bed of tall yellow flags.

"Shure, now, what have ye got, anyhow?" cried Tim, running up with his towel flap-net across his shoulder.

"A 'Camberwell Beauty' and a blue dragon-fly," Jack replied. Funibois could not. He was rolling on the turf in a convulsion of laughter caused by the comical appearance cut by Tim and his novel butterfly-net.

"Don't let him go near it," he cried, "he'll be washing the 'Beauty' and wiping it dry with that towel if you do. What is Sappy carrying? Curling irons? Ha, ha, ha! Tim is going to catch the butterflies, and when they have been washed and properly dried, Sappy will curl their hairs nicely and put them to bed."

"The ould book says they are not to be handled," Tim explained, "and the irons were the only pincers we could get."

"Pincers for butterflies!" screamed Funibois. "Are you sure you're not after hornets and wasps?"

"Shure, no; but if we catch a hornet we'll curl his hair for him. Now let us look at your 'Camberwell Beauty.'"

Jack having submitted his prize to Tim's and Sapington's inspection, the quartette moved off in the direction of Heyward's Hill. The path lay through the centre of a field sweet with the scent of clover and radiant with golden "cheesecakes." Here there were brown butterflies in abundance, but our friends passed them by. They were common "Meadow Browns," with no more beauty than the plain "Dingy Skipper."

"We don't want moths," said Sapington disdainfully, as a perfect cloud rose from a patch of white-blossomed Dutch clover.

"They are not moths," corrected Jack, who had read the Doctor's book to some purpose. "Moths are the nocturnal *Lepidoptera*. You can distinguish them from butterflies by observing the *antennæ*, or feelers, as they are sometimes called. Butterflies' feelers are clubbed at the ends. Moths' are thread-like, and sometimes feathery, but never clubbed. I am surprised Tim hasn't taught you the difference between moths and butterflies, considering the time he has spent studying the 'ould book' from home."

"What a wonderful book it is!" exclaimed Funibois, winking at Jack. "What remarkable statements it contains! Now, Tim, you must have learnt many astonishing things from it. What astonished you most about butterflies?"

"Yes; it was about caterpillars that surprised me the most. Ye know the

butterfly lays eggs, and the sun hatches them into caterpillars. The first thing a young caterpillar does when it's hatched, is to eat up the egg-shells."

"Did you get that from the ould book?"

"Shure an' I did."

"It is true," said Jack. "The Doctor's book says the same thing, and it's an authority."

"Go on, Tim," Funibois continued, "What else did you learn?"

"Well, as the caterpillar grows, it gets too big for its skin, an' as it has no buttons to move, it wriggles out ov it, an' then turns round an' eats it up, just as it did its egg-shell."

"Makes a meal off its 'ole clo' instead of selling it to the Jews, eh?"

"Yes," Jack replied; "the Doctor's book says it often does so."

"It seems the caterpillar is a very economical insect. When its coat gets too small to warm its outside, it swallows it to warm its inside. Now I know what a fellow means when he says he wears his clothes as long as two threads will hold together," remarked Funibois.

An unfortunate yellow butterfly prevented any further observations on the queer habits of caterpillars. It rose from a bed of trefoil, and was immediately pursued by every butterfly-hunter on the spot. It struggled hard for life and liberty, flying rapidly away in as nearly a straight line as it could manage. But, as Tim expressed himself, four human foes were "too manny" for it. Funibois caught it in his net, and in less than a minute it was a specimen, and securely pinned to the cork bottom of a pen-box. Its colour was more saffron than yellow, bordered brown. A reference to the coloured plates in the Doctor's book showed it to be a "clouded yellow," owning the beautiful scientific name of *Edusa*, as collectors call it, or, to give it its full style and title, *Colias Edusa*. This also was a prize, and a rare one.

From the clover-field the path led through a thicket of brambles and gorse to the foot of the hill famous for its pignuts. In high glee the boys climbed to its wooded crest; for here, among the oaks and elms, they hoped to capture that grand prize of the collector, a "Purple Emperor," perhaps two or three.

Presently they stood on the moss-grown bank of the Roman trench that circled the summit of the hill, peering up among the foliage of the oaks, which is the "Purple Emperor's" home. Their anxious searchings were not immediately rewarded. The authority Jack had consulted had omitted to mention that this monarch of butterflies is generally to be seen on the *outside* of the foliage, and a search lasting a quarter of an hour revealed nothing.

"Not at home to-day," said Funibois, flinging himself down on the mossy bank. "Suppose we call again next Wednesday or Saturday afternoon."

"Sorra a bit!" shouted Tim; "here he is, bhoys!" Tim's brogue invariably thickened when Tim became excited; now and again it might almost have been cut with a knife.

In less time than it takes to write it the "bhoys" were gazing in the direction indicated by Tim's forefinger, where, on an oak bough, full thirty feet from the ground, perched an unmistakable "Purple Emperor."

There was the butterfly: here were the "bhoys." The puzzle was how to get the "bhoys," or one of them, to the butterfly; or, failing this, the butterfly to the "bhoys."

"'If the mountain won't come to Mahomet," quoted Funibois.

"Mahomet won't be able to get to the mountain," added Jack.

"Oh, if I had but a thirty-foot pole!" cried Tim.

"A thirty-foot pole! a thirty-foot pole! A kingdom for a thirty-foot pole!" cried Funibois, *à la* King Richard at Bosworth Field. "Now, Sappy, here's a chance to cover yourself with glory; here's an opportunity to win deathless fame, and break your neck. Climb the tree and creep along the boughs until you get near enough to shake the butterfly off."

Sapington looked up and shuddered visibly. He spake nothing. His thoughts were too fearful for utterance.

Presently the "Purple Emperor" left its perch and soared high in the air until it became an almost imperceptible speck. Here it engaged in mimic warfare with another of its kind which appeared to have fallen from the clouds.

"A thirty-foot pole would be of no use, now," said Jack, mournfully.

"We would want a balloon," responded Tim.

"Oh, if I had only brought my kite!" Sapington suddenly exclaimed.

"If you had, what would you do?" Funibois asked.

"Fly it up there, and perhaps when they got tired they would settle on it, and then I could haul them down."

"Well done, Sappy!" roared Funibois. "Who dares say that Sappy is not practical? Your suggestion, my inventive boy, lacks nothing—but the kite and the 'settle.'"

"I can fetch the kite," continued Sapington, in all seriousness. "It won't take me more than half an hour."

"Don't trouble, my boy. You forget that to raise a kite an open space is a necessity. How would you get it up among these trees?"

"I never thought of the trees."

"What is to be done?" asked Jack, flinging himself down on his back so that he could view the fluttering combatants without cricking his neck.

"Wait until they get tired and come down," Funibois answered. "Perhaps one will kill the other, and then we shall get it."

"A nice specimen it would be. All the paint would be off. But I can see that they don't touch each other. They are only at play."

Presently the butterflies grew tired, and, descending, alighted on two adjacent boughs, about twenty feet from the ground.

"Ten feet lower, my beauties," whispered Funibois, "and you'll be within reach of Tim's towel, when you will stand a good chance of having your wings curled with Sappy's curling-irons."

But the "Purple Emperors" did not feel disposed to descend the required ten feet. They perched within a short distance of each other, with their wings inclined perpendicularly, so as to show the lovely orange, white, and brown markings of their undersides. Now and again one or other would take a turn in the air, returning in a few seconds to the spot it had quitted, whence it appeared to gaze down at the boys' upturned faces, as much as to say, "Those who would catch "Purple Emperors" must climb, nor fear to fall," to slightly alter Queen Bess's famous observation to Sir Walter Raleigh—or somebody else—it really doesn't matter whom when the matter itself is doubtful; meaning thereby that if Queen Bess could be asked, she would probably deny that she said anything of the kind—as the Iron Duke did the famous "Up, guards, and at 'em!" But this talk of a queen and a duke is wandering from the "Purple Emperors."

"I don't quite see the use of waiting here all day," said Jack, lying on the broad of his back. "Who will climb the tree and shake the bough?"

"What is it? What are you looking at?" said a voice only too well known to the quartette, and the Mugginses, major and minor, appeared on the scene, the latter carrying the angler's landing-net.

"Two 'Purple Emperors,'" replied Tim.

"I see them. My! they are whoppers! Why don't you get them?"

"Because we are all too lazy," replied Funibois. "We want some one to climb the tree and creep along the bough and shake it. They may fly higher, of course; but they may come lower; so now is your chance. We all know you are a capital climber, Mug, and you have come in the very nick of time. We'll give you a leg up."

Muggins major surveyed the thick smooth trunk dubiously. It would be necessary to climb much higher than the butterflies. The branch on a bough of which they had perched sloped downwards.

"I know I can climb well enough," he said loftily; "but—er—why don't you throw something at them?"

"Because they would be sure to return where they came from—nearly the top of the tree. Come, Muggins, we all know you can do it."

"Yes, if you try," added Jack. "If you do often make yourself very disagreeable, you are not deficient in pluck."

Thus urged and flattered, Muggins took off his coat.

(To be continued.)



An Old-Time Christmas Eve.

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by G. H. EDWARDS.)

MAROONED ON THE GOODWINS.

By Herbert Russell.

"Be—utiful day for a row, sir. Couldn't possibly do better than spend a hour or two out upon the water this lovely marning. 'Stonishing what a happetite for dinner a trip on the hocean gives ye. What d'ye say, sir?"

I was strolling leisurely down the Ramsgate pier on a brilliant September morning, when an insinuating old boatman came sidling up to me, and spoke these words with an air of confidentiality which might well have suggested years of intimate acquaintance. I paused before this figure, resembling an erect crab in blanket breeches, and glanced from his puckered, persuasive countenance to the blue sea, stretching calm as a sheet of pale glass beyond the pier wall. The old waterman certainly gave me an idea. Of course! Nothing could be better devised to pass a long, hot morning, to get away from the turmoil and crowds of the land, than a row out upon the placid, hazy ocean, with perhaps the luxury of a plunge into the translucent brine where it ran deep and pure, unvitiated by the swarms of cockney excursionists who were bobbing about in the surf which fringed the teeming line of sands.

"Well, what is your charge?" I inquired, again bringing my eyes to this rugged 'longshoreman's expectant countenance.

"Two bob an hour worn't hurt ye, sir?" he replied, half-interrogatively, fishing his hands from out of his capacious breeches' pockets as though it were just possible he might presently want to use them.

"Well, you may get your boat ready. Bring her over to yonder steps, will you?" and I indicated a convenient place for embarkation.

He bustled away, whilst I descended to the water's edge; and a few moments later his little boat came floating alongside, with the old chap in her standing up and facing forwards as he dexterously manœuvred with his paddles to lay her close. I stepped into

the stern-sheets of the Lovely Duck—for such was the name engraven upon a scroll in the backboard—and the boatman shoved off. He plied his sculls leisurely, talking much, and frequently dropping an oar to point out some such object as a steam-tug, a lifeboat, a mud-dredger, a fishing smack, and the like, as we went slowly gliding out of the harbour.

"I suppose now," said he, with a calculating squint at me, following a prolonged smear of his lobster-like brow on the back of his hand, when we had got clear of the east pier head and out upon the open sea, "that ye ain't never been so fur as the Good'n Sands, sir?"

"The Goodwin Sands?" I answered. "No, I was never out there."

"Never been out there, eh! A wonderful place is that there shoal. Land o' love, to think of the number of vessels what's been lost there. Why, there's a great Norwegian barque lying ashore there now. Tell 'ee what, sir," he exclaimed with a sudden air of earnestness, dropping both sculls to lean towards me, and counting upon his fingers as he spoke, "you give me a dozen shilluns, and I'll go out there along with ye now. Couldn't possibly have a more suitable day: water smooth as a pond, tide werry convenient, and you'll be able to get on the identical sands themselves, which is as many can't say they've done;" and, as if prepossessed with the idea of the treat he proposed for me, he fell to pulling with such vehemence that the water alongside frothed as the boat swept through it.

"But isn't it rather far for you to row?" I asked dubiously.

"Reether fur?" he answered, relaxing nothing of his muscular energy; "a matter of better'n seven miles, I allow. But then, dorn't ye see, I ain't going to row it. See that there sail?" He indicated with a jerk of his chin a little lug that lay furled along the thwarts. "There's a nice little air of wind stirring, sufficient for to make the Lovely Ducks go keeling along under that bit o' canvas when we come to put it up."

"Very well," said I, acquiescing under the momentary influence of a desire to view the famous Goodwins, though not altogether without a secret misgiving at venturing so far in such a little boat.

My laconic reply, however, was quite sufficient for the old 'longshoreman. He jerked his oars inboards out of the rowlocks, expectorated liberally, and fell to bustling about with his gear, till presently he had stepped a little mast, and, with the most extravagantly grotesque contortions and simulation of excessive labour, hoisted the sail upon it.

The light canvas filled to the almost imperceptible draught, and I was surprised to see how swiftly the water glided past, with quite a noisy lapping of it under the bows, and a short oily wake stretching away astern. The boatman, with a complacent stare at the set of his sail, came floundering aft, and, shipping the rudder, laid the yoke-lines upon my knees, with instructions to luff her up a little and then keep her at that; after which the lazy old rascal filled a pipe and sank into a posture of supine indolence upon the bottom-boards of the boat. However, I presently found that his smoking caused him to moderate his garrulity, which made me willing enough that he should remain where he was, the more especially as the little craft needed scarcely any attention. The land grew into a fairy-like picture as we drew out from it, a delicate blending of soft verdure with the white chalk of the cliffs; and the sounds of life came floating off it over the polished surface in faint and dreamlike echoes. There was a haze hanging upon the horizon, through which the distant vessels loomed in illusive proportions; but when I pointed to it and asked whether it might not be an approaching fog, the boatman replied that "he allowed 'tworn't nothen but heat."

"It'll just suit nicely," said he presently, after he had been regarding me for at least a quarter of an hour with embarrassing steadfastness, puffing ruminatively the while. "I'm a-thinking that the water 'll be pretty nigh dead low when we gets there, which 'll allow of your spending some little while ashore. This 'ere draught, too, is what we call a soldier's wind—fair both ways. Nothen couldn't be better." With which lucid exposition he subsided into silence again.

When we had got out as far as a tall, checkered can-buoy, on whose variegated side was painted the words "North Brake," the wind freshened a little, and came with quite weight enough to make the boat heel over under the increased pressure of her cloths. Whatever might have been the Lovely Duck's faults, she was no sluggard, and the *shaling* noises with which she sheared through the sparkling brine told, as the 'longshoreman remarked, that she was walking. Yet, in spite of this increase of speed, it took us very nearly three hours to cover the distance; and when at last the long yellow streak of sands lay plain in view ahead of us, I was astonished to observe how we had sunk the land into a mere blue, filmy line, vanishing into two or three misty blobs as it rounded towards the North Foreland.

I ran the boat stem on through the little fringe of foam that curled upon the margin of the shoal, and her nose grounded in the soft sand. The waterman lowered the sail and invited me to step out.

"These here Good'ns," said he, "are a werry dangerous place. *I* dorn't trust 'em; and for that reason, sir, whilst you takes a run ashore, I'll stop aboard and mind the boat, taking care that nothen happens, like her floating away, or filling with water, or any other such haccident."

"Well," thought I, "there is wisdom in the old chap after all;" and telling him I approved of his design, I stepped over the bows and landed upon the damp, yielding sand.

"Ye'll find it firmer further up, sir," cried the waterman, pointing with a crooked forefinger to a sloping ridge some hundred yards inland, as he perceived that with each step I sunk to my ankles.

I *flumped* up the incline as speedily as I could, and found that it was as he said; the sand was firm enough where it was dry. Indeed, no theory is more ludicrous than the romantic notion that the Goodwins are a quicksand. They were prosaically solid enough when I got to that portion of them which the sea had left for some while uncovered. I climbed upon a little, ribbed hillock, which from its superior eminence afforded the best view, and took a survey of the desolate scene around.

The most conspicuous object, and the one which immediately attracted my attention, was the wreck of which the boatman had spoken. The great, gaunt, black hull lay about two hundred yards from me, high and stranded. Her spars were all gone, except the lower foremast, which still stood, with the yard crossed upon it; but, saving the shrouds, as naked as when it was first stepped. I walked leisurely towards her, scanning every inch of the ground I measured, with I know not what foolish thoughts passing in my mind of the countless wealth buried in the Goodwins; but I might as well have been perambulating the Ramsgate sands as far as the possibility of discovery in this direction was concerned. The surface was irregular, much cut up by the action of the waves, with little pools of blue water shimmering between the ridges, and green crabs crawling amongst the weeds at their bottoms. Yet somehow every commonplace object on which I gazed seemed to be fraught with a vividness of suggestion, inspired, of course, by the imagination going to work upon the melancholy traditions of this ocean wilderness. The rusty fluke of an anchor, two-thirds buried in the sand; a blackened, worm-eaten beam with the tree-nails still sticking out of it; the mangled remains of a sailor's tarpaulin hat, a salt-whitened sea-boot, were all details to which my mind instantly fitted some tale of disaster—conjuring up the scene of the very terra firma I was now treading when it should be submerged beneath the mad, raging waters: the roaring breakers careering in avalanches of foam athwart the face of the shoal, with the additional horror of the darkness of night to lend a new dread to the gaze of the mariner, viewing the terribly near gleam of the lightship's warning beacon, and silently praying that the straining fragment of canvas aloft in the hooting blackness may hold till he has weathered the danger. *Peste!* I had paused in my reverie upon a soft spot, and sunk in it till the water drained over my boot-tops.

I approached the wreck close, as she lay with her great square stern towards me and her bows hove high upon the sand. Upon the splintered remains of the name-board across her counter was still decipherable the long white letters of her name—"Blekinge + Malmö." She had doubtlessly been a Scandinavian timber-trader—a species of craft as common to the narrow seas as the barge is to the Thames—rigged as a barque, and of about 400 tons burthen. The sea had cruelly maimed her; the yellow metal with which she was sheathed had been torn off in whole sheets, and hung from her sides in strips; her bulwarks were crushed level with the deck nearly the whole length of them; and as she lay, heeled over on her port bilge, I could see that her keel was gone, the rudder broken, her quarter badly stove, and the greater part of her stern beaten completely in. I walked leisurely around her, noticing that her inclination brought one side of her down tolerably close to the sands, and would therefore render boarding no very difficult task. I paused for a moment under her great flaring bows, glancing up at the figure-head, which was that of a woman pointing yearningly heavenward with her outstretched arm, and somehow that rude symbol appealed to me as being wonderfully appropriate. The stump of the bowsprit was all that remained of that spar, with a great seagull sitting on the jagged end of it, pluming its feathers, which on catching sight of me uttered a hoarse, strange cry and flew noisily away.

From the sands into the wreck's forechannels was a comparatively easy step, and hence I scrambled by the aid of the shrouds over the rail and on board. The decks presented a melancholy scene of wreckage, being indeed almost clean swept, save of such fittings as the windlass, the pumps, the capstan, and a short break of topgallant forecastle forward. Great chasms yawned in the planks that were yet dark and sodden, through which I caught the black gleam of water in the hold. The main and mizzen-masts were snapped short off, and the latter lay along the whole length of the vessel in an indescribable raffle of canvas and ropes and spars. The knowledge that the crew had been all saved by the Deal lifeboat enabled me to survey this scene of catastrophe without a morbid dwelling upon details. The remains of a green-painted deck-house, in which most probably the Jacks had been berthed, stood just abaft the foremast, but, peeping in, I found the walls of the little apartment all crushed and splintered.

I sat down for a few minutes close against the wheel, being in no hurry to quit a spec-

tacle the like of which I might never again have an opportunity of surveying. The boat lay hidden from my view behind the little hillock which the reader will remember I climbed on first landing, but knowing the longshoreman was watching her I had no fears for her safety. The haze I have spoken of had thickened perceptibly; the land was veiled by it, and the horizon narrowed in a vague manner, which yet scarcely suggested any diminution of its normal confines. There was a large four-masted steamer thrashing down Channel out behind the Goodwins, and so placid was the water that the rhythmic pulsation of her engines reached my ears distinctly. In the north, about three miles off, hung the red hull of the "Gull" lightship; beyond her again was a vessel towing to sea; and these, with a few smaller craft gently pushing through the calm surface, were all the sails that were visible.

I glanced at my watch—half-past one—and thought it time to be again making for the land. The tide had risen considerably since I had been upon the sands, as I knew by the decrease in size of the little bank upon which I had got ashore. I dropped slowly from the wreck's side on to the gritty surface, and reflectively wended my way in the direction in which I knew the boat lay. Judge, then, my astonishment when, on reaching the top of the little acclivity and scanning the line of surf, which had now flowed up to the base of it, to find that the Lovely Duck was gone! I say astonishment, but dismay—nay, even horror—would be words to better express my instant emotion. Where was the boat? Had she bumped a hole through herself and sunk? If so, where was the waterman? I eagerly swept the sea around. Away in the eastward, where the tide now set in a swift stream, I could perceive a small black object bobbing up and down on the little popple which the current created, and gazing intently under the sharp of my hand, I at last made up my mind that it could be nothing else than my boat. I now clearly saw how it was. The rising tide had floated her off, and was carrying her away with a strength of flow which was momentarily increasing. The first assumption which presented itself to my mind was that the fellow had committed suicide. Then it seemed more probable that he had designedly left me ashore, though for what diabolical purpose my disordered intellect did not trouble to speculate. Next I imagined he might be lying in the boat in a fit; and finally I came to the conclusion that he had simply fallen asleep, and that the little craft, unheeded by him, had floated off in the manner I have described.

Although this reasoning still left me in a most uncomfortable dilemma, which might, with hideous rapidity, grow into a tragical situation, still a grain of satisfaction came to me out of the last supposition; for, I argued, the man will be awakening presently, and, finding what has happened, hasten with all speed to take me off. The tide was rising with a swiftness which I should not have credited; the breakers were already foaming close to my feet, and I found that if I remained where I was standing much longer I should be cut off altogether. My best chance lay in getting upon the wreck once again; and now, what had been before an object of curiosity, grew unspeakably melancholy when I regarded it as my only refuge from the rising of the water.

To increase my apprehensions, I found that the wind was getting up. Large, wool-like clouds sailed slowly up out of the west, shadowing the pale green face of the ocean with deep violet patches as they went gliding athwart it. The surf, breaking upon the edge of the strand, gathered a note of hissing and seething as the breeze gave the little waves increased play. Meanwhile the boat in the eastward continued to drift away, growing smaller and smaller yet, until presently it became difficult to determine at all the mere speck she made on the great breast of the ocean. Well, there was nothing for it but to sit down and wait. The afternoon wore slowly past; the water rose gradually till the foam was splashing against the black gleaming sides of the wreck; then moment after moment it crept, inch by inch, up her bends, with the tide beginning to eddy past, gently at first as it ran shallow, but anon gathering force with the deepening of it, until the current sobbed and gurgled as it flowed by, and the wreck trembled in her soft bed to the vibrations of its rush. As the day advanced the heavens grew overcast; about four o'clock it came on to rain, and simultaneously the wind breezed up in a sudden little squall, which in five minutes had raised a sea that dashed over the derelict in showers of spray, and drove me for shelter to the elevation of the top-gallant forecastle. The ocean had grown into a terribly gloomy surface compared with the bright sparkling expanse of the morning; the horizon was shrouded with mist and rain, so that nothing save the lightship I have before mentioned was visible, and she at too great a distance to admit of my hoping that I might be observed by those on board. I was, moreover, beginning to feel tolerably hungry, for, as the reader may infer, I had eaten nothing since my breakfast. That I might have found food had I gone in search of it on board the wreck is possible; but somehow I could not bring myself to quit the deck and enter the darksome, flooded interior; nor could I persuade myself that any provisions I might have come across but must have been ruined by the salt water.

The sun went down shortly after six o'clock, and then indeed the melancholy, to say nothing of the danger, of my situation visited me with a keenness of perception I had not before been conscious of. The tide was by this time receding again; the rain had ceased; and though the sky still hung sullen and heavy, there was not weight enough in the wind to cause me any great uneasiness. But the terrible loneliness and solitude of that wreck! How am I to convey the idea of it? Robinson Crusoe's desert island must have been a paradise of cheerfulness compared with that abandoned hull. The utter desolation, the fearful sense of isolation, the oppressive silence broken alone by the splashing and gurgling of water alongside. The dusk came on out of the east, where the sea ran grey and bald; and presently the lightship's lantern began to twinkle out upon the gathering gloom. If there was a moon at all the clouds obscured it, and the night came down very dark. When the blackness had fairly settled around, and the sands once again stretched bare, circled by a pallid, illusive line of froth, a startling idea took possession of my mind, as I hung over the side gazing down upon the dreary weird expanse—suppose the ghosts of the countless dead who lay beneath that surface should assemble and run wild over the lonesome strand! Why, 'twas the very playground for marine goblins, fitter far than the silent, sepulchral enclosure of a mouldy graveyard. Sailors of the days of Van Tromp and De Ruyter; hearties of an earlier time still; sea-warriors who had sailed against the Great Armada, grisly and hoary veterans in doublets and jerkins, whose talk would concern carracks and galleases, culverins and sakers, doubloons and pieces of eight; ghastly spectres glimmering out upon the blackness of the night, telling in strange tones of the horrors they had gloated over during their centuries of haunting this terrible trysting place—these would be the class of which this imaginary motley assemblage would be formed. But such a train of thought would not do, and with a little shudder I aroused myself, and turned away from contemplating the bleak, darksome scene.

There was a small shelter offered by the overhanging break of forecastle I have described, and thither I repaired, deeming it now inevitable that I must pass through the long night on board the wreck. The wind moaned with a chill in the note, rather than in the edge of it, through the fore-shrouds, and the solitary yard which remained crossed creaked harshly as it chafed to and fro free from the restraint of its gear. I crouched down under the little aperture forward of the windlass, and seated myself with my back against the huge barrel of that engine. I filled and lighted a pipe for the mere solace of the tobacco, and looking at my watch in the glow of the bowl found the hour to be half-past nine. I had not been long reclining in this posture before I was sensible of a feeling of drowsiness stealing over me. In fact, anxiety and the want of food had wearied me to a far greater degree than I was aware, and I do not suppose I had been crouching under the forecastle deck for more than half an hour before my pipe had dropped from my lips and I was in as deep a sleep as ever I enjoyed ashore.

"Well, if this ain't a queer start too. He ain't dead, is he?"

I opened my eyes with an air of bewilderment on finding myself cramped between the windlass and the heel of the bowsprit, and instantly discovered that my limbs, to use a current expression, were as stiff as a poker. It was broad daylight, and a deep rumbling voice immediately behind me was uttering the words I have just recounted.

I turned my head to glance over my shoulder, still being little better than half awake, and beheld a couple of burly boatmen, in jerseys and sealskin caps, with scarves round their throats and sea-boots up to their knees, standing side by side regarding me.

"'Morning, sir," said one of them with a nod, and an air of *sang froid* which, considering the circumstances under which they discovered me, was little short of staggering. "And what sort of a party might you be as takes a fancy to sleeping out aboard derelict wessels?"

I crawled from my retreat and rose to my legs. The sun was just risen in a crimson ball over the glittering sea in the east, and alongside the wreck was one of the famous Deal galley-punts, quietly bumping against the vessel's quarter as she swayed upon the gentle undulations (for the water was up again); with a third man sprawling in the stern-sheets, and a little stove smoking amidships.

"I was left upon this wreck yesterday," said I, turning to the men who stood watching me in silence. "My boat drifted away with the fellow in her," and here I gave them the yarn.

"Well, sir," said the one who had previously spoken, when I had made an end of my story; "looks to me to be a werry lucky thing for you that us men when we launched off Deal beach on a cruise this morning, should have took it into our heads to come and have a look round aboard this here vessel. I allow its onnecessary to ask ye whether ye wants us to put ye ashore?"

"Oh, quite a superfluous question," I replied, making towards the side.

"There ain't nothen here worth carrying away, is there, sir?" asked the other man, hooking a quid from out of his cheek and secreting it in the rim of his fur cap.

"Nothing at all," I answered, and clambered over the rail into the galley-punt.

After wandering about the decks a little

while, the two fellows followed, muttering that "the whole show wasn't worth a farden's worth o' silver spoons." They released the boat, pushed off from the wreck, and hoisting their sail, stretched away for Ramsgate harbour. The men were cooking their breakfast, consisting of a dish of mackerel, scarcely yet dead when they were put upon the gridiron, and, half-famished as I was, it was with real gratitude that I shared in their rude repast. "Rough and ready like, sir, after the fashion of us hovellers," as one of them remarked when he handed me a mugful of raw tea, but as appetising as the choicest banquet to a hungry man. Meanwhile the breeze kept the cloths of the great lug-sail swelling as they strained at sheet and tack, the buoyant craft stemmed the smooth water with a loud babbling as it flowed away from her bluff bows, and two hours later I was once more landed upon the Ramsgate pier.

The very first man to accost me on stepping ashore was my friend the boatman, to whom I owed my unpleasant little experience. "He was werry sorry," he said, "he was sure. It all came about along of his falling asleep, for which he couldn't see that nobody was to blame, and when he awoke he found himself afloat, out upon the bare hocean, with nothen in sight except a few distant vessels, and no means of knowing where he was, or how the land bore." He had drifted till nightfall, he told me, when he fell in with a Margate cutter standing in towards the North Foreland; she towed him in right under the land, whence he was easily able to make Ramsgate. He had wondered whether I was all right, was truly thankful to see that I was, and would have come out to look for me on reaching the harbour, but it was too late then; and he protested that he was just going to start now. One of the Deal boatmen laughed satirically. I looked at the man again; he was scarcely sober.

"I assure you, sir, I'm werry sorry"—he was beginning, gravely trying to balance himself, first upon his heels, then upon his toes; but I cut him short.

"I might have been drowned, I believe, had I depended upon you to come and rescue me. I shall not pay you a halfpenny, and you may sue me if you choose"—with which I moved away.

At this all three of the Deal men laughed in concert.

"Well, sir," remarked one of them, touching his hat in acknowledgment of the piece of money I gave him, "I wouldn't mind laying any man a tidy bit o' bacca, that it'll be a precious long time afore *you* forgets the Good'n Sands."

"It will," said I, "a very long while indeed!"

MY FIRST ADVENTURE.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling. F.Z.S.

From my cradle upwards I have been accustomed to the companionship of reptiles. My father was almost as fond of such creatures as I am, though he did not make a study of them from scientific points of view, and so it comes about that some of my very earliest recollections are those of handling live serpents, often considerably longer than my small self, or of having them placed around my neck or wreathed about my body. [And you may infer from the accompanying picture that similar tastes have descended to the third generation.]

When a travelling menagerie visited our town and, according to time-honoured custom, spread its canvas roof over the square of caravans, I took great value out of my "half-price," being invariably one of the first admissions, and leaving reluctantly only when willing arms could no longer "lift me up" to inspect the flat glass case in which the few small pythons, which constituted the reptilian stock of the show, lay coiled—unless there happened to be a couple of little alligators as well, in a tub underneath. And when the keeper, inspired by small silver coin of the realm, unlocked the case and lifted out the languidly writhing snakes for my dad's inspection, to be transferred by him to my arms or shoulders for a few moments, I felt that life was indeed worth living; though it is just possible that the comments and exclamations of the horror-stricken crowd may have had something to do with the delight of the occasion, as well as my love for serpents—I was very human even in those early days. So, at home, I am afraid that no small share of my affection for the newts and tritons in our aquarium was based on the terror and disgust which a certain ancestress known as Granny used to display when I fished them out with my fingers as they came within the depth of my tucked-up pinafore sleeves in their ascents to the surface for breath.

The fishermen—awfully good fellows they were—used sometimes to bring me in a live conger-eel, as something appropriate to my well-known proclivity for things serpentine. Eels are uncomfortable pets, though; much more "escapable" than snakes, even from the deepest washing-tray or bath, and those congers give a nasty bite. A great chum of mine was a young boatman named Onion—and I mention his name because I do hope that possibly in some part of the world (he went for a sailor) he may read these lines, and know that the little chap to whom he was wont to spin so many yarns as he sat mending his nets, and whom he used to lead home laden with marine produce of powerful odour, is ever grateful to him and wishes him well, wherever he may be. My good friend Onion once presented me with a huge and lively spider-crab, which I smuggled upstairs to my bedroom and popped into the wash-hand jug, as the nearest approach the house afforded to its native ocean. A few hours later my nurse, in pouring out the water, was so startled by the sudden arrival of this unexpected crustacean in the basin, that



she let fall the jug with a smash. There were domestic complications that night.

Not that the snakes engaged the whole of my attention in the menagerie. A proceeding to which I used to look forward with keen interest was the bathing of the elephants in the sea, a refreshment to which they were generally treated when the weather was warm. On one occasion, an elephant went out so far that the keepers were afraid it might be lost, so they went after it in a boat; the beast was so pleased to see them that it at once attempted to climb in and make one of the party. The boat, of course, was capsized and smashed, and the wonder is that they were not all drowned.

And that reminds me of a certain adventure (nothing to do with my own) associated with the same place, with bathing, and with a reptile. A grand public dinner was to be given in the Assembly Rooms in celebration of some event—I forget what, but I think the late Earl of Devon presided. The catering for this great dinner was entrusted to the proprietor of the principal hotel in the town, a noted cook and purveyor for such entertainments, and in honour of the occasion he undertook to provide real turtle soup for the guests. (By the way, people rarely reflect when indulging in this luxury that they are eating reptiles. But if you had to live on turtle meat, varied only with bananas, as I had to do for three weeks some years ago, because there was nothing else to be got, how you would loathe both!) Accordingly, a live turtle arrived at the Queen's Hotel a few days before the date fixed for the banquet, and of course became the one theme of conversation and astonishment in the neighbourhood—you must remember that this was many years ago. People flocked in to see it; very few, I suppose, of the inhabitants had ever tasted turtle soup, and probably fewer still had ever seen the animal from which it is made (unless the report be true that conger eels furnish the basis of a good deal of the soup which passes as turtle). The fame of the caterer was noised abroad, great admiration of his enterprise was freely expressed, and he himself was, no doubt, not a little proud of the sensation his importation created.

I believe that I was taken to have a look at the turtle, as it lay on its back in a straw-carpeted shed, feebly moving its flappers to and fro, and menacing inquisitive fingers with its parrot-like beak, but I was too young at the time to retain any recollection of the circumstance.

The reptile was not to be killed until the morning of the eventful day, but on the preceding afternoon somebody suggested to the worthy landlord that it was getting weak, and that it would be all the better and fresher, and re-appear to greater advantage in the morrow's tureens, if it had a sea-bath. The idea was voted capital; a wheel-barrow was brought, the prospective soup hoisted upon it with a long line fastened round its shell, and the procession forthwith started for the beach, gathering half the town in its wake as the captive was trundled triumphantly across the Den. ("Den," not a cage, but a broad open green space in front of the sea at



An Eastern Shepherd.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* G. SEYMOUR.)

Teignmouth; supposed to be the spot where the Danes first landed in England, hence the name. Menageries and circuses used to pitch there in my young days; now it is "laid out" ornamentally.)

The barrow was wheeled into the sea, and tilted until its burden was launched; off the creature paddled joyously, and the rope was paid out humanely by those who held it, that the doomed chelonian might forget its sorrows in fancied liberty. But, alas! the line suddenly slackened and the loop was hauled in empty. Ox-tail soup graced the banquet on the following evening, and the turtle no doubt steered for the West Indies, basking, I trust, once more on the sunny shallows of Antigua or Belize. But I have been told that that landlord's chagrin was something remarkable to witness, and that it was never safe to mention turtle soup in his presence afterwards; in fact, it would not be kind to tell the tale, only he has been dead nearly forty years.

I may say that living turtles of more than one species have occasionally been carried so far out of their proper latitudes by ocean currents as to be washed up on our western shores in an exhausted condition.

But, dear me, the little episode I intended to write about when I sat down will sink into insignificance after these adventures of elephants and landlords. I merely meant to say, by way of commencement, that I had been used to reptilian society from my babyhood, but I think the first piece of snakiness I committed on my own independent account was achieved when I was about six or seven years old, when I was on a visit to my grandfather in Somersetshire. One of my cousins was there also, a boy a year older than myself, and a most conscientious and painstaking instructor in all kinds of mischief; the grandest of heroes, always in scrapes. Well, one day we found ourselves possessed of a penny, and contemplating the wares in the window of the village toy-shop with intent to purchase. His martial disposition prompted the suggestion of a wooden sword, while four glass marbles were more to my fancy, when suddenly I spied a snake hanging up at the back, half concealed by the yard-long strips of printed ballads which descended in festoons from the ceiling. Our tastes met there, and swords and marbles were forgotten; we inquired within, and finding that the coveted reptile was not outside the compass of our means, bought it there and then.

You can get penny snakes in the Lowther Arcade now, but they are not a quarter so good an imitation as this one was; unless it be that I have grown older and more fidgety. As far as I recollect—and I am afraid I recollect such things as that pretty correctly, when more important matters are forgotten—this serpent was composed of flat pieces of thin wood or pasteboard, hinged together by the painted paper or calico with which it was covered, the terminal joint at one end presenting the rough outline of a face (equally capable of doing duty for a human profile), while that at the other—of necessity the tail—was forked and barbed like an arrow. I am conscious that so far this description does not read as though the modeller's art had produced any very thrilling resemblance to ophidian types yet discovered on this earth; but really, when you held it out straight by the aforesaid tail, it wriggled and twisted backwards and forwards on the slightest motion of the hand with a movement that was remarkably serpentine—for a penny. I have never seen any like it of late years, though they were common enough then. Perhaps the secret of making them is lost.

After we had stood on the pavement in front of the shop for a few minutes, rejoicing in our treasure as it wobbled about, almost by itself, Freddie said, "We'll go home and frighten Jane with this!"

The very thing! though nothing but opportunity or accident would ever have caused it to enter my mind. Away we trotted, I lost in admiration at my kinsman's gigantic intellect and promptitude of suggestion. Jane was his nurse, of a less plastic disposition than mine, and given to domineering over us, and we had both felt for some time that she wanted taking down a peg or two.

Naturally, our next care was to find temporary concealment for the instrument whereby this authority was to be brought low. Freddie was a fat, bursting-out sort of boy, and his garments were of such a build as scarcely to shelter himself—certainly his attire left no room for a three-foot serpent, somewhat unaccommodating in shape even when coiled up. I, however, was arrayed in a blue check blouse, the like of which is never seen outside a workhouse in these days; so, unfastening the belt by which the region of my waist was mapped out and my figure rendered human, we tucked it up my back, made all taut again, and got in by the back garden door. Here we held a council of war behind the laurustinas. The window of the kitchen, where the enemy was probably intrenched, looked out on this garden, and so far that was all that could be desired; but there was also a kitchen door by which we ourselves might be captured and our prize declared contraband and confiscated at any moment. Great caution was obviously called for, so it was agreed that one should watch this door and give immediate notice of any threatened invasion of our territory to the other who was displaying the snake, so that he might run, and, if possible, secure a hiding-place for it among the gooseberry-bushes before personal seizure. I may incidentally mention that my grandfather had gone to Taunton for the day, and that Granny took a nap in the afternoon.

Our strategic precautions proved all unnecessary. No sooner did Freddie set up a cry of "Hi! snake! snake! hi! hi! snake!" dancing about the path like a Red Indian, with the thing lashing about in his hand, than Jane rushed over to the window, and not only Jane, but my Mary, and Keziah the old cook; there was a chorus of shrieks, the window was slammed down, the door bolted, and presently the three frightened faces appeared at the casement of one of the rooms upstairs. I daresay they wouldn't have taken it in quite so easily if it had not been for my bad reputation with regard to reptiles, and all that they had heard from Mary with respect to snaky proceedings at my home, with which she had no sympathy whatever. No doubt they thought my evil counsels had corrupted Freddie, and caused him to add snake-catching to his list of crimes.

"You bad boys!" screamed Jane; "put it down di-*rectly!* You Freddie, do you hear me, sir! You drop that thing at *once*—if you don't I'll go and wake your grandma this instant!"

"Hi! hi! hi!" was all that she got from us, for I had joined the war-dance. We knew perfectly well she didn't dare do that, not for forty snakes.

"Doant'ee now, doant'ee, that's dear boys!" good old Keziah croaked out (ah! she *was* a good sort, if you like). "You'll be stinged, both of 'ee. Wherever did 'ee find the nasty brute? Throw 'un over the wall, that's two dear boys, do'ee now!"

"Let me catch you throwing it in here, that's all!" screeched a shrill voice from the wall which separated the kitchen garden from the one belonging to the next house, from which the cook had been brought out by the uproar. "Look here, these boys have got a great long-cripple playing with! They ought to be well flogged, both of 'em!" And two more horrified faces appeared above the wall. Our triumph was complete beyond our most sanguine expectations.

"Come down here, Keziah!" we shouted back; "he shan't bite *you!*" but Keziah did not respond to the invitation. We were taking a little rest then, and had dropped the snake in the strawberry bed, where we pretended to mount guard over it, jumping aside every now and then to avoid its attacks with a yell which was echoed by our terrified spectators, one and all. It would not bear inspection, of course, and if kept still would have been seen through at once; but its movement was really very deceptive at a little distance, especially to those who were not suspecting a trick. I should say that *long-cripple* is the west-country name for a serpent, and very good Saxon it is, too.

Taking a mean advantage of this lull, the besieged party attempted to sally forth, armed with the poker, but we charged with the snake and drove them back shrieking behind bolts and bars again. Yet not for one instant did any one of the six of them cease to threaten and abuse and entreat us. We knew we should catch it later on whenever we surrendered, so, as Freddie said, there was nothing like keeping it up. Magnificent chap, he was—I should have given in of my own accord, over and over again. He was quite a pirate in my eyes!

Keziah led the forces once more. "Will 'ee give 'un to me with the tongs, and I'll take 'un across to the field?"

We consulted together. It put a new idea into our heads. Directly the fraud was discovered, our snake would be consigned to the fire, that was pretty certain. But if we could convey our wriggling pennyworth, still in its present character, across the road to the paddock, we might conceal it somewhere there, and it would thus "live to fright another day."

So we said, "All right, Kissy, give us the tongs, and we'll take him over!" and Keziah lifted the kitchen window about two inches, and slid them out to us. They wouldn't unbolt the door any more.

It was my turn to have the snake, and I was hunting him up with appropriate action from the strawberry leaves, when the hinge of the tongs nipped the ball of my thumb and gave me a sharp pinch. So I dropped them and began to cry; at which there was a general exclamation of, "There! I knew he would! he's been stung!" Out they came then, and I was picked up and kissed and shaken and scolded and comforted, all together.

Freddie took advantage of the confusion to stow away the snake, and then tried to induce Keziah to get out some raspberry-vinegar as the remedy most applicable to the case, but Jane pounced down on him and cut short his career by walking him off upstairs.

Somehow, the incident very quickly melted away. My tears were soon dried in the remembrance of the fun we had had, and the great success we had scored, and although the black-red mark on my thumb excited some consternation at first, there was so evidently nothing the matter with me that very little importance was attached to it. I quite forget whether Granny knew of it or not; at any rate, nothing particular occurred during the rest of that day for certain, for I don't remember any more till I woke up scared in the middle of the night, and saw my grandfather and grandmother, Mary, and a strange gentleman standing around my bed.

My grandfather had arrived home on horseback at a late hour, and before he had been many minutes in the house he learned

that I had been bitten by a snake. He, of course, knew the serious nature of such an accident, which the rest of the household apparently did not, and he was furious at their stupidity in not sending for a doctor at once. His horse was brought round again, and he clattered at full speed up the long village street to the doctor's house—only to find that he had been called out or was dining at a place five miles off, where he intended to remain the night (medical men took matters more easily in those days than they do now). So a gig had to be got ready, and my grandfather drove off and brought him back about one in the morning, and he was the stranger at whose presence I wondered, as I sat up in bed winking and blinking at the light, and trying to remember where I was.

"Now, my little man," said the kind doctor, whose interest in the case completely swallowed up any annoyance he may have felt at being so unceremoniously disturbed at that hour, "now then, where are you bitten? Let me see the place." Slowly I drew a little hand from under my knee, and looked dubiously down on it, while the doctor took a glass from his pocket and made a bright circle of light over the black pinch. "Why, *this* isn't a bite at all!" he declared after a careful examination of the place.

And then they had it out of me. My grandfather was a short man of quick temper and decisive action, and I draw a veil over the remainder of this, the final scene of my First Adventure.

JEM'S DREAM, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By W. T. Greene, M.D., M.A.,

Author of "Jem and I," etc., etc.

When we were on King-gower, before we went to the Inglewood Rush, Jem said to me one morning, while we were having our breakfast: "I say, mate! I had a queer dream last night."

"Had you?" I replied. "I expect it was owing to that pork we had for supper, for I know I didn't sleep as soundly as usual."

Jem shrugged his shoulders. "How matter of fact you are!" he said. "No, it was a dream, or a vision, or something of the kind, and I'm sure it will come true."

"All right," I returned. "What was it about? let's hear, old man."

"You won't laugh?"

"Certainly not."

"Very well; I'm sure I'd know the place at once if I were to see it," went on my companion, meditatively, as he paused in the discussion of a none too tender mutton chop, "I'm sure I should."

"All right," I said again. "What was it like?"

"I'm certain it's somewhere about here," pursued Jem, without answering my question, "and I vote we go and look for it when we've finished our breakfasts, as that claim on the shallow ground is no good."

I nodded assent to the latter observation, and exclaimed: "That's true at all events, so we'll go and look for your dream, Jem."

"Oh, you may laugh," he replied, "but you won't, or rather you will, with joy, when we find it. I tell you what, old fellow, it was a beautiful sight."

"Hum," said I, "let's wait till we do find it, whatever it may be, before going into raptures."

"You are such a fellow to put a fellow out!" complained Jem. "You might have heard all about it long ago if you hadn't interrupted me like that."

"Go on, then. I shan't say another word till you've done."

"Very well, then: I dreamt that you and I were walking about looking for a spot to try our luck in, and after a while we came to a broadish flat where two shallow gullies ran together, and the place was all covered with wattle bushes."

"There ain't many of them about here," I said, forgetting my promise not to interrupt the recital of Jem's dream.

He shook his head at me reprovingly, and went on: "But there was one bush in particular that attracted our attention, it was so round and trim, just as if it had been clipped like the yews in the wilderness at the bottom of our garden in Blankshire. Heigho!"

Jem sighed at the remembrances evoked, and went on: "It did seem a pity to disturb it, but something seemed to say, 'There's gold under that wattle, and, pretty as it is, up it must come if you want to get it.'"

"Get what?" I asked, somewhat mischievously.

"Why, gold, of course, stupid! Well, we went to work, and rooted up the wattle, which was as big round as a dinner-table, and when we had cleared it away we began to sink a shaft on the very spot where it had grown, and the long tap roots gave us a good deal of trouble to get them out of the way; but we managed to dig clear of them at last, and came to the end of the alluvial that rested on a bed of mullocky clay, and as soon as you saw that, you said, 'It's no use going any further, Jem.'

"'Oh, yes,' I said, 'we'll go on till we come to the bottom anyhow, if we have to go right through to Adelaide.'"

This was said as a joke, of course; but many of the diggers, who knew nothing about geography or the formation of the earth, had an idea that if they only sank deep enough they would tumble through into one of the other colonies, which, of course, was perfectly absurd, and only mentioned here to show how terribly ignorant some of the poor gold diggers were. Well, absurd or not, it was a common saying when any shaft was getting extra deep, "If you go on like that, you'll be coming out at Adelaide directly."

But to resume. Jem went on: "The layer of mullock was not very thick, as it happened, and we got through it after a bit, and came on broken quartz and gravel, and I said, 'What do you think of that—is it no use going on now?'

"'That looks better,' you said, and we went on, the quartz becoming more plentiful and the general appearance of the stuff more satisfactory as we got deeper, until presently I struck my pick into something soft, from out of which, however, I had a difficulty in getting it back.

"'Hullo!' I said, 'what's that?' and when I looked at the point of the pick it was yellow, just the colour of gold, and seemed for all the world as if it had been gilt like a picture frame."

"How jolly!" I exclaimed, quite entering into the spirit of the narrative, which Jem, who was not a bad raconteur, gave in a very realistic manner.

"You may say that!" replied my partner, and continued: "Well, I held it up to you, and called out, 'Is it no use going on now?' but you were too much ashamed of having been a false prophet to reply."

"Likely!" I interrupted.

"Well," continued Jem, "that was the dream, you know; however, we were about three feet down, and when I had cleared away the whole bottom of the shaft, it was literally paved with gold."

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed, quite beside myself at the bare notion of such a wonderful discovery, and forgetting that it was all a dream; then as the possibility of its realisation occurred to me, I said, "You think you'd know the place, Jem, if you were to see it?"

"Know it," he returned, "I should imagine so! Why, I can see it in my mind's eye now. But let me finish my dream.

"Well, we had to enlarge the shaft ever so much, especially at the side towards the upper part of the gully; but at last we got the whole surface of the monster nugget clear, and it was a size, I can assure you! for do what we would, we could not move it in the least, it was so tremendously heavy, and while we were straining and striving our best, something seemed to give way in the middle of my back, and I woke up with a start."

I laughed. "That was when I punched you to make you get up."

"Humph!" growled Jem, "I wish you'd waited a bit, for I wanted to know how much it weighed."

"Tons," I said, laughing again. "A nugget of gold of the size you have described, Jem, must have weighed tons; but what a pair of donkeys we are to be sitting here wasting our time discussing a dream as if it was something that had really happened, or was even likely to happen."

"Nevertheless," exclaimed my friend, "I'm going to look for that place, and find it, too, for I believe I must have really seen it somewhere without noticing it, and that was the reason I saw it in the dream; so, will you come with me, or will you go back to the shallow ground, or stay at home?"

"Why, Jem, you know I will go with you," I exclaimed, speaking in an injured tone. "Have we not agreed to stand or fall together, like Palamon and Arcite?"

"Humph!" exclaimed my friend, "not to have a jolly row at last, like they had, old man."

I laughed. "Not very likely," and breakfast by that time having become a thing of the past, we shouldered our picks and shovels, closed the door of our tent, and sallied forth in quest of the place seen by Jem in his dream.

"Which way shall we go?" I asked, when we had made everything safe, and were ready to start on our wild-goose chase.

"Up the gully," replied Jem, adding, "I fancy to the right, for it's all mallee scrub to the left, you know, and so it can't be that way on account of the wattles."

I assented, not being endowed with the prophetic faculty, and not having dreamt of the untold treasure lying in that very scrub waiting patiently to be discovered, and we directed our steps to the right, towards the setting sun—that is to say, towards the place

where the sun would set in due course, for at that early hour of the morning he was just about rising in the opposite direction.

Well, we walked on for a considerable time without finding any variation in the "endless bleak monotony of plain" that then surrounded us on every side, for we were approaching the alluvial table-land that lay to the west of King-gower, where there was no suspicion of quartz or of auriferous strata, and it seemed as if Jem's would be one more illustration of the truth of the adage that says "Dreams always go by contraries."

After we had walked for a distance of some miles, we came to a halt by mutual consent, and Jem, somewhat dispirited, said: "We'd better go back to the shallow ground."

"No," I returned, "it's rising to the left (that is to the south), and perhaps your dream-land is over there: let's see at all events, now we've come so far."

We walked on for another half mile or so, and soon found that the ground was rising very decidedly: gum trees and stringy barks dotted its surface here and there, and—yes, positively! there was a wattle bush!

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed, "suppose your dream should come true after all, Jem!"

"It will!" he exclaimed, with reviving confidence as soon as he caught sight of the wattle tree, "you just see if it don't."

I laughed, and we walked on. Yes, as sure as anything, there were two flat gullies joining about a couple of hundred yards from us, and a little in advance of their point of junction stood a beautiful clump of mimosa in full bloom, perfuming the air all round with its most delicious fragrance.

"Hurrah!" then shouted Jem, throwing his venerable cabbage-tree hat into the air, to the imminent danger of that indispensable article of apparel, "hurrah!"

"It's very curious!" was my less enthusiastic remark; and then after a pause: "It seems a pity, but I suppose we must."

"Must what?" asked my friend, "and what's a pity?"

"Why, that we must root up and destroy that bush," I replied; "it's little short of sacrilege, and all on account of the *auri sacra fames*."

"Here goes for it, nevertheless," exclaimed Jem, with an exulting shout that made the echoes ring again and frightened a couple of magpies from their noonday rest in an adjacent gum tree; and so saying he applied his keen-edged American axe to one of the limbs of the wattle tree, that presently fell quivering to the ground.

Pity then vanishing from my mind, owing to the contagion of example, I followed suit with my axe, and in a very brief space of time the late beautiful clump of mimosa was cut down and its branches scattered, or, it would be more correct to say, were collected into a heap at one side of the spot where it had grown, and from which it had diffused its fragrance during many years.

The shaft was then shaped out; it was about three feet in length, by two wide, with the corners rounded off: then we began to sink, "dig" as we used to say, though a spade was very seldom used in mining operations. We soon got through the first foot or so of soil, which was loam, or alluvial in colonial phrase; then came a bed of clay, or mullock, exactly as in Jem's dream, so that it was getting quite exciting.

"Suppose after all there should be gold there," I ventured to remark after a bit; adding, "not such an impossible nugget as you dreamt about, Jem, of course, but good payable gold."

"What indeed!" exclaimed my friend, standing up for a minute in the shaft which he had insisted on commencing, and in which he was then working.

Well, the layer of clay was about a foot in depth, and when Jem had got through it, he actually came upon another of gravel, that is of quartz, broken slate, and yellow clay conglomerated together. Was ever such a coincidence!

"Ay," said I, and added: "Let me down now, Jem, you've been at it quite long enough; let me have my turn."

Jem thereupon hopped out of the "hole," wiped his brow with his shirt-sleeve, which he pulled down from above his elbow, twisted a handkerchief round his neck, put on his coat, and sat down to cool, while I took his place in the shaft.

After I had removed two or three layers of the gravelly soil, my pick struck against something that gave out a ringing sound, and I could go no further.

Jem looked on with intense excitement, and hopes elevated to the highest pitch. "My dream's coming true!" he shouted, as he literally danced on the heap of stuff we had thrown out of the shaft, sending some of it back to the place it came from.

"Don't!" I exclaimed, as I wiped a piece of clay from the corner of my left eye, "be quiet, Jem, do! don't be stupid, but listen to this"—and again I struck the pick against the substance, whatever its nature might be, that barred my further progress downward.

"Hullo!" exclaimed my friend, "that doesn't sound well, does it? not much metallic ring there?"

I shook my head and took up the shovel to throw out the gravel I had loosened, and in so doing uncovered a mass of white quartz.

"There may be gold under it," hazarded Jem, leading a kind of forlorn hope, after we had looked at it for a minute or two in silence.

"So there may," I replied, as I stooped to loosen more of the gravel; "but is there?"

Well, to come to the point, the mass of quartz seemed to be of considerable size, and in order to make sure of its actual proportions, as well as whether there was anything more valuable than itself beneath it, we had to widen the shaft considerably, and when that was done, that is to say when we had quite worked round the stone, we made levers out of two of the stoutest of the wattle boughs, and, not without some difficulty, turned over the white and glistening mass.

There was nothing under it, however—that is to say, no gold, for it rested on the hard slate, and that was the "bottom" in those parts, so that we could go down no deeper.

So Jem's dream came true to a certain extent. We found his gully and his wattle-tree, and at the bottom of our shaft was a nugget, but unfortunately not of gold; and, after resting ourselves for a few minutes while we made and drank a pot of tea, we returned to the tent with one more day given to the Queen, as the diggers used to say when they had sunk a shaft and found nothing in it to pay them for their labour.

But dear me, that was not all! not by a good deal; for although it was quite late when we reached our tent we could hear a confused murmur of voices at some distance, and on going over to find out what it was all about, we learned, much to our chagrin, that rumours had reached the township of new and startling discoveries in the Mallee Scrub!

How provoking! if we had not gone off fooling after a dream we might have had our pick of a claim in the new gully, which the discoverers had already named Bullfrog, and in which they had found some magnificent specimens of water-worn gold.

Two of the fortunate fellows had come back to fetch their tent and some provisions, and already quite a number of our neighbours had hurried off to the new El Dorado.

Why should we not go, too, late though it was? late, in more senses than one, for not only was the evening far advanced, but a number of men had got an hour's start of us or more, and the ground round the discoverers would all be taken up.

These lucky chaps had been working in the shallow ground we had so unfortunately deserted, and had we been there, we should of course have gone with them and stood a far better chance than was now left us of getting on the gold.

Well, better late than never! We inquired the way, and, dark as it was, started for the new rush by ourselves, and of course we lost ourselves in the dense scrub, for there was no regular track; and well it was that we pulled up when we did, for when daylight came at last, after a cold and miserable night, which we passed as best we could without blankets, food, or fire, we found that we had been going quite in the opposite direction to Bullfrog, and had we proceeded much further we should have been presently lost in a dense scrub that had been the destruction of more than one poor fellow to our knowledge.

We were, fortunately, not long in finding out that we had missed the track and were going wrong, so we pulled up at once and sat down on a half-rotten log to wait for morning, which after a long, long time dawned on us, to find us benumbed with cold and well-nigh faint from hunger.

When the dawn had sufficiently advanced to enable us to discern surrounding objects, we were in a not much better position than we had been in the dark, for there was nothing to point out to us the direction we ought to take, and we could not see the sky; still the light was stronger before us than it was behind or on either side, and concluding that to be the east we decided on walking in that direction.

Progress through the dense mass of underwood was not easy, and we got on slowly, but we had not proceeded very far when I thought I heard the tinkling of a bell, so I grasped Jem's arm and motioned him to stand still.

We listened intently for a few seconds, and again distinctly heard the bell.

"Is it a horse or a bell-bird?" asked my companion, anxiously.

"I think it is a horse's bell," I said, and at that moment we heard a dog bark. There was no mistake about that honest, I had almost said human, sound. So we coo-ee'd as loudly as we could, and scarce ever felt happier than we did when our shout was answered by another.

We were presently rejoined by a digger who was looking for his horse, which he had just found, and he soon led us to the new rush, where we got some much needed breakfast, but were too late to secure a claim.

So that Jem's dream, although it came partly true, was a delusion and a snare, for by acting on its suggestion we not only lost a day, as I have said, but a share in the working of one of the very richest gullies that was ever found even on King-gower.

A FEW HINTS FOR HANDY BOYS.

PART III.

A FUNNEL is another very useful thing, and is easily made by cutting out a circular piece of tin, then cut away a portion as shown at A (fig. 5), also a small circle from the centre.

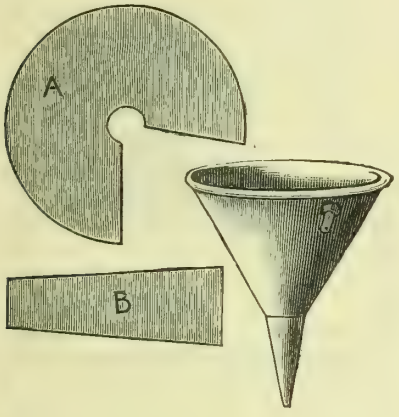


Fig. 5.

When folded round this will form a cone with the apex cut off; the two edges should lap over about one-eighth of an inch and be soldered together. The spout of the funnel, B, is to be cut to the required length and slightly tapered off to one end; it should then be bent round the stake (fig. 3, p. 187) and soldered down the seam and then on to the cone or body of funnel, the outer edge of which can then be folded back and a small wire inserted to stiffen it, and a ring soldered on to the edge by which to hang it up completes this useful little article.

Simple as this is, yet there are some things of even more easy construction, take for instance a square tray, A (fig. 6).

This can be made from one sheet of tin, first simply marking the depth you require the sides to be, and then after cutting out the corners as shown, fold up the sides over a straight piece of wood by means of the wooden mallet, keeping them at right angles with the base.

Then hammer the projecting pieces which were left at each corner square up with the sides, and solder them together.

The top edge turned over a small wire helps to strengthen it very much and gives it a great finish.

The five-sided tray, B, can be made in the same manner, and when complete may be painted and burnished, and then looks capital.

A circular tray must be made in a different manner if a very deep rim is required. The base should be struck out by means of a pair of compasses, and a very shallow rim hammered up all round of about one-eighth of an inch deep; then a strip of tin should be cut of the required depth for the edge and one-eighth over, and long enough to reach round the tray; when ready, one edge should be turned over a wire, and then the rim bent round and soldered into the bottom.

You will sometimes find it difficult to get the solder to "take" on old rusty utensils, probably more or less greasy, such for instance as an old saucepan which may require mending, and it is best to thoroughly clean them with strong soda and water, and then scrape bright and re-tin the surface.

If there is only one hole in the bottom, cut a small circle of tin and place it inside over the hole, then hold the copper bit on top until you see the solder melt all round and over the piece of tin, when the saucepan will be ready for use again, but if there are several holes, it would be the quickest and best plan to take the old bottom right off and replace with a fresh one.

To do this you should first cut the bottom off with the shears, and then clean the outside at the bottom edge from all soot and black with an old knife, and also scrape the inside about half an inch up. Then hold the now bottomless saucepan over the stake (fig. 3, p. 187), so that it rests about a quarter of an inch from the edge, and with the hammer turn up a rim of about one-eighth all round. You must do this carefully, and when done see that it projects at right angles with the sides of the saucepan, and also that you have it level, as it would look very bad to have one side of the saucepan deeper than the other.

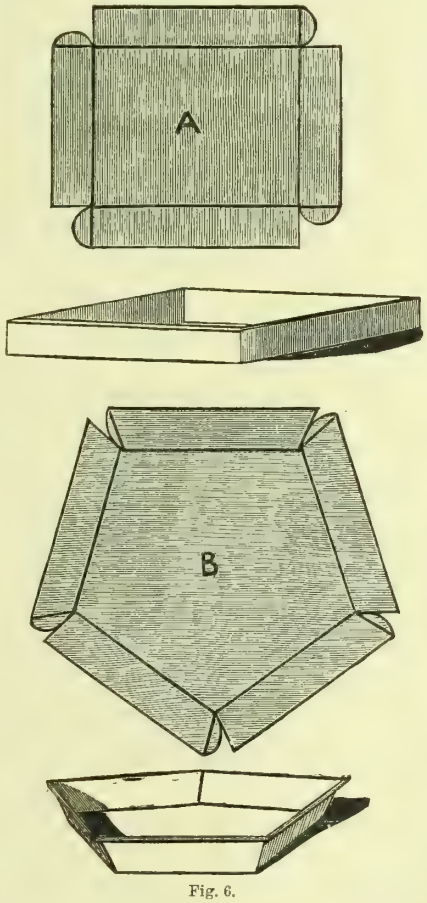


Fig. 6.

This being done satisfactorily, place the saucepan on the sheet of tin you intend to re-bottom with, and mark all round the edge with a sharp nail or bradawl; then remove the saucepan, and cut with the shears about one-eighth of an inch outside the line.

This eighth of an inch must now be turned up all round with the hammer to form a shallow tray, and if done carefully, will just fit the extended edge of saucepan when stood in it.

Now stand the saucepan in it, as at fig. 7. The top edge of A is then to be hammered down flat all round, as at B; it may then be finished by hammering up flat to the side of saucepan all round.

This, if carefully done, will be quite watertight, but should there be any leak through bad fitting, a little solder run round inside at C will soon put it to rights, and the saucepan will be ready for use once more.

All cooking utensils made of copper require to be tinned inside, as the copper salts are highly poisonous, and are sure to be formed if fruit or vegetables are left in, as the acid of the fruit &c. combines very easily with the copper.

Now "tinning" prevents this action taking place, and as it is very simple to do, and saves one the chance of getting poisoned, it is well worth doing.

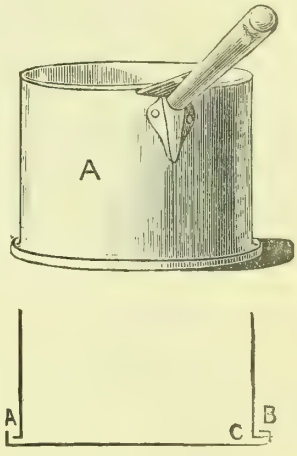


Fig. 7.

First then, boil some water in the cooking utensil—I will imagine it to be a saucepan—and throw in plenty of soda, and stir it well round to thoroughly get rid of all grease, then empty it, and after drying, scour it well with emery or glass cloth, next rinse it out free from all dust, and boil some pure water in it and empty it again.

Now put in a solution of sal ammoniac and let it boil away until dry, splashing it round in the meanwhile, so that it leaves a thin film all over the inside of saucepan.

Keep it on the fire and have some pure tin ready melted in a ladle (take care this tin is pure and not mixed with lead, such as solder for instance, which would not do), pour this melted tin into the saucepan and rub the metal all over the surface with a piece of tow or short length of new rope, then pour the surplus tin out and rinse with clean water and the job is done.

Numerous articles may be formed from sheet tin, without using solder. Fancy

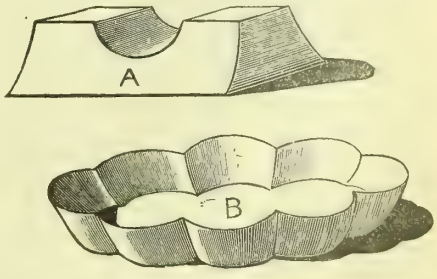


Fig. 8.

dishes, and trays or pans, are easily made by striking the edge of a sheet of tin with the

rounded end of the mallet into a semicircular hole cut in a block of wood of the size required, as shown at A (fig. 8).

You should first decide on the general shape, whether it is to be circular, square, or elliptical; then cut your tin accordingly, and hold the edge on the wood block and give it a blow with the mallet. This will dent it in and form one of the flutes, and it must then be shifted forward the necessary distance and the next flute formed, and so on all round. These flutes naturally contract the outer edge, raising it up and forming the sides of dish or tray. Probably the bottom will be all askew by the time you ha ' finished the sides, but if you place a piece of flat wood on it, a few blows with the hammer will soon bring it flat and straight again, as shown finished at B.

Tubes also can be made without soldering together, if required to stand great heat, such as stove pipes and lamp chimneys &c., and are easily bent to shape round a broomstick or larger wooden roller as required.

Sheet-iron, zinc, or tin is used for these, and you must remember in cutting it to the size wanted, that the sheet should be three times the diameter of the pipe or tube required, so that for a two-inch pipe you would have to cut the sheet six inches and a half wide, the half inch being allowed for turning in the seam.

This is simply done by turning over each edge in an opposite direction, as shown at A (fig. 9). It is then bent round, and the edges hooked together and hammered flat on the broomstick, as at B.

Another plan, and which makes the best job, is to turn both edges back in one way,

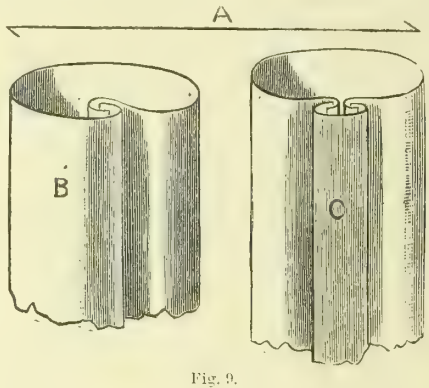


Fig. 9.

and then to cut another strip of metal one inch wide and turn the two edges of this inwards; then bend the tube round and slip the other piece on, as shown at C. This can then be hammered down in the same way.

The joints or elbows will give you a little more trouble in making, and you can cut your metal to the shape of A (fig. 10), which when bent round you will find forms a tube with the end cut off at an angle; but of

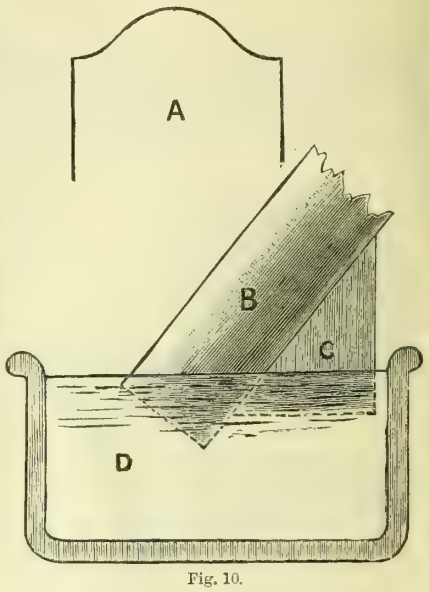


Fig. 10.

course this shape will vary according to the angle at which you require the elbow.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO PREPARE AND MOUNT OBJECTS FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "How to make an Induction Coil," "Electric Lamps and how to work them," "Electro-motors and how to make them," etc., etc.

PART VI.

CHAPTER III. *(continued).*

The wings of many insects are very good objects for the microscope, and one should be the first object on which the mounter tries his 'prentice hand, for, being flat, and requiring little preparation, they take far less knowledge to mount successfully than subsequent discoveries may. The wings of all insects are formed on the same plan, i.e. they are composed of two membranes united at their edges and held together and supported by many hollow branches called "nervures," which possess the required strength and lightness. The arrangement of the wings differs according to the race of insects, and if you refer to any book on entomology you will find that the primary classification of insects is achieved by means of the characters of their wings.

The wings of the humble bee from which we took the sting to examine, will give us a good illustration of the usual type of wings of this class of insects. If you look along the upper edge of the lower wing you will see a number of little hooks. The object of these hooks is to fasten the wings together by hooking into the lower membrane of the upper wing, which is strengthened to bear their weight, as may be seen by comparing that membrane with the rest of those composing the wing.

The wings of the "midge" and the common "bluebottle" fly are also worth looking at, but the reader must select further examples for himself.

The wings of many insects are covered with scales or hairs, scales of course being the invariable rule with the large classes of butterflies and moths. The wings of these are very easy to preserve, being mounted dry, and being very flat. The end of the wing of the "azure blue" butterfly is fringed with long feathers, and forms a lovely object for the microscope. In all cases of butterflies' wings the scales are laid on one over another, in a manner precisely analogous to the placing of tiles on the roof of a house. An examination of separate scales will show the hooks with which their fastening is achieved. The hooks are inserted into little holes in the membrane, which may be shown by brushing off the scales in places, leaving the membrane exposed to view. This should be done with the mounted slide, as it adds greatly to the interest of the object.

The scales of that odd little creature the "sugar-runner" (*Lepisma saccharina*), which is common enough in grocers' establishments and often found in ordinary habitations, in cupboards, &c., are very perfect specimens in the shape of those Japanese fans which now form so universal an ornament to our sitting-rooms. The creature itself is long-shaped, with a glittering silvery skin and long hairs at its head and tail. If you touch it, it will leave a copious supply of its scales on your fingers, which you can transfer to the microscope slide.

The *antennæ* of many insects are splendid objects for the microscope. The antennæ of butterflies take a knobbed form, as may be shown by that of the tortoiseshell butterfly (*Vanessa*), but those of the moth tribe, on the other hand, are poin'ed, as, for example, those of the tiger moth (*Arctia caja*). This latter is "toothed" all up its length. A splendid antenna is that of the ermine moth (*Spilosoma*), which is in the shape of a magnificent plume.

The antenna of the common gnat is a gorgeous object, similar to the last, but enormously finer and more feathery, and therefore a more elaborate object when magnified.

One of the most marvellous objects for the microscope is the antenna of the common cockchafer. This wonderful instrument is formed of thin plates—at the top of the usual jointed support—which can be erected when the cockchafer wishes, to form a fan, or shut up to occupy a small space. This is well worth mounting as a permanent object, but will require prolonged soaking in potassic hydrate and mounting in Canada balsam, which should render it beautifully transparent. When thus mounted it will appear as in fig. 8.



Fig. 8.—Antennæ of Cockchafer (Female).

Many insects have tongues which well repay attention: those of flies, butterflies, moths, &c., popularly known as the *proboscis*, are sometimes exceedingly curious instruments. Taking one of the common house-fly, we find that it is composed of a long tube, which conveys the nutriment into the mouth of the fly. At the end of this tube is a large sucking-disc which is full of small

sucking-tubes, by means of which it acts. The tongue is also provided with three lancets, two small and one large, for the purpose of piercing objects on which the fly desires to feed. The small tubes with which the sucking-disc is filled being too fragile in their construction are strengthened by the addition of a strong horny substance, which nearly encircles them at intervals. In the case of the proboscis of the *cricket* these horny filaments are in the form of *triangles*, not semi-circles, and this gives a most elaborate appearance to the proboscis of the cricket, which should be examined after that of the fly. It requires rather a high power of the microscope to show the manner in which the horny substance is arranged over the tubes, but when seen it is really wonderful.

It is unnecessary to remark that other animals, not of the insect tribe, are possessed of tongues, but many of my readers may never have credited the *snail* tribe with the possession of such wonderful organs as they really have. The common periwinkle may be got in abundance for one penny, and one of them will provide you with a lovely object for your microscope. First kill the snail, if not already dead, by smashing the shell and dropping the whole thing into *fresh* water, which kills it *instantly*. Now you can easily extract the tongue, and on placing it on your slide you will see a long band arranged with row after row of teeth, one row behind the other. A live periwinkle in an aquarium is an interesting creature, when mowing down the green stuff which almost inevitably grows on the sides of the glass. If watched through the glass he is seen to move slowly forward, moving his head from side to side, and making sweeps with his tongue, the sharp teeth of which cut off the green stuff, like a reaper mowing down swathe after swathe of corn.

If you cannot get hold of your pennyworth of periwinkles you may use instead the common fresh-water snail (dropping it into boiling hot water to kill it after breaking the shell), which is known scientifically as *Limnæa stagnalis*; and you will find a similar arrangement to that of his salt-water relative, only his tongue is not so long. Fig. 9 shows part of this snail's tongue, and one of his teeth further enlarged.

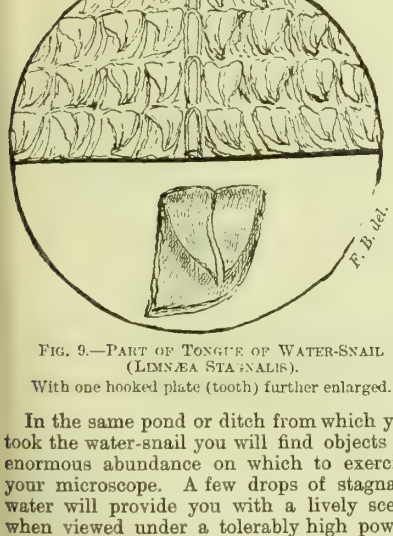


FIG. 9.—PART OF TONGUE OF WATER-SNAIL (LIMNÆA STAGNALIS).
With one hooked plate (tooth) further enlarged.

In the same pond or ditch from which you took the water-snail you will find objects in enormous abundance on which to exercise your microscope. A few drops of stagnant water will provide you with a lively scene when viewed under a tolerably high power, the animalculæ bustling hither and thither, and numerous species of *rotifers*, &c., often turning up. Higher up in the scale you have the larvæ of various insects, beetles &c.; and in the more advanced stage, the fishes themselves, on which you can exercise your dissecting powers.

(To be continued.)

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

JANUARY.

I.—In Poultry-Run, Aviary, Rabbitry, etc.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

THE POULTRY-RUN.—The cold weather will be with us this January, or I am no judge; and frost and snow as well mayhap. We are not going to rail against it, for clear frosty weather is far more healthy for our feathered favourites, whether in Poultry-run, Aviary, or Loft, than wet and slop are. Fowls are very intelligent birds, albeit some do not believe it, and they never fail to tell their owners when they feel ill or are suffering from general discomfort. Whenever, therefore, you see signs of moping or huddling together in corners among your fowls, be certain sure something is wrong. They are either underfed or injudiciously fed, or they lack gravel, pure water, or a dry dust bath. Now fowls during winter are very much at the mercy of the weather. In summer they can do a deal for themselves which in this darksome month of January is quite impossible. They run about and pick up a deal of insects, grubs, etc., which serve to keep them in health. In winter there are none of these, and, if confined to the run, science itself must come to our aid in enabling us to keep them healthy and *laying*. I gave hints about feeding last month, which ought to be found invaluable. The soft food in the morning—a mixture of garden roots, small potatoes, turnips, etc., and even potato parings, mixed with pollard and oatmeal, all boiled, makes a capital morning meal. Give it in the dawn of the day. It will do yourself no harm to be up thus early, anyhow. Give grains—oats, etc.—at midday, and grains again just when they are preparing to roost. If you own a few fowls, lads, and have to go from home for the afternoon, pray leave some responsible party in charge. Don't imagine that one night's starvation does not hurt the birds, for it does, and often lays the seeds of disease in the more weakly.

Well, water in winter is apt to become frozen; see after this. Give soft water in preference to hard.

Gravel gets frozen, too, if it is scattered about too much. Better put it in a heap in a corner. The best is fine sand mixed with screenings of mortar and lime gravel.

In very cold weather, bruised chillies may be mixed with the morning meal, bullock's lights, etc.; and to the laying fowls, stale crusts of bread, wetted with beer. This should be given hot or *warm*. Keep the fowl-house itself dry and warm. Put clean straw in the nests and scrape the perches, a frozen perch is often productive of cramp in fowls. Do not forget *green food*. Sell all useless stock. Set hens now if possible. Feed chickens, if you are lucky enough to have any early ones, on oatmeal draggled with sweetest milk, chopped eggs at night, if they are valuable. Anyhow, feed from morning till night, even by lantern light. Do not forget bone meal. Get Spratt's and you will be safe. Send for their little threepenny book. It contains a fountain of good advice, and is worth its weight in gold.

THE PIGEON-LOFT.—Read last month's Doings over again, and you may as well read what I have just written about poultry. I generally give a larger space to the latter for this reason, the same hygiene or sanitary rules that apply to fowls, apply also to pigeons and other birds. Well then, I trust that by this time every lad has his loft in comfortable form. But I have known boys who left open crevices in the roof or sides of their pigeon houses wide enough for the snow to drift in, and by-and-by they wondered that their pets were not thriving, that some were huddled up in corners, and refusing food, or that the decks were wet with droppings from the birds, indicating diarrhœa, or that terrible ailment canker had broken out. Remember, boys, that a stitch in time saves nine. Get your lofts, therefore, in as good order as if you yourselves had to pass a night or two therein. If the weather is fine and open, with a rising glass, you might whitewash, but do not run any risk.

Feed well, and do not forget to have the hoppers full of nice clean grains the night before, for pigeons are early risers, and it really does hurt them to have to wait for breakfast.

THE AVIARY.—There is little to be done save feeding and keeping your pets snug and warm, only don't forget that half an hour of a sun bath is greatly relished. Beware of cold, however. Do not hang any bird out of doors to catch the sunshine, for the changes in temperature at this season of the year come soon and sudden. Begin to think about mating. It really is a delightful fancy this canary breeding; the worst of it is, books are so dear. We hope soon to give an article on the subject.

THE RABBITRY.—I was asked about dead leaves for bedding the other day. I asked my fox terrier in turn, and he said, "No, he never found dead leaves in the burrows of wild rabbits." And Spring has vast experience. Let this be your motto for January: dry beds, warmth, good food, milk and water, and exercise on sunny days. Long-haired rabbits should be groomed.

Boys who intend keeping rabbits would do well to get the back number of the B. O. P. containing the table of diet I gave for rabbits some months ago. There is no necessity for sticking close to it, but it gives a very good notion of the plan that, if adopted, would tend to keep rabbits in health.

SOMETHING ABOUT GUINEA-PIGS.—Whether long-haired or short-haired they are all treated much the same, with this difference, that the very long-coated—call them Peruvians—require some attention to their pelage. If it gets into a matted condition, you will find it difficult indeed to restore to its former beauty. Well, these pretty wee pets all want a nice, warm, dry hutch, and bedding of hay. The hutch is similar to that of the rabbit, but it must be surrounded with a little yard, for exercise these creatures must have. Feed on bread sop for the morning, and grains and green food all day. They dearly love oats, and some will greedily eat acorns.

THE KENNEL.—In very stormy weather do not leave the poor dog in an outdoor kennel, however good it is. If you cannot take him into the house at night, shut him up in some nice warm outhouse. Feed well, and keep dry and comfortable.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—A good deal of the ground must lie idle for a time, because by-and-by we shall want it for potato ground. Clear the garden of useless stuff and put it at the bottom of the manure heap, covering it up, to rot for spring. Rough-dig ground to kill weeds. Manure. Put in early peas and broad beans in fine weather. Cut hedges, trim bushes, tidy walks, and keep all sweet and clean.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.—Get your window boxes ready. Make new ones if needed, and fill with compost from the florist or good garden mould. Trim beds and borders. Plant spring flowers, take advantage of every open day to do so. Now would be the time to build a nice rockery. Complete planning out new gardens, and cosy corners in which to grow ferns and wild flowers, such as foxgloves. These, if lifted from the woods with plenty of earth, will bloom this year.

II.—Entomology.

By Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.

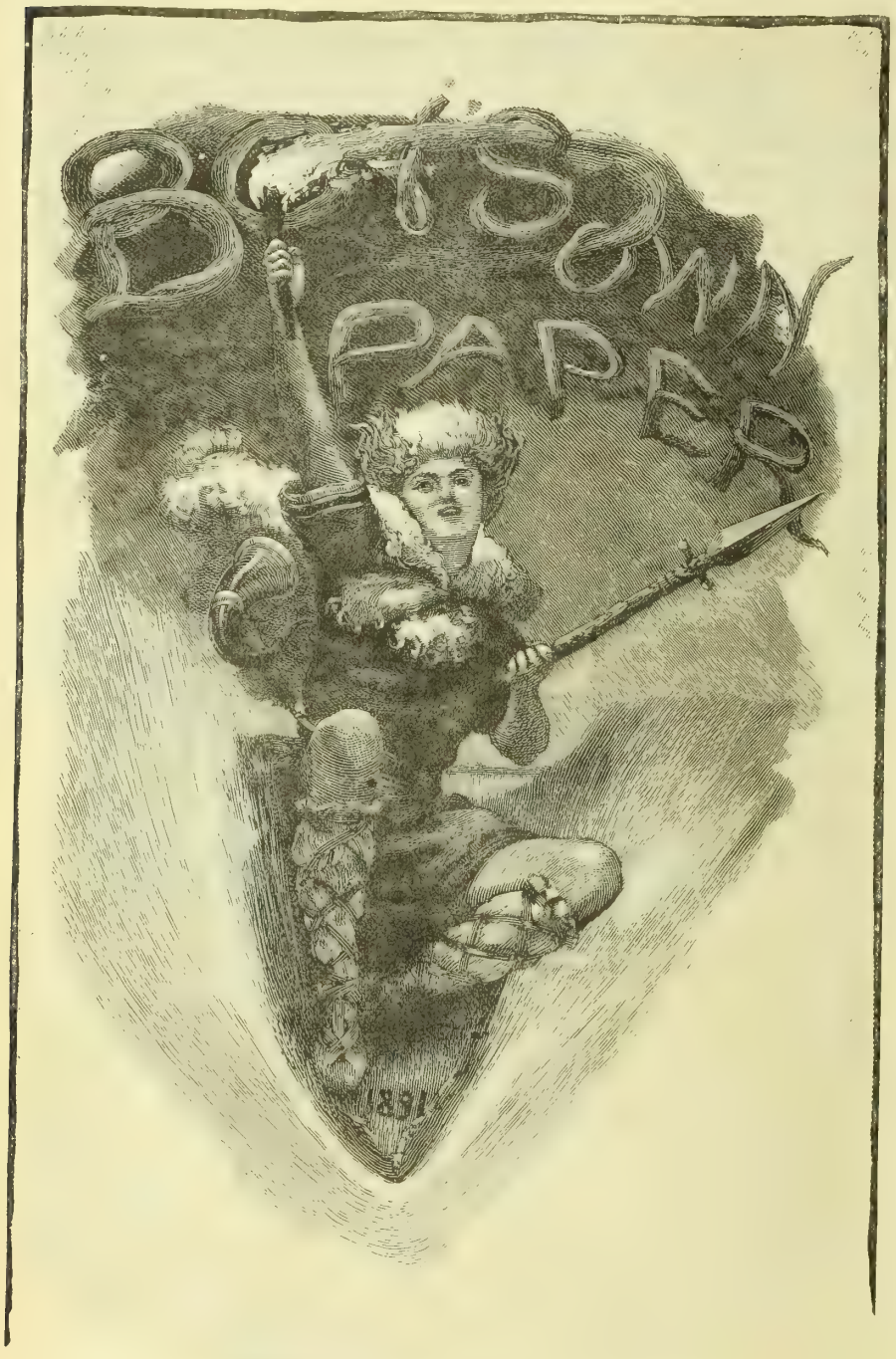
WHAT is the enthusiastic entomologist to do in January? During the greater part of the month, in an average season, he must expect to be frozen out, as far as practical collecting is concerned; and even in mild and open weather there will be nothing to look for except *Hibernia rupicapraria* and perhaps *H. leucophearia*, which are generally plentiful enough on fences and tree-trunks. The females of both these moths are wingless, and should be looked for on oak, hawthorn, and sloe, especially when the males are to be seen fluttering in the neighbourhood. Pupa-digging, of course, can be carried on when the ground is sufficiently soft, and beetle-hunting at the roots of trees, the foot of fences and walls, and in stack-bottoms, will still be fairly productive. But January is usually a month which is best given up to indoor work, and preparations for the coming campaign.

Go carefully over your drawers or boxes, and look out for mould and mites. The former can be destroyed by means of benzine collas in which a small quantity of carbolic acid has been dissolved. Apply this very carefully with a camel's-hair brush. Beetles may be drenched with it without danger, but it has always a tendency to "mat" the long hairs of moths, and should never be allowed to run on to the thorax. Move any box in which mould appears to a warmer and drier situation *at once*.

Camphor is generally recommended for the slaughter of mites; but it is very apt to get upon the wings of the insects, and is not altogether satisfactory. Far better get an ounce or two of "naphthaline" from a druggist. Fasten a small quantity of this in a piece of muslin, and pin it in the corner of the box or drawer which contains the infested insects. In a very short time the mites will disappear, and will keep clear of the case until the naphthaline has evaporated away.

Setting-boards ought to be repapered once in every season at least, and now is the best time to do it. Take care to remove every atom of the old paper, and replace it by the "tea-paper" which is sold specially for that purpose by the natural history dealers. Cooke, of 30 Museum Street, W.C., will supply it. The paste should be thick, but free from lumps, and the paper spread with great care, so that no air-bubbles may be left beneath it. Repapering a case or a cabinet-drawer is a more difficult matter, inasmuch as the paper must be cut exactly to fit the interior.

If you contemplate rearranging your collection, do it at once, before the spring work comes on. But the less insects—and especially *lepidoptera*—are moved about, the better, for a drawerful of butterflies and moths, *minus* bodies, legs, and antennæ, is but a sorry spectacle. By far the best plan, if you can afford it, is to procure either boxes or a cabinet sufficient to include an entire collection, and then carefully to label it out by means of a printed label list, leaving space for a series of every species, whether you happen to possess it or not. By adopting this plan an infinity of future trouble is saved, and whenever you obtain a new insect you will have its place already prepared for it.



Correspondence.

BOB.—"The Model Yachtsman" is published by T. Grassam, High Street, Hull. It costs threepence-halfpenny, post free. The May number contains a full list of the Model Yacht Clubs.

A. B.—The part with the presentation plate of "Lioness and Cubs" was No. 117. You had only to send eightpence and the description to Publisher, "Boy's Own Paper," 56, Paternoster Row, and it would have reached you by return of post.

PORK PIE.—There is no difference in meaning between Pfennig and Pfennige, but the latter is pronounced with more ease.

S. T. R.—Make a model of your lead keel in wood. Take a mould of that model in plaster of Paris. In the mould stick upright four or five matches or thin sticks of wood. Pour in the lead, and when it is cold break the mould. Screw the keel on to the boat, using the lines of the matches as the screw-holes; to work a gimlet through wood is easy, but to work it through lead is quite another matter.

A. R. KELLY.—Yes. The tools sold at the Stores are excellent; and as a rule they are cheaper there than in the ordinary shops. But you do not have such a choice, and for a small order it is hardly worth while making a long journey to save less than the railway fare.

A. W. D.—You will probably find the advertisement in "The English Mechanic." Many of the books on electrical appliance making are noticed in its columns.

BOOK.—A handbook of Canada, costing a penny, can be obtained from the High Commissioner of Canada, at the Colony Offices in Victoria Street, Westminster, or from the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster.

WINDMILLS (S. Chapple).—Run a spindle through the body; fix the arms to the end, one up and one down, and both with a slanting edge to the wind as if you were dealing with two arms of an ordinary windmill.

J. F. M.—We are unable to reply in next issue, as in the first place next issue went to press more than a month ago, and in the second, we really cannot make out what you mean. Perhaps our readers may help us. "In your next issue give me what information you can upon Mamuls, where they are found at present time, and I want to know whether they were called wholly Elephants, or have they wings on."

HOPEFUL A. B.—Such a question could not be answered without a diagram, which we have no room for. Your best plan would be to get Grosvenor's "Model Yachts" from your free library, and work out the measurements for yourself. They are very easy. Grosvenor's book is published by Gill, 170, Strand, and costs 5s. Our articles in the coming "Outdoor Games"—all reprints of matter out of print—would help you, but the season will be over before it is published.

A. BOPITE.—Nominations for the Diplomatic Service have to be obtained from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who nominates about a dozen candidates at a time when the staff is getting low. An examination has to be passed before the Civil Service Commissioners, and if successful you will have to serve some months without pay.

WATCHMAKER. We should think a watchmaker would find it difficult to get a living in Patagonia; but perhaps the fact of no other watchmaker having thought of going there might be in his favour. You would find it a far safer escapement to Australia.

UN LECTEUR RÉMOIS.—You must be a very forgetful "reader from the first," or else a very careless one. We have had articles on slide-painting and answers in these columns over and over again. The articles have been reprinted in "Indoor Games." There is no special preparation for the glass, but you must mix your colours with varnish instead of oil. Paint a trial slide of all the colours in your colour-box in squares, and note the effect of each in the lantern. You will then know which colours are suitable and which are not.

DONALD.—For the tonnage formula, see our model yachting articles. The dimensions required are beam and water-line—not length over all—and depth has nothing to do with it. The speed of the model should be to the full size vessel as the scale; but the model is always rather faster. If you have a yacht going twelve knots an hour in a certain breeze, a model of her, an inch to a foot, will go rather more than a knot an hour in the same breeze.

H. SNOWDEN.—We have had articles on Canoe-building, and cannot return to the subject at present. Some of our articles on the subject have been reprinted in "Indoor Games"

W. MISSING.—The fern should be re-potted with fresh soil. The pot should be well drained, as the plant should be watered frequently, but not allowed to stand in water.

E. POWNALL.—If you write to the Secretary of the Governors of Christ's Hospital, E.C., you will receive full particulars as to the method of admission.

LAGOS.—There are many good architects who take articled pupils. The premium would probably be a hundred guineas, and the cost of living depends on circumstances, but might be estimated at £100 a year. An advertisement in the "Builder," or even the "Times," would almost certainly bring replies, but you would have to be careful in your selection, and on no account enter into an engagement without references as to character and position.

R. HERMAN.—If the tyre is broken get a shoemaker to sew it up for you with a waxed end, and then melt it a little at the join. To stick it on to the wheel use the tyre cement, sold in cakes by all cycle dealers. The cement will generally mend the breakage, but the stitching is the safer plan, though not so neat. If it is for racing purposes you had better get a maker to fit on a new tyre.

LATHE (A. B. C.).—A number of the "English Mechanic," price twopence, published every Friday, and sold at every bookstall, will give you a choice of several lathe-makers among the advertisers. The highest class lathes are made by Holzapffel, of Charing Cross, opposite the Nelson monument. For ordinary work very good tools are procurable from the Britannia Company, of Colchester. Melhuish, of Fetter Lane, might suit you; they have capital cheap lathes.

GREAT EASTERN (T. M.).—She cost £732,000 to build, and was sold at Liverpool in November 1888 for £58,000. She laid the Atlantic cables of 1865 and 1866, and other cables in the Mediterranean, Red Sea, etc. She was originally designed for the Australian trade, and her plans were for 800 saloon passengers, 2,000 second class, 1,200 third class, and 400 officers and crew, besides 5,000 tons of cargo, and 15,000 tons of coal; but she was altered again and again, and any argument upon her accommodation must state the date in which the state of affairs under dispute is claimed to have existed. She had at first four paddle engines with four boilers, and four screw engines with six boilers; she had five funnels each a hundred feet high and six feet in diameter, and she had six masts—that is, to begin with.



2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays) Trooper
s, Royal Scots Greys, Officer
7th Hussars Trooper

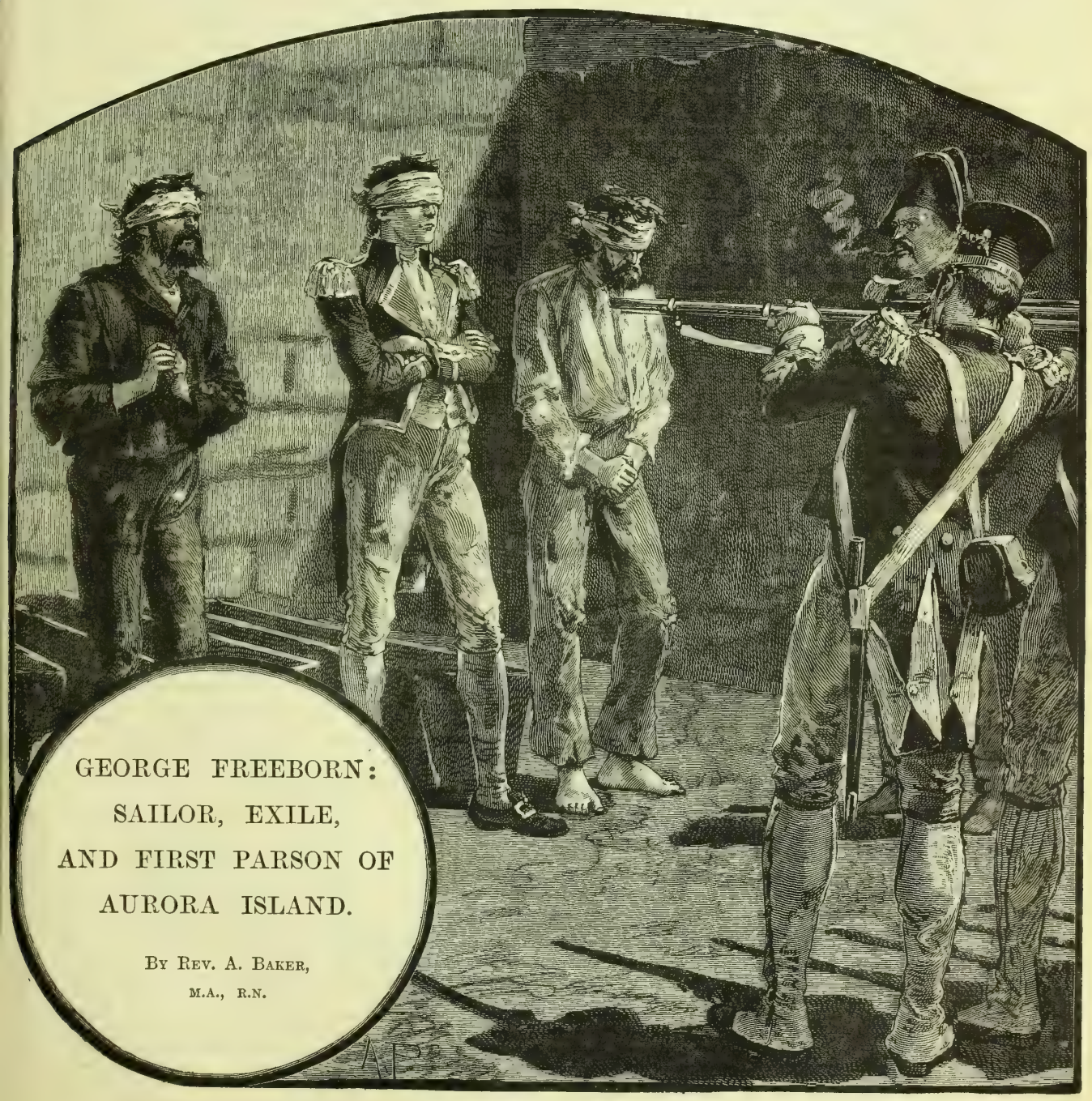
Chromolith in Holland by Emrik & Binger London 21a Berners St

OUR BRITISH CAVALRY 1890



THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 625.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

"Liberation."

CHAPTER XV.—CAREER OF DON LOBO—I AM SENT AGAINST HIM—IN THE JAWS OF THE LION—REFINEMENT OF TORTURE—MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT OF THE SENHORA—EXCHANGED IN THE NICK OF TIME.

A FEW weeks after the capture of the Esmeralda, I found myself once more to the southward, in company with the fleet, but now in command of my own ship.

It happened at that time that the city of Arauco lay in the power of a piratical soldier named Don Lobo, one of the most inhuman monsters that ever drew breath. The career of this wretch may be briefly stated thus. The son of a prison inspector, he at first served as a foot-soldier in the ranks of the Chilian army. He was taken prisoner by the Royalists, entered their service, was retaken by the Chilians, and while awaiting his trial as a deserter, escaped by setting fire to the hut in which he was confined. A second time he joined the Royalist ranks, and a second time was captured by the patriots. He was now actually sentenced to death, and indeed left for dead among many others executed at the same time on the Plaza of Santiago. Though actually covered with wounds, none of them were fatal, and he once more succeeded in making his escape, and joined General San Martin, who was then planning an expedition to Peru. With the treachery habitual to him, he soon deserted his new chief, and once more joined the other side, attaching himself to a band of Indians, who shortly afterwards elected him as their leader, in which position he and I became acquainted in the manner following:

It happened that, among many other atrocities committed at this period, Don Lobo had seized upon a large quantity of property belonging to British and American merchants. At the urgent representation of the parties interested, Lord Cochrane was induced to send an expedition to punish the wrongdoer. I was detailed for this most important and dangerous duty, and ordered to proceed, without delay, up the river on which the city of Arauco stands; and, if possible, to destroy the camp of the Indians, and effect the capture of their leader. But I soon found that I had to contend with an adversary who, whatever his faults may have been, was a bold and successful leader, backed by an army of which he possessed the complete confidence, composed of men who knew every inch of the country and who were every one of them masters in strategy, and utterly indifferent to death.

Despite the utmost vigilance, we fell into a cleverly planned ambush, in which crowds of lithe, half-naked Indians, mounted on active little horses, seemed to spring up on either side of the river like the crop raised by Jason from the teeth of the dragon; in which boat after boat was seen to steal as if by magic round this bend or that, or from beneath the overhanging trees on either bank, the dusky occupants of which were soon swarming up the sides of the devoted Matador, whose gallant defenders were outnumbered by eight to one. It is scarcely to be wondered at then that when we were reduced to sixteen we were compelled to surrender, our enemies promising us every consideration; which promise they had not the remotest intention to keep. Now, for the second time, did I find myself a prisoner of war—this time, alas! with far less hope of rescue, and far less peace of mind.

The survivors consisted, besides myself, of the surgeon and the master, both Chilians, three English seamen, and ten Chilian seamen. We were all bound with most cruel thongs, denied all rest and refreshment after our desperate fight, and driven off, under a strong guard, and at a rapid pace, towards Arauco. One of the Chilians happened to be my servant, and by chance we were linked together on that weary march. "Senhor," whispered he, "know you into whose hands we have fallen?" When I whispered in reply the name of Don Lobo, he turned immediately as pale as death. "Senhor," replied he, "in mercy's sake do not say so; we are lost! Do you know the manner in which he is accustomed to treat his captives? He dresses them in fresh skins which he causes to be lashed tightly round their naked bodies; he then exposes them to the full glare of the sun; the skins dry and contract, causing infinite torture to the unhappy victims, who are ultimately stifled to death in the process. Don Lobo looks on, smoking his pipe, and thoroughly enjoying the horrible scene. The sight of suffering is meat and drink to him. May Heaven help us! for it is very little mercy that we can expect in this world."

The poor fellow was immediately silenced by a blow on the mouth from a scabbard, so violent that he bled freely from the wound all the way to Arauco. After this unequivocal evidence of the temper of our captors, no one made any further attempt to communicate with his fellow, and in the course of about another hour we arrived at the General's quarters.

Don Lobo received us with a great show of politeness. He was a born actor, and the most consummate hypocrite I ever beheld. Had we not been too well aware of his real character, we might have been tempted to congratulate ourselves on falling into such good hands. Whatever little gleams of hope were produced by his manner were, however, soon to be dispelled.

We were now thrust, the whole of us together, into a prison little larger, and incomparably more filthy, than that in which I had endured such suffering at Lima. No surgeon was sent to bind up our wounds; not a drop of water was allowed to us to drink, nor was any food given to us for several hours, and the luxury of a wash was of course out of the question. All we could do was to lie down on the floor of our loathsome den, and even so, the hot stifling air of our prison, and the swarms of vermin, prevented us from getting anything but snatches of broken sleep, in which we did but live over again the terrible scenes of the past few hours.

At length, a short time before sunset, the door of our prison was opened, and there was revealed to our astonished gaze a group of footmen in livery who motioned to us to follow them immediately. Though some of us were scarcely able to drag one foot after another, we dared not disobey, and indeed a guard was in readiness to enforce obedience if necessary. We followed our conductors through a number of corridors and apartments into the General's private house, where we were ushered into a spacious drawing-room, just as we stood, with all the stains of warfare and travel still upon us.

In a few minutes Don Lobo appeared, clad in a splendid uniform, and accompanied by his wife and a numerous suite. The Senhora wore a splendid train of crimson satin, and the diamonds on her neck and arms were worth a fortune; but neither they themselves nor the rich gold in which they were set were anything like so hard as her stony heart. Even Jezebel herself could scarcely have surpassed her in cunning and cruelty. She had hardly a redeeming quality, saving her devotion to her monster of a husband.

"Gentlemen," said the General, with an air of great suavity, "I bid you a hearty welcome to my poor house. I very much regret that fate should have brought you here under such adverse circumstances; but no doubt you will all be at liberty in a short time, since there are frequent opportunities of dealing satisfactorily with prisoners of war in this place. Now, since I understand that you have taken nothing since the morning, I have to request you, Lieutenant Freeborn, to be so good as to hand the Senhora into supper."

The curtains which formed one end of the room were now drawn aside, and a second apartment was disclosed, in which a magnificent collation was spread; the plate and china being of the most costly description, and the cookery of the most recherché character. I had actually now to give my arm to that terrible woman, to conduct her to a seat, and to endeavour, as well as I could, to respond to the hypocritical politeness of her husband and herself. Our host maintained so clever and lively a conversation that we almost forgot our sufferings, the loss of our ship, the stain on our arms. But, alas! this hospitality proved but the first act of a dismal tragedy. After the wine had been passed round once, the General got upon his legs—"Gentlemen," said he, "I have good news for you; I have been able to make arrangements to set three of you at liberty immediately; you will be good enough to draw lots, in order to decide which are to be the lucky ones."

Dice were accordingly produced, and the lots fell on the surgeon, and two of the Chilian seamen. "Now," continued our host, "I shall require the other prisoners to attend, and witness that the liberation of their comrades has been duly carried out."

This was the signal for action. The guard marched in, and we were all hurried away into a large paved square, which lay in the rear of our prison. It now became abundantly evident what the General meant by "liberation." There, in the broad glare of the full moon, lay three yawning graves, and alongside of each a rough coffin, while a firing party was drawn up, and evidently awaited our arrival. Our three unhappy comrades were blindfolded, placed each beside the coffin allotted to him, and bidden to prepare for death. In a few moments the order was given to fire, and they were launched into eternity. Don Lobo looked on, and puffed away at a large cigar, evidently much fascinated by this little entertainment, while the estimable Senhora surveyed the scene from a window above, and actually clapped her hands with delight at its tragical conclusion.

The bodies were hastily thrown each into its rough receptacle; the coffins were filled up with quicklime and let down into their shallow graves; the paving-stones were replaced, and little remained to mark the tragedy but a few stains of blood, and the signs of the disturbance of the pavement. But if I had a hundred lives to live on earth, nothing, I think, would efface from my mind the memory of that dreadful fusilade.

We were now marched back to our loathsome prison, thankful at least to have escaped the cruel fate of our companions, and to be allowed time to prepare for death, which we now felt to be inevitable. Our subsequent imprisonment only lasted a month, but they were days spent in the utmost agony of mental torture and suspense. Our fiendish captor used at first to appear regularly every other day, when we were required to draw lots, and one or more of our party suffered death. We were not present at any of these executions, but they were always carried out in our hearing. The measured tread of the guard, the orders to "Make ready," "Present," and "Fire!" the rattle of musketry, the thud of the falling bodies, and the hurried movements of those who buried them, were all painfully apparent to us, as we sat in our filthy den, gasping for pure air, sighing in sorrow and indignation, and sadly speculating whose turn would come next.

To add to our miseries, the Senhora used to visit us, and to assure us that the same fate awaited us all. She bade us prepare ourselves for death: "For I promise you," said she, "that there is not the remotest possibility of escape; indeed, you may consider yourselves lucky that the General is free from gout, and is at present in one of his amiable moods, or he would assuredly torture you to death." This humane lady seemed to have taken a special antipathy to myself: "Behold," said she, "the bitter irony of fate! Spared to survive the cannonade of Callao; spared to survive the loathsome prison and the cruel and degrading servitude which fell to your lot at Lima; preserved unharmed in the wreck of the O'Higgins and the capture of the Esmeralda; now to die the death of a felon at the hands of a guerilla chief! But I love to wreak vengeance on these proud English! Think not that either the name, or the wealth, or the honour of your accursed race will avail you here. You are doomed. I shall see you die not many days hence. The General is thirsting for your blood; but is keeping you as a *bon bouche*. Trust me, my young buccaneer, you have not many days longer to live."

At last we were reduced to four: the three English seamen and myself. As neither the General nor his amiable partner made their appearance for some days, we began to wonder at our respite, and to indulge ourselves in some faint hopes of freedom. But we were in so wretched a condition that we often felt that death itself would be far preferable. All our clothes had been taken from us by our ruthless jailors, and their places supplied by filthy rags: in my own case, a ragged poncho did duty for a whole suit; we had no means of washing ourselves; and our hair, untouched by comb or brush for a whole month, hung in tangled unkempt masses about our attenuated faces. Imagine, then, our condition, when one fine morning we were marched out, as we thought, to die, but in reality to be informed that we had been exchanged for four prisoners lately taken by our people, one of whom was no less a person than a brother-in-law of Don Lobo himself: hence our good fortune. We, who had a few minutes before embraced and bade each other an affectionate farewell, were now marched down to the wharf, given a small boat, and told to make the best of our way to one of our ships, which was cruising off the port under easy sail.

And now a fresh danger awaited us; owing to our emaciated condition we were all but unable to manage even so small a boat as that which was given to us. Moreover we had wind and tide against us, so that it was actually several hours before we could get anywhere near the ship. There had been a great many desertions from this particular vessel, and it was thought that the disaffected on board were in league with a gang of desperadoes on shore, and so managed in some way to elude the vigilant watch kept in the ship. At this particular time none of the ship's boats were absent, and when, just as it was getting dark, the sentry heard the splash of our oars, he gave the alarm, without hailing the strange boat. One of the ship's cutters was instantly lowered, and gave chase. We were fired upon at least once before we were recognised, and thus our lives were again placed in the most imminent danger. But at last we were found to be friends, and the boats returned in company. Now we saw the fate which awaited nocturnal visitors of a different description. A firing party of marines was drawn up on the quarter-deck in readiness for an immediate execution, an order being at that time in force that all deserters, and any persons aiding and abetting them, were to be thus summarily dealt with.

Clothed in my one garment, the ragged and filthy poncho above-mentioned, I duly saluted the quarter-deck, and reported my arrival with the customary "Come on board, sir."

The officer of the watch, without waiting to ask any questions, rushed aft into the Captain's cabin, and then down into the gun-room to summon all his messmates to see the sight. It took some moments to convince them that it was really I myself. I seemed to them veritably to have returned from the grave. They wrung my dirty hands again and again, and from their own chests, not too liberally supplied, they produced now one garment, now another, and pressed them upon me, until I was once more fitted out with cleanliness and comfort. The poor fellows could not do enough for me, and the wretched companions who had shared my sufferings were equally well cared for by their comrades in the forecastle. Kind, free-hearted friends, I can never repay your goodness; nor indeed would you ask or desire it, generous spirits that you are! I can only say to any of you who, like myself, are still passing through the waves of this troublesome world, *Vaya con Dios, Vaya con Dios.*

Over the dessert that night I had to tell my piteous story over and over again, and I sincerely hoped that Don Lobo would never have to suffer from a tithe of the maledictions which were on this occasion heaped on his head. His career terminated in a few months by his being captured once more, tried, sentenced to death, and executed, this time successfully, at Santiago.

Of my further connection with the Chilian Service but little remains to be told. I continued on till the close of the war; but the chances of further promotion seemed very remote; and I could not recover my arrears of pay, much of which is due to me even now. And so, disquieted at my ill fortune, and disgusted at the ingratitude of the country in whose cause I had suffered so much, and being at the same time deeply anxious on account of my mother's health, which I knew to be failing, I determined to set my face homewards. Henceforward this history will rapidly converge to the point whence it started; and now for a time we shall return to old scenes and old associations.

(To be continued.)



THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND COUNTRY LIFE.

By Ashmore Russan,

Author of "A Strange Epidemic," "The Last of the Great Auks," "The Speckled Giant," "That Little Jackdaw," etc.

CHAPTER V.—DR. DRYSDUST ARRIVES, AND SHOWS HOW IT'S DONE.

Muggins major took off his coat! Surely the awe-inspiring spectacle might have been expected to drive the "Purple Emperors" helter-skelter to the highest branch of the ancient oak, if not up into the clouds. But no; they did not turn pale, or change colour in the slightest degree. They did not start, or stagger back, or show one of the customary signs of fear; they did not even flutter—yet Muggins major had taken off his coat!

It was not the first time he had discarded his outer garment on Heyward's Hill. Soon after his arrival at Alne Abbey he took it off to make Funibois "dance." Alas! when twenty minutes later he desired to put it on again he was unable to see the armholes and had to be assisted. But this was long ago and almost forgotten. He was not now pugnaciously inclined. He had taken off his coat to climb a tree.

"Give me a leg up," he said, with his usual confidence, stepping jauntily up to the tree and trying to embrace its huge trunk with his arms, which, unfortunately, were about four feet too short.

Jack and Funibois each took a leg and hoisted the would-be climber as high as they could. But Muggins major could not clasp the tree, and as there were no branches within reach, he consequently could not climb it. He struggled hard to get a firm hold, but had to come down.

"It's no use, Mug," said Jack, "we must make a pyramid. Now Tim, get up on our shoulders."

Jack and Funibois placed their backs against the tree, standing side by side, and Tim climbed up and stood upon their shoulders with one foot on each boy.

"Now Sappy and young Muggins, help Mug up."

"Am I to climb upon Tim's shoulders?" asked Muggins major, who didn't like the appearance of the human ladder.

"Of course," Jack replied; "what a stupid duffer you are!"

By dint of much heaving, pushing, and swaying to and fro of the human pyramid, Muggins was hoisted to his perilous elevation.

"Can you reach a branch?" Jack asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Have you got firm hold?"

"Yes."

"Come down, Tim."

Tim sprang to the ground; the first course of the pyramid separated; and all turned to survey the adventurous climber. Poor Muggins! He had clasped the branch firmly enough, but for the life of him he could not get his knees upon it. He now hung in the air vainly endeavouring to obtain foothold on the smooth trunk.

"Get under me to catch me, somebody!" he yelled, ceasing his futile struggles.

"Don't drop!" shouted Jack, "you may break your neck. Get both arms on the same side of the branch and pull yourself up until you get your chest on it. Then rest."

Muggins obeyed, and being fairly muscular and proficient on the Abbey gymnasium he succeeded in getting his chest on the branch. A brief rest, a struggle, and he was astride it.

"I knew I could do it," he shouted, exultantly. "I should like to see one of you fellows up here. It would take you all your time."

"Muggins is just like a bantam cock," Funibois remarked. "He can't do anything without stopping to crow."

The boys now stepped from beneath the branches to watch the "Purple Emperors." If they were at all alarmed it was not visible. They were still perched where the butterfly hunters had last seen them. Jack guided Muggins major's progress along the branch until that exultant youth reached a point where he could shake the smaller limb which supported the butterflies. This he shook vigorously, with a result that might have been expected. The "Purple Emperors" carelessly fluttered away, alighting on the opposite side of the tree, further from the ground than before.

The boys ran round the tree, and soon the butterfly hunter, who was literally "up a tree," was laboriously creeping along the branches in the same direction. Once more he shook the boughs, and once more the "Purple Emperors" took flight, only to alight in a spot more inaccessible still.

It was good fun—very good fun for the boys on the ground, and the butterflies. But Muggins major found his triumphal progress rather painful and decidedly wearisome.

"Look here, I say," he shouted, "I've had enough of this. I'm coming down. I ain't a squirrel, nor a bird."

"Don't you wish you were?" returned Funibois, with a wink at Jack. "You would be able to fly down, then. Well—good afternoon, Muggins; we're off. I hope you'll spend a pleasant night up there. If your bed is hard you must sing yourself to sleep.

> "Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
> When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
> When the bough bends the cradle will fall,
> Down comes Muggins, cradle and all.

There's a nursery rhyme for you. Come on, you fellows."

The butterfly hunters on *terra firma* hurried away and concealed themselves in the Roman trench about twenty yards from the tree, through the dense foliage of which Muggins major's vision was not sufficiently keen to penetrate. Here, while listening to the *sotto voce* remarks of the "tree'd 'possum," who had now reached the lowest branch, about eighteen feet from the ground, but dared not drop, they quite forgot the unconcerned "Purple Emperors."

"Cowards!" cried the 'possum, as he tried to calculate the force with which he would strike the ground, and the result thereof.

"I wish I had 'em here. I'd punch their heads jolly well. Come back, you cowards!" raising his voice.

"Not to have our heads jolly well punched," whispered Funibois.

"They daren't climb the tree themselves, the cowards!" continued this emulator of King Charles II. "It's always 'Muggins, do this,' or 'Muggins, do that,' when there's anything dangerous to be done, and when I've done it they're jealous, and they're sure to leave me in a hole if they can."

"That's the queerest hole I ever saw," said Funibois, still whispering; "until now I thought a hole was a hollow cavity, and not the branch of a tree."

"I wonder if I shall break my legs if I drop?" Muggins went on. "It looks a great deal further from the bough to the ground than it did from the ground to the bough."

"A visual peculiarity associated with an aspiring mind only," whispered the "chorus" in the trench. "Fellows like Muggins generally climb a ladder with their eyes fixed on the top step, and don't look where they are putting their feet. When they come down—they don't often want to—they generally tumble, and then there's a smash at the bottom."

Which speech was not at all bad for a youthful moralist.

"Hi! hullo!" suddenly shouted the 'possum at the top of his voice.

"Who is he shouting to?" Jack whispered.

"I can't see anybody," replied Tim, who was nearest to the top of the bank.

"Hullo, there!" continued Muggins major, "I'm up here and can't get down, sir. Please come and help me."

"'Sir'!" exclaimed Funibois, "some gentleman is coming."

The boys sprang to their feet and mounted the bank, to find themselves face to face with the "Dingy Skipper," otherwise Dr. Drysdust, the famous entomologist, who was peering up at Muggins with a puzzled look which seemed to say:—

"Capital specimen—very capital specimen! How shall I class it? Must be a bird. Shall I say a dodo, Order *Struthiones?* Hardly. The dodo couldn't fly, therefore couldn't have got up there."

[What



The Editor wishes all his readers a Very Happy New Year.

What Dr. Drysdust really did say was: –

"Ahem! Dear me! One of the Abbey boys. Evidently tree'd. Ah—here are his companions, more of the Abbey boys. Good afternoon, boys. Glad to see you come to your schoolfellow's rescue. Poor fellow! how did he get up there?"

"We made a pyramid, sir," said Jack.

"I see; and when he was in the tree you ran away. Just like boys—just like boys. I remember. Ah—I remember. I was a boy myself once."

The "Dingy Skipper's" assurance was not altogether superfluous. It was not easy to imagine that little, dried-up, snuff-taking figure—

> . . . the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
> Unwillingly to school.

If indeed he had so crept it was probably because he had within "his satchel" one or more genuine snails, with a very much mixed assortment of other "specimens," captured on the way. And if his face had ever shone, it had long ceased to do so. It was now wrinkled and yellow, with only one remarkable feature—immensely wide nostrils, tunnels for the favourite mixture of powdered tobacco now almost a necessary of existence to the ancient entomologist.

The "Dingy Skipper," however, looked altogether businesslike. Over his right shoulder he carried a large gauze net. Under his left arm a contrivance, half box, half knapsack. On his nose a pair of spectacles of high magnifying power.

"Why don't you come down?" he said, bringing the spectacles to bear on the disconsolate Muggins.

"Can't," was the surly reply.

"Nonsense! Now boys, let me see you make the pyramid that enabled him to get up."

Jack and Funibois at once placed their backs against the tree, and soon Muggins major stood on the ground. He did not, however, thank his deliverers. A far more courteous boy than Muggins could hardly, under the circumstances, have been expected to do that.

"Now tell me why you climbed the tree?" continued Dr. Drysdust.

"I went up after two 'Purple Emperors.'"

As the words smote the ancient one's tympanum his face lighted up, and his eyes glistened.

"Eh! what?" he cried. "Have you seen an *Apatura Iris?* Dear me! Where? Where?"

The old gentleman was hopping about like a "parched" pea in a frying-pan, or an alarmed grasshopper.

"Where? Where?" he repeated, eagerly.

"I didn't say anything about *Iris*, sir; I said two 'Purple Emperors.'"

"*Two*, do you say? *Two?* Dear me! I haven't seen *one* alive for ten years; not since my sight failed me. My eyesight won't carry more than twenty feet. Let me make use of yours! Tell me where they are!"

"We left them on the other side of the tree, sir," said Jack, taking the surly Muggins major's place as spokesman.

The "Dingy Skipper" skipped away at once, and in less than ten seconds was on the spot indicated, and gazing up at the foliage with his dim eyes.

"I can't make them out," he almost wailed. "Oh, what a blessing is good eyesight! Can you see them, boys? Can you see them?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack, pointing upwards. "There is one, and there is the other."

The "Purple Emperors" were now two yards apart.

"I can't see them," cried the famous entomologist. "I must really get some stronger glasses. Are you sure you haven't made a mistake? Are you sure they are 'Purple Emperors'?"

"We have a book, illustrated."

And Jack produced the doctor's book, and submitted the picture of the butterfly to the old gentleman's inspection.

"Yes, that is it. That is the *Iris*. Are you sure both are like that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then both are males, and both are prizes. Leave them to me, boys; leave them to me. I'll soon bring them down. Ha, ha! I'll charm them down. Oh, by-the-bye, why did that boy climb the tree?"

"To frighten them, sir. They were beyond our reach, and we thought they might come lower."

"Ha, ha, ha! He climbed the tree to catch a butterfly. Dear me! Climbed the tree? Ah, he wants a lesson. You all want lessons. Is that the boy who wrote the funny imposition, and expected Mr. Sterne to include leopards and bears in the *Lepidoptera?*"

Here Sapington slipped behind Jack. He was not proud of his blunder.

"I am not quite such a donkey as that," said Muggins major. "It was Sapington, the fellow who has sneaked behind Jack Arundel."

"Ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the "Dingy Skipper," who had hardly ceased to seek for the "Purple Emperors." "Well—well, we must forget that—we must forget it. Now boys, get out of sight—get out of sight, and I'll have the butterflies on the ground in less than a quarter of an hour, and in my net if I am fortunate."

The boys instantly hurried away to the trench, leaving Dr. Drysdust to perform the miracle he had promised them, for to bring the "Purple Emperors" to the ground seemed to them to savour of the miraculous.

They were not familiar with the tricks and wiles of the experienced butterfly hunter.

"Shure, now, is he going to charm them with music?" Tim whispered.

"Can't say," replied Funibois. "Perhaps he's going to fly a dummy butterfly and so entice them to come down and fight. The 'Purple Emperor' seems rather pugnacious. What is he doing, Jack?"

"Taking something out of his bag. It looks like a box. Yes. Now he has opened it. He's smelling the contents. There, now he has placed it on the ground. He's coming here."

"Good boys—very good boys," said the "Dingy Skipper" as he joined the group. "I like reasonable boys, not above learning how a thing is done. You see the little box under the tree? Watch it narrowly, and watch the clear space between it and the foliage. Tell me when the butterflies descend. Your eyes are better than mine."

"You think they will come down, sir?" said Jack rather doubtfully.

"Think! No; I am sure. Dear me! Think? Why, boy, when my eyesight was good I have caught a dozen a day with that little charm. They can't resist it. That little box to an *Iris* is as tempting as a rosy apple to a schoolboy."

"Here's one, sir!" suddenly exclaimed Funibois, whose eyes were remarkably keen.

"Where? Where?" cried Dr. Drysdust in great excitement.

"Hovering over the box."

"Don't move. Let it alight. Let both alight. Aha! I knew it would work—I knew it would work."

"It's on the box, now," cried all the boys together.

"Here's the other," added Funibois.

Dr. Drysdust seized his butterfly net, and with stealthy steps moved towards the box. As he drew near, the boys saw him raise the net in the air and strike. Wild horses would hardly have kept them in the trench now. In an instant they had surrounded the jubilant, chuckling "Dingy Skipper," who had dropped upon his knees.

(*To be continued.*)

JIMMY WELSH.

By Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A., chaplain to H.M. forces.

As a rule, soldiers are fond of children and animals, and in many regiments there is some kind of pet animal that is common property. When about six years ago the first battalion of the Hampshire regiment were under my ministerial charge, they had a little dog that accompanied them into every battle in the last Afghan campaign, and was decorated with a medal and clasps by the Queen's own hands. On the return of the regiment, poor Carlo was ignominiously killed by a butcher's cart in Gosport. It was there I saw him stuffed, in a glass case, in the men's recreation room.

A deer or goat of some kind is not an uncommon regimental pet. The first battalion of the Welsh regiment now serving with me here in Malta have a magnificent one which they brought from Zululand, but they have lately got another pet who is putting the goat's nose very much out of joint, so to speak. This is a Soudanese boy, who has been given at his baptism, which took place a couple of weeks ago, the names of James William Victor Welsh.

The third name was given in compliment to Her Majesty the Queen, and the fourth

because he lives with, and is the regimental pet of the Welsh regiment. "Jimmy Welsh," as the men call him, and I are great friends, and I often have a talk and a play with him when I see him outside his barrack-room, so I can tell the readers of the Boy's Own Paper some particulars about him which I think will interest them. Because a boy has a skin the colour of a penny he is not less a boy than if it were white.

Jimmy has a history, and it is this. On the day after the battle of Toski, where on August 4, 1889, the Soudanese were entirely defeated, a party of mounted infantry were sent out to reconnoitre. They found amongst the dead several almost starved children. One of these, the boy about whom we are writing, was given into the charge of a drummer of the Welsh regiment who was in the mounted infantry. He brought him into camp, and got an interpreter to find out from him, after he began to speak, which was not for three days, all he could. The boy, who is, as I know well from talking to him, very intelligent, said that he was between six and seven years of age. And yet owing to bad treatment, when he was taken he only weighed fifteen pounds. Now when I write, two and a half months after his capture, though he looks thin, he is not far below the ordinary weight of a boy of his age. Jimmy went on to tell the interpreter that his name was Achmet Mahomet, and that his father, who was a fighting man, and his mother, who with all the other wives accompanied her warrior-husband, had brought him and a little sister from Khartoum. Many of the women and children, who were arranged behind the men in the battle, died by the shot and shell of English and Egyptian soldiers. The father, mother, and sister of the boy were killed, and there he was, left alone in the midst of his dead kindred, and almost dead himself of starvation when he was picked up.

The drummer who takes care of him is in the regiment called the boy's father, and seems as proud of his charge as he would be if he were a duke and had an heir to his title and estates born into the world. When he got him first he took the greatest trouble to obtain milk for him, which was the only thing that agreed with him, as the sudden change from starvation to plenty had made him ill. He would not touch bread and jam, though he seemed to like dry bread. Now he eats the ordinary soldier's food, and goes to the cook-house every morning to fetch his coffee quite independently. He is fond of looking at the illustrated papers and magazines in the men's library; but he will not have anything to do with the Canteen, and if any foolish fellows offer him beer, he says, "None of that, thank you; that no good for me."

Coming from Egypt to Malta on board the troopship Himalaya, Jimmy was given a sea-water bath on deck. This he called "Englishman's Nile," as he had never seen water that was not from that river. One day, when talking to a man about him, I happened to mention in his presence Toski, the name of the battle-field where he was found, and he said, "No more Toski; bad Toski!"

I asked him if he would like to go back to the Soudan; he said "no," and seemed to shudder at the thought. Nothing offends him more than to be called "Jimmy Toski." If any of the men tease him in this or in any other way, he says, "I'm done with you, I've finished with you," and he will not speak to them for two or three days.

It certainly is not cold here in Malta in October, but after the great heat of the Soudan the boy always seems chilly, though he is well clothed, and is generally to be seen in a thick overcoat. His clothes were provided by a subscription amongst the men of the drummers' company. Of course he wore no clothes at all in his native country.

What will be done with Jimmy when he grows up? Probably he will become a waiter in the officers' mess, or some of the officers will take him for a private servant. The drummer who now has charge of him is a very steady fellow, and is certainly doing his duty by him. Jimmy is made to take baths, and always looks clean and neat. He is picking up English wonderfully quickly, and can say the alphabet, his prayers, and part of the Catechism, in a way that does himself and his teacher (the drummer) much credit. When he knows English better he will be sent to school.

For some time the boy was given to a most respectable woman, the wife of a corporal in the regiment, to be looked after, and with her he seemed very happy, and used to call her his mother.

However, the men missed him so much out of the barrack-room that they insisted on having back their pet. A barrack-room, however, is not a good place to bring up a boy in, and some other arrangement will soon have to be made. In the meantime, the good men in the company where Jimmy lives with his "father," will do what they can to prevent the white soul of the little coloured boy from being discoloured by evil.

GRUBBAGES.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "Christmas at Halehurst," "A Parting Shot," etc.

When we misconducted ourselves at school, the most frequent punishment consisted in writing appropriate "lines;" for example, if a boy broke silence unnecessarily during preparation or class, he had to copy the maxim "Speech is silvern, silence is golden" fifty times on his slate. The most frequent line was one which covered the whole ground of misbehaviour: "Disorderly conduct meets with its due reward."

This statement was a little too uncompromising. If it had been "Disorderly conduct *sometimes* meets with its due reward," it would have been more true, for it is undoubtedly the fact that occasionally boys escape the punishment which is justly their due.

We did once, at least; by we, I mean the four boys who occupied dormitory No. 7. I'm afraid it is now too late to make restitution as well as confession, but both are needed.

There were three of us—Danby, West, and myself. Then a new boy was foisted on us; he had the unfortunate name of Bellars, John Melton Bellars.

He was rather proud of his name, but he had not much use for it. In a week it was corrupted to Snuffles, by the following process. Bellars suggested Bellows of course; then Danby discovered that *soufflet* was the French for bellows, and called him that. West soon corrupted it into Snuffles, the more appropriately as Bellars had a chronic influenza.

Bellars' advent was not hailed with enthusiasm, as may be imagined. But in a week he was very popular in No. 7. The reason (I blush now to own it) was he had brought a large hamper to school, and that he was generous in distributing its contents to us.

He would bring a whole cake to bed, and we four made that cake look silly (as Danby put it) before we went to sleep. Apples and sweets disappeared by magic, and I should not like to state how many nightmares were the result of Bellars' generosity.

But the largest hamper must be emptied at last when four boys are let loose on its contents. In less than a fortnight there was nothing left but a cake which we had rejected at first because it looked a trifle stale, but which we ate greedily when it was nearly a couple of weeks older. When that was gone West remarked that starvation stared us in the face.

It was not quite so bad as that, for we still had some pocket money to fall back on. Till Bellars' arrival we used to look upon a surreptitious supper as a treat not to be indulged in lightly—once a month perhaps; but after we had supped so bountifully night after night, we decided unanimously that the excellent custom must not be allowed to drop entirely. After a debate we resolved to have a supper every Monday night; buying luxuries to the extent that our limited purses allowed, and sharing indiscriminately whatever was obtained.

This plan did not work. Even schoolboys have remnants of consciences, and when we found at the end of three weeks that Bellars had contributed as much as the rest of us put together, we felt that we must invent some new arrangement. At Danby's suggestion we agreed to have a fixed sum to spend every week, to which all should contribute equally.

What should each boy's contribution be? Bellars proposed a shilling. Danby moved an amendment in favour of twopence. (We were reckless young urchins, and generally hopelessly hard up.) The dispute was compromised, and threepence fixed on.

Then arose the momentous question what to buy. Danby was great on raspberry tarts, and when his turn came to purchase our provision, invested the whole sum in that satisfying dainty. West, again, to use his own expression, was "whales on walnuts," and bought fifty-two with the shilling he invested.

We all liked walnuts, but they had their drawbacks. We had no nutcrackers, and we were afraid to crack them in the door-hinge because they exploded in such an alarming manner. So we had to crack them with our teeth.

It is not every boy who can get a large walnut between his jaws. I couldn't, Bellars could as a rule; but one night we had an awful fright. He stuck a large nut in his mouth, and then could neither crack it nor take it out again. He made strange and harrowing noises in his attempt to cry for help; we thought he had a fit, for we could see nothing. When we learnt what was the matter, Danby, who was the son of a doctor, prised out the nut with the handle of a tooth brush, but Bellars ate no more that night.

Before long walnuts were given up entirely.

It was difficult in the dark to extract them from their shells, and West nearly broke a tooth on a fragment of the latter. Then it was very uncomfortable to lie down on pieces of shell, which not infrequently happened.

Many were the experiments we made as to the best and cheapest supper to be bought at threepence a head. At last, West, by common consent, was held to have solved the difficulty. A twopenny pork-pie and a penny Eccles cake formed a meal both appetising and satisfying. For the rest of the half we stuck to that singular *menu*, except on one occasion.

It was a melancholy occasion. Danby had complained of the difficulty of tackling the second course unless a pause were made, as he found himself terribly dry after finishing his pie. So he persuaded us to have half a pie each, and spend the surplus penny in ginger-beer.

It did not answer. It was difficult to smuggle the bottles up to bed, to begin with. West put his in his trousers pocket, and looked as if he had a malignant tumour on his thigh. Then we had no corkscrew, and two of the corks declined to come out on any terms, and had to be pushed in, where they interfered with the comfort of drinking. Another cork sought the ceiling unexpectedly with a loud pop; before the flow of liquid could be stopped the bed was half saturated. So we gave up ginger-beer and ate slowly, without anything to drink.

Still, we found these surreptitious suppers pleasant; so much so that we used to look forward to them. After a time we ventured on a shaded candle, and found the innovation a great improvement. Bellars supplied the candle. He was an awkward boy, and never could eat in the dark without dropping half his food, which he would pick up in the morning, making a light breakfast off the fragments.

I think it was Danby who made the next suggestion—the one which led to all our woes. He had been reading a book of travel, and was on fire to be an Indian or a Western trader, or something which would give him the unbounded felicity of tent life. One night he suggested that we should have our grubbage in a tent.

The idea met with favour. We tried to make a tent of the sheets, but it was a failure. The only way we could manage it was for each to lie on his back in his own bed, and then raise the middle of the sheet by elevating his leg perpendicularly. It was clear that a tent made in this fashion cramped one's movements too much to be considered in the light of an enjoyment.

We tried to sew two sheets together, which would have answered very well, but we had neither time nor patience enough. We were on the point of despair, when Bellars suddenly developed some intelligence.

He pushed two of the beds close together, and got some string and stretched it tightly from the posts at the head to those at the feet. Then across these stretched strings he laid the sheets, and in this way made a most complete, if uncommonly low tent.

Sitting up was out of the question, or our heads disturbed the sheets. So we lay mixed up together and ate our pies in luxury. This was something like!

It was a pity we had to keep so still, though. We had ventured to put the candle in the centre, after carefully seeing that the flame did not touch the roof of the tent. But we had to be very careful that we didn't knock the candlestick over.

We finished our pies and began our cakes.

"Seems to me," said West, "they aren't as nice as usual."

"Mine's burnt," said Danby.

"Mine smells as if it were, but it doesn't look so," remarked Bellars.

"It *does* smell so, and no mistake," cried Danby.

At this moment West gave a smothered yell, and knocked the candle right out of its socket.

"What's the row?" we demanded.

"It's burnt a hole in the sheet," was West's reply. "Won't there be a row!"

"What shall we do?" echoed Bellars.

"Let's get out of this stifling place first," replied West.

We crept out, and then lit the candle again. The damage was considerable; a hole an inch across, and a discolouration the size of a saucer. The roof of the tent had become depressed, and the heat of the flame reached further than we imagined. We eyed it disconsolately; there was no possibility of concealing the result of our carelessness.

"Whose sheet is it?" asked Danby.

"It's Bellars'," said West.

"'Tisn't; 'tis yours," was the retort.

The point was a difficult one, and might have led to blows, had not the steps of a master been heard in the distance. We pulled down our tent in double quick time and tore off the string attached to the bedposts, the presence of which it would have been difficult to explain.

The steps died away, and we plucked up courage to light our candle again, what was left of it. Then we made our beds, Bellars and West tossing as to who should sleep beneath the damaged sheet. Bellars lost, and in the morning attributed an increased cold he had caught to the draught which came through the hole.

The morning bell rang, and we had still failed to find a solution of the problem relative to the disposal of the damaged sheet. Of course, the servants would discover it when making the beds, would report it to Mrs. Jackson, the housekeeper and matron, and then there would be the piper to pay. Good-bye to suppers for ever!

We were dressing in silence, for the approaching trouble damped our spirits. Just before the bell for breakfast rang, West gave a muffled shout of delight.

"I've got it," he cried. "Let's mix all the bedclothes up, and then they'll never know to whose bed the missing one belongs."

"Yes," said Danby, "but what's to become of the burnt one?"

"We must get rid of it somehow."

"How? We can't shy it out of window, nor go down to breakfast with a whole sheet concealed under our waistcoats."

"Yes, we can, if we tear it into enough pieces. Who's got a knife?"

He began cutting the sheet into bits, but finding the process slow, he tore off a strip. This made such a tremendous and unusual noise that he again had recourse to the knife.

"What are we to do with these?" asked Danby, as the second bell rang.

"Wind them round under your waistcoats," replied West. "Look sharp."

We obeyed to the best of our ability. Bellars entered the dining-room with half a yard of sheet hanging down behind, but West caught sight of it in time. After breakfast we retreated to a safe corner and unwound ourselves, burning the remainder of the sheet to ashes. Then we scarcely felt safer than before. Suppose there was an inquiry? Our recent action was not less criminal than the original one.

We could not bear the suspense. We drew lots as to who should try and discover the truth. The lot fell on me. I obtained permission to enter the house on a plausible but unfounded pretext, and made my forbidden way upstairs.

The servants were making the beds. I crept near the open door of No. 7 and listened. They had nearly finished their task.

"Give me that there sheet, Jane," said Eliza. "It belongs to this bed."

"No, it don't, Eliza: I want it."

"Bless the boys, I wish they wouldn't mix the things up so; one can't tell t'other from which," remarked Eliza.

"There's a sheet short," said Jane, after an inspection. "You must have put an extra one on one of the beds."

I knew only too well how very ill-founded was this theory. I listened eagerly for the next development,

"Well!" exclaimed Jane at last, "if I mustn't have given some poor child a sheet short yesterday. Hope he didn't catch cold in the night."

"You'd better get another from Mrs. Jackson," said Eliza.

"Yes, so I'd better," replied Jane, leaving the room so rapidly that I had only just time to dart into No. 5. When she was out of sight I made the best of my way downstairs to join my fellow-criminals.

I made my report, which was a very favourable one. The only drawback to our satisfaction was the fear lest Mrs. Jackson might refuse to let Jane have a sheet in place of the missing one.

Our fears were needless. Mrs. Jackson was ill in bed, and before she was about again the affair had blown over. No doubt we caused her an anxious half hour over the inexplicable spiriting away of the missing sheet, but at all events we never heard any more of it.

But it was on our consciences. At least it was on mine, and it is some relief to unburden it even at this distance of time.

A FAMOUS AMERICAN VAGABOND.

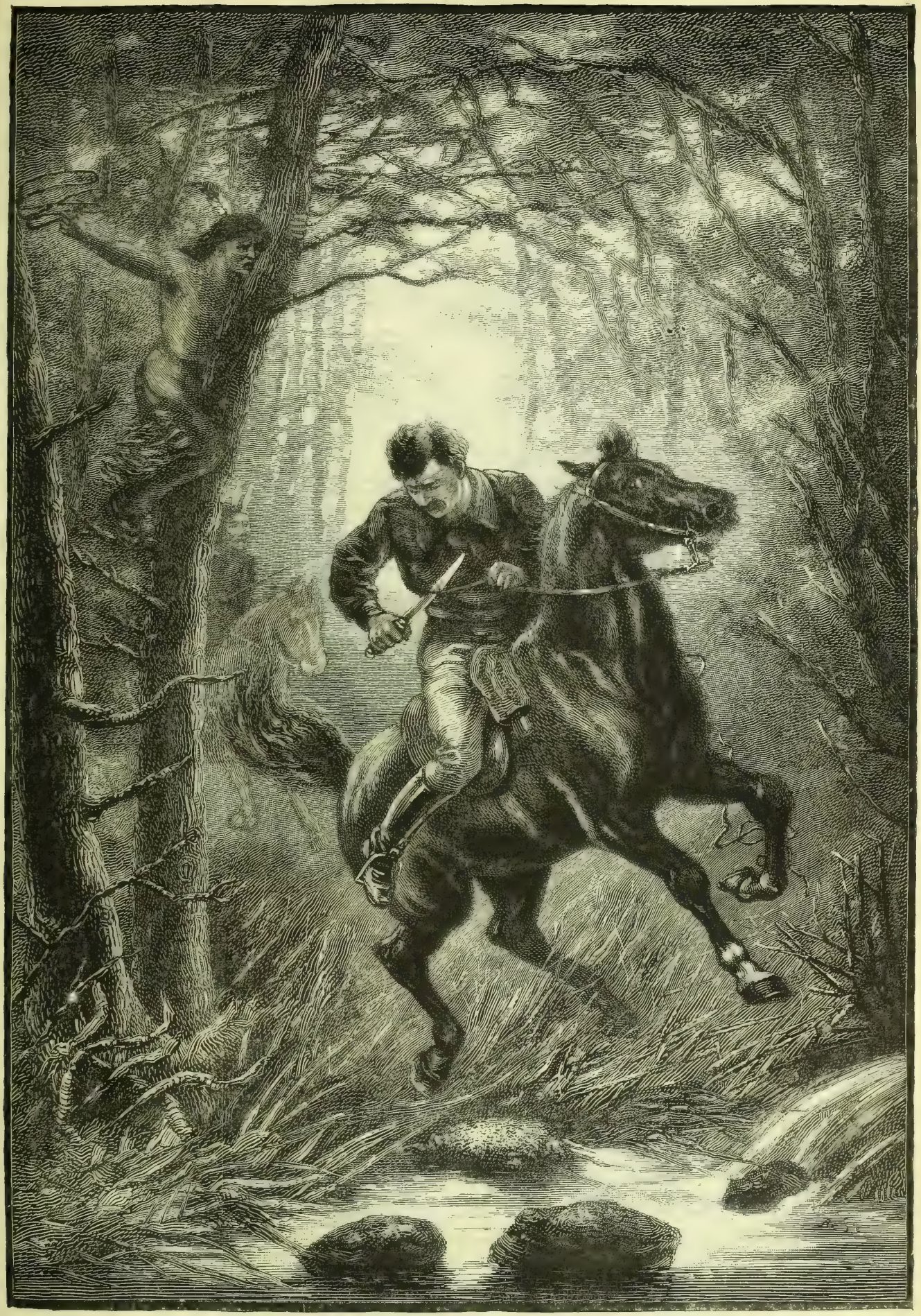
By J. Rogers Rees,

Author of "The Pleasures of a Book-worm," etc., etc.

PART I.

The man whose memory lives with us as a blessed inheritance from the days of our boyhood is he who, with happy knack, was always ready and able to make us straw-pan-pipes and sycamore whistles; could tell us the names of birds, and where they built their nests; knew the spots where trout could best be caught in the river—in fact, was the walking dictionary of sports and pastimes for the youth of the district. Such a man is ever ready to give his time and exercise his skill with little hope or chance of adequate remuneration, and as a consequence is generally found very far back in the unceasing march towards wealth. His heart and energies are all for the rising generation if they care to use them. If he can but make ends meet so that he need never want a meal he is happy, and ready to let the bustling world pass by on the other side.

What a companion, then, of this kind, must our American Vagabond, Henry David Thoreau, have proved to the boys who were fortunate enough to share his good graces! "It was a pleasure and a privilege," says one who knew him intimately, "to walk with him. He knew the country like a fox or a bird, and passed through it freely by paths



The Indian Rising. A very critical moment.
(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* KATE SOWERBY.)

of his own. Under his arm he carried an old music-book to press plants; in his pocket his diary and pencil, a spy-glass for birds, microscope, jack-knife, and twine." He used to wade into pools for water-plants. He knew the names of all the plants that should bloom on a certain day in the district in which he lived, and with such accuracy that he thought that if he were suddenly to be waked up from a trance, he could tell by the plants what time of the year it was within two days. "He would carry you to the heron's haunt, or even to his most prized botanical swamp,—possibly knowing that you could never find it again, yet willing to take his risks. . . . He could find his way in the woods at night better by his feet than by his eyes. He knew every track in the snow and on the ground, and what creature had taken the path in the snow before him."

Another friend of Thoreau's says: "He ascended such hills as Monadnoc by his own path; would lay down his map on the summit and draw a line to the point he proposed to visit below,— perhaps forty miles away on the landscape,—and set off bravely to make the short cut. The lowland people wondered to see him scaling the heights as if he had lost his way, or at his jumping over their cow-yard fences,—asking if he had fallen from the clouds. In a walk like this he always carried his umbrella, and on his Monadnoc trip, when about a mile from the station, a torrent of rain came down; without the umbrella his books, blankets, maps, and provisions would all have been spoiled, or the morning lost by delay. On the mountain, there being a thick soaking fog, the first object was to camp and make tea." Thoreau, speaking of this same adventure, says: "After putting our packs under a rock, having a good hatchet, I proceeded to build a substantial house. This was done about dark, and by that time we were as wet as if we had stood in a hogshead of water. We then built a fire before the door, directly on the site of our camp of two years ago. Standing before this, and turning round slowly, like meat that is roasting, we were as dry, if not drier than ever, after a few hours, and so, at last, we turned in.

"Not all the books in the world, as Sancho says, could contain the adventures of this week of camping. The wild, free life, the open air, the new and strange sounds by night and day, the odd and bewildering rocks, amid which a person can be lost within a rod of camp; the great valley over to Wachusett, with its thunder-storms and battles in the clouds; the farmers' back-yards in Jaffrey, where the family cotton can be seen bleaching on the grass, but no trace of the pigmy family; the dry, soft air all night, the lack of dew in the morning; the want of water, a pint being a good deal,—these and similar things make up some part of such an excursion."

"Sometimes," says another of his friends, "I have gone with Thoreau and his young comrades for an expedition on the river, to gather, it may be, water-lilies. Upon such excursions his resources for our entertainment were inexhaustible. He would tell stories of the Indians who once dwelt thereabout, until the children almost looked to see a red man skulking with his arrow on the shore; and every plant or flower on the bank or in the water, and every fish, turtle, frog, lizard about us, was transformed by the wand of his knowledge from the low form into which the spell of our ignorance had reduced it, into a mystic beauty. One of his surprises was to thrust his hand softly into the water, and as softly raise up before our astonished eyes a large bright fish, which lay as contentedly in his hand as if they were old acquaintances. If the fish had also dropped a penny from its mouth, it could not have been a more miraculous proceeding to us."

But Thoreau was not only an out-door companion; the following recollections of one who had the pleasure to know him intimately will show that he must have been a treasure to boys indoors, as well as out: "He used to come in at dusk, as my brother and I sat on the rug before the dining-room fire, and, taking the great green rocking-chair, he would tell us stories; those I remember were his own adventures as a child. He began by telling us of the different houses he had lived in, and what he could remember about each. The house where he was born was on the Virginia road, near the Old Bedford road. The only thing he remembered about that house was, that from its windows he saw a flock of geese walking along in a row on the other side of the road; but to show what a long memory he had, when he told his mother of this, she said the only time he could have seen that sight was when he was about eight months old, for they left that house then. Soon after he lived in the old house on the Lexington road. There he was tossed by a cow as he played near the door, in his red flannel dress,—and so on, with a story for every house. He used to delight us with the adventures of a brood of fall chickens, which slept at night in a tall old-fashioned fig-drum in the kitchen, and as their bed was not changed when they grew larger, they packed themselves every night each in its own place, and grew up, not shapely, but shaped to each other and the drum like figs! Sometimes he would play juggler tricks for us, and swallow his knife and produce it again from our ears or noses. We usually ran to bring some apples for him as soon as he came in, and often he would cut one in halves in fine points that scarcely showed on close examination, and then the joke was to ask father to break it for us and see it fall to pieces in his hands. But perhaps the evenings most charming were those when he brought some ears of pop-corn in his pocket and headed an expedition to the garret to hunt out the old brass warming-pan; in which he would put the corn, and hold it out and shake it over the fire till it was heated through, and at last, as we listened, the rattling changed to popping. When this became very brisk, he would hold the pan over the rug and lift the lid, and a beautiful fountain of the white corn flew all over us. It required both strength and patience to hold out the heavy warming-pan at arm's length so long, and no one else gave us that pleasure. I remember his singing 'Tom Bowlin' to us, and also playing on his flute, but that was earlier. In the summer he used to make willow whistles, and trumpets out of the stems of squash leaves and onion leaves."

In addition to all this, Thoreau was a capital swimmer, a good runner, skater, and boatman, and would outwalk most countrymen in a day's journey. His mind and body were finely dependent on each other, for if shut up in the house he could not write at all, but after a long walk he could complete a correspondingly long piece of literary work.

His attachment to outdoor life began as early as he could recollect; and when on leaving college he and his brother kept a school for a year or two, he was noticeable for his love of rambling in all spare times and collecting natural history specimens. "Perhaps I have owed," he says, "to fishing and hunting, when quite young, my closest acquaintance with nature."

That we are not far wrong in calling Thoreau a vagabond, is evident from his own confession. "For more than five years," he says, "I maintained myself solely by the labour of my hands, and I found that, by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living; the whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study. I found that the occupation of day-labourer was the most independent of any, especially as it required only thirty or forty days in the year to support one."

(*To be continued.*)

SOME GOOD ADVICE TO GROWING LADS.

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "Some Boyhood Troubles," "Health Hints for Boys," etc.

I may say at once, and be done with it, that this paper is the outcome of many queries that are sent both to the Editor and myself from boys, regarding real or fancied illnesses from which they believe they are suffering. Many of these questions are answered through the medium of the correspondence column, but it is impossible—and it would be impolitic were it possible—to answer all.

I never could counsel self-doctoring to any great extent, even in grown-up people, and I certainly should not countenance it in lads. But this is not all. A boy writes, let us say, complaining of constant headache, and perhaps more or less of cough. He says nothing else, nothing about his mode of life, his appetite, condition, or state of digestive canal. Well, the only answer that can be given is, "consult your family doctor." For you must know that constant headache, to say nothing of cough, is a serious symptom, and the sufferer may have inherited some ailment from his parents, or even grandparents—disease oftentimes sparing one generation to appear again in the next. So I trust that when such an offhand reply is given to a query as "consult a doctor," you boys must not think the Editor harsh or unfeeling; for indeed, he has, as I have, a fatherly interest in you all, and would like you all to be as happy and jolly as the summer days are long.

Let me now say a few words about some of the minor troubles that affect boys, and then pass on to the more grave and serious.

The *growth of hair*, or the non-growth of hair, as the case may be, gives boys many an hour of anxious thought. This boy—his letter is before me—wants his moustache to grow; he is eighteen and he couldn't seize a downy hairlet yet even with a tweezers. Shall he shave? he asks, or shall he buy some of those advertised nostrums that are warranted to make hair grow wherever it touches? Well, if he has plenty of money to throw away, he can purchase some such wonderful preparation. He ought, however, to try its effect first on the kitchen poker, or on a worn-down blacking-brush; if he gets

hair to grow on either, he may apply it to his upper lip. Not otherwise. Shave by all means. This in itself will aid the moustache's growth. But you may rub in daily the following, which by the way will do also for thin hair on the head. An ounce of olive oil, half an ounce of castor oil, a dram of tincture of cantharides, and twenty drops of some scented oil such as lemon.

As regards *depilatories*, I don't advise boys to bother about these; they injure the skin and are seldom effectual in the long run. The eyebrows at times meet in the centre. It does not look nice certainly, but one must grin and bear it. Electrolysis is an operation of a very tedious and even painful nature which few boys could afford, and it leaves slight scarring.

If a boy's eyebrows meet in the middle, or if in any other way he is not so good-looking as he would like to be, he ought to give all his time and thoughts to the cultivation of his mind. Carlyle was no beauty, but he swayed the world of letters, and his influence is still strong.

Dandruff is a disagreeable and often intractable complaint. To get rid of it you must obey all the golden rules of health, and be especially attentive to the digestion. Eat nothing that is heating, and when taking exercise avoid "spurting." Here is a simple wash, but of great effect. An ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor, and a quart of boiling water; let it stand till cold, then filter and add a few drops of otto of roses. Damp the hair with it twice a day.

Here is a good ointment for *warts*. Two ounces of muriate of ammonia, one ditto of savin, and one and a half of marrow fat. Apply daily. When a boy, my own hands used to be covered with warts. I took the bull by the horns and burned them off with nitrate of silver. Painful? Yes, for a time, but it was effectual.

Small *moles* used to be cured or improved away by Wilson in the following way. A point of potassa fusa was introduced into the centre of the mole, and it diffused itself through the mass, which dried up into a scab and fell off in about twelve days' time. The knife is the quickest plan, and if properly handled by a surgeon hardly leaves a mark.

Chilblains.—A most distressing complaint. Strengthen the body all you can by wholesome exercise and good food. Never go near the fire when very much chilled. Wear warm soft stockings and avoid wet feet. Chilblains may be prevented by dissolving half a dram of sulphate of copper in three ounces of water, painting the parts, letting it dry in, then anointing with Lanoline cold cream,—this for several nights; or cured, if unbroken, by rubbing in every night equal parts of soap liniment and laudanum, or a mixture of turps, half ounce, camphor one dram, Goulard's extract one dram.

The Russians use cucumber parings for broken chilblains. They dry them, and when wanted simply moisten the inner surface and apply them.

But a neat little application is composed of three drams each of glycerine, rose water and arnica tincture, with one dram of spirits of camphor. N.B. A fluid dram is about a teaspoonful.

I believe that I gave advice about pimply eruptions in a former article. I may just state here that such a state of the face is usually caused by either a watery condition of the blood or impurity from over-eating and inactivity. If the gums are pale and you are somewhat thin, cod-liver oil and steel drops will set you up. If you live by the sea, you can get the oil cheap at the fishmonger's. Attend to the digestion, whether you are stout or thin. Use as a soothing application, Lanoline ointment or the ointment of zinc.

Sore or mattery eyes.—This may indicate some constitutional trouble, and perhaps a doctor had better be consulted. Cold water "slunged" on three or four times a day is an excellent remedy, and if it contains a tablespoonful of salt to the quart all the better. Cod-liver oil should be taken, and about every third night a Cockle's pill or two, not to open the system too much however. The eyelids may be touched overnight with a little zinc ointment or Lanoline cold cream.

There are two questions I am very frequently asked, namely, how to cure deformities, such as "in-knees," "bandy legs," "pigeon breast," and how to grow tall. Now after the bones are pretty well hardened and set, and they are so by fifteen years of age, it is all but impossible to get rid of the first-mentioned troubles. Probably they were caused in the first instance by a constitutional disposition to rickets; the bones being over-soft would not bear the weight of the body. If I dare say a word to parents in this paper, I may tell them seriously that if they neglect malformations of this kind at the early stage, at which time only they are amenable to treatment, they are doing a positive injustice to their children, and laying up for them much grief for days to come.

Many boys complain of dyspepsia. It is very difficult indeed to lay down rules for the general treatment of such cases. If it be possible, the cause must be sought for and removed. If it be brought on simply from errors in diet, or over-eating, an antibilious pill or two at night, followed by a large wineglassful of Friedrichshall water before a very light breakfast, will in all probability remove it. Then the boy must go and sin no more. If the tongue, face, and gums be pale, ten drops of tincture of iron in water after each meal will do good. If there be but little appetite, get a few ounces of bitter barks and roots from the chemist, ask him how to make an infusion in an old teapot, and how much to take before meals. If the boy be too fat and "pluffy" he must take less flour food, and less food altogether; if too thin let him do the reverse.

As to *growing tall*, nothing but wholesome exercise and attention to diet will assist you in this. I cannot give you a receipt for growing tall, but in a word I can tell you how to make a "sharger" * of yourself: Smoke. By the way, I here want to make a humble apology to a boy who wrote to ask me to lecture on smoking to a society. I was on the road in my caravan at the time, and unfortunately did not take his letter with me. I am sorry and hope he forgives me.

And now for my advice about Nervousness. I may premise that this treatment will do good to any boy and make him fit for almost anything. The class of boys who consult the Editor on this trouble is unfortunately a very large one, and I am sorry to say they as often as not have themselves to blame for a state of misery and wretchedness which is painful even to think of. Now no cure can be attempted until purity of mind, thoughts, and habits is secured. Then by the blessing of a Supreme and Forgiving Power, the following plan may be adopted.

Hygiene.—Have the cold bath and big sponge all ready the night before, then before getting out of bed go in for *massage*. Unless you are a heavy, stout lad this is easily done. You begin by encircling the foot with both hands, and kneading and rolling it hard but slowly; pass on thus up the whole leg, rubbing the muscles against each other, and squeezing as if you were trying to send the blood onwards up to the heart. Now do the same to the next leg. Then to the thighs, and as far as you can round the stomach, chest, and sides. Next do each arm, and rub the shoulders well. Next rub all the skin of the body till it glows, and if you perspire so much the better. Rest now for three minutes. Then have the cold tub, as cold as you can bear it. Or better still, wash with soap and hot water all over the body, and immediately after use the rough towels. Dress leisurely. Have ten minutes of the dumb-bells—2 lbs. weight—five minutes in the open air, and then breakfast.

Food.—Plenty of milk, good porridge, meat, cheese, eggs, etc., but not much pudding and no pickles or sauces. *No beer, tobacco, or spirits.*

Exercise all you can in the open air. Sleep on a hard mattress with no heavy coverings. Lie on the side, not the back.

Keep good company. Abstain from all *thoughts* of evil. If you guard your thoughts, half the battle is won. As you value dear life, do not even read a quack advertisement.

Medicine.—A pill or two about once a week, a teaspoonful of Fellows' syrup of the phosphates twice a day in water. And if your nights are not pleasant, and you dream, about ten grains of the bromide of potassium taken an hour before going to bed. But do not exceed this, nor take it longer than a fortnight at a time.

Avoid temptations of every sort, and try to think of the happiness of others; this will take your thoughts away from self.

* "Sharger," a most expressive Scotch word signifying a man or boy who is dwarfed in body and even in mind.

HOW TO PREPARE AND MOUNT OBJECTS FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "How to make an Induction Coil," "Electric Lamps and how to work them," "Electro-motors and how to make them," etc., etc.

PART VII.

CHAPTER III.—OBJECTS WORTH NOTICE, AND GENERAL DETAILS (*continued*).

The scales of fishes are very interesting objects; these are divided into classes known as ganoid, placoid, cycloid, and ctenoid. The sturgeon's scales belong to the *ganoid* group, the shark's, ray's, and skate's to the *placoid* group, the whiting to the *cycloid* or circular group, and the sole to the *ctenoid* or comb-like group. Fig. 10 shows the appearance of the scale of the sole, which is, of course, easily procured, and forms a good object. They can be mounted dry or in Canada balsam. A piece of the skin of a sole mounted in balsam forms a lovely object for the microscope.

Objects of this kind derive an extra beauty from being viewed with a *polariscope*, which forms an interesting addition to an ordinary microscope. The explanation of its action is too abstruse to narrate here, but, briefly speaking, it consists of two prisms, one of

which fits below the microscope stage, the other above the eyepiece; the former is called the "polariser," the latter the "analyser." When used in the polariscope in conjunction

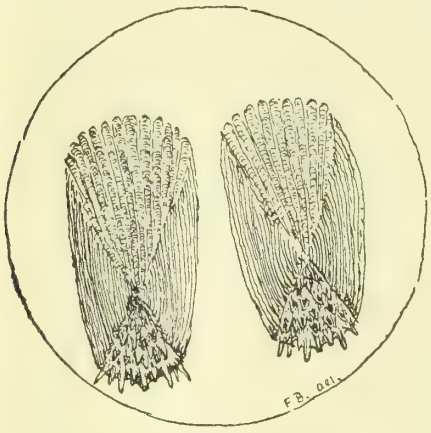


FIG. 10.—CTENOID SCALES. SOLE.

with a plate of "selenite" (mounted as a microscopic object, on a slide) many objects exhibit the most wonderful and dazzling arrangements of vivid colours that can be imagined. It is of practical use in some cases, as two bodies belonging to different classes, otherwise resembling each other, may give different effects in the polariscope, and may thus be distinguished from each other.

The most magnificent effects with the polariscope are, however, produced by the use of *crystals* of various chemical salts, some of which give effects that can only be compared to the rainbow or permanent fireworks. Without the polariscope, however, crystals are well worthy of investigation, as their forms are sometimes very picturesque.

The crystals of ordinary sugar may be looked at, but only a minute portion, or their form will not be seen. The Rev. J. G. Wood gives an amusing account, in his book on the microscope, of a gentleman who, having purchased an instrument, returned it next day as being useless, as it would not exhibit the crystals of sugar. "How much did you try?" asked the optician, not seeing anything wrong with the instrument. "A lump out of the sugar-basin," was the reply—rather surprising to the recipient one would think!

The formation of crystals under the microscope is a very pretty sight to watch. It is easily accomplished thus. Make a strong solution of a salt such as "sal ammoniac" (ammonium chloride, which gives especially good results), and place a few drops on the centre of the slide, now heat the slide over a lamp till you see crystallisation commencing on the outside of the solution, then quickly place it under the microscope and look through it. If the slide is hot enough to evaporate the rest of the water you will see long feathery branches shoot right across the field of the microscope until it is all filled with them. The slide should not be heated too hot or it will be over in a flash; it looks best when it proceeds visibly but not too quickly.

Arsenic and sulphur have very characteristic crystals; the latter should be allowed to crystallise on the slide from a solution of it made in carbon bisulphide—a horrible smelling compound, which evaporates with great rapidity.

The crystals of an organic salt known as *cinchonidine* are very remarkable objects. You can get this from any large chemist's.

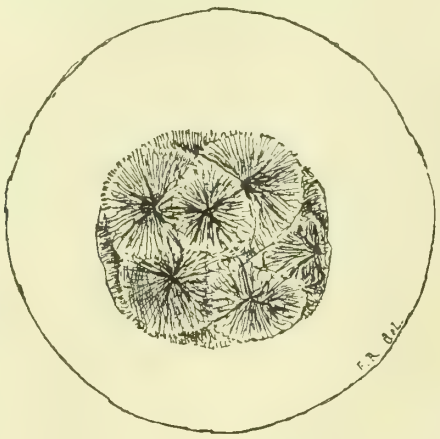


FIG. 11.—GROUP OF CINCHONIDINE CRYSTALS.

Fig. 11 shows the shape of a cluster of crystals of this salt, which are very characteristic.

The seeds of many plants are very curious in their inner structure, and repay examination. The forms of some of these are very quaint and sometimes wonderfully moulded. The seed (or *fruit* as it really is) of the common "goosegrass" is covered with little hooks, by means of which it may be carried about and sown in a different spot. The red valerian has a seed provided with a plume at the top, by which it is carried about in a gale of wind, and dispersed to various parts of the country. The seed of the groundsel is provided with a similar appendage, as may be seen on referring to the illustration of the slide completed, in a previous chapter. The seed of the willow herb has also a parachute, but it is not mounted on a stalk, but grows at once straight out of the seed, forming a kind of plume. The seed of the mullein is covered with a net-like tracery, those of the poppy are also similar in design. The seed of the musk mallow is covered with a thick coat of hairs. One of the prettiest seeds of all is that of the great snapdragon, which is nearly triangular in shape, and covered with a *moulding* which is bent into various shapes, giving it an appearance of being carved with a chisel. Many other plants have interestingly shaped seeds, but I have indicated enough to form a guide to my reader at the beginning of his work. Many seeds look well after mounting in Canada balsam, but others may be mounted dry to show their external markings.

The pollen of various plants is interesting, being of various shapes. That of the common violet has a three-fold band across it, meeting in the centre. The musk plant has a pollen which is traversed by spiral bands running round it, and raised well above its surface. The dandelion pollen is marked with a star radiating from the centre, and that of the lily is of a long-shaped oval form, and covered with minute clots. The pollen of the mallow is also a good object. These pollens are easily mounted by the dry method.

I think I have now given a sufficient guide to enable my reader to stock a small cabinet with interesting objects for his microscope, and I have no doubt that these will lead him on to find very many more, so that eventually he may boast of a large and valuable collection. In conclusion I may give him a few hints as to the most suitable methods of mounting objects belonging to the various classes he may fall in with.

The legs, wings, heads, stings, etc., of beetles, flies, and similar insects are best mounted in Canada balsam, as their horny structure requires to be rendered transparent in order to be properly seen in the microscope.

Wings of butterflies, scales of various insects, crystals which are not "deliquescent" (i.e. do not absorb water from the air) can be mounted dry. Crystals of salts that are deliquescent must be mounted in balsam to keep them from the air.

Sections of rock, bones, teeth, &c., may be mounted either in balsam or dry, as the case may seem to require. Diatoms (of which a number can be got from a piece of sponge that has not been used before) are mounted dry. They are sometimes very beautiful objects.

Vegetable tissues, desmids, parts of waterplants, and some thin animal tissues, dissections, etc., have to be mounted in fluid. Cuticles of plants, hairs, etc., are also mounted in fluid.

Scales of fish, if to be viewed as opaque objects, are mounted dry; if as transparent objects, they are cleaned, dried, and mounted in Canada balsam.

Antennæ of butterflies and moths can be mounted dry, but the more horny antennæ of beetles, flies, ants, etc., should be mounted in Canada balsam.

Having now covered all the ground necessary for the enlightenment of the aspiring amateur, nothing further remains but to tender him my most sincere wishes for his success, and that he may spend many enjoyable days in the future in company with his microscope and his cabinet of microscopic objects.

(THE END.)

A FEW HINTS FOR HANDY BOYS.

PART IV.

CUTTING a large tube at any desired angle looks at first sight a very easy job, until you begin to think how you are to do it, and then it assumes a more difficult aspect, but it may be done quickly in the following manner.

When you have all your tubes ready to cut, take a pan or deep bowl and fill it with water.

Then drop a little oil-colour in, and it will immediately spread in a thin film all over the surface of the water. Now take a piece of half-inch board and cut it to the angle you require the elbow to be, and mark a line at right angles to the back across the board, about two inches from the bottom. Then hold the tube firmly against the edge of board and gently lower it into the water, until the line you marked on the board is perfectly level with the surface of the water; then withdraw it, and you will find a line of oil-paint marking the exact angle at which you require to cut it off, which can then be done by the shears in the usual way.

B (fig. 10, page 206 *ante*) shows the tube resting on piece of wood, C, both of which are plunged in the water, D.

Copper, zinc, and iron wire will be found extremely useful, and a stock should be kept in every boy's tool-box, as it may be put to so many useful purposes, as in the case of a breakdown with a tricycle, etc. A small hank of copper wire carried along with a pair of pliers in the pouch will generally enable you to mend the worst breakdown sufficiently to carry you through to the nearest blacksmith.

Zinc wire is very cheap, and the finer sort is useful for tying up shrubs and flowers, and is much better than string, as it lasts so much longer.

Brass wire is to be had both hard and soft. The hard quality is used in riveting broken china and glass. The shopkeepers who undertake this work make the holes with a drill pointed with a diamond spark; this is too expensive for any boy to buy just to do any odd job with, but you will find that small holes in glass and china may be drilled by means of a steel drill, which you can easily make for yourself in this manner.

Get a short piece of cast-steel wire the size of the hole you require to drill. Then at one end file three sides on it until the edges are sharp. It will then be the shape of a triangular file. Then file the end off from each side until they meet in a point.

You must now harden the drill by making it red-hot in the fire, and then immediately dip it into a strong brine of salt and cold water; this has the effect of making it intensely hard, and it is then ready to use.

It can now be fixed in the drill-stock or lathe, if you have one; if not, the ordinary Archimedean ones, sold at about one shilling each, answer nicely. Now drill the hole by pressing firmly but lightly, so as not to crack the glass, and keep the point of the drill well moistened with a little spirits of camphor or spirits of turpentine.

Should you require the hole drilled right through, it is better to make a dot of ink on both sides opposite each other, and then drill from either side alternately, or the glass might splinter off, or the drill passed through, and spoil the look of an otherwise nicely-drilled hole.

For riveting china this is not necessary, as you do not require to drill more than half-way through.

Suppose, for instance, you have a valuable china bowl you wish to mend by riveting it.

You should first carefully place the various portions together and make a dot of ink on each side of every join, wherever you think a rivet is necessary. Holes can then be drilled half-way through on every ink dot, and the bowl should then be carefully cemented together.

There are a large number of cements advertised and there are various receipts, but if you prefer to make a cement yourself I will give you one of the simplest and most efficient I have ever tried.

It is made by mixing some lime with the white of an egg.

You should shave a little of the lime off into an egg-cup, and mix up with a sufficient quantity of the white of egg to form a creamy paste. Do not make more at a time than is necessary for each article, as it sets very quickly and becomes extremely hard and strong.

When the bowl is cemented together you can make the rivets from some brass wire, filing it flat on one side to allow it to lie close to the china; then cut it in lengths for each rivet.

These should be turned up at the ends to the depth of the holes you had previously drilled in the bowl, and they can then be secured in position with some of the same cement or a little plaster of Paris.

I might keep writing for a long time in explaining other little wrinkles about doing various jobs of every-day occurrence, and with the Editor's kind permission will endeavour to do so at some future time.

Some casual readers may think that the foregoing are of but little importance, but they will save you the time you would otherwise have to spend in trying to find out for yourself the best way to do them, and in most experiments experience has to be paid for by many failures, and this short article will save you that annoyance.

There is one thing more I would say, and that is, never be untidy and leave the tools about the place after the job is finished, to be picked up and cleared away by other members of the family, and do not keep two or three of your brothers and sisters waiting on you about a piece of work you could easily do by yourself.

I was speaking to some ladies a short time ago on the subject, and they mentioned that when they were all young at home they never liked any of their brothers to undertake any job that might require doing, as they made more work for them than they did themselves, and always required so much attendance in bringing, carrying, and clearing away. Now that is not what I call being a handy boy.

(THE END.)

ENGLISH COINS, AND THEIR VALUES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COINS, AND HOW THEY ARE FOUND."

THE value of a coin is really fixed in the auction room, and though a great deal depends on the state of preservation in which the coin may be, still more depends upon the state of the pocket of the crowd that come to bid. It is owing to this that values fluctuate so embarrassingly, that it is practically impossible to tell a collector what any particular specimen may fetch if offered to a dealer.

In an article which appeared in these pages a few years ago,* sufficient information was given to allow of the identification of the chief English coins since the Conquest; but nothing was said about values. Since then, however, not a week passes without some correspondent enquiring as to what some specimen he possesses may be worth, and it is evident that a good deal of interest exists in the question.

"What is the value of a penny of William the Conqueror?" we are asked. Well, a penny of William the Conqueror may be worth 2*s.*, or it may be worth £6 15*s.* There are six varieties—one with a profile to the left, one with a profile to the right, and four full face. The one with the profile to the left varies in value from 10*s.* to £3; the one with the profile to the right may be worth 10*s.* or £6 15*s.*; it all depends on the state of preservation and the state of the market. The front face one, of the "bonnet" variety with two tassels to the crown, may fetch as much as £1 5*s.*; the front face under the canopy has been known to sell for as much as £5; the front face with a sceptre on each side has brought £2; the front face with a sceptre and a cross on the reverse, with PAXS in the angles, is the commonest, and never fetches more than from 2*s.* to 5*s.*

There are half a dozen and more of the pennies of William Rufus; one with a profile to the right is worth from £1 to £2; the others are all full face. If there is a star at each side, the penny may be worth £2; so it may be if there is a sword; if there is a sceptre with a star at the left side of the head, the value will range from 10*s.* to £1 10*s.*; if there is neither sword nor sceptre, nor star, it is worth not less than 15*s.* and not more than £2; but if it has an annulet at each side the value may run as high as fifty shillings.

Henry I. coined a large variety of pennies, some of which have fetched over £10. The commonest varieties have either a full face or a three-quarter face looking to the left; both have a sceptre, and both are worth from 10*s.* to £1. One with a front face between two annulets is worth from £2 to £7; one with PAX across the field is worth from £1 to £2; one having a tressure of eight arches enclosing an annulet is worth two guineas. One has a double legend on the reverse, the only instance of the kind in the English penny coinage, and this is worth five guineas. The rarest Henry penny has a front face with the sceptre at the right, and a star on the left, and a cross on the reverse, with a floret in each angle.

Stephen's pennies are also rare. One with the profile to the right and a flag has fetched £13; but the commonest with a front face generally sells for £2. One with WHICHELINVS DERBI on it is worth from £5 5*s.* to £7 7*s.* There is a penny of Stephen and Matilda—that is, Matilda who was Stephen's wife, not the Empress Matilda—on which are two figures holding a standard between them. This has changed hands at prices varying from £3 16*s.* to £19.

Henry II., it is pleasant to record, had only three varieties of pennies during his reign, and as in these early times pennies were the only coinage, he gives but little trouble to numismatists. In one penny he is full-faced within an inner circle with the sceptre in his right hand; in another he is full-faced within an inner circle, with the sceptre in his left hand; in another he is full-faced without the inner circle. All these are worth about half-a-crown each, but very fine specimens have fetched £3.

Richard used his father's dies; so did John, so that neither had any money of their own, and the Henry pennies circulated during both their reigns. Henry III. had a silver penny very much like Henry II.'s, with the inner circle, and one variety had a long double cross. He reigned long and his pennies are cheap; take them at a shilling each and hope for half-a-crown.

Edward I.'s pennies are worth about the same. They all bear the name of the town at which they were struck; one with VILLA RADINGY on it brought £3 some time ago, but that was an exceptional price. Edward had silver halfpennies, and silver farthings, and though these are curious, they may frequently be had for half-a-crown, and their outside price may be taken as a guinea.

Edward II. had also pennies, halfpennies, and farthings, which nowadays change hands at prices varying from a shilling to half-a-sovereign. With Edward III. things became more complicated. Under him there came in the groat and half-groat. His groats are worth from 2*s.* to £2 10*s.*; his half-groats from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*; his pennies, halfpennies, and farthings being worth about as much. Some of his farthings have fetched 3*s.* 6*d.*, and one which seems to be unique changed hands at £1 2*s.* Edward had also a gold coinage of florins, half-florins, quarter-florins, nobles, half-nobles, and quarter-nobles. The florin has fetched £113; the half-florin is worth anything you like to ask for it if you can only find one. The quarter

*See "Coins, and how they are found," on pages 314, 330, 343, of Volume VIII.

florin is worth from £130 to £170. There are three nobles; the heavy one is too rare to be valued; the middle one (128½ grains) is worth from a guinea to twenty guineas; the light one is the commonest, it generally fetches about £2. The half-noble is of about the same value; the quarter-noble, or rather quarter-nobles, for there are three of them, heavy, medium, and light, will range from ten shillings to twenty guineas.

Richard II.'s nobles are worth from £1 5*s.* to £9; his half-nobles range from £1 10*s.* to £15; his quarter-nobles from £1 to £3; it all depends on the preservation and the pocket. Some have flags, some have not; but the absence or presence of the flag makes no difference in the value. His groats are worth from 8*s.* to £3 3*s.*; his half-groats from 6*s.* to £3 10*s.*; his pennies from 4*s.* to £4; his halfpennies from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*; his farthings, being rare, are worth as much as from £2 to £5.

Henry IV. had nobles, half-nobles, and quarter-nobles in gold; and groats, half-groats, pennies, halfpennies, and farthings in silver. You can average his gold coins as worth £10 apiece; his groats are worth from 10*s.* to £3; his half-groats are worth about £4, rather more or less; his pennies are worth from 2*s.* to £1, the York ones being the rarest; his halfpennies are worth from 10*s.* to £1 5*s.*, the London ones being the rarest; his farthings have been sold at a sovereign each.

Henry V. is represented in most collections. His nobles never fetch more than £6 10*s.*; his half-nobles are worth from 10*s.* to £1 10*s.*, and his quarter-nobles from 10*s.* to £1. You can average his silver coinage at 2*s.* 6*d.* a specimen; you may get 5*s.* for a good penny, but you will be lucky if you do.

Henry VI. had two spells of sovereignty, one from 1422 to 1461; the other in 1470, when he was restored. His coins up to 1461 are worth no more than his father's; but his 1470 coins are rarer and fetch more. In that year he coined no nobles, or its divisions, but one angel and a half-angel. The angel is worth from £1 to £10; but the half-angel is worth £30. The groat of the Restoration is worth from 6*s.* to £2 2*s.*; so is the half-groat, though one specimen sold for £5; but the penny is not worth more than 5*s.*

Edward IV.'s angels are worth from £1 5*s.* to £12; his half-angels from 15*s.* to £7 15*s.*; his nobles from £1 to £4, and his half-nobles and quarter-nobles are worth about the same. His groats are of two kinds, light and heavy; the light ones are not worth more than 5*s.*, but the heavy ones coined in London are worth from 10*s.* to £2. These weigh 60 grains, the lighter ones weigh 48 grains. The heavy London half-groat is worth £5; all the other half-groats, including the light London one, are worth from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* Edward IV.'s pennies are rarer; they generally fetch 10*s.*, and may run up to £3; the halfpennies are worth from 2*s.* to 14*s.*; the farthings are rare enough to be worth two guineas.

Edward V., having reigned less than three months, did not issue many coins. His angels have been sold for £10, and his groats for £1 10*s.*, but some of his angels have fetched as low as £7 10*s.*, and some of his groats have been down to 8*s.*

The boar's head angel of Richard III. is worth from £2 to £10; the rose angel is worth from £5 to £7; the sun angel is worth about the same; but the rose and sun angel varies in value from £1 10*s.* to £11. His groats are worth from 15*s.* to £1 10*s.*; his half-groats have fetched £12 at one sale, £2 19*s.* at the next, and £13 10*s.* at the next, and have even exceeded £15. His pennies have ranged from 5*s.* to eleven times as much! His halfpennies are worth £1 at the least.

Henry VII.'s angel may fetch £1, or it may fetch £5; his angelet is worth as much, but it has changed hands at 11*s.* His double rial, otherwise called the sovereign, is worth from £40 to £3. His shilling, the first shilling introduced, is worth from £6 to twenty guineas. His groats have sold for £12, and their average value is 2*s.* 6*d.*; so with his half-groats, which range in value according to the issue. Take his pennies as worth 2*s.*, and his halfpennies as worth 5*s.*, and you will have the minimum. It is not Queen Anne, but Henry VII. who is famous for farthings; there are only two known, and these are priceless.

Henry VIII.'s money is so absurdly variable that we will only give the minimum values. Do not take less than £2 for his sovereign; or £1 for his half-sovereign, crown, or quarter-sovereign, noble, angel, angelet, or quarter-angel; or 10*s.* for his shilling, or half-a-crown for the rest of his silver coinage; but it is as well to remember that his farthings are rare, and that one of them fetched £15 5*s.*

Edward VI. had a treble sovereign, worth anything the owner chooses to ask, a double sovereign that has fetched £175, and a sovereign that has been up to £90; his gold crown has fetched £83, his angel £59, and his gold half-crown £13; but you will not be far wrong if you average the gold all round as worth five times their nominal value. In silver, crowns and half-crowns are worth 15*s.*, testoons, shillings, and sixpences 5*s.*, groats £1, threepenny-pieces 10*s.*, half-groats £1 10*s.*, and pennies £1; but the cheapest halfpenny of late has been £2, and the dearest £14.

Mary's gold coins are worth about the same on the average, and so are Philip and Mary's; but the silver coins are worth quite double, indeed a Mary penny is worth £1 at the least, and though a Philip and Mary penny has been sold for 5*s.* yet the ordinary price is from £1 to £8. Elizabeth's sovereigns are worth from £2 to £10, her rials from £6 to £32, her angels from £1 5*s.* to £3 3*s.*, her angelet from £1 to £2, her quarter-angels being worth rather more. Her sovereigns, half-sovereigns, quarter-sovereigns, and eighth-sovereigns have fetched all prices from £1 to fifteen guineas. Her silver crowns are worth at least £1 10*s.*, her half-crowns are worth from £1 to £9; her shillings from half-a-crown to over £10! Her sixpences, groats, threepenny bits, half-groats, and three-halfpenny pieces may be averaged at 5*s.*, but her pennies are common enough, and rarely fetch more than a shilling. Elizabeth had a three-farthing piece, which is worth 5*s.* if hammered, and double as much if milled; and her halfpenny is worth about 3*s.* 6*d.*

With James I. we have the union of the crowns, and a much more complicated coinage. Specimens of this and succeeding reigns are so common that they are seldom worth more than double their face value. This, of course, is for the ordinary currency; but to touch on the rareties would occupy too much space in this number.

SOME QUEER USES OF ANIMALS.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, f.z.s.,

Author of "Out-of-the-Way Pets," "A Tussle with a Serpent," etc., etc.

PART I.

In the course of this paper I am not going to remind you that sheep are kept for the purpose of supplying us with wool and mutton, or that cats are useful for catching mice, and so on, but shall just give you a few odd, out-of-the-way uses to which certain creatures have been put by ingenious observers who have discovered their various properties and capabilities, and which I have jotted down as they have come under my notice from time to time. And I do not, of course, include under this heading the many important purposes which animals serve in nature—such, for instance, as the part which many insects play in aiding the development of flowers, or the ways in which woolly quadrupeds and birds assist in the timely and beneficial distribution of the seeds of plants, or the building of coral-reefs; but only some of the numerous artificial ends which have been accomplished by the employment of living animals or some portion of their bodies.

Nor shall I speak of them as *foods*, because to enumerate all the creatures, strange to our imagination as articles of diet, which are eaten as a matter of course in various parts of the world, from ants to elephants, would require a volume. White ants, elephants' feet, sea-slugs, snakes and lizards, parrots and monkeys, rotten fish, spiders and skunks, constitute as proper dishes in distant homes as beef-steaks, pigeons, or oysters might with us; but these we must leave for possible consideration at another time.

Now then for a few illustrations of these queer uses—a very few out of thousands, for man has always made the lower orders of creation subservient to his needs in every way that his fancy has been able to devise. I set them down at random, without method or order; but it would be a pleasant and profitable exercise for some of you to make a classification of the animal kingdom according to the purposes to which the different species have been put by us, in tabular form, and fill in details as you glean them. The vegetable world would yield greater results still. Work of that sort is never thrown away.

I have already mentioned mice, and the following will show you what may come out of careful and patient observation of even the smallest things that go on all around us, often under our very eyes all our lives, without our seeing them. A clever analytical chemist was recently engaged on a series of experiments with a view to discovering a test by which "butterine" could be distinguished from genuine butter, for which it was often sold. He was much annoyed by mice in his laboratory, and one morning found that during the night they had entirely destroyed the value of his previous day's work by eating the carefully weighed samples of butter in his tubes and dishes. But in the midst of his just vexation he noticed that they had left the butterine untouched while devouring the pure butter. Forthwith he proceeded to experiment *with* mice on the subject, and the other day published a paper in which he actually proposes to utilise these

mischievous little robbers to determine the adulteration or genuineness of suspected butter, instead of resorting to difficult and expensive analyses. It is wonderful what we may gain any day in the most unlikely quarters by simply keeping our eyes and ears open!

Talking of eyes and ears and mice, why do we neglect our *noses* so much? The sense of smell ought to be much more valuable to us than it is—much more than that of hearing in the pursuit of many sciences—yet we scarcely use it at all. No doubt if we practised smelling more, just as we consciously or unconsciously train our eyes and hands, we should acquire a power which would be of great help to us in many situations, and which we lose through disuse. You might bear this in mind; remember that you have a fifth sense, and try to distinguish objects by its aid as well as by that of the other four. I wonder we don't impress animals into our service to smell things for us, too; mice and rats have sharp little noses enough (witness their detection in the dark of artificial butter which we swallow without misgiving in broad daylight), but they are nothing like so keen in this respect as many other creatures, which can scent at a distance of miles what is absolutely odourless to us. With the exception of the employment of dogs in hunting, I think we don't avail ourselves of brutes at all with this end in view. How marvellous must this power be in the bloodhound which can track the footsteps of *one* man through a crowded street! Even the poor human nose, shabbily treated and set aside as it is, is more sensitive than most people would give it credit for, and can perceive and identify certain chemicals in quantities so minute as to escape recognition by the most subtle scientific tests. I don't know whether you have ever smelt a lately-discovered substance called *mercaptan*; if you haven't, you need not want to—no words can describe its unutterable stench; I am told that special laws have been made to regulate its manufacture. Well, we can detect, it is said, less than the *four hundred millionth part of a grain* of this remarkably unpleasant chemical product by our olfactory nerves alone!

A toad does not seem at first sight a very promising object for utilisation. He is not eaten by man or beast, on account of his acrid poisonous skin, though savages collect the venom which exudes from the glands and tip their war-arrows with it. They make a paste of dried, baked and powdered red ants, for a similar purpose. But toads have become the instruments of research in a very curious way. Those who make a study of insects know that numerous species fly or creep or come to the surface only at night, and are therefore very difficult to collect. You may go again and again in places where you have reason to believe that they abound, but at the first gleam of your dark lantern they vanish. Now toads are night-feeders, and they feed on all sorts of insects. A number of them are therefore turned loose at sunset in the neighbourhood which the desired beetles or moths are known to affect, and in the morning they are again collected, and by a gentle pressure (handling them is generally quite enough) they are induced to disgorge a portion of their nocturnal spoils. As a toad lassos its prey with its long flexible tongue and bolts it whole, the insects are not only uninjured but often alive—and, indeed, not unfrequently return to the light without any manipulation of their captor. In this way many new kinds have been brought to the notice of entomologists.

Gardeners like to keep toads in their frames to get rid of caterpillars and other unwelcome visitors; they will devour great numbers of wasps also, and bees too, if they get the chance. But perhaps the most marked instance of the toad's utility was manifested in Jamaica. In that and sundry other West Indian islands the sugar-crops were at one time seriously imperilled by the ravages commited by a very large kind of rat, called the cane or sugar-eating rat, a creature ten inches long and having a tail equal in length to its body, but a true rat nevertheless; its scientific name is *Mus saccharivorus*, which you will see at once is descriptive of its prominent habit. This great rat devastated the sugar-plantations ("cane-pieces," as the swampy fields are called) and multiplied to an alarming extent, in spite of active warfare waged against them by the planters. As many as 200,000 were killed on single estates in one year, but slaughter did not seem to diminish their numbers, and they overpowered and actually ate the hundreds of cats, ferrets, and mongooses brought over to do battle with them. The Cuban bull-dog ant, a terribly venomous insect, was imported from the neighbouring island and harassed them to some extent for a time, but the nuisance was practically unabated until somebody introduced a few Giant or Marsh Toads from the mainland of Central America. These spread over Jamaica, thriving well in the localities where the sugar is cultivated; they did their silent work at night, eating up all the young rats, while their bitter swelter saved them from attacks of the full-grown ones, and in this way the pests were got rid of and the canes saved. So that in some degree we are indebted to the poor toad and ant for our sugar.

Artificial pearls, scarcely to be distinguished from the real gems, are made by filling tiny glass globes with the scales of dace, which imitate the glistening whiteness very closely indeed. Perch-skins furnish the best of glue. Quaint walking-sticks, which look as though they had been carved in an elaborate pattern from ivory or some white wood, prove on close inspection to be nothing less than the backbones of sharks, dried in lime. Sharks' teeth appear as necklaces, amulets, charms for watch-chains, and even split to form lockets, while strips of shark's-skin are preferred by mariners to Negretti and Zambra's best barometers for foretelling the weather, according as they remain dry or become moist and supple. Porpoise-hide furnishes rare boots and bootlaces; and porpoise or seal oil is said to be the most efficacious in calming the waves of a rough sea. Perhaps you know that during the last year or two numerous experiments have been carried on with oil in storms at sea, and it has been found that by allowing it to leak in very small quantities from a pricked canvas bag and so to spread itself over the surface of the water that a comparative calm is established. The *mound* of the wave remains the same, but the dangerous curling crest which capsizes the boat or swamps a ship is smoothed down. In this way vessels are able to "run" in safety before a heavy sea, the great danger of "pooping" or taking a wave in over the stern being avoided, or at any rate much diminished. So, too, a boat can be launched from a ship provided with oil and go to leeward to another in distress in weather so rough as to render assistance impossible under ordinary circumstances, and fishing-smacks have been brought through fearful seas into harbour by similar means; and a very, very valuable discovery it is, the materials and apparatus being simple, easily managed, and always "come-at-able"—a great point in time of danger at sea. Mineral oils, petroleum, paraffine, etc. are too light, and vegetable oils, such as olive, congeal too quickly and break up into lumps in cold seas; but porpoise or seal-oil answers perfectly.

Seal-skin is not the skin of the seal at all, but of the sea-lion or sea-bear; a seal is covered with coarse hair instead of soft fur. Imitation flowers are made very artistically, not only from feathers and shells, but from the scales of fish; I got some beautiful specimens in Barbados many years ago, and they are as fresh and unblemished as ever. (Why do we always spell it "Barbadoes" over here, and, worse still, pronounce it "Barbadoze?" Barbados—sounded more like Barbádus—means bearded, and was given as a name to the island because the aborigines found they were exceptional in possessing beards. *Barbadoze* hasn't any meaning at all.) The scales of whiting are sometimes used to counterfeit pearls also, though inferior to those of dace; but what strikes me as the queerest use of fish scales is their employment in the manufacture of the wings of artificial flies for fishing. Pike-scales were much in vogue in this art at first, but they are now found to be too harsh and brittle, and the softer scales of foreign fish are substituted. Tiny, white, West Indian shells, called rice-shells, are also used for both fly and flower making.

Fish make very good manure for land. Here, of course, they are much too precious as a food-supply to be wasted in this way as a rule; though I can remember one or two extraordinary occasions down on the coast of Devonshire when I was a boy, where shoals of sprats were washed in on the beach, and where for miles you could stand in the water with just your shoes and stockings off and your trousers tucked up, and dip them up all alive in basketfuls; there, hundreds of tons of them were carted away to fertilise the soil, merely because there was no other way of disposing of them. I don't suppose that would occur nowadays with the improved and more rapid railway communication, and the enormous appetite of our great cities for fish. But out in the countries which border the River Plate, Uruguay and the Argentine Republic, where the great *saladeros* are, in the creeks which run up to these establishments and into which much of the offal is, or used to be, thrown, the water is literally, as the Irishman said, "stiff" with fish. These *saladeros* are the places where the jerked or dried beef which constitutes one of the great exports of those lands is prepared, and many other preserved meat factories are included under the same name—Liebig's, at Fraybentos, where they kill nearly a thousand head of cattle a day in the season, McCaul's ox-tongue factory at Paysandu, and others. These fish are a horrible nuisance. They positively stifle each other from pressure and die, poisoning the air, and although millions of them were dipped out for manure, they were not worth the trouble involved, in that great pasture-land. When I left there, a number of swans had just been imported as an experiment, and I have since heard that they have done wonders in suppressing the creek-fish by eating the spawn. I know they are apt to be very destructive to fish life in our rivers here. Diving-birds, fishers by nature, were useless in the *saladero* creeks.

By the way, people who have sojourned in that part of South America always speak of living *in* the River Plate. If a man has a house at Richmond or Marlow, he lives *on* the Thames; but to dwell in Buenos Aires (not "Ayres," mind) or Montevideo, even miles away in the "camp" or prairie, is to be in the River Plate.

(*To be continued.*)

Correspondence.

H. Sadler.—Thanks. Phobos should be Deimos, and it was so in the copy. It was a printer's misreading of an interlineation. The other matters were discovered and put right some time ago, but had not appeared owing to the time these notes are in the press.

Clocks.—Better take your watch to a watchmaker. If it were a clock you might repair it yourself, but a watch requires delicate handling. There is a good section on clock-mending in Shaw's "Workshop Receipts." Among the books are Thomas Reid's "Treatise on Clock and Watch Making," an old book, Wood's "Curiosities of Clocks and Watches," Beckett's (now Lord Grimthorpe) "Clocks, Watches, and Bells," Saunier's "Modern Horology," and Britton's "Watch and Clock Maker's Handbook." There is also a "British Horological Journal."

Coins (Lucy).—A Henry IV. noble is worth about £12, but it depends on the state of preservation. The coin of which you send a sketch seems to be a Charles II. half-crown; the motto is CHRISTO AUSPICE REGNO.

Saunders Himself.—The plant is Solomon's Seal—*Polygonatum*. It has fleshy fruits and a simple stem. There are only three genera of the series in the British flora. *Convallaria* has no leaves on the stem, *Maianthemum* has two leaves on the stem, and *Polygonatum* has more than two leaves. There are three species of *Polygonatum; verticillatum*, with green flowers; *multiflorum* and *officinale* with white. *Multiflorum* has a round stem, *officinale* an angular one. Both the white ones have facing leaves; the green one has whorled leaves. Yours is *multiflorum*. *Maianthemum* has only one species, and so has *Convallaria*.

Harry N. C.—1. No. The vegetable marrow is not a British plant. It is a variety of gourd, *Cucurbita ovifera*. 2. The cucumber is *Cucumis sativus*. One of our contributors tells us that the cucumber should have the ends cut off, and then be eaten unpeeled and in thick slices without pepper, oil, vinegar, or anything of the sort, and it is then most refreshing and easily digestible. The cucumber as usually served in thin "slices with mixture," he says, "is only fit for the dustbin." We don't know!

Norman.—William Gilbert was by no means "an unknown man until just now." You will find a good deal about him in Whewell's "History of the Inductive Sciences," and other books of that nature, and he is mentioned in all the old biographical dictionaries. He was one of the physicians to Elizabeth and James the First; was born at Colchester in 1540; and wrote "De Magnete," and another book on the Philosophy of our Sublunary World.

Heraldry (F. Tabard).—The "house marks," or marks of cadency, are six in number. The eldest son has a "label," a sort of three-toothed comb. You will see it on the Prince of Wales's coat-of-arms. The second son has a "crescent," or new moon on its back. The third son has a "mullet," that is, a five-pointed star, something like a starfish. The fourth son has a "martlet," which is a bird like a martin. The fifth son has an "amulet," a ring; and the sixth a "fleur-de-lys." The cadency marks of the Royal house differ from these, however. The Prince of Wales has a plain label like other eldest sons. But the Duke of Edinburgh also has a label, which in his case has a St. George's Cross in the centre tooth and an anchor in the side teeth. The Duke of Connaught has a fleur-de-lys in each of the side teeth. The Duke of Cambridge has two hearts in the teeth. The Scotch cadency marks are very complicated; but you had better see Nisbet's book, "System of Heraldry," published in 1722, and reprinted in 1810.

H. Gar.—It certainly can be called a printer's error. Write direct to Oxford. Address your letter to the Vice-Chancellor, and ask him to hand it over to the proper official.

E. A. S.—When soldiers refuse to fight they are said to mutiny. There are many mutinies recorded in history, but none that we are aware of on account of an unjust war. The reason is obvious: the nominal cause of a war is never the real one, and no soldier would be in a position to judge, inasmuch as all the facts of the case would never come to his knowledge. You will not discover all the reasons for a modern war in either school-books, blue-books, or newspapers.

Salter.—The violin articles have not been reprinted. They can only be had in the fifth volume, in which they originally appeared.

Umpire.—A ball that hits the wicket cannot be a wide; an umpire has no business to call wide until the ball has passed the wicket, and as to scoring a wide as well as giving the man out, why—get another umpire.



Cycling (J. G. Wallis).—On a safety 21 miles 125 yards have been ridden in an hour; on an ordinary 20 miles 675 yards; on a tricycle 20 miles 480 yards; on a tandem 19 miles 1,200 yards. These are amateur performances. The best quarter mile is 37 seconds, the best half 1 m. 14 sec., the best mile 2 m. 31⅘ sec., the best five miles is 13 m. 55 sec., the best ten miles is 28 m. 4⅗ sec. We had an article in the last volume in which all the records to date were mentioned.

J. P. W.—The articles on violin-making were in the first half of the fifth volume, now out of print.

G. A. Tozer.—You can choose your stamp-album from those advertised in our monthly part. Albums with such spaces and printed headings are convenient for beginners, but for advanced collectors the best plan is a set of blank loose cards, one for each series, so many cards to a country, etc. The space allotted to each can be judged by a catalogue. Eyelet holes in the cards with a lace run through them will keep the collection in order.

A. E. M. Wilson.—1. You can get a pantagraph from Muller, artists' colourman, High Holborn. 2. Get his catalogue of paints. 3. There is no bird that "flies vertical." 4. "Invicta" is the motto of the Kentishmen, that is the men of West Kent, whose capital was Rochester. The Men of Kent are the inhabitants of East Kent. Their capital was Canterbury.

Mortar-Boards (F. Groves and T. Walker).—1. Mortar-boards are said to come from *mortier*, the cap worn by French kings, and still used officially as the headgear of the French presidents of the court of justice. In its early stages the top was probably loose, and being inconvenient was gradually developed into the stiff top on the hard shell, from which so many of us have suffered. All head-coverings have a tendency to cause baldness; if you want a thick crop of hair spend as much of your time bare-headed as possible. 2. We should not like to say which is the best university. It is a matter of opinion and prejudice. Perhaps Oxford may be, perhaps Cambridge, perhaps neither!

J. R.—It is hardly worth disputing about, but, etymologically, you seem to be right. To call a man sober is to pay him but a poor compliment. *Ebrius* (whence inebriated) is the Latin for drunk, and *sobrius* (whence sober) is the Latin for not drunk—a sort of giving of the benefit of the doubt.

F. G. Kirkby.—It depends on the period when the vessel was afloat. "Olden times" is rather a wide expression. If you mean such a ship as fought at Trafalgar, make her about four times as long as she is broad, and let her be half her depth above water. For the rigging you should take a drawing as your guide, or else consult a book on seamanship.

J. W. P.—Such wood as is used for fretwork might suit you; if so, you can obtain it from Melhuish and Son, Fetter Lane, E.C.

W. Carver.—Price depends on workmanship. If you want good work you must pay for it, and we should say avoid everything that is simply cheap. Mr. Rundle, of the Royal Model Dockyard, 50 Larkhall Lane, S.W., would make a model for you; but if you want an ordinary ready-made boat you should consult our advertisement pages in the monthly part.

Geologist.—Buy a copy of "Nature," published weekly, price 6d., or look at it at a news-room. The best maps are the Survey ones. Send to E. Stanford, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W., for catalogue, and get the sheet you want. A single map of the counties you name would be on too small a scale to be of use. It is hopeless attempting field work with a geological map of less scale than one inch to the mile.

Stirling. A. D.—The articles on canoe-building are out of print. They now appear in "Indoor Games."

Reader. E. W. D.—1. The coins are worth a penny each if in good condition. 2. All the stories are out of print in the Paper; but they have been reprinted in separate volumes. "The Adventures of a Three Guinea Watch," by T. B. Reed, can be had at 3s. 6d.; "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," by the same author, at 5s.; "A Great Mistake," by T. S. Millington, is published at 3s. 6d., and so is the same author's "Through Fire and Through Water." In the same series are T. B. Reed's "My Friend Smith," at 5s., and J. F. Hodgetts' "Harold, the Boy Earl," at 3s. 6d. Apply to the Publisher, "Boy's Own Paper," 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.; or any bookseller can get them to your order.

W. J. J.—It depends on the shape and balance of the kite, but the rule is to fix the string to the band in such a position as will keep the kite at an angle of half a right angle when on the wind. See our many articles on Kites and Kite-flying in back volumes.

Harry.—We know nothing of Preston, violin-maker, of 1796, and cannot find mention of him. It is not unlikely your instrument was made by Forster; but you can only go by the pattern and label; no one can tell whose hand really made the particular instrument.



THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 626.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

The Cock-House at Fellsgarth.

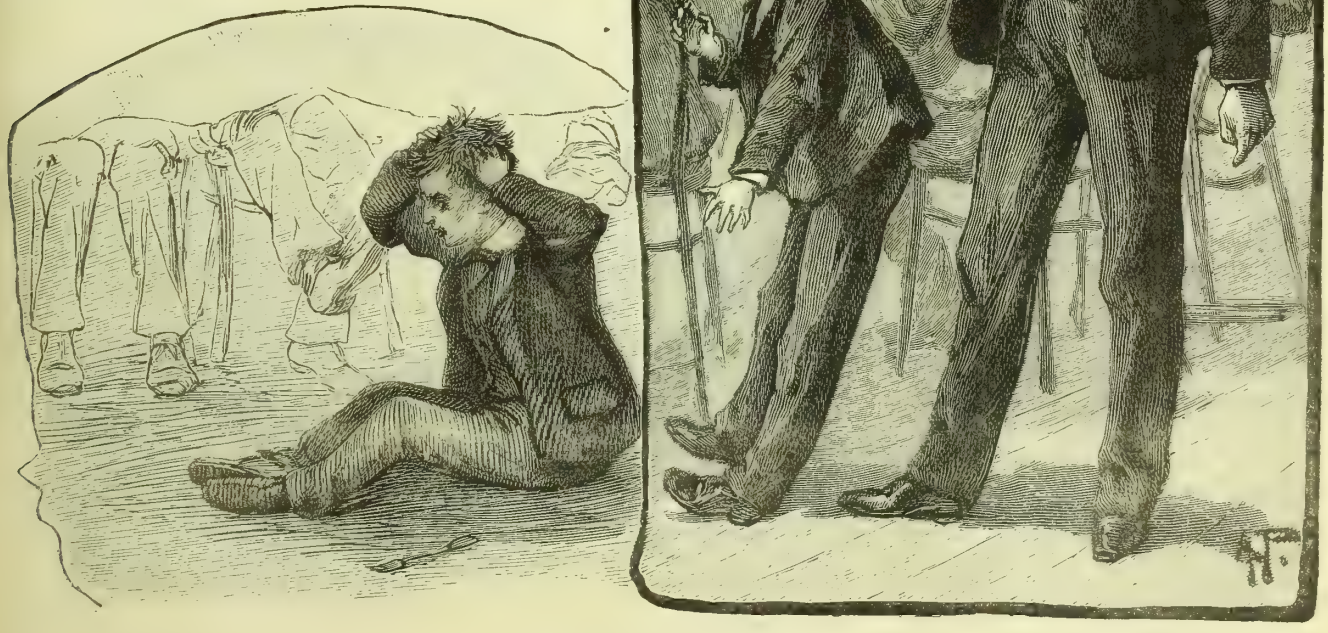
By Talbot Reed

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

CHAPTER I.—GREEN AND BLUE.

FIRST-NIGHT at Fellsgarth was always a festive occasion. The holidays were over, and school had not yet begun. All day long, from remote quarters, fellows had been converging on the dear old place; and here they were at last, shoulder to



"Whom does this belong to?"

shoulder, delighted to find themselves back in the old haunts. The glorious memories of the summer holidays were common property. So was not a little of the pocket money. So, by rule immemorial, were the contents of the hampers. And so, as they discovered to their cost, were the luckless new boys who had to-day tumbled for the first time headlong into the whirlpool of public school life.

Does some one tell me he never heard of Fellsgarth? I am surprised. Where can you have been brought up that you have never heard of the venerable ivy-clad pile with its watch tower and two wings, planted there, where the rivers Shale and Shargle mingle their waters a mile or more above Hawkswater? My dear sir, Fellsgarth stood there before the days when Henry VIII (of whom you may have possibly heard in the history books) abolished the monasteries and, some wicked people do say, annexed their contents. There is very little of the old place standing now. A piece of the wall in the head master's garden and the lower buttresses of the watch-tower, that is all. The present building is comparatively modern; that is to say, it is no older than the end of the Civil Wars, when some lucky adherent to the winning side built it up as a manor-house and disfigured the tower with those four pepper-castors at the corners. Successive owners have tinkered the place since then, but they cannot quite spoil it. Who can spoil red brick and ivy, in such a situation?

Not know Fellsgarth? Have you never been on Hawkswater then, with its lonely island, and the grey skrees swooping down into the clear water? And have you never seen Hawk's Pike, which frowns in on the fellows through the dormitory window? I don't ask if you have been up it. Only three persons, to my knowledge (guides and natives of course excepted), have done that. Yorke was one, Mr. Stratton was another, and the other—but that's to be part of my story.

First-night, as I have said, was a specially "go-as-you-please" occasion at the school. Masters, having called over their roll, disappeared into their own quarters and discreetly heard nothing. Dames, having received and unpacked the "night-bags," retired elsewhere to wrestle with the big luggage. The cooks, having passably satisfied the cravings of 250 hungry souls, and having removed out of harm's way the most perishable of the crockery, shrugged their shoulders and shut themselves into the kitchens, listening to the noise and speculating on the joys of the coming term.

What a noise it was! Niagara after the rains, or an express train in a tunnel, or the north wind in a gale against the Hawk's Back might be able to beat it. But then Fellsgarth was not competing: each of the fellows was merely chatting pleasantly to his neighbours. It was hardly a fair trial. And yet it was not bad for the school. When Dangle, who owned the longest ear in the school, could not hear a word which Brinkman, who owned the loudest voice, shouted into it, it spoke somewhat for what Fellsgarth might do in the way of noise if it tried.

The only two persons who were not actively contributing to the general clamour were the two new boys who sat wedged in among a mass of juniors at one of the lower tables. They may have considered that the beating of their hearts was noisy enough. But people in this world are slow at hearing other people's hearts beat. No one seemed to notice it.

It is due to the stouter of these two young gentlemen to say that the beating of his heart, and the general state of amaze in which he found himself, did not interfere greatly with his appetite. He had brought that accomplishment, if no other, from home, and not being engaged like those around him in conversation, he contrived to put away really a most respectable meal. Indeed his exploits in this direction had already become a matter for remark among his neighbours.

"It's all right," said one of the juniors, who answered to the name of D'Arcy; "his buttons are sewn on with wire. They'll hold."

"I suppose he's made of gutta percha," observed another. "He'll stretch a little more before he's done."

"I say, what a bill he's running up! By the way, what do they charge for this kind of pudding?"

"It's a dear kind—and nothing like as good as the sort we get for regular. I never could understand why they make fellows shell out for what they eat first night."

"It *is* a swindle," said D'Arcy, solemnly. "I've had to make a very light meal, because I've only half-a-crown, and I'm afraid there won't be much change left out of that."

The new boy was just laying butter on a roll, and preparing to close the proceedings of the meal with a good square turn of bread and butter. But as D'Arcy's words fell on his ears he suddenly stopped short and looked up.

"I say," said he, "isn't this dinner charged in the house bill then?"

D'Arcy laughed derisively.

"Well, you must be a muff. Don't you know school doesn't begin till to-morrow? They give you dinner to-night, but you're not obliged to eat it."

The new boy took a gulp of water, which he calculated would be gratis under any circumstances, and then gasped—"I say, I didn't know that."

D'Arcy looked solemn. "Jolly awkward," said he; "what have you had?"

Whereupon Master Ashby, the new boy, entered on a detailed confession, which D'Arcy, evidently an expert at mental arithmetic, "totted up" as he went along.

"How many times pudding did you say?" he asked towards the end.

"Twice and a bit."

"Three and ten; I daresay he won't be stiff about the bit, three and ten; and that roll and butter——"

"I've not eaten them."

"No, but you've touched them. You'll be charged, unless you can get a fellow to take them off your hands."

"Will *you* have them?" asked Ashby.

Whereupon there was a laugh at D'Arcy's expense, which annoyed that young gentleman.

"I don't want your second-hand grub. You'd better take it round and see what you can get for it."

Ashby looked at the bread, and then glanced round the table.

"No," said he, "I'll have it and pay for it, if it comes to that."

"That'll be four bob."

Ashby gave a gulp of despair.

"I've not got so much."

"Then, you'll get in a jolly row."

"Could you lend me one-and-six, I say?" asked the new boy.

Again D'Arcy got the worst of the laugh.

"Didn't you hear me say I'd only just got enough to pay for my own? But I tell you what; you can hide under the table. You're not known."

Ashby looked round, and felt about with his foot under the table to ascertain what room there might be there. Then he flushed up. "No, I shan't," said he; "I'll get into the row instead."

As his eye travelled round and marked the curious smile on every face it suddenly dawned upon him that he had been "done." His first sensation was one of immense relief. He should not have to pay for his dinner after all! His second was a cunning device for getting out of the dilemma.

"I thought you'd begin to laugh soon," said he to D'Arcy. "I knew you couldn't keep it up."

D'Arcy turned very red in the face and glared at this audacious youngster in deserved wrath.

"What do you mean, you young ass? You know you've swallowed it all."

"He swallowed all the grub anyhow," said another.

"No, I've not," said Master Ashby. "I'll have another go-in now. I knew he'd have to laugh in the end."

It was hopeless to deal seriously with a rebel of this sort. D'Arcy tried to ride off on the high horse; but it was not a very grand spectacle, and Ashby, munching up the remains of his roll, was generally held to have scored. The relief with which he hailed the discovery of his mistake was so genuine, and the good spirits and appetite the incident put into him were so imperturbable, as to disarm further experiment at his expense, and he was left comparatively free to enjoy the noise and imbibe his first impressions of Fellsgarth in his own way.

The other new boy, meanwhile, was not altogether without his difficulties.

Fisher II, to which name this ingenuous young gentleman answered, would probably have been the first to pour contempt on the verdure of his companion. He had come up to Fellsgarth determined that, in whatever respect he failed, no one should lightly convict him of being green. He had wormed out of his brother in the Sixth a few hints of what was considered the proper thing at "Fellsgarth," and these, with the aid of his own brilliant intellect and reminiscences of what he had read in the books, served, as he hoped, both to forewarn and forearm him against all the uncomfortable predicaments into which the ordinary new boy is apt to fall.

It must be confessed that as he sat and listened to the noise, and marked how little Fellsgarth appeared to recognise his existence, he felt a trifle uneasy and nervous. He wasn't sure now that he knew everything. All these fellows seemed to be so thoroughly at home, and to know so exactly what to do; he wished he could do the same.

He wished, for instance, he could spin

a fork round with his first finger and thumb while he talked, as Yorke, the captain, was doing. He did once privately try, while he was not talking, but it was a dismal failure. The fork fell with a great clatter to the floor and attracted general attention his way. He picked the weapon up with as easy an air as he could assume, whistling *sotto voce* to himself as he did it, so as to appear unconcerned.

"Look out, I say; you mustn't whistle at meal times, it's bad manners," said a voice at his side.

He turned round and perceived a pleasant-looking youth of the species junior, in a red tie and wrist studs to match.

This youth evidently knew what was what at Fellsgarth; and a further glance at him convinced Fisher II that he had met him in a good hour For all dinner time he had been exercised as to whether it was the thing to wear the jacket opened or buttoned. Yorke wore his buttoned, so did a good many of the Sixth; and Fisher II had consequently buttoned up too. But his new friend, who was pronounced in all his ways and evidently an authority on etiquette, wore his open. Fisher II therefore furtively slipped his fingers down and opened his coat.

"You're a new kid, I suppose?" said he of the red necktie.

"Yes, I'm Fisher II."

"What, son of Fisher the boat-builder? I didn't know he had one so old."

"No, oh no. That's my brother up there, talking to the Dux."

"The who? I don't see any ducks."

"I mean Yorke, you know, the captain."

"Why ever do you call him ducks? You'd better let him catch you calling him names like that. Oh, you're a brother of old Fisher? You look it."

Fisher II was alarmed at the tone in which this observation was made. It seemed to imply that Fisher I was not quite all that could be desired, and yet the younger brother did not exactly know what it was in the elder which called for repudiation. However, he was spared the pain of deciding by a new voice on his other side.

"What's that, Wally? Does this kid say he belongs to Fisher? Oh, my stars, what form we're coming to!"

Fisher II glanced round, and experienced a shock as he did so.

For the new speaker was so like the last that he was tempted to suppose the latter had suddenly changed seats and contrived to substitute a blue necktie for a red, and button his jacket during the feat. But when he looked back, the owner of the red tie was still in his place. After considerable wagging of his head, he was forced to admit that he was seated between two different persons.

"Why, he can't help that," said the gentleman addressed as Wally.

Fisher II laughed feebly, and really wished his brother would pay a little more attention to the "form."

"Of course," said Wally, talking across to his twin brother, "fellows can't tell what asses they look until they're told. Don't you remember the chap last term who always wore his trousers turned up, till the prefects made him turn them down or go on the Modern side?"

"Catch us taking any of your cash off louts on our side," retorted the other brother, who evidently belonged to the slighted side; "yes—shocking bad form it was—and when he turned them down at last, they found seventy-four nibs, fifty matches, and nobody knows how many candle-ends."

All this time Fisher II, with panic at his heart, was furiously trying to turn down his trouser ends with his feet. What a lucky escape for him to get this warning in time! During the walk round the grounds he had turned his ends up, and had quite forgotten to put them down again when he came in. Now, no coaxing would get them down without manual assistance. He sat clawing with one foot after another, lacerating his shins and his garments in vain. At length in despair he dropped his fork again, and under cover of this diversion, attempted to stoop and adjust the intractable folds.

In his flurry he naturally forgot the fork; so that when, after a minute and a half, he emerged without it into the upper world, his two companions were not a little perplexed.

"What have you been up to down there? Do you generally eat your grub under the table?" asked Wally.

"All I can say is, it's the best place for him if he wears his hair like that," said the other in tones of alarm. "Young kid, I never noticed that before! Whatever induces you to part it on the right? Did you ever hear of a Fellsgarth fellow——Oh, I say, what a wigging you'll get! Look at me and Wally and Yorke and all of 'em. There, it makes one ill to see it! Just look round for yourself."

As more than half of those present appeared to have no parting at all, and most of the rest parted on the left, Fisher II realised with horror that he had been guilty of a terrible solecism.

The alarm depicted in the faces of both the twins was proof enough that the matter was a critical one. It was no time for shuffling. He had had enough of that over his trouser ends. He must throw himself on the mercy of his critics.

"I quite forgot—of course," said he hurriedly—"I—I—"

"Look here," said Wally, hurriedly shoving a pocket-comb into his hands; "you'd better go downstairs again and change it sharp, or you'll be spotted. Cut along!"

So Fisher II began with shame to look once more for his fork, and in doing so crawled well under the table, and sitting down proceeded nervously and painfully to open up a parting on the left side of his head. It was an arduous task, and not made easier by the unjustifiable conduct of the twins, who having got their man safe under hatches began to kick out in an unceremonious fashion and basely betray his retreat to their friends and neighbours.

"Pass him on!" "Hack it through!" "'Ware cats!" was the cry, in the midst of which the luckless Fisher II, finding a return to his old place effectually barred, and wearying of the ceremony of running a gauntlet of all the legs along the table before it was half over, made a hasty selection of what seemed to him the mildest pair within reach, and clutching at them convulsively, hung on for dear life.

The owner of the limbs in question was Ranger, a prefect of his house and more or less of a grandee at Fellsgarth. As he was unaware of the cause of the excitement around him, this sudden assault from below took him aback, and he started up from his chair in something as near a panic as a Fellsgarth prefect could be capable of. Naturally his parasite followed him.

To Ranger's credit, he took in the situation rapidly and did not abuse his opportunities.

"What's this?" he demanded, lifting up Fisher II, with his hair all on end and the pocket-comb still in his hand, by the coat-collar. "Who does this belong to?"

No one in particular owned the object in question.

"What are you?" asked the prefect.

"I'm Fisher II; I got under the table, somehow."

"So I should suppose. Afraid of the draughts, I suppose."

"It was Wally and his brother put me there. I didn't mean——"

"Oh—Wally, was it? Here, young Wheatfield, you shouldn't leave your property about like this. It's against rules. Here, hook on, and don't go chucking it about any more."

"All serene," said the twin. "Come along, kid. Done with my comb? You look ever so much better form now, doesn't he, you chaps? How came you to lose your way downstairs?"

Fisher II owned himself utterly unable to account for the misadventure, and discreetly remained silent until the signal was given to return thanks and separate every boy to his own house.

As he was wandering across the court, very dismal and apprehensive of what more was in store for him, a lean youth with a pale face and very showily attired accosted him.

"Hullo, kid, are you a new chap?"

"Yes," replied Fisher II, eyeing the stranger suspiciously.

"What side are you on?"

Fisher stared interrogatively.

"Well, then, are you Modern or Classic?"

"I don't know, really," said Fisher II, wishing he knew which he ought to proclaim himself. Then making a bold venture, he said, "I believe Modern."

"Good job for you," said the youth; "saves me the trouble of kicking you. Can you lend me a bob? I'll give it you back to-morrow as soon as I've unpacked."

It did strike Fisher II as queer that any one should pack shillings up in a trunk, but he was too pleased to oblige this important and fashionable-looking personage to raise any question.

"Yes. Can you give me change out of a half-crown? Or you can pay me the lot back to-morrow, I shan't be wanting it till then," said he.

"All serene, kid; I'm glad you are our side. I shall be able to give you a leg up with the fellows. Whose house are you in?"

"Wakefield's, the same as my brother."

"What—then you must be a Classic! They're all Classics at Wakefield's. Why can't you tell the truth when you're asked, instead of a howling pack of lies?"

"I didn't know, really, I thought——"

"Come, that's a good one. Any idiot knows what side he's on at Fellsgarth."

Fisher II was greatly confused to stand convicted thus of greenness.

"You see," said he, putting on a little "side" to cover his shame, "I was bound to be stuck on the same side as my brother, you know."

"Nice for you. Not a gentleman among them. All paupers and prigs," said the young Modern, waxing eloquent. "You'll suit them down to the ground."

Considering that Fisher II had just lent the speaker half-a-crown, these taunts struck him as not exactly grateful. At the same time he writhed under the reproach, and felt convinced that Classics were not at all the "form" at Fellsgarth.

"Why," pursued the other, pocketing his coin in order to release his hands for a little elocution, "we could buy 'em up twice over. The workhouse isn't in it with Wakefield's. There's not a day but they come cadging to us, wanting to borrow our tin, or our grub, or something. There, look at that chap going across there! He's one of 'em. Regular casual-ward form about him. He's the meanest, stingiest lout in all Fellsgarth."

"Why," exclaimed Fisher II, looking in alarm towards this prodigy of baseness, "why, that's—that's Fisher, my brother!"

The Modern youth's jaw fell with a snap, and his cheeks lost what little colour they had.

"What? Why didn't you tell me? Look here, you needn't tell him what I said. It was quite between ourselves, you know. I must be cutting, I say. See you again some day."

And he vanished, leaving Fisher II considerably more bewildered, and poorer by a cool half-crown, than he had been five minutes ago.

(*To be continued.*)

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER XVI.—HOMEWARD BOUND ONCE MORE—NAPLES—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING—SHIPWRECK OF MY HOPES, AND OF MYSELF—I ARRIVE IN ENGLAND—DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

In the story of my adventures by land and by sea, my bitter imprisonments, and the ever-memorable actions in which I took part, the reader will perhaps have forgotten the reasons which impelled me to leave my native land, and to accept service in a foreign navy, a service wherein the share of glory so largely preponderated over those more substantial rewards without which even the most intrepid and unselfish hero cannot pass through life. Though for the time being, and as far as this narrative is concerned, my love affair has slipped out of sight amid the sterner amenities of life, yet both at sea and on land, both in the darkness of my prison and in the glare of battle, I had incessantly sighed for the lady of my choice, and longed for the day when I might return and claim her as my own. Yet I could not but feel how little right I had to make any such claim! I was still little more than a raw youth, a mere adventurer; none of my romantic dreams of fortune had been realised; my allowance was barely enough to keep me in clothes, and my pay existed mostly in worthless paper, backed by promises equally worthless. What right had I, then, to court the immense responsibilities, or to claim the solid advantages of such a union?

But love is proverbially blind, and my mother, in one of her letters, had mentioned casually that Isabel and her father had been travelling in Italy when last heard of. Accordingly, I was glad, after waiting for some weeks, to seize upon an opportunity which presented itself, and I left Valparaiso in October, 1822, in the barque Ariosto, Nicholas Cipriani, master, bound for Naples. We arrived at that port after a weary journey of some four months, in about as dirty and ill-found a vessel as ever it has been my lot to see. I would hardly trust so much as a letter in the Ariosto; but somehow or other we were lucky; the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" exercised his benign influence; and so we weathered Cape Horn, and in due time came to an anchor in that beautiful bay under the shadow of the great cone of Vesuvius, a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, majestic, mysterious, awful.

I can quite understand the Neapolitan's famous dictum, *Vedi Napoli, e poi mori.* Whether by day or night I revelled in the scene. The vast network of narrow streets, paved the whole way across, rendered shady by the great height of the ancient houses on either side, and thronged all day by picturesque crowds, was a never-failing source of pleasure and amusement; but my chief delight was to wander up to St. Elmo, just as it was growing dusk, and to watch the deepening colour of the sea, as the night threw her mantle over it; to mark how the studding sails grew every instant more dim, except when some sudden glare from the volcano brought them once more into relief; to watch the myriads of stars above answering to the myriads of twinkling lamps below. I had been twice round the world, yet had I never seen a sight so beautiful.

I had been fortunate enough, before leaving Valparaiso, to receive from Lord Cochrane a letter of introduction to an Italian gentleman of considerable eminence then living at Castellamare. After waiting for a few days to refit my wardrobe, I repaired thither, and was most hospitably received by the Conte di Tenda, a person of most fascinating manners and conversation, and far ahead of his time in matters social and political. The villa, with its marble staircases, its lofty rooms, its exquisite frescoes, and its cool piazzas filled with all manner of choice flowers, left nothing to be desired in the way of luxury or beauty. The Count listened to my narrative with the warmest interest, and I had to tell him over and over again the stories of the fighting about Callao, the capture of Valdivia, the cutting out of the Esmeralda, and the other stirring events of that famous war.

"Ah! Signor," exclaimed he, "there are few men like Cochrane; Italy wants a Cochrane to lead her on in the cause of liberty, and to place her feet in the path of glory, wherein your enlightened, your beneficent country, has won for herself such eternal fame.

"It will come!" he continued, "I shall not live to see it; Napoleon's armies, and the rule of the usurper Murat, have turned my hair grey before its time. But you, Signor, will live to see Italy prosperous, and one of the leading Powers of Europe, with all her parts united under one head. It is coming slowly but surely. *Viva la patria.*"

How often in those days did my thoughts turn to the one I loved! Was it possible that even now some one of these white palaces fringing the bay below, or nestling in the purple hills above, might contain my darling? Might she not be in one of those very feluccas scudding across with this fine breeze to Ischia or Capri? Were not the very waves glittering more brightly than usual, as if proudly conscious of the precious burden entrusted to them?

Alas! I had allowed nothing for her youth and inexperience of the world. I either could not or would not remember that I had left her a mere child, with no knowledge of men and women save what could be gathered from the narrow surroundings of a remote islet in the West Indies, and a few months' sojourn in a farmhouse in the heart of England, in a purely agricultural district. I could not couple her name with change, change which in after years seemed so reasonable, when I had learned to set a true value upon myself, as I was at that time; when I had learned that true marriages are indeed made in heaven. I was destined to be only too roughly awakened from my love-dream, and the manner of my awakening was as follows.

Nothing delighted my genial host more than to take me to public entertainments. He would take immense pains to prepare me beforehand, by explaining to me the plot of the piece to be produced. He would go through the book of words with me during the day, translating into good English any portion which happened to be peculiarly interesting, so that I seldom failed to derive immense enjoyment from the evening's entertainment.

One evening an opera was to be performed for the first time; the maestro was young, popular, and successful, and great things were expected of the new work, which he would conduct in person. The house was crowded with the *elite* of Naples and the neighbourhood; a band of special excellence had been retained, and no pains spared to produce the work of art in the most splendid manner. The music

was so unspeakably charming that once or twice the audience rose *en masse*, called loudly for the composer, and cheered him till the house rang again. Clearly he had added one more to the long list of works destined to be immortal.

In the height of the excitement I happened to turn my eyes from the singers to cast a glance round the building, and there, in the very next box to ours, sat Mr. Delamere and his daughter Isabel. Yes! there they were, both of them; he, older and more bent, but looking more like an accomplished savant than a West Indian planter who had not scorned to till with his own hands the soil which brought him fortune; she, radiantly beautiful, for she had passed out of the little ungainlinesses of youth into the perfection of womanhood. Her features, so far as they had been uncomely, had yielded themselves to the sweet influences of healthful growth. Mother Nature had retouched her work so patiently, so lovingly, that now the jewels that Isabel wore, and the flowers which decked her hair, seemed almost powerless to add anything to such loveliness.

"Look, signor," whispered the Count to me, while I trembled all over with excitement, "there sits the most beautiful English signorina whom we have seen in Naples for many years. All the city is talking of her; she has had many offers of marriage from the highest in our land, but her heart is obdurate, she will not marry an Italian.

"Observe, signor," he continued, "the gentleman who has just entered the box. He is an English Milord; he is in the army; he distinguished himself at Waterloo; he is well-educated; has wealth, and uses it well; has a soul above drinking and gambling; and is in all respects worthy of his name and nation. He is a lucky man, for he has won the heart and the hand of the Signorina Delamere. Ah me! were I but young again, I would be her Petrarco, and she should be my Laura! But what ails you, signor? Your eyes are filled with tears; you are surely indisposed! Can it be possible that you have met the signorina before?"

"It is nothing," I replied petulantly, choking my jealous feelings with a violent effort, and hastily brushing away the tears I could not conceal. But it seemed that all the light was for ever gone out of my life. I saw that there was absolutely no hope, and that it would be worse than folly even to think of pressing a claim so irrevocably lost, and to come between two persons so admirably matched and so evidently devoted to each other. I cared no longer for the delicious music. The place seemed to swim before my eyes. The orchestra and the sea of happy faces in the auditorium seemed to whirl around me; I saw everything dimly, through a veil of tears, which would keep on asserting themselves, let me try as I would to keep them back. Of one thing only was I fully conscious — that our eyes met once; that there was a glance of startled recognition, a look of acute pain, a whisper to her father—which for a moment drew his attention to me, with a face full of anxiety mingled with genuine pity. But the agitation, both of father and daughter, was apparently only momentary; they resumed their attention to the music, but shortly afterwards left the building, and I saw them no more till years afterwards, when they entertained me hospitably in England.

After this blow, Naples had lost all its charms for me; and soon afterwards I took leave of my kindly host, and embarked on board a vessel bound for London. Just as we were about weighing anchor, a boat came alongside with a servant in livery bringing a letter for me. On breaking the seal I found a communication from Mr. Delamere assuring me of his own and his daughter's warm friendship and regard, and begging me to acquaint them if ever I needed help.

At first I was inclined to resolve that no possible combination of untoward circumstances should ever induce me to avail myself of their kindness, and indeed I sent back a polite message that I was truly obliged, but wanted nothing. Alas! I was soon placed in a far different position. The Bella Juanita proved even worse found than the Ariosto. She ran ashore on one of the Lipari Isles, and subsequently sank in deep water, while her unfortunate crew and passengers, after losing every stitch they possessed, were obliged to make their way in open boats to Messina, and only arrived at that port after great difficulty and peril on account of the unseaworthiness of the boats. I found that Mr. Delamere was as good as his word, for on hearing of the shipwreck he sent me, unasked, a sum of money more than sufficient to cover all my necessities, by means of which I was enabled to take passage in another vessel, which happened to be leaving for London direct about the same time. These excellent people have many times since, both at Aurora and Eos, given me substantial proofs of their friendship.

We experienced fair winds and weather, and in about a month more I was once again set down at the Bear and Ragged Staff, High Street, Warwick. I had written home to apprise my mother of my coming, and consequently thought it rather strange that no one came to meet me, so that I was compelled to take a postchaise. I proceeded swiftly homewards, my heart being filled with anxious fears, destined too soon to be realised.

It seems to add not a little to the burden of an impending sorrow, such as the loss of one's dearest friend on earth and the breaking up of a happy home, to note how little the familiar natural surroundings—the sky, the trees, the flowers —seem to have in common with it. Nature in her summer glory found no leisure to pause in the incessant business of growth and development. Blue sky, and sunshine, and young leaves were at their best; roses and white jessamine vied with the wistaria and pear-tree blossom in mantling the walls of the houses; the air was full of the hum of industrious insects, and the chirping of happy birds intent on anticipating the wants of their offspring. On such a day as this there was not even the temporary gloom caused by a passing cloud overshadowing the sun. Nothing seemed farther from the mind of Nature than the idea of death. Having reached the orchard gate, and dismissed my chaise, I made my way quickly towards the house, meeting no one about the yard or gardens. I at length gained the porch, and my hand was already upon the knocker, when I was anticipated by some one within, a woman unknown to me, who opened the door softly, at the same time saying in a low voice, "Mr. George, sir, I presume; you are but just in time, sir. My lady has been sinking for several hours; but she is quite sensible, and knows us all. She will be sure to recognise you. Will you please to walk upstairs, sir?"

I followed, striving to tread as softly as the woman did before me. In another moment or two I was standing by my mother's dying bed; I was grasping her feeble hand, and listening for the last time in this world to her accents of welcome, each word won through suffering; I had even tenderly kissed that dear face once again.

My mother lay propped up with pillows, and, at her own request, the bed on which she was lying had been moved as near to the window as possible. "Let me gaze while I can," she said, "upon God's blessed fields. Even paradise itself cannot be much more lovely; more full of the presence of God."

At the foot of the bed, which was shaded by a heavy canopy of carved oak black with age, knelt our old clergyman, who had just been administering the sacrament for the last time, his white hair gently stirred by the summer breeze, and his thin lips moving at intervals in prayer. In an armchair at one side sat Ezra in awestruck silence and tears, and round the head of the bed stood Mrs. Ezra and one or two of the village women, whose countenances told only too plainly that the end was fast approaching.

I took a chair by my mother's side, and with all the strength which she could command she drew me to her. "So you are come at last, my boy," she said. "Thank God for all His mercies. I have no earthly wish now, Geordie," she continued, "but that you should become a good and useful man. I know you so well, both your virtues and failings, that I can't believe that there isn't a useful vocation for you in this world; a solid work to do, and an important place to fill. Ask God to teach you where and what it is; He will not fail you, take my word for it."

The effort was too great for her, and she sank back exhausted; she lay silent for some minutes, running her wasted fingers through my hair, and fixing her sunken eyes upon me with a look of the tenderest love. Then came the last rally, she raised herself once again, her eyes had now a strange unearthly lustre in them, and her voice seemed to gather something of its old strength.

"I am coming, my Geordie," she exclaimed; "I am coming to be with you, where there is no such thing as calumny, where no man injures his fellow, where truth is the air men breathe, and love is their law; where 'Mercy and truth have met together,' where 'Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.' Lord, Thou hast given me back my husband; give me back in Thine own good time my son."

A few more feeble sighs and that loving spirit was called home. In that darkened house, by that coffined form, by that open grave I prayed that I might fulfil her dying charge. She will not have long to wait, I am very near to her now.

(To be continued.)

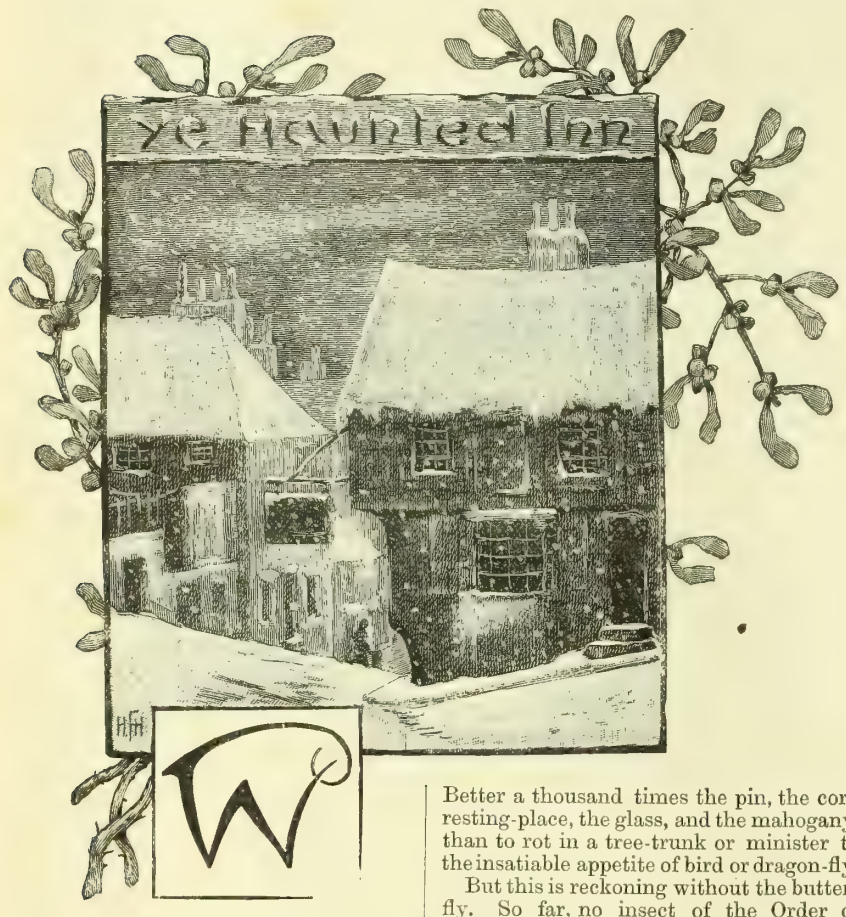
THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND COUNTRY LIFE.

By Ashmore Russan,

Author of "A Strange Epidemic," "The Last of the Great Auks," "The Speckled Giant," "That Little Jackdaw," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—CASTOR AND POLLUX MEET NEMESIS BY THE RIVERSIDE.



WHEN Dr. Drysdust raised his net from the ground the "Purple Emperors" were "specimens." He had inserted his hand beneath the gauze and killed them. Never again would they sun themselves on the oak foliage; never again would they soar into the air and engage in mimic combat. But their "Ichabod" was not yet. They would remain butterflies much longer than if allowed to live out their little day.

Instead of rotting within some ancient, hollow, worm-eaten trunk of pollard oak or ash, they would be carefully preserved in a glass cabinet, things of beauty, and a joy to the enthusiastic entomologist for years, if not for ever.

The butterfly is held forth as a type of vanity. It has been said that it even flutters in its flight so that it may have a better opportunity to admire its own beautifully painted wings. This *may* be so—it isn't wise to be dogmatic in these astonishing times—and if it *is* so, surely any butterfly properly conscious of its own loveliness, and vain thereof, would willingly forgive the butterflycide who threatened its life, if it had a foreknowledge of its future cabinet existence! Better a thousand times the pin, the cork resting-place, the glass, and the mahogany, than to rot in a tree-trunk or minister to the insatiable appetite of bird or dragon-fly.

But this is reckoning without the butterfly. So far, no insect of the Order of *Lepidoptera* has been consulted as to its wishes.

Dr. Drysdust maintained that insects could not feel pain. Nevertheless, he was careful to avoid giving them the opportunity. The first thing he did, when the butterflies lay lifeless on the mossy turf, was to take a huge pinch of snuff. So he celebrated all his victories.

"There, boys! there they are!" he exclaimed, returning the snuff-box to his pocket; "two perfect specimens—two perfect specimens."

"Sure, sir, how did you coax them down?" asked Tim, always eager for knowledge.

For answer, the "Dingy Skipper" placed the box he had used under Tim's nose. Tim smelt it, and recoiled with a suggestive—

"Pah!"

"It is the decomposed leg of a rabbit. The 'Purple Emperor' loves game. The smell of it will tempt him from any height. And now, boys, you know how it was done."

The knowledge was the prelude to various exclamations indicative of astonishment.

"An' it's a quare taste, anyhow," said Tim.

"I could understand it if you had a mirror in the box, sir," said Funibois—"but the leg of a dead rabbit!"

"Stinking," added Muggins major.

"High," corrected Funibois. "As Tim says, it's a 'quare taste,' that's all."

"I ought to give one of them to you boys," continued the "Dingy Skipper," "but I don't suppose you have anything fit to take it home in."

"I have, sir," said Jack, eagerly, and he produced the cork-lined pen-box, containing the "Camberwell Beauty."

"It will carry safely in a box like this, sir."

"Eh! what? a '*Vanessa Antiopa*'?" cried the ancient entomologist. "You don't mean to say you captured that in this neighbourhood? I haven't seen one this season."

"Yes, sir; by the river. And we have caught a 'Clouded Yellow,' also."

"Dear me! you are very fortunate boys. You have begun well, very well, indeed; and you appear to have some idea of what to do with them when you have caught them. Those boxes will do very well indeed. Well, you shall have one of the 'Purple Emperors,' and we will join forces for the rest of the afternoon. When I see Dr. Hardridge I will ask him to let you come and see my collection, and then I will show you how to 'set out' a butterfly properly."

Jack accepted the compliments and the invitation; and the boys accompanied the "Dingy Skipper" in search of further specimens.

Dr. Drysdust had not seen Muggins major's candle-box and pill-boxes, nor had he yet observed Tim's towel net and Sapington's curling irons. Had he done so, his compliments would probably have been less general.

. . . . .

The desire to form a collection of butterflies was not universal throughout the school. Only the senior boys had heard Dr. Drysdust's scientific lecture; and although all had heard "Old Dicky's," and understood it, the juniors remained in the neighbourhood of the Abbey. Here they captured a few common "Whites" and "Browns," but of the glories of "Purple Emperors" and "Camberwell Beauties" they knew nothing.

Castor and Pollux, with their ragged straw "castors" on sticks, and their creel, strolled along the river-side. They were very enthusiastic in their own milk-and-watery way, and there was much racing and chasing, and heaps of captured butterflies—literally *heaps*. The captives were not of much account when at liberty, and their value was not increased by the shaking up they received in the creel, which reduced them to a heap of battered remains. Having no book, and no know-

ledge to guide them, they caught everything that came in contact with their "flappers," and owing to their ignorance and thoughtlessness afforded an awful example of how *not* to hunt butterflies.

They were fortunate in not meeting the "Dingy Skipper." Had they done so and submitted the contents of the creel to his inspection, he would certainly have forgotten his years and thrashed the pair of them. However, they did not escape scot-free.

As a matter of fact the Abbey had never contained two more harmless boys than "Gemini," as Funibois usually spoke of them. Yet here they were, running "amuck" among the butterflies, and heedlessly taking the lives of dozens of God's creatures.

"Evil is wrought for want of thought." If they gave any thought to their occupation at all, they probably imagined they were making a collection, as approved by Dr. Hardridge. Of course they did not kill those butterflies which the "flappers" had spared, or stunned only. That would have been cruel, and the twin brothers Smith could not be cruel. They just slipped them through the hole in the creel and let them take their chance. Doubtless a few crawled up the sides of the wicker basket and escaped. The greater number lay in a heap at the bottom.

But Nemesis was lying in wait for them in masculine shape for the nonce.

Harry Bluffton and Frank Brown had also taken the riverside path to Heyward's Hill in the hope of meeting Jack and Funibois. They had caught no butterflies. For two reasons. Harry had seen nothing he deemed worth capturing, and Frank would not have demeaned himself so far as to run after the loveliest butterfly that ever spread its wings to the sun. Besides, they were not prepared with boxes.

"Lot of nonsense!" said Harry, gruffly, in response to a remark of Frank's. "If one of those big blue butterflies that come from the Brazils were to get up I might run after it—but these things!" indicating a little cloud of "Meadow Browns" and "Skippers," "not if I know it."

"And wunning gets a fellow so hot," added Frank.

"Oh, I don't mind that, if there's something worth running for. Hullo! here are Castor and Pollux. What sport, boys!"

"Heaps!" replied Castor, speaking the literal truth. "We've caught two or three dozens."

"Show them up. Let's have a look at them."

For answer Castor took off the creel and removed the lid.

Harry looked inside, and his face instantly flushed fiery red. He doubled up his fists and turned fiercely upon the thoughtless Castor.

"You—you young brute! I've a good mind to serve you the same. You ought to be—to be shoved into the Black Hole of Calcutta. You ought to be pulled to pieces with wild horses. Do you call this collecting butterflies? It's collecting wings and bodies, legs and feelers. Empty the creel into the river and put the poor things out of their misery, or I'll give you the hottest hiding you ever had in your life."

"I didn't think I was doing any harm,' rejoined the penitent Castor, humbly. He knew perfectly well that Harry was able, and very likely to do, as he had threatened.

"Of course not. It's always the excuse. No harm? No harm? Come here. Frank, catch Pollux. He's as bad."

Harry seized Castor by the ear and led him, much against his will, towards the river. Frank started in pursuit of Pollux. Old salts used to say that "a stern chase is always a long chase." This was a short one. Frank was too tightly buttoned up to run far, and finding that Pollux had gained a yard or two in the first hundred, he gave it up and returned to his chum.

"Now dip the creel in the water and drown those fragments of butterflies," said Harry, forcing Castor on his knees beside the river, here about three feet deep.

Castor obeyed, and immersed the creel for a couple of minutes. When satisfied that no life remained in the shattered heap, Harry took it from the culprit, at the same time seizing him firmly by the collar.

"Now go in yourself," he said, pushing the thoughtless Castor into the river, where he floundered and puffed like a porpoise. "Now perhaps you'll know better than to collect butterflies by *heaps*. If the Doctor sees your wet clothes, mind you tell him I pushed you into the river; and if he wants to know why, refer him to me. Come along, Frank."

Harry and Frank walked away, and Castor scrambled out of the water, in appearance much like a half-drowned rat. By this time Pollux was a mile distant, and still running. Castor picked up his creel and set off after him as fast as his wet clothes would allow him to run, leaving him the "flappers" which had caused his trouble, behind him.

Nemesis had overtaken him, and pushed him into the Arrow. The cold *douche* had totally eradicated his desire to form a collection of butterflies—washed it out, in fact.

"Why didn't you catch Pollux?" Harry asked. "It isn't justice to punish one wrongdoer and let the other go scot-free."

Frank squared his shoulders, and looked down at his neat, and rather tight trousers, and spick-and-span patent-leather boots.

"Weally, Hawy, you mustn't ask me to make a donkey of myself in that way. Pollux can wun as fast as I, and well—weally—"

"Exactly. Wunning would take the polish off you. All right, Frank; polish is well enough in its place—on your Sunday boots."

The two "extremes," who daily proved the truth of the saying, "extremes meet," by being almost constantly in each other's society, and sharing a study in common, pressed forward until they came to the path through the brambles leading to Heyward's Hill. Here Harry suddenly stopped and pointed out a beautiful butterfly perched on a thistle blossom.

"That looks like a prize," he said. "It's spotted like a peacock."

"It's a beauty!" exclaimed Frank, with more enthusiasm than usual. "Shall we catch it?"

"Not I. You can if you like. I've seen enough dead butterflies for to-day."

Frank looked at the thorny brambles, and then glanced down at his clothes. He would have liked to capture the butterfly, but he had his garments to consider. Thorns and cloth have a way of clinging together when they come in contact which is very unpleasant to the wearer of the latter. The dog's tail cannot wag the dog, but clothes can and do wag their wearer. Care for his clothes decided Frank.

"We'll let it stay where it is, and tell Jack if we see him," he said.

They climbed the hill, and reached the Roman trench just as the "Dingy Skipper" and his young companions left it after the capture of the "Purple Emperors." The two parties met.

"What luck, Jack?" Harry asked.

"Capital!" was the reply, and Jack enumerated his captives.

"There's a beautiful brown and blue butterfly with wings spotted like a peacock's tail on a thistle among the brambles yonder," Harry continued.

"What? What?" cried the "Dingy Skipper," who was within hearing. "Blue spots? Why, it's a *Vanessa Io*—a 'Peacock.' Where is it, boy?"

"Among the brambles, yonder," Harry replied, pointing to the thicket.

Dr. Drysdust instantly took to his heels. A boy of ten could not have got down the hill more quickly. The boys followed, laughing heartily at their leader's comical figure, as, hatless, and with his white hair and gauze net streaming in the wind, he scuttled rather than ran in the direction of the bramble thicket. When within a few yards he stopped and motioned to the boys behind.

"Steady, boys, steady. Let me advance alone. On a thistle, did you say, boy?"

Harry nodded, and the ancient entomologist bent his head and shoulders, and stole forward as warily as ever did scalp-hunting Indian. Alas! when he reached the brambles he could not see the thistle, to say nothing of the butterfly.

"Oh, these eyes!" he whispered. "I really must get some stronger glasses. Here, boy, show me where it is."

Harry stepped forward and pointed out the "Peacock." The ancient one saw it now.

"Aha!" he chuckled. "Aha! It *is* a *Vanessa Io*. If my old hand hasn't lost its cunning, it will soon be a specimen."

Precious little Dr. Drysdust cared for his clothes when a specimen was in view. He forced a way through the brambles, holding his net aloft, and came up behind the butterfly, which was ignorant of its enemy's existence until it found itself under the net.

"I have it!" shouted the "Dingy Skipper," "as fine a 'Peacock' as I ever saw. We are having famous luck—famous luck. I feel quite young again."

"This isn't good enough," said Muggins major to his brother. "Dr. Drysdust is having all the fun, and we have to be content with looking on. I'm off butterfly-hunting on my own account. Come on."

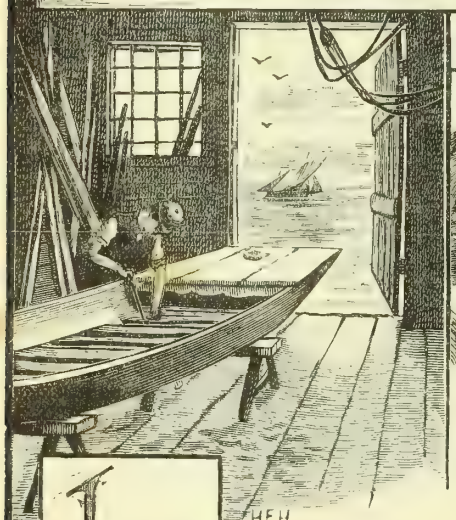
And, "like the Arabs," to slightly alter Longfellow's beautiful lines, the Mugginses, major and minor, folded "their tents," or, rather, gathered up the angler's landing net and the knapsack containing the pill-boxes, etc., "and as silently" stole "away."

(To be continued.)

How to Build a Rowing Punt.

By H. F. Holdaway

Author of "The Boy's Own Model Locomotive," "Boy's Own Marine Engine," etc., etc.



PART I.

In this tight little island of ours every one has, I think, a liking more or less for the water, some preferring the sea with its sparkling waves and constant motion, while others feel more at home on the quieter waters of a lake or the running stream of an inland river; but whichever it is that suits the individual fancy, there is still the same feeling throughout, and being an insular people, with our supremacy to maintain upon the sea, it is only right and proper that it should be so.

With our appreciation of the water comes a weakness for boats of all kinds, from the youngster's sixpenny toy, dug out from a block of wood, and warranted to sail keel uppermost the greater part of the time, to the graceful and also expensive yacht that same youngster may possibly own later on, a vessel fit to carry him round the world in any weather.

But the object of this paper is not to describe a sea-going yacht of that kind, or any such expensive luxury.

There are many lads, no doubt, living close to the water's edge, or sufficiently near to utilise it, to whom the building of a boat to carry themselves and a friend or two would present an insurmountable difficulty, and the expense of purchasing a nicely built one as great an obstacle, and it is with the idea of helping some of these "lame ducks" over the stile that I propose describing how to build a species of boat which is both sightly and inexpensive, will be found light to row, and draws but little water, and so can be used on the most shallow streams, and at the same time is perfectly safe on rougher water.

It will be found, after reading the following instructions, easy to build, there being no bent timbers required, and a little care is simply wanted in fitting the edges to make it watertight.

Boat-building differs from ordinary carpentering work principally in this, that whereas the latter is nearly always at a right angle in the joints, boat-building is seldom so, most of the joins having their own peculiar angle, and so requires more care in fitting, but you will get over this difficulty by carefully following these instructions.

I will give the price of all necessary purchases as we go on, so that you may see the entire cost. You most likely have the few tools required in making it, but in case you should not have all of them I will just mention that you will require a panel saw, compass saw, a small screw-driver, not more than a quarter of an inch across the edge, a large bradawl makes a capital one, also a brace with two bits, or drills, one should be a $\frac{5}{32}$ and the other a $\frac{5}{16}$ to be used as a countersink.

The Morse twist drills (Fig. 1) will be found

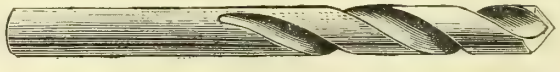


Fig. 1.

the best, as they cut cleanest and always run true. You may be disposed to think that any kind of drill will do, but when you have so many holes to make it is of great importance that you have the best tool to drill them with, as you will find long before you have finished the punt, and I recommend the twist drills, after numerous trials, as being the best for all kinds of work. They cut the hardest oak as easily as deal, and are equally useful in drilling metal, but they require care in handling, as there is a certain amount of spring in them, especially in the smaller sizes, and if not used carefully may be easily broken. You will also want a jack plane and smoothing-plane, hammer and chisel; also get a screwdriver to fit the brace, as otherwise your hands will suffer, the punt being fastened entirely with screws, of which there are over five hundred. A bevel, set-square, and foot-rule completes the lot; not a very large outfit to commence boat-building with, is it?

Now with respect to the necessary wood. I settled to use mahogany for part, but for those who would prefer building it as cheaply as possible, good pine will be much more economical, but I would strongly recommend, that whatever wood you use, to have no iron fastenings, as they help to rot the wood when rusty, and spoil the appearance by causing stains to appear wherever they are, and as for this boat we shall require nothing but screws, I suggest that you get brass; they are much the best, although dearer in first cost. You will require one packet containing twelve dozen of No. 8, one inch and a half long, costing 2*s.* 8*d.*, and three packets containing the same number of No. 7, one inch and a quarter long, costing 2*s.* 4*d.* each, and five dozen screws one inch long, costing 10*d.*, these are for the floor gratings.

The price of the wood will vary at different places, so that I can hardly fix what it would come to; it cost me altogether £2 15*s.* 4*d.*, but then I was using mahogany for the sides seats, etc.

Now mahogany is not kept in straight planks like deal, so you will have to buy the pieces as you find them, and judge how they will cut up to the best advantage.

You will require about thirty-two feet of mahogany one inch thick, and rather over a foot wide, for the sides and seats; also fourteen feet of mahogany three-quarters of an inch thick for the top decking, etc. Sixty-eight feet of pine one inch thick and three inches wide will be required for the cross-beams, and sixty-five feet of pine half an inch thick and three inches wide will be used in the floor-gratings. Then for the bottom, six planks three quarters of an inch thick by nine inches wide and nine feet long, will be wanted, and also twenty-four feet of the same thick-

ness and width for the ends, etc.; this, with the six boards, you should get ready tongued and grooved, as it will save you a lot of trouble, and few amateurs have the necessary planes. A plank of curly-grained oak, six feet long by an inch thick and six inches wide for the knees and extreme ends, completes the wood required. Having got the materials together so far, you can commence by planing the wood upon both sides with the jack plane.

For short pieces a carpenter's bench is extremely handy, but you can manage easily without that, and if you do not already possess a couple of trestles you will find two or three old boxes or packing cases, about two feet by three, very useful for laying the planks upon while planing and sawing to shape, and they can be used later on to raise the punt to a comfortable height whilst building.

Planing the wood will take you some considerable time, and in the meanwhile we will have a short chat about the size of punt, etc.

Punts are generally built long and narrow, from eighteen feet upwards, for the purpose of keeping them straight on their course while being propelled on one side by means of the punt pole; but as this boat is intended for rowing, and as it was desirable to keep her as light as possible consistent with strength, twelve feet was agreed to be the utmost length advisable, while for the sake of stability and roominess three feet ten inches was fixed for beam amidships, and it fully answers its purpose without making her look too tubby, while a depth of one foot gives plenty of freeboard, as she only draws about a couple of inches.

It is a great advantage to build it under

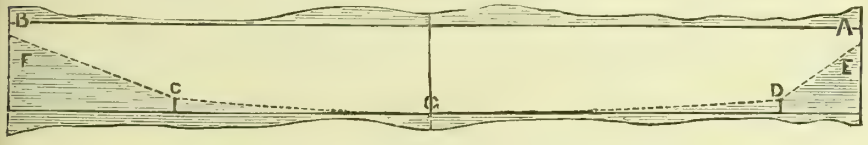


Fig. 3.

cover if possible, so make use of a shed or loft with a flat floor, and see that the door is large enough to get the punt out easily when finished.

You may think this very unnecessary advice, but a little forethought does no harm and saves a lot of bother, and I have known of several cases where the articles were made too large to be got out by the ordinary exit.

In a cell of a convent in Pennsylvania there is a large covered basket, much too large to squeeze through the little door, which was made by an industrious nun bent upon doing good and useful work for the convent, who did not discover until after many weeks of toil, when the basket was finished, that it was far too large to pass through the door of the cell, and so it remains there, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*.

I remember also a large copper vat made by a firm who had to have their entrance gates cut down before they could get it off their premises.

I built my punt in a loft, and had to let it down to the ground by a tackle sideways, the door being too narrow to allow it to pass when flat, but then I knew I should have to do so before I commenced building, and any extra trouble that way was well compensated by having her built dry.

The wood being planed smooth all over, we will commence by marking out the sides. If your mahogany is in one long plank, mark off two pieces 12 feet long, and saw them apart, then place one of the lengths on your trestles or boxes, and mark a straight line along the top as near the edge as the shape of plank will allow, as at A B, Fig. 2.

The best manner of doing this is by a chalked string. Put a small bradawl into the edge at A, and attach a length of fine string to it, which well rub with chalk until you reach B, where you place another bradawl and strain the string tightly round it and make fast, then with the finger and thumb raise the string about C and let go suddenly, and then remove the bradawls and string, and you will find a perfectly straight line marked on the wood.

Then six feet from the end, exactly halfway between A and B, draw the line C D at a right angle by means of your set square, next mark off 12 inches from C for the extreme depth, and do the same from A and B, and draw a line through these points, which will then be parallel with A B.

Punts have generally both ends alike, but our boat being so short, it is necessary to carry the floor further aft than forward to give extra floating power astern, as we intend having a seat there for two persons and their weight might otherwise put her down too much, so mark off 2 feet from the forward end, B, Fig. 3, along the bottom line as at C, and raise a right angle there 1 inch high, while from the stern end, A, mark off only 1 foot, and raise another perpendicular as at D, also 1 inch high.

Then scribe off 1 inch below A and B, as at E and F, and with a straight-edge join E D and C F, as shown by the dotted lines.

Now, if we made the bottom quite flat, the punt would not turn easily while rowing, and if left on mud, would have great suction, so it is the better plan to make it a gentle curve gradually rising from the point G (which is the bottom of the midship line C D in Fig. 2, and is of course 1 foot nearer C than D in Fig. 3, to the top of the lines C D, as shown by dotted line there.

To get this curve take one of the half-inch battens and place it on edge, then drive a bradawl or small nail into the mahogany plank behind the batten at the ends C D. Now pull the centre of the batten towards you until the edge runs in a gradual curve through the points C G D. Then hold it in position while you scribe the curve on the plank with pencil or bradawl. When that is done mark out the other plank in exactly the same manner, after which you can cut them to shape with the compass saw, just outside the pencil lines, so that you can afterwards plane up to them and be exact. By no means be induced (for the sake of saving the trouble of measuring each board) to mark one plank out from the other after it is sawn, as it will most likely lead to mistake. Any little inaccuracy in sawing out the first plank gets increased considerably on the other when it is marked round it.

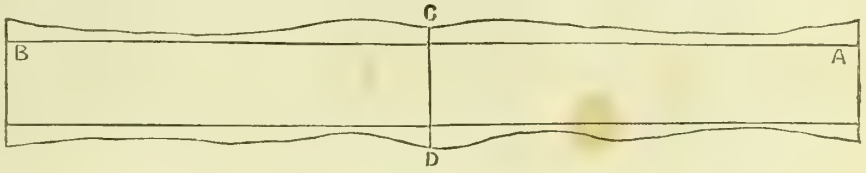


Fig. 2.

Having sawn the sides out, the next job is to secure them together at the proper distance apart and at the angle you wish them to be. We have already settled that 3 feet 10 inches should be the greatest beam, so take any odd piece of plank a foot deep—any piece will do, as it is only for temporary use—see that the top and bottom edges are straight and parallel, and mark two lines at right angles to the edges 3 feet 10 inches apart, as at A B, Fig. 4.

The sides of the punt require to be slightly sloping outwards at an angle, as it would not look well to have them quite straight, so mark off $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch from A and B on the bottom edge as shown at C D, then draw a

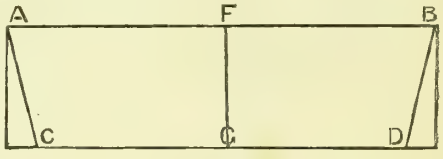


Fig. 4.

line from B to D and A to C which will give the required midship section of the punt, then draw the central line F G square with the edge, the use of which I will explain presently. Now take your panel saw, and cut along the lines A C and B D, and the section is now ready for use as a temporary mould for building to, and you may now proceed to fix it in position. Sweep out the floor of

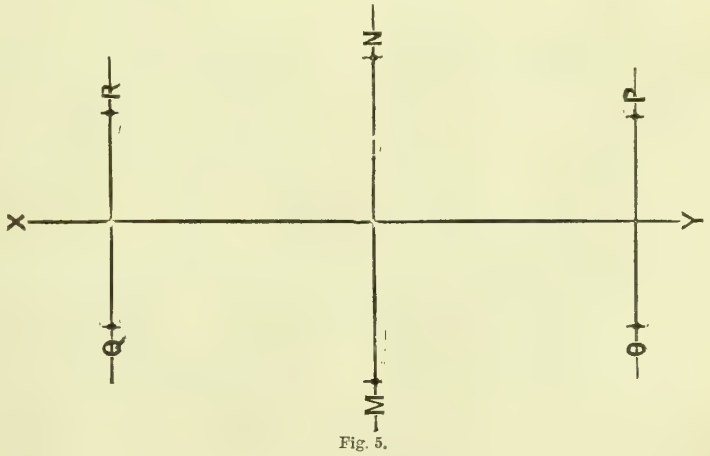


Fig. 5.

the loft or building shed if it is very dusty, and draw a perfectly straight chalk line on it down the centre, as at X Y, Fig. 5, then chalk in the central line M N at right angles to it, and be very careful it is perfectly square, then six feet from that line on either side draw the lines O P and Q R, also quite square with central line.

These lines enable you to keep your boat square and true, and require to be carefully drawn, as you might otherwise get one side of the punt farther ahead than the other, which would look very bad indeed.

Having got these lines true, mark off the beam 3 feet 10 on the midship line M N, as shown by the two dots, and as we want to contract the ends to 2 feet 6 inches, mark off that distance on the lines Q R and O P; this will of course be 1 foot 3 inches on each side of the central line X Y.

Now place the midship section, Fig. 4, upside down on the chalk line M N, with the central line F G you previously marked on it placed exactly on the chalk line X Y.

Temporarily block it up in that position with a couple of boxes on either side, while you place the mahogany side planks against it.

These must be also turned upside down with the central line C D, Fig. 2, against the edge of the section, as at Fig. 6, where A is the section and B B the sides.

Then to keep them in place fasten on a

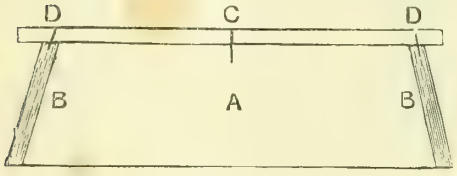


Fig. 6.

short piece of inch wood C across the top by a central screw at C, and one on the edge of sides, as at D D.

This will hold it together sufficiently firm, while you bend the sides to the required shape, which will be the next job.

For this you will require some thin rope, ordinary clothes-line, generally sold about three yards a penny, being thick enough, sufficient to take about six turns round the two ends moderately loose will be enough. Fasten the ends of line together with a reef knot so that it does not slip, and the sides with section and ropes round either end will then present the appearance of A B, Fig. 7, with section at C. These ropes are now to be twisted together by means of two short levers, until the sides of the punt contract to the required distance, viz. 2 feet 6 inches. You will get plenty of power with levers 2 feet long; a couple of small iron rods or spare pokers answer capitally.

The pressure exerted in bending these inch boards is very great, and naturally jams the

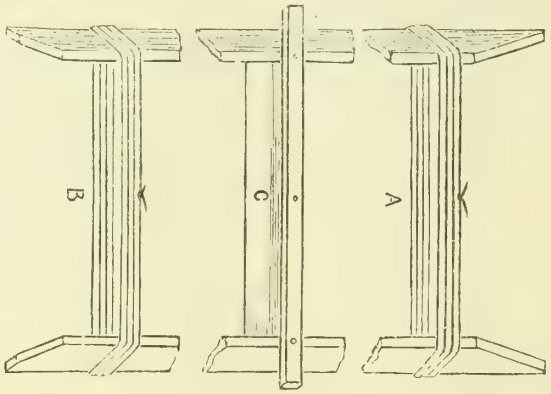


Fig. 7.

rope on to the levers, making it difficult to push them partially through each half turn, as you must do to clear the ground, so I thought of a plan which saved all that trouble, and it simply consists of two short tubes about 4 inches long and sufficiently large to allow the lever to pass through easily.

These are placed between the turns of the rope, taking off all the pressure of friction from surface of the lever, and enables it to

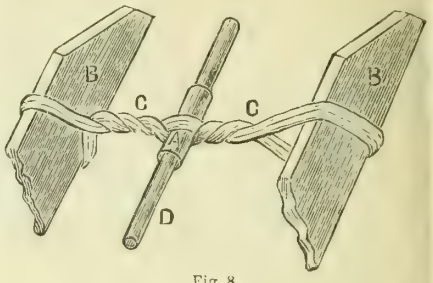


Fig. 8.

be worked easily. Fig. 8 shows this arrangement, in which A is the tube, B B are the sides, C C is the rope twisted up, and D is the lever.

You should commence to gradually bring the sides together by taking a turn at each end alternately, running the lever through to rest on the ground before you let go, until you have finally contracted them to a distance of 2 feet 6 inches at the extreme ends, as marked on your chalk lines O P and Q R, in Fig. 5.

While doing this be careful to see that the midship section does not slip off the central line M N, and that when the ends are drawn together to the proper distance, that they are also perfectly level with the lines O P and Q R.

You will find this amount of bend will give a graceful curve to the sides, and will also raise the centre of them, together with the section, about one inch from the floor, which gives a nice amount of "sheer" to the top of the gunwale.

(To be continued.)

A FAMOUS AMERICAN VAGABOND.

By J. Rogers Rees,

Author of "The Pleasures of a Bookworm," etc., etc.

PART II.

Those who have read our first paper on Thoreau—scholar-gipsy, pencil-maker, poet, day-labourer, naturalist, lecturer, land-surveyor,—will naturally inquire what his personal appearance was.

A friend of his describes him thus:—"In height he was about the average; in his build square, with limbs that were rather longer than usual, or of which he made a longer use. His features were marked; the nose aquiline, or very Roman, like one of the portraits of Cæsar (more like a beak, as was said); large overhanging brows above the deepest-set blue eyes that could be seen,—blue in certain lights, and in others grey; the forehead not unusually broad or high, full of concentrated energy and purpose; the mouth with prominent lips, pursed up with meaning and thought when silent, and giving out when open a stream of the most varied and unusual and instructive sayings. His whole figure had an active earnestness, as if he had no moment to waste; the clenched hand betokened purpose. In walking he made a short cut, if he could, and when sitting in the shade or by the wall-side, seemed merely the clearer to look forward into the next piece of activity. The intensity of his mind, like Dante's, conveyed the breathing of aloofness,—his eyes bent on the ground, his long swinging gait, his hands perhaps clasped behind him, or held closely at his side,—the fingers made into a fist."

When, later in life, he went here and there delivering lectures, the first impression with people who met him was that he was peddling small wares—jewelry, spectacles, books, &c.

Much has been written regarding the terms of intimacy which existed between Thoreau and the birds and beasts of the woods. Thomas Fuller, referring to Butler, the apiologist, says that "either he had told the bees things, or the bees had told him." It is recorded that one day a live leveret was brought to St. Francis of Assisi, who with heart moved to pity, said: "Little brother leveret, come to me"; and forthwith it came and nestled in the cloak of the caller. Love of and sympathy with all that exists seem to be the only secrets of this magnetic power. "You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot in the woods," says Thoreau, "that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns."

"Thoreau named all the birds without a gun, a weapon he never used in mature years. He neither killed nor imprisoned any animal, unless driven by acute needs. He brought home a flying squirrel, to study its mode of flight, but quickly carried it back to the wood." He tells us of his companionship with dumb creatures at Walden. "The mice which haunted my house," he says, "were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor, and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch-time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions.

at length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

"A phœbe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge, which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my windows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behaviour proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away; and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs, that many a traveller has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighbourhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a déshabille, that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of creature it is. The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct, that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterwards. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more perfectly developed and precocious even than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield such another gem. The traveller does not often look into such a limpid well. . . . These were my hens and chickens.

"It is remarkable how many creatures live wild and free, though secret, in the woods, and still sustain themselves in the neighbourhood of towns, suspected by hunters only. How retired the otter manages to live! He grows to be four feet long, as big as a small boy, perhaps without any human being getting a glimpse of him. I formerly saw the raccoon in the woods behind where my house is built, and probably still heard their whinnering at night. Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring which was the source of a swamp and of a brook, oozing from under Brister's Hill, half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows, full of young pitch-pines, into a larger wood about the swamp. Here in a very secluded and shaded spot, under a spreading white-pine, there was yet a clean, firm sward to sit on. I had dug out the spring and made a well of clear grey water, where I could dip up a pailful without soiling it, and thither I went for this purpose almost every day in midsummer, when the pond was warmest. Thither, too, the woodcock led her brood, to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the bank, while they ran in a troop beneath; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me, nearer and nearer, till within four or five feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my attention and get off her young, who would already have taken up their march, with faint wiry peep, single file, through the swamp, as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird. There, too, the turtle-doves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the soft white-pines over my head; or the red squirrel, coursing down the nearest bough, was particularly familiar and inquisitive."

Thus Thoreau draws his brute friends towards him as if by secret magnetic attractions, and never seems to fail in the long run in finding what he seeks. "One of his friends," according to H. A. Page, "has given an almost ludicrous account of his helpless endeavours to free himself from the society of a squirrel of a peculiar species which he had taken for a time in order to observe its habits and mode of movement. More than once he conveyed the little creature to the tree from which he had taken it, but it immediately returned to his hand, sat there, and declined to betake itself to its old haunts—at length hiding its head in the folds of his waistcoat, a demonstration that he could not resist. He therefore marched his pet back to the hut."

(*To be continued.*)

SOME QUEER USES OF ANIMALS.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, F.Z.S.,

Author of "Out-of-the-Way Pets," "A Tussle with a Serpent," etc., etc.

PART II.

In the Siberian Alps lives a little rodent, something like a rabbit, but a good deal smaller. It is called *Lagomys* by naturalists, but I can't tell you what name the Tartars give it—they have a name for it, for certain, for it is a serviceable little animal to them. This small rodent is a hay-maker; it nibbles the long grasses through at the base, and then stacks them up until it has accumulated a pile of hay sometimes five feet high and twenty-five feet in circumference. And when the mound is completed and the poor Lagomys is going to make himself comfortable for a little time and retire from business, the lazy Tartar comes along and coolly appropriates the hay-rick as food for his horses.

Amongst other remedies for the plague of rabbits in Australia, a sheep-farmer there has recently got over a lot of live skunks from South America, in the hope that the smell will drive the bunnies away. I hope it may answer, I'm sure, but I doubt it. The skunk is not a fragrant creature by any means, and I suppose the rabbit may object to its horrifying odour (for it really is an *agony*) as much as most other animals do. I have seen horses shy at the smell, and plucky dogs fly howling from it. But the skunk ejects this evil-smelling fluid only when alarmed or in danger, and at other times is the most inoffensive creature imaginable; I have known skunks domesticated and running about a house like cats, and if I am not mistaken, there is one at the Zoo now which you can take in your arms like a pet kitten with perfect confidence, so I don't see why they and the rabbits should not get on very amicably together. Weasels and mongooses have been exported to Australia in large numbers, also in the expectation of their exterminating the furry little spoilers of the land; but the introduction of a new animal or plant into a country is always a very dangerous experiment—the thistle and rabbit in that quarter of the world, and the sparrows in New York, are sad proofs of this. You never know what the end of it will be, or what great (and usually disastrous) consequences may result from the placing of an apparently insignificant creature in a country which is not its own. Lions or tigers or wolves might do far less harm than a tiny beetle; fortunately, these attempts at acclimatisation generally fail. You know how the great grey Russian rat, now the common inhabitant of our sewers, has completely deposed the old English black rat, a comparatively harmless little brute. Look again at what that innocent creature the goat has done by its uncalled-for establishment in sundry regions, the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, for instance, and what it will no doubt do for New Guinea where it has been recently introduced, if it thrives there. Goats love to browse upon young saplings and shrubs. When the old trees die, there are thus no young ones to take their place, and *deforestation* occurs. The undergrowth which flourished in the shade of these disappears, and with it the birds and animals which it sheltered. The rainfall on the hills is no longer stored and regulated by trees, so that constant streams give place to torrents which flood the lowlands alternating with drought, and fertile valleys and plains are laid waste. This is what the unnecessary goat has actually accomplished already.

Speaking of weasels, when you go to nurse that skunk at the Zoological Gardens, notice a pair of common English weasels in the same house—the Small Cats' House, up by the kangaroos; the skunk is right up at the top, in the left hand corner, I think, while the weasels are in a wire cage on the right, immediately behind the door. They are the liveliest, prettiest little chaps you ever saw; it seems impossible to connect them with the idea of their being savage, bloodthirsty destroyers of chickens and rabbits as they play and dart about. We have few enough native animals left in this country, but I believe that most of us know more about those of India and Africa than we do of the very interesting creatures around us.

Most birds will eat snakes when they get the chance—of suitable size, that is; you cannot expect a lark to swallow a boa-constrictor. The other day three young vipers were found in a pheasant's crop, while the crops of two others revealed respectively 1,200 wireworms and 440 of the destructive larvæ of the daddy-longlegs, so it has been proposed to utilise these beautiful

birds as exterminators also. But no bird is more addicted to a snaky diet than the peacock; moreover, he seems to be especially fond of vipers, and will frequently desert the home where he is fed for localities abounding with this reptile. Some years ago, a London banker purchased a small island on the west coast of Scotland, intending to erect a house there for the fishing and shooting season, but found it teeming with adders to such an extent as to be almost uninhabitable. Six pairs of pea-fowl were sent there, and in a very short time the island was rid of its venomous denizens. Pigs, too, are great devourers of serpents, and did the same service for Mauritius as the peacocks rendered on the Scotch island.

Pigs, as well as small and now somewhat rare dogs, called distinctively truffle-hounds, are taught to hunt for those underground delicacies in France. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that they do this without teaching, on their own account, and that careful observation enables those who watch them to detect when they have discovered the situation of a truffle, and to forestall them of their prize. Truffles are expensive luxuries now and well worth hunting, but in days gone by they were the rage, and extravagant sums—equal to their weight in gold—were given for very large ones by French nobles.

France reminds me that in the Luxembourg there is a very old painting, representing a giraffe laden and led as a beast of burden; which would seem to indicate that this long-necked son of Africa may have been once semi-domesticated. Very useful, I should say, for delivering goods at second-floor windows; or, properly trained, might make a serviceable fire-escape! But the funny thing about this picture is that it was in existence long before the giraffe was known, and was looked upon as a mythic creation of the painter's brain; that is to say, the giraffe has been discovered, forgotten, and re-discovered, like the gorilla, the hippopotamus, the singing-fish, the climbing-perch, and many other inhabitants of land and water. How many bones do you think the giraffe has got in his ladder-like neck? Seven, just the same as you have and the mouse and dog have, and the whale and hippopotamus have, which look as if they had no necks at all. They can butt pretty hard with their three little horns. Frank Buckland was standing in the giraffes' house at the Zoo one day talking to a friend, when one of them suddenly swung its head at him with a force that would have given him a nasty thump if it had caught him. It came bang against the wall instead—you can see the dent there on the right-hand side.

(To be continued.)

TOKENS: WHAT ARE THEY, AND SHALL BOYS COLLECT THEM?

By George Williamson, F.R.S.L., F.R.HIST.SOC., etc.

PART I.

Boys are sure to collect coins. Most boys do, as we have already said in another article, and a very curious mixture a boy's collection of coins generally is.

Amongst the odds and ends that form the treasured hoard are, however, almost always to be found some tokens, and of these the youthful collector generally knows less than he does of the rest. All are grouped together as "old coins," and the common generic term applied to every description of circular pieces of metal that comes within the grasp of our young friend.

Such a description, however, will not suit an accurate and careful student, and we must learn to distinguish between *coins* and *tokens* as one of the first principles of numismatic study. Let us take a familiar example or two. A merchant pays into his banking account a quantity of gold and silver, and a lot of cheques, drafts, bills, and acceptances. The banker knows him to be an honest and an honourable man, and so groups the whole lot together, and makes an entry in his pass book as so much cash or money. But perhaps some of it does not turn out to be money. Some one of the cheques is not met, the drawer of it has perhaps overdrawn his account, or wrongly signed it, or not provided for meeting the bill or draft, and back it comes to the merchant. An entry is made by the banker charging this returned cheque to the merchant, and what a day or two ago was a cheque worth £50, may now be only a piece of waste paper.

Again, a man goes into a shop to buy a hat which comes to a sovereign, and offers to draw a cheque for it. The shopkeeper says, "Really, sir, I am very sorry, but I don't know you: I would rather have money," and out the man pulls a bundle of bank notes. "You will take a note?" the buyer asks; and, if it is one of the Bank of England, the reply is sure to be "Yes." Perhaps, however, it is a note from some bank at Durham, or Newcastle, or a Scotch note, and the hat is being bought in Cornwall. Why then again there is a difficulty, and the buyer may have a big roll of notes and a cheque-book in his pocket, and yet be in a difficult position for a sovereign.

Why is all this? Is not the answer plain that when the bank which issued the note, or the banker whose cheque it is, is unknown to the man who sells the hat, the note or cheque is no longer money, but only a token for money? A token depends for its value upon your knowledge of the man or corporation who issued it, and upon his credit in the world. A Bank of England note is not strictly money. It is a promise to pay money. Read it; what does it say? "I promise to pay to the bearer five pounds," and it is signed by the chief cashier to the bank. As long as we believe that there is gold at the Bank of England we treat the note as money. Supposing, however, we did not believe there was enough gold at the bank to meet its notes, or for some cause or other the reserve at the bank fell below what would be sufficient: then the note would be *at discount*—that is, not at full value—and it would no longer be equivalent to five golden sovereigns. In a sense all our coins are only Government tokens, issued by a Government on its credit; but we must not go into that question, or you will be asking "What, then, is money?" and we shall have got into a discussion upon financial matters that may be too deep for you.

A token, then, in England, is a promise to pay gold or silver regal money (Government money, that is) in exchange for one or more of the tokens, and the token may be written or printed on paper, or stamped on brass or copper or silver.

Just now there has been a serious difficulty on the Stock Exchange, and possibly you may have heard of it. What has been the reason of the commotion and panic? Simply the want of gold. Some other countries—Russia, for example—have wanted a lot of gold. English banks have sent it, and then have found themselves short, and a deficiency in gold at once lowers the value of all the tokens upon which business arrangements are made.

Long years ago this want of gold and silver was more difficult still, and it is to this want that we attribute the issue of copper and brass tokens. Now, having gone broadly into the question, let us look at it a little more closely from the collector's point of view.

In the early years of the Commonwealth, immediately following the execution of King Charles I., there was a very great scarcity of silver money. Speaking broadly (because there were unimportant exceptions), there was no copper money, and nothing in general use in silver worth less than 3*d*. We all know the advantage of *coppers* now, but in the time of which we are speaking, and which lasted from 1648 to 1672, food and necessaries were far lower in price than they are now, and the purchase by the poor trading classes of small amounts was very difficult from the absence of small money.

What happened? you ask. Well, first of all the Government talked about the difficulty as Governments do, and said it ought to be remedied—which was good, so far. Then they issued patterns for a coinage, which was better still; but, as they got no further, the evil remained. Charles II. allowed a favourite of his to make some farthings; but as he, Lord Harrington, wanted to make a fortune out of the privilege, he made the farthings so thin that they broke in the fingers into pieces, and people refused to take them.

Still, the outcry remained for farthings and halfpence, and then, finding that Government only talked and talked, the people began to remedy the evil themselves. It was very wrong, no doubt, for people to disobey the law and make their own money; but they did it, and within the thirty years of which we speak some thirteen thousand varieties of farthing and halfpenny tokens were issued. Who began the issue we cannot tell; but we rather think it was Bristol, for back in Elizabeth's time Bristol had been permitted as a special favour, to issue tokens, and in 1594 tokens were issued by the Mayor of Bristol.

We think these were taken as the pattern for what is now called the seventeenth century series of tokens.

What are these tokens like? is the next question. They are very small, the farthing smaller than Victorian farthings and the halfpence smaller than our halfpennies. The farthings are by far the most numerous and common, and as almost every town and pretty nearly every village in England issued them, our boy collector is pretty sure to find some, we should say, in his town or village.

Seventeenth century tokens are very thin, about a quarter of the thickness of a farthing, and are of brass or copper, usually brass. On one side they bear the name of the man who issued them; as, for example:—

WILL PAGGET AT THE

and then, in the middle, or field as it is technically called, a mitre, being the sign of his

shop or tavern. On the other side this token would read: MITER IN FLEET STREET, and in the middle, the man's initials and the initial of his wife, thus: W E P. The two sides of the token have their special names: "obverse" for the side with the issuer's name, and "reverse" the other side; and these words are abbreviated into O. R, so that in writing down the description of the token we have taken for an example we should put it thus:—

O. WILL. PAGET. AT. THE. = A mitre.
℞. MITER. IN. FLEET. STREET. = W. E. P.

Now let us look at a halfpenny token, and for that we go to Southwark and take one of the tokens that we illustrate in Fig. 1. This



FIG. 1.

was probably issued at a tavern called the Duke's Head, in Southwark, and reads—

O. RICHARD. BLAKE. TAPSTER. = Bust of the Duke of Suffolk. ½
℞. IN. SOVTHWARK. 1669 = HIS HALF PENY. R. F. B.

Tokens were not always issued by traders, sometimes they were made by corporations or companies or guilds, and as examples we give two tokens struck in Kendal in West-

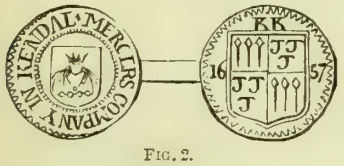


FIG. 2.

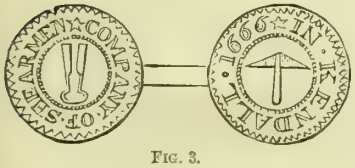


FIG. 3.

moreland (Figs. 2. and 3). These read as follows:—

O. MERCERS. COMPANY. IN. KENDAL. = The Mercers' arms. ¼
℞. K. K. 1657 = Arms of the Corporation of Kendal.

The K. K. mean Kirkley, Kendal. And

O. COMPANY. OF. SHEARMEN. = A pair of cropper's shears.
℞. IN. KENDALL. 1666 = A teasel brush. ¼

From these three examples a general idea will be gained as to the appearance of these tokens, and now we give some information about their use.

Where they were made we do not often know, save as to the London ones, many of which were made in a street behind the Bank of England still called Tokenhouse Yard. Probably artists who were ingenious in such matters travelled from place to place engraving the dies or taking instructions and drawing the designs.

Many of the tokens used in the country were probably struck in London, and hence probably arose the very peculiar errors in spelling that distinguish them. Others again were struck at the place of issue, and there is in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November 1757 an account of a quaint wooden hand-press for striking the tokens issued by a Mr. Edward Wood, an apothecary in Chesterfield. The press was made of oak and worked by a man, and a woman or boy, who supplied the blanks, and a good many tokens, the notice said, could be struck in a very short time. In some small towns a great many of the traders issued their own tokens. Take, for example, Ely, where there are twenty-four tokens, or Wycombe, where there are twenty-nine, and wherever the trader was known there the people took his tokens.

Tradesmen used to keep boxes with numerous partitions, into which to sort the tokens, and then, we suppose, paid them away to people going into the various places. It must be recollected that these tokens were only *promises to pay*, not money, and that any one could always compel the issuer to change them into authorised coin.

Where the issuer was well known they were probably taken freely, and, in the immediate neighbourhood of their place of issue, the same as the notes of local banks would pass current; but at a distance from their place of issue they were, probably, not so readily received.

Tokens are usually divided into two classes:

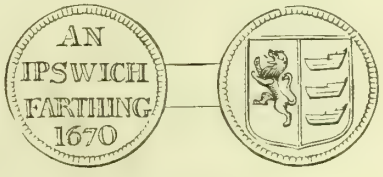


FIG. 4.

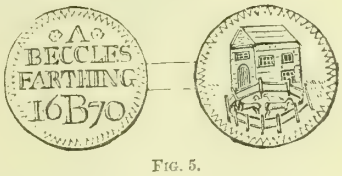


FIG. 5.

town pieces and traders' pieces. The former were issued by towns in their corporate capacity, and some bear the name or initials of the mayor. Others, again, as the Ipswich one and the Beccles one (Figs. 4 and 5), have only the name and arms of the towns; while others refer to other municipal officials, as the swordbearer, churchwardens, portreeve, bailiff or constable. In very many of these cases the tokens bears an inscription referring to the need or necessity of the poor being the cause of its issue.

Tokens were not always circular; some were eccentric in shape, and these are always rarer

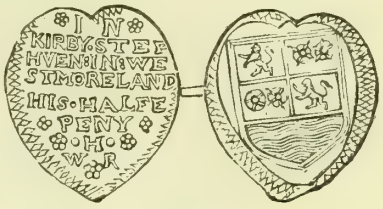


FIG. 6.

and more valuable than the others. In Fig. 6 we give a heart-shaped one of Kirkby



FIG. 7.

Stephen, which is one of the rarest of the whole series; and in Fig. 7 another heart-shaped

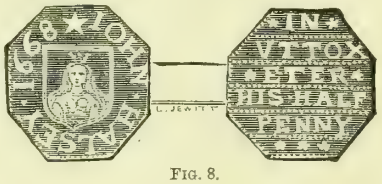


FIG. 8.

one, of Northamptonshire. Fig. 8 is an octagonal one of Uttoxeter, Fig. 9 an octagonal

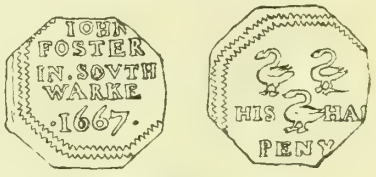


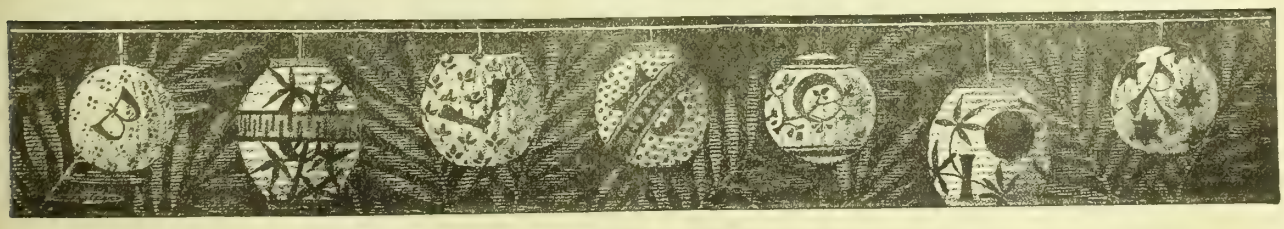
FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.

one of Southwark, while Fig. 10 shows a square one of Princes Risborough.

(To be continued.)



A HOLIDAY OUTING IN CEYLON.

By an Old Westminster Boy.

PART I.

There is a charm about everything new. A boy's first watch, first gun, first pony, first love and first money earned—each and all afford him a pleasure very seldom surpassed for temporary completeness in after life.

Now, if the reader will accompany me in spirit we will saunter along a jungle path in the Low Country of Ceylon. The month is January, and the north-east monsoon has fairly set in, with little prospect of rain for some few months. The time is between ten and eleven at night, and it wants but one day to the full moon.

To the left are low hills covered with the densest jungle from base to summit. Stately palms stand out in relief against the clear sky, shaking their serrated leaves; clumps of bamboos sway and nod their feathery heads with a murmuring rustle, as the night wind creeps gently over them.

On our right is a "tank" over four miles long, edged with arecas, bamboos, and wild plantains. While watching its surface, a silver streak is seen every now and then announcing the presence of alligators, which protrude their uncanny eyes for a moment above the water. Far in the distance are elephants bathing; elephants in their native wilds, undisturbed and unfearing. The light every now and then catches the water that they love to blow upon their backs unceasingly.

The margin of the lake is here impossible to walk upon. Soft mud and decomposed rushes form the abode of alligators and snakes, which lie in horrible enjoyment upon these pestilential beds. If we are to continue our survey of this region, we must mount upon the wings of the lotus-bird, who will waft our spirits over the tropical water-lilies and shallow lagoons. Hidden among the dank rushes here is a leopard waiting with feline patience for its prey—a thirsty deer. Little does it know how near its own end may be. To-morrow night will see its carcase exposed to the birds and insects.

A dark and moving shadow is seen upon the glittering surface of the water, and on looking up we see the form of a huge owl floating noiselessly through the still air.

Its cry makes one's blood run cold, and would cause the poor natives to live in dread of the death of some one dear to them. This is the Devil-bird of the Cinghalese, who affirm that any living thing upon which its shadow falls will die. Its cry suggests the sound of children being strangled or choked. A horrible and spasmodic gurgling is preceded and followed by screams of agony. Its flight being perfectly noiseless renders this most startling. We watch its form disappear over the tufted lemon grass in search of snakes and moles.

Suddenly we partly awake; the noise of civilisation surges to our ears, but again dies away. The moonlit tank shines out clearer than before, and we roam through jungle vines and palmyras, talipot-palms and bamboos, as we once did years ago. Across undulating slopes of waving mana-grass, past gigantic ant-hills, through clumps of cacti and tree-ferns starred with many a luminous insect, by hundred-rooted banyan trees covered with rattans and parasites, along the orchid-clad sides of watercourses we wend our way, breaking through the clinging and thorny tendrils of many a jungle creeper, wading across many a ferny swamp, climbing over the upraised roots of enormous forest trees, or stooping under their spreading branches.

A sudden snort is heard, then a crash and sound of hurrying feet, and we know that some old boar has been disturbed in his favourite "form." We fancy we are pulling off leeches again from our bleeding legs while pressing through the wet grass. Then that we are being pursued by some "rogue"-elephant, while our comrades' rifle-shots sing past us. But it is of no avail. The elephant is rapidly gaining upon us. Our rate of running has grown terrific. Bamboos, guavas,, and lantanas brush quickly by us, and we see for a minute human forms and firelight. The sound of voices has awakened us with a start. Our spirits can only wander through these regions *alone*. Again the sound of English traffic asserts itself, and the chilling feel of winter air puts an end to all tropical reverie. We have been day-dreaming.

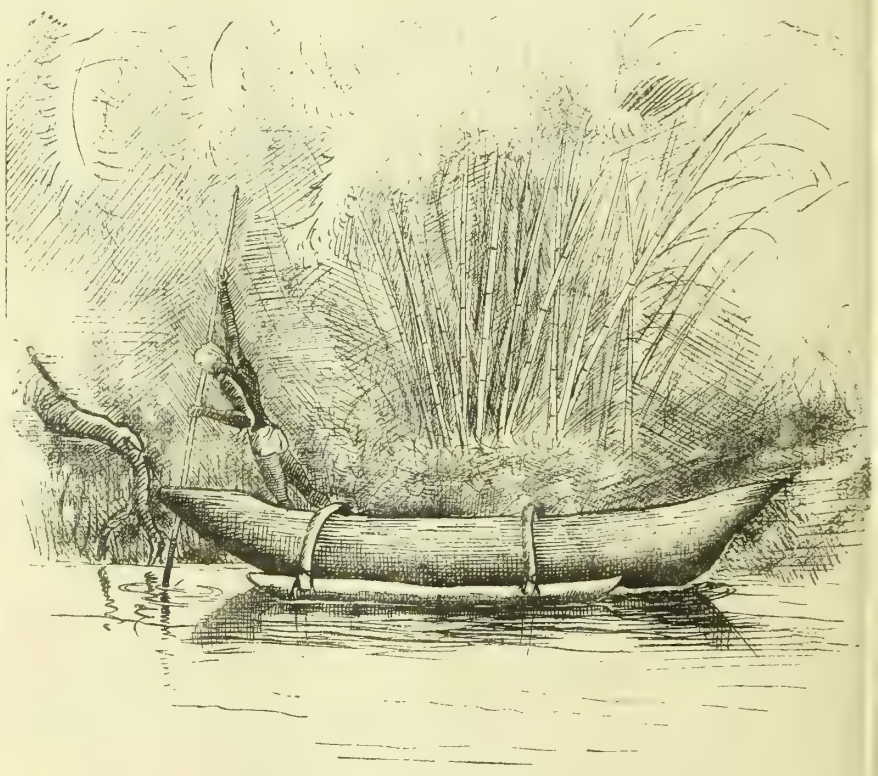
* * * * *

"Now then, boys," said McK——, "we really must turn in or we shall be getting a touch of fever; let us get the coolies to rig up the mosquito curtains over the bamboos—the brutes kept me awake half the night."

The rest of the party, N—— and myself, took his advice, and after some time spent in fixing up the bulky canoe as a cubicle, we ensconced ourselves in our bunks.

In saying that the rest of our party consisted of only N—— and myself, I omitted to include the non-Europeans, to wit, one Andi, the principal character, who performed with varying success the function of "Appu," cook, head caterer, interpreter, butler, coxswain, tracker, and other posts too numerous to mention, whose importance was only discovered when any of us had to fill them ourselves. A Cinghalese tracker, a Malay tracker, four coolies, and three dogs completed the muster-roll of vertebrate animals. Of the various orders, Pulmonaria, Trachearia, Coleoptera, Diptera, Aphaniptera, and Hymenoptera, with the different families of Fomicidæ, Termitidæ, Acaridæ, Culicidæ, and Pulicidæ, no mention need be made beyond the fact that all were represented by overwhelming majorities, and held mass meetings at all hours of day and night in the most inconvenient places. If insects are not the terror of the tropics, I do not know of anything else worthy to fill the post!

The trip down the river had so far been made with fair success. During the first week of the cruise, hours, almost days had been spent in unloading and reloading the canoes. These it must not be supposed bore any resemblance to the lovely birch-bark canoes, so familiar to every one, in which rapids are shot in Canada, and which can be carried by their occupants over a five-barred gate if necessary.



Bamboo Clump and River Canoe. Mahawelli-ganga, Ceylon.

Very much otherwise. Our canoes were nothing more or less than hollowed trees, with a couple of outriggers lashed across them made of bamboo, to which a spar of light wood was attached, and which floated in the water parallel to the canoe itself. This, of course, was a safeguard against a capsize.

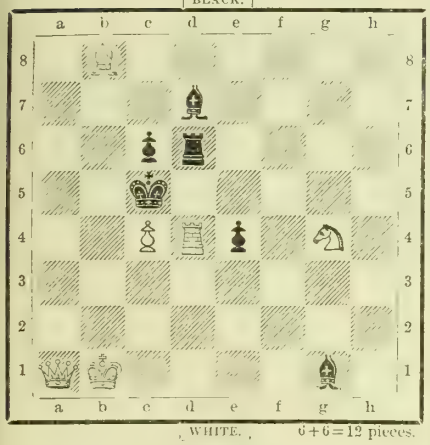
Many a heavy bump had our "tonis" experienced higher up the stream, but their heads and tails were pretty hard, and as their whole system was made of one piece no timbers had been stove in.

(*To be continued.*)

CHESS.

Problem No. 256.

By W. GRIMSHAW.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

BERGER'S ENDSPIELE.

The play of the R against two Ps is often interesting. White, K—K B 2, R—K B 7; Black, K—Q B 6, Ps—Q 6 and Q 7; White draws thus: 1, R—B 7 (ch.), K—Q 5. 2, R—Q 7 (ch.), K—K 5. 3, R—K 7 (ch.), K—B 4. 4, R—K sq.—White, K—K Kt 6, R—K 8; Black, K—Q 8, Ps—Q R 5 and Q B 6. Black plays 1, P—R 6, R—Q 8 (ch.). 2, K—B 8, R—Q R 8. 3, K—Kt 7, R—Q Kt 8 (ch.). 4, K—R 8, R—Q B 8. 5, P—R 7, K—B 5. 6, K—Kt 2, R—Kt 8 (ch.). 7, K—B 7, R—Q R 8. 8, K—Kt 6, R—Kt 8 (ch.). 9, K—B 5, R—Q R 8. 10, P—B 7, and wins. White, K—Q Kt 6, R—K R 8; Black, K—Q 3, Ps—K B 5 and K R 2; White to play. The move in the game was R × P, which led to a draw; but 1, R—K B 8, K—K 4. 2, K—B 5, K—K 5. 3, K—B 4, K—K 6. 4, K—B 3, P—B 6. 5, R—K 8 (ch.), K—B 7. 6, K—Q 2, P—R 5. 7, R—K R 8, K—Kt 7. 8, R × P, P—B 7. 9, R—Kt 5 (ch.), K—B 6. 10, R—B 5 (ch.), K—Kt 7. 11, K—K 2 produces a win for White.

The chapter of B and Kt contains studies by Horwitz, T. Brown, Kling and Horwitz, P. Hasse, J. C. West, Bolton, Chapais, Guretzky-Cornitz, Centurini, Stamma, Salvioli, L. Bledow, Cozio, G. Walker, Del Rio, Salvio, L. Kieseritzky, Ponziani, G. Reichhelm, J. H. Zukertort, Jaenisch, and others.

T. Brown has shown that sometimes two Bs can win against two Kts; for if the White K is at Q 2, the Bs at Q 7 and K Kt 5, the Black K at Q Kt 8, the Kts at K Kt sq. and K B 7; the White plays 1, B—B 5 (ch.), K—Kt 7. 2, K—K 2, Kt—R 8. 3, K—B 3, K—B 6. 4, B—R 7, and White wins both the Kts. B. Horwitz wins with K at K B 6, B at Q B sq., and Kt at K 5 against K at K Kt sq., and Kt at K R sq., with 1, Kt—B 6, etc.; and Kling and Horwitz win with K at K Kt 6, B at Q B 7, and Kt at K R 5 against K at K R sq., and B at K 2, playing 1, B—K 5 (ch.), K—Kt sq. 2, B—Kt 7, B—R 5. 3, Kt—B 4, B—K 2. 4, Kt—Q 5, B—Kt 4. 5, B—B 3, B—R 5. 6, B—Kt 4, B—B 7. 7, Kt—B 6 (ch.), K—R sq. 8, B—B 8, B moves. 9, B—Kt 7 mate. J. C. West's study was published in our paper on May 26, 1888; and we are sorry to report that West has not had the pleasure of seeing his end-game in Berger's book, for he died at Streatham, near London, in August 1889, at the age of sixty years. Bolton has the White K at K B 5, the Kts at K R sq. and K R 2; the Black K at K R 5, a P at K R 6; and plays 1, Kt—B 2, K moves. 2, Kt from B 2 to Kt 4, K—R 5. 3, K—Kt 6, K—Kt 6. 4, K—Kt 5, K—Kt 7. 5, K—B 4, K—R 8. 6, K—B 3, K—Kt 8. 7, K—Kt 3, K—R 8. 8, Kt—B 3, P—R 7. 9, Kt—B 2 mate. We have now arrived at the finest end-game in the book, to which we shall refer in our next article.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

TWENTY MINUTES' POUNDING ON THE PRAIRIE: OR, A WYOMING HAILSTORM.

WE had just finished our railroad contract near Douglass, one of those mushroom towns which, linking together the railroad, the mine, and the ranche, do so much to start the "wild and woolly West" into real civilisation, and redeem it from the stern, rough loneliness which surrounds the life of the hunter, the cowboy, and the bull-whacker or bull-puncher, as the man is appropriately designated who drives the ox-teams which freight all the necessaries of life across the prairies.

Our grading contract was on the banks of the North Platte River, a few miles below Fort Laramie, at the very base of the outlying spurs of the mighty Rocky Mountains, through which the Chicago and North Western intends to cut its way to the Pacific Coast. We were on our way with the outfit, consisting of teams, waggons, and scrapers, to take up a four-mile contract in Dakota, on the new extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railroad, and had just reached Silver Cliff, where we had to ship for Sioux City, in the State of Iowa. We had travelled for two days over the hot, dusty plains, past cowboys on the roundup, miners, grangers (farmers), and railroad contractors, scattered all along the road through that wild and wide dreary country, and had that morning seen the "construction train," with its mighty load of rails, ties (sleepers), and spikes (no bolts for your slap-dash Western Yankee), and its army of men and teams, rapidly laying its own track, at the rate of some three miles a day, through country which for many years had not echoed even to the wild warwhoop of the red man, but was now to wake to the shrill whistle of the white man's iron horse.

Horses and mules were all tied round the waggons, and our tent was pitched near the White River, about a mile from Silver Cliff, and most of us were thinking about turning in to sleep the sleep of the just, when one of the boys said "What's that?" Listening, we heard a far-off murmur which gradually got louder and louder, but, with hopes for the best, we made all snug, hoping to make one of the boys keep his word, who had said "I'll eat my shirt if it isn't a cyclone." We hoped if it was a storm it would pass round, but we were doomed to a disappointment that could be felt all over and remembered for a week. As the murmur increased to a wail and the wail to a roar some of the boys hopped under the blankets, all of them more or less undressed. The last man came in from tightening a tent peg, and tumbled under the blankets saying, "Let her blow!" And she did blow. With a roar like twenty locomotives all having a race together, the storm seemed literally to leap upon us. "Cut the horses loose!" "No; hang on to them!" "Hold the tent!" Such were the random shouts, but there was no one to execute the conflicting orders, for we were scattered far and wide. One second the tent was standing and we were looking at each other awaiting developments, and, without seeming to take time to fall over, the next second the tent was down and we were, as it were, spread abroad upon the face of the earth. The tent pole whacked me on the head and dazed me for a moment, but I soon had my wits about me, to find myself being battered and pounded and hammered most unmercifully, and, standing up, was nearly whirled off my legs, and with just sense enough to grab a blanket, though it was almost torn from my hands, I wrapped it over my head and shoulders and dropped on my knees, as a flash of lightning showed me, just in time, I was about three feet from the edge of the river bank. I tried to hold the blanket over my head, but the hail pounded like a shower of leaden bullets and I had to tuck the ends under my knees and shelter my sore hands, while the wind pressed like a board against my back. I seemed alone in the world, and speculated on which of my comrades had been blown away the furthest. The threefold noise of the thunder, wind, and hail was something awful, while through shirt, corduroy coat, and indiarubber rug, the solid pounding of the hail made me wince again and again. Each lightning flash showed me the river swiftly rising, about three feet away, while, to improve matters, one of the horses kept running round and round me, and I remember not so much being afraid that the horse would hurt me by running over me, as that he would upset me, and expose me afresh to the demon fury of the storm.

Minutes seemed hours; and though quiet fireside readers will have seen that statement so often as to be hardened into disbelief, I found it to be a bitter fact. All that I had ever seen, all I knew, and all I had ever thought about seemed to pass through my mind. Still the storm kept on; and now, oh horror! all thought was banished from my mind as a bright flash showed me the river just gurgling over its bank three feet away, and then black inky darkness, and the awful suspense between the flashes as the river came nearer and nearer inch by inch, swollen by the wicked little torrents that hurried past me from the hills behind. The hail piled up round my bare feet, and the river reached me and then rose round me inch by inch, and still the storm kept on. To freeze or drown to death on the first Sunday night in August, when others were in bed, or had just come home from church, seemed to intensify the hopelessness of my situation. The rushing river in front and around me, the storm like an iron wall behind, deafened with the triple thunder of the elements, blinded by the fiery lightning, appalled by the inky darkness, pounded by the merciless hail, I felt crushed and helpless. Courage was lost in the confusion of sensations. I felt if I could get up and fight, or run, or wrestle with the difficulties, I could be brave; but to kneel on the ground with one's head down, and be pounded, frozen, or slowly drowned seemed too horrible.

At last the hail slackened, but I dared not move lest I should be blown over into the icy water in which I knelt, or lose my blanket, during what might be only a temporary cessation of that awful shower of hailstones. But at last the pressure behind lessened, and I got up and waded to the waggons, where I think I found five out of some sixteen men sheltering themselves under the waggons or the horses, each asking the other, "Who's that?" One waggon, loaded with provisions and a great heavy stove, had been blown along for several yards. A chap we called "Shorty" had tried to shelter himself behind a tree the thickness of a billiard cue. Two fellows had been blown along and went smack into a barb-wire fence, through which they managed to scramble, and got into a shanty, where they were safe; but one fellow we could hear nothing about till we got to town, when we found he was blown away from camp, without either hat or coat, had been run over by a large flock of sheep, and had only been saved because the storm itself took him right straight into town, where he says he could not have got if he had had to run another hundred yards. His back next morning was covered with hard red knots, where the hail had pounded him, and we found the knife he had cut the mules loose with sticking in the hill where the sheep had rolled him over, and one man chaffed him with "You are a queer sort of a man to run under a flock of sheep to shelter yourself from a hailstorm." When the storm was over we had to collect the stock, and I stood holding about a dozen mules and horses, kicking and jumping at every peal of thunder, afraid they would mash my bare feet, while the boys threw the clothes on one team and hauled the waggons out of the water. We slept that night in the half-unroofed provision store of the head railroad contractor, who lost about £400 worth of provisions, and next morning walked back to camp, picking harness, etc. out of the piles of hail along the river's edge. But in a few days, while sitting on the tops of the freight cars, as we sped through the lovely Elkhorn Valley, in Nebraska, all we had to show in proof of our different experiences that night were bruised hands and heads.

As I knelt under the weight of that night's storm I realised as I never had before, and never need to again, the utter helplessness of puny, boastful man when face to face with the mighty agencies of God.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

[*Continued from Vol. XII., p.* 816.]

Literary Competition: Story Needing Words.

IN announcing this subject, we offered, it may be remembered (*vide Vol. XII. p.* 320), FOUR PRIZES of *One Guinea each* for the best descriptive sketch of the picture given on p. 313. Competitors were to be divided into classes, according to age, as follows, one prize going to each division:—Senior, all ages from 20 to 24; Second, all ages from 17 to 20; Third, all ages from 14 to 17; junior, all ages up to 14. No contribution was to exceed in length 500 words; and the last day for sending in was August 30th.

We have now much pleasure in publishing the Award.

JUNIOR DIVISION (*all ages up to* 14).

Prize—One Guinea.

ISAAC BAWDEN (age 13½), 5, Glenside, Mannamead, Plymouth.

CERTIFICATES.

[*The names are arranged approximately in order of merit.*]

ROBERT R. CLARK, 30, George Street, Devonport.

LOUIS MACHENRY-DENVIE, 82, Lower Leeson Street, Dublin.

ETHEL GRIMES, North Gate, Colchester, Essex.

JAS. H. D. BALLARDIE, 169, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

THOMAS PLANT, 88, Berners Street, Lozells, Birmingham.

G. V. FREDERICK, The Rectory, St. Peter's, Barbadoes, West Indies.

A. G. ALDRED, 9, Mount Beacon, Bath.

H. S. CLARK, Limeside House, Upper Edmonton.

M. A. WILSON, 57, Canning Road, Addiscombe, Croydon.

HENRY C. PAGE, 2, Sussex Place, Southampton.

LEONARD SARRE, 33, Ditchling Road, Brighton.

G. F. TEBBUTT, 24, Watkin Terrace, Northampton.

PERCY RUDD, Owthorne, Withernsea, near Hull.

OLIVER DABBS, 11, Weymouth Terrace, Hackney Road, E.

G. S. B. ROLFE, 45, Paulet Road, Camberwell, S.E.

F. J. W. HANSELL, 4, Hall Road, Lakenham, Norwich.

J. H. SAGAR, Coley Hall, Nelson, near Burnley.

ADA BRUCE, 1, Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh.

COLIN N. B. DUNLOP, The Shrubbery, Shooter's Hill, Kent.

H. P. COOPER, 2 Unique Villas, Ventnor, I.W.

G. A. GARLICK, 31, Emorville Avenue, South Circular Road, Dublin.

ARTHUR W. BARNICOTT, Powlet House, Taunton.

ARNOLD HILL PAYNE, Cambrian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Swansea.

FLORENCE CROSS, New House Farm, Sydlinch, Sturminster, Newton Blandford, Dorset.

WILFRED A. TUCKER, 29 Bridgeland Street, Bideford, Devon.

MAGGIE K. FORBES, 12, Alexandra Road, Bedford.

FRANK F. RENWICK, Belmont Villas, Fillebrook Road, Leytonstone, N.E.

JAMES C. NUNN, 212, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

WM. OAKLEY, 12, Almorah Road, Downham Road, Canonbury, N.

DR. MASTERTON, 2, Burnside Street, Lochie, near Dundee.

ALFRED FARRAR, Lot 73, High Street, George Town, British Guiana.

H. M. CHUBB, 21, Ashburnham Grove, S.E.

HERBERT G. ELLAM, 74, Southmoor Road, Oxford.

HERBERT N. WHITE, 4, Union Road, Kentish Town Road, N.W.

P. H. BELL, Holm Lea, Wood Hey Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

STANLEY H. DAVIS, Crudwell Lodge, Croydon Road, Anerley, S.E.

ALFRED ANDREWS, Ebenezer Villa, Park Road, Sittingbourne, Kent.

D. G. HALL, 5, St. Mary's Place, Edinburgh.

A. N. MITCHELL, Enniskillen, Ontario, Canada.

G. E. RUSHWORTH, 2, Westgate, Huddersfield.

A. S. TAYLOR, Keynsham Bank, London Road, Cheltenham.

A. N. KENION, The Roselands, Egerton Park, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.



Correspondence.

GOLD FISH (E. J.).—You will not be successful in breeding them in what may be called confinement. They want a large pond with properly arranged water plants.

CANKER IN DOG'S EAR (W. B.).—Reduce the diet, if gross; if thin, let it be nourishing. Give mashed greens in food daily, with gravy and meat. A dose of castor oil once a week. Use twice a day a lotion of sulphate of zinc and water, five grains to the ounce. Hold the ear gently for half a minute after you pour a teaspoonful in.

TORTOISE (A. N. Jones).—Keep it in the garden. It will feed itself when hungry.

PIMPLES (A. Fitz-P.).—Thinness of blood. Take steel drops, the morning tub, live well, and take abundant exercise.

PIGEONS GOING LIGHT (G. M.).—Read Doings for February. There is little can be done for them now. Your corn was too new, we fear. Besides, pigeons can't be fed exclusively on oats. Your treatment is all wrong. Get "Hints on Home and Farm Favorites."

FOOD FOR PARROTS (Psittacus).—The white dust is natural. Bread and milk sop, crusts, a very little hemp, nuts, grain, etc. Clean water, a chilli now and then. No meat or bones. Gravel is indispensable.

VARIOUS (Important).—1. Can't tell eggs from description only. 2. No; keep the male guinea-pig with doe. 3. Yes; pigeons will breed though related, but you will thus retain the family faults and bad points. 4. No.

CONIES (W. D.).—Read Doings for February.

SHORTSIGHTEDNESS (Eyesight).—No. You must wear glasses.

A BOY'S SISTER (Dimple D.).—Nice clean sand, not too fine. Goldfinches are seed birds. Canary seed, linseed, now and then, as a treat, some lettuce seed, oat grits, Soddy's German paste, wild weed seeds, such as plantain, green food, lettuce, groundsel, chickweed, and cress.

WINTER EGGS (F. B. Arrow).—Glad you asked us this. We wish all boys asked questions as sensible. Best layers are Leghorns, Andalusians, Minorcas, and Hamburghs. They must have been hatched early in the preceding spring (say in March). Keep warm; give a nice dry dust bath. Feed on grain, meaty scraps, plenty of green food, bread soaked in ale, warm of a morning in cold weather. Chillies, now and then, bruised. Hemp now and then. Not too much soft food.

GOLD FISH AGAIN (S. W. S.).—About half a dozen ant's eggs to each fish a day. Grow water plants in your aquarium and you will never have to change it.

FEET PERSPIRING (Many querists).—1. Use the bath. Also steel drops. Bathe feet night and morning in cold water with plenty of sea salt in it. Then damp over with a mixture of half an ounce of tannic acid dissolved in a pint of eau-de-cologne, or rum, dry them and dust over with tannic acid. Use light wool stockings.

BATS AND BALLS, ETC. (Ambitious).—Well, go in for training now. Read Dr. Gordon Stables's advice to boys. Don't forget the bath. You can purchase the bats and balls from Mr. John Piggott, 117 Cheapside.

RABBITS (S. H. N.).—It does not matter much whether they run with the mother or not, but separate sexes at three months old.

LOVE BIRDS (Frances Whyley).—You can buy them at E. Sumner's, 135 Oxford Street; or look in columns of "Exchange and Mart."

INCUBATORS (C. T. C.).—It seems to us that Westmeria (Westmeria Co., Kendal) is the best, as it certainly is the cheapest. Hearson's is also good.

NERVOUSNESS (Cheer Up).—Well, cheer up, then. Read the paper on "Boy's Ailments." Give up bad habits, and get a Harness's Electropathic belt.

LOVE BIRDS (A. B.).—Feed a canary on millet. The biggest sorts want bruised oats and Indian corn. Green food, gravel, water, cleanliness.

KITTEN IN CONVULSIONS (Archie).—Teething perhaps. Give a small teaspoonful of castor oil, about once a week. If they pass or throw up worms, try Spratt's Cure. We know what the powders are.

FOX TERRIER THIN (A. J. T.).—A bad "doer" evidently. Cod liver oil, and plenty of it, is your sheet anchor. Try Spratt's *new* biscuits. They answer well with our dogs.

BIRDS FOR AVIARY (Constant Reader).—At any respectable bird shop, or through columns of "Exchange and Mart." Do not place too many in a small aviary, and only those that will agree. Let us hear from you again.

BOOK WITH COLOURED PLATES—POULTRY (J. B. Carr.).—Wright's "Book on Poultry." It is very good; and by advertising in "Feathered World" you might get a nice second-hand copy.

GOATSKINS (P. E. Jones).—No; they always retain a peculiar odour. But it is not unpleasant.

BOOK ON RABBITS (Nil Desp.).—Yes; cross between any large breeds for the market. Cassell's "Practical Rabbit Keeper," 3*s.* 6*d.*

CHEAP PARROTS (A. Condor).—The 10*s.* 6*d.* ones *all* die. If you trust to Cross, of Liverpool, to send a really good one, he will do it, but not under 25*s.* or 30*s.*

ELECTRIC LIGHTING (Gramme).—1. This is quite too vague a question to reply to adequately. It obviously depends on the maker, and how much he gives you for your money. It would probably run two 5 candle-power lamps, and give about twelve or fourteen volts of current. 2. This also obviously depends on the size of the dynamo; it makes no difference what the motive power may be. Some, that only require that force, would run from twenty to fifty 5 candle-power lamps. 3. The Vaughan Sherrin Company have applied a battery and motor to a tricycle, but there is less room obviously on a bicycle; in fact, your idea is hardly likely to see the light yet. You had better work it out yourself, and patent the invention.

DRY BATTERY (Herga).—The gypsum is ordinary "plaster of Paris," and the oxide of zinc is the ordinary white oxide sold in the shops. In one pint of water dissolve one ounce of chloride of ammonia and one ounce of chloride of zinc. Stir, and then add as much plaster of Paris as will make it nearly set hard, but not quite. This is poured into the cell round the "elements."

CAUSE OF DEATH (Cleopatra).—The pretty young Dutch rabbit died of stoppage of the bowels from injudicious feeding. Neither green food nor too dry food should be given out of proportion. Read our Doings.

CAMERA OBSCURA (A. T. Shortell).—1. In order to take photos with a camera obscura you would have to alter it so much that it would be a shorter plan, one would think, to make a photographic camera at once. You will have to make a "dark slide" (any dealer will show you one for a pattern) to fit the top of the camera obscura, and to hold the dry plate, which would have to be so adjusted that, when in position, it was exactly where the glass was before, the glass being removed when the dark slide was put on. It would be better to do away with the mirror of the camera obscura and make the dark slide fit the end. 2. Ordinary dry plates would be what you would want, and there are any number of makers. 3. The camera you mention is "the best at the price" probably, because there is no other at that price, but it is only a toy and you would certainly be disappointed with it. If you want a "detective" camera save up your money till you have a guinea and buy the "guinea detective camera" made by Walter Griffiths of Birmingham. Any dealer will get it for you. It is capable of really good work, but, if you have done no photography before, you ought certainly not to begin with instantaneous work, but master the slow process first.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND LANTERN SLIDES ("Busy Bee").—Do you mean that you want to fix photographic prints on to glass, to make lantern slides? If so, you had better fix them on by soaking them in a hot solution of gelatine, and "squeegeing" into optical contact with the glass. Full directions given in the article on "Christmas-boxes made by Photography" in our January part, p. 174. But photographic lantern slides are made by developing suitably prepared lantern plates exposed under a negative like silver prints. For directions, see "Photographic Lantern Slides, and other Transparencies," pages 93 and 108 (Nos. 565 and 566), last volume. Colour them in the ordinary way, using aniline dyes for colours. The developed slides will have to be kept slightly damp while applying the colour.

ELECTRICITY (W. Townson).—Glad you succeeded so well with the two small coils, and hope further success will attend your efforts with the big one. There is no reason why you should not stick to the shellac varnish and varnished paper, but if you also soak the covering of the wire in melted paraffin you would get still better insulation. It would make very little difference, if any, soaking the coil instead of using varnish and varnished paper. The length of spark obviously depends on the amount of secondary wire, which you omit to give, and strength of battery. Probably you would get from 1 or 1½ to 2 inch spark if the reel was filled with wire. You could use two cells of the battery given in the article, and of course as many more as you choose to put on. With so large a coil you ought to have a regulating tube, and if you add a condenser, as described in No. 605, you would certainly get a 2-inch spark.

PHOTOGRAPHY (J. F. Bayley).—It is rather hard to be called upon to pronounce which is the "best" brand of plates, considering the immense number of manufacturers. The Pall Mall are first-rate; if you find them frill, use the alum bath, or the Hydroquinone developer, which stops frilling by its tanning action on the gelatine. If this is an insuperable objection, use the Ilford *white label* (not "ordinary"), or the "Castle" plates by Mawson & Swan. Both of these are admirable, and contain plenty of silver.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 627.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH:

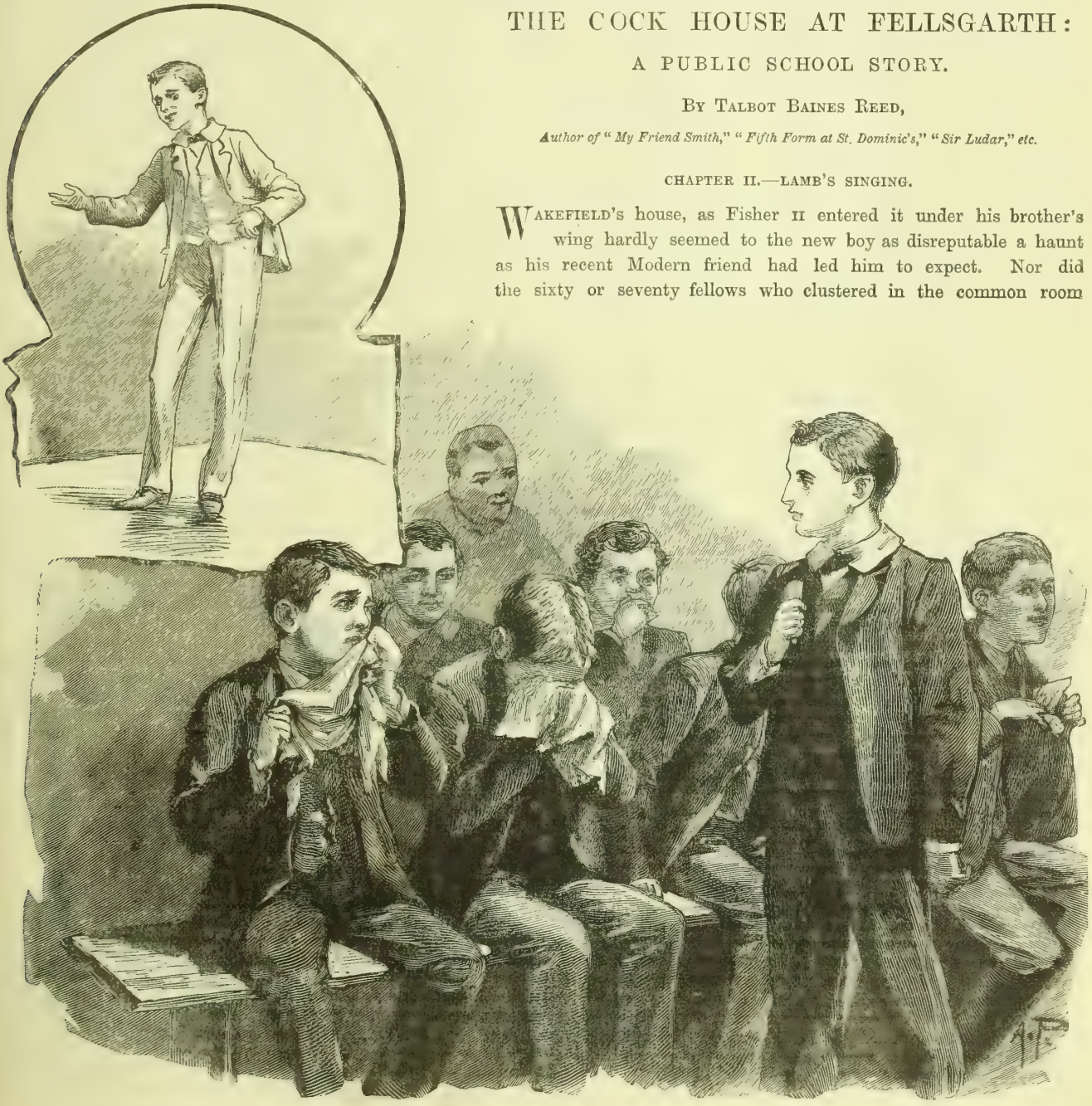
A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

CHAPTER II.—LAMB'S SINGING.

Wakefield's house, as Fisher II entered it under his brother's wing hardly seemed to the new boy as disreputable a haunt as his recent Modern friend had led him to expect. Nor did the sixty or seventy fellows who clustered in the common room



"'Beautiful song,' said Wally."

strike him as exactly the lowest stratum of Fellsgarth society. Yorke, the captain, for instance, with his serene, well-cut face, his broad shoulders and impressive voice, hardly answered to the description of a lout. Nor did Ranger, of the long legs, with speed written in every inch of his athletic figure, and gentleman in every line of his face, look the sort of fellow to be mistaken for a cad. Even Fisher I, about whom the younger brother had been made to feel decided qualms, could hardly have been the hail-fellow-well-met he was with everybody, had he been all the new boy's informant had recently described him.

Indeed, Fisher II, when presently he gathered himself together sufficiently to look round him, was surprised to see so few traces of the "casual ward" in his new house. True, most of the fellows might be poor—which, of course, was highly reprehensible; and some of them might not be connected with the nobility, which showed a great lack of proper feeling on their part. But as a rule they held up their heads and seemed to think very well of themselves and one another; while their dress, if it was not in every case as fashionable as that of the temporary owner of Fisher II's half-crown, was at least passably well fitting.

Fisher II, for all his doubts about the company he was in, could not help half envying these fellows as he saw with what glee and self-satisfaction they entered into their own at Wakefield's. They were all so glad to be back, to see again the picture of Cain and Abel in the common room, to scramble for the corner seat in the ingle-bench, to hear the well known creak on the middle landing, to catch the imperturbable tick of the dormitory clock, to see the top of Hawk's Pike looming out, down the valley, clear and sharp in the falling light.

Fisher II and Ashby, as they sat dismally and watched all the fun, wondered if the time would ever come when they would feel as much at home as all this. It was a stretch of imagination beyond their present capacity.

To their alarm, Master Wally Wheatfield presently recognised them from across the room, and came over patronisingly to where they sat.

"Hullo, new kids! thinking of your ma's, and the rocking-horses, and Nurse Jane, and all that? Never mind, have a good blub, it'll do you good."

Considering how near, in strict secrecy, both the young gentlemen addressed were to the condition indicated by the genial twin, this exhortation was not exactly kind.

They tried to look as if they did not mind it, and Fisher II naturally did his best to appear knowing.

"*I* don't mind," said he, with a snigger; "they're all milksops at home. I'd sooner be here."

"I wouldn't," put in the sturdy Ashby. "I think it's horrid not to see a face you know."

"There you are; what did I say? Screaming for his mammy," gibed Wally.

"And if I was," retorted Master Ashby, warming up, "she's a lot better worth it than yours, so now!"

Master Wally naturally fired up at this. Such language was hardly respectful from a new junior to an old.

"I'll pull your nose, new kid, if you cheek me."

"And I'll pull yours, if you cheek my mother."

"Booh, booh, poor baby! Who's cheeking your mother? I wouldn't cheek her with a pair of tongs. Something better to do. I say, are both you kids Classics?"

"Yes," they replied.

"I thought you must be Moderns, you're both so precious green. All right, there'll be lamb's singing directly, then you'll have to sit up."

"What's lamb's singing?" said Ashby.

"Don't you know?" replied Wally, glad to have recovered the whip hand. "It's this way. Every new kid has to sing in his house first night. You'll have to."

"Ah," faltered Ashby, "I can't; I don't know anything."

"Can't get out of it; you must," said the twin, charmed to see the torture he was inflicting. "So must you, Hair-parting."

Fisher II was too knowing a hand to be caught napping. He had had the tip about lamb's singing from his brother last term, and was prepared. He joined in, therefore, against Ashby.

"What, didn't you know that, kid? You must be green. *I* knew it all along."

"That's all right," said Wheatfield. "Now I'm going. I can't fool away all my evening with you. By the way, mind you don't get taking up with any Modern kids. It's not allowed, and you'll get it hot if you do. My young brother" (each twin was particularly addicted to casting reflections on his brother's age) "is a Modern. Don't you have anything to do with him. And whatever you do, don't lend any of them money, or there'll be a most awful row. That's why we always call up subscriptions for the house clubs on first night. It cleans the fellows out, and then they can't lend any to the Moderns. You'll have to shell out pretty soon, as soon as lamb's singing is over. Ta, ta."

This last communication put Fisher II in a terrible panic. He had evidently committed a gross breach of etiquette in lending that Modern boy (whose name he did not even know) a half-crown; and now, when the subscriptions were called for, he would have to declare himself before all Wakefield's a pauper.

"I say," said he to Ashby, dropping the patronising for the pathetic, "could you ever lend me half-a-crown? I've—I've lost mine—I'll pay it you back next week faithfully."

"I've only got five bob," said Ashby, "to last all the term, and half-a-crown of that will go in the clubs to-night."

"But you'll get it back in a week—really you will," pleaded Fisher II, "and I'll——"

But here there was a sudden interruption. Every one, from the captain down, looked towards the new boys, and a shout of "lamb's singing," * headed by Wally Wheatfield, left little doubt as to what it all meant.

"Pass up the new kids down there," called one of the prefects. Whereupon Fisher II and Ashby, rather pale and very nervous, were hustled up to the top of the room, where sat the grandees in a row round the table on which the sacrifice was to take place.

"Isn't one of them your minor?" asked Yorke of Fisher senior.

"Yes," said the latter rather apologetically; "the one with the light hair. He's not much to look at. The fact is, I only know him slightly. They say at home he's a nice boy."

"Does he spend much of his time under tables, as a rule?" asked Ranger, recognising the lost property which had hung on to his legs at dinner-time. "If so, I'll take the other one for my fag."

"He's bagged already," said Denton. "Fisher and I put our names down for him an hour ago."

"Well, that's cool. If Fisher wanted a fag he might as well have taken his own minor."

"Fisher I knew better," said the gentleman in question. "It might raise awkward family questions if I had him."

"Wouldn't it be fairer to toss up?" suggested the captain. "Or I don't mind swopping Wally Wheatfield for him; if you really——"

Ranger laughed.

"No, thank you, I draw the line at Wally. I wouldn't deprive you of him for the world. I suppose I must have this youngster. Let's hear him sing first."

"Yes, lamb's singing. Now, you two, one at a time. Who's first? Alphabetical order."

Ashby, with an inward groan, mounted the rostrum. If anything could have been more cruel than the noise which greeted his appearance, it was the dead silence which followed it. Fellows sat round, staring him out of countenance with critical faces, and rejoicing in his embarrassment.

"What's the title?" demanded some one.

"I don't know any songs," said Ashby presently, "and I can't sing."

"Ho, ho! we've heard that before. Come, forge ahead."

"I only know the words of one that my cou—somebody I know—sings, called the 'Vigil.' I don't know the tune."

"That doesn't matter—out with it."

So Ashby, pulling himself desperately together, plunged recklessly into the following appropriate ditty; which, failing its proper tune, he manfully set at the top of his voice and with all the energy he was capable of, to the air of the "Vicar of Bray"—

> The stealthy night creeps o'er the lea,
> My darling, haste away with me.
> Beloved, come! see where I stand,
> With arms outstretched upon the strand.
>
> The night creeps on; my love is late;
> Oh love, my love, I wait, I wait;
> The soft wind sighs mid crag and pine;
> Haste, O my sweet! be mine, be mine!

This spirited song, the last two lines of which were caught up as a chorus, fairly brought down the house; and Ashby, much to his surprise, found himself famous. He had no idea he could sing so well, or that the fellows would like the words as much as they seemed to do. Yet they cheered him and encored him,

* For the benefit of the curious it may be explained that "lamb's singing," the name applied to the musical performances of new boys at Fellsgarth on first night, is supposed to have derived its title from the frequency with which these young *virtuosos* fell back upon "Mary had a little lamb" as their theme on such occasions.

and yelled the chorus till the roof almost fell in.

"Bravo," shouted every one, the captain himself included, as he descended from the table; "that's a ripping song."

"That sends up the price of our fag, I fancy," said Denton to his chum. "Your young brother won't beat that."

"Next man in," shouted Wheatfield, hustling forward Fisher II. "Now, kid, lamm it on and show them what you can do."

"Title! title!" cried the meeting.

Now if truth must be told, Fisher II had come to Fellsgarth determined that whatever else he failed in, he would make a hit at "lamb's singing." He had made a careful calculation as to what sort of song would go down with the company and at the same time redeem his reputation from all suspicion of greenness; and he flattered himself he had hit upon the exact article.

"Oh," said he, with an attempt at offhand swagger, in response to the demand. "It's a comic song, called 'Oh no!'"

It disconcerted him a little to see how seriously everybody settled down to listen, and how red his brother's face turned as he took a back seat among the seniors. Never mind. Wait till they heard his song. That would fetch them!

He had carefully studied not only the song but the appropriate action. As he knew perfectly well, there is one invariable attitude for a comic song. The head must be tilted a little to one side. One eyebrow must be raised and the opposite corner of the mouth turned down. One knee should be slightly bent; the first finger and thumb of one hand should rest gracefully in the waistcoat pocket, and the other hand should be free for gesture.

All these points Fisher II attended to now as carefully as his nervousness would permit, and felt half amused at the thought of how comic the fellows must think him.

"Do you——" he began.

But at this point Ranger unfeelingly interrupted, and put the vocalist completely out.

"Did you say 'Oh no' or 'how now'?"

"Oh no," repeated the singer.

"You mean h-o-w n-o-w?"

"Oh no; it's o-h n-o."

"Thanks—sorry to interrupt. Fire away."

Fisher tried to get himself back into attitude, and began again in a thin treble voice:—

Do you think I'm just as green as grass?
Oh no!
Do you take me for a silly ass?
Oh no!
Do you think I don't know A from B?
Do you think I can't tell he from she?
Do you think I swallow all I see?
Oh no—not me!

He was bewildered by the unearthly silence of his audience. No one stirred a muscle except Wheatfield, who was apparently wiping away a tear. Was the song too deep for them, or perhaps he did not sing the words distinctly, or perhaps they *had* laughed and he had not noticed? At any rate he would try the next verse, which was certain to amuse them. He looked as droll as he could, and by way of heightening the effect, stuck his two thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and wagged his hands in time with the song.

Do you think I lie abed all day?
Oh no!
Do you guess I skate on ice in May?
Oh no!
Do you think I can't tell what is what?
Do you think I don't know pepper's hot?
Or whereabouts my i's to dot?
Oh no, no rot!

As he concluded, Fisher II summoned up enough resolution to shake his head and lay one finger to his nose in the most approved style of comedy, and then awaited the result.

Fellows apparently did not take in that the song was at an end, for they neither cheered nor smiled. So Fisher II made an elaborate bow to show it was all over. The result was the same. A gloomy silence prevailed, in the midst of which the singer, never more perplexed in his life, descended from the table and proceeded to look out for the congratulations of his admirers.

"Beautiful song," said Wally, still mopping his face. "I never thought I could be so touched by anything. We generally get comic songs on first night."

"This *is* a comic one" said Fisher II.

"Go on," said Wheatfield; "tell that to D'Arcy here—he'll believe you—eh, D'Arcy?" D'Arcy looked mysterious.

"It's no laughing matter, young Wheatfield," said he, in a loud whisper, evidently intended for the eager ears of Fisher II. "I heard Yorke just now ask Denton if he thought Fisher's minor was all there. Denton seemed quite cut up, and said he hadn't known it before, but it must be a great family trouble to the Fishers. It accounted for Fisher I's frequent low spirits. "You know," continued D'Arcy confidentially, "I can't help myself thinking it's a little rough on Fisher I for his people to send a minor who's afflicted like this to Fellsgarth. They might at least have put him on the Modern side. He'd have been better understood there."

This speech Fisher II listened to with growing perplexity. Was D'Arcy in jest or earnest? He seemed to be in earnest, and the serious faces of his listeners looked like it too. Had the captain really made that remark to Denton? Suppose there *was* something in it! Suppose, without his knowing, he was really a little queer in his head! His people might have told him of it. And Fisher I, his brother —even he hadn't heard of it! Oh dear! oh dear! How was he ever to recover his reputation for sanity? What*ever* induced him to sing that song?

Poor Fisher II devoutly wished himself home again within reach of his mother's soothing voice and his sisters' smiles. *They* understood him. These fellows didn't. *They* knew he was not an idiot. These fellows didn't.

Further reflection was cut short by a loud call to order and cheers, as Yorke, the captain, rose to his feet.

Every one liked Yorke. As captain of the school even the Moderns looked up to him, and were forced to admit that he was a credit to Fellsgarth. In Wakefield's, his own house, he was naturally an idol. Prodigious stories were afloat as to his wisdom and his prowess. Examiners were reported to have rent their clothes in despair at his answers; and at football, rumour had it that once, in one of the out-matches against Ridgmoor, he had run the ball down the field with six of the other side on his back, and finished up with a drop at the goal from thirty yards.

But his popularity in his own house depended less on these exploits than on his general good nature and incorruptible fairness. He scorned to hit an opponent when he was down, and yet he would knock down a friend as soon as a foe if the credit of the school required it. The one drawback to his character in the eyes of certain of his fellow prefects and others at Wakefield's was that in the standing feud between Classics and Moderns he would take no part. He demanded the allegiance of all parties on behalf of the school, and if any man refused it, Yorke was the sort of person who would make it his business to know the reason why.

Now as he got up and waited for the cheers to cease, no one could deny that he wasn't as fine a captain as Wakefield's could expect to see for many a day. And for the first time some of those who even feared him realised with a qualm that this was the last "first night" on which he would be there to make the usual speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are all glad to be back in the old place (cheers). At any rate I am (loud cheers). On first night, as you know, we always combine business with pleasure. We have just had the pleasure (laughter, in the midst of which Fisher II pricked up his ears and wondered if his song wasn't going to be appreciated after all). The lambs have bleated and done their level best, I'm sure (renewed laughter, and cries of "How now?"). Now for the business. Gentlemen, the house clubs demand your support. (Fisher II turned deadly green as he remembered the Modern boy and his half-crown. He looked round wildly for Ashby, but Ashby was standing between Wally and D'Arcy, and the proximity was not encouraging for Fisher's purpose. The idea occurred to him of appealing to his brother. But Fisher I, pen in hand, sat at the receipt of custom, and he dare not approach.) "We hope there will be no shirking. Every fellow in the house is expected to back up the clubs. If the house clubs are not kept up to the mark, the school clubs are sure to go down (cheers). We don't ask much. The seniors pay 5*s.*, the middle boys 3*s.* 6*d.*, and the juniors 2*s.* 6*d.* (Fisher II glanced frantically in the direction of the door, and began to edge that way.) Now, gentlemen, one word more. You know, last term, there was a lot of bad blood between Classics and Moderns (great cheers and three groans for the Moderns). Of course it's open to any idiot who likes to make a fool of himself, and quarrel with anybody he likes. He's welcome to do it up to a certain point, if it gives him pleasure. But I want to say this (and I'd say it if the whole of the school was here), that if these rows once begin to interfere with the honour of the school in sports or anything else, as they nearly did last term, the fellows who indulge in them will be dropped on pretty heavily, no matter what side or what house they belong to."

The captain looked so uncommonly like meaning what he said, that D'Arcy, who had already made an appointment to fight Lickford, a Modern boy, at the Three Oaks before breakfast to-morrow,

quailed under his eye, and wondered if he could with dignity "scratch" the engagement.

A general movement towards the table at which Fisher I sat with his pen and account-book followed the captain's speech. Of all the company present, only one failed to enrol himself. He was a new boy called Fisher II, who, evidently worn out by the fatigues of the day and unversed in the etiquette of first night, had sought the dame at a somewhat early hour, and received her permission to go to bed.

Such at least was that lady's version when Fisher I, having missed his minor, made inquiries respecting his absence.

"Best thing he could do, to make himself scarce, after such a performance," said the elder brother to Denton w ho accompanied him.

"Yes, indeed, I envy Ranger his fag. It's a lucky thing we bagged the other one in time."

"The young donkey couldn't be in better hands," said Fisher; "but I say, Den, didn't the captain come down rather heavy with his thunder to-night? What does it all mean?"

"Rows, I expect," said Denton. "He's not going to stand what went on last term, and I'm jolly glad of it. We must back him up."

"If he means I'm not to feel inclined to kick Dangle whenever I see him, I can't promise him much."

"Dangle's a good quarter-mile man, and a good long-stop. If your kicking him prevents his playing for the school, you'll have to mind your eye, my boy. That's what he means."

"Oh!" grunted Fisher I, "I suppose the rows will begin to-morrow, when we elect the officers for the school clubs. Those fellows are sure to want to stick their own men in."

"At any rate you're safe enough for treasurer, old man. But come, I'm dead sleepy, to-night. Time enough for rows to-morrow and the next day."

(To be continued.)

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER XVII.—AFRICA'S SUNNY FOUNTAINS AND INDIA'S CORAL STRAND—I DETERMINE TO GO TO EOS—CALLAO AGAIN—I MEET AN OLD FRIEND, AND WE AGREE ONCE MORE TO BE SHIPMATES TOGETHER.

After my mother's death the house in which she had lived was shut up, the farm being left in charge of Ezra and his wife as before. I found myself possessed of a few hundred pounds, part of which I invested in merchandise, and therewith made two voyages to Sierra Leone and back. These voyages I have good reason to remember, since in one of them only four persons survived out of a crew of nineteen, the rest being the victims of a terrible epidemic of fever which prevailed at the time; while in the second voyage I had the ill-fortune to lose all the money that I had invested, thus reducing my capital to so small a sum that the interest which it produced was scarcely sufficient to keep me in bread and cheese.

Never had I felt so despairing. I had fought hard and hazarded my life upon many occasions in the cause of a country which, so far from recognising my claims upon it, refused even to give me the pay which was my just due. I was suffering from love, to which, alas! there could be no response; I was all but friendless, solitary, poor, and unknown. The thought grew upon me that, come what might, I must shake myself free from the hard unsympathetic world in which I was struggling to live, and begin afresh amid new faces and new scenes. In England, at least, my chances of happiness seemed but small.

I have spoken of Eos already. This island with its romantic history had always an inexpressible fascination for me; and now, curiously enough, the captain of the vessel in which I had made the first of the two voyages to Sierra Leone was one who had on several occasions visited Eos. He was never weary of telling the story of his welcome there; how every man in the community had vied with his neighbour in showing them every possible kindness; how contentedly they lived, though cut off completely from the world around them, save for the visits of occasional ships, sometimes only two or three touching at the island in the course of the year. He told me with what loyalty the islanders submitted themselves to their venerable chief, Adam Goode, the last survivor of the original shipwrecked crew. He had taught himself to read from the one Bible and Prayer-book saved from the wreck, and had rekindled and kept alive the Christian faith in the hearts of the people, and had trained the rapidly increasing family in the path of virtue. He was the apostle of his adopted country; and though an unlearned and ignorant man, and one whose character in the past had been by no means commendable, he had yet lived to do a great and good work, and win for himself the respect and gratitude of a large posterity.

What a harsh judgment the world would have passed upon such a determination as mine, had it cared to trouble itself in the least degree with my concerns! How it would have ridiculed the bare idea of a young man like myself, hardly as yet in the prime of life, deliberately choosing voluntary exile, and making a voyage of many thousands of miles in search of an Arcadian existence in one of the smallest and most remote of English colonies! With what supercilious pity should I have been dismissed from their thoughts by the young men of the day as a lunatic, and by their elders as either a ne'er-do-well or a fool! But seeing that my frail bark was fairly floated on the troublous sea of life, and seeing that I neither knocked at the doors of its workhouses nor its gaols, the world went on with its business and its pleasure, and left me once more to take an affectionate farewell of Ezra and his wife, who never ceased to believe and to avow that I should settle down somewhere and better myself in time.

I was not able to carry out my idea immediately, but there intervened between this time and the day when I landed at Eos a period of about four years which were occupied by long trading voyages. I spent a considerable portion of this period in India, which country, so vast in its resources, so abundant in its wealth, and teeming with a population so intelligent and industrious, filled me with incessant admiration, so that I marvelled more than ever at the splendid achievements of my countrymen. But time and space forbid me to dwell at length on this part of my history, except so far as to observe that I have always looked upon it as a great privilege to have seen something of the East Indies, as well as of other countries less important in the eyes of Englishmen.

Suffice it then to say that in the early part of the year 1828 I found myself once more at Callao. It was with mingled feelings that I watched from the deck of the ship the well-remembered features of the harbour, as they opened out before me. Here had we taken up our billet when I first visited Callao; here had we anchored with springs on our cables before the action of Feb. 29, 1820; yonder was the very point where the shipwreck had taken place, and doubtless the ribs of the ship were yet being lashed by the breakers, and the seaweed, in dank luxuriance, was clinging like grave-clothes to her shattered frame; and there, in the distance, under the batteries, lay a smart man-of-war, which, but for the stars and stripes fluttering at her peak, might have been taken for the Esmeralda herself, riding at anchor in blissful ignorance of the fate which was swiftly to overtake her.

How this feeling of curiosity was intensified when I stepped on shore may be easily imagined. There were the batteries on which I had worked in chains among gangs of convicts; the prison, with the very window of the cell in which I had been confined, whereat I sometimes thought that I could discern the emaciated features of another occupant. A free man, I often passed and repassed the square which had been the scene of my degradation and toil, and marked the traces of the accident which had procured me my freedom in the charred remains of the arsenal, which had not been repaired from want of funds. Nay more, in a sharp attack of fever I called in by chance the very physician who had involuntarily furthered my escape. He did not recognise me, but I could not resist discovering myself to him, and I had frequently the

pleasure of enjoying his hospitality during my stay at Callao.

But months passed by, and I became increasingly anxious to carry out my design; my little capital was fast decreasing, under the exorbitant charges at that time prevailing in Peru; my stock of clothes too was wearing out, and I could not replace them save with articles vastly inferior at about treble the price. Still,



for some months no opportunity offered itself, no one seemed willing to touch at Eos. But at last a chance came, quite unexpectedly, involving nothing less than the falling in with my old friend Boaz Bloomer.

I was wandering one day up and down the wharves at Callao, making fruitless inquiries of this person and that as to whether any vessel was likely to touch at Eos, when I heard a cheery voice behind me, "Hullo! George Freeborn, I say, where away now?"

The accent was unmistakable, and my first impulse was to rush into the arms of my old friend and deliverer; but I contented myself with a good honest English grip of his horny hand, and then, linking his arm within mine, he drew me along with him, asking a hundred questions as to where I had been, and what I had been doing since we parted last at Valparaiso.

"And how have you been?" said I at last, when I could get in a word.

"Well, rather shaky, my boy, rather shaky; I ain't so young as I was, not by a goodish bit. I've got the rheumatiz too, like that there old Mayflower; poor old craft, she's gone to be broke up at last, and I reckon I shan't be many tides arter 'er. It's astonishin' 'ow soon a man runs through the alphabet of life, and comes to the *x*'s, the unknown quantities, and the *y*'s, the years that have sped so fast; it's a comfort, however, to remember that *z* stands for Zion."

I rallied him on his despondent frame of mind, but he shook his head, and continued sadly, "No, my boy, I know I am booked for the next world; arter' fifty years o' sea work the old craft's wore out entirely. The doctors can patch up an old 'ulk, and make 'er last a few months longer, but I never knowed one as could mend a wore-out 'eart; and that's what's the matter with me. It's a great mercy as I knows it; I may go any time; they say as the anchors 'll most likely part on a sudden. So all I've got to do is to get ready for that long voyage. But where away now, my boy?"

I detailed to him my plans.

"Well," replied he, dubiously scratching his head; "I don't reckon much of your chance; there ain't a ship calling at that place once in a blue moon. I've 'eerd it's a nice little place too, and that the folks there are uncommon 'omely and pleasant to deal with. But why not fit out a little bit of a cutter or ketch, and navigate 'er yourself? As far as I can see it's your only chance, and if the idea takes your fancy, I don't know as I won't go along with you. I 'aven't got long to live, and I may as well die on the sea or among good people—they're scarce enough 'ere, any'ow."

He stood for a moment or two in deep thought; and a glance at his weather-beaten countenance was quite enough to assure me that what he said about himself was true.

"I have it," he exclaimed at last; and without another word he drew me along with him to a distant shipbuilding yard, at one of the jetties belonging to which a little cutter was made fast, the owner of which had recently died, and left this property to be disposed of by his executors.

"Look there, now," said Boaz; "if that ain't just the ticket, I'm certain I don't know what is. There's a little beauty; a cutter yacht, eighteen tons burden, well found in everything, and as snug a little craft as ever skipped across the water. You and I 'as weathered a storm or two in company, my son, and if that craft and the South-East Trades don't carry us safely over to Eos, I'm a Dutchman."

In a week from that date I became the master, and part owner of the Firefly, which we rechristened the Isabel, and we were hard at work fitting her out for her new venture. Boaz made himself infinitely useful in generally superintending the work, making a thousand suggestions for our mutual comfort, and liberally sharing in the expense.

"And mind, my boy," said he, "after religion 'ealth's the first consideration; so be sure not to let me forgit the tartar emetic and the calomel."



"My old friend and deliverer."

(To be continued.)

THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS.

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND COUNTRY LIFE.

By Ashmore Russan,

Author of "A Strange Epidemic," "The Last of the Great Auks," "The Speckled Giant," "That Little Jackdaw," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CAPTURE OF THE "SWALLOW-TAIL."

No wonder Dr. Drysdust felt young again. For him the year comprised but five months, from May to September. These are the butterfly months. Time was when he had passed the winter chrysalis-seeking; but his eyesight was not what it had been, and he had long given it up. And of late he had feared that he must give up butterfly hunting also. It was so very annoying when he had stalked a fancied "Black-veined White," the rare *Aporia Cratægi*, to its resting-place on a flower and captured it, to find it metamorphosed into a common *Pieris Brassicæ*, the butterfly of the kitchen garden and the London squares. It was vexing to tramp about for hours and not even *see* a butterfly, when he knew that there were scores within a few yards of him. His eyesight was so dim that he really could not discern a butterfly unless it were on the wing and pretty close to his nose. Of course, when he knew its exact position, the difficulty did not exist.

But now he was young again. He had six pairs of young eyes to assist his vision, and six pairs of young legs to aid him in running the butterflies to flower. For the services thus rendered he threw aside his scientific jargon and told them a great deal of what he knew about butterflies in plain, homely language. He enjoyed himself thoroughly, and so did his companions.

They captured an orange-tipped "Wood Lady" in a riding close to Heyward's Hill, and a "Wood Argus" on the fringe of the wood. A rush through the brambles and furze on the adjacent common, in which Frank Brown, carried away by the excitement of his companions, joined, regardless of his clothes, resulted in the capture of a beautiful "Silver-washed Fritillary."

Then Funibois inadvertently captured a prize—a rather small brown and orange butterfly that appeared to have been in the butterfly wars.

"Is this thing worth having, sir?" its captor asked the ancient entomologist. "It looks as if it had been fighting and got the worst of it. Its wings are quite ragged."

Dr. Drysdust took the ragged-winged butterfly eagerly in his hand.

"A thing, do you call it?" he cried. "It is a *Grapta, C. Album*, a very rare 'Comma,' to give it its English name. I would rather have it than two 'Purple Emperors.'"

"It is yours, sir," said Funibois, promptly.

The "Dingy Skipper" was delighted. It was really very pleasant to have six sharp-eyed collectors at his beck and call, who, when either of them captured a treasure, would say "It is yours, sir," and think no more about it. He transferred the "Comma" to a travelling box with eager, trembling fingers, and treated himself to an enormous pinch of snuff.

"Now, boys," he said, "I am going to tell you a secret. Did you ever hear of the *Machaon?* No? Not by that name, I suppose. It is in your book, Arundel. Look for the *Papilio Machaon*, the Swallow-tailed Butterfly."

Jack hurriedly turned the pages until he came to the illustration asked for. It represented a very beautiful butterfly of a creamy yellow ground tint, banded with black. The black bands on the front wings were powdered with yellow; those on the hind wings with blue; in addition, two red "eyes." But the butterfly's chief beauty, from the "Dingy Skipper's" point of view, was its shape. The hind wings were elongated like the tail of a swallow. Hence its name.

"That's it! That's the *Machaon!*" cried Dr. Drysdust, "and I know where it is to be found alive. I know a famous haunt of the 'Swallow-tail.' If I tell you—if I take you, and specimens are still there, will you promise not to take more than two, and not to visit it again this season unless in my company?"

The boys gave the required promise at once.

Crafty "Dingy Skipper"!

"I haven't visited it for several years," he went on. "The last time I caught two specimens and a bad attack of rheumatism. I have the specimens in a cabinet at home, and I carry the rheumatism about with me. Ha, ha, ha!"

Dr. Drysdust always laughed at his own jokes. It was a peculiarity of his personality, as Funibois might have said.

"Fear of rheumatism has kept me away. I dare not get my feet wet. I suppose wet feet have no terrors for you youngsters?"

All save Frank Brown answered "No." Frank looked at his patent leathers and said nothing.

"Then we'll call round and see if a *Machaon* is at home," said the ancient one, leading the way across the common.

Presently they came to a patch of marshy ground some six acres in extent, covered with bulrushes, reeds, and occasional patches of marsh marigolds.

"This is the place; this is the *Machaon's* home. We will walk round it, and you must keep a sharp look-out."

Dr. Drysdust led the little army of butterfly hunters half-way round the bog, it was nothing else, without a halt. Apparently the visit was paid in an unlucky hour. No "Swallow-tails" appeared to be at home. Perhaps, as is frequently the case, they had deserted the spot, or become extinct, there. It often happens that all the caterpillars in what has been a famous haunt of some particular butterfly find graves in the stomachs of a swarm of hungry birds, when of course no butterflies are forthcoming. Dr. Drysdust was a little disappointed. He had counted on at least one specimen.

"I am afraid it is of no use to go further," he said. "They must have left their old haunt."

Hardly had he spoken when Jack caught sight of a yellowish butterfly perched on a bulrush, and cried out.

"Where is it? Where is it?" the "Dingy Skipper" eagerly asked.

Jack pointed out the specimen, on the opposite side of a pool of water.

"There it is, sir; but I hardly see how it is to be got at."

"It must be got at. It's a *Machaon*. Why, dear me, when I was a young man I thought nothing of swimming across a river in my clothes after a good thing. Let us hold a council of war, boys; a council of war."

In courts martial and war councils the younger officers often speak first. In Dr. Drysdust's council the talking was all done by one whose age almost equalled the aggregated ages of all the others. In short, Dr. Drysdust did it all.

"It must be approached from two sides. You boy—what do they call you—Funibois? Very funny name. Take off your shoes and stockings and go to the right with my net. You, Arundel, do the same and go to the left. Let the boy that's behind the *Machaon* strike first. If it flies away, follow it; the water and mud together are not more than two feet deep anywhere. I ought to know. I have been all over the marsh—over almost every inch of it. Dare not do it now, I am sorry to say."

And this was what the "Dingy Skipper" called a council of war.

Nothing loth, Jack and Funibois took off their boots and socks, and rolled their trousers up above their knees. Thus prepared, they waded to the attack, anxiously watched by the "Dingy Skipper" and their companions.

The "Swallow-tail" shifted its position once or twice, and fluttered a few yards further away; but, poor thing! it did not dream of danger in its watery fastness among the bulrushes.

As its head was towards Funibois, Jack approached it to strike first. He raised his net, and the next moment the "Swallow-tail" was a prisoner. Two minutes later it was safe in one of Dr. Drysdust's collecting boxes, dead and securely pinned to the cork bottom.

"I never remember such a capital day's sport," chuckled the old man. "When is your next half holiday? Saturday? You must come to see me, and we will try somewhere else. I shall write to Dr. Hardridge to-morrow, so mind you come."

From the marsh they returned to Heyward's Hill, where Tim caught a

"Tiger-moth" beneath a yew tree. He did not stow it away in a bait can, nor did Sapington use his curling irons upon it. Jack took charge of it.

At the foot of the hill Jack caught a pretty little "Adonis Blue"; and as it was now time to return to the Abbey they parted company with the delighted Dr. Drysdust, and made the best of their way home, thoroughly well satisfied with the result of their butterfly hunt. Of course the specimens were placed on exhibition in Jack's study, and of course nearly every boy in the school came to see them. Among the visitors were Dr. Hardridge and Mr. Stoneleigh, who both expressed their pleasure at the discrimination and right feeling manifested by the comparatively few butterflies captured. No two were alike, but all were rare.

"I was afraid," said the Doctor, "that you would have taken a large number of butterflies of the same kinds. I am very glad to see that you have not done so."

It was rather odd that the Mugginses major and minor did not visit Jack's study, more especially as they had assisted to capture one of the specimens. It was odder still that they were not missed. It must not be supposed that their presence was desired, but Muggins major had his finger in every pie, and his absence from the study was really remarkable. However, nobody was aware that they had not reached the Abbey until Tim took it into his head to call upon them to see what, if any, specimens they had brought home, and found the oak "sported." Then he remembered that he had not seen them since they walked off by the bramble thicket near Heyward's Hill.

Six P.M. was the tea hour on Wednesday afternoons. They were not at tea. The Abbey clock struck seven. The Mugginses had not arrived. Eight pealed out. No Muggins major, and no minor either.

Jack was appealed to and advised that Mr. Stoneleigh be informed. The advice was acted upon. The head master waited half an hour and then told Dr. Hardridge.

"Dear me! Very extraordinary!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Where can they be? They can't be lost."

The idea was rather absurd. The Abbey boys were allowed to ramble where they would on half holidays, on the understanding that if any boy got into mischief his liberty would be curtailed. Consequently the brothers Muggins knew the country for miles around. No, they could not be lost.

At nine o'clock the Doctor sent out Mr. Stoneleigh and an usher to seek for the missing boys. At half-past nine he went himself, taking with him Jack and Funibois as guides.

At ten they met the brothers Muggins in the custody of Mr. Stoneleigh and the usher, coming from the direction of Heyward's Hill. The Doctor was very angry and demanded an immediate explanation.

"Tell your tale as you told it to me," said the head master.

Thus appealed to, Muggins major stated that he had left Dr. Drysdust and party because he wished to capture some butterflies for himself, and had taken his brother with him; that he had caught a dozen beauties—Muggins major always spoke in the first person singular—and was chasing a lovely "Blue" when a man came up with two dogs and marched him off to a farmhouse, where he took his specimens from him and threw them in the fire, broke his butterfly net, and afterwards locked him and his brother in the barn until half-past nine, when he let them out, boxed their ears, and told them to get off home. He did not know the man, and he did not think he could find the farmhouse if he tried.

"That's not good enough," whispered Funibois to Jack. "Mug knows pretty nearly every farmhouse within ten miles, and he couldn't walk ten miles in half an hour."

During Muggins major's recital of his grievances Mr. Stoneleigh smiled several times. Ominous smiles for Muggins major! When it was ended he spoke.

"There are several discrepancies between this account and what he told me when I met him. I think, sir, it will be found that the brothers Muggins were trespassing on Mr. Fallowland's mowing grass, which all the boys have been strictly enjoined not to do."

Alas for Muggins major's veracity! Mr. Stoneleigh's opinion was found to be well founded. Under cross-examination, Muggins minor broke down and confessed the truth.

There were wails and wales in Alne Abbey that night. Dr. Hardridge believed in prompt punishment for offences. The boys who had gone to bed were disturbed, but not nearly so much as the Mugginses, major and minor!

On the morrow, Jack asked Muggins major to visit his study and view the specimens.

"Bother your butterflies!" was the impolite rejoinder; "I don't care if I never see another as long as I live."

After this expression of opinion it was not to be expected that Muggins major would take any further steps to form an entomological collection, and as a matter of fact he did not do so.

The "Dingy Skipper" did not keep his promise to the letter. He called upon Dr. Hardridge instead of writing to him. As a result, Jack, Funibois, Tim, Sapington, and the "Extremes" visited Dr. Drysdust the following Saturday afternoon.

They went butterfly-hunting in company not once nor twice only, but at least a dozen times. The "Dingy Skipper" showed the boys his collection, lectured upon it, and gave them many practical hints how to "set out," display, and keep the butterflies. He taught them how to construct a handy cabinet of his own invention, and presented them with the materials, as well as all those specimens necessary to form a complete collection of British Butterflies which they were unable to capture in this their first season.

The "Dingy Skipper" proved himself the very reverse of ungrateful.

In Dr. Hardridge's drawing-room stands a cabinet of butterflies of very peculiar construction. It is of ebony; is octagonal and pyramidal in shape, *i.e.* it has eight sides or faces, and is broader at the base than at the apex. It revolves on a perpendicular axis, so that any face of the cabinet may be brought immediately before those desirous to examine its contents; and it is attached to a table three feet high.

It contains sixty-five British Butterflies, the collection of "The Butterfly Hunters," supplemented by specimens from Dr. Drysdust's own collection.

(THE END.)

ACROSS THE SNOW.

By Wm. C. Sutherland, M.A.,

Author of "A Highland Hero," "The Golden Eagle's Egg," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"I AM very sorry for you, my boy, but I must act according to my instructions. You are to spend all your holidays here again, and your uncle hopes you will accept his decision in a proper spirit."

Thus spake Mr. Robertson, our headmaster, as I stood before him with downcast face and tears starting in my eyes. It was a bitter disappointment to me, and had it not been for the utter lack of sympathy in my master's voice that belied his words, I should have broken down altogether.

In this same room, just six months ago, a stormy scene had taken place between us, and I had begged and prayed my master to override my uncle's harsh decision on that occasion, and permit me to go home for the holidays, to spend them with the only true friend I had—my mother.

A stern, inflexible man was Mr. Robertson; conscientious in the performance of his duty, and not to be moved from it by any entreaties whatever.

I knew it would be useless to appeal to my uncle for a reversal of his unmerciful decision, and equally useless to ask Mr. Robertson to interfere. So I merely said, "Thank you, sir," although I had not the faintest idea why I did so.

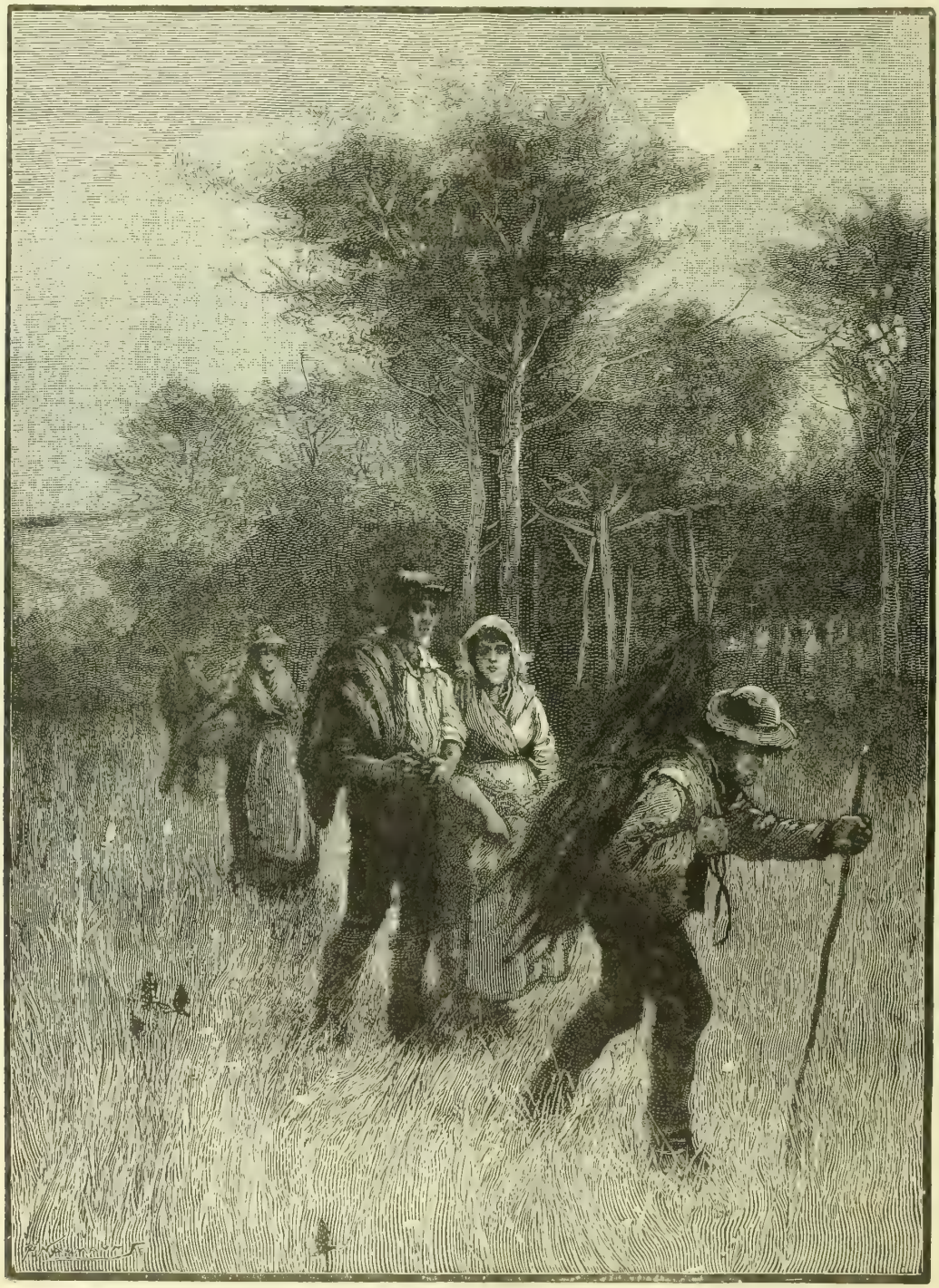
I suppose it was an unconscious attempt at conciliation, for he had such a hard face, and at that particular moment looked unusually severe.

So I suppressed a great lump in my throat, and furtively brushed away the tears from my face, as Mr. Robertson pointed to the door, with the words, "You may join Fraser, Campbell."

[These

ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various Representative Artists.



I.—Making for "Home, sweet Home." (*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* Paul Hardy.)

These tears were rather unmanly, you will say, for a fellow of sixteen. Well, perhaps, they were; but I had twice been cheated (as I called it) out of my holidays, had been away to school for the first time in my life for a whole year, and so far as I could see was likely to spend another year or years there in the same fashion.

And then my mother and I had been such good friends. For years practically we were each other's sole society, and then an event occurred which drew us closer and closer together.

My father, Captain Campbell, of the Scottish Star of Dundee, had sailed away four years before for the Southern Seas, and from that day to this nothing had been seen or heard of him.

When two years passed without any intelligence of the vessel, we sorrowfully gave up all hope of its safety, and mourned for a kind father, who, although he visited us only at long intervals, always left us brighter and happier for his coming.

We then removed to Casaich in the land of the Mackays, and there, as our means were now somewhat straitened, lived with my uncle, Mr. Campbell of Coulchalm Farm.

One could scarcely imagine a greater contrast between two brothers than existed between my father and my uncle. The one, jolly, frank, and generous, as good sailors usually are; the other, mean, suspicious, and bad-tempered, as only the worst type of Highlanders can be.

So we took up our abode with Uncle Murdoch, as we called him, and for a short time felt fairly at ease, although I could see my mother was pining sadly, in uncertainty as to my father's fate.

Then Mr. Murdoch Campbell's character began to show itself in its true light, and forgetful of the many favours he had received in the past from my father, including loans of money that helped to tide over the bad times, when the sheep were dying in scores in the snowdrifts, he grudged helping, even for a few years, his brother's son.

At length, after much bickering and many quarrels, and after many refusals on my part to engage in menial work on his farm, it was arranged that I should go, for a year at least, to Monkton Academy, in Morayshire.

But it was understood that I should come home (it is always home where one's mother is) twice a year for the holidays.

Why I didn't go home is explained by my uncle's meanness, and his great dislike to me.

It was the old days of coaching in the Highlands, when letters were few and far between, and as my mother had been very ill ever since I left home, the few curt letters I received from my uncle only intensified the great longing I had to see her. Then I must have been taken as a pupil at Monkton Academy on the very lowest terms, for there was a great difference in the treatment of the rest of the boarders—with one exception—and of me.

The dreary month's holidays at the end of the summer I had spent in Monkton, compelled to do odd jobs in the house and garden for Mr. Robertson, and occasionally to make myself agreeable to his children, who tried my temper and patience sorely.

But I had looked forward to returning to Coulchalm at the "Old New Year's time" as a certainty.

This peculiar title is bestowed by the Highlanders upon January 12, because according to the old style of reckoning that day begins the New Year. The custom of observing the Old New Year's Day is, however, rapidly dying out, although, at the time of which I write, it was generally observed all over the Northern Highlands.

The festivities of the season lasted for a week, and friends visited each other from far and near.

But January 7 had come, and I was still within the walls of Monkton Academy. All the boys had gone home for their fortnight's holiday—had gone gladly and joyfully as boys who looked forward for months to the delights of happy homes and loving friends—and I was left alone!



"Landing on his back, gave vent to a loud 'Ow!'"—*(See Chap. II.)*

Alone? Well, no. Another hapless boy, Bob Fraser, was in the same plight. He and I were great friends, attracted to each other more by common misfortune than by similarity of disposition or sympathies.

He had been four years in the school, and had never left it for a single day's holiday since he first came. He hailed from Fort Augustus or thereabouts, and though he never alluded to his home it was well known in the school that he was

the victim of a stepmother's wrath. He was a big fellow, two years my senior, with a weak but kindly disposed cast of countenance, and was so cowed by four years' bullying and fetching and carrying, that amongst his schoolfellows he was of no more account than a second-form boy.

Leaving Mr. Robertson's study I went into the playground, a large plot of ground adjoining the schoolroom. At the far end a clump of young firs stood, and to it I directed my steps, that there without interruption I might reflect upon the state of my affairs.

I found Fraser, to my surprise, there before me. He was lying on some dead brackens amongst the whins that grew on the outskirts of the trees. He seemed to have been in a very despondent mood, but brightened up on my approach.

We sat a long time there and discussed our respective positions; he in a resigned manner, I in very bitter tones. We heard the teabell go, and so got up, feeling very cold, for the frost was setting in as the darkness fell.

When we got into the house we found that Mr. Robertson and family had gone out, and that, therefore, we were to have tea alone in the boys' dining-hall, where we sat at one end of a long table in the midst of gloom feebly dispelled at our end by the presence of a solitary candle. When tea was over there was nothing particular to do, so we crept away to bed and after a few dismal remarks fell asleep.

Next day we got permission to go out for a walk, but were warned in a grim way that we were not to stay out later than five o'clock.

I was delighted at the prospect of a few hours' liberty, as it would give me an opportunity of carrying into effect a long-cherished plan of mine. We would go to the mouth of the Lossie, whence we could get a view across the Moray Firth of the dear hills of the North.

Why, it would be the next best thing to going home to see the hills, however distant, amongst which my friends kept wassail, and where hearts beat warmly though the snow lay deep and the frost set keen!

So we set off for Lossiemouth shortly after midday. It was a tiring journey, however, for the snow was several inches deep, and we slipped about like one walking on soft sand. We thought we should never get to the end of the long straight road that led to the river's mouth, and it was quite two hours before we came to the little fishing village built half by the river and half by the sea.

We kept straight along the High Street and then turned to our left by the sea, when we followed the beach till we came to the rocks whereon the lighthouse stands. Then with the cold wind from the sea blowing full in our faces, we looked away to the north where the highest peaks of Caithness were seen peeping over the lead-coloured waves, where the Ord pushed its blunt nose boldly into the Firth as if defying the angry sea, and the Sutherland hills, white from base to summit, rose tier upon tier till their tops disappeared in the banks of cloud that flecked the wintry sky. How my heart longed for the highlands! How it revolted from the bleak prospect of returning to Monkton Academy.

I stood for a long time eagerly pointing out to Fraser the various hills, and describing, as vividly as I could, the battles that were fought on them, the legends that hovered round them, and the clans that lived and died amongst them.

To the west rose the Souters of Cromarty, the guardian rocks of the entrance to the Cromarty Firth.

As I looked, a wayward line of black smoke caught my attention. It came from a steamer that plied between Invergordon and a small town lying a few miles to the west of Lossie. It was running for the Souters, and was a quicker and cheaper route for the North than the coach *viâ* Inverness.

How I wished I were on board the Cabarfeidh (deerhorn) on my way to join the coach at Invergordon, and then, heigho! for Cattu—the land of the Cattachs.

I noticed such a wistful look in my companion's eyes that I felt I should like to take him with me—take him away from never-ceasing frowns and drudgery.

But the wind was changing, and a few flakes of snow whirled about by the gusts warned us that it was time to be up and off. So we stumbled along the rocks until we came near the Lossie, and then we struck inwards.

The flakes were falling faster and thicker now, and heavy clouds, obscuring the young moon, rendered our progress more difficult, as there was no dyke (stone wall) on one side of the road to prevent us from straying on to the waste stony land that bordered our path on the left.

It was after a long and hard tussle with the roads and darkness that we arrived at the Academy and found that tea was over long ago, and Mr. Robertson was awaiting our arrival in the library.

In fear and trembling we ventured into his presence.

"Well, is this your idea of punctuality?" he said, while he regarded us sternly with his cold grey eyes. Fraser made no reply. He looked helplessly at the ceiling, while I could not keep my eyes off the master's chair, on the arms of which rested a long, thin cane.

The headmaster took it up and nervously ran his hand along it, and kept bending it and twisting it restlessly while he waited for an answer to his question. Then I faltered out something to the effect that the rising storm and the darkness detained us; that we did not mean to be late, and that in short we were very sorry.

A short silence ensued, and I could not help noticing how irregularly the shadows were cast by the candles that flickered and flared as the night wind stole in through the partly-opened door.

A half-burnt log fell out of the grate and shot a shower of sparks out on the carpet. Mr. Robertson bent down and replaced it in the fireplace, snuffed the nearest candle, and said, as he looked at the cane in his hand: "I intended to make use of this to-night. I have changed my mind. You will both be confined to the house and playground for the rest of the holidays, and my future treatment of you will be determined by your own conduct. Go straight to bed now, and understand that you shall have no supper till school begins again."

Cold, trembling, and sick at heart, I got into bed. Fraser was a long time undressing, and just before he blew the light out he came to my bed and said:

"Man, Campbell, hoo graand it wud be to be in Casaich on Old New Year's Day."

I started up at the suggestion, and said in a half whisper:

"How much money have you, Fraser?"

"Not a farthing," was the reply, and then I remembered that poor Fraser never had pocket-money, and that the other fellows used frequently to ask him how he intended spending his week's money.

I had ten shillings in my trunk, and long after Fraser was asleep I lay thinking what could be done with that amount of money.

(To be continued.)

A FAMOUS AMERICAN VAGABOND.

By J. Rogers Rees,

Author of "The Pleasures of a Book-worm," etc., etc.

PART III.

The experiences which especially make Thoreau interesting to boys are his voyage on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers, his walk to Wachusett, his visit to the Maine Woods, and his life in a hut on the banks of Walden Pond.

The week spent with his brother on the Concord and Merrimac was in a boat of their own making. Thoreau thus tells us about it: "Our boat, which had cost us a week's labour in the spring, was in form like a fisherman's dory, fifteen feet long by three and a half in breadth at the widest part, painted green below, with a border of blue—with reference to the two elements in which it was to spend its existence. It had been loaded the evening before at our door, half a mile from the river, with potatoes and melons, from a patch which we had cultivated, and a few utensils; and was provided with wheels, in order to be rolled around falls, as well as with two sets of oars, and several slender poles for shoving in shallow places, and also two masts, one of which served for a tent-pole at night; for a buffalo-skin was to be our bed, and a tent of cotton cloth our roof." But for the account of this week's excursion, full of all kinds of interest, we have no space at present.

Then as regards his tramp to Wachusett, he shall give in his own words a page descriptive of the kind of life then lived: "We read Virgil and Wordsworth in our tent, with new pleasure there, while waiting for a clearer atmosphere, nor did the weather prevent our appreciating the simple truth and beauty of Peter Bell:—

> And he had lain beside his asses
> On lofty Cheviot Hills!
> And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,
> Among the rocks and winding scars;
> Where deep and low the hamlets lie
> Beneath their little patch of sky
> And little lot of stars.

. . . The blue berries which the mountain afforded, added to the milk we had brought, made our frugal supper, while for entertainment the even-song of the wood-thrush rung along the ridge. Our eyes rested on no painted ceiling nor carpeted hall, but on skies of nature's painting, and hills and forests of her embroidery."

His visit to the Maine Woods was undertaken with the principal object of getting better acquainted with the Indians and their mode of life. On his way, learning that there were several wigwams not far distant on one of the Indian islands, he and his companion left their horse and waggon, and walked through the forest half a mile to the river, to procure a guide to the mountain. "It was not," he says, "until considerable search that we discovered their habitations—small huts, in a retired place, where the scenery was unusually soft and beautiful, and the shore skirted with pleasant meadows and graceful elms. We paddled ourselves across to the island-side in a canoe which we found on the shore. Near where we landed sat an Indian girl, ten or twelve years old, on a rock in the water in the sun washing and humming, or moaning a song meanwhile." Thus commenced Thoreau's study of Indian life during his visit to the Maine Woods.

But these *tastes* of wild life were not sufficient, and did not give him ample opportunity for prolonged study of natural history. So, at last, after considerable thought on the matter, he purchased some timber which had been part of an Irishman's shanty, and in March 1845 began to build his hut at Walden. Although, when completed, it had a somewhat outlandish appearance, its builder was satisfied and said of his work: "There is some of the same fitness in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest."

Speaking of Thoreau, James Russell Lowell says :—"His whole life was a rebuke of the waste and aimlessness of our American luxury, which is an abject enslavement to tawdry upholstery." Concerning his hermit life, Thoreau says simply: "My purpose in going to Walden was not to live cheaply, nor to live dearly there, but to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles."

One part of his private business there, and the part he did with untiring energy, was to give personal assistance to more than one slave escaping from bondage to seek freedom in the direction of the North Star. His hut was open to the fugitive of this kind, and this was no trifle, for some few years afterwards John Brown was hanged for helping such runaways.

Thoreau has made for us a very interesting book out of his experiences at Walden, and in the very first chapter he says: "When I wrote the following pages, or rather the bulk of them, I lived alone in the woods, a mile from any neighbour, in a house which I had built myself on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labour of my hands only."

The object of these short papers is to show all who love outdoor life and natural history, where they may find much to their taste set forth in a thoroughly interesting manner. I need hardly say that many of Thoreau's ideas are wild and of no practical value in these later days, especially in England; but with all this he was a man who kept his eyes open and loved in a genuine manner the birds and beasts of the fields and woods.

If any one's curiosity has been aroused by these pages, and he should wish to know more about the man and his ways of life, he cannot, I think, do better than consult "Thoreau, his Life and Aims," by H. A. Page; "Henry D. Thoreau," by F. B. Sanborn, in the American Men of Letters Series; and Thoreau's own works, especially his "Walden," and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," both of which are now to be obtained in an inexpensive form.

(THE END.)

HOW TO BUILD A ROWING PUNT.

By H. F. Hobden,

Author of "The Boy's Own Model Locomotive," "Boy's Own Marine Engine," etc., etc.

PART II.

The next thing will be to put in the cross timbers which bind her together and also carry the flooring.

Use the pine battens 3 inches by 1 for these; the two upper edges should be

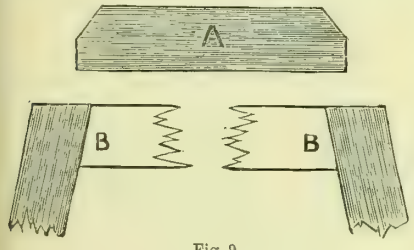


Fig. 9.

chamfered off as shown in Fig. 9 at A in section.

This makes them look neater without taking from their strength; the two ends must also be cut at the necessary angle to fit the sides of punt, as at B.

This angle can be obtained by the bevel, and every one of these timbers will have a slightly different angle, so each should be cut separately and fitted in place before cutting out the next.

They should be spaced about eight inches and a half apart; you will require sixteen of them, arranged as at Fig. 10, having two together at the angles A and B formed by the rise in the floor both forward and aft.

These should be secured in place by two screws at each end, using the inch and a half screws for this. The best plan is to make two dots on the outside of punt for the position of screws, then drill two holes right through with the $\frac{5}{32}$ drill, and then with the $\frac{5}{16}$ countersink the hole about halfway down to allow the point of screws to enter well into and take a good hold of the cross timbers.

Fig. 11 shows my meaning, in which A is the end of a cross timber, and B the edge of side plank, with c c, the screws recessed halfway.

These bars should fit accurately at the shoulder, and when ready place them in position as at A, and with a fine bradawl make a small hole for the point of screw to enter, and then screw up as tight as it is possible to get it.

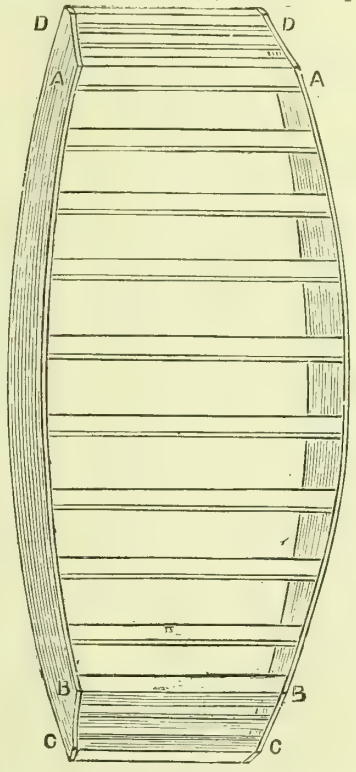


Fig. 10.

The screw will force a passage for itself without any further hole being made for it, and will hold much firmer that way.

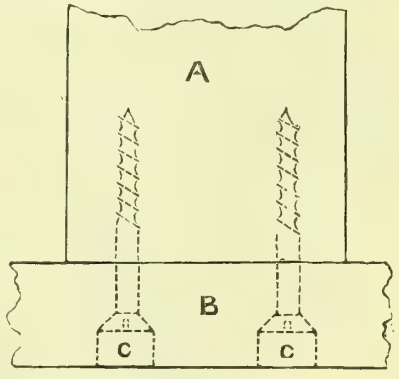


Fig. 11.

The first cross timbers to screw in position are those at A and B, Fig. 10, while those at the extreme ends, C D, may be left until after all the others have been secured, when the framework will be sufficiently firm to allow of being lifted on to the boxes or supports, so that you may get at them more easily. These end timbers should be in the position of A, Fig. 12, and when these are fixed you can

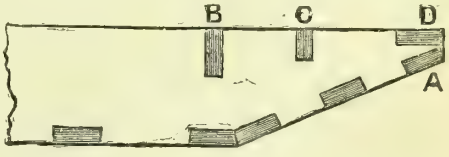


Fig. 12.

turn the frame of the punt right side up, while you screw in the bearers B and D at each end to support the decking.

The beam B, you will observe, is on edge to

give extra strength, and should be cut long enough to allow of recessing the ends about a quarter of an inch into the mahogany side, which will then take the downward strain off the screws, as at A, Fig. 13, which is

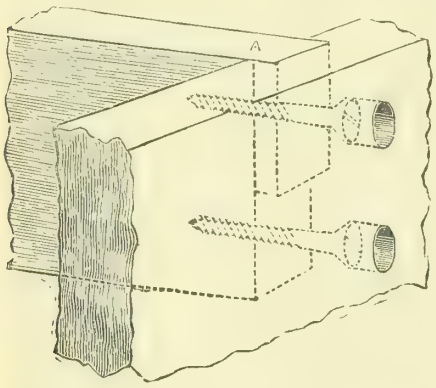


Fig. 13.

drawn as if transparent to show the mortice. The short deck at the after end we intend closing in as a cupboard for lunch basket, &c., and if you place the support B eighteen inches from the end, it will leave plenty of space for a commodious locker. The corresponding beam B at the forward end should be fixed one foot ten inches inwards, and the bottom



Fig. 14.

edge cut to the shape of Fig. 14. It looks better than a straight line, and does not take away from the strength much.

You will also require a small extra support, C, Fig. 12, at the forward end, and these should all be fastened in the same manner as the bottom timbers.

The oak knees come in for the next consideration. They should be cut from the one inch oak plank with the compass saw; Fig. 15

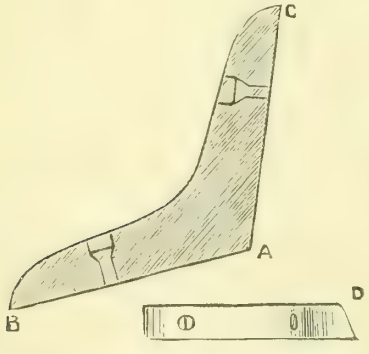


Fig. 15.

gives the general shape, and should be about 4 inches in length from A to B or A to C.

You will require one knee at every alternate timber, on to which they will have to be screwed, with the head of screw well countersunk, and also to the side of punt.

These will give it great strength. You must not cut them out all at once to one shape, as the angle BAC will differ slightly according to the position on curve of the boat. They will also have to be cut at an angle across the thickness of the wood, as shown in the view of one looking at it from the top edge D, Fig. 15. They require care in fitting and will take some time to do, the necessary angle may be formed for each by means of the bevel, and I would advise you to carefully mark each, or else screw them on in position as soon as ready, or they might get mixed, being so similar in shape.

These being completed, you may now remove the ropes and levers, also the mould (Fig. 4), as they will not be required any longer, and then turn her upside down again while you put the bottom on.

Mark a central line across the bottom timbers right down the centre, and place the edge of one of the 9 feet planks (which you have already tongued and grooved) along the line, and screw it down by the inner edge only, as at AAA, Fig. 16, about 2 inches from

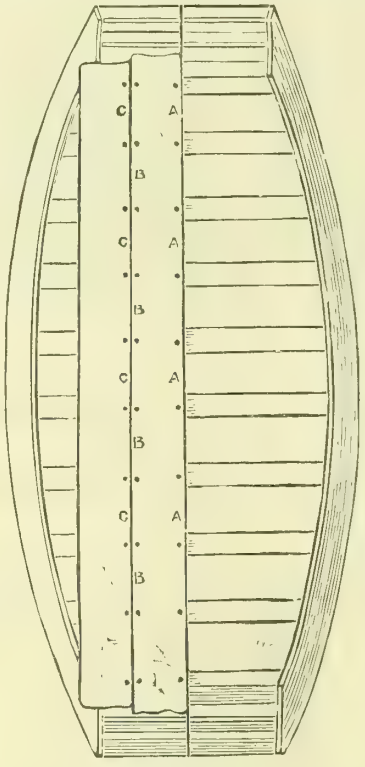


Fig. 16.

the edge, with one screw in every timber, using the 1¼ inch screws for these.

You need not drive these home, as they will have to be slacked up again afterwards to allow the tongue of the next board to enter the groove. The bottom of the punt being curved, you will have to gently bend the boards as you push them in: don't trouble about the ends of boards projecting over the slant, we shall trim those off afterwards.

Before fitting the next plank you must give the edges a good coat of red lead and boiled oil mixed with white lead.

You will require 2 lbs. of red lead, 6 lbs. of white lead, and a quart of boiled oil, costing altogether about 3*s*. 2*d*.; you will also want a hank of spun yarn for caulking the seams, which will cost 3*d*. Take some of the boiled oil and red lead and mix together, and then add the white lead, mixing it altogether until of the consistence of thin cream.

Then pay the edges of the planks and place the next one in position with a length of the spun yarn in between the crack, then drive it home as tight as you can get it with the mallet, taking care you do not damage the edges of plank; to prevent doing so take a short length of wood, about 6 inches by 2 will do, and cut a groove on one side and a tongue on the other, to fit the corresponding tongues and grooves on planks, then place it against that portion of the plank you are driving in, shifting it whenever you wish to give a blow in a fresh place; if you did not take this precaution you would be very likely to crush the edge of plank, and would then experience a difficulty in getting the next plank into the groove. Now fasten in place by screws in the same manner as the previous one, only take care to drive these well home, so that the heads are slightly below the surface.

You should now screw down the outer edge of first plank along BBB, and drive these screws well in also. Then proceed with the plank which will come next A on the other side in exactly the same manner, first slacking up the screws you originally fastened AAA down with, as I previously mentioned.

When the next board is in place you will still have the two outside planks to fit, so knock them temporarily in with the mallet, and draw a lead pencil round the underside, which will give the exact shape of the curve required to cut them to.

Then withdraw them from the grooves and saw them to shape, but outside the line about a quarter of an inch larger than required; this will allow of planing up to the exact curve of the boat after the plank is fixed in place.

Before finally screwing these down, take a length of oakum well covered with the oil and red lead, and lay it carefully along the edge of the mahogany plank; this will cause the joint to be quite water-tight when the bottom board is screwed down on to it, the screws along these edges should be spaced about 6 inches apart.

The ends of the bottom boards have now to be cut off level, and at the same angle as the slant of the sides, as shown by the dotted line in Fig. 17.

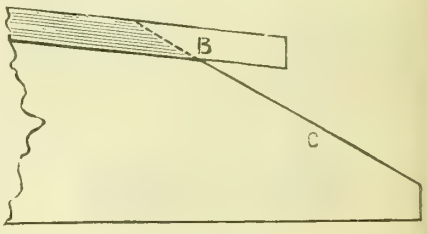


Fig. 17.

When that is done you can proceed to finish the bottom by filling up the slanting ends with short boards in the same manner, taking care to place a length of oakum along the joint B and down the edges of sides C.

The two outside boards will have to be sawn to shape in the same manner as the corresponding bottom boards were done, and to get a good fit and straight line, the ends should also not be sawn off until they are all screwed down.

The ends C (Fig. 18) are then to be cut off

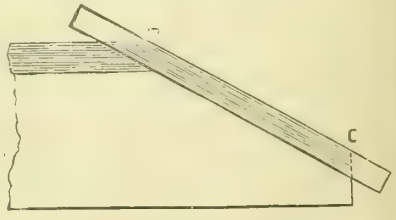


Fig. 18.

square at the angle or level with the extreme end, while B is sawn on a level with the run of the bottom, as shown by the dotted line there.

Now give the whole of the bottom a good coat of the mixed leads and oil, and let it dry thoroughly, and after that caulk along each seam with some oakum or spun yarn, and then fill up level with a mixture of putty and red and white lead in a large proportion.

You should also fill up all the screw-holes in sides, knees, etc., with the same.

Two sheets of zinc 6 inches wide, and long enough to nearly reach across the bottom of punt, will cost about a shilling, and should be fastened on over the edge B, Fig. 18, to take the rub off edge of planks when pushing her aground; this can be attached by small brads driven all round the edges close together.

Now turn her over again the right way up, and fill in all the seams along the planks with the white lead putty, squeezing it in as hard as possible. Then give a coat of red lead and oil all over the inside of bottom as a priming, and while this is drying we can get on with the decking for the ends, seats, etc.

The forward deck is shown in section at Fig. 19; it should be made from the three-

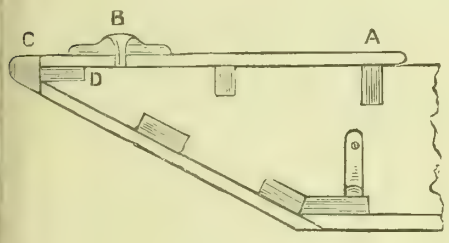


Fig. 19.

quarter inch mahogany, and the after edge left to project about half an inch over the deck beam as at A, where it should be rounded off. There should be a half inch hole drilled at B for the "painter" or rope to make fast by, and to strengthen that part turn up a small disk of oak, about one inch thick, and gradually round it off to the edges.

This will also require a central hole drilled, and may be secured in place by three screws, as shown in the top view Fig. 20.

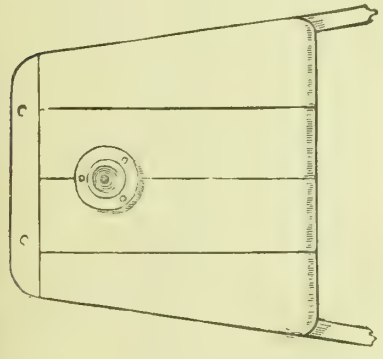


Fig. 20.

A knot is made at one end of the line, and the other end is whipped round to prevent fraying and pushed through the central hole from underneath. Four yards of line will be sufficient, which will cost you 6*d.*, and if you whip round for about 2 inches above the knot, it will prevent it getting chafed against the wood.

When the decking is screwed down, saw off the end quite level along the edge C, Fig. 19, and finish off the extreme end by a piece of the oak plank, screwed on firmly by screws driven into cross-beam D.

These screws should be countersunk about three-quarters of an inch; the bottom edge must be cut to the same angle as the run of the sides; the ends of oak should be rounded off as at C C, Fig. 20.

Just forward of the midship line where the building mould was originally secured, is the best position for the middle seat, as in the side view, Fig. 21, where the dotted line indicates the midship section with the seat G, about one inch and a half forward of it.

The seat should be cut from the one inch

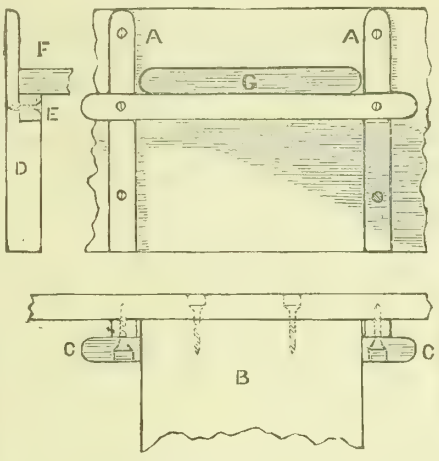


Fig. 21.

mahogany to the exact width of the punt at that part, by 9 inches wide, and the edges rounded off nicely.

It is fixed in position by two screws at either end, as shown by top view B, while the weight is taken by the horizontal support C C, which is screwed to and rests on a shoulder of the vertical pieces A A.

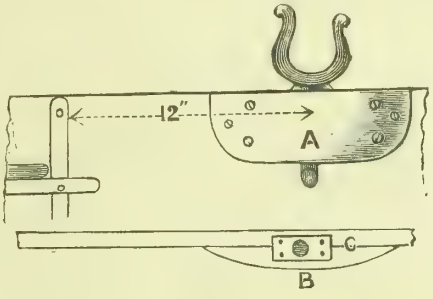


Fig. 22.

These are screwed to the side of punt, and should be cut from the inch mahogany, about 10¾ inches long, by 1½ deep.

The upper portion is half cut away for a distance of 4¼ inches, leaving a shoulder for the cross support C to rest upon, as at the side view D, where E is the cross bearer and F the seat placed on it; the ends of the cross piece and supports should be rounded off neatly as a finish.

A pair of real gunmetal rowlocks will cost you 7*s.* 6*d.*; you can get them from Norie & Wilson's in the Minories, or at any other yachting outfitters'.*

They should be placed at a distance of 12 inches from the rear edge of seat, the sides of punt would not be thick enough to take the shanks of the rowlocks without the extra strengthening pieces A, Fig. 22, being screwed on.

They should be 9 inches wide by 2½ deep by 1 thick, and the ends should be gradually rounded off until they meet the sides of punt as shown by the top view B; six screws will be required to fasten each on by, and then you will have to drill a hole down right through for the shank of rowlock.

The plate C can then be mortised in, flush with the edge, and screwed in place, making it all a very tight fit, or they will very soon wear loose.

We can now turn to the after deck and stern seat Fig. 23, and as we intend this portion to be used as a locker, you must leave an opening in the top as at A; this should be 13 inches by 7 wide, with two strengthening pieces BB screwed to the underside of deck before it is put on.

A lid C, about 14 inches by 8, will be required, and the top edges should be bevelled off, and two cross pieces 1 inch deep by 7 long screwed across the grain on the underside to prevent it warping, and to keep it in place as at A A, Fig. 24.

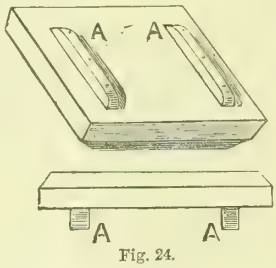


Fig. 24.

Before finally screwing on the deck, the front of the locker D, Fig. 23, should be put in.

This is made of short lengths of the 9 inch boards screwed to the face of the support E at the top, while the bottom is kept in position by a small batten F; these should be fitted up tightly, and the outside boards must of course be cut to the same angle as the sides of punt.

The stern seat G may now be cut from the inch mahogany; have it about 13 inches wide and as long as the width of punt, securing it in position by three 1½ inch screws at either end, and supporting it like the middle thwart by the uprights J and cross bar K, the rear end of which rests in a socket cut into the support M, which is screwed to the front of locker as shown.

The extreme end N must now be finished

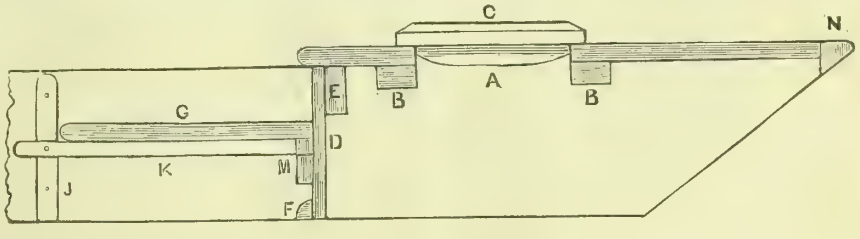


Fig. 23.

off with a piece of oak in the same manner as the forward end was.

* Cast-iron rowlocks may be had much cheaper, but do not look so well and are very much rougher in make. A pair of galvanised rowlocks would cost about 3*s.*, but the others are well worth the extra money.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME QUEER USES OF ANIMALS.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, f.z.s.,

Author of "Out-of-the-Way Pets," "A Tussle with a Serpent," etc., etc.

PART III.

Goat-carriages for children are common enough still, and carts drawn by dogs were equally common, but are now very properly forbidden. I am afraid the dogs were often cruelly overtaxed; there is a print which I daresay you have often seen, entitled "Pluck!" showing a dog drawing a cart with three children in it suddenly starting in pursuit of a rabbit, and scattering the occupants of his vehicle in the excitement of the chase. The name "dog-cart," although applied to a very different kind of conveyance, survives to show its original signification. A clown attached to a travelling circus was not long ago towed across Yarmouth harbour in a tub by four swans, and two performing seals used to spin round a large pond at a great rate drawing a boat (which they first cast free from its moorings) containing a little boy. On the bridge over the lagoon in the "Venice of the West," Pernambuco, under the blistering mid-day sun, I met a poor sheep harnessed to quite a heavy cart. I should have liked to have put the driver in the shafts and made him draw the sheep, but I should only have got his knife and made it worse for the sheep by remonstrating, so I contented myself with exciting his laughter, and that of all the passers by, by lending a hand and lightening the poor mutton's labour till the shade of the narrow street was reached. It has been suggested seriously to direct the course of balloons by birds attached to the car.

Of what possible use to mankind can a blackbeetle be—cockroach, we should say, since they are neither black nor beetles. (Cuvier asked a student what a crab was; he replied, "a red fish which walks backwards," to which Cuvier responded that it was a very good definition indeed, but contained three slight inaccuracies—a crab was not red, was not a fish, and did not walk backwards!) Of what use are cockroaches to anybody? Well, I have known a thousand reis apiece paid for them—about two shillings—by the captain of a ship lying in a Brazilian roadstead. Not that they really have any such market value out there—far from it—but that time was limited and he could not get the lazy blacks to exert themselves in the chase for less. But what did he want them for? To introduce on board his vessel as carefully as though they had been birds of Paradise, so that they might in due time overrun the craft from stem to stern, and *eat the bugs* with which she was infested. They say that this obnoxious insect and the cockroach are never found together on shipboard, nor mice and rats. Dead cockroaches, like grasshoppers, are held in estimation by some fishermen as enticing bait for chub and trout, and I have seen it stated on high authority that the peasantry of the north of Ireland dry them and eat them like shrimps. Ugh!

I have the most abject horror of a cockroach, just the same unreasonable, unconquerable hatred and dread which most people feel towards snakes, something quite distinct from *fear*—an antipathy. I have done my utmost, from very shame, to overcome this, but have never succeeded, and I have had every opportunity, too, to get habituated to them, living in cockroach-haunted lands and sailing in ships where every bulk-head swarmed and was black with them; I have resolutely held them in my hand till I have felt the ground rocking with me and have flung them from me with a shriek. If I see a beetle in the room now, I get crimson and angry and am disturbed for hours afterwards—and yet I take as much interest in the ways and doings and structure and welfare of a cockroach as I do of any other creature, only I can't love and cherish him, or sit down and be at home with him in the same way. Many people have these unaccountable, irrational antipathies. I know a gentleman, an enthusiastic naturalist who delights in frogs and serpents, who nevertheless turns faint at the sight of a toad, and who assures me that he can *feel* the presence of his enemy in the dark; and my father, who kept snakes, crocodiles, lizards, jaguars, monkeys, and animals of all sorts, and could face any beetle alive or dead, would get on the table if he saw a mouse.

But there are other beetles in Brazil, green and hard and of metallic gleam which they preserve after death, and these are often set in silver to make necklaces, bracelets, and various ornaments for ladies. The rattle of a rattlesnake, a pretty fern-like object when complete and unbroken, makes an elegant though rather fragile brooch, lightly bound in gold. The fangs even are sometimes worn as earrings; I possess a scarf-pin fashioned from the fang of a bushmaster, with the little rotating bone attached. It has been asserted that Mexican ladies fasten these rattles in their hats when riding in order to frighten their horses and make them go, but I can't help fancying that there must be a little play of the imagination about this. No amount of shaking can extract anything more than a feeble ticking from the rattle when severed from the serpent's tail, which is no more like the sharp, stinging, hissing whizz produced by the intensely rapid vibratory motion which evinces the snake's excitement than the tapping of your finger-tips on a kettle-drum would resemble the smart roll evoked by the sticks of an experienced drummer. And even if they carried a rattlesnake to give his own performance, I am not sure that it would have much effect on the horses. The breasts and crests of hummingbirds, especially the ruby, emerald, and king-crested varieties, with gold beaks and diamond eyes, are set up as brooches and earrings in South America, or are embroidered upon smoking-caps and scarfs; or, assorted and sewn together, represent the gorgeous petals of fanciful flowers—a shameful waste of life. In Para I saw a wealthy black lady wearing a collar quite four inches broad, composed entirely of these gleaming breasts, none larger than a sixpence and every one betokening the slaughter of a bird. There must have been hundreds of them in this collar, which was dazzling to look upon in the sunshine and must have been frightfully hot to wear. Go to the Natural History Museum in the Cromwell Road and look at the Gould collection of humming-birds upstairs, the most complete and beautiful in the world, and you will notice how very small is the metallic cap and breast-patch of the gayest even. I might just remark that a humming-bird is rather a disappointment in his native wilds; he doesn't hum and he doesn't shine nearly as much as he ought to, according to the ideal one conjures up from the study of dead specimens. All you catch is an occasional glint of colour for a moment when the light happens to fall suitably, and a momentary whirr. But so it is with most other brilliant-plumaged birds and gaily-painted insects, particularly those which are of metallic lustre and depend entirely upon the adjustment of light for the manifestation of their peculiar sheen. I think most people form their notions of a tropical forest from the cases of stuffed foreign birds which are too common in most houses, and in which specimens from all quarters of the earth are jumbled together and arranged so as to show their brightest feathers, without any regard to their natural habits or attitudes. In point of actual colour forests and jungles in the tropics are often much more sombre than our own woods in spring, summer, or autumn, the prevailing hue of the vegetation being considerably darker, flowers far fewer, and pictorial birds and butterflies by no means teeming (or, at any rate, visible).

The principal town of Jamaica is Kingston, and to reach it you have to wind up a long stretch of water, turning round and round inside what are called the palisades, low necks and banks of land planted with feathery cocoa-nut palms. At the entrance to this Kingston Harbour is Port Royal, a few buildings on a spit of land like a mud-bank jutting out into the sea. The formation of the coast-line just there is altogether curious; you would think that this spit would run out and make shallow water for miles, yet within half a stone's throw of the water's edge it is I forget how many fathoms deep. It is most singular to stand on the flat, low-lying beach, as you might on the sands of any sea-side place here, and to see huge steamers, four or five hundred feet long, pass so close to you that you might speak to those on board. Just inside Port Royal an English man-of-war is always moored; in my time it was the famous Aboukir, an old wooden ship, fairly cool and comfortable, though beetle-ridden. This is the station or guard-ship, not intended for cruising, but anchored there permanently and serving as a sort of naval barracks, and it was to this ship that the historical shark, Port Royal Tom, might be said to belong, There are plenty of his kind about there, but Tom attracted notice by his huge size, and was encouraged by the officers with frequent presents of pork and beef from the "harness cask" to remain in the vicinity and consider himself a sort of pensioner of the Aboukir, because he deterred the men from swimming ashore at night, and deserting or getting drunk; and for many years he was quite an institution. I have been told that Tom has not been seen of late and that it is supposed that he has quitted our service, but there are certainly others to take his place in those dangerous seas. One day I was passing from the spar-deck of one vessel to another along a plank laid between the two, and looking down I saw a white monster far beneath me, slowly moving backwards and forwards in the clear water. I stood watching him for a minute or two when, happening to glance up, I observed that one end of the narrow plank on which I was, had gradually drawn to the edge of the vessel's rail where it rested, by the swinging of the ship with the current, and was all but off; I dashed over just in time, and had no sooner gained the deck than the treacherous bridge went down behind me and scared the shark away.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S EARLY DAYS.—The truths of the Christian religion had been instilled into his mind at the early period which is common in pious households in Scotland. "I had no difficulty," said Livingstone, long after, "in understanding the theory of free salvation by the atonement of our Saviour; but it was only about this time (his twentieth year) that I began to feel the necessity of personal application of the doctrine to my own case. The fulness with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's book, drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with His blood, which in some small measure has influenced my conduct ever since." It is interesting to know that it was by the study of Dick's "Philosophy of a Future State," that he was persuaded to the immediate personal acceptance of the gospel message. He had often had convictions of sin, and desire for newness of life, but he delayed embracing the free grace of the promises from a sense of his unworthiness, and in expectation of previous preparation being made by the power of the Holy Spirit. "I saw the duty and inestimable privilege *immediately* to accept salvation by Christ. Humbly believing that through sovereign mercy and grace I have been enabled to do so, and having felt in some measure its effects on my still depraved and deceitful heart, it is my desire to show my attachment to the cause of Him who died for me, by devoting my life to His service."

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S LETTER TO RAGGED SCHOOL BOYS.—The boys of a ragged school at Stockport sent to him a little testimonial of respect on his first return from Africa. The doctor was much touched by this, and thus replied to the master who had forwarded the gift: "I beg you will assure the boys who so generously expressed their approbation of my labour in Africa, that nothing has delighted me more, since my return to England, than their honest, spontaneous deed. I give them all my warmest thanks, from a heart overflowing with emotion, and wishing that God may abundantly bless them with His favour and love. I have very little time to write to any one, as I am engaged in the preparation of a narrative of my late explorations, and I must keep my word with 110 poor native Africans, who accompanied me from the centre of the country to the east coast, and now await the fulfilment of my promise at Tete. I ought to be back to them in April, but I fear that, after all I can do, I must be about two months later than my appointed time. Were it not for this, I should like to try to visit the boys and speak with them; but as this can scarcely be, I would just commend them all to the care of our Blessed Lord Jesus, and ask them to try Him as their Friend and Guide through life. They may make Him their confidant, for He listens to every prayer wafted to Him from the lowliest bosom. In Him we live, and move, and have our being; and He is as tender and compassionate to every one of them, and knows all their cases and cares, as if they were the only persons in the world. And then, if they are like Him, they will all show love to every one about them, and to everything beautiful, and good, and true.

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear Lord to whom we pray,
> He made and loveth all.

Thanking you and them again for your most friendly feelings, and hoping that they may not again deprive themselves of any comfort, "I am, dear sir, yours most truly,

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

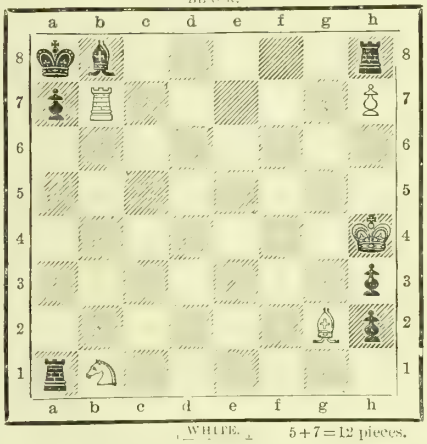
"The work of our hands—establish Thou it,"
How often with thoughtless lips we pray;
But He who sits in the Heavens shall say,
"Is the work of your hands so fair and fit,
That ye dare so pray?"

Softly we answer, "Lord, make it fit—
The work of our hands, that so we may
Lift up our eyes, and dare to pray,
The work of our hands—establish Thou it."

CHESS.

Problem No. 257.

T. M. BROWN'S PROBLEM RECTIFIED.



5+7=12 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

RAYNER'S BOOK.

A valuable addition to the existing works on problems by Miles, Pierce, Taylor, Meyer, Rowland, Planck, and others, is entitled: "Chess Problems: Their Composition and Solution." By James Rayner, Problem Editor of the "British Chess Magazine." (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Square. 1890.) Price 1*s*. There are 36 pages on composition and solving, and a collection of 108 problems by 78 composers. The most pleasing among the two-movers are Nos. 5, 14, 17, 33; the three-movers, 49, 52, 61, 64, 69, 73; the four-movers, 85, 88, 90; and the self-mates, 93, 95, 103 and 104. No. 49 is by Chocholous, and No. 73 is not by Kotre, but Kotrč (pronounced Ko-tretch). No. 54 appears corrected on the above diagram. No. 62, a fine stratagem by C. A. L. Bull, should have no black P on black's K B 3, and the Kt be removed from K R sq. to Q R sq. (from h8 to a8), thus:—

Problem No. 258.

White, K—K R sq., Q—K 8, R—Q B 6, Bs—Q B 3 and K B sq., P—K B 4; Black, K—Q 4, B—Q B 2, Kts—Q R sq. and Q Kt 7, Ps—Q Kt 6, Q 3, K 6, K B 6 and K B 7. White mates in three moves.

Statements like "the creation of a distinctly new idea is quite impossible" should not be taken for granted, for there are new ideas in private books and in Bláthy's collection. Also "there is nothing novel or artistic in the mere promotion" is not in harmony with the rules on clever moves, and the expression "in two-movers and three-movers checking keys are decidedly objectionable" is too strong. The celebrated Indian problem is more correct with only two Ps in the left half of the board; namely, a white on Q Kt 2, and a black on Q Kt 2.

TO CHESS CORRESPONDENTS.

N. N.—Notice the "Chess Competition" on page 61. You may compete with one, two, or three problems; namely, one in two moves, one in three, and one in four moves.

J. W. T.—The rule is, not to say "Queen" when you attack that piece.

A monthly periodical on chess in the Hungarian language has been published since September 1889, entitled, "Budapesti Sakk-Szemle." (Budapest: Robicskek Zsigmond Könyvkereskedése, Nagykorona-uteza 9, Hungary.) Another monthly, in Swedish, issued since last March, is, "Tidskrift för Schack." (Address: J. Öhquist, Nicolaigatan 29, Helsingfors, Finland.)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

[*Continued from p.* 240.]

Literary: A Story Needing Words.

THIRD DIVISION (*ages* 14 *to* 17).

Our Award is as follows:—

Prize One Guinea.

FRANCIS ALFRED BOUCHER (aged 16), 6, Webb Street, Stapleton Road, Bristol.

CERTIFICATES.

[*The names are arranged approximately in the order of merit.*]

REGINALD J. FLEMING JOHNSTON, Goshen House, Morningside, Edinburgh.

H. CAMERON WILSON, c/o H. McK. Wilson, Esq., Q.C., Brantford, Ontario.

FREDERICK EDWARDS, Queen Street, Speight's Town, Barbados, B.W.I.

HARRY PERCIVAL TOWERS, 17, Ouseley Road, Balham, S.W.

HERBERT E. WESTON, 4, Gordon Villas, Whyke, Chichester.

OLIVE DODSLEY, Skegby Hall, Mansfield, Notts.

HARRY DUNLOP, 52, Dundonald Road, Kilmarnock.

JOHN A. MÖDEL, 47, St. Peter's Street, St. Alban's.

JOHN B. IRVINE, Ivy Bank, Bonchurch, I.W.

W. J. SHARPLIN, 37, Stanworth Street, Bermondsey, S.E.

FRANK E. KILLAM, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

H. W. EDNEY, 6, East Street, Chichester.

J. H. WISEMAN, 35, Chain Walk, Lozells, Birmingham.

W. E. MOORHOUSE, 38, Kingston Road, Bagby Fields, Leeds.

G. H. HINKLEY, 27, Hertford Street, Haggerston, London, E.

GRAHAM HYDES, 28, Havelock Square, Sheffield.

W. T. FREEMAN, 17, Regent Street, Clifton, Bristol.

DAVID FAIRBAIRN, 9, St. John's Hill, Edinburgh.

GEO. HY. SOLOMAN, 9, The Beacon, Exmouth, Devon.

GEORGE DEAN, 1, Southfield Road, Middlesbrough.

W. R. LIVSEY, Harnby Lea, Heywood, near Manchester.

GERTRUDE COCKBURN, 2, Kent Avenue, Ealing, W.

F. H. ROBERTSON, Stour House, Orwell Road, Clacton-on-Sea.

JAS. R. MILLARD, 44, Schoolhouse Lane, Brook Street, Ratcliff, E.

JOHN HANSON, 10, Nelson Square, Burnley.

W. H. WOOD, 80, London Road, East Grinstead, Sussex.

HENRY ELMS, 6, Ravenstone Road, Hornsey Park, N.

P. A. FARRAR, Lot 73, Main Street, Georgetown, Demerara.

W. C. WATSON, 16, The Grove, Balham, S.W.

H. M. STUMBLES, Bellevue, Park Road, Plumstead.

E. M. LOWNSBROUGH, 29, Trafalgar Street East, Scarborough.

JAMES C. O'CONNELL, 87, North Main Street, Cork.

W. H. H. CLARE, 416, Mare Street, Hackney.

H. J. CLARE, c/o H. Marks, Esq., 19, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

T. A. YOUNG, Card's Cottage, Hadlow Road, Tonbridge.

ARTHUR B. BEW, 11, Village Street, Marcus Street, West Ham, E.

CHAS. G. EDEN, 35, Abbey Road, Oxford.

I. R. HANSON, 50, Great Hampton Street, Birmingham.

LOTTIE DENNISON, 40, Kirkdale, Sydenham, S.E.

WALTER D. McINTYRE, 22, Guildford Street, Brighton.

FRANK J. HAMBLEY, Belleville, Canada, Box 413.

V. TOY BLUMENTHAL, 13, Frognal, London, N.W.

F. S. HILL, 6, Richmond Grove, Richmond Road, Barnsbury, N.

EMILY P. MUMFORD, The Briary, Cowes, I.W.

HUGH F. BYAS, 130, East Wellington Street, Parkhead, Glasgow.

B. LESINGHAM, 17, Onslow Road, Richmond Hill, Surrey.

H. A. H. DUNN, Cheltenham Crescent Road, Bournemouth.

PERCY H. BATH, 4, College Street, Brighton.

C. A. ARCHER, Church Street, Speight's Town, Barbados, B.W.I.

ROBT. P. JONES, 12, Claremont Road, Liverpool.

MARION HOOPER, Aysgarth, Worple Road, Wimbledon.

JAMES LITTLE, 5, Chambers Street, Belfast.

ARTHUR ASHDOWN, The Common, Sevenoaks, Kent.

FRANK SPIRES, Rosemary Hill, Kenilworth, Warwickshire.

JAMES A. MARCHANT, 17, London Road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

ISAAC S. LONG, near Rose & Crown, Kingswood, Bristol.

M. CORRANCE, Jr., 2, Robertson Terrace, Bank Street, Irvine, N.B.

C. C. WOOD, 39, Tonbridge Street, Euston Road, W.C.

ETHEL JEREMY, 19, Union Street, Merthyr Tydvil, South Wales.

ARTHUR SAUNDERS, 76, Fore Street, Kingsbridge, S. Devon.

Correspondence.



THE BOY CAPTAIN.—The only book we can think of at the moment is Spon's "Workshop Receipts," 2nd series, which costs 5*s.*, and contains, besides the confectionery and sweetmeat information, an immense number of recipes of all sorts. It is edited by R. Haldane, and published by E. and F. N. Spon, 125, Strand, W.C.

T. BAKER.—1. There are many books on drawing and painting; but the kind you want is probably that sold at a shilling by most artists' colourmen. If you can get a look at the books by Harding, Prout, and Penley, do so. 2. The Royal Academicians choose their own colleagues. There is no examination to be passed, but the invitation to become an Associate of the Academy is only made to artists who have for years exhibited pictures of approved merit. From the Associates the R.A.'s are selected.

H. S.—Apply by letter to the locomotive superintendent of one of the railways, or get a personal introduction if you can. The age depends on your size, but you must be over 14. You will begin as an engine cleaner, but the time it takes you to work up depends on yourself.

MARS IN AUSTRIA.—Our cavalry is never sent to the colonies, and foreigners are not now eligible for commissions. "Guides to Army Examinations" are sold by Messrs. Clowes and Son, Charing Cross, S.W.

J. S. R.—For price-list of materials for archery write to T. Aldred, 258, Oxford Street, London, W., or A. Gordon, Archers' Hall, Edinburgh.

TRAVELLERS.—Go to Oxford and row down. A week is usually allowed for the journey. The hire of the four-oared gig will be £3 12*s.* 6*d.* You must go through the locks. Get Dickens's "Dictionary of the Thames," price 1*s.*, published by Macmillan and Co.

F. C. WHITAKER.—If the blade is a good one have a new handle put to it; nothing else will stop the stinging. The two best of the present fast bowlers are Mr. S. M. J. Woods and Mold.

BOUNCER.—1. The fifth volume is out of print. It was published at 7*s.* 6*d.*, but would probably cost you more now second-hand. You might get it by advertising in "Exchange and Mart;" offer so much for it delivered at your address in good condition. 2. Jules Verne's books originally published in the "Boy's Own Paper" are: "The Boy Captain," "The Giant Raft," "The Cryptogram," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Vanished Diamond," "The Clipper of the Clouds," "Adrift in the Pacific," and "Barbicane & Co."

GOLFER.—Mix white lead with oak varnish and paint the balls with it. Keep the clubs in condition by lightly oiling them with raw linseed oil, say once a month, and very slightly then. On no account steep them in oil.

A. J. WILLIAMS.—Consult the catalogue of your free library, and get out the books on the subject in turn. We know of no one book that contains all the information you want; but Murray publishes a guide-book, there are several good histories of Hampshire, Englefield's "Isle of Wight" is old but interesting, Bristowe's "Memoir" gives all the geology, and among other authors whose names occur to us as having written on the district are Alphen, Barber, Gilpin, Hassel, Martin, Worsley, and Dr. Mantell.

J. B.—Wright's "Book of Poultry," published by Cassell, is the fullest, but it is dear. Cyanide of potassium will take out rust, though to keep chains and bits clean there is really nothing better than rubbing them on the front door-mat—but do not say we told you so!

EMIGRANT.—For all emigration queries apply to Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

ONE WHO WISHES TO ENLIST can at any time obtain particulars at the nearest post-office.

AMBITIOUS.—You have to be articled to a solicitor in practice. There is no need to go to college. Get a copy of "The Articled Clerk's Handbook," obtainable from any law publisher through any bookseller.

NEUWIED.—You cannot exchange stamps out of date at post offices, but any stamp ever issued and unused can be used to the full extent of its face-value for the postage of letters. If you have an unused black penny English and wish to use it you can do so. At the same time any dealer will give you more than its face-value for it.

DETECTIVE.—Yes. You will have to become "an ordinary policeman" first a very ordinary policeman we should say, judging from your handwriting. You have to pass two medical examinations, one by your own doctor, and one by the surgeon at headquarters.

SAM SLICK.—The Deputy-Master of the Mint publishes an annual report, which can be obtained from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, the Queen's Printers, East Harding Street, Fetter Lane. The total number of coins of all denominations issued from the Mint in 1889 was 73,643,553; but we cannot give details here.

M. A. S.—We know of no book that will teach you the "mecanical" part of poetry, but we know of several that would teach you how to spell, and which you would find of use. You will never do much good till you can see better than "Bethleham." Poets must learn to spell, like other people. Try orthography for a while, and leave prosody, music, and the other things till your observing powers are in better training.

H. P.—Besides the "young fish" you mention, pike are taken with frogs, and occasionally with a worm. But the best thing is one of the many artificial baits you get at a tackle shop. They cost more than natural bait, but are very much better in every way. See "The Practical Fisherman," by John Harrington Keene, published by Gill, 170, Strand. It costs half-a-guinea, but you may get a look at it at your free library.

ICEBERGS.—1. The nearest lands to the North Pole yet discovered are Petermann Land, Hazen Land, Grant Land, Prince Patrick Land, Wrangel Island (a long way down), De Long Island, and Cape Chelyuskin. Around the South Pole are Victoria Land, much the nearest, Adelie Land, Clarie Land, Sabrina Land, Budd Land, Knox Land, Termination Island, Kemp Island, Enderby Island, Trinity Land, Palmer Land, Graham Land, and Alexander the First Land. 2. Yes. Captain Cook advanced within the Antarctic Circle in two places—about longitude 40 E., and longitude 135 W.

HENRY.—The Natuna Islands are off the north-west of Borneo. Johore is the extreme end of the Malay Peninsula, off which is the island of Singapore. You should get a modern atlas. A good one at a reasonable price is the "Century," published by John Walker and Co. It costs 3*s.* 6*d.*

HELEN.—The flowers were all dry, broken up, and unrecognisable. They seemed to be geraniums. If you send any more you should press them separately and enclose them between slips of soft paper, with a thick card to prevent their being crumpled in the post. The competitions vary every year.

STAMPS (W. G. Wood).—"A stamp with house in the centre and the word Bel Alp" is a Swiss Local. "Pacchi Postali" is Italian for Parcels Post. Trondhjems is a town in Norway, in some maps it is spelt Drontheim.

MOTTOES OF HONOUR (L. D. Warner).—It is interesting to hear that your ancestor, Sir Thomas Warner, discovered the island of St. Kitts, and in consequence thereof received from Charles the First a ring and the motto, "Teneo ab Rege," which the family still bears; and we have noted the motto. But, at the same time, it is usually believed that St. Kitts was so named after St. Christopher Columbus, who discovered it in 1493.

R. E. U.—The letters that tell the issues. At the recent Stamp Show there was a complete set of the ordinary red penny English, several dozen of them, each stamp being of a stock issued on a certain date. Look at the water-marks of your stamps: every water-mark means a new edition.

CELTIC.—A letter to W. B. Clive and Co., Booksellers Row, Strand, will procure you a list of works needed for study for any of the London University examinations. The official information is obtainable from the Registrar, University of London, Burlington House, W.

F. P. G. R.—"Eve Effingham" is the sequel to Fenimore Cooper's "Homeward Bound."

SILVER KING.—We can give you no hints beyond those in "Helping the Memory." Indian clubs for a boy of 16 should weigh 8 pounds each. Roughly speaking, the weight of a pair of clubs should be the same number of pounds as there are years in your age—a boy of 14 should have 7lb. clubs, a boy of 12 6lb. clubs, and so on. We were very pleased to hear from so distant a place as Kootenay Lake.

STANLEY O'GRAHAME.—You would find stoking a very warm occupation. Soldiering is much cooler, particularly in the evenings. You can get fullest and latest particulars from the post-office in your town. Every post-office is supposed to have a stock of pamphlets, for gratuitous distribution, explaining how to join the various services.

BUTTERFLIES (G. W. Gude).—The coloured plate of "British Butterflies" was in our first volume, and has long been out of print. From time to time we have given full instructions in every branch of entomology, not only with regard to collecting, but setting, preserving, etc., etc.; and the subject will be returned to again.

LOVER OF YACHTS.—You should consult the advertisement pages of such papers as "The Field" and "Land and Water." You will there find the addresses of the leading yacht agents. As a rough estimate, you can take £20 a ton.

C. T. C. (Enquirer).—For information regarding the Cyclists' Touring Club, apply to the Secretary, 139, Fleet Street, E.C. The entrance fee is 1*s.*, and the subscription 2*s.* 6*d.*

ROAD BOOK.—The fullest road book is "The Roads of England and Wales," by Charles Howard, price 5*s.*, published by Letts, Son, and Co. Try the "Cyclist's Pocket Road Guides" of Mr. R. E. Phillips, published by Houlston and Sons; they cost twopence each, or a guinea a set. For the London district, Bacon's maps at four inches to a mile are good for the main roads, but are not always to be trusted for bye-roads in new districts.

E. B. R.—It is usual to say that the pollen is the element of reproduction; but, as a matter of fact, every pollen grain is filled with extremely fine molecular matter called "fovilla," and this fovilla exhibits more or less active movements.

C. POSTING.—1. It was France of which it was said that the clergy protected the country by their prayers, the nobles by their arms, and the commons by the taxes they paid. The saying is no longer applicable, as all three have now to pay taxes. 2. All the States of the American Union have bonded debts except Colorado, Illinois, and West Virginia. It is all a question of book-keeping as to what you consider "national" and what you consider "local."

BOATING.—All people who let out boats. Searle, Biffen, Clasper, etc., let them out for a week or more on special terms. Get Dickens's "Dictionary of the Thames," price 1*s.*

MARIUS.—You have confused the officers with the crew. "Naval Cadets" is one thing, "Boys" is another. The age for boys is between 15 and 16½.

V. C.—No matter how thin you are, it will do you good to go in for athletics. You will not snap off in the middle!

CATAPULT.—1. You have no right to use a catapult in a road, and the policeman was doing you a service in taking it away from you. 2. The numbers are out of print; but you will find "How to build a Canvas Canoe" in "Indoor Games."

H. D.—The best cheap book for beginners in fishing is "Float Fishing," by Martin, price 2*s.*, of Sampson Low and Co.; but in "Outdoor Games" you will have the reprint of our articles.

H. A. H.—The sea-hops you have are the egg cases of the White Whelk (*Buccinum undatum*). They are very common all round the coast. We have already had a series of articles on shells.

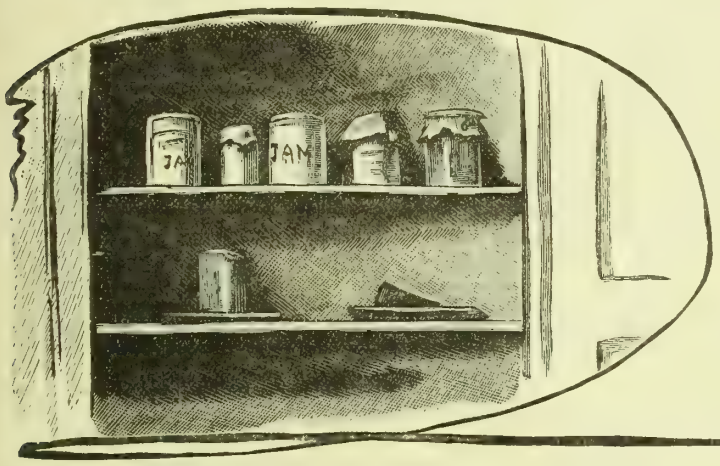
SHORT SIGHT.—Many people play cricket who wear spectacles. The chance of getting broken glass in your eye is a very remote one. We know of no special make for cricketers. The only thing to do is to try and not catch the ball in your eye.

R. P. G.—1. We have published "Through Fire and through Water" in book form, price 3*s.* 6*d.*; apply to Publisher, 56, Paternoster Row. 2. See other answers for distemper. 3. When a note is sharpened and a natural follows in the next bar, the natural refers to the sharpened note. The c has become c sharp, and so has to be reduced.

CAMPHOR.—The camphor boat is bent into shape; it is not flat; look at the illustration again.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 628.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED]



THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

[Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

CHAPTER III.—CANVASSING.

When Fisher I woke early next morning he had the curious sensation of something on his mind without knowing what it was.

He was not out of sorts. The private supper of which he and Denton and Ridgway had partaken



"The pace was kept up."

last night in Ranger's study had been wholesome, if miscellaneous. Ranger's people had given him a hamper to bring back, containing a good many good things—cake, biscuits, potted meats, jam, Worcester sauce, pickles, coffee, and other groceries intended to diversify the breakfasts of the half. By some error of judgment this valuable article of luggage had come from town in the van, where it had apparently been placed at the very bottom of the baggage. The consequence was, that when it came to be opened, its several ingredients were found to have got loose, and fused together in a most hopeless way. Jam, and pickles, and Liebig's extract, and moist sugar were indistinguishable. The only thing seemed to be to attack the concoction *en masse*, without needless delay, and to that end Ranger had summoned the assistance of his friends and neighbours. Fisher I was unable to attribute any part of the weight on his mind to this perfectly wholesome and homely refreshment.

What was it? It was not Denton. He had come back as loyal and festive as ever, threatening to work hard this half, and determined to have Fisher I as his guest at the rectory on the lake for the Christmas vac.

Nor was it the captain's speech last night that bothered him. True, it was not altogether conciliatory to those who, like Fisher I, were resolved to have no truce with the enemy. Of course it was the right thing for Yorke to say. But Yorke knew, as well as anybody, that the Classics meant to keep their house cock-house at Fellsgarth.

Nor was it the accounts; although Fisher had to own to himself he was not a grand hand at finance, and that if he was appointed treasurer of the school clubs, as well as of his house clubs, he would have his work cut out for him to keep both funds clear and solvent.

What then was it? His young brother? He supposed it must be. The young donkey had made a bad beginning at Fellsgarth—which was bad enough. But had the elder brother done quite the decent thing in half disowning him, and letting him run on his fate in the way he had? A little brotherly backing up, a word or two of warning, and, if needs be, a little timely intimidation, might have made all the difference to the youngster, and would not have done the senior much harm.

Yes; it was this precious minor of his who was on Fisher I's mind. It was too late, of course, to pick up the milk already spilled. But it might be worth while to give him a word of admonition as to his future conduct.

With this view he sent Ashby (who, with all the alacrity of a brand-new fag, punctually presented himself for orders before getting-up bell had ceased ringing), to summon Fisher II to his brother's room.

"Well, kid," said the elder brother, commencing his toilet; "how did you get on? Sleep well?"

"Middling," said Fisher II. "Some of the fellows had put pepper on the blankets, and it got into my eyes—that's all."

"It's a good job they did nothing worse."

"Well," said Fisher II, who was evidently in a limp state, and had not at all enjoyed his night; "they *did* tease a good deal."

"Humph—who did?"

"Well, there was that boy they call——"

"Stop," said Fisher I, turning round fiercely in the middle of brushing his hair; "do you mean to say you don't know that it's only cads who sneak about one another?"

"But you asked me."

"Of course I did, and made sure you wouldn't let out. I hope they'll give you a few more lively nights, to teach you better."

The young brother's lips gave an ominous quiver at this unfeeling speech, and he horrified Fisher I by betraying imminent symptoms of tears.

"Look here, Joey," said the senior, rather more soothingly, "you've made a jolly bad start, and that can't be helped. The mistake you make is in thinking you know everything, whereas you're about as green as they make them. Why ever do you pretend not to be? Look at that other new kid—the other one who sang. He's green too; but, bless you, it's no crime, and all the fellows take to him because he doesn't put on side like you. Why, that song you sang—oh, my stars!—what *on earth* put that rot into your head?"

This finished up poor Fisher II. The recollection of his performance last night was more than he could stand, and he began to whimper.

"Come, old chap," said Fisher I, kindly, patting him on the shoulder; "perhaps it's not all your fault. I suppose I ought to have given you a leg up, and prevented you making a fool of yourself. You'll get on right enough if you don't swagger. And in any case, don't blubber."

"I shall never get on here," said the new boy. "All the fellows are against me. Besides—I didn't know it was wrong; and—oh, Tom!—I lent a fellow half-a-crown, and now I've nothing to pay for the clubs!"

Fisher I laughed.

I thought from your tones you were going to confess a murder, at least. You'd better look alive and get the half-crown back."

"That's just it. I lent it in the dark to a—a Modern chap; and I don't know his name."

"Upon my honour, Joey, you are a—— Well, it's no good saying what you are. I hope you'll see your money again, that's all."

Fisher II groaned.

"Would you ever mind lending me half-a-crown for the clubs, just this once," he pleaded.

"Very convenient arrangement. I suppose I shall have to. At least I'll mark you as paid; and if you've not got back what you've lent your friend before I have to shell out, I shall have to pay it for you."

"Thanks, Tom; you're an awful brick," said the younger brother, brightening up rapidly. "I say, I wish I could be your fag. Couldn't I?"

"Ranger's bagged you—you'll get on better with him than me. He won't stand as much nonsense as I might. There! he is calling. Cut along, and don't go making such an ass of yourself again. You'll have to get on the best you can with your fellows; I can't interfere with them unless they break rules, you know. You can come in here, of course, any time you like, and if you want a leg up with preparation, and Ranger's busy, you may as well do your work here."

After this Fisher I felt a little easier in his conscience, and was able to face the tasks of the day with a lighter mind than if he had had the care of his minor upon it all the time.

The school work of the day was not particularly onerous. Dr. Ringwood, the head master, held a sort of reception of the Sixth and delivered, as was his wont, a little lecture on the work to be taken up during the ensuing half, interspersed with a few sarcastic references to the work of the previous half, and one or two jokes, which scoffers like Ridgway used to say must have cost him many serious hours during the holidays to develop.

"Aristophanes," said the head master, after calling attention to the particular merits of the Greek play to be undertaken, "did not write solely for the Sixth form of a public school. I am afraid some of you, last term, thought that Euripides did. He will require more than usual attention. I am sure he can easily receive it. I would not, if I were you boys, be too chary this term of extra work. Some of you are almost painfully conscientious in your objection to overdo a particular study. Aristophanes is an author with whom liberties may safely be taken in this respect. The test of a good classical scholar, remember, is not the work he is obliged to do, but what he is not obliged to do—his extra work; I advise you not to be afraid to try it. The Sanatorium has been unusually free of cases of over-pressure lately. A quarter of an hour's extra work a day by the Sixth is not at all likely to tax its capacity, etc."

This was the doctor's pleasant style, delivered with a severe face and downcast eyes.

Then ensued a little lecture to the prefects on their duties and responsibilities, which was respectfully listened to. To judge by it, such a thing as any rumour of dissensions between rival sides and houses in the school had never reached his ears. And yet the knowing ones said the doctor knew better than the captain himself everything that went on in Fellsgarth, and could at any moment lay his hand on an offender. But he preferred to leave the police of the place to his head boys; and on the whole it was perhaps better for the school that he did.

To a larger or less degree the other forms, Classic and Modern, were lectured in similar strains by their respective masters. The new boys among the junior division were, perhaps, the only ones who listened attentively to what Mr. Stratton, the young, cheery athlete who presided over their studies, had to say. And even their respectful admiration was a good deal distracted by the babel of voices which was going on all round them.

"Never mind him," said D'Arcy; "he's a kid of a master, and don't know any better. It's all rot. Bless you, we get the same thing——"

"D'Arcy," said the master, suddenly, "I was recommending the value of extra work, especially for clever boys. Perhaps you will try the experiment with fifty lines of Virgil by this time to-morrow."

"There you are," said D'Arcy, appealing to his neighbours; "didn't I tell you he talked rot? Did you ever hear such a stale joke as that?"

The two new boys were tremendously impressed by this sudden swoop of vengeance, and gazed open-mouthed at the master for the rest of the class, stealing only now and again a hasty glance at D'Arcy to see how he was bearing up against his sore afflictions.

D'Arcy, to do him justice, appeared to be bearing up very well. He was, in truth, engaged in a mental calculation as to how, during the coming term, he could most economically "job" out the impositions which usually fell to his share. If his countenance now and then brightened as he met the awe-struck gaze of the two new boys, it was because in them he thought he discerned a lively hope of solving the problem creditably to himself and not unprofitably to them.

"Come along," said he as soon as the class was released; "let's get out into the fresh air and have a cool. Hullo, Wally!" as the owner of that name trotted up, "What's up?"

"Up?" said Wally in tones of injured innocence; "one would think you didn't know it was school club elections on in an hour, and all the chaps to whip up! If the Moderns turn up in force, it'll be touch-and-go if they don't carry every man. I can't stop now—mind you bring those kids."

And off he went with all the importance of captain's fag on his electioneering tour.

"Wally's right," said D'Arcy. "It'll be a close shave to carry our men. You see, kids," added he condescendingly, "it's just this way. The Moderns are going to try to carry the clubs to-day, and if they do, the whole of us aren't going to stand it, and there'll be such a jolly row in Fellsgarth as—well, wait till you see."

This sounded very awful. Fisher II would have liked to know what sort of clubs were to be carried, but did not like to ask. Ashby, however, more honest, demanded further particulars.

"I don't know what you mean?" said he.

"Don't suppose you do. Whose fault is that? All you've got to do is to yell for our side and vote for our men."

That seemed simple enough, if D'Arcy would only vouchsafe to tell them when to begin.

"Come along," said the latter. "We've half an hour yet to canvass. You know Wally's and my study?"

"Yes."

"All right; now you," pointing to Ashby, "you hang outside that door. That's the Modern minors' class. Collar one of them as they come out, or two if you can; and fetch 'em up to my room. You," pointing to Fisher II, "go and prowl about the kids' gymnasium and fetch any one with a blue ribbon on his hat, as many as you can bag. I'm going to see if I can find some of 'em near the tuck shop. Kick twice on my door and say 'Balbus,' so that I shall know it's you. Go on; off you go. Don't muff it, whatever you do, or it'll be your fault if Fellsgarth goes to pot."

Ashby, whose uncle was an M.P., had had some little experience in general elections, but he never remembered canvassing of this kind before. However, D'Arcy had an authoritative air about him, and as the school was evidently in peril, and there was no suspicion of practical joking in the present case, he marched off sturdily to the Modern minors' class-room, and sheltering himself conveniently behind the door, waited the turn of events.

He had not to wait long. He could hear the master announcing the lesson for preparation, and the general shuffle which precedes the dismissal of a class. Then his heart beat a little faster as he distinguished footsteps and heard the unsuspecting enemy approaching his way.

Now Ashby, although a new boy, was wise enough to calculate one or two things. One was that his best chance was either to attack the head or the tail of the procession; and secondly, that as the head boys in a form are usually those nearest the front, and, conversely, the lowest are usually nearest to the door, therefore the smallest boys would probably be the first to come out. For all of which reasons he decided to make his swoop at once, and if possible abscond with his booty before the main body arrived on the scene.

The event justified his shrewdness. The moment the door opened, two small Moderns scampered out clean into the arms of the expectant kidnapper, who before they had time so much as to inquire who he was or what he wanted, had a grip on the coat-collar of each, and was racing them as hard as their short legs could carry them across the grass.

"Let go, you cad!" squeaked one, presently. "What are you doing?"

"It's only fun," said Ashby, encouragingly; "come along."

The other prisoner was more practical. He tried to bite his captor's hand, and when he failed in that, he tried to kick. But though he succeeded better in this, the pace was kept up and the grip on his collar, if anything, tightened. Whereupon he attempted to sit down. But that, though it retarded the progress, was still insufficient to arrest it. The pace dropped to a quick walk, and in due time, greatly to Ashby's relief, the portal of Wakefield's was reached.

Here, of course, all was safe. If any of the few boys hanging about had been inclined to concern themselves in the affair, the colour of the ribbon on the victims' hats was quite sufficient reason for allowing the law to take its course; and Ashby, who began to grow very tired of his burden (which insisted on sitting down on either side all the way upstairs), arrived at length at Messrs. D'Arcy and Wally's door without challenge.

He had no need to knock, or say "Balbus," as the room was empty. The other canvassers had evidently not yet returned.

With a sigh of relief he deposited his loads on the carpet and locked the door.

"Let us go, you cad!" yelled the prisoners. "What do you want bringing us here into this place for?"

"Fun," said Ashby. "You'll know presently."

"If you don't let us out, we'll yell till a master comes."

"Will you?—we're used to yelling here. Yell away; it'll do you good."

To the credit of the two "voters" they did their best, and made such a hideous uproar that Ashby began to grow uneasy, and was immensely relieved when presently he heard outside a sound as of coals being carelessly carried up the staircase. Some one was evidently coming up with a good load.

Ashby was prudent enough not to open the door till an irregular double kick and a breathless cry of "Balbus, look sharp," apprised him that another of the electioneering agents had returned.

He then cautiously opened the door, and in tumbled D'Arcy, gasping, yet triumphant, under the weight of three fractious youngsters.

"Bully for us," said he, surveying the harvest. "Five for our side. Jolly well done of you, kid—you're a stunner. Two of mine are new kids—they came easy enough; but the other's a regular badger."

The badger in question seemed determined to maintain his reputation, for he flew upon his captor, calling upon his fellow prisoners to do the same. All but the new boys obeyed, and the two "canvassers" were very hard put to it for a while, and might have fared yet worse, had not D'Arcy astutely hung out a flag of truce.

"Look here," said he; "I never knew such idiots as you Modern kids are. Here I've done my best to be friends and invited you to a spread in my room; and now you won't even let me go to the cupboard and get out the black currant jam and cake."

"You're telling crams; that's not why you brought us here. You're a howling——"

"Yes, really," said D'Arcy, in quite a friendly tone. "Cry 'pax' for one minute, and if I don't hand out the things you may go; honour bright. I've a good mind to kick you out without giving you anything."

The caged animals sullenly fell back and eyed the cupboard which D'Arcy leisurely opened. A row of half a dozen pots on a top shelf, a segment of a plum-cake, and something that looked very like honey in the comb, met their greedy eyes.

"There you are," said D'Arcy. "What did I tell you? They belong to Wally; he'll be here directly. You'll be all right—all except *you*," said he, singling out his principal assailant. "You don't know how to behave like these other kids. I shall advise Wally not to waste any of his stuff on you."

"I didn't know it was a feast," said the youth, much softened. "I thought you were only humbugging; really I did."

"I've a good mind to do what you think. You'd better mind your eye, I can tell you—I wish Wally would come. There's five o'clock striking—I'll go and look for him. Ashby, you see if he's in the library; you kids, stay here, and lock the door, and don't let anybody in but Wally. Do you hear? If you do, you'll get it pretty hot for being out of your house. And look here, if Wally doesn't come by half-past, you can help yourselves."

"Thanks awfully," said the party.

"Mind! honour bright you don't touch

a thing till the clock strikes the half. When you've done, stay here till one of us comes to fetch you and we'll see you safe out. Don't go without, as our chaps are awfully down on Moderns this term, and you'll get flayed alive. If they've seen you come in, they'll try to get at you, be sure; so lock yourselves in, whatever you do, and don't make the room in too great a mess. Come along, Ashby; let's look for Wally."

"Cut hard," said he, as soon as they stood outside, and had heard the lock within duly turned. "We've only just time to get over; that's five votes lost to their side! Real good business! I wonder where the other new kid is? He was bound to make a mess of it. That's why I sent him to the gymnasium; it's closed to-day. Come on, Ya-hoo Moderns! Hurray for Yorke! Yell away, kid! Down with the money-grubs! Wakefields for ever!"

"Hooray for the Cock House!" shouted Ashby, as, side by side with his now admiring patron, he entered the School Hall where the ceremony of club elections was just beginning.

At the door they encountered Wheatfield.

"Such games!" whispered D'Arcy, clapping him joyously on the back. "We've got five Modern kids boxed up in our room, waiting for the clock to strike the half hour before they have a tuck in at our empty jam pots."

"Ha, ha!" said Wheatfield; "splendid joke!" and vanished.

D'Arcy's countenance suddenly turned pale as he gripped his companion by the arm.

"What's the matter?" inquired Ashby, alarmed for his friend's health. "What's up?"

"It's all up! We're regularly done. My! that *is* a go!"

"Whatever do you mean?"

"Why, you blockhead, didn't you see that was the wrong Wheatfield—not Wally, but the Modern one! And now he's gone to let those chaps out, and we're clean done for!"

"Whew! what *is* to be done!" groaned Ashby, almost as pale as his friend.

(To be continued.)

ACROSS THE SNOW.

By Wm. C. Sutherland, M.A.,

Author of "A Highland Hero," "The Golden Eagle's Egg," etc.

CHAPTER II.

JANUARY 9 dawned bright and clear. During the preceding night snow had fallen heavily, and every bush and tree groaned under its white burden.

As the snow deadened every sound, everything was quiet and calm as on a Sabbath morn in June. We did not see Mr. Robertson all that day, and we concluded that this was a special mark of his displeasure.

In the afternoon I knew the Cabarfeidh would call at Burroceann, some miles distant from Monkton, and return to Invergordon on the morning of the 10th.

We went supperless to bed that night, but had saved some eatables during the daytime, and these we put carefully away for future use. All through the day we had earnestly discussed the possibility of getting to Cattu by the Cabarfeidh.

We had made up our minds to make the attempt. The morality of the step we never considered. The bare idea of spending day after day of the holidays within the gloomy walls of the Academy was horrible. Fraser's longing for a change of any sort, and mine for the North, were intense.

The prospect of my uncle's reception did not in the least dismay me. He was a long way off yet, and distant terrors do not make a great impression on schoolboys.

Besides, if I did not care to meet him, I could easily take refuge in the house of Neil MacJan, who had been in my grandfather's employ for many years, and who had been so attached to my father that he would do anything for his son.

So we lay anxiously in bed listening to the town-clock striking the hours and the quarters.

We waited till it boomed out midnight, and then we rose and dressed quietly. We had gone to the trouble of undressing because Mr. Robertson came into the dormitories at all hours, and of course we did not wish him to find us fully equipped for a journey.

We decided not to take our overcoats; they were heavy and might impede us. A couple of cravats would protect our throats, and the exercise of walking would keep us sufficiently warm.

Slinging our boots round our necks, as I have seen fishermen do when walking from one town to another, we crept quietly down two flights of stairs till we reached the first floor. Here we were horrified to see light streaming from under the study door and through the keyhole.

I felt inclined to beat a retreat, but Fraser, to my surprise, whispered, "Nothing venture, man!" So I plucked up a little courage and trembling led the way.

A step or two at a time and then a pause to listen.

Once or twice we heard Mr. Robertson cough, and then we were fearful he was coming to the door.

By-and-by we reached a lobby leading to a large room which was used in wet weather as a reading-room by the boys.

When we got into this room, and had closed the door noiselessly, we put our boots on and then opened one of the windows.

The cold air cut like a knife, and the beds we had left seemed *so* comfortable by the contrast. But "forward" was our cry now, or all would end in failure.

Three feet below the window, and running all round the house, was a ledge of stonework, a few inches wide. This was merely ornamental, but we boys had frequently used it in our nocturnal visits to a neighbouring "tuck-shop."

I got first on to the ledge, but kept hold of the window-sill till I saw all clear below. Then I sprang down—a distance of eight feet—and rolled heels over head in the snow.

Fraser followed, but landing on his back gave vent to a loud "ow!" He was not hurt, however, but was up in a moment, and we both darted over the lawn as fast as we could run, took the low wall in a trice, and were on the high road in less time than it takes to tell.

The moon was playing hide-and-seek amongst the clouds, and although for one moment we could see Mr. Robertson running down the steps from the front door, yet we had no reason to suppose he had caught sight of us, for the next moment a cloud passed over the moon and hid him from our view.

But we sped onwards as fast as our legs could carry us, for well we knew our head-master would find out what the foot-marks in the snow meant, since they all led *from* the house.

The high road skirted the town on the south, and then branched off in a north-westerly direction.

Just as we had got to the outskirts, Fraser suddenly pulled me into a snow-drift in the shadow of a high "dyke," clapped his hand over my mouth and whispered, "Don't breathe. There's a night policeman!" Slowly and quietly the stalwart muffled figure drew near, and we could hear it softly whistling, "Cam' ye by Athole, lad wi' the philabeg," as it pursued its course along the middle of the Queen's highway.

All the time we lay with our hearts in our mouths, but presently we saw it drift round a bend in the road, and then we sprang up, and without waiting to brush the snow from off our clothes and out of our hair, ran forward at our best pace. This, however, we were soon compelled to moderate to a half-trot, which we kept up for a long time.

It was a glorious night; everything, from the tall firs to the labourers' cottages, was draped in white; but we were not in a mood to admire nature's aspect then.

We were only thankful there was sufficient light to show us our way, although at the same time it might do the same kindly office for our pursuers, if they were yet abroad.

We were fortunate enough to meet no wayfarer, nor, as far as we could judge, to be observed by any one in the small villages through which we passed, for we were not sufficiently acquainted with the country to be able to quit the main road.

After three or four hours' tramping we

came in sight of the sea and of the little town of Burroceann nestling by the cliff.

It behoved us now to be careful. Just outside the town we noticed some hay-stacks, and under their friendly lee we began to put ourselves in shipshape order. We used our pocket-handkerchiefs for a considerable time, and after the exercise of much patience found our temperature sensibly reduced.

Then we ventured to proceed carefully in the direction of the harbour. We did a lot of reconnoitring, and whenever we saw a moving object in front or heard sounds proceeding from any quarter we immediately stepped into the shadow of the nearest doorway.

A very short time sufficed to bring us in view of the Cabarfeidh. Through the open doorway of a shed on the pier we could see some burly drovers, several women, a soldier, and one whom we judged by his appearance to be a commercial traveller, all standing round a large fire.

Some of the men were smoking; the soldier, with forage cap on the back of his head, was attempting to dance the "Ghillie Challum," but as he had evidently been imbibing too freely, his efforts appeared to amuse the traveller highly, for we could hear his laughter ring out clearly on the frosty air.

All this time we were standing in a doorway on the shady side of the street and were beginning to feel the cold keenly, as we watched now the Monkton road, now the group on the quay.

Presently the Cabarfeidh began whistling shrilly as a signal that she was getting under weigh, and the little crowd of passengers began moving in the direction of the gangway.

There was no sign of a booking office anywhere, so we slipped in at the end of the line, and as everybody was pushing everybody else or was struggling with parcels and bundles we were unnoticed in the confusion that reigned The steamer's cargo had been stowed already, for, as soon as the passengers were aboard, the men on the quay cast off, and the Cabarfeidh, snorting and plunging like a grampus, steamed out into the firth. She headed due west and was timed to do the journey in about four hours.

It was six o'clock as we cleared the bar, but it was still night, and the cold was excessive. We felt it severely; for with the want of rest, the fatigue of the journey through the night, and the reaction from the state of excitement we were in, our spirits were down at zero.

Most of the passengers were crowded round a stove in a miserable den in the fore part of the ship, called by courtesy "the steerage." Two or three were aft in the cabin with the captain, and, judging from the noise they made, were making very merry. Fraser and I stood together in the waist of the ship by the bridge, and eagerly watched the fast retreating harbour as if we dreaded pursuit.

By-and-by an untidy-looking youth about Fraser's age came and asked us for our fares—2*s.* 6*d.* each. These we paid with a sigh, for it reduced our scanty stock of money by half, and we had such a long journey before us!

We now ate the scraps we had brought with us, and very thankful we were to have them, for the keen morning air sharpened our appetites famously. When we were within an hour's run of the Souters, the soldier, looking very drowsy and dilapidated after the carousal of the past night, emerged from the steerage.

"Losh! laddies, but ye're cowld," he said, as he cautiously stepped towards us.

"Where wull ye be goin'?"

"Home from school," replied Fraser.

"And ye didna take a topcoat wi' ye? Ach! man, howld on, and I'll len' ye my own," and the kind-hearted fellow staggered back to fetch his military great-coat.

When we got inside the Cromarty Firth the waters were quite smooth, and this was a welcome change, for we were beginning to feel uncomfortable under the tossing and pitching in the Moray Firth.

Invergordon was reached at last, and scarcely had the Cabarfeidh touched the pier when we sprang off, and, just waiting to wave a friendly good-bye to our friend the soldier, struck into the town, where we appeased the pangs of hunger at the first baker's shop we found. We had great difficulty in evading direct answers to the many questions with which the inquisitive shopman plied us. He seemed rather suspicious of us, for he begged us not to be in a hurry. He was just going over the way, he said, to see his friend Mr. Munro for a few minutes, and we could settle our bill when he came back. We assented to this, but as soon as he was gone, we called for his good dame and settled the bill, which amounted to eighteenpence, with her.

We then asked how far it was to Dingwall, which was quite in the opposite direction to that which we meant to take, and upon being informed "it was a good bit off," we hurriedly took our leave, for we had no desire to await the baker's return, as we suspected his worthy friend Mr. Munro wore a blue uniform with plated buttons.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CALLAO TO EOS—OUR DUMB FRIENDS—WE CATCH A SHARK—SAD RELICS—BOAZ FINDS HIMSELF ON THE THRESHOLD OF A LONGER JOURNEY—OUR ARRIVAL AT EOS.

"Callao to Eos."

Such is the brief title of the logbook and of the journal which lie open before me, as I write, both of them yellow with age, mildewed, and stained with the Pacific spray.

What an infinity of varied recollections are called up by the sight of these venerable pages! what hours of lonely watching! what anxious scanning of the horizon! what delight and exhilaration, as we scudded with a fair wind over the moonlit sea! what weary waiting, when we passed into a region of calms, or when the trade wind freshened sufficiently to render it expedient for our little craft to lie to for a while.

I will now give, without comment, a few extracts from the journal itself:—

Cutter Isabel. At sea.
Lat. 126° S., Long. 78° W.
Course E. by S. ¼ S. Oct. 3, 1828.

We started three days ago, about 3 P.M., taking advantage of the land breeze, which happened to be blowing pretty stiffly at the time. San Lorenzo was soon past, and we stood on our course, a journey of 3,140 miles before us. I must confess, I was not without some misgivings as to our being just a little short-handed; but as Boaz seemed remarkably cheerful, and more like himself than he had been for some days, I forbore to ask any questions, and settled down to the business of the afternoon watch, while he occupied himself in taking stock of our provisions, and making everything snug in our tiny cabin.

We have brought three passengers with us; three warm friends, miscalled dumb animals, for they are as eloquent as can be, and each is a perfect master of his own language. They are Sally, a favourite cat; Cocky, the sauciest of green parroquets; and Gladys, my little fox terrier, Ezra's parting gift to me. We call Gladys "our lady passenger," so perfect is she both in beauty and in good manners. She always reminds me of some lovely lines of Martial, which made a great impression upon me when I read them at school. These three have become fast friends already, and dog and cat life on board the Isabel means endless frolic from morning till night. Gladys thinks it capital fun to chase Sally round the ship, searching into every hole and corner, with short, sharp, nervous barks, while Pussy, from some impregnable fortress, answers with dismal snarls and hisses, till, seizing her opportunity, she darts like lightning into the rigging, where she gets a short breathing time before the next onset.

We are now fairly in the SE. trade drift, and there seems every prospect of fine weather. Boaz tells me that the voyage should take about six weeks.

Cocky has perched himself on my shoulder, and is pecking alternately at my nose and my beard, which is his way of intimating that he is desirous of a little conversation with me.

Oct. 5.—To-day we sighted Pousland Island, about ten miles to the northward. We have now got into our regular routine. We breakfast at about 7 A.M.; we have cakes, eggs, or occasionally a rasher of bacon, or a bit of salt beef. Our stove is

an old nail can, in which we can always make a fire large enough to boil our kettle, or fry enough meat for our meal. It is certainly convenient not to have too large a galley in these latitudes.

Cocky always announces that breakfast is ready by uttering piercing shrieks, which continue without intermission until we have attended to his wants. Gladys and Sally eat out of the same plate; they do a good deal of growling over their meal, but we are confident that they don't mean anything by it. Cocky is occasionally impudent enough to sidle up to the edge of the plate, and while they are adjusting their little differences he walks off with the choicest morsel.

After breakfast Boaz invariably calls for the other compasses, by which he means the Bible and the Prayer-book. "Ah, my boy," he says, "these 'ere compasses is to be depended upon; no steel can 'urt 'em; you needn't to swing to 'ave 'em adjusted. No doubt I ain't got no larnin', and we're none on us so good as we might be; and so I 'as to steer by the lubber's pint; but I make no doubt that these 'ere instruments 'll guide me into a snug 'arbour at last, and the Lord won't let me go to leeward anywhere."

Of course we keep watch and watch; but Boaz does not sleep much during the day; when not at the tiller, he busies himself partly in reading, partly in painting the ship here and there, or in taking the necessary observations; and partly in cooking our simple meals.

I may here add that we dined usually at twelve o'clock. Our supply of live-stock was necessarily very limited, and only reserved for special occasions. In those days there were none of the marvellous appliances owing to which the humblest mariner may now find life on a long voyage comparatively agreeable. We had no friendly ice-chest, no snugly arranged lockers filled with mysterious tins to be manipulated by a skilful cook into dishes still more mysterious, but under the circumstances highly welcome. Our whole stock of spirits was confined to a keg of brandy, which was reserved strictly for medicinal purposes, and used very sparingly, even by such an invalid as Boaz. Salt pork and hard biscuit were hardly suited to his impaired constitution, and he lived chiefly upon maize cakes, in the making of which he was exceedingly skilful. "There was a time," said he, "when I could make a 'earty meal off salt junk as you would 'ave to cut with a 'atchet, it were that 'ard; but them days is past and gone. I'm come to my second childhood now."

Oct. 10.—It is now five days since we have seen any land. The wind is very light to-day, and we are not making much progress. The sea is alive with flying-fish, and at night it is extremely phosphorescent, looking as if it were overspread with patches of fire. Gladys and Sally are at this time taking their siesta, stretched out side by side on the forecastle.

Oct. 12.—Nothing of any consequence occurred to-day, except that Cocky by accident fluttered into the paintpot; we had to wash him, whereat he remonstrated loudly. Being my birthday we dined off a chicken.

Oct. 15.—We are passing through a most curious and interesting region. The whole surface of the ocean is strewn with patches of a viscid substance of a fiery orange-red colour. We have passed through fifty miles of it already. It is a most extraordinary sight. Boaz says that he has seen it before, and that it is the spawn of fish. We sighted this morning a large barque steering to the eastward, but did not come near enough to speak her.

Oct. 17.—The wind freshened to half a gale, in consequence of which we lay to for several hours.

Oct. 18.—Skylarking going on between Gladys and Cocky. Cocky flutters round and round Gladys, who makes repeated feints at him, barking furiously all the time. Cocky does not betray the slightest fear, but hops hither and thither, keeping just out of reach of his playmate, and turning his head from side to side with the most impudent look, thoroughly enjoying the game. It is intensely entertaining to watch them thus together; they beguile many an hour of our somewhat monotonous cruise.

Oct. 25.—Becalmed for two days. Employed ourselves in washing our clothes, and catching fish. We now saw several sharks, one of which we succeeded in catching. Its extreme length was fourteen feet eight inches. On cutting the monster open, we found in its stomach a clam-shell ornament of a kind much worn by the natives of several of the adjacent groups of islands. Clearly some poor fellow had met with a horrible fate. When we returned the carcass of the marauder to the deep, it was instantly torn into fragments by several more of the tribe. Boaz calls my attention to the fact that Cocky has got his beak in Gladys's mouth, an exhibition of confidence which she seems highly to appreciate.

Oct. 28.—We sighted an island to-day, when just a month out from Callao; I proposed touching there, as I expressed it, "to give leave to the crew and passengers," and to water the ship. But Boaz was at first very much opposed to the idea. "If I were you," said he, "I wouldn't do nothin' rash; when I was in the West Indies there'd used to be a proverb among the slaves 'Man sleep in fowl'ouse, but fowl'ouse him no bed.' There's a deal o' truth in that there saying; if we plant the ship upon a rock, or among a nest o' savages, we're dished, and no mistake. 'Owsomever, there can be no 'arm in standin' in a bit nearer, so you stand by to 'eave the lead, while I take the tiller."

We found the island to be little more than a mere rock, and entirely uninhabited. There proved to be safe anchorage for our little craft in a lagoon on the western side, the water of which was as clear as crystal, and as blue as the heaven above us.

"Why, just look 'ere," exclaimed Boaz, gazing over the edge of the cutter into the depths below; "if there is such a bein' as a mermaid, surely she lives 'ere. Ain't it lovely?"

We could see to the very bottom, which was covered with a thick carpet of seaweed of every imaginable tint of grey, green, red, brown, and yellow, while here and there jutted out masses of rock, adorned with clumps of pure white coral, varied by myriads of exquisite marine creatures in colours the same as the surrounding seaweed, less subdued, yet completely harmonious; each lovely tint reached its height of brilliancy in the swarms of fish that were continually darting from side to side, or moving leisurely backwards and forwards in gay troops, clad in green, blue, sombre black, scarlet, or gold. A scene more lovely it is almost impossible to imagine; and were it faithfully painted, I am persuaded that many persons not privileged like ourselves to gaze in rapture upon the original, would have pronounced the picture a gross exaggeration.

The landing was easy, and as there seemed no reason why we should not stretch our legs, we both disembarked, and slowly made our way to the top of the nearest cliff, when we found ourselves standing upon a broad table-land about a mile in circumference, a sandy tract, covered with patches of very soft green moss, interspersed with delicate white flowers, the scent of which was most delicious. Words would fail me to describe what we now saw and heard. The whole surface of the ground formed one vast nest, covered with eggs hatching in the sun, and was even tunnelled underneath in every direction by a curious species of bird which burrows in the sand, into the nests of which we were continually sinking up to our ankles, causing hideous consternation among the occupants. Gannets, gulls, boobies, and terns rose in every direction in such numbers that they positively hid the light of the sun. They rent the air with their agonised shrieks till the welkin rang again where, but a few moments since, silence had reigned supreme, save for the cry of an occasional gull, or the roar of the surf on the distant reef. Now the air was crowded with hoarse screams, like the wail of the wounded after a great battle, like the cry of the survivors of an earthquake or a mighty flood. The birds darted hither and thither, passing so close to us that our faces were actually fanned by their wings.

"I wonder," said I to Boaz, "if we're the first human beings that have ever set foot on this island."

"No, that we ain't," replied he; "look 'ere, George."

I saw that he was gazing on something which lay before him on the ground. I joined him, and beheld this pathetic sight.

Two perfect skeletons, about one of which hung some remnants of a man's clothing, the buttons bearing the name of a firm of tailors in Liverpool. These remains were perfectly prostrate, but the other skeleton was in a sitting posture, smaller and more delicately formed than the first; there were traces of long hair of a golden tinge, and on the third finger of the left hand there still remained the token which proclaimed the sex and condition of the wearer. One hand was beneath the head of the prone figure, and in the other was all that remained of a tin cup, with which, true to the noble instincts of her sex, she had tried in her own last moments to administer comfort to her fellow-sufferer. At a little distance we found the ashes of a fire and the remains of a small kettle. Not a single further clue remained by which the pair could be identified. All we could do was to make a note of the circumstance, and to give the remains a decent Christian

burial. We reverently piled a few stones over the sad relics, and read over them a portion of our beautiful funeral service. I felt glad when we left this melancholy scene, and were once more at sea, having replenished our beakers from a spring which lay handy, and laid in a stock of eggs sufficient to last the remainder of the voyage.

Nov. 14.—We are nearing Eos, and, in fact, Boaz says we ought to sight it at daybreak. I am thankful, because I am increasingly anxious about my old friend. His malady has reached an acute stage, and one which involves intense agony at times, which, alas! I have no power to alleviate. Gladys is strangely subdued; Puss has a mute, appealing look in her eyes which I don't understand, and even Cocky is dejected, and flaps his wings sadly, looking puffed and weary; they one and all refuse to leave the old man's side, as if they knew by some instinct that his days are numbered. We were only ninety miles off at noon, and the wind is fair and fresh, while the barometer shows indications of unsettled weather, which I hope we shall just escape. It is time to close this journal and look to the anchor gear.

(*To be continued.*)

TIGER.

By Acton Scott.

Tiger was a tyrant. He tyrannised over all the other boys in the court where he lived, and they submitted. They themselves gave him the nickname he bore. Now and then one might think himself big enough to dispute the matter and test the question in a fight; but a few "rounds" with "Tiger" restored order, and mutiny was looked upon as hopeless.

Rows in the neighbouring streets were common when "Tiger" was about; and the police were ever after him, belts in hand, but they seldom got a stroke at him. They caught him only once, and then he gave them the slip. A tall "bobby" had him by the cuff, and was walking him to the station in triumph with a hooting crowd at their heels. "Tiger" knew his cuff was ragged and weak, for it was an old shoddy jacket. He looked round with his eyes, keeping his head erect and motionless, for a way of escape. Down a narrow street the door of a wretched dwelling stood open. He gave a tug and a jerk, the ragged cuff was retained by Constable X, but "Tiger" was gone, through the old house and its yard, over the back wall into another yard, through the kitchen of another house like a flash of lightning and out at the front door, which he opened but didn't stay to close. In half an hour he was three miles away, down by the muddy river bank at Limehouse, swimming against and fighting with the mudlarks there.

I first made his acquaintance on a bitterly cold winter's night. It was snowing out of doors, but the coffee-room at the Mission was snug, warm and cosy. "Tiger" was frozen outside, and he pushed the door ajar and peeped in. I said "Who's there?" Then the black shock head was pushed through and he said, "May the likes o' me come in?"

"Certainly, come in and shut the door; you are letting the cold in." So the tattered "Tiger" strode in and looked around on the bright scene. He was instantly recognised by half a score of tatterdemalions like himself, and greeted with the London arab's familiar salutation, "What yer, Tiger!" He nodded, but deigned no reply. Then he crouched by the roaring fire and pretended to read a magazine. I let him alone to do as he liked for a while, and I could see plainly that, out of the corner of his roguish black eye, he was "taking stock of me," as these boys say. I saw there was slumbering mischief in the new-comer, and felt sure that the heat of the fire would rouse it.

Being thoroughly warmed from top to toe, Tiger left his chimney corner and took his seat at the table, to watch a game at draughts. The players looked uneasy and glanced at me, as if to say: "Look out: he's up to mischief." In a few minutes a form with three boys on it fell over, and the table shot off its trestles amidst peals of laughter. The cry was, "Tiger done it," and I proceeded to remonstrate with my new friend. He merely smiled and replied, "Quite a haccident, Sir. Them tables on tressles is onstiddy at hall times."

I let him off, for his funny look was unsettling my own gravity.

He put his dirty hands under what was left of the tail of his coat, evidently a second-hand or third-hand man's coat from the rag shop, and sauntered up and down the room whistling. Then he took a seat in the corner near the door, just underneath the gas meter, and looked quiet and settled. I turned my back to make a cup of coffee for him, and the gas suddenly went out. "Tiger" was too near that meter.

The room was a Pandemonium in an instant, and I felt myself beaten and disheartened.

It was difficult to find my way in the dark through the crowd of boys and topsy-turvy furniture, but at last I reached the meter, turned the tap, struck a match and lit the gas. The scene was indescribable—the place was a wreck. The boys looked abashed, but not so "Tiger," who solemnly protested that "it were hall a haccident."

I let him off again, and, with the help of the boys, put the room to rights; but there was to be no peace that night. Very shortly a draught-board was taking its airy flight across the room in the direction of the crockery shelf, and sundry other tricks were being played. At last, when things grew unbearable, I opened the street door, where a crowd of children had congregated, gave a boy there a penny and whispered, "Fetch the policeman off the Dock bridge."

I then locked the door inside, put the key into my pocket and faced round on the rebels. It seemed that my whisper to the messenger had been heard, for the signal went round "He's sent for the Copper," and then there were pale faces and trembling knees, for many of these waifs knew the grip of a policeman, and still bore marks of it on their scantily clad limbs. There was a moment's hesitation, then a stampede to the back door, out of which they all poured. It was perfectly dark out there in the yard, and I knew there was no outlet. There was an old shed used for coals and lumber, and other back-yards joined up to it. The place was shut in by houses on all sides.

The policeman knocked and I unlocked the door. He came in and I explained my reason for calling him in, placed a coin in his palm and told him that my intention was merely to frighten the boys.

"Where are they?" he asked.

"In the yard there," I answered, and we went out to search for them with the aid of the policeman's bull's-eye. But we searched in vain: no boys were there! This was a puzzle indeed, and while we stood discussing it we heard a violent hammering at the front door and the clamour of a crowd. We opened the door and there stood a mass of howling denizens of the courts and alleys. The woman who had knocked made a bitter complaint in language peculiar to her class and neighbourhood. She stated that she was sitting in her kitchen getting supper with her husband, when all of a sudden the back door opened and about a hundred big boys, one with a wooden leg, rushed through the house and out at the front door into the street. This solved the mystery. My unruly company had climbed the afore-mentioned shed, dropped down into the adjoining yards, and bolted through other folks' dwellings. Several women told the same story, and soundly abused me as the cause of "harbouring such riff-raff," adding "They ought to be locked up, that they ought."

I answered, "Well, here's a policeman provided at my own expense." "Yes," added the policeman, "bring 'em here, I'll run 'em in. Where are they?"

This produced a laugh. Where were they indeed! As a matter of fact, the bulk of them were kicking up their heels on the outside of the crowd, quite out of reach of the man in blue. The shock head of "Tiger" was clearly visible. Nobody was arrested, and the crowd, having vented its rage, scattered to its courts and alleys, the policeman returning to his post on the bridge, where his special duty was to prevent would-be suicides. His parting words were: "I wonder you meddles with the likes o' they, sir: you can't do 'em no good."

I was at my post again next evening, but for several nights none of the runaways put in an appearance. After a week or so "Tiger" applied for re-admission, and protested penitence and desire for reform. Of course he was not refused. I had, meanwhile, been thinking a great deal about him and had decided that his enormous energies needed directing into some definite duty, and then the mischief would cease. I resolved to make him my lieutenant.

"Tiger," I said, "will you lend me a hand to keep the place square, see to the fire, and serve out the coffee?"

"Yez, zir," he said, his face lighting up with the right sort of look. He immediately put on an air of responsibility, and became really useful.

A small, weak boy, probably the result of his parentage (for gin and water was the favourite beverage at his home), was constantly being teased and badgered by the elder lads, who had dubbed him "Besom." Poor "Besom" had no peace in his life for their practical jokes and rough chaff. I appointed "Tiger" to be "Besom's" protector, and the plan worked admirably. They became attached and confidential. "Tiger" gloried in the *rôle* he was called upon to play and eschewed all the old methods of letting off his stores of energy. The stream was turned into a new channel and "Tiger" was proud and happy.

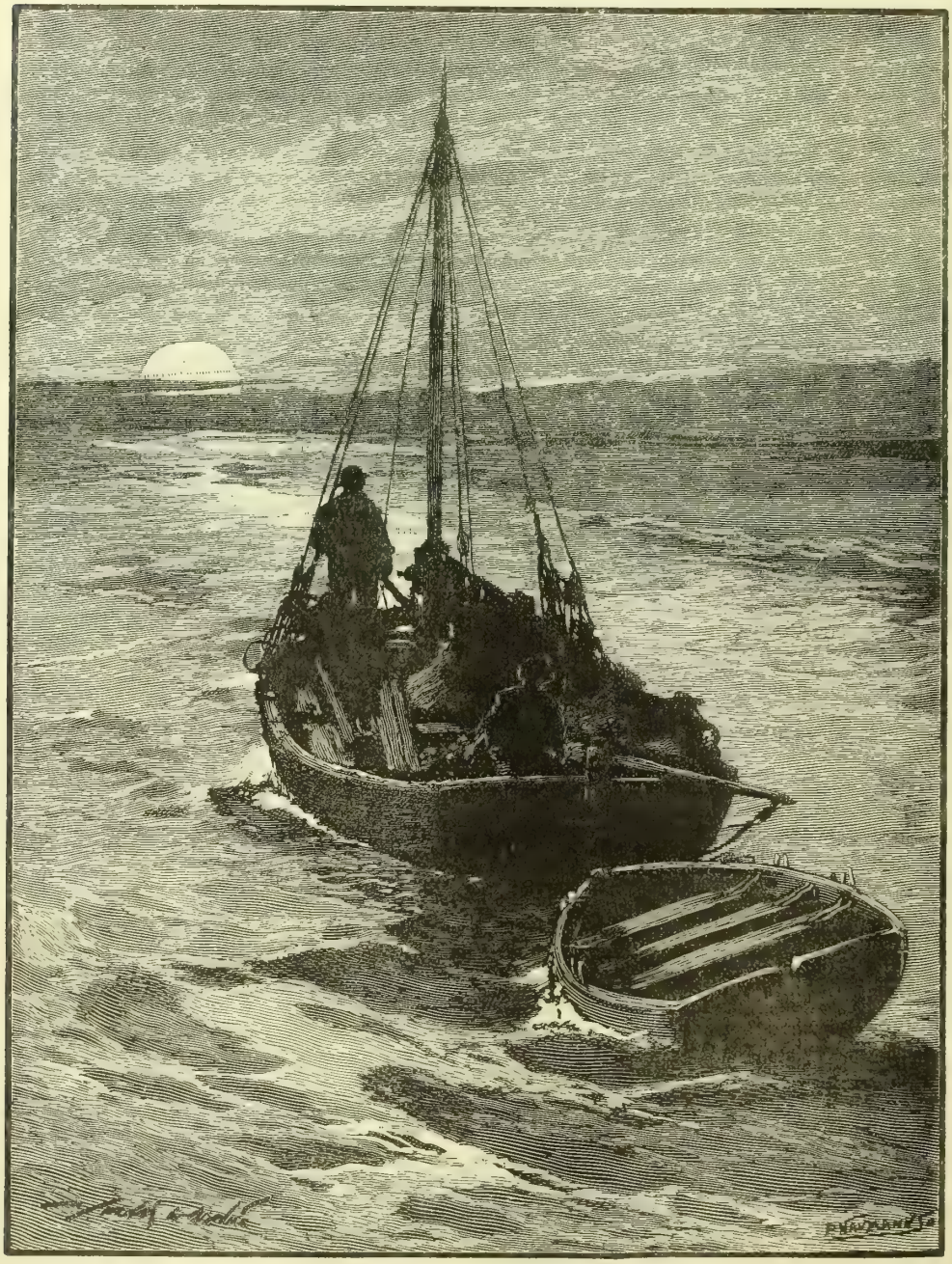
Time passed on and "Tiger" became

foreman-ganger of a floor at a wharf on the waterside, with "Besom" as one of his hands. How well they worked together and how happy they seemed! "Besom" was also in the class of which "Tiger" was teacher at the Mission.

One busy day they were loading barges with a crane from the fifth storey of a towering warehouse. The muddy river, at high tide, was rushing below at a fearful rate. Through a bit of bungling in handling the crane, "Besom" was swept from the loophole and cast into the rushing stream, forty feet below. "Tiger" saw him fall and without a second's hesitation took the dangerous dive and disappeared after him. The onlookers waited and watched, but nothing came to the surface. The barges were moved, the drags were fetched, and "Tiger" and "Besom" came up, locked in each other's arms. It was evident that, in struggling to rise, they had come up under the bottom of a barge and so been drowned. It was hard work to unlock their stiffened arms, and the sleeve of many a strong, rough man was drawn across his eyes that day, for they all loved "Tiger" and "Besom."

ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various Representative Artists.



II.—Out for the Night.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* F. W. Burton.)

JOTTINGS IN A MAN-O'-WAR'S BOAT.

By George Andrew Patterson, R.N.,

Author of "A Rolling Commission," "In the Middle Watch," etc.



The Sally Port, Portsmouth.

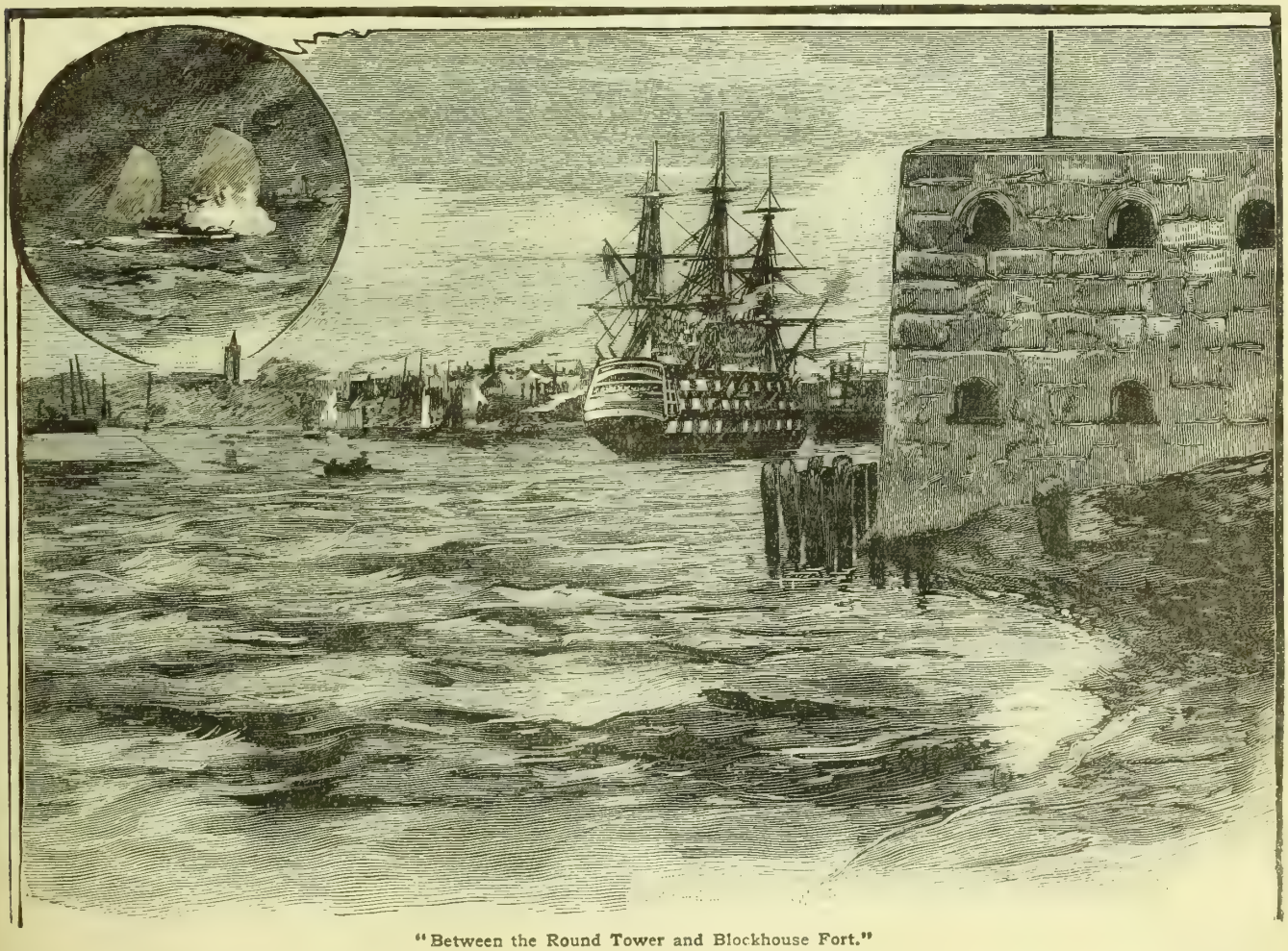
Boating! What delightful memories enkindle at the sound, at once recalling the placid and deep-shadowed angle of some serpentine river; or the rippling, sparkling, flashing wavelets lapping the strand in that sheltered cove of the quiet watering-place where the summer holidays passed all too quickly; or the capacious mill-pond, fed by sequestered streamlet, and patched with reeds and rushes nodding in the vernal breeze, where one punted and fished for the speckled trout to the drone of the lumbering mill-wheel—such are the visions suggested to many at the mention of boating.

But the boating I have in mind is not fraught with such pleasant recollections; very much the reverse! I am thinking of the many a time and oft of boating it from a Channel cruiser swinging to the tidal ebb and flow at Spithead, or Plymouth Sound, anchored there because a harbour billet would necessitate the discharge of her powder. Boating, indeed, taking it in the lump, is not the least of the disagreeables attaching to a life on the ocean wave, and being the one means of communication between ship and shore it forms a considerable item in the experience of every seafarer.

Will the reader be pleased to take passage with me in fancy as I jot down some features of the trip ashore in the former of the cases quoted? The steam launch being engaged in drawing stores at the dockyard, one of the cutters is for the nonce doing duty as leave-boat; she, then, having been called away at sound of pipe or roll of drum, a few minutes' grace is allowed those who have obtained leave to go ashore, during which interval the boat is manned and draws up alongside the companion-ladder, while a messenger is sent the round of the officers' messes to acquaint them that the boat is ready.

Sundry of the middies are found at their sea chests putting the finishing touches to their toilet, others are fuming and fretting by reason of being unable to find some indispensable article of apparel, and are tossing the contents of their chest about in a way that will presently cause their marine servant, who is on sentry-go elsewhere, to stand aghast. It has been said of old that a "midshipman's chest is one where everything is on top and nothing to hand." It is safe to predict that not a few will be just in time to be too late, it being the custom of the service that subordinates shall take their places first, in order that the ward-room officers may not be kept waiting. These soon put in an appearance, and leisurely take their seats as becometh greybeards who have served in every clime and mean to take things easy for the future.

In the event of the boat being inconveniently crowded the juniors have the mortification of shifting, and must find a seat somewhere, anywhere, on the thwarts, to be prodded in the back at intervals by the rower behind, or they must stow away in the bows and do duty as figurehead, where it is most essential to keep your weather eye purling, else, ten to one, upon nearing shore, when the helmsman orders "rowed of all" and the bowman seizes his boathook, he will do



"Between the Round Tower and Blockhouse Fort."

you a bit of rough dentistry all free-gratis-for-nothing. Fortunate, indeed, is he who can manage to steer clear of these little inconveniences, which befel yours truly in his salad days. In course of time, when gold stripes were put on and a slight tendency to embonpoint developed, as was manifest by the Hogarthian curve of beauty wherewith one's waistcoat adapted itself to our corporation, it seemed then the most natural thing in the world to drop into a favoured berth in the stern sheets and survey with much complacency these trifling drawbacks to the juniors fast wedged in amidships. "Ah, boys," was our serene reflection, "all in good time; your turn will come some day; you don't know the taste of salt-horse yet."

Well, here is our boat alongside, bobbing up and down like a cork, to the evident discomfort of the sitters, who are getting impatient and wonder whatever they can be waiting for. Between ourselves, this is due to the good-natured mid of the boat, who rushing up from the cockpit a-buckling on his little bodkin of a dirk, upon hearing his boat called away, was besought by his fuming and fretting messmates aforesaid to "hold on the slack, old fellow; shan't be a second." These at length tumble up the hatchway dishevelled and fumbling with collar or cravat, whereupon the middy reports the boat ready and receives his final orders from the commander; then tripping lightly over the side perches himself in the tiny dicky at the boat's stern, *vis-à-vis* to the coxswain, and gives the order to shove off. The sail is hoisted, and as the boat lurches over to leeward, the most corpulent—perchance it is the huge old boatswain—is politely requested to fleet up to windward, so as to "trim the dish." Putting forth from the shelter of the ship it is to meet a nasty choppy sea, that lops over the gunwale as if on purpose to furnish a sloppy seat. It is nearly a dead beat ashore; not quite so, or it might give rise to a suspicion that the weather was manufactured for the occasion. This is, however, no fancy sketch, but typical of many a run from Spithead roadstead into harbour.

The boat gets way on and settles down on her course. "A fine working breeze," slyly observes our young reefer, laying his hand on the tiller to give a little more helm, in consequence of which the cutter luffs up to the wind, and striking a vicious green wave scatters it into a shower of spray that drenches the Rev. A. Grinder, B.A., much to that ecclesiastic's discomfiture. The same is a double-barrelled man, a pluralist, and in his capacity of naval instructor has recently felt constrained to hand in an unfavourable report upon the youngster's studies. The reefer is jubilant; he doesn't mind the wetting a bit, bless you. No one, however, can complain; honours are pretty equally divided, for presently, when the cutter tacks and the fat one resumes his original position, they who have been hitherto favoured by a sheltered lee come up to windward and take their share of what the elements have in store for them.

If the boat be well handled, perhaps three tacks will find her at the narrow harbour entrance, with the tide running out a sluice between the Round Tower and Blockhouse Fort, across which, during the French wars, a chain cable was wont to be drawn every night to bar the ingress of an enemy; so everybody being already well soused and uncomfortable, the majority vote for running into the Sally Port, a hole in the wall fortifications just outside the harbour, a landing-place now shorn of its reputation, but famous at the opening of the century in eighteen hundred and war time. Here, emulating the proverbial officer caricatured as being last in the battlefield and first out, the staid seniors take precedence in putting foot on shore, which they proceed to do very gingerly, inasmuch as their constrained posture in the damp boat has given them the cramp. After them follow the small fry, they also a trifle jealous as to the order of exit, while the cutter sheers off to make the best of her way into the dockyard with a message to the steam launch, and to bring off the ship's post.

Supposing there to have been no change in the weather, the return journey in the evening, with a fair wind, will be performed much more comfortably, and prove nothing like such a weariness to the flesh. Indeed, it is very much a question of weather. Should a gale come on in the interim, the hoisting of a ball at the dockyard semaphore, at the instance of the port admiral, forbids all communication with Spithead, and our voyagers will do well to report themselves at the secretary's office, the boat's crew repairing on board the harbour flagship or obtaining leave to put up at that excellent institution, Miss Weston's Sailors' Rest, until the weather moderates. Upon occasions when a heavy gale sets in suddenly, vessels are sometimes forced to put out to sea for safety, regardless of who may be ashore on leave. Under such circumstances the writer and shipmates were once weather-bound and thrown upon the hospitality and slender resources of the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty, at Norfolk Island, some being billeted upon the Adams family, others taking pot-luck with the Christians. Very recently, also, our Channel Squadron ships were obliged to slip cables and run away from the Yorkshire coast, leaving their anchors at the bottom of the North Sea, and the admiral, with hundreds of officers and men, consigned to the good offices of the Scarborough townsfolk.

There is a proper way to "come alongside," as it is termed, just as there is a proper way to do anything else; but the manœuvre is often difficult of execution by a novice, particularly when he is conscious that from the bridge the commander's critical eye is taking stock of him to note how much precious paint-work he will scrape off. Personally, we never attained to distinction in this matter, perhaps from want of brains, or, let us rather hope, want of practice, since boat management falls to the executive officers, and not to the civil branch as represented by doctors, paymasters, and engineers. Once, however, in Johnny Raw times, when entrusted with the helm and a fine opportunity to distinguish ourselves, that opportunity was improved by our straightway ramming the ship, bumping the boat enough to start her every plank, the collision sending us ignominiously to our knees, so that we would fain have avoided the outstretched attentions of the smart little side-boys who tripped down smirking to hand out the side-ropes. The carpenter's crew didn't bless us that day, believe me. It goes without saying that the admiral would not have done so ingloriously; he affects the grand style, and draws near his flag as though he would pass under her stern, but gauging his distance with a proper sailor's eye he gradually brings the bow of his barge round in a curve known throughout the length and breadth of the service as an admiral's sweep.

On foreign stations, in cases of excessive rolling, the return to the ship is always a serious matter, and often attended with danger. The boat may not be able to come alongside for fear of being swamped, so a rope ladder (Jacob's ladder) is unrolled, and, being attached to the spanker-boom, is let down, all wriggling like an eel, over the stern, by way of which delicate, nervous gentlemen are invited to come on board and stand not on the order of their coming! If the reader is at all acquainted with such a ladder, he must also know what a formidable gymnastic feat it is to ascend it; climbing a greasy pole is a fool to it! The sailor folk of the party go up hand over hand after the manner of monkeys; one or two of the miserable passengers, however, are half dead at the mere suggestion of doing ditto, as they watch them dangling between heaven and the deep sea, and cannot be goaded into making the attempt; so an alternative is adopted such as fell under our notice in the case of a chaplain who could not be persuaded to put foot over the ship's side when ordered by admiral's signal to conduct an examination of the young gentlemen of a sister frigate in a squadron at sea. A chair is rigged up, and being slung from the end of the main yard is lowered into the boat, in which the unfortunate is lashed, who, shutting his eyes what time the pipe is given to hoist away, is run up at the double by a squad of grinning sailors and duly deposited on deck. Ladies sometimes come on board in this way; it is also the plan adopted to embark bullocks and horses, the former being generally slung by the horns, and the latter having their eyes bandaged.

At sea, one of the boats is always kept ready for use as a lifeboat, being provided with food and water, as also a loaded musket. The boatswain examines whether her gear is all clear for lowering, and at evening quarters reports her ready for the night. A lifeboat's crew is told off for each watch, who are to hold themselves in readiness at a moment's notice, and lest they should be inclined to drop off into forty winks, it is customary to pipe them to muster when the ship's bell strikes the hours. In stormy weather they keep their watch accoutred in life-belts, and generally congregate in some well-lighted corner, keeping themselves wide awake by knitting, mending, or reading.

Boats are recalled by flag-signal from the ship; should there be delay in answering the signal, or should it not be observed, a signal-gun is fired to draw attention thereto, the cost of the charge of powder expended being often debited to whomsoever is held to be in fault.

Boats approaching the ship after dusk are challenged by the sentry on duty, who reports the answer as given by the boat to the officer of the watch, in order that the commander may be summoned to receive the captain, if it is the latter approaching. While the challenge to all boats is the same, the answer thereto varies with the rank of the boat's occupant; the replies to "Boat ahoy!" run thus: royalty answers standard; admiral, flag; captain, the name of the ship; ward-room officers, ay, ay; gun-room officers, and others, no, no; the coxswain gives the response in all cases.

Officers stepping over the gangway when arriving on board go through the pantomime of touching their cap-peaks, commonly called "saluting the flag"; they then get into proper uniform, and report themselves as having come on board, and this even though the commander may have seen them come up over the side.

So we end a few jottings in a man-o'-war's boat.

SOME QUEER USES OF ANIMALS.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, F.Z.S.,

Author of "Out-of-the-Way Pets," "A Tussle with a Serpent," etc., etc.

PART IV.

Mouse-skin used to be in request for covering the hammers of pianos, and for placing inside the covers of old-fashioned double-cased watches to prevent friction. From the lustrous inner surface of snail-shells studs and other small ornamental articles are cut, and a good imitation of pink coral is yielded by the rosy part of the big conch shells which we use for garden rockeries. Pearls you know, of course, are found in oysters, but you may not be aware that the pearl is a disease—perhaps I should say the evidence of a cured injury—of the oyster, and that attempts are made to induce the formation of real pearls by introducing various substances within the shell. In like manner ambergris, sometimes found floating on the sea and very valuable as a perfume and for medicinal purposes, is a product of disease of the sperm-whale; and a hard concretion called bezoar found inside the bodies of goats, which not unfrequently die of the illness which causes its formation, is held in great repute in Eastern lands as a "snake-stone," and is said to cure those bitten by venomous serpents or stung by scorpions by attaching itself to the wound and absorbing or sucking out the poison, which it afterwards rejects on being placed in milk. Some of these "snake-stones," however, have turned out on examination with the microscope to be animal charcoal, bone which has been burnt, then charged with blood and burnt again. Several of both kinds are in my collection; I can't say that I believe in them myself, but a good many people who have seen them used consider that there is "something in it."

Whales' milk is a beverage which has been eagerly sought and swallowed by the scurvy-smitten crew of many a ship in Arctic seas. The jaws of a whale form a very imposing arch to span a carriage drive or surmount a gateway, forming a portico like a lofty church doooway; I know of several places in this country where they are to be seen displayed in this striking manner. The Aztecs had a tradition that the porch of the temple dedicated to Quetzalcoatl, their great lawgiver and deity, consisted of the jaws of an enormous snake with the fangs exposed. Quetzalcoatl means literally "the feathered serpent." Whalebone you know all about; it is employed in an oddly ingenious way on the shores of the White Sea in the capture of bears during the period of the year when there is no daylight. A long strip of whalebone is tightly coiled or bent double and is wrapped in melted blubber. This hardens immediately with the cold and conceals and holds the whalebone spring in position, and the lump is thrown where the bear is likely to find it. He gulps it down, the warmth of his body presently melts the fat, and the whalebone flies out straight and kills him.

From whales to mosquitoes is a big jump certainly, yet both are utilised by man; undoubtedly, though, he finds better value in the great water-mammal than he can ever hope to get out of the tormenting midge. If you were to put a big whale into a pair of scales, how many men would have to get in the other side to weigh him down? Well, you might march in an army of three thousand soldiers and they would hardly turn the beam. A mosquito seems as worthless as a cockroach, but they are sold dried, both here and in Germany, for the feeding of birds which by habit live on insects—just a pinch of the mosquitoes mixed with their ordinary food is found to keep them in better condition than anything. When the late Mr. Forbes went out to the Niger to collect specimens he took half a pint with him, for which he paid a guinea. I don't know how many mosquitoes go to a pint—tens of thousands I should imagine. A single line of a spider's web is used by astronomers in their transit instruments, to enable them to record accurately the movements of worlds at distances of millions of miles! It was suggested the other day that gold wire might be spun thin enough to answer for these observations, and accordingly some was drawn by powerful machinery to an extraordinary tenuity, twenty thousand feet from one ounce of gold—that is, nearly four miles of wire from a very little lump, for gold is heavy—the thread being much finer than a human hair. But it was so delicate at this tension that it fell into dust, and astronomers had to go to the humble spider for assistance after all. By-the-bye, do you know the thinnest thing in the world that we can perceive, the film of a soap-bubble? Spider's web is popularly supposed to be a very good thing to stop bleeding from a cut, but is not a very desirable application, as poisoned wounds have resulted therefrom; and it has even been administered for fevers. But I must draw the line at medicine and surgery, for "Queer Remedies" would fill as big a book as "Queer Food" when we are talking of animals and their uses.

Once I made a voyage in a ship which swarmed with rats. You may think how bad they were when I tell you that they killed and devoured all but the bones and a few scraps of fur of a fine and experienced cat one night. Poor Tim was shut up in one of the store-rooms under the fore-peak, in the hope that he might do great execution amongst the marauders before morning, but was overpowered by them—not, however, without a fearful battle, as we found by their bodies which strewed the deck. The men were absolutely afraid to go into some parts of the vessel, and after we lost Timothy the rats grew as fearless by daylight as in the dark—for, be it observed, the use of a seafaring cat is not only to kill rats, but to keep them in respectful obscurity; they soon show that they know there is no cat on board. I was bitten two or three times as I lay in my bunk that voyage—in fact, I think we all were—while clothing, boots, papers (paper makes as good a bait for a rat-trap as cheese), everything indeed that was not protected in tin chests, or otherwise placed beyond the reach of their sharp little teeth, was not only gnawed, but often carried bodily off. They used to annoy me very much in my dispensary by dragging away the dusters or cloths hanging there; perhaps there was a pleasant flavour of ointments about them, but at any rate it was almost the only thing they could get at there, for everything else was in bottles or jars. It chanced that I had a cage containing a few tame white rats on board with me, and one night, for some reason which I have forgotten, these were left in the dispensary. No attack was made on the dusters that night, nor any night that they remained there except one, when the cage was filled with fresh hay, and the white rats, I suppose, were hidden, burrowing beneath it (they soon bite their bed down to chaff, and are no longer concealed). Afterwards, I removed the cage to different situations, but always with the same result, that the grey rats appeared to be frightened away from the spot, and I have verified the observation in several instances since, though I am quite unable to explain it. If a white rat gets loose, he is very speedily killed and eaten by his dusky brethren. Here, then, is a use for albinos!

Catching a rat, tying a cat's bell around his neck so as not to hurt him, and letting him go, has proved efficacious in diminishing their numbers in infested places as long as the little bell tinkled around there, rat society in general evidently regarding one who has come back from the trap with such an addition to his personality as something uncanny, and to be "cut" accordingly. I have made a live rat-trap of a snake by baiting his cage just inside the wire meshes, which were wide enough to allow of a rat's entry though sufficiently small to confine the prisoner, with a bit of salt fish every night, and thus making him provide his own supper. (When I was a boy, we used to ask a riddle, "Can you spell 'live mouse-trap' with three letters?") Don't attempt to keep white rats and mice together, or the latter will be eaten; four rats devoured several dozen beautiful mice, fawn, lemon, dove, black, piebald, and white, of mine, in spite of the presence of abundant food. Mice, and even fleas, have been made to work machines, but I am not aware that they have earned their bread by the results of their labour. In a cathedral abroad the rats used to run along the carved fretwork of the lofty roof and arches, and climb down the chains of the swinging lamps to drink the oil. As these lamps were suspended at a great height, the necessity of replenishing them so frequently became a very serious matter for the attendants, but at last somebody hit upon the expedient of threading large blown egg-shells upon the chains. On these the rats could get no secure foothold, and in endeavouring to reach the oil they slipped, and were picked up dead in great numbers on the marble floor beneath.

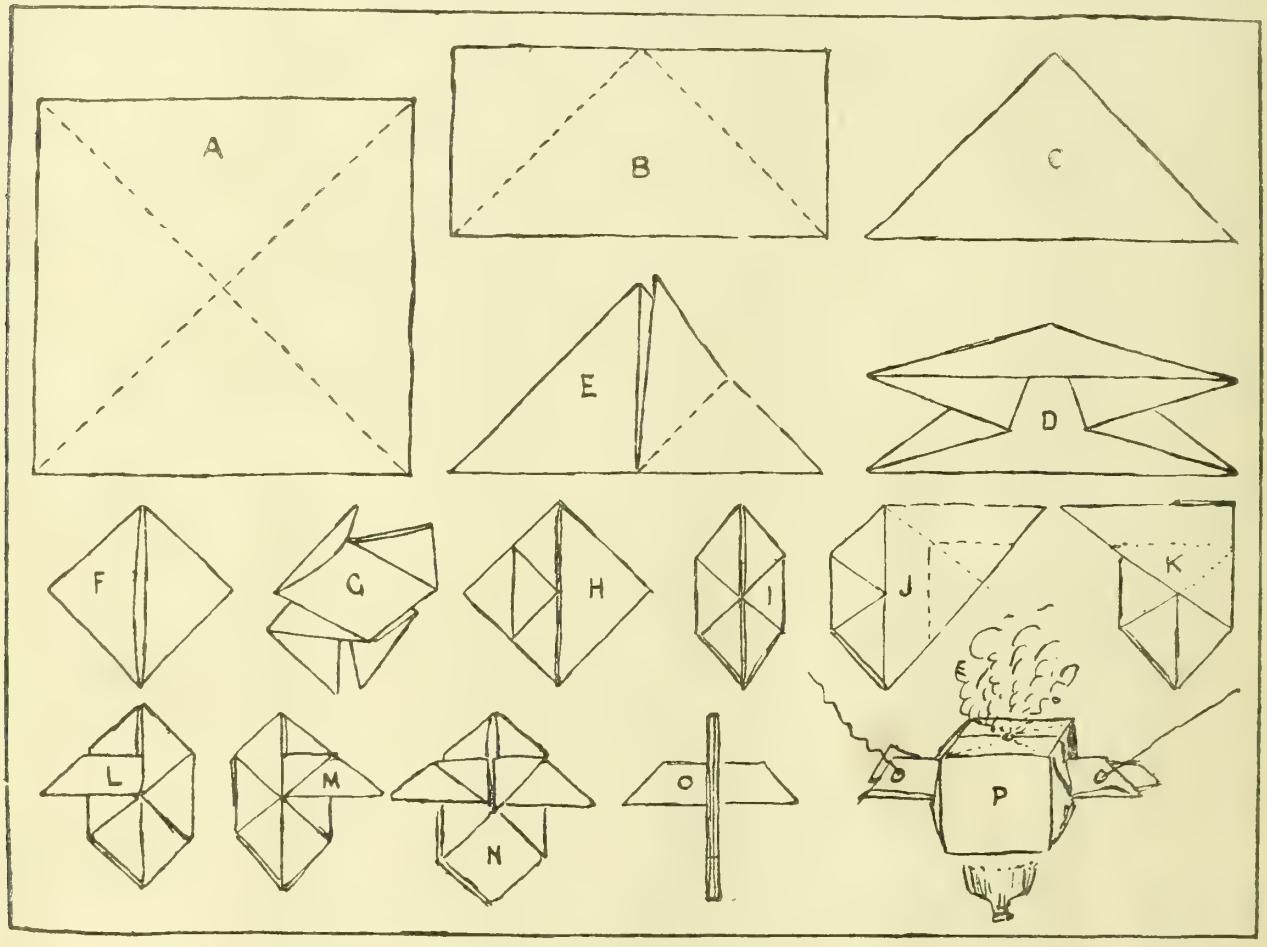
In that rat-haunted ship of which I was speaking just now—the Guadiana, now alas! at the bottom of the sea—I had one night been up on the bridge for a chat with the officer of the watch before turning in, and in coming down the companion-ladder, being barefooted, I tried to escape putting my naked sole on the wet deck by striding from the bottom step of the ladder to the covering-board of a pipe, along which I could walk, as on a raised pavement, round to my cabin. It was pitch dark, and my foot fell just short of the mark, coming down with all the weight of my body, not on the slippery deck, but on a huge warm live rat! I wasn't bitten, though; that squeeze was enough for him, and he was killed before he could use his teeth.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO BOIL WATER IN A PAPER BAG.

That water can be boiled in a paper bag is well known. We have heard of its being boiled in a whitey-brown bag such as fruiterer's use, but we have not seen it done. In a bag made of cartridge paper or writing paper we have often succeeded, but up to an evening or so ago we had always folded the paper like a printer's or carpenter's cap.

There came to hand in the correspondence, however, a short note from E. W. Paul and P. R. Paul of Cheshunt, telling us how to make a paper kettle, and enclosing a sheet or two of an exercise book folded up in four



shapes giving the principal stages in the course of manufacture. It at once struck us this would be an improvement on our cap arrangement, and as a small boy of our acquaintance refused to believe that water could be boiled in paper, we set to work, and here is the result.

Take a square piece of paper and fold it in half at the opposite angles; unfold it and fold it again at the other opposite angles. You will thus get the cross creases as shown in A. Now fold it backwards in half so as to get the state of affairs shown in B. Now tuck in the two right angles and get the shape shown in C and D. Fold up all of the lower angles as in E. Do the same with the three remaining lower angles, and obtain the shape shown in F. Open it a little to see you are right, and you will find you have the sort of thing shown in perspective at G. Then fold it flat again as at F.

Things are now getting more complicated. Fold down to the centre all of the points as at H. Fold over the other point in the same way; turn the paper over and fold down the two remaining points and you will get the shape at I. Now open one side as at J. Fold the open side right over as at K. Then turn in the top along the crease, and get L. Fold the tongue, on which we have put the L, right over as in M, which letter is on the under side of L. Now treat the other three sides in same way and get the figure shown at N. Now pull the ears up at right angles, and turn the whole thing half round so as to get the state of affairs at O. At the top you will have a hole. Catch hold of the two pairs of ears, lift the paper to your mouth, and pull the ears gently from each other while you blow with all your might into the hole. If you have done your work properly, there will be a pop and you will find yourself in possession of a box with handles as shown at P; this is your kettle.

Now pass two wires or strings through the ears and half fill your kettle with water. By means of the wires sling it over a gas jet or lamp flame just far enough above it to allow the point of the flame to touch the box. Mind the flame does not get anywhere near where there is no water, but with this exception you can treat the kettle as if it were an iron one, and you will find that you can boil your water without any difficulty whatever.

Clearly understand that there is no question about the success of this experiment. In order that there might be no mistake we took a piece of paper such as that on which we are writing, and we folded it and drew the sketches straight away after each fold. There is neither dodging nor even fair copying in our group, as we thought it best to take the thing just as it came. Where the lines are double, the double edges are shown; where they are ragged and uneven the paper had crumpled. We went right along the alphabet up to O; pulled the ears, gave a big puff, and with a crinkle and a pop out came P, which we half filled with water, and sketched five minutes afterwards as it sent forth clouds of steam over the gas.

TOKENS: WHAT ARE THEY, AND SHALL BOYS COLLECT THEM?

By George Williamson, F.R.S.L., F.R.HIST.SOC., ETC.

PART II.

We have already said that the nominal value of the tokens are halfpence and farthings, but there are exceptions even to this rule, and in Fig. 11 we show the reverse side of a Monmouth token intended to pass for twopence—



Fig. 11.

This token reads as follows:—

O. RICHARD BALLARD OF MONMOTH = HIS HALFE PENNY FOR NECESSARY CHAING

R. GOD PRESERVE OUR GRACIOUS KING = The King's head, CR crowned

D
1.·1. 1668.

Although marked as a halfpenny, it appears from other sources of information that this token passed for either a penny or for twopence. Fig. 12 is another twopenny token,

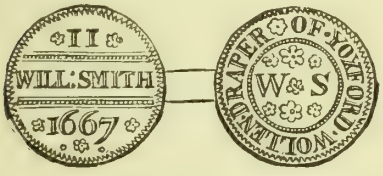


Fig. 12.

and this time of Yoxford. It is interesting to notice the loyalty of the issuer of the Monmouth one. The metal of which the tokens were made was usually, for the farthings, brass, etc.; the halfpence, copper; but in Fig. 13 we give a representation of a very curious



Fig. 13.

token of Bromsgrove that unites the two metals. It is of brass with a plug of copper in the centre. Another Bromsgrove token (Fig. 14) gives the inscription in a very dif-



Fig. 14.

ferent arrangement to what is usually the case. In this instance the words go across the token, instead of around it, and there is therefore no device in the field. Sometimes, in addition to the name, the issuer puts on his token his trade-mark or merchant's mark. In the device Fig. 15 we give the merchant mark from the token issued by William



Fig. 15.

Chetle of Worcester. The mark contains the issuer's initials W. C., his wife Sarah's initial S., and a Catherine wheel on a shaft rising from an interlaced device. The Clothiers' Company of Worcester was dedicated to S. Catherine, and hence probably the use of the wheel.

There were often represented on the tokens the arms of the great city companies, either as a sign of the issuer's trade or possibly to show his connection with a trading guild.



Fig. 16.

The following figures will illustrate these arms. Fig. 16 is a Bromsgrove token bearing

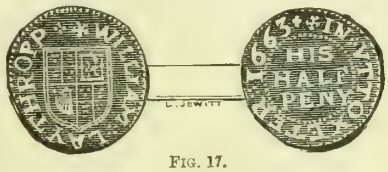


Fig. 17.

the Grocers' arms, Fig. 17 a token from the same town with the Mercers' arms, while Fig. 18 seems altogether out of place in an article on tokens. It is, however, not so.

There was a grocer in Norwich named Edward Woodyard who issued a token and who lived in St. Peter's Mancroft. His wife's name was Margaret, and her initial also appears on the token.

In the Norfolk and Norwich Museum is a jug of Lambeth ware, upon which is the date 1649 and the Grocers' arms between the initials E. W. M. This jug in all probability belonged to the family.

The large wine-jar of which a representation is given was evidently made for Edward and Margaret Woodyard. Two specimens are in existence, both exhumed at Norwich; one is in the museum there, and the other in the possession of Mr. J. E. Hodgkin, F.S.A. The smaller jars of the same shape, made like those at Lambeth, and marked Claret, Sack, and Whit (WHIT), are well known and highly valued. It is very seldom that they bear initials, but most of them are dated, the dates ranging between 1643 and 1669.

We have given a sketch of this because it bears the initials of the tokener and the arms of his Guild—of the Grocers'—just as he puts them on the token, and so it would appear to have evidently been specially made for him. Sometimes these traders were men of good old family and would put their own arms on

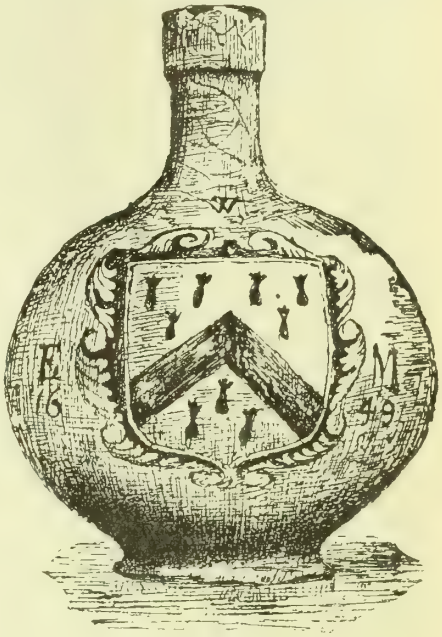


Fig. 18.

their tokens. Fig. 19 is a token of Clare with the issuer's arms on it—the arms of Elliston.

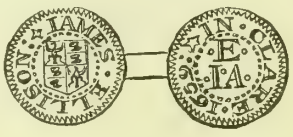


Fig. 19.

The Royal arms appear on Fig. 17, and the arms of the towns where they were issued. Bradford and Lowestoft, on Figs. 21 and 22.

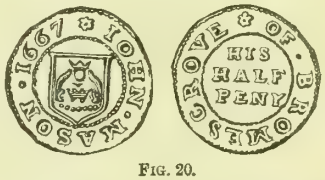


Fig. 20.

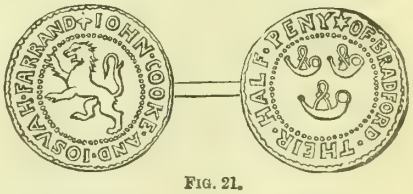


Fig. 21.

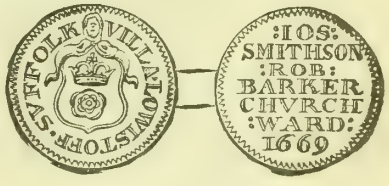


Fig. 22.

(To be continued.)

BROMIDE-PAPERS: HOW TO WORK THEM.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A. Oxon.,

Author of "Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies," "Boy's Own Postal Photo Club," etc.

Boys who live in a large town cannot fail to have great difficulty, when the weather is unfavourable, in printing their negatives, which therefore generally get shelved during the winter months, and are only brought out again when Phœbus Apollo sheds his rays around us once more in the following spring. Compulsory inaction is, however, a trying ordeal for the enthusiastic photographer, so I recommend those who cannot carry on their photographic pursuits, owing to the dulness of the weather at this time of year, to take up the study of bromide paper, which enables pictures to be produced at all seasons of the year; and to many who are votaries of art, the colour of the resulting pictures by this method is more pleasing than that of the older silver albumen process.

First of all, we have to obtain our bromide paper, and this we purchase ready cut for use, as fingering the surface would ruin it. There are heaps of makers, but I have not found one paper specially better than another. The best known is Eastman's, and I have also tried the "Ilford" and Fry's "argentotype" paper. This latter, I must confess, suits *me* best of all, but I don't mean to say that the others are not also very good, and may give even better results in other people's hands.

The paper having been procured (it can be obtained direct from the Britannia Works Company, Ilford, London, E.; or the Fry Manufacturing Company, 5, Chandos Street, Covent Garden, W.C.), the developer with which it is to be worked has to be made up. Nearly all these papers recommend the ferrous oxalate developer, which you will find described in my article on "Lantern Slides" in Nos. 565 and 566 of last Volume. Lately, however, the Hydroquinone developer has been used, and there is no doubt in my mind that much more "latitude of exposure" is allowable with this developer—that is, you need not be nearly so much afraid of ruining the picture by exposing it for too long or too short a time, but it is preferable, if either, to expose it too long.

The hydroquinone developer is easily made by taking a bottle that will hold 10 ounces of water, and putting into it 80 grains of hydroquinone, 1 ounce of sodium sulphite, 30 grains of citric acid, and 20 grains of potassium bromide; then add enough hot water to measure the 10 ounces which the bottle holds. In another bottle put 80 grains of sodium hydrate and 10 ounces of water. This will soon dissolve, and the developer is then ready for use. Mark the bottle with the hydroquinone in solution A, and the other, containing sodium hydrate, in solution B.

When we are about to produce a picture, the packet of bromide paper is opened similarly to an envelope. It will be found that the paper is enclosed in three or four envelopes, the flap of each of which is inserted at the bottom of the envelope containing it. This is done to prevent any chance of light having access to the paper. It is necessary to be particularly careful that no light whatever *does* get to it, or it will be completely ruined. For this reason the packet must be kept carefully fastened up, and not left lying about anyhow, as is the habit of some careless operators. The best plan is to keep the packet in an old dry-plate box, which of course is practically light-tight.

The packet having been unfastened in the red light given by our ruby lantern, we take out a piece of the paper and place it behind the negative in a printing-frame, film to film, and shut up the frame.

If there is any difficulty about telling which is the coated side of the paper, it is only necessary to notice which side of the paper *curls inwards* when it is out of the packet: this will be the coated side. Very thick ("heavy rough") paper will curl very little, but the difference in texture shows the film side, being the finest.

Before opening the packet of paper the negative must have been placed in the printing-frame. The kind of negative it is has a good deal to do with the result, no amount of manœuvring will make a flat negative give a picture with strong contrasts, but such, if properly manipulated, will give a soft effect which is very pretty in its way. For a beginner I should recommend a "plucky" negative with rather strong contrasts, as being the easiest to manage.

The negative having been selected, and placed in the frame, the piece of bromide paper is put over it and the frame is closed. Now stand it upright against something solid, and placing the ruby lamp in front of it, at about three or four inches' distance, take off the shade. Leave it off for about half a minute if a tolerably dense negative, or a minute if very dense, and replace the shade. I am supposing a candle lamp is used; if it is a strong paraffin lamp a shorter exposure will do.

The paper having been exposed is now to be developed. Take it out of the frame (in this and all other operations, you must carefully avoid touching the surface with your fingers, if possible, as this is apt to cause smears) and place it in a dish containing clean cold water. When it has been there for about two minutes take it out and put it into a dish containing the developer, which is made by adding an ounce of A to an ounce of B (*fluid* ounces). The picture will soon come out. When nearly out far enough, pour off the developer and keep the jug of cold water in your hand ready. The moment you see all detail well out, pour a lot of cold water on it to stop the development. A little practice will soon teach you the moment at which to do this. Take out the developed picture and put it into the fixing bath of hyposulphite of soda one ounce, water ten ounces. This must be made fresh each time, as if it is not quite good it will spoil the paper by turning it yellow. When the picture has been in the fixing bath a few minutes you can take it out into the light. Wait till all signs of yellow colour have disappeared and then leave it in for five minutes longer. It is then washed for some hours in constantly changing water, dried by means of blotting paper (taking care not to let it stick to the surface) and placed flat, with small paper-weights at the corners, to keep it from curling, until quite dry.

The "argentotype" paper is recommended to be washed by being "squeegeed" on to glass—that is, the print is placed face downwards on the glass and a roller is passed over the back to squeeze out the hypo solution, then returning the print to the "washer." If this is done you must be very careful while applying the roller, as, if the print becomes bent, it ruins the surface and forms a crack. With care this is easily avoided.

The prints can be mounted in an album as usual, but the following preparation answers particularly well to stick them with; I use it for all photographs myself. Take 4 ounces of best glue and put it into a jar of water overnight. In the morning it will have absorbed a great deal of the water. Pour off what remains and put the jar into a large saucepan of water, which boil till all the glue is liquefied. Then pour in 4 ounces of methylated spirit and stir well. Pour it into a bottle for use. When cold it will set into a jelly, which is liquefied for use by putting the bottle containing it into hot water. When mounting a print, cover the back with this solution and place it in position on the mount or in the album. Now put a piece of clean paper on the top of it and press the hand on the top of this, rubbing it over firmly to press down the print on to the mount. Take it off, put another piece of paper over it, and a heavy book on the top for about ten minutes; at the end of that time it will be evenly stuck on. Be careful to avoid getting any glue on to the surface of the print, or it will stick to the paper. If any does get on remove it after mounting by means of a cloth wet with tepid water, and after rubbing it gently with this, put it aside till the gelatine has got dry again. I have described this process in detail, as if the prints are not mounted carefully the operator is likely to get into no end of a mess and ruin the prints.

This is all that is necessary to be said on behalf of bromide prints, but there is another similar process, which has just been introduced, with which more can be done. This is Eastman's "transferotype" paper, which is practically the same as bromide, but the film is made less adhesive, so that it can be made to come off on any smooth surface which we may wish to ornament. The paper is manipulated exactly the same as the ordinary bromide, but the ferrous oxalate developer should be used, as the hydroquinone has a tanning effect on the film, and prevents it from coming off properly. When the picture is developed and before it is dry, the paper is placed face downwards on the surface which is to be ornamented, and a piece of blotting-paper is put over it. A roller is then passed over it till the moisture in the print is nearly all absorbed, and a heavy book or similar weight is placed on the top of it till quite dry. When it is so take a jug of hot water and pour it slowly over the back of the print: if it blisters you can take hold of the paper and gently pull it off, leaving the print behind; if it does not blister you must pour over it a jugful of hotter water until it does so. The blistering shows that it is ready to pull off, and if it is not left till quite dry before applying the hot water, the picture will be liable to come off too. With these precautions success will probably attend your efforts. I have transferred some on to cups and saucers, which has a very pretty effect. If the pictures are varnished with damar varnish (this can be got from any chemist) and gently baked in an oven till the varnish is hard, they will stand washing if the water is not too hot.



OUR OPEN COLUMN.

The Magic Potter's Wheel, and how to make it.

By A. F. S.

Many readers of the B. O. P. are no doubt handy enough in the use of tools, but it often happens that an object upon which to exercise their ingenuity does not suggest itself to their minds at the time that they feel most inclined to apply their powers to the creation of an object that will give both satisfaction and amusement. I intend therefore to give a short account of an ingenious little contrivance which is very effective, and at the same time easy to make. The cost is almost nothing, the materials required being an empty round cocoa or mustard tin about 2½ inches in diameter, a piece of ¼ inch brass tube about an inch long, and a foot of ¼ inch rubber tubing. As regards tools, all that you will need will be an ordinary tinman's soldering iron, a small bradawl, and a strong pair of scissors. It will be well also to procure from a chemist a small quantity of spirit of salts (with a small piece of zinc dissolved in it), a pennyworth will be ample for all your requirements.

Now that we are supplied with all our materials we may set to work. Take the cocoa tin and remove the lid, which you may lay aside, as we shall want it presently. With the scissors cut off as much of the upper part of the tin as will make it equal in height to its diameter. Make a hole in the side about the middle with the bradawl, and enlarge it to about ¼ of an inch; this can easily be done with the point of the scissors. Now take the lid, and from the inside bore a small hole in its centre just large enough to admit of an ordinary paris-point nail being passed through it as far as the head; take your hot soldering-iron, and having first moistened both the head of the nail and the tin around it with spirit of salts, secure it in its place with a drop of solder, taking care that it stands perfectly upright. When you have done this you can put on the lid again and solder it in its place. It may be well to remark here that the tin should be perfectly air-tight, so be careful to examine all the seams, and see if there is no flaw anywhere in the soldering. Now get three ordinary percussion gun-caps, No. 11 or 12 will be best, and carefully remove the powder from them. This is best done by removing the foil covering, soaking them in water until the mixture is quite soft, and afterwards scraping it out with a pin. Be careful to remove every bit before using your soldering-iron. Bore three holes with your bradawl at equal distances round the outside of the

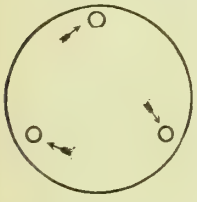


Fig. 1.

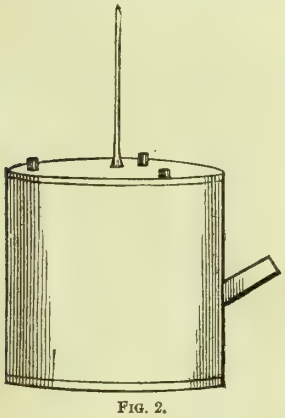


Fig. 2.

upper part of the lid, and over each hole place one of the caps, fixing them down with solder. Then in the side, and near the top of each cap, as shown by the head of the arrows in Fig. 1, drill a small hole the size of an ordinary pin. Over the hole previously made in the side of the box, solder a piece of brass tube about 1 inch long, and the body of your machine is finished, the tin now having the appearance of Fig. 2.

The next thing to do is to cut out a circular disc of tin, of such a size as to easily fit into the space enclosed by the three caps, without quite touching any of them, and making a hole in its centre just large enough to admit of the upright nail being passed easily through it. With a pair of compasses divide this plate into eight equal parts, as shown by the lines in Fig. 3.



Fig. 3.

Now take your scissors and cut out eight pieces of tin ¼ of an inch wide and about ½ an inch long, bend them in a curve, and solder them on to the disc in the position shown in the figure.

After you have done this take a thin piece of tube either made of tin or, what is much better, a small piece of brass tubing, such as is used in the manufacture of model steam engines, ⅜ inch shorter than the length of the nail and just loosely fitting it, and solder it over the upper side of the hole made in the centre of the disc, close the top with a drop of solder, and our machine is complete. If you now place the disc upon the nail and blow into the rubber pipe affixed to the short brass tube in the side, the wheel should revolve rapidly and smoothly. It will be an improvement if you affix a small piece of lead, or stout glass tubing, to the rubber to act as a mouthpiece.

Now that we are in possession of our wheel we require some objects to use with it. These are very easily made, and may comprise an immense variety of subjects, from a top-hat to an egg-cup, in fact any spherical or circular object may be represented with the greatest truth. All that is necessary is to cut some small strips of tin about $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch wide, cover with tissue paper gummed on, and then bend them into the shape of one side of the outline of the object you intend to portray. Fix the ends of these strips with solder to a short piece of tin tube, exactly fitting the top of the wheel, paint them suitably with ordinary water-colour paints, slip them on to your machine, and blow into the mouthpiece. The accompanying diagrams will give an idea of a few of the objects most easily made, but as we mentioned before, their number may be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*. In conclusion, I would strongly recommend those of my readers who have a taste for mechanics to try their hand at this little machine, as, with a very small expenditure of time and patience, they should succeed in turning out an article which is sure to give satisfaction and amusement. The whole may be neatly finished, and made fit to place anywhere, by giving it a coat of lacquer made simply with shellac dissolved in spirits of wine, with the addition of any dry paint that may suit the taste of the maker.



White Top Hat with Black Band.



Umbrella.



Dish-cover (Bright tin).



Vase in Saucer

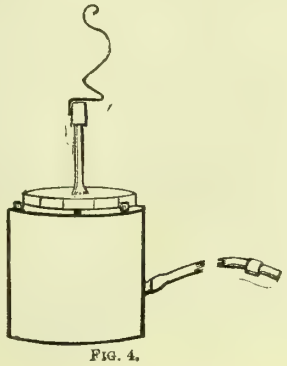
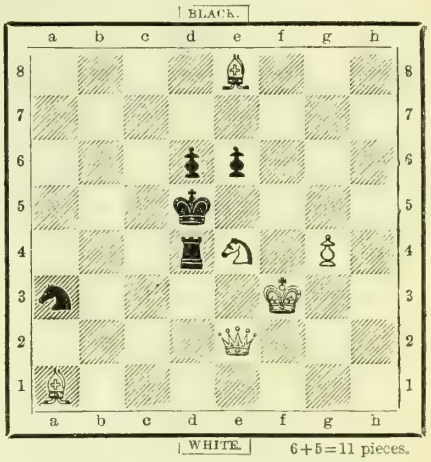


Fig. 4.

CHESS.

Problem No. 259.

By J. Keeble.



6+5=11 pieces.

White to play, and mate in two (2) moves.

Berger's Endspiele.

The most difficult end-game, referred to in our last article on Berger's book, is that of K and two Kts against K and P, which was analysed by Chapais, of Paris, in 1780, and by B. von Guretzky-Cornitz, of Berlin, in 1864. Neither of these two solvers brought this *longest simple end-game* to perfection, for that Paris problem in 49 moves advanced in Berlin to 64 moves, and has now in London grown into 75 moves. The play is so difficult, that O. T. Blèthy, of Budapest, wrote in April last, "Be very careful before you publish your position, as Guretzky-Cornitz has spent a long time over this end-game (as you know), and found that no longer one is possible. It would be interesting, indeed, if you have found a longer version of this attractive theme." This 75-mover appears in the "Leisure Hour" January, 1891, and prizes are offered for its solution and construction.

Berger then continues with B, Kt and Ps, and finishes with a long chapter on Pawn play, to which we shall refer on future occasions. One of our oldest English masters, the Rev. C. E. Ranken, writes thus in the "British Chess Magazine": "We have had the greatest pleasure in reviewing this most painstaking and excellent work, beyond all question the best treatise on end-games that exists in any language. The care which has been taken to avoid mistakes—for we have only found a few, and those chiefly unimportant—the admirable arrangement and choice of illustrations, the accurate and deep analysis, the wide extent of references, the correction of so many faulty positions, and the originality and knowledge of the subject displayed in the composition of new ones, all stamp Professor Berger's book with the mark of perpetuity; and we do not think we can give it higher praise than this."

To Chess Correspondents.

S. S.—The German endings "itz" and "witz" in proper names are regarded to be of Slavonic origin, meaning "son," and being in Russian "witsch," in Polish "owsky" (feminine "owska").

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

[*Continued from p.* 256.]

Literary: A Story Needing Words.

SECOND DIVISION (*ages* 17 *to* 20).

Prize -One Guinea.

THOMAS ARTHUR WHATMOOR (aged 19½), 31, Cliff Mount, Woodhouse, Leeds, Yorks.

CERTIFICATES.

[*The names are arranged approximately in the order of merit.*]

JOHN C. DAVIES, 7, The Lawn, Balham, S.W.

HENRY Y. TAYLOR, 9, Murieston Crescent, Edinburgh.

GEORGE H. FOSTON, 19, Northbrook Street, Birmingham.

ALFRED W. LOWE, Willow Bank, Wick.

J. MILLER RANKIN, 63, Armadale Street, Glasgow.

ALLAN A. FALCONER, Elder Bank, Duns, N.B.

JAMES S. BAIN, 67, Mount Pleasant Road, Lewisham, S.E.

WM. THOMPSON, 27, Northcote Street, Farsley, Leeds.

J. J. DURHAM, 7, Hereford Street, Lisson Grove, N.W.

CHARLES A. ALLEN, 50, Lorne Street, Kidderminster.

R. NIVEN, 17, Alexandra Terrace, Bedford Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

CHAS. E. GRIFFITHS, Christ College, Brecon.

C. A. SINGLETON, Preston Deanery, Northampton.

CYRIL ERNSTONE, 14, Bedford Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester.

EVELINE B. VIVIAN, Pengegon House, near Camborne, Cornwall.

E. CLEMENTS, 305, Crystal Palace Road, East Dulwich.

WILBYE HASTWELL, Market Place, Kendal, Westmoreland.

HUBERT SMITH, 3, Croft Street, Steeton, near Keighley.

AZOR PRATT, Bargate House, Mildenhall, Suffolk.

WALTER V. EASTMURE, 490, St. Urbain Street, Montreal, Province Quebec, Canada.

W. C. E. JORDAN, 40, Gordon Road, High Street, Stoke Newington.

CHARLES E. POPE, 52, Greenville Road, Upper Holloway, N.

G. H. DENNISON, 40, Kirkdale, Sydenham, S.E.

R. S. W. BELL, The Vicarage, Henley-in-Arden.

HAYMAN WILSON, 16, Charles Square, Hoxton, N.

M. K. STEPHENS, Torpoint House, Salt River, near Cape Town, South Africa.

MAURICE J. WILTER, 7, Wimson Terrace, Townfield Lane, Liscard, near Birkenhead.

JOHN CRAIG, Nether Hythie, Mintlaw, Aberdeenshire.

F. BURMAN, 20, Bristol Road, Birmingham.

C. W. JAMES, Fordhill House, Tamerton Foliot, Crown Hill R.S.O., Devon.

JAMES MUIR, 2, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.

JOHN A. WATERS, Mossbank, Louisburgh Street, Wick, N.B.

FRED C. HARVEY, Greaves Villa, The Avenue, Wimborne, Dorset.

Correspondence.

SHORTHAND.—1. For shorthand books, write to Pitman, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C. 2. For prices of second-hand cycles, see the "Exchange and Mart" every week and oftener, price 2*d.*, obtainable at the railway bookstalls if not at the local newsagents.

W. GILES.—The Prince of Wales is "created," not born, so the difficulty does not arise. The present Prince of Wales became so some time after his birth, and the Duke of Clarence can be created Prince of Wales when the title is no longer held by his father. See our article on the Princes of Wales.

GLASS BLOWING (S. Rennie).—Hold the tube in the flame of a spirit lamp, or in a blowpipe flame, and it will soon soften, so that you can draw it apart as if it were a piece of putty. Keep the flame at one spot. One of the melted ends will be blunt, with a little knob at the point of it. This you must heat separately, and melt in the blowpipe flame till the knob disappears, and the tube is properly sealed. If you have no blowpipe, a common clay tobacco-pipe is a good makeshift. Remember that the greatest heat is at the tip of the blue flame, not at the end of the yellow flame.

VET.—A letter to the Secretary, Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, N.W., would procure you full particulars as to examinations and cost of college course. In reckoning expenses, you must take into consideration not only the fees paid, but the amount it costs your friends for your keep and clothing during the time you are earning nothing.

CARP.—If you want to catch carp, throw in a handful of worms first thing in the morning for two or three days, and having thus judiciously groundbaited the pitch, try with a well-scoured worm or a brandling. Paste is often used as bait; so are gentles, green peas, and grubs. You want very fine tackle; and when you get to the bank, keep out of sight, and do not jump about or shout, as carp are very wary. When you catch a carp, go home; you are not likely to get another from that swim that day.

F. H. T.—When you see the letter R after a stamp in a dealer's catalogue it means that the stamp offered is a reprint; if you see "facs.," it means that the stamp offered is a "facsimile." In no case are reprints or facsimiles as valuable as the originals.

A LOVER OF GYMNASTICS.—There is the "Military System of Gymnastic Exercises for the Use of Instructors," by Archibald Maclaren, price 2*s.*, sold by Clowes and Sons, 13, Charing Cross, and other official booksellers. This is the most advanced work we know; it is the one used in the army. In our "Indoor Games" you will find gymnastics treated much more fully than usual.

JOHN LASSO.—There is no such thing as "a pampas;" but there is a "pampa." Pampa is the Indian name for a treeless plain, and the pampas are the plains of South America extending from Buenos Ayres to the Andes, and from Brazil to Patagonia, covering 750,000 square miles.

A. P.—To prepare a skeleton, you must macerate the body or leave it on an ant-hill. Maceration is the best; but it takes a long time, and is an offensive process. Microscopes you get at opticians; second-hand ones of good quality can be bought by auction at Stevens's Sale Rooms in Covent Garden, or in the ordinary way at Baker's in High Holborn, and several other shops. Look at a number of "Exchange and Mart."

NOVICE.—Refer to our articles on "Training," "Health," and "Athletics," etc. The training articles were in the second volume—a long series of them; the health ones were in the tenth volume, in the parts for July and August 1888.

DHARWAR.—The competition for the Conway cadetships is very keen, and the chances would be greatly against you. You are altogether mistaken about the R.N.R., but it would take too long to explain.

SHILLELAH.—As there is no market for the silk spun by your silkworms, its quality does not much matter. Mulberry leaves are best, if you can get them.

G. W. WALKER.—The value of a stamp is what you can get for it. All values are fancy values, liable to change at any moment. We cannot price the long list you send; if you want it done you should go to a dealer. You should take in some such magazine as the "Stamp News," but the prices of stamps are always obtainable from a dealer's catalogue; Lincoln, Stanley Gibbons, Stafford Smith, and other firms advertising in our monthly wrapper have good catalogues.

G. PEAT.—Go to the best bookseller in the town. He will have a copy of Whitaker's "Reference Catalogue," and that will tell him the publisher and price of all the books you want.

F. T. WELLS.—Read the "Wire and the Wave." You get particulars as to examination and remuneration from the post-office. To prepare yourself, you must go to a "school;" for advertisements of different schools, see "The Electrician" or some such paper. Your best start is at a science class under the South Kensington organisation.

R. JOHNSTONE.—The price of "Indoor Games" is 8*s.* The Canoe articles are in it. No boy should work 76 hours a week; it is cruelty. By all means join the navy if you can.

SIGNALS.—The "Commercial Code of Signals" is printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode, and published at the "Shipping and Mercantile Gazette" Office in Gracechurch Street. Any nautical bookseller will supply you with a copy.

Z. Y. Z.—The "paste" is called a "graph," and we have given a dozen or more mixtures. See back. One of the best mixtures we have reprinted in "Indoor Games."

A. H. MOORE.—The "white grubs" on the oyster shell are caused by serpulæ, or seaworms, which inhabit tubes of carbonate of lime secreted by themselves. In the Aquarium you will see the seaworm protruding its brilliant scarlet plumes from the end of the tube, but you are hardly likely to catch it in view on the rocks. The name of the commonest species on the shells is *serpula contortuplicata.*

H. J. T.—To cure yourself of stammering, talk leisurely, and learn a foreign language if you can. The effort of thought required to speak it will probably stop your stammering in both languages.

CRICKET.—To discover if a magazine is in existence, order it from your newsvendor. The only lists are those in the press guides, such as Mitchell's, Sell's, etc.

EGGS (G. T. S.).—The plate of birds' eggs was in the second volume, long since out of print. Some day we will return to the subject.

E. W. A.—1. Look at the Dominical Letter of the year as given in prayer-books and almanacs. All years with the same letter have the days of the month on the same days of the week. For instance: the letter for 1891 is D, and January 1, 1891, is on a Thursday; for 1885 the letter was D, and January 1, 1885, was on a Thursday. In the event of a year having two letters, the second is for the months after February. We have given several perpetual calendars, and have no room for another at present. 2. A son can be a nominal member of a firm at any age, but he is legally an infant until he is 21.

NEXT ISSUE.—That is the reason you were not answered. We are constantly telling you we cannot answer questions in our next issue, for the very good reason that "next issue" has begun to be printed about a month before your letter is received. This is an illustrated magazine, and not a newspaper; and the routine is very different. Some of the magazines are two months in the press.

A. E. WARMAN.—You cannot make non-alcoholic wine from grapes to keep at least one year, no matter who says so. Make sure of your grapes, and eat them.

HAMISH CEANMORE.—1. It was a slip of the bookbinders, evidently; but the loss was not yours, as you had twice what you should have had. Give the other picture away with one of our prospectuses. 2. The West Indies have not a high reputation at present for the would-be colonist; and under no circumstances would we advise any young man to go to the tropics when there are so much better prospects in temperate climes.

H. SOUND.—"Why is it I hear the sound of a man hammering only when his hammer is in the air?" Exactly; what a capital illustration for a science teacher! The reason you hear the sound when the hammer is in the air is that the sound has travelled from the fence to you in just the same fraction of time as the hammer has risen from the fence into the air. Sound is not instantaneously heard; it takes an appreciable time to pass from point to point. Light also takes time to travel, but is very much quicker than sound, and, for all practical purposes, is instantaneous. The rate at which sound travels is, under ordinary conditions, 1,100 feet in a second.

L. COPPOCK.—We have had articles on making canvas canoes, and the articles can now only be obtained as reprinted in "Indoor Games."

K. H. C.—The readiest means of identification is the M on the shoulder-straps. The Regulars have no M; and the Volunteers have V. Such a thing as a black collar is unknown. The black you mention is blue. All royal regiments have blue facings; of the regiments not royal, the English have white facings, the Scotch yellow, and the Irish green.

TIMBRE POSTE.—Stamps should be fixed in albums by means of small paper hinges made of the waste on sheets of stamps. There is then no difficulty in removing them. Should they be stuck down all over, the best plan is to place the sheet containing them between two layers of wet blotting-paper.

PLANT.—It is quite true that plants absorb carbonic acid, but an excess of carbonic acid will kill them. If you want to get oxygen from a plant, take *Potamogeton* as your specimen.

R. FALCON.—1. Under consideration. 2. The stars appear as soon as the diffused sunlight has faded sufficiently for them to be seen. Up a chimney shaft the stars can be seen at noon. Sometimes, when very bright, Venus has been visible all day. It is for a similar reason that more stars are visible on a moonless night.

R. FERZOLS.—Probably the black marble is merely polished slate. Anyhow, try if you cannot clean it with Brookes' Soap, the monkey brand so freely advertised. Strong soap and water with soda in it will clean off stains from some chimney-pieces.

DESIDERATUM.—The minor scale begins three notes lower than its corresponding major. It does not run up in the same way, the sixth and seventh being raised half a tone, but it runs down in the same way. Compare C major and its corresponding A minor.

A. D. B.—When the flowers arrived the box was crushed, and the specimens a mass of pulp. It is best to dry specimens between blotting-paper before sending them; but we do not undertake to name them for our readers, and we never under any circumstances reply by post. You have no idea of what this correspondence means; yours is but a single letter, but there may be dozens of such "single letters" by one post.

F. A. C.—Buy a Student's Number of "The Lancet," or of "The British Medical Journal," or apply for a prospectus to one of the leading London hospitals. St. Bartholomew's ranks the highest; then there are St. Thomas's, the London, Guy's, the Westminster, the Middlesex, Charing Cross, etc.

C. W. SHOLDICE.—There is a sixpenny edition of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" published by Macmillan & Co., Bedford Street, Strand, who publish all the other editions. The work is neither out of print nor out of copyright.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 629.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—A CLOSE ELECTION.

Ever since certain well-meaning governors, two years ago, had succeeded in forcing upon Fellsgarth the adoption of a Modern side, the school had been rent by factions whose quarrels



"Let us in—cheats!"

sometimes bordered on civil war. When people squabble about the management of a school outside, the boys are pretty sure to quarrel and take sides against one another inside.

The old set, consisting mostly of the Classical boys, felt very sore on the question. It was a case of sentiment, not argument. If boys, said they, wanted to learn science and modern languages, let them; but don't let them come fooling around at Fellsgarth and spoiling the reputation of a good old classical school. There were plenty of schools where fellows could be brought up in a newfangled way. Let them go to one of these, and leave Fellsgarth in peace to her dead authors.

The boys who used such arguments, it is fair to say, were not always the most profound classical scholars. Most of them, like D'Arcy and Wally Wheatfield, had a painful acquaintance with the masterpieces of old-world literature in the way of impositions, but there their interest frequently ended. The upper Classical boys, however, though not so noisily hostile, had their own strong opinions about the new departure; and when it was discovered that the new Modern side had not only alienated one or two of their old comrades, but, so far from being apologetic, were disposed to claim equal rights with, and in certain cases superior privileges to, the old boys, the relations became strained all round.

As it happened, the Modern set consisted of a number of moderate athletes who could not be wholly ignored in the school sports, and had no intention of being ignored. And to add to their crimes they numbered among them a good number of rich boys who boasted in public of their wealth with a freedom which was particularly aggravating to the Classical seniors, who were for the most part boys to whose parents money was an important consideration.

As has been said, the rivalry had been growing acute all last term, and but for Yorke's determined indifference, it might long ago have come to a rupture. Now, every one felt that at any moment the peace might be broken, and civil war break out between the two sides at Fellsgarth.

The school clubs offered a rare opportunity for an exhibition of party feeling, for they were the common ground on which every one was bound to meet every one else on level terms.

By an old rule, every member of the house clubs was a member of the school clubs, and had the privilege of electing the committee and officers for the year. It was this business which brought together the crowd that flocked into the Hall today; and it was in view of this critical event that Mr. D'Arcy had carefully shut up five voters of the other side in his study until the election should be over.

"Whatever's to be done?" asked Ashby, with blank countenance.

"Nobody but a born idiot would begin to ask riddles just now," retorted D'Arcy surlily. "Shut up; that's what's to be done."

"I expect it will be all right," persisted the dogged Ashby, venturing on a further remark. "They won't let him in, if he's not Wally; or if they do, they'll go for him."

"I hope they will. Anyhow we've done our best. Stick near the door. We may be able to bundle a few of 'em out before the voting comes on. Look out, Yorke's speaking. Yell as hard as you can."

Whereupon Ashby lay his head back and yelled until D'Arcy kicked him and told him it was time to shut up.

Yorke was moving a resolution that the captains, vice-captains, secretaries, and treasurers of each house should form the school sports committee, whose business it would be to arrange matches, keep the ground, make rules, and generally organise the athletics of Fellsgarth. He hoped every one would agree to this.

Clapperton, the Modern captain, and head of Forder's house, rose to second the motion.

"Howl away!" said D'Arcy, nudging his protégé. Whereupon Ashby held on to a desk and howled till the windows shook.

"That'll do," shouted D'Arcy in his ear after a moment or two, and Ashby, thankful for the relief, shut off steam and awaited his next orders.

Clapperton was a big, smirking fellow, rather loudly dressed, with a persuasive voice and what was intended to be a condescending manner. Some fellows could never make out why Clapperton did not go down in Fellsgarth. He tried to be civil, he was lavish with his pocket money, and always disclaimed any desire to quarrel with anybody. And yet no one cared for him, while of course the out-and-out champions of the rival side hated him. He seconded with pleasure the motion of "his friend Yorke"—("Cheek!" exclaimed D'Arcy, *sotto voce*, "what business has he to call our captain his friend?") This was the old rule at Fellsgarth and a very good rule. It meant hard work, but he was always glad to do what he could for the old school. (It always riled the Classics to hear a Modern talking about the "old school," and their backs went up at this.) He had been on this committee two years now, and had had the pleasure in a humble way of helping the clubs through one or two of their financial difficulties, and he should be glad to serve again. He seconded the motion.

It was a trial to one or two who had listened to see that the names were being put to the vote by Yorke *en bloc*, without giving them the chance of voting against anybody. Never mind, their chance for that would come!

The next business was the election of captain of the clubs; and of course Yorke was chosen by acclamation. No one dared oppose him. Even "his friend Clapperton," who had the pleasure of proposing him, was sure every one would be as glad as he would to see "his fellow captain" (oh, how the Classics squirmed and ground their teeth at the expression!) at the head of the clubs.

The pent-up feelings of D'Arcy and those of his way of thinking found some relief in the demonstration which accompanied the carrying of this resolution. It was too good a chance to be lost, and for three minutes by the clock the Classics stood on their feet and cheered their champion, glaring defiantly as they did so at the Moderns, who having held up their hands and cheered a little, relapsed into silence and left the noise in the hands of the other side.

Then followed the election of vice-captain, which of course had to go to Clapperton. This time the Moderns had their demonstration amid the silence of the Classics, who thought they had never in their lives seen fellows make such asses of themselves.

It was twenty minutes past the hour, and D'Arcy and Ashby were both getting uncomfortable and impatient. What did these Modern idiots want to waste the time of everybody by standing there and bellowing? It was scandalous.

"Shut up—go on to the next vote," they cried, but in vain. The Moderns were going to have their full share, if not a little more, of the row, and to stop them before their time was hopeless.

"Disgusting exhibition, isn't it?" said D'Arcy; "never mind. Hullo, I say, there's some one at the door. It's those chaps!"

No, it was only Fisher II, who, having waited meekly all this time outside the deserted gymnasium, now ventured, like a degenerate Casabianca, to desert his post and come and see what was going forward in the Hall.

As he tried to enter, a Modern boy, seeing by his ribbon that he was on the wrong side, put his foot against the door and tried to turn him back. But his little plot dismally failed. For D'Arcy and Ashby, shocked and horrified witnesses of this scandalous act of corruption, came to the rescue with a hubbub which even made itself heard above the shouting.

"Let him in!—howling cheat!—he's trying to shut out one of our side! Ya—boo! That's the way you elect your men, is it? Come in, Fisher II. Let him in, do you hear? All right; come on you fellows and kick this Modern chap out for a wretched sneak—(that'll be seven off their side, counting Wheatfield; and one more to us—bully!). Yah, cheats! turn 'em out!"

Amid such cries of virtuous indignation, Fisher II was hauled in, and his obstructor, by the same *coup de main*, excluded. Fisher II might have had his head turned by this triumphal entry, had he not recognised in the ejected Modern boy the gentleman to whom he had lent his half-crown on the previous evening. Any reminder of yesterday's misfortunes was depressing to him, and his joy at finding himself on the right side of the door now was decidedly damped by the knowledge that his half-crown was on the wrong. However, there was no time for explanations, as the shouting had ceased, and an evidently important event was about to take place. This was the appointment of treasurer, for whom each of the rival sides had a candidate; that of the Classics being Fisher I, and that of the Moderns Brinkman of Forder's house, a particular enemy of the other side, and reputed to be rich and no gentleman.

Both candidates were briefly proposed and seconded by boys of their own side, and both having declared their intention of going to the vote, a show of hands was demanded.

The excitement of our young friends at the end of the hall while this tedious operation was in progress may well be imagined. The captain had sternly ordained silence during the voting; so that all they could do was to hold up their hands to the very top of their reach, and keep a wild look-out that they were being

counted, and that none of the enemy was in any way, moral or physical, circumventing them. As for Fisher II, he simply trembled with excitement as he cast his eyes round and calculated his brother's chances. He could not comprehend how any one could dare not to vote for Fisher I; and absorbed in that wonder he continued to hold up his hand long after the two tellers had agreed their figure, and the captain had ordered "hands down."

"Fisher I, one hundred and twenty-seven votes; now, hands up for Brinkman."

"Whew!" said D'Arcy, fanning himself with his handkerchief; "it'll be a close shave. I say, we'd better lean up hard against the door. It'll keep out the draughts."

"They've got it, I'm afraid," said Ashby, looking round at the forest of hands; "we hadn't as many as that."

"I say, that cad Brinkman is voting for himself," said some one.

"What a shame! My brother didn't. He's too honourable," said Fisher II.

"Hullo! 'How now'—you there?" cried Wally.

Whereupon, amid great laughter, Fisher II retired modestly behind the rest.

The counting seemed interminable, and every moment, to the guilty ears of Ashby, there seemed to be a sound of footsteps without. At last, however, the cry, "hands down," came once more, and you might have heard a pin drop.

"Fisher I, one hundred and twenty-seven votes; Brinkman, one hundred and twenty-two. Fisher is elected."

Amid the terrific Classic cheers which greeted this announcement, D'Arcy and Ashby exchanged glances.

Those five voters, waiting patiently in Wally's room for the clock to strike the half-hour, would have turned the scale!

Ashby wished the majority had been greater or less. But he tried to be jubilant, and in response to D'Arcy's thumps on the back yelled and roared till he was black in the face.

As he did so, he caught sight through the window of a small procession of five or six boys emerging from the door of Wakefield's house and starting at a trot in the direction of Hall.

"I say," shouted he in D'Arcy's ear, "here they come!"

D'Arcy abruptly ceased shouting and descended from his form.

"Come and squash up near the front," said he, hurriedly; "more room, you know, up there."

"Hoo, hoo! nearly licked that time," shouted a Modern youth near the door as they moved forward. "Served you right!"

"Never mind, we'll take it out of you, next vote," retorted D'Arcy. "Come on, kid; squash up." Then a happy thought struck him. The boys immediately near the door were mostly Moderns. What a fine bit of electioneering, if he could get them to shut out their own men! So he shouted, "Look out, our side! Mind they don't keep out any of our chaps. Just the sort of dodge they'd be up to."

Whereupon the Moderns set their backs determinedly against the door and wagged their heads at one another, and were obliged to D'Arcy for the tip.

"That'll do for 'em," said that delighted schemer; "they won't let 'em in, you bet. Look out—they're going to vote for secretary now."

The Classical side candidate for this important office was Ranger, almost as great an idol in his house as the captain himself. His Modern opponent was Dangle, a clever senior, reputed to be Clapperton's toady and man-of-all-work. It was felt that if he were secretary, there would be a strong Modern bias given to the clubs, which in the opinion of the Classic partisans would be disastrous.

The show of hands had been taken for Ranger, and every one was silent to hear the figures, when a hideous clamour arose at the door, with shouts of

"Open the door, let us in. Cheats! Fair play!"

To D'Arcy's satisfaction, as from the safe shelter of a front place he peered down that way, the Moderns held their post at the door and refused to let it open. For a minute it looked as if they would succeed; when suddenly the irate Wally appeared on the scene, followed by Fisher II, and shouting "Cheats! Cads! Let our fellows in!" went for the obstructionists.

"Stupid ass," growled D'Arcy. "It's all up now. Why couldn't he have let them be?"

A short and sharp *mêlée* followed. The Classics were reinforced rapidly, and the Moderns, seeing their plot detected and fearing the intervention of the seniors, sullenly raised the blockade, and allowed the door to open.

Whereat in tumbled Percy Wheatfield with five young Moderns at his heels—the very five who had been waiting for the clock to strike in Wally's study.

"What do you mean by keeping us out?" demanded Percy of his brother, who chanced to be the first person he encountered.

"What are you talking about?" retorted Wally, extremely chagrined to discover who it was he had been helping. "We were the chaps who let you in! It was your own cads who were keeping you out. Ask them."

"We thought you were Classics," said one of the offenders, letting the cat out of the bag.

"Oh, you beauty! Wait till I get some of you outside," bellowed the outraged Percy.

"Order! Shut up, you kids down there!" was the cry from the front.

"Shut up, you kids down there!" echoed D'Arcy and Ashby on their own account.

"Ranger one hundred and twenty-three. Hands up for Dangle; and if the youngsters down there don't make less noise, I'll adjourn the meeting," said the captain. This awful threat secured silence while the counting proceeded. D'Arcy's face grew longer and longer, and Wally at the back began to breathe vengeance on the world at large.

"Hands down."

The captain turned and said something to Clapperton; and Fisher I, who overheard what was said, looked very glum. Every one knew what was coming.

"Ranger one hundred and twenty-three votes. Dangle one hundred and twenty-four. Dangle is——"

The shouts of the Moderns drowned the last words, and the captain had to wait a minute before he could finish what he had to say.

"The votes are very close," said he. "If any one would like, we can count again."

"No, no!" cried Ranger. "It's all right. I don't dispute it."

"That concludes the elections," said the captain.

And amid loud cheers and counter-cheers the meeting dispersed.

The prefects of Wakefield's house met that evening in Yorke's study to talk over the events of the afternoon.

The captain was the only person present who appeared to regard the result of the elections with equanimity.

"After all," said he, "though I'm awfully sorry about old Ranger, it seems fairer to have the officers evenly divided. There's much less chance of a row than if we were three to their one."

"That's all very well," said Fisher, whose pleasure in his own election had been completely spoiled by the defeat of his friend, "if we could count on fair play. You know Dangle as well as I do. I'd sooner resign myself than have him secretary."

"What rot!" said Ranger. "You'd probably only give them another man. No, we shall have to see we get fair play."

"And give it, too," said the captain.

"They simply packed the meeting," said Dalton, "and fetched up five juniors at the very end who turned the scale. If our fellows had done the same, we should have been all right."

"I don't see the use of growling now it's all over," said Yorke; "the great thing is to see we get the best men into the elevens, and that they play up."

"We hardly need go outside Wakefield's for that," said Fisher I; "they've not a man worth his salt in a football scrimmage."

"Look out that they haven't more than we have, that's all," said the captain, gloomily. "I tell you what, you fellows," added he, with a touch of temper in his voice, "if our house is to be Cock House at Fellsgarth, we can't afford to make fools of ourselves. The school's a jolly sight more important than any one house, and as long as I'm captain of the school clubs I don't intend to inquire what house a man belongs to so long as he can play. We can keep all our jealousy for the house club if you like; but if it's to be carried into the school sports we may as well dissolve the clubs and scratch all our matches at once."

"I wonder if Clapperton is giving vent to the same patriotic sentiments to his admirers," said Ridgeway, laughing. "Fancy him, and Dangle, and Brinkman conspiring together for the glory of the school."

"Why not?" said the captain, testily. "Why won't you give anybody credit for being decent outside Wakefield's?"

"I'm afraid old Yorke hardly gives any one credit for being decent in it. For pity's sake don't lecture any more to-night, old man," said Dalton. "I'll agree to anything rather than that."

"There's just one more thing," said Yorke, "which you may take as lecture or not as you like. Clapperton said something about helping out the clubs with money. Fisher I, you are the treasurer;

don't have any of that. Don't take more than the regular subscription from anybody, and don't take less. If there's a deficit let's all stump up alike. We don't want anybody's charity."

This sentiment was generally applauded, and restored the captain in the good opinion of every one present. After all, old Yorke's bark was always worse than his bite. He wasn't going to be put upon by the other side, however much he seemed to stick up for them.

Ranger waited a few minutes after the others had gone.

"Look here, Ranger," said the captain, "you must back me up in this. You can afford to do it, because you've been beaten. I only wish you were in my place. I know you hate those fellows, and are cut up to have lost the secretaryship."

"I'm not going to break my heart about that," said Ranger.

"Of course not. You're going to do what will be a lot more useful. You're going to work as hard for the school as if you were secretary and captain in one; and you're going to back me up in keeping the peace, aren't you?"

"Would you, if you were in my shoes?" said Ranger.

"I might find it hard, but I almost think I should try. And if I had your good temper, I should succeed too."

Ranger laughed.

"I didn't think you went in for flattery, Yorke. Anyhow, I believe you are right. I'll be as affectionate as I can to those Modern chaps. Ugh! good-night."

After the day's excitement Fellsgarth went to bed early. But no one dreamed, least of all the heroes of the exploit themselves, how much was to depend during the coming months on those five small voters who had waited patiently in Wally Wheatfield's study that afternoon to hear the clock strike 5.30.

(To be continued.)

ACROSS THE SNOW.

By Wm. C. Sutherland, M.A.,

Author of "A Highland Hero," "The Golden Eagle's Egg," etc.

CHAPTER III.

We could see the snowfall had been heavy all over the country, but on the high road it had been tramped down and the hard frost had made the snow underfoot fairly firm, so that under the circumstances walking was not so difficult as might have been expected. About Kildary we heard the coach for the north coming behind us, so we slipped into a fir plantation lest our appearance might call for comment, and from behind some whin bushes we saw it go by at a good pace, the passengers cosily packed together and protected from the severity of the weather by plenty of wraps and rugs.

How we envied their comfortable position, as they bowled along to the merry music of the horses' hoofs and the ringing blasts of the horn echoing and re-echoing from the woods and hills!

So we dragged on our weary way for a few hours longer, and varied its monotony by occasionally getting behind the stone dykes that took the place of hedges in that part of the country, whenever we caught sight of the approach of a gig or a cart—and for these we kept a good lookout. But between Nigg and Fearn we fairly broke down.

All our bright visions of comfort and Highland hospitality had vanished, and if at that moment we could have gone in to tea at despised Monkton Academy, we should have considered ourselves as happy as kings. But we had made our bed, a very hard and uncomfortable one we found—and so, on it we must lie.

A farm-steading stood close to the road, and we halted and reconnoitred. All was quiet, and darkness was falling around.

A large haystack with a canvas covering was very tempting. An open barn-door was more so; but then, we were afraid to get indoors, for we might be trapped like mice, and there was still sufficient spirit left in our breasts to induce us to go on with what we had begun.

So we decided on the haystack.

We climbed one of the poles that propped the stack, crept under the canvas, and burrowing deep into the soft warm hay were soon fast asleep.

We slept for a long time as soundly as if we had been in our proper beds, for we were terribly tired after our unaccustomed efforts. I was the first to wake up, and for a time was at a loss to know where I was and what had happened. Then I roused Fraser, who went through a series of contortions and yawns before he could be brought to understand that we must be up and off.

Silence reigned everywhere over the great snow-mantle; the moon was well in the west, a sign that dawn was not far off.

In spite of our long rest, our limbs ached badly, for our muscles were not accustomed to the strain we had put upon them, and, in addition, we felt the pangs of hunger keenly.

Of the small stock of money left, two shillings were needed for crossing the Ferry Mor, which would shorten our journey by many miles, so that we had but a few pence to spend on provisions. We decided to push on through Tain for the ferry and cross it at all hazards before the coach from the south could overtake us, because all danger of pursuit lay in that direction.

We scrambled down the stack, to find that a fresh fall of snow during the night had obliterated all traces of our footmarks; and then we crept quietly out of the stack-yard on to the road that led to the Ferry. It was with difficulty at first that we picked our way; but, by-and-by, as we got warmer and the stiffness of our limbs wore off, we began to make good progress, and although we felt the want of food sorely, yet we were buoyed up by the certainty of obtaining some in Tain, and of getting across the Ferry before there was any possibility of being overtaken.

We got into Tain as the shops were being opened, and there we purchased some biscuits and cheese, which we ate ravenously. As few people were about, and as we took good care to skirt the town after our purchase, we trudged in the direction of Edderton with more confidence.

Now the hills overshadowing Casaich burst on our view, and with every token of delight I pointed out to Fraser the place for which we were making.

The sky was becoming overcast—rather an unusual thing so early in the day—and the wind from the sea was freshening. There was, in fact, every prospect of a snowstorm. The miles seemed terribly long to us; every step pained us; our feet were quite wet with the melting snow, while our faces and hands were painful from exposure to the frost.

Nothing but the distant hills kept up our spirits.

Presently I began to limp, owing to a blistered heel. Locomotion, therefore, was slow and tedious.

The Ferry Mor was still two miles off, and in our present condition and the state of the roads, that distance would cost as much exertion as five miles on good ground.

A little way to the left of the road and on slightly rising ground stood a thatched cottage, and at the door a round-faced motherly-looking woman scanned us as we passed slowly. On the spur of the moment I stopped and asked her for something to eat.

In a few words I explained to her that we expected to be home in a few hours, that we were short of money, and consequently had to stint ourselves of food.

As to where we came from, and why we were thus tramping home, I did not care to explain, and I could see, easily enough, that the short explanation I vouchsafed failed to satisfy her inquisitiveness. But our wretched condition—the appealing look in our eyes—touched her womanly heart, for in a cheerful bustling way she replied: "Come away ben, then, laddies. If ye'll just take what we hev oorselves ye're welcome."

So we entered her cottage gladly. The bright peat fire, the simple meal of porridge and milk, the rest, the kindly words of welcome, and even the gentle advice to be "good lads," and "hev nothing on our conscience"—built us up physically and mentally, till we felt as grateful and as refreshed as the traveller who rests under "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

But time was pressing, and reluctantly enough we had to take leave of our kind hostess, who insisted on our taking with

us some of her bannocks of barley bread. She had boys of her own, she said, and she hoped that, if they ever required help from strangers, they too would get it.

Wild gusts were blowing in from the Firth and were driving the snow in our faces. Foot by foot we fought our way against the storm, till at last we reached the Ferry.

The ferryman at first was averse to crossing. It was too rough, he said; why not wait for the coach and avoid a risky and unpleasant voyage, for the Firth was about five miles broad? We hadn't the money, we pleaded, and we begged him to aid us, because it would be a serious matter for us to be storm-stayed, whereas if he took us across we should be at home by nightfall.

Finally, with the help of his boy—"the pilot's boy"—he got the ferry-boat out and we started on a long tack down the Firth. He grimly expressed a hope that we were good sailors, otherwise we were "sure to get a good shaking-up."

The waves were curling in from the east in great rollers that threatened ever and anon to tumble in over our bows and swamp us, while the snow driven by the blast beat upon our faces and almost blinded us.

We were well out in the Firth when we caught sight of the coach struggling towards the Ferry. It was in one of the lulls of the snow-storm that we got a glimpse of a man on the beach waving his arms and gesticulating as if he wished us to return. But our canny boatman shook his head as if signifying that *he* was not going back now after getting so far with so much risk. Overcome by the cold I slid down to the bottom of the boat and was quite unconscious during the rest of the journey.

The first words I heard when coming to were, "Now you'll be petter, surely," and I found the brawny Charon chafing my hands and temples. Fraser and I were both lying under the lee of a shed on the shore, while the kindly ferryman was doing his best to bring us round. Soon we managed to stagger to our feet, but so dazed were we that all ideas of flight vanished, and our only thought was to remain near this big cheery fellow, whose very presence was a source of comfort to us.

Looking back at the angry sea we had just crossed, our attention was directed to a small boat that was attempting the passage. She carried just a little bit of canvas, and her only passenger was the helmsman, who handled his little craft with consummate skill. Our boatman was lost in admiration of the pluck and seamanship displayed by this unknown mariner. Now lost in the trough of the sea, now cutting the tops of the billows; at one time beating up against the wind, at another running before it, but ever drawing nearer and nearer, came the boat.

Fraser and I watched it in a stupefied kind of way—dimly conscious that it was coming in quest of us.

As the stranger came near us on his last tack, the surf broke clean over the boat, threatening every moment to swamp it, but he headed it for the landing-place and drove it flying up the beach, where it remained firmly embedded in the sand. Moved by some sudden sympathetic impulse we all ran to meet the bronzed and bearded man who sprang out of the boat, when to my consternation he clasped me in his arms, exclaiming in tremulous tones, "My boy! my boy!"

I have a vague recollection of hearing the words "father" and "son;" the rest is all a blank.

After a time I became conscious of lying in a warm bed in a room with dark rafters overhead on which the shadows cast by a large wood fire flickered to and fro. Fraser, sleeping soundly, was by my side. By the fire sat he who had crossed the ferry in pursuit of us. I knew him now. The face tanned by years of exposure to sun and storm was the face of the father I had long mourned for as lost. The massive forehead, the brown eyes, the iron-grey masses of hair, were all familiar. Why, it seemed but yesterday since the Scottish Star had sailed!

And whilst I watched him dreamily I slid away again into slumber calm and deep. It was evening when I awoke. Fraser was up and dressed, and I lost no time in following his example. My father, with a glad light in his eyes, gaily reproved his truant son, but deferred all explanations for the present.

It was a merry party that sat down to tea in the hospitable farmhouse of my father's old friend, Mr. Mackinnon, whose fertile acres bordered the firth. When we were ready to start, Mr. Mackinnon brought round his trap, in which he had yoked his favourite horse in honour of the occasion. He took the reins himself and invited us three to jump in.

The farmer's family gathered round to see us start, and after wishing us, one and all, "bliadhna mhath ur" (a Happy New Year), gave such a hearty cheer that the horse waited for no signal to start, but set off at his best pace as if *he* were aware of the importance of the occasion.

The moon and stars were overhead, and the snow beneath, and as we flew along through the dark pine-wood my father entertained us with the story of his shipwreck.

He had been wrecked on one of the islands of the Solomon Group, where many weary months passed before he was brought off, and many more before he reached Dundee. Here he heard first of his wife and son, where they respectively were, and so set out immediately for the north *viâ* Inverness. He called at Monkton ten hours after we had foolishly run away. Foolishly, I say; for we were in the wrong to have acted as we did, and were justly punished by the privations and misery we passed through.

In hot haste he set out for Inverness, but got no word of the runaways till he reached Invergordon, when he had no difficulty in keeping on our track.

But it was all over now. Need I describe the joyful reunion that took place at Casaich? Even my uncle was in some degree affected; as for the villagers, they turned out with pipes and drums, and such a jolly "old new year" (to be slightly confusing) was never spent at Casaich.

Fraser is now a grave, steady fellow in command of a fine East Indiaman, and he never fails, in the long letters I occasionally receive from him, to allude to the bygone days of our run Across the Snow.

(THE END.)

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER XIX.—A LETTER FROM EOS—SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ISLAND AND ITS INHABITANTS—MY RECEPTION BY ADAM GOODE—DEATH OF BOAZ.

George Freeborn to Dennis Delamere, Esq.

Eos Island: Christmas, 1828.

Honoured Sir,—I have not forgotten your kind injunction to me to write to you often, and since, with the exception of you and your family, and these simple and affectionate people among whom my lot is now cast, I have scarcely a friend in the world, it would ill become me not to comply with your request, and give you from time to time some account of myself and my doings.

This island lies in latitude 25° S., and longitude 130° 10″ W. It is quite iron-bound, and possesses no harbour for anything larger than a boat, though there is good anchorage in certain winds for vessels of any size. So inhospitable is the coast, that when I came here, a few weeks since, in company with a single friend, we were blown completely away from the island, and were unable to effect a landing for nearly a fortnight. The extreme length of Eos is about one mile and a half, and its circumference about four miles; while the land rises to the height of 1,008 feet above the level of the sea. The soil is volcanic and very productive, bearing a great variety of choice tropical fruits and vegetables, including yams, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, plantains, breadfruit, cocoa-nuts, etc., etc. There are only two indigenous species of animals, a small rat, and the lizard. Only one landbird builds here, a sort of flycatcher, and the seabirds are few in species, if many in number. Cattle and fowls do well; and I am of opinion that many of our English fruits, flowers, and vegetables would thrive here in so rich a soil, and in a temperature varying from 59° in winter to 87° in summer.

There are many traces of former inhabitants. We are continually coming across them in the shape of marks upon the rocks,

patches of land bearing traces of cultivation in former times, stone spearheads and axes, ovens similar to those which are in use amongst ourselves, and occasionally human remains. Whatever and whoever they may have been, they have disappeared as they came, and their place has been taken by a happier race—a singularly interesting community, with few wants and fewer aspirations, one and all of whom believe their tiny island to be the very eye of the universe, a little fragment of the primæval paradise, and one of the brightest jewels in the crown of England.

Here is what I have been able to gather of their history. The first Englishmen came here about forty years ago, nine in number, the relics of the crew of an English barque, which had been attacked and cut out by the natives of an adjacent group of islands. These nine men managed to make terms with their captors, who not only spared their lives, but allowed them to live amongst them in a sort of honourable captivity, eventually regarding them less as prisoners than as friends. The party of Englishmen, however, soon grew weary of this state of things, and during a native festival, when the majority of the islanders were under the influence of kava, they succeeded in making their escape in the vessel, taking with them two or three male natives and several women—the mothers of the present generation in Eos. At first the mariners intended to make for New Zealand, but the ship proved so unseaworthy that, on sighting this island, they determined to run her on shore, and all that is left of her now lies on a bed of coral just beneath the hill on which the settlement stands, save that some of her timbers are built into the framework of the houses; her one glass window is in my cottage; one of the light guns which she carried is mounted on the beach, and wakes the echoes at times, on occasion of some festivity, such as the birthday of the Queen, or the anniversary of the settlement of the island; and last, but not least, her bell calls the community to school, to church, to baptism, marriage, or final rest.

The early years of the little settlement were marked by singular unhappiness: they were years of crime, strife, and bloodshed. There is a little group of graves which are never passed without awestruck faces and hushed tones—the graves of murdered men. It is even said that their spectres haunt the ridges, and glide in and out among the moonlit palms; and that at times their shrieks of agony are heard in the dead of the night, as if the dismal tragedy were being enacted over again. They say, too, that one of these voices is a woman's voice, and that she sings a wild song of treachery and murder in the musical tongue of Te Archa—"The Lovely"—the land whence she came. However this may be, I have no mind to linger over horrors like these; all is changed now. Of the original nine men no one is left save Adam Goode, a venerable patriarch who has long been a devoted servant of God, and who, with none to assist him but an old sailor whom chance has brought hither, has been for many years governor, schoolmaster, physician, and minister to this remarkable community.

Adam Goode received us with genuine hospitality, provided us with quarters to sleep in, and every luxury the island could afford; not excepting a brand-new suit of clothes apiece, which he said had been voted to us by the community out of the common stock. He told me that for several years after the arrival of the first settlers no vessel of any description had touched at Eos, and that the world was in complete ignorance of their existence. "We were therefore compelled," said he, "to manufacture clothes for ourselves out of the bark of the paper mulberry, which also furnishes us with a substitute for house linen, which is at once clean, cool, and comfortable. But since the year 1808 we have been visited by a good many ships, in fact some eighteen or twenty have touched here since that time, including a British man-of-war; so that partly through our own exertions, and partly through the kindness of distant friends, our few wants have, under Providence, been regularly supplied. But I have one very great anxiety: the time is not far distant when I shall be too old and infirm to continue my ministrations. Duffy is a good, well-meaning man, and has been of great use in teaching the children to read and write and the four simple rules of arithmetic. But we are neither of us anything like competent to give the rising generation the education they need; the more especially as our rapid increase makes me feel quite certain that in a very few years this little island will no longer support the whole of us, and therefore we must either emigrate in a body to some larger country, or send forth our sons and daughters to seek their fortunes in the wide world. I feel very strongly that we ought to have a well qualified teacher here, and that he should, if possible, be an ordained clergyman. I think, if I could see any prospect of the settlement of some good man here in that position, I could go to my grave in peace."

I made no reply, but I thought the more. Here, surely, was a work for me to do; I shrank indeed from the thought of the higher office, when I reviewed my past life. But might I not find a useful vocation, and ample and wholesome employment, in giving these lonely people the benefit of my education? One thing was plain. Boaz was sinking fast; the suffering endured during that fortnight when we lay tossing to and fro on the raging billows, in sight of the island but unable to approach it, had greatly aggravated his malady. It was only a question of days. I should be left behind, I could not navigate the Isabel alone, and it was equally impossible for me to eat the bread of idleness at Eos. Prudence prompted me to be silent for a few days and await the turn of events.

I had not to wait long. The following Sunday at sunrise I rose from my bed, and looked round as usual for Boaz. To my great surprise he was nowhere to be seen. The day wore on, and he did not return; the Isabel lay at anchor as usual, but when we went on board to look for him he was not there. Search parties were instituted, but to our infinite sorrow not a trace of success rewarded our efforts; and we could only come to the sorrowful conclusion that in one of the sudden paroxysms of pain to which he was subject, his mind may have become unhinged, and that in a fit of temporary insanity he had thrown himself from the cliffs; or that hurrying along frenzied with pain, he had not given heed to his feet and had fallen over. This conclusion was strengthened by the fact that some days afterwards one of the children discovered near the top of a precipice the fresh footmarks of a man wearing shoes. This, coupled with the fact that I myself had never yet been in that direction, and that the islanders without exception went barefoot, seemed to show that we were right in our melancholy surmise. Dear old Boaz! The waves booming on the reef were his funeral dirge, and the sweet snowy foam was his pall; but his soul has gone aloft, and the glorious messages of hope and comfort read at his funeral service on the following Sunday afternoon were as true for him as for any saint that ever passed through the waves of this troublesome world. When I die, may they be as true for me and mine!

A few days afterwards, as we sat together in the moonlight, I broached to Adam Goode the difficult subject of my departure from the island; saying that I could not think of trespassing many days longer upon their kind hospitality. The good man replied that it was quite out of the question for me to leave Eos alone in my little craft, and it might be many months before a ship called at the island. "But," said he, "why not in the meantime take a warm welcome, which the community is fully prepared to give you, and become our teacher and pastor *pro tem.*; and then if you don't think the work suits you, you can avail yourself of any chance that offers, with the satisfaction of having earned your living among us. Indeed I hope that Providence has sent you here to take my place, for a successor I must have, and that soon. You will earn enough either in money or kind to sustain life in comparative comfort, nor do I think you will find the work heavy or unpleasant. I told him that the community was very welcome to my poor services, if it chose to avail itself of them. "But," said I, "you know what a wandering life I have led. I cannot trust myself to take any spiritual oversight—at least, not yet; not while you live. Let me be the teacher, and you the preacher. I am still a comparative stranger to the people; let me try to win their confidence, and perhaps one day I may be able to take your place, if no more eligible candidate presents himself in the course of years."

To this proposition the old man gladly assented, and in the course of a few days I was duly installed as schoolmaster to some thirty bright little children, whose ages varied from six to sixteen. Their parents pay a shilling a month for them, or its equivalent in produce or labour. The school hours are from seven o'clock in the morning until noon. I find the children very tractable, obedient, and eager to learn. Besides the established payments in money or in kind, the islanders have insisted on my accepting a piece of land, and each man volunteered a day's labour in preparing it for cultivation. It is sweetly situated in a little valley, the background being a depression in the side of a hill, filled with masses of virgin bush, topped here and there by graceful cocoanut palms. I am quite proud of my tiny farm, and work in it early and late, in the hope of maintaining an honourable rivalry with my neighbours. I am so busy that I have hardly time to think of the great

world which I have left. I am as happy as the ideal farmer of Horace, and like him I am free from debt and free from care. Though Goode tells me that the islanders are not remarkable for longevity, and age very soon after middle life, yet the island seems on the whole very healthy. I have myself had no sickness as yet, but I have found the medicine chest of the Isabel, and the knowledge gained from poor old Bloomer, very useful in several cases already.

I am sending this by a whaler which has just touched here for water and fresh provisions; she is bound on her whaling cruise, and they do not intend to make another port for some time; but at any rate the letter will be on its way.

With kindest remembrances to Lord and Lady Lovewell, believe me, dear sir, to be yours faithfully,

GEORGE FREEBORN.

Dennis Delamere, Esq.

(To be continued.)

HOW I BECAME A CONJURER.

BY D. ERNEST WATSON.

I nearly poisoned a child.

It was only by an accident her life was saved.

It happened in this way. One afternoon about fifteen years ago I was the biggest child at a children's party, and, in consequence, the director of ceremonies.

Although this office was self-appointed, it suited admirably the half-dozen or so of governesses who were in charge of one or more children, as it gave them the opportunity of gossiping together in their own sweet way, and relieved them of the by no means easy task of amusing a lot of boys and girls ranging in age from four to fourteen.

Before very long every game I knew had been played out, and there was a general cry for something else. Heartily sorry was I that my ambition had placed me in a position that every moment became more untenable, and threatened to end in open mutiny. Just as matters were as bad as they could be, I conceived a brilliant idea. Whilst racking my brain for some new game, I had, unconsciously, stuck my hands in my pockets, and fumbled about with my money—two brand-new German marks, my sole wealth.

It suddenly occurred to my mind that each coin was *exactly* like the other in every way, and that nothing would be more simple than to hide one somewhere in the room, and when this was done to call attention to the other, and publicly state that I could conjure it away anywhere. This was the sudden idea, and it met with applause that was truly bewildering.

At that time I could no more "palm" than I could fly, but this made no difference whatever. All I found necessary was to place a coin in my hand, blow upon my hand (which I never by any chance opened to show whether empty or not), and say, "Fly away, little money, behind the clock" (or into that vase, or wherever it chanced to be), and off ran the children at once, and when they found it they brought it back in triumph and shrieked with delight. I repeated the trick—if I dare call it so—over and over again, and thought they would never tire. There was ample time to hide one coin whilst the other was being found, as the suspicion of two never occurred to any of them. At length, emboldened by success, I took a handful of red berries from a side table, and pretended to eat them.

How I did it I have no idea, but however it was done it succeeded so well that the fraud was not discovered, although it must have been a clumsy performance at best.

I thought now it was quite time to stop, which I did with much difficulty. I became the centre of an admiring group who chattered incessantly, and invented theory upon theory as to "how it could possibly happen." One boy, the next biggest, who was jealous, said, "I don't think much of eating those berries—they're only sugar berries." But this random assertion was instantly denied by the young lady whose party it was: she declared they were *Deadly-nightshade*, because the gardener who had brought them in had told her so, and had specially warned her not to touch them. The effect of this little speech was wonderful; they all thought I was going to die, and began to get frightened, when a loud scream from a governess made us start and look round. There, in a far corner, sat her precious charge, a pretty child of about four years old, with a big bunch of the poisonous berries in each hand, and her mouth stuffed with them.

In an instant the governess deftly inserted a finger in the girl's mouth and cleared it out, but there was no knowing what she might have swallowed, and a great fright fell upon us all. The noise brought the lady of the house to the nursery, matters were explained, and we were hastily marched off by those in charge, who were in a sad state of mind, knowing that but for their carelessness the thing would not have occurred. I was very unhappy for days, until thoroughly assured no harm could now come of it. One thing came of my performance, however, the children talked of it, and not long afterwards I received a letter formally asking me to give a "conjuring entertainment"—*an entertainment*, I read it twice to make quite sure I read aright—at the same house in about ten days' time.

A *conjuring entertainment* in ten days' time! The idea was too funny, because I could not conjure. I burst out laughing, took some writing-paper from my desk, and *accepted* the invitation.

Having done this much towards my proposed performance, it became high time to learn some tricks.

I went to a local bookseller's, and after much diligent search found a single book on conjuring, Colonel Stodare's "Fly Notes," price 1*s*. There were not then, I fancy, so many works on conjuring as there are at the present day. This one proved a treasure. I read it through and selected those tricks which appeared most easy to learn and which would best fit in with others. Whether it was my own idea to dovetail one thing with another, or whether I read it, I don't remember, but the tricks selected for my entertainment ran so well together, that I frequently use them now in precisely the same order as I did at my first private performance. It is a curious thing to think of now, after fifteen years (during which time I have given many *entertainments* in Great Britain and Ireland), that these early tricks are frequently thought more of than those of a later date. But to return:

When my eventful evening arrived, although everything had been well rehearsed in cold blood before a looking-glass, I became so nervous that it required almost actual force to get me away from home, and when I arrived at the house I had not the courage to go in.

Fortunately I was not alone, or I would, in all probability, have remained outside all night; and when, after much persuasion, I did at last ring the bell it was fully half an hour after time. I was presented to at least sixty boys and girls—some of the girls really quite grown up—as "Herr Schneider, the celebrated conjurer."

They were eating cakes and things and drinking tea; a very fortunate thing for me, as they did not notice my awful state of mind, and I tried to bury my confusion in a big bun, which wabbled about so dreadfully I could never bite it twice in the same place, and was compelled at length to put it down, when it looked for all the world as if some little mice had started a general feast, and were disturbed ere they had well begun.

Then I felt my shoulder gently tapped, and a whisper in my ear, "Come and see your room." I rose at once most gratefully, and followed the lady to an opposite wing of the building to a large room known as "the study." On my way there she laughed at my fears, and encouraged me so much that I became quite myself again.

When the study door was opened, however, and I saw through the dim light rows of chairs, and a raised table with a massive silver candlestick on either side, then did my heart fail me again, but it was only momentary this time. Things had gone too far to turn back now, and I nerved myself for what was to come. Very soon my preparations were fully made, the lamps turned up, and all the seats occupied by an expectant audience.

The first trick went well.

This breaking of the ice was what I so much dreaded, after that the others went easily and smoothly.

Young as I was I knew—something seemed to tell me—the audience was with me, and my first entertainment was a brilliant success.

That night it was definitely arranged I should repeat the performance *in public* in the village school at Christmas.

The annual treat to the villagers was a time-honoured custom, and something looked forward to by young and old throughout the year.

There was the examination, followed by the distribution of prizes, a Christmas tree, a feast, and then an entertainment. The expense was borne by the squire, and the management entrusted to his daughters and their friends, who filled the whole house at this festive season.

There was always a lot of speculation as to the character of each performance, and as time went rapidly on every one wondered what form it would take this year.

I was bound to secrecy.

In the meantime I had not been idle; I was daily adding to my stock of tricks, and had planned out a programme nearly quite different from the memorable one given in the study some weeks ago.

Strangely enough I did not feel half so nervous now, but this was, I think, because I was to appear in the disguise of an Eastern magician. Then did the great day arrive.

All that day I spent in preparation. My table was placed in a most convenient position and covered with an Oriental cloth; skins of tigers and leopards were hung around it, and altogether it *did* look fine. I surveyed it with a feeling somewhat akin to awe. Of course the picturesque effect was not my own; the ladies draped and ornamented it, and I confined myself to arranging my tricks. When they were complete we unfolded a large screen and effectually hid everything from view. It was getting dark. Outside, the hum of children's voices and the clatter of cups told that a part at least of the audience awaited admission.

My instructions were to be present at the examination and distribution of prizes, and then to slip away during feeding time and dress in my Eastern costume.

The clock struck six. Punctually was the door thrown open, and in they came. Little children and big children, the villagers, the squire's family, their friends, and even the local policeman. Where they all could find seats was more than I could imagine, and in my excited frame of mind I feared they would overthrow my table or peep behind it. But they did nothing of the sort, they found seats, and, after a few well chosen words of welcome from the squire, the examination began as it had always done ever since I could remember. I won't say that the mysterious screen was unnoticed; many conjectures were whispered about it, and I was even appealed to as to what it was going to do. On this point I showed so much apparent indifference that I do not think any one guessed it was a matter which concerned me at all. Presently a lady standing near the door beckoned me and I crept quietly out.

On our way to the house I said I had forgotten some methylated spirit, and she suggested that I could go into the kitchen after I was dressed and ask Mrs. Cromby for some.

I went into the room where my costume lay and put it on.

Then my face was painted a bronze colour, my eyebrows white, and a long white wig and flowing beard completed the disguise.

And a splendid disguise it was. I was assured no one would recognise me, and with this most comforting piece of news the lady ran back to the school and asked me to follow as soon as I had obtained everything I wanted in the kitchen. I walked at once to the kitchen, and so frightened the worthy Mrs. Cromby that I narrowly escaped the whole contents of a copper pot she was just at that moment lifting from the fire being thrown in my face.

It was necessary to go into explanations. I said, "You see, Mrs. Cromby, I am going to conjure at the treat, and I am going to make a plum pudding in a hat, and would you *please* let me have some methylated spirit." It was at all times advisable to speak respectfully to Mrs. Cromby, as I knew right well; moreover, just now she was inclined to be very spiteful at the fright she had received. She muttered something about heathens a worrying and a bothering of Christian folk, and wound up by saying "I haven't got none."

This was alarming, especially as she seemed in no way inclined to help me.

At length she softened sufficiently to "go and see," and returned with a large bottle of benzoline, which she "supposed would do as well," and with this I was bundled out of her awful presence.

I shall never forget that bottle of benzoline!

I hurried back to the school and waited in the porch. I heard a well-known voice explaining that they had been able to secure a great Indian conjurer who would shortly be introduced; and then there was a buzz, which meant, I concluded, the screen had been removed, and my table, with its brilliant surroundings, exposed to view.

A minute afterwards I was bowing my way through that densely-packed room. There was immense applause, and, after two children had been carried out howling with terror, the performance began.

I remember wondering at the time what a difficult thing it was to take those children out, and speculating as to whether it would be possible to stuff three more people into the room, and I remember having a faint idea that some of the faces were known to me, and then that I was actually, in an assumed voice, and in broken English, making my opening speech; but I never thoroughly realised what I was doing till I found myself pulling yards and yards of ribbon out of the dreaded policeman's pocket. This operation took time, and I saw the amused faces, and heard the merry laugh of my audience, and *I knew* that things were going well.

My last and best trick was that of "making a pudding in a hat." It is scarcely necessary to mention the secret of Professor Anderson's old trick, as the readers of the B.O.P. have had so many excellent articles already written on conjuring, but in case they may have forgotten, I will briefly explain that I had at hand a jug of water, some flour, sugar, currants, and a couple of eggs; these for the ingredients. The necessary apparatus consisted of a silk-hat, a small flat cake or pudding, some paper, and two jam jars, one of which fitted inside the other. I had tied the pudding to the smaller jar with a piece of string, and wrapped it round with some of the paper, so that it could be picked up in one piece and quickly slipped into the hat.

I had read it was always better to borrow a hat from the audience. Here the first hitch occurred—no one had a silk-hat. No one in a village audience ever has, but I did not know that then. An old man called Jerry was sent home for one, and came back bringing, very reluctantly, his best Sunday hat. I lined it with paper "To preserve the flavour of the pudding," and in so doing was able to place the parcel containing the pudding and jar into the hat without being seen.

The padding at the bottom, and the jar (mouth upwards) standing on the top, of course eggs or batter poured apparently into the hat would in reality fall only into the unknown jar.

The way is to mix the things in the larger jar, and pour them slowly into the other one. That nothing be wasted, it is the trick to invert the larger jar and push it into the hat, for by so doing, the smaller one is quite covered up, and both are removed together and placed carelessly on one side out of sight, so that nothing remains but the pudding and the odd paper, which has been openly placed there to "preserve the flavour of the pudding," but actually to cover operations.

So much for the trick itself.

To make the experiment more real, and for general effect, I had decided to pour a little methylated spirit into the hat and set fire to it—"to make the oven hot." Now, as you know, I had no methylated spirit, but a large bottle of benzoline as a substitute. Not thinking of the consequences, and hardly knowing what I was about, I poured about half a tumbler of the inflammable stuff into the hat and set fire to it!

The force of combustion was so great that the hat actually rocked, and then a great sheet of white flame shot up almost to the ceiling! Everything around was combustible, my own dress, and those of the smaller children packed in front of my table like sardines in a tin.

It was then I realised the awful nature of the position.

All I could do was first to guard against the hat falling over, and then extinguish the paper, no matter at what cost to my own hands, as quickly as it ignited, which it made a point of doing every two or three seconds. There was an awful dread that the jar would not stand the heat, and once it gave way—it is too horrible to think of even now!

The jar held out gallantly, and I made the pudding, and they all said there "never was such a pudding"—[it was a small thing made from a real Christmas pudding]—and my reputation was established, and through what might have been a terrible catastrophe I emerged like the phœnix, and thus was the foundation laid, and I became a conjurer. And now after fifteen years, I can look back upon some very exciting times, not unaccompanied with danger, but never upon a more dangerous trick than of burning about ½ pint of benzoline in old Jerry's silk-hat.



ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various Representative Artists.



III.—The Brook.

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by Charles Wilkinson.)

HOW WE GAVE STANLEY HIS D.C.L. DEGREE.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "Amusing Typographical Blunders," etc., etc.

Every one who knows anything about the customs of the University of Oxford knows that the chief excitement of the academic year is the week annually given up to amusement, and denominated "Commemoration Week," or familiarly "Commem."; and the chief excitement of that week, the centre round which all the other attractions revolve, is the ceremony known in classic language as the *Encœnia*, being the annual commemoration of founders and benefactors of the university, which takes place in the Sheldonian Theatre, at which also degrees are conferred on eminent personages, and the English essay, Latin and Greek verse, and Newdigate prize poem are recited.

Exciting, however, as this ceremony generally is, there is rarely such a demand for tickets as last June (1890), when it was known that the great African explorer was to be the recipient of a degree. It was not that we despised the claims to the academic distinction put forth by the others who were to receive it, but the air just then was so full of Stanley that really we could hardly stop to weigh the respective merits of the other candidates, and though we were very glad to see them, and accorded them a hearty welcome, the person on whom we most wished to feast our eyes was the quondam workhouse-boy, the commander of the Emin Pasha relief expedition; and so many were there who desired to have this satisfaction that tickets were hardly obtainable for "love or money." Looking down the street usually denominated by undergraduates "The Broad" on this memorable morning (which, fortunately, was brilliantly fine, or our ardour might have been damped), one saw an immense throng of people at the windows of all the houses and shops opposite the theatre, while below in the street crowds were besieging the various entrances for a considerable time before the doors were opened to admit them. The ceremony does not take place till twelve o'clock, but the gates are opened at eleven, and an awful crush there is when this happens, every one wanting if possible to get the front seats. Those less fortunate mortals who, being unprovided with the requisite tickets, were left behind in the street, were forced to content themselves with a view of the dons, proctors, and future recipients of the degree, who, in accordance with ancient custom, march in solemn procession to the scene of action. There being plenty of room outside the building, one is sure to get a good view if a favourable position is taken up somewhere on the course of the procession.

Inside the theatre there was more than the usual crush, every available seat being occupied to its fullest extent quite half an hour before the time for the arrival of the procession. The ranks on ranks of ladies, in brilliant and fashionable costumes, amongst whom were seated Miss Dorothy Tennant, now Mrs. H. M. Stanley, and her mother, added to the effect of the scene, which was capped by the shoals of undergraduates, who in the top gallery allotted to them were standing or sitting on cornices, window-ledges, or anything that would sustain their weight.

The theatre is possessed of a magnificent organ, and its capacity was well tested by the organist of the cathedral, who is usually the performer on these occasions. With a due regard for the tastes of his hearers he gave us a spirited rendering of "Rule

Britannia," in the chorus of which nearly every one present joined.

It is unnecessary to remind any of my readers who may have been present at an *Encœnia*, that on this one day in the year the undergraduates are practically uncontrolled, the proctors and other authorities being actively engaged in the work allotted to them in the morning's programme. This being the case there is no end to the amount of fun which is indulged in, and this generally takes the form of impertinent observations passed on occupants of the area whose costume is not considered the correct thing. Nothing but grey trousers and black coat and waistcoat can be worn without a probability of provoking a burst of enthusiasm of a not very complimentary description.

The first to afford an opportunity to the occupants of the upper gallery for making merry at his expense was an individual who had the temerity to appear with a red rose fixed jauntily in his button-hole. This adjunct to his outward decoration—a sufficiently harmless flower in itself, but considered out of place in the presence of that august assembly—was speedily discovered, and its owner was peremptorily requested to remove it at once, one more intellectual spirit than the rest suggesting that it might be presented as a suitable offering to some fair occupant of the ladies' gallery. But the wearer of this firebrand stood his ground amid a fire of reproaches, he had no intention of robbing his button-hole from any feelings of gallantry, and eventually he was permitted to remain unmolested in consequence of a far greater attraction which completely eclipsed him. This was due to two individuals who entered the area wearing respectively a light blue necktie, and a red-and-white one. Now a coloured necktie at the *Encœnia* is a thing of all abominated, and these luckless ones were speedily and effectively made aware of the fact by the yells of execration which resounded from all parts of the theatre. They were commanded to take off their ties, or to conceal them under the folds of their pocket-handkerchiefs, but as neither of them acquiesced in this view, they were followed with shouts of derision and scathing sarcasms wherever they went, until more prominent objects attracted the notice of their persecutors.

By-and-by some jovial spirit suggested that some one should honour the company with a song, and further promised, on his own authority, that all would join in the chorus. Apparently, however, the inducement thus held out was not considered sufficiently tempting, as the vocal effort desired was not volunteered by any one present. At this point the organist, who is deservedly popular, was thanked for his efforts in manipulating the organ, and informed that he was a "jolly good fellow." This kind of thing goes on at every *Encœnia*, and in fact as a whole my account may be taken as a sample of the usual proceedings, except that we do not always have the light of Stanley's presence to shine upon us, and consequently are not generally quite so lively, though there is always plenty of fun going on in the upper gallery.

But at this point the procession was seen on its way outside by those located at the upper windows of the theatre, and was loudly hailed, its advent being announced in stentorian tones to the less fortunate occupants of the lower gallery and the area. At twelve o'clock precisely the great doors of the area were opened, and the Vice-Chancellor and university big-wigs entered in a solemn march to the strains of God save the Queen, which was loudly played by the organ, and joined in by a good many of the audience.

Now came a time of dire confusion. On all sides voices were heard proclaiming some one thing and some another, and the Vice-Chancellor's speech was practically lost to posterity until near the end of it. The rudest queries are always addressed to this long-suffering individual; on this occasion he was told to "speak up, sir," asked "what was the language used," and several requested that he should remove his "mortar-board" (N.B. This is never done by the Vice-Chancellor at the *Encœnia* except when conferring a degree), but some one thinking that he was being badly used asked that we should "give the Vice a chance." Of course all this chaff and babel of tongues going on overhead makes no sort of difference to the personages concerned. The Vice-Chancellor especially, who is generally well used to it, proceeds with his business in as methodical a manner as if the most profound silence reigned, except that, being a mortal man, he is sometimes moved to smile at some unusually cheeky remark.

The usual procession of eminent personages on whom the degrees were to be conferred now entered the theatre, heralded by the university maces, which are carried down to the doors to meet them. "They are all jolly good fellows" shouted some one in the gallery, and the whole theatre resounded with prolonged cheering. Each person to be admitted to a degree is introduced by a speech from the Professor of Civil Law, and this is always interrupted by a continual fire of observation. On a memorable occasion some years ago, when Travers Twiss was the speaker, he was introducing some one to receive a degree in the usual flowery language, —"*Virum dignissimum, potentissimum, ornatissimum*"—"*Et Travers Twissimum*" shouted a voice in the gallery, which remark of course "brought down the house" completely! On the present occasion the speaker was told to "speak louder" and informed that "we have heard the same thing before;" another hinted that if the professor learnt his speeches by heart, they would be more effective. Quite a sensation was here caused by a stentorian voice from the gallery addressing our illustrious traveller by the remark, "Stanley, you're *laughing*!" which was instantly taken up by another voice informing the Vice-Chancellor that "they are all laughing, sir!" "May I introduce Dr. Bellamy (the Vice-Chancellor), Mr. Stanley?" was a hit which caused a good deal of merriment. The Professor of Civil Law was not yet out of notice, and was told that "his questions were too hard; he must ask something less difficult," which was capped by some one suggesting that he was to "address his queries to a policeman."

All the recipients of the degrees were received warmly, as usual, but the centre of interest was, of course, the bestowal of the degree on Mr. Stanley. He was loudly cheered as he went up to receive it, and the chorus of "For he's a jolly good fellow" was enthusiastically sung, followed by cheers "for the bride." Mr. Stanley then took his seat in his doctor's robe amongst the doctors surrounding the Vice-Chancellor, amidst renewed cheering.

The professor in his speech commemorating the deeds of those about to receive the degree, said of Stanley that the praise of his exploits was proclaimed by the achievements themselves, and needed no embellishment. He had traced the course of the Congo and Lualaba; explored the head waters of the Nile, and trod the Mountains of the Moon; he had discovered the remains of Homer's Pygmies, which were almost exterminated by the Cranes, and had disclosed from the depths of the dark forests new tribes and unknown regions. The professor hoped that the Pygmies might not be exterminated by traders by means of "fire-water." He then said that Stanley had twice entered into dangers and darkness, twice returned successful; had twice earned the oak crown given to those who saved the life of a citizen, and he deserved the title "given of old to conquerors, now to be given to the pioneers of civilisation, of Africanus."

The degrees over, more by-play took place up in the gallery, one voice calling on the Regius Professor of Divinity for a song, which request was hardly likely to be complied with. Another, with a tender feeling of solicitude for the well-being of the traveller doctor's organs of digestion, advised Mr. Stanley "not to eat his hat!" Later on a request for "three cheers for the ladies, including Miss Tennant," met with a vigorous response, which was, of course, a foregone conclusion.

Now followed the "Creweian Oration," pronounced by the Public Orator, who was the present Rector of Lincoln College. One or two points in this were made in a humorous vein, which was appreciated by his hearers. For example, in alluding to the cry raised by the British artisans for eight hours' limit of work, he said that this rule had already been anticipated by some of the undergraduates, and perhaps by a few of the university officials. In speaking of the defeat of the Senior Wrangler at Cambridge by a Girton girl (Miss Fawcett), he indulged in terrible prognostications that the fair damsels who have hitherto had no higher aim than to waste the time of the studious undergraduate might return with a terribly serious purpose, and secure the best places on the class lists, and ultimately the lion's share of the university endowments!

All of this was listened to quietly, except where bursts of enthusiasm were called forth by allusion to persons well-known in Oxford circles, and to Mr. Stanley and his approaching marriage. At the termination of the speech, some one caused a good deal of fun by inquiring in a solemn voice, "Did you understand it, Stanley?" which pertinent remark was received with a smile by the object of the query.

The usual recitations of the prize essays and the Newdigate poem were then proceeded with. This part of the business must be rather dry to the fair occupants of the gallery one would think, at any rate as far as regards the use of the mother tongue of "Alma Mater," which cannot be understood by the majority of them. They, however, do their best to appear interested, and there is plenty going on around them to occupy their attention. The recitations were not interrupted by witticisms except for a few flying remarks here and there. The author of the Latin verse was told to "dry up," and at another point was told that "it won't scan." After the usual organ solo following the Greek verse, Mr. Stanley was called upon for a song,—"a song and a dance if you like,"—which caused a little amusement.

The author of the Stanhope essay having the temerity to make an allusion to "royal tyranny" was greeted by the loyal undergraduate party with cries of "Shame, sir!" and calls of "Three cheers for the Queen," which were given with tremendous enthusiasm. A great many *quotations* were made in the Newdigate poem, which led some wag to volunteer the information that "the buttery closes at two."

At the end of this poem, convocation being dissolved by the Vice-Chancellor, the procession of doctors and proctors once more left the theatre, to the strains of Rule Britannia," which were joined in with great gusto by the audience for the second time, more cheers being given for "Dr. Stanley" as he left the theatre. When the procession had departed, the audience soon followed

their lead, and the great event of the Commemoration of 1890 was over.

I am afraid those who read this account, and are not acquainted with the manners and customs of the undergraduates at an *Encœnia*, may leave it with an idea that we do not behave ourselves with very great decorum on this occasion in the presence of our superiors. But although a good deal of licence is permitted on this one occasion in the year, it seldom leads to anything worse than a "wordy warfare," though a few years ago a sensation was caused by a pinafore being let down from the gallery on which was inscribed "Admitto te to degree B.C.L. Chorus: 'And so do his sisters!'" this pinafore being chased by the proctors round the gallery, and passed from hand to hand by the undergraduates (some of the ladies in the gallery assisting!) until it was finally overtaken and torn down! After this too prominent joke certain restrictions were introduced which make the proceedings somewhat quieter, and certainly, if the chaff, and the fire of witticisms which still continue, were dropped, the whole affair would speedily become unutterably dull.

(THE END.)

SOME QUEER USES OF ANIMALS.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, F.Z.S.,

Author of "Out-of-the-Way Pets," "A Tussle with a Serpent," etc., etc.

PART V.

The so-called performing-fleas have caused many a copper to be transferred from the pockets of the curious to those of the showman. This was an exhibition which used to be quoted as an illustration of the wonderful way in which animals even so low in the scale could be tamed and trained; you looked through a magnifying-glass and saw four fleas drawing a tiny coach, on the box of which another sat up, holding the reins and whip, while two more rode inside and two perched behind as footmen. But, ingenious as the mechanism of the whole thing was, the fraudulent character of its claim to any training or teaching on the part of the insects was after a time exposed. It was discovered that each was fixed in its position by means of fine hair and wax, so that it either could not move at all or only in one direction, so that the running forward of the horses or the movement of the nurse in pushing the perambulator (for that was another item of the performance), was really an effort at escape in the only way in which motion was possible to the cramped and fettered fleas. The exhibitor fed his collection from time to time on his arm, the inner surface of which was dotted with bites, and offered half-a-crown apiece for fleas of unusual size, and uninjured—"good fleas," he called them. The patience and delicacy of manipulation displayed in the arrangement were marvellous enough to have found a better object, for it struck me as a cruel though queer misuse of animals.

A ghastly misuse, too, was that to which the wreckers on the rock-bound Cornish coast used to put cows in the olden days before the coastguard service was established, and when whole villages subsisted on the profits of smuggling and the pillage of the vessels which they lured to destruction. On stormy nights, when a ship had been sighted in the distance, they would tie a lantern between a cow's horns and turn her out to graze on the fields above the cliffs. The light, rising and falling with the tossing of her head, so deceptively resembled that of a vessel riding at anchor that the stranger was often induced to make for what was taken to be a safe harbour, and was dashed on the rocks.

Dogs have frequently served the base uses of smugglers by conveying lace wound round and round their bodies underneath a skilfully-contrived false outer skin. One was caught the other day who had been in the business for many years between Belgium and France. He knew his way across the frontier by unfrequented roads unaccompanied by his masters, who returned home by another and more straightforward route, and had been taught to give a wide berth to anybody wearing a uniform; it is said that the lace found on him when he was stopped was worth £200. Rare pigeons and other birds have gone backwards and forwards in cages, the feeding troughs of which masked hollow cavities in the floor wherein contraband articles could be concealed. When I came home from abroad at different times, the custom-house officials used to grin and decline when I offered them my keys. "Kindly open the boxes yourself!" they used to say; and even when I did so, they stood at a safe distance and made no very close inspection, for they got to know what queer luggage I often carried! In fact, I believe that live snakes have actually been employed for the purpose of smuggling, and all sorts of dead specimens have been found "stuffed" with lace or tobacco. Large glass jars of spirit and Eau de Cologne, labelled "Museum Specimens," have been stopped, and when unpacked found to contain one small snake or lizard apiece, preserved in about half a gallon of the liquid; just as preserved peaches, one to a quart bottle of rum, used to find their way into the Federal Army when the introduction of spirits was prohibited. On a little river called the Tigre in South America I saw a live dog used as a bait for a trap for pumas or jaguars; it was a sort of double cage, and was so managed that as the big cat went in at one end he set free the dog at the other, and at the same time rendered his own retreat impossible. But the queerest use of a dog I ever saw was that exhibited by a clever conjurer. On a small deal table, without hangings or cover, and the drawer of which was shown to be empty, he laid a portfolio as flat as this book when it is closed. Then he opened it and took a lot of astonishing things out of it, glasses of water, ladies' bonnets, tea-kettles, bouquets of flowers and a hot plum-pudding. Then he showed again that it was quite empty, allowed it to be examined, pressed it flat as a pancake; finally lifted it and brought out a large black retriever! I'll tell you how he did it some day.

Rabbits, pigeons, and guinea-pigs most readily lend themselves to the magic art, as they are to be depended on and do not as a rule put the performer to confusion by appearing before the right moment, but tame squirrels, white rats, parrots, canaries, gold-fish, fowls, even pigs and geese have all been employed in this connection. A dear little opossum of mine used to do tricks splendidly, and created much amusement when the bit of sugar which was always his reward vanished unexpectedly, by burrowing up my sleeve in quest of it. A couple of snakes or a small alligator "produced" from a handkerchief or an empty hat cause some excitement. Ambrose, my big Giant Toad from Savanilla, whom you can see at present in the lobby of the Reptile House at the Zoological Gardens, has been revealed in pies before now, and has elicited a scream from the ladies when beheld in all his stolid squatness in a canary-cage from which the legitimate occupant had disappeared.

Snake-skin gun-cases, belts, slippers, and book-markers; tobacco-pouches and purses fabricated from lizards; elephants drilled with the precision of soldiers to do duty in war; fire-flies spangling a lady's head-dress with living gems; leopards trained to hunt; cormorants aiding the fishermen, and falcons the fowler; alligators farmed for the sake of their skins; cockatoo schoolmasters for talking-birds; tigers' teeth and claws, terrible weapons, reduced to buttons and necklaces; these, and a hundred other queer uses of animals and their products, we must leave for the present. A thing we don't see nowadays is represented in a sculpture found at Thebes, now in the British Museum, where a man is shown seated in a flat-bottomed boat in a marsh, while a domestic cat retrieves the bird he has killed.

A remarkable story of the use to which a rattlesnake was put is related by Catlin, the American traveller and naturalist. I could never quite understand it myself, but it runs to the effect, if I remember right, that when he was a boy, he, with his father and a party of neighbours, set out to kill these deadly serpents on a certain hillside, where the ledges of rock and caverns so swarmed with them that it was known as Rattlesnake Den. They had slaughtered some hundreds, and were about to return home at the close of the day, when a snake was intercepted on its way back to the rock, where a cave in which vast numbers were believed to have dwelt from time immemorial was inaccessible to the hunters. The idea suddenly suggested itself to Catlin to tie his powder-flask to the rattlesnake's tail, fix a fuse in it, and let it go. This was done, and the reptile sped away to the cavern, dragging the flask behind it. A loud explosion presently rent the air, and Rattlesnake Den was said to be thenceforth freed from its evil company.

I said I would not treat of the use of animals either as remedies or food in this paper, but I am going to make an exception in both instances by way of conclusion. You may, perhaps, know already that the poison of snakes has been given in small quantities as a medicine in the treatment of different diseases; *Crotaline*, which is thought to be the active principle of rattlesnake-venom as morphia is of opium, is at this time a recognised drug in homœopathy, and is given to cure and prevent fevers. But what do you say to snake-*bite* as a remedy? At the São Christovão hospital, near Rio de Janeiro, a man affected with a curious kind of leprosy called "beri-beri," which is common in Brazil, consented to be bitten by a serpent as a last resource. A very venomous species was brought, and with some difficulty induced to strike the swollen limb. At first no effect whatever seemed to be produced, but symptoms of poisoning very gradually came on, and the patient died in twenty-four hours. And

in France the bite of a viper which has itself been bitten by the dog, has been tried for hydrophobia!

At the commencement of the present century a traveller in Siberia saw the body of a mammoth, a gigantic sort of elephant long ago extinct, embedded in the ice. The next year the ice had given way sufficiently to expose the creature, the flesh of which was then being cut away by the natives for feeding their dogs. Fortunately, the greater part of the animal was secured, and was brought to St. Petersburg, where it is now to be seen in the Imperial Museum, the skin, with its reddish hair, giving us a good idea of what these great beasts were like, better than we can gather from fossil bones. But there it was, dead thousands of years, yet so well preserved by the cold that dogs could eat it. Even the pupils of its eyes were visible.

(THE END.)

When I was in the Black Republic of Hayti, I came across a pile of singular objects stacked up as fuel near a hut not far from Jacmel, and on examination I found these to consist of various portions of mummies—no doubt the remains of some race which had existed in the island ages ago, and, perhaps, of as great historical interest in their way as the ancient Egyptians, but now broken up and used instead of firewood!

TOKENS: WHAT ARE THEY, AND SHALL BOYS COLLECT THEM?

By George Williamson, F.R.S.L., F.R.HIST.SOC., ETC.

PART III.

On Figs. 23 and 24 we have what look at first sight very like armorial bearings, but

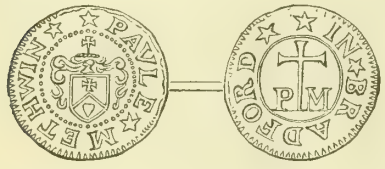


Fig. 23.

it is not so. The devices are the trade or merchant marks of the issuers, arranged in shields, and were very possibly afterwards adopted as real coats of arms. In one instance in Somersetshire we know this was the case. In the Colchester token, No. 24, there are two varieties with slightly different devices, and in our block we have represented both varieties of the reverse. Other devices are what are termed *punning* ones. For example, Fig. 25 shows a token issued by James Cocke,



Fig. 24.

and on the token he has a cock. Fig. 26 bears a fox and the issuer's name was Andrew

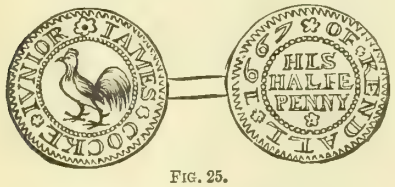


Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.

Reynolds or Ranols, and, in allusion to the French Reynard, he puts the fox. This token was issued at the "Bell Inn," that Chaucer speaks of as standing near to the "Tabard," and is all there is left to remind us of this old and interesting tavern. Anthony Blake, the tapster, puts on his token, No. 27, pint pots and tobacco pipes, to show us his trade; and on the coffee-house token of Bury St. Edmunds, Fig. 28, is a hand, with a coffee-pot, pouring out a cup.

Thomas Sandes, the clothworker, of Kendal, puts on his token, No. 29, the implements

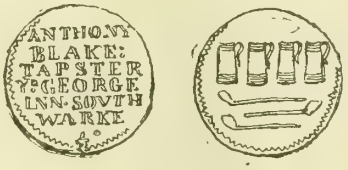


Fig. 27.

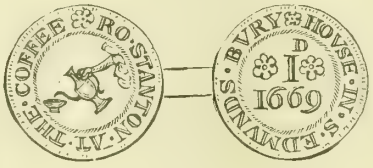


Fig. 28.

of his trade, teasel, wool-hook, and wool-comb; and another Westmoreland token, No. 30, shows us that it was issued by two partners, each of whom put his initials on one side. We have now had a look at some few of the peculiarities of this curious series of coins.

They were only issued between 1648 and 1679, so that the whole series lasted but for thirty years. All over the country they may be found. They are often to be seen in pawnbrokers' or blacksmiths' shops amongst old metal or coins; they are dug up by

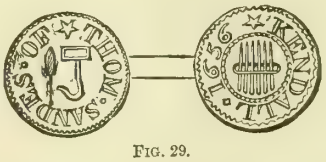


Fig. 29.

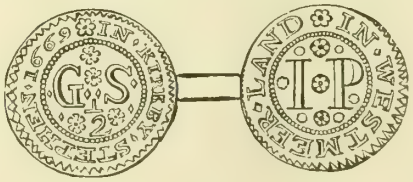


Fig. 30.

labourers, and frequently found when old houses are pulled down. Almost every boy can get them, and as this year we have finished writing a big book all about them in two thick volumes,* boys can, if they are near to a public library or the private library of some good friend, learn all they want to do about the seventeenth century tokens.

Do you ask, Why should boys collect them? then we reply: because they teach a great deal about the trading classes, to which most of us belong in some greater or lesser degree, and what these traders did in 1648.

The tokens tell us a good deal about who governed the towns, about what were the trades in those days, about the relative importance of different towns, about heraldry and arms. We find lace mentioned on Buckingham tokens, and wool in Surrey; gloves in Leicester; needles in Chichester, and other interesting local trades that have died out long ago. Then we learn the names of the men who were the leading traders in our own town or village, and so get a list of names ready for our local history that we once talked about, and find out, perhaps, that descendants from some of the men live there still. On some tokens we find curious old-fashioned objects represented, as, for instance, the coffee-pot on Fig. 28, or the wool implements on Fig. 29. We learn the arms of towns and families from Figs. 4–5, 19, 21, 22, and of trades from Figs. 16 and 20, and, besides, we have many an old name and many an old story brought to our memory, as, for instance, the story in Chaucer of the "Tabard Inn" and the Canterbury Pilgrims by the "Bell Inn" token, Fig. 26.

Some of the tokens were actually issued in prison. One was sent out by some poor men in the King's Bench Prison. Then boys can learn how words were spelt in old days, and the older names for towns. For instance: tokens of Shaftesbury call the town Mount Paladore, and tokens of Rotherhithe style the place Rederiff. The early history of tea and coffee will be taught us from tokens, and often old inns that issued tokens were the very same houses that Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Dr. Johnson, or Tennyson, refer to in their works.

Altogether it is worth while collecting tokens, and a great deal of local and national history may be learned from them, and finally, if any boys collect them and get puzzled about them, the author of this article will be pleased to help them, so far as he can, if they will write to him through the Editor of the B. O. P.

N.B.—For the electros from the original wood-blocks we have to thank Messrs. Longmans and Co. and P. Norman, Esq., as regards Figs. 1, 9, 26, and 27; Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Figs. 8 and 17; Mr. Collen as to Figs. 13, 14, 15, 16, and 20; Mr. Golding of Colchester as to Figs. 4, 5, 19, 22, 23, and 28; Miss Nicholson as to Figs. 2, 3, 6, 29, and 30; and Mr. Cunnington as to Fig. 21. We return our best thanks to all.

(THE END.)

* "Traders' Tokens." By Geo. C. Williamson. 1660 pp., 2 vols., published by subscription. Elliot Stock. 1890.

A HOLIDAY OUTING IN CEYLON.

By an Old Westminster Boy.

PART II.

During the first four days we shot nothing but snipe, quail, jungle-fowl, sand-pipers, and birds for skinning, together with one spotted deer, which the kangaroo hounds aided us to pull down. On the fifth day we heard of a herd of six elephants, and by waylaying them before daybreak, both N—— and I made our maiden shots.

I cannot dwell upon mine. Nervousness, funk, breathlessness, or bad luck, conspired to make a mull of it. I came, saw, fired, and—the result was a crashing of bamboos.

N—— obtained a temple shot at a good-sized bull, which came straight at him like a locomotive; but a bullet just above the bulb of his trunk at something like twelve paces won my friend his laurels.

McK—— was an old hand, and had he been in my place would have possibly killed right and left. Instead of which he had given both of us the best positions, and constituted himself into a kind of reserve. The next day we "made" a tank and simply luxuriated in miscellaneous shooting, besides opening negotiations with the villagers, with the object of hearing of good hunting-grounds.

The following morning we stayed by the tank some hours shooting teal and flamingoes. Any bird which happened to fall into the water disappeared at once in a most uncanny way. This quite cured us of the longing to have a swim.

The fact was, we were not on speaking terms with the alligators. I proposed to the coolies that they should all have a swimming match, and that we would subscribe a handsome prize, but they said they were afraid of being seized—with cramp. Natives always make such trivial excuses!

"Andi" asked, very naively, if "Master would send one of the dogs in after a flamingo?" which of course caused us to change the subject!

Most of the morning was spent in taking the tushes from the two elephants. It was as well that we had not left them longer, for already decomposition had begun, and pipes were soon alight. The sun was becoming very powerful, and we had a weary tramp back to the river in the afternoon. The desire to sleep was overpowering, and soon indulged in.

It was past seven when I awoke the next morning. After packing up and loading our belongings on to the canoe, we set off down stream. McK—— calculated that our other coolies and baggage would be waiting for us about eight miles lower down, as they had been directed to make a small hut and comfortable camp opposite an island in the river.

The air that morning was beautifully cool, and the scenery perfect. The large forest trees on either side of the stream were joined together by rattans and other creepers. These aerial bridges were in many places sixty yards long. They supported a busy traffic in the shape of monkeys and lizards, who seemed to be perpetually "showing off."

As our coolies preferred the flesh of Wanderoo monkeys to anything else, we shot some of them. This gave rise to a perfect storm of chattering. They followed the canoe for a long time, using the very strongest language in a barefaced way, taking the most unprepared and fantastic leaps from tree to tree, sometimes, but seldom, from tree to ground or water, and stopping every minute to drop prickly fruit or dead branches, possibly with the intention of marring the beauty of their primeval cousins.

While engaged in these mutual recriminations with our white-bearded friends, the canoe slid over a small rapid, and as nearly upset as possible. The change of level was not more than five feet, but it gave us a surprise as the boat went down this with a rush, grazing a rock in passing, and turning completely round just afterwards.

The monkeys seemed to notice what had happened, for they sniggered and chattered, and shook the branches with derision in a way that was positively exasperating. N—— was so angry that he stood up and explained to them aloud that, had the canoe really upset, he would have shot every one of them. He did not realise that the gun would have been sitting peacefully upon some rock at the bottom. However, his speech awed the Wanderoos, who expostulated with their ringleaders, and told them that "the thing had really gone too far." So they left us.

N—— has the most rooted belief now that he is the only one of the party who can speak aboriginal languages in a way that monkeys can understand.

The encampment was reached in the afternoon, and all our traps were removed from the boat and stowed away in the hut, as we intended making this our headquarters for at least a week. Our coolies said that there was a small encampment of "Veddahs" within a mile, and as these wretched people might prove very interesting to us, McK—— and I set off to pay them a visit, leaving N—— to shoot some jungle fowl and superintend dinner. "Andi" carried our rifles, and one of the Singhalese trackers accompanied us as interpreter.

Of course, the mile which the coolies told us turned out to be a good *two*, but we had occasional shots at snipe, peacock, or jungle fowl, which made the walk seem a short one. I brought down a fine specimen of the low-country kingfisher, which is rather an uncommon bird in Ceylon, although plentiful enough in the Malay peninsula.

We had every day shot various birds, and had them skinned in the evening. These we anointed with arsenical soap, powdering their plumage with white pepper, and filling up their insides with tow, impregnated with carbolic acid. In this way they can be packed closely together in boxes, and carried about, or even sent to England to be properly stuffed.

While passing under some large trees a piece of honeycomb fell down upon McK——'s hat, and on looking up we saw what at a first glance appeared to be monkeys, but which the trackers hastened to inform us were two Veddahs robbing a bees' nest. The bees were careering wildly about and settling on everybody and everything in an obtrusive manner, so Andi put a match to some dried ferns and lantana. The smoke from this soon cleared away our tormentors, and we beckoned to the Veddahs to come down. This they did not like doing, and "coo-eed" loudly to their companions.

In answer to the primeval summons seven or eight mop-headed and dirty-looking wretches appeared slinking through the bushes with their bows and arrows. They were far more afraid of us than we could think possible, and suddenly laid down their bows and jabbered something which sounded like "dish-cloth," but which evidently meant peace at any price. The tracker now spoke some gibberish to them, and reassured them completely. They came up and looked at the game we had shot. It puzzled them exceedingly to think how snipe could be bagged except with springes, and they were utterly unable to comprehend the tracker's account of how they had been killed while flying.

These poor creatures were the most awful examples of human beings I have ever seen. When the whole party had assembled they numbered seventeen. Nine of these were men and boys, and six of them women, two of whom carried children. Not one of the party had a vestige of clothing of any kind. The men carried grumpery-looking bows and arrows, and were munching large pieces of honeycomb, covered with bits of bark, moss, and insects. The women seemed to be left out of this little ceremony altogether. All of them looked unspeakably hungry and miserable, although they may not have been. We measured the tallest and he barely reached five feet. Their limbs were small and sinewy, but they apparently had fever in their blood, and suffered from skin diseases. They live almost entirely upon honey, fruit, and the flesh of whatever they can shoot. Their arrows were tipped with bone; but they knew the use of metals, and begged of us for nails.

They took us to their encampment, which merely consisted of some odorous skins stretched against the twisted roots of trees. Lying under one of these was a Veddah, whose chest and arms had been torn open by a bear that morning. Nothing had been done to him, and he lay in a quantity of blood. They told us that while mounting a tree to take a bees' nest, a bear was discovered who had been on the same errand, that they had fired their arrows at it, and that it caught hold of this unfortunate man and "kicked" his chest open. No term could have expressed more horribly the exact way in which his wounds had been inflicted. We had him brought out into the open, and began to wash him, but he was in a comatose condition from the loss of blood, and died while we were standing by. The Veddahs showed no sympathy, and it is hardly probable that they felt much.

All of them were anxious to show us the place into which the bear had retired, and where they affirmed he still was. The only thing to be done for the poor man now was to avenge his death, and so we followed readily to the murderer's lair. Between a tall ant-hill and the roots of a huge tree was a small cave half blocked up with tree ferns, and into this place the beast had retreated. As they had kept no watch, McK—— thought it probable that the bear might have gone off, but the Veddahs pointed out to him that the most recent claw marks were those going *inwards*, which quite settled the matter in our minds.

The hole did not look deep, and was formed in a very crumbling kind of clay, so that we thought it might be broken down. After the natives had beaten vainly on all sides of the cave with heavy logs, we decided to try fire. The tracker had a large buffalo-horn powder-flask, which he had filled before starting. There would be amply sufficient powder here to blow up the entire lair, which could not be as large as an ordinary coal-cellar. To effect this purpose, we directed that it should be blocked up with logs, stones, and earth, merely leaving a small aperture through which to introduce a bamboo stem filled with gunpowder.

An enormous cane was cut down, the length of which was so great that both McK—— and myself undertook to push in the loaded end, as we should be quite out of danger. The bottom joint of the bamboo was as large round as a good-sized flower-pot and was of course hollow. A small hole was bored, and the entire horn of powder poured in. The end of the cane was then rested in the aperture of the cave, and a small piece of dry rotten wood placed upon the touch-hole. McK—— and I lighted the wood, which smouldered away most satisfactorily, and then going to the other end of the bamboo, pushed it gently in, three, four, five feet, when it came in contact with the earth at the further end. Every minute an explosion was expected which did not take place. After about a quarter of an hour passed in a great state of excitement, we pulled out our bamboo mortar and examined its priming. The touch-wood had fallen off.

We lighted another piece, pinning it on this time for greater security. Again the loaded end was pushed into the lair, and again the anxious waiting had to be endured. Just as we were thinking of withdrawing it the explosion took place. A very muffled noise and a cloud of dust were the effects. The entire top and sides of the cave were blown down. We heard angry growls among the débris, and catching sight of something large and black I fired into it, with the effect of seeing a bear roll over. It immediately recovered its legs however, and came savagely on. The tracker, who was on one side half hidden by a tree, gave it a chop on the back of the head with a "kodalie" (small hatchet) that completely knocked all life out of it. I heard rapid firing and shouts, but the dust had got into my eyes so badly that I could not look up.

A minute afterwards a half-grown bear shambled past and got the contents of my left barrel in its ribs, at the same time receiving a smaller contribution of half-a-dozen arrows on its other side. McK—— effectually finished it off after firing both barrels of his rifle and one of his gun.

The other cub had carried away the shot from his left barrel and was being hotly pursued by all the natives. Andi led the way, and when the bear turned upon him, he drove his boar spear right through its throat, pushing it backwards until the end of the spear stuck against a tree. A blow on the head from his kodalie ended the slaughter, which had been of the most exciting character.

The bear which McK—— had shot was the male, and the one which had killed the poor Veddah, as the bone head of an arrow sticking in the brute's back testified. The two cubs were more than half-grown, and were getting of an age to make themselves obnoxious to unarmed people, so that the locality was well rid of them.

This adventure cemented our friendship with the Veddahs, who accompanied us back to camp with much gusto, and carried the bears for us. It was nearly dark when we reached the hut, but N—— had not returned. His coolies said that he had gone down the river in the canoe with the other tracker, and left word that he would be back before dark. He had shot plenty of snipe, and prepared a fine kettle of soup. Being anxious to try a new dish we cut out the bears' tongues and threw them into the pot. The Ceylon bear (Ursus Malayensis) lives almost entirely upon vegetable food, although it will of course eat flesh upon occasions. Honey is their staple, and this they will climb after even at the cost of being badly stung. Bears resemble Veddahs in this more than they do any other animals.

(To be continued.)

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

A Letter to the Editor.

To the Editor of the Boy's Own Paper.

Dear Father,—As I owe my existence to you, I suppose there is no impropriety in thus addressing you.

I am Volume XII., and I feel that I should like to tell you some of my experiences since I left the paternal roof.

I have just been bound, and put upon the shelf in a handsome bookcase, where, to my great joy, I find my eleven elder brothers, not one of them missing, and I find from conversation with them that their experiences are very similar to my own. When I suggested to them that you, our respected parent in Paternoster Row, would be gratified to hear from them, they deputed me, as the last comer, to write to you in their name as well as in my own.

You may be surprised to hear that my owner is not a "boy" at all; he was a boy once, he says, but it was considerably more than half a century ago. In fact he is all but a septuagenarian; he says we may call him an old boy if we like, but that he has a lad's heart in him still, notwithstanding his almost three-score years and ten; and that, instead of calling ourselves B. O. P.'s, we may be counted as O. B. P.'s, or Old Boy's Paper.

As I came into existence bit by bit, a month at a time, I was sent along with several other magazines to my present owner. I feel proud to tell you, he always seized upon me first and hastily cut my leaves with a big ivory paper-knife, looked through me page by page, and having taken a cursory view of my contents, settled himself down in a big easy-chair, steadily purposing to read me right through, but of course he could not accomplish this at one sitting, so I was laid aside, but only to be resumed next morning in the train, on his daily journey to town, and on his return journey.

Now it happens that often on this return journey many schoolboys are going home, and when I am drawn out of his capacious coat-pocket a sly look will be exchanged between the boys, and a smile when they see my white-haired owner so taken up with the B. O. P., but I find he makes use of me as a sort of introduction to the boys, and has many a chat with them on the merits of my various articles and stories, besides being able to add to their collections of stamps, coins, etc. One day I was greatly amused at a conversation between him and three schoolboys. He inquired of boy No. 1 what he was collecting. Answer, Stamps; then of boy No. 2. Answer, Coins; then he said to No. 3, "And what may you be collecting?" but before he could reply, boy No. 1 answered for him, "Oh, sir, *he's trying to collect his thoughts, but he finds it a very hard job.*"

Now, sir, I must not weary you with my letter. I have already told you that I am put on the shelf with all my brothers, but we don't by any means consider ourselves shelved, for we are still in constant use, being very often referred to and some interesting article re-read again and again. I feel I am fulfilling my mission, and that you may be glad to know it.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor, your affectionate offspring,

Volume the Twelfth.

Dollars, and "Pieces of Eight."

In Anson's "Voyage," and in many histories of the time, as well as in Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," frequent mention is made of "pieces of eight." "This," says Dr. Macaulay in his capital new boys' book, "From Middy to Admiral of the Fleet" (Hutchinson & Co.), "was the common name then given to the Spanish 'pillar-dollars,' of the value of eight reals. The pillar-dollar was so called from the coin having upon it two pillars, supposed to represent the Pillars of Hercules, as the rocky points at the extreme west of the Great Sea, or Mediterranean, were called. In Anson's time the Mexican dollars and Spanish dollars were used indifferently; but the Spanish pillar-dollar, though minted in Mexico, was carried everywhere, especially through Eastern countries, and was familiar and well-trusted. The value, in Anson's time, of the dollar, or 'piece of eight,' was a little more than four shillings and fourpence."

Words of Cheer.

G. H. Smith writes from Toronto: "I made a Magic Lantern from the instructions given in your paper some time ago and it has been a great success. I have given two entertainments with it, and it worked splendidly both times and pleased both me and the company."

Mr. Alfred P. Wire, Head Master of the Harrow Green Board School, writes: "Myself and teachers do all we can to encourage the reading of good literature, and for the past three years we have taken in every week several Nos. of the B. O. P., which are covered with brown paper, well read by lending round, and then finally given away. All boys who want to read, pay a trifle towards the outlay, about ½*d.* a month or six weeks. If I could afford it, I should flood the school and homes with pure literature, but here at poor Harrow Green we get little sympathy and no help."

The Master of a South London Board School writes, under date of December 10: "We use the Boy's Own Paper as a reading-book, and the very poor boys of this neighbourhood keenly enjoy it; it has almost displaced the evil and pernicious trash which I used formerly to see in my boys' hands."

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

[*Continued from p.* 272.]

Literary: A Story Needing Words.

Senior Division (*ages* 20 *to* 24).

Prize One Guinea.

Edward John Rose (aged 21), 88, West Street, Bristol, E.

CERTIFICATES.

[*The names are arranged in order of merit.*]

Alfred Wolfe, North Curry, Taunton.

Ernest B. Dukoff-Gordon, c/o Dukoff-Gordon, Esq., M.C.P., Principal Bareilly College, Bareilly, North-West Provinces, East Ind'a.

Mable Collier James, Fordhill House, Tamerton Foliot, Crown Hill R.S.O., South Devon.

H. W. Lee, 74, Linnell Road, Camberwell.

Thomas H. Jenkins, 18 Church Street, Newtown, Chester.

A. F. Percival, Alma Place, Shorlands, Glasgow.

G. A. Wilson, Thornton Cottage, Culcabock, Inverness.

H. M. Dunstan, 50, Avonmore Road, West Kensington.

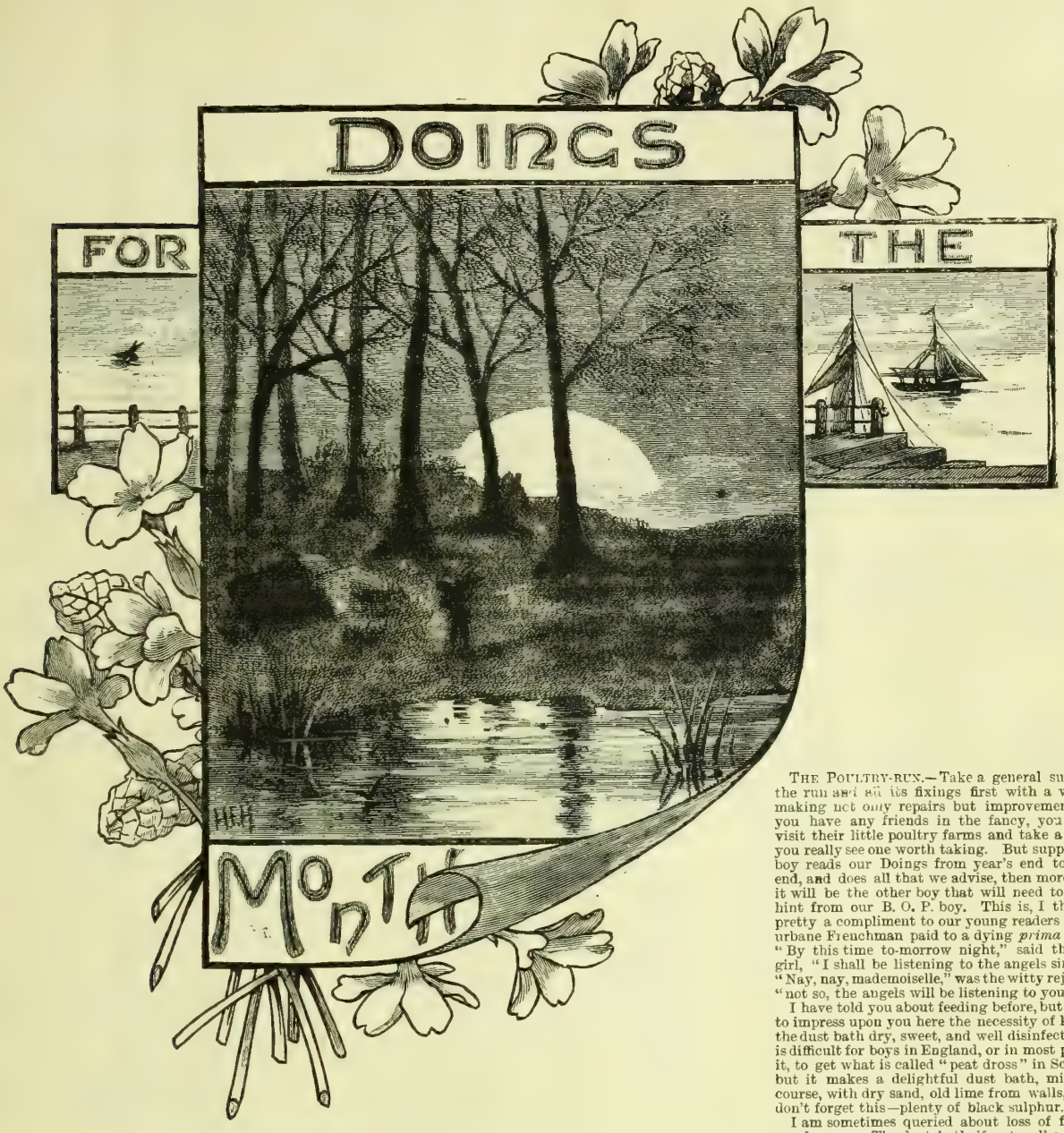
D. L. Monro, 21, Dalmeny Street, Leith, N.B.

S. H. Smith, 30, Marine Parade, Eastbourne.

Annie Thomas, Bron-Menai, Menai Bridge.

H. Martin, Los Gatos, Santa Clara Co., California.

Our work of adjudication in this Competition has been particularly heavy, owing not only to the number of Competitors, but to the even merit of the great bulk of their productions. Indeed, there are surprisingly few marks difference between the highest and lowest of those who have won certificates, and we must also add that, beyond the description of that which is obviously shown by our artist, there is little to indicate much power either of intellect or imagination. There are anachronisms, too, such as the use of breech-loading guns in days before they were dreamt of, and natural history is certainly not the strong point of all. The favourite *locale* is the Rocky Mountains, though Switzerland, Russia, Norway, the Pyrenees, and the Himalayas provide the scene of the incident. With few exceptions the hero gets to safety after a more or less bad time, and this might well be expected. Spelling, manifestly in some cases the result of carelessness, is the reason for the rejection of many MSS., for the closeness of the marks made each one of importance. Then, too, what shall we say to "set down" for "sit down," "lose" for "loose," "snow was *laying* on the ground," "he let go *of* the gun," "taking with him my mother and *I*," and many others?



FEBRUARY.

I.—In Gardens, Poultry-Run, Pigeon-Loft, Aviary, etc.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

Our Gardens.—Now commences a very busy season indeed, in kitchen, flower, and window gardens. It would be a busy one even if you had taken time by the forelock and had got everything into trim in the end of November or beginning of December, before those hard frosts made the earth like adamant. But many of our readers, I feel certain, have shilly-shallied and procrastinated, and their gardens are now somewhat behindhand. Well, they must pull up. We shall have many a fine balmy day this month, with sunshine and westerly winds, that will dry the brown earth and enable us to get our seeds in. Of course the first thing to be done is to manure well with short warm stuff and get the ground afterwards turned over with all speed. Learn to use the spade neatly; do the work as evenly as possible, and break every clod. When you have turned over about a yard, get the garden rake, and make it as smooth as a dining-room carpet. You see if you dig it all over before you rake, you will have to tramp on your work, and this is the worst form of gardening. In most sheltered gardens potatoes may be put in now. In those more exposed to frosts it is rather soon. Plant them very neatly in rows, using a garden line, or two garden lines eighteen inches apart. If, now, you put a foot on each line you can walk slowly along, dippling a potato close to each toe, then taking another step, so as to bring the last planted potatoes to the heel of the foot, dipple in two more, take two more steps, and so advance slowly to the end of the lines. There is thus just the length of the foot betwixt each potato in each row, and by working like this you leave the ground betwixt the rows beautifully smooth. Put in peas and broad beans this month. Also greens for succession. In kitchen gardening we have always to look well ahead. The main crops of vegetables need hardly be sown yet, only get the ground all ready for them.

Spring flowers will now be coming up, snowdrops and crocuses. But it is well to know that these can be planted to make a show, either in beds, borders, or window boxes, even when in bloom. So may primroses. Forget-me-nots and polyanthuses, auriculas, and a vast assortment of flowers that will bloom beautifully later on, may now be planted.

As to the window garden. It is not too late even now to make boxes. Let them be strong, drained, and well supported beneath, for earth is heavy. Ornament them outside with tiles, virgin cork, the bark of trees, or twigs nicely arranged. Fill with good, rich garden mould, mixed with leaf mould, a little peat earth, and some silver sand, or, better still, get some compost from your gardener. Even at once these may be planted with crocuses, primroses, snowdrops, or tulips, all having been raised with plenty of earth around them. Later on, of course, these can be removed and your summer flowers put in, with perhaps a fern or two and canary creeper sown at each side to grow up and over like the handle of a basket. This looks charming in summer and autumn.

The Poultry-Run.—Take a general survey of the run and all its fixings first with a view to making not only repairs but improvements. If you have any friends in the fancy, you might visit their little poultry farms and take a hint if you really see one worth taking. But supposing a boy reads our Doings from year's end to year's end, and does all that we advise, then more likely it will be the other boy that will need to take a hint from our B. O. P. boy. This is, I think, as pretty a compliment to our young readers as the urbane Frenchman paid to a dying *prima donna*. "By this time to-morrow night," said the poor girl, "I shall be listening to the angels singing." "Nay, nay, mademoiselle," was the witty rejoinder, "not so, the angels will be listening to you."

I have told you about feeding before, but I want to impress upon you here the necessity of keeping the dust bath dry, sweet, and well disinfected. It is difficult for boys in England, or in most parts of it, to get what is called "peat dross" in Scotland, but it makes a delightful dust bath, mixed, of course, with dry sand, old lime from walls, and—don't forget this—plenty of black sulphur.

I am sometimes queried about loss of feathers or plumage. The dust bath if not well arranged has a deal to do with this trouble. So has bad feeding. Feeding too much on grains, such as Indian corn, etc., or on bread, or giving too much soft food, may result in loss of feathers. Try *oats* for a time, the husk itself does good.

Having seen to the sanitation, etc. of the run itself, see next to the fowls. Weed out all birds that are at all likely to be unprofitable. Set fowls in quiet places. Half fill, for instance, a round cheese-box with earth and put the nest on that. Or put a turf under. Place hard food near, soft water, and a dust bath. Dorkings are the best sitters. Cochins do well. Bantams will hatch pheasants' eggs. Turkeys will sit on anything, and as long as you please. They would sit on bits of brick, expecting, perhaps, to hatch out a town-hall!

The Pigeon-Loft.—No mating yet, you know. But prepare for next month. Have *young* strong birds of the breeds you fancy most. And feed and treat them well. It is most important that they should be well cared for and made as healthy as ever healthy can be a good month before they are mated. If boys would take this hint I should not have so many complaints about birds going light, barren eggs, etc. Let the grains you give them, small tick beans, rice, dark wheat, tares, etc., be clean and of the best quality, a little hemp now and then will do good in frosty weather. Keep all your grains in tins or iron bins, and beware of mice in the loft. If you have a large loft you should train a kitten to live in it. This kitten should be neuter in gender. As to buying birds, well, take nothing on chance. Buy on approval. You may purchase good ones through the columns (advertising) of "Fur and Feather," the "Feathered World" (both capital little papers), the "Stock Keeper," and last, but

not least, the "Exchange and Mart." If you are a beginner, get the more common and more hardy breeds first, such as tumblers, pouters, fantails, etc. By all means get a book.

THE AVIARY.—Get rid of superfluous stock. Keep only the youngest and best for mating purposes. If you cannot sell, give away. If you have the choice of some attics for a bird room, have one with a southern exposure, and keep everything in and around the cages the quintessence of cleanliness. Flowers will help to make your room look gay, and especially wild convolvulus, which you may train all round the room. Feed quietly still. Next month comes the commencement of glorious spring.

THE RABBITRY.—Go in for building new hutches. You need not stick to the old square form unless you like. A good hutch can be made out of a soda barrel if you have good tools. Every boy should have a box of tools. I don't like boys so well unless they show themselves fit to be Robinson Crusoes. Feed well. Let your pets have exercise every fine day out of doors. Do not keep the hutches in a dark shed. Don't lift rabbits by the ears. Bed well, and if a hutch smells offensively there is, or soon will be, ill-health of some sort. I myself have lived in the woods and wilds all my life, while on shore, and I never yet saw the lair of a wild creature that was not perfectly clean.

THE CAVIARY.—Let your guinea-pigs have plenty of running about on the grass or gravel. Beware of giving too much wet stuff. Feed on a bread-and-milk sop, oats, green food of any sort they will take to, roots, such as carrots or potatoes, and oak and beech mast. Let their hutches be water-tight and their beds soft and warm. Every hutch must have a dark retiring room.

THE KENNEL.—Puppies very often arrive in spring. Let the mother have the warmest of beds, and do not let her suckle more than five. If she has more, and they are valuable, get a foster-mother. Teach the puppies to lap warm milk with a little sugar in it in the third week.

II.—Entomology.

By Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.

THE month of February is not, as a rule, very propitious for outdoor work, and the entomologist must make the most of the few opportunities which will be afforded him for collecting. On mild, damp days, *Phigalia pilosaria* should be found resting upon tree-trunks and palings, while at night it often favours the street lamps with a visit. The females, however, which only possess the merest apologies for wings, must be sought on the trunks of oak and elm trees after dark. Look out for the pretty Spring Usher (*H. leucophearia*) on the fences. It has a singular fondness for sitting among splashes of mud on a tarred paling, and, although it is a rather conspicuous white moth, is very easily overlooked. At the end of the month the odd little March moth (*Anisopteryx æscularia*) appears in the same situations, but looks, as it sits with folded wings, so like a bit of twig that only an experienced eye is likely to detect it. *Eriogaster lanestris* should be looked for in the neighbourhood of hawthorn, and is said to visit the lamps at night. I have found plenty of larvæ later on in the year, but could never manage to run against the perfect insect.

If you have *many* pupæ, it is not a bad plan to do a little "forcing," in order to get your insects set and dried before the press of the summer work comes on. But this is a rather delicate operation, and must be conducted with care. *Don't* put your cages on the mantel-shelf of a room in which a fire is burning, as some writers recommend. Keep them as far away from the fire as possible, for the mere warmth of the room will be sufficient to bring the perfect insects out six or eight weeks before their proper time, and if you accelerate their development any further you will probably have a large proportion of "cripples."

Again, a certain amount of moisture is necessary, or your pupæ will dry up. The best plan is to keep two or three bits of moss in the cage which contains them, and to see that these are always *damp*, but never *wet*. If you moisten the earth itself the surface is tolerably sure to "cake," and then your moths will find some difficulty in emerging.

The coleopterist had better work away with his water-net, for he will find that the aquatic beetles are in full force. The late Dr. J. A. Power, indeed, used to say that February and March were the best months of all the twelve for beetle-fishing; and I have myself made capital hauls when I have been obliged to work the net through a hole in the ice. The weedy parts of ponds and running streams are the best, and even a stagnant ditch is by no means to be despised.

Do not examine the contents of the net too hurriedly. Many of the water insects lie motionless for a time, and then begin to work their way out, so that they might easily be missed by an impatient collector. The best plan is to lay the net flat upon the ground, spread out the weeds, etc., as thinly as possible upon it, and then wait until the beetles begin to bestir themselves. All the water-beetles, by the way, are very hard to set, and will require an extra allowance of gum, and an unlimited stock of patience.

Correspondence.

JERSEY.—We had a series of articles on Signals and Signalling, in which every branch of day and night signalling was described. Refer to them.

F. BRANN.—Most of Mr. Henty's books are published by Blackie & Son, Old Bailey, E.C. Any bookseller can get them for you.

ARCHIMEDES.—There can be no question that the engineering career would be the best, if you have a taste for it. Most boys would jump at such a chance. Do not be a clerk if you can help it.

T. OLIVER.—If you fail in the final examination you are sent home, and there is an end of the matter. So long as there are crowds of candidates, so long will the stupid and careless have to stand aside.

B. T. A. B.—1. The salmon trout is not a cross between a salmon and a trout, but a distinct species. The salmon is *Salmo salar* or *S. ferox*; the salmon trout is *S. trutta*; the bull trout is *S. eriox*; the trout is *S. fario*. 2. The first number of the BOY'S OWN PAPER was published in January 1879.

J. B.—Borrow Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing," Penley's "Water-colour Painting," and try Vere Foster's books; but it would be better to take lessons from a master, as there is no book on mere sketchiness.

DIDO.—We have had articles on Musical Glasses, and can only refer you to them. "Comical musical instruments, such as coffee-pots, bricks, etc.," are made by those who use them.

HINKLEY, G. H.—The weight of the Indian clubs is correct as given in the article. It is intended that they should be heavy, and tax the powers of the performer. Clubs have taken the place of the old heavy dumb-bells; nowadays dumb-bells are made as light as possible, and clubs are made pretty heavy.

JACK.—Architects have to commence as articled pupils, but some have had their articles given them. The premium depends on the reputation of the master, and may vary from £10 to £500.

J. T. MASTON.—1. Words intended to be in italics are underlined in the MS. As a rule the more the italics the weaker the author. 2. Put your MS. by for a couple of years. Meanwhile, write another, and when that is finished, read over your first one and correct it in accordance with your maturer taste. If a first effort is to be of any use it must be as good as you can make it. No excuse as to its being your first will avail you.

T. R. BURNETT.—You will find our articles on Balloons reprinted in "Indoor Games," obtainable of our publisher.

F. L. SMITH.—The articles on Pebble Polishing were in the eighth volume. They have been reprinted in "Indoor Games."

AMATEUR CARPENTER.—A good book of the class is "Every Man His Own Mechanic," published by Ward, Lock & Co., price 7*s.* 6*d.*

G. W. DOWSETT and E. A. NEWNS.—1. The value of a Charles II. crown piece varies from 7*s.* 6*d.* to £24 10*s.* You can therefore judge for yourself of the irregularity of the coin market. Such coins are bought by Edgar Lincoln, 239 High Holborn, E.C. 2. The phrase means "one heart and one life."

ASTER.—The means of easily identifying all the stars are given in "Stars of the Month" in our sixth volume.

FOOTBALL (C. P. Pegler).—You have it all in our book on "Football," by Dr. Irvine, C. W. Alcock, and others. It consists of articles reprinted from the BOY'S OWN PAPER, and costs eighteenpence. Apply to our publisher, 56 Paternoster Row, E.C.

UNDER-STEWARD.—For the position of under-steward the best plan is to apply on board to the steward, or first of all at the office. As we have often stated, an under-steward is simply a waiter, and a youth having experience in hotels and dining rooms will stand a better chance than another. The outfit you will receive instructions about when you are engaged.

A. A. STANFORD.—Two of the sketches apparently represent *Productus*, and the other an encrinite. All are from the carboniferous limestone.

G. HALE.—Thanks for your note. The five is of course a misprint for two. It is almost too obvious to need correction. There is no doubt about the times. They were noted and checked by two watches and four witnesses.

P. EASTMENT.—At your age you would probably do better to stay at home and stick to your trade. You might get a situation in a shipbuilding yard, where your knowledge of carpentry and gilding would be of use.

HENS NOT LAYING (H. E. F.).—If your fowls do not lay, but mope, as you say, your feeding and general treatment are at fault. Have they a run, a dust bath, gravel, clean water, with hard and soft food?

A SPOT ON THE NOSE. CATCHING MICE (G. King).—1. Only a surgical operation can remove it. 2. The mice are quite right in not going into your trap. Would you, now, if you were a mouse? Get a cat.

DOVES (G. A. W.)—Feed on small grains and treat as ordinary pigeons.

IVY-GROWING (Z. A. P.).—Get pieces with roots and plant in good soil close to the wall.

PIMPLES (J. G. B.).—From poverty of blood. Use at night a little weak nitrate of mercury ointment. Take Fellow's Syrup, a teaspoonful in water twice a day, some weeks.

GETTING THIN IN HAIR (J. C. Reed).—It is the "fast life" you so boldly speak about that is doing it, and you will be bald before you are thirty unless you change—and serve you well right too.

NERVOUSNESS (Anxious, and many others).—You may do much good by taking a cold bath every morning with a handful or two of sea-salt in it. Also Fellow's Syrup of the Phosphates, a teaspoonful in water thrice daily. Give up bad habits, looking to the Strong for strength, or your life is not worth many years' purchase.

BOOK ON PIGEONS (F. W.).—Lyell's, 5*s.* "Exchange and Mart" office; or "Hints about Home and Farm Favorites, 1*s.* Published by F. Warne, of Bedford Street, London.

LICE IN CHICKENS (Frank W.).—They will not suffer so if well fed. But a dust bath with plenty of sulphur in it is essential.

PIGEON-BREAST (C. H. B.).—Caused by a tendency to rickets. If it is a positive deformity it would prevent you from entering the service. You cannot alter it after the bones are set.

FLEAS IN KITTENS (Esme).—Keating's insect powder. Afterwards, feed well and keep cleanly.

NOISE IN THE EARS (G. H. B.).—If the noise continues after a few morning doses of Friedrichshal-water, after an antibilious pill at bedtime, you must consult a doctor. Have you any bad habits? These would induce it.

SWIMMING BATHS (Swimmer).—Morning, or an hour before dinner, is the best time. Do not stay long in at first. Yes; beneficial to the health.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION (Despondent).—You may not be so bad as you think. You must keep the mind constantly and cheerfully employed. Read good interesting books in your spare time. Walk a deal. Bath in the morning. Good food and fresh air. An iron tonic.

FOWLS PAYING (Uncertain).—Yes, they will pay their keep. Read our Monthly Doings.

COVERS (F. Stracey).—Cloth covers for binding the volumes are supplied by us at 2*s.* each. It is best to order them through a bookseller, as they are often damaged in the post. See the notice at the end of each volume. We do not undertake binding. In all such matters address your letter to the Publisher, 56 Paternoster Row, E.C.

R. N. A. V. (E. O. Burtt).—If you apply to Commanding Officer, Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, H.M.S. "Frolic," off Somerset House, W.C., you will receive a prospectus giving full particulars as to joining.

BOAT BUILDER.—The tonnage of yachts is merely a basis for handicapping and has nothing to do with the cargo they can carry. To find the tonnage by the present rule you work out the sail area by mensuration, multiply the amount so obtained by the length of the water line, and divide by 6,000. For models you take the measurements in inches.

MERCANTILE MARINE (H. Haupt).—1. The Mercantile Marine Office in London is on Tower Hill, near St. Katherine's Docks, just past the Mint. 2. The examination is not a competitive one; it only requires a certain standard of efficiency.

COINS.—The value of common English coins of past reigns depends almost entirely on their state of preservation. If the half-crown were unworn it might be worth a sovereign; if it has been used much it is worth but little more than its nominal value.

MEMORY (A. E. Sharpe).—We had two articles on "Helping the Memory" in Vol. XII. pp. 234, 266. Evidently there is something else wrong with you besides a weak memory—carelessness probably? laziness? How came you to miss the articles if you are such a devoted reader?

AURUNGZEBE.—The board is for Backgammon, a very old game, now seldom played.

HIGHGATE.—Refer to what we said, and you will see you should write to the editor of the "Shirburnian" and not to us. Had you sent a copy of your magazine, as he did of his, we could have quoted from it; as it is you have only yourselves to blame.

STELLUS.—Write for an explanation to the publishers of the book. There is no such planet; the phrase is probably a mistranslation.



Boy's Own Paper.]

DUTY!

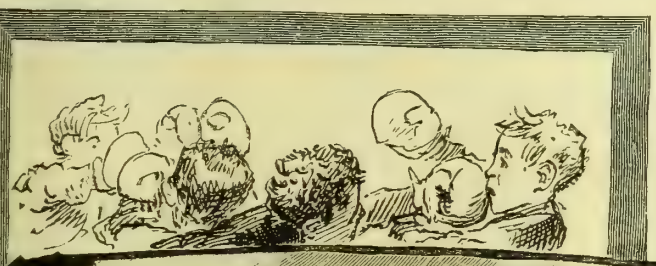
(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* ALFRED PEARSE.)

[56, Paternoster Row, London.



THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 630.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

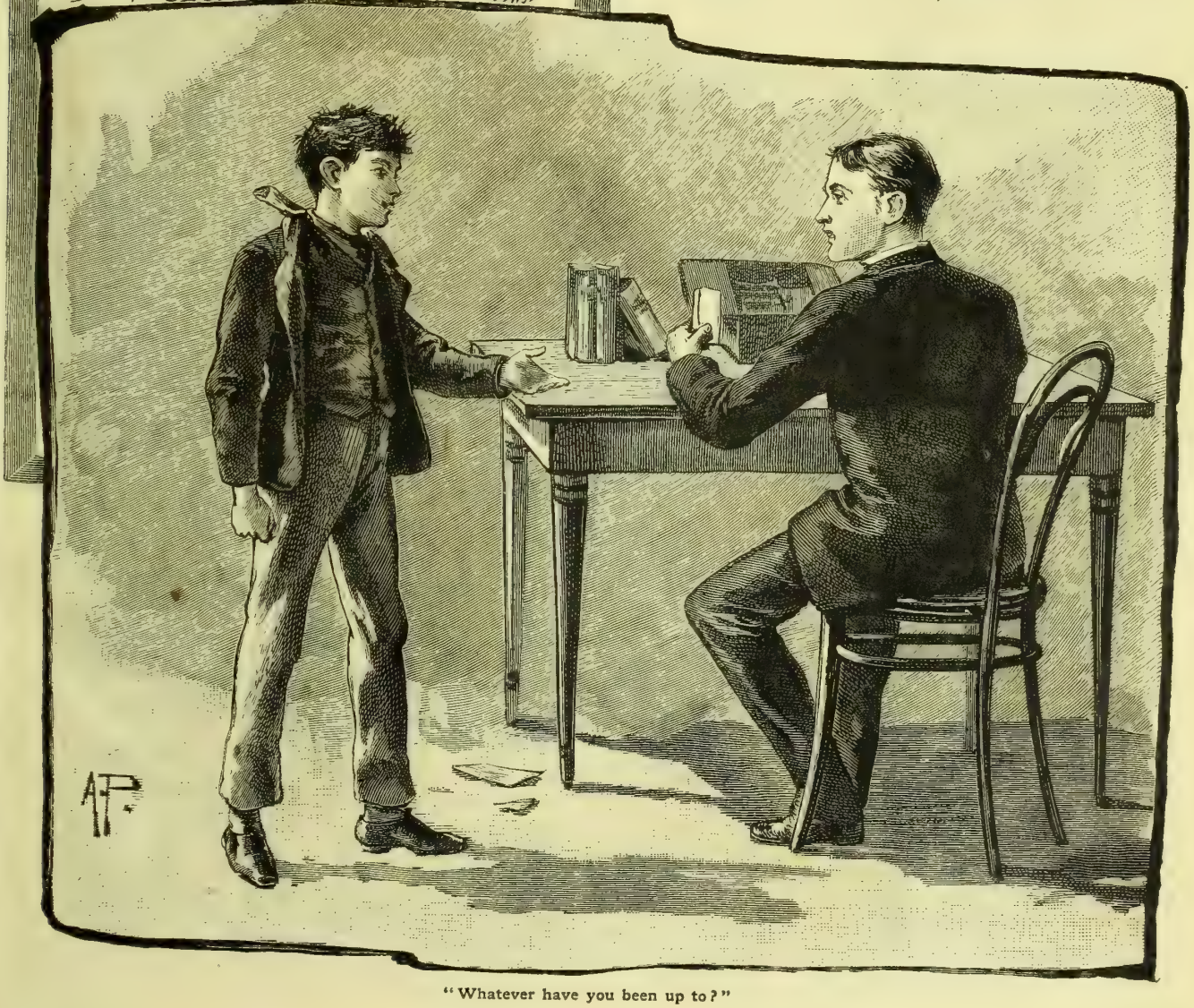


THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.



"Whatever have you been up to?"

CHAPTER V.—PERCY WHEATFIELD, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY.

The misgivings of the Classics were justified. The Moderns did not accept their victory at Elections with a meekness which augured harmony for the coming half.

On the contrary they executed that difficult acrobatic feat known as going off their heads, with jubilation.

For many terms they had groaned under a sense of inferiority, partly imagined but partly well founded, in their relations with the rival side. The Classics had given themselves airs, and, what was worse, proved their right to give them. In its early days the Modern side was not "in it" at Fellsgarth. Its few members were taught to look upon themselves as altogether a lower order of creation than the pupils of the old foundation, and had accepted the position with due humility. Then certain rebellious spirits had arisen, who dared to ask why their side wasn't as good as any other? The answer was crushing. "What can you do? Only French, and book-keeping and 'stinks'"—(the strictly classical nickname for chemistry). "You can't put a man into the cricket or football field worth his salt; your houses are rowdy; your men do nothing at the University; two out of three of you are not even gentlemen." Whereupon the Moderns went in desperately for sports, and claimed to be represented in the school clubs. They maintained that they were as good gentlemen as any who talked Latin and Greek; and to prove it they jingled their money in their trouser-pockets, and asked what the Classics could do in that line. The Classics could do very little, and fell back on their moral advantages. By degrees the new side grew in numbers, and made themselves heard rather more definitely. They put into the field one or two men who could not honestly be denied a place in the school teams; and they began to figure also among the school prefects. The present seniors, Clapperton and his friends, carried the thing a step further, and insisted on equal rights with their rivals in all the school institutions. To their surprise they found an ally in Yorke, who, as we have already said, hurt the feelings of many of his admirers by his Quixotic insistence on fair play all round.

The proceedings yesterday had been the most recent instance of the flow in the tide of Modern progress at Fellsgarth. Reinforced by an unusual influx of new boys, they had aimed at, and succeeded in winning, their level half of the control of the school clubs; and Yorke had looked on and let them do it!

No wonder they went off their heads as they discoursed on their triumph, and no wonder they already pictured themselves masters of Fellsgarth!

It never does occur to some people that the mountain is not climbed till the top is reached.

"Really, you know," said Brinkman, "I felt half sorry for those poor beggars; they did look so sick when Dangle was elected."

"It's my opinion," said Clapperton, "you'd have been in too, if all our fellows had turned up. I saw four or five of our youngsters come in at the last moment."

"Yes—by the way," said Dangle, "that ought to be looked into. It's fishy, to say the least of it, and would have made all the difference to Brinkman's election."

"Do you know who the fellows were?" asked Clapperton.

"I believe your fag was one of them."

"Percy Wheatfield? Catch him being shut out of anything. But I'll ask about it. Fancy poor Yorke's feelings if we were to demand a new election!"

"I tell you what," said Dangle, "I don't altogether understand Yorke. He tries to pass off as fair, and just, and all that sort of thing; but one can't be sure he's not playing a game of his own."

"We shall easily see that when it comes to choosing the football fifteen against Rendlesham. I mean to send him in a list of fellows on our side. It's only fair we should have half of them our men."

"Half fifteen is seven and a half," said Fullerton, a melancholy senior who had not yet spoken; "how will you manage about that?"

"Shut up, you ass."

"I only asked," said Fullerton. "It doesn't matter to me, I don't mind going as the half man, if you like. If you send seven names you'll be in a minority in the fifteen, and if you send eight you'll be in a majority. It doesn't matter to me a bit."

"Just like Fullerton. Always asking riddles that haven't got an answer," said Dangle.

"I wonder how Fisher will manage the treasurership," said Brinkman, who was evidently sore at his defeat. "I shouldn't have thought accounts were much in his line."

"He can't have very hard work doing his own," said Clapperton, laughing; "but that's not his fault, poor beggar. Only I think it would be much better to have a fellow for treasurer who wasn't in a chronic state of being hard up."

"I suppose you mean," said Fullerton, who had a most awkwardly blunt way of putting things, "he'd have less temptation to steal. I hope Fisher's not a thief."

"What an idiot you are, Fullerton," said Clapperton; "who ever said he was?"

"I didn't. I only asked what you thought. It doesn't much matter to me, except that it wouldn't be creditable to the school."

"Of course it wouldn't: it's hardly creditable to our side to have a jackass in it," said Clapperton.

"Oh, all right—I'll go. I daresay you'll get on as well without me."

The others presently followed his example, and Clapperton, left to himself, proceeded to draw up his list.

"Dear Yorke," he wrote, "You will probably be making up the fifteen for the Rendlesham match shortly. Please put down me, Brinkman, Dangle, Fullerton, West, Harrowby, and Ramshaw I, to play from our side. This will give your side the odd man.

"Yours truly,
"Geo. Clapperton."

This important epistle accomplished, he shouted for his fag to come and convey it to its destination.

It was not till after several calls, on an increasing scale of peremptoriness, that Master Percy condescended to appear. When he did, he was covered with dust from head to foot, and his face, what could be seen of it, was visibly lopsided.

"Why don't you come when you're called? Whatever have you been up to—Fighting?"

"Rather not," said Percy, "only boxing. You see, it was this way: Cottle brought a pair of gloves up this term, and young Lickford had an old pair; so we three and Ramshaw have been having an eight-handed mill. It was rather jolly; only Ramshaw and Lickford had the old gloves on, and they've all the horsehair out, so Cottle and I got it rather hot on the face. But we took it out of them with our body blows—above the belt you know—not awfully above. I couldn't come when you called, because we were wrestling out one of the rounds. It's harder work an eight-handed wrestle than four hands. Just when you called first, I nearly had Cottle and Lickford down, but you put me off my trip, and Ramshaw had me over instead."

"All very interesting," said Clapperton, "but you'll have to come sharp next time, or I shall trip you up myself. Take this note over to Yorke. Stop while he reads it, and if there's any answer, bring it; if not, don't wait."

"Can't Cash take it? We're not nearly finished."

"No. Cut off, sharp."

"Awful shame," growled the messenger to himself, as he departed. "I hate Clapperton; he always waits till I'm enjoying myself, and then routs me out. I shan't stand it much longer. What does he want with Yorke? Perhaps it's a challenge. Yes, by the way, very good chance! I'll see what that cad Wally's got to say about those kids I found in his room yesterday. Nice old games he gets up to; Wally's all very well when he's asleep, or grubbing, or doing impositions, but he's a sight too artful out of school, like all those Classic kids. One's as bad as another."

As if to emphasise this sentiment, a Classic kid at that moment came violently into collision with Master Percy's waistcoat.

It was Fisher II, who had once more caught sight in the distance of the mysterious borrower of his half-crown, and was giving chase.

"Where are you coming to, you kid? You've nearly smashed a button. I'll welt you for that."

"I beg your pardon, Wally, I——"

"Wally—what do you mean by calling me Wally?" exclaimed Percy.

"Well, Wheatfield, I beg your pardon; I was in a hurry to catch a fellow up and I didn't see you."

"Didn't you? Well, you'll feel me. Take that."

Fisher II meekly accepted the cuff, and, full of his half-crown, essayed to proceed. But Percy stopped him.

"You're that new kid, Fisher's minor, aren't you?"

It astonished Fisher II. that the speaker, whom he supposed he had seen only ten minutes ago, should so soon have forgotten his name.

"Yes, but I say, Wally, I mean Wheatfield——"

"Humph—I suppose you held up both hands for your precious brother yesterday."

"No, only one. I was nearly late, though. I waited an hour at the gymnasium, you know, and no Modern chaps came out at all"

Percy began to smell rats.

"Waited at the gymnasium, did you? Who told you to do that?"

"Oh, you know—it was part of the canvassing."

"Oh, *you* were in that job, were you, my boy? All serene, I'll——"

"I say," cried Fisher II, turning pale, "aren't you Wally Wheatfield? I thought——"

"Me Wally? what do you take me for? I'll let you know who I am. You're a beauty, you are. Some of our chaps 'll tell you who I am, Mr. Canvasser. Now, look here, you stop there till I come back from Yorke's. If you move an inch—whew! you'll find the weather pretty warm, I can tell you. Canvassing! You'll get canvassed, I fancy, before you grow much taller."

And off stalked the indignant Percy, promising himself a particularly pleasant afternoon, as soon as his errand to the captain was over.

Yorke was at work, with his lexicon and notebooks on the table, when the envoy entered.

"Well, is that you or your brother?" inquired he.

"Not my brother, if I know it," said Percy.

"That's not much help. He says exactly the same when I put the same question to him."

"He does, does he? I owe Wally one already, now——"

"Thanks — then you're not Wally. What do you want?"

"This note. Clapperton said I was to wait while you read it, and bring an answer if there was one."

Yorke read the note, and smiled as he did so. Percy wished he knew what was in it. He didn't know Clapperton could make jokes.

"Any answer?" he demanded.

"Yes—there's an answer," said the captain.

He took out a list of names from his pocket, and compared it with that on Clapperton's letter. Then he wrote as follows:—

"DEAR CLAPPERTON, — The fifteen against Rendlesham is already made up as follows (here followed the list). You will see it includes six of the names you sent. We must play the best team we can; and I think we shall have it.

"Yours truly,

"CECIL YORKE."

"There's the answer. Take it over at once."

"I like his style," growled Percy to himself. "He don't seem to have a 'please' about him. Catch me hurrying myself for him; I've got this precious canvasser to look after."

And he returned at a leisurely pace to the rendezvous.

No Fisher II was there!

That young gentleman, when left to himself, found himself in a perspiration of doubt and fear. He had made a most awkward blunder, and confessed the delinquencies of his comrades to the very last man they would wish to know of them. That was bad enough; but, to make things worse, he was to be let in for the blame of the whole affair, and, with Master Percy's assistance, was shortly to experience warm weather among the Moderns.

Happy thought! He would not stay where he was. He would retire, as the Latin book said, into winter quarters, and entrench himself in the stronghold of Wally and D'Arcy and Ashby. If he *was* to get it hot, he would sooner get it from them than from the barbarians in Forder's.

With which desperate conclusion, and once more devoutly wishing himself safe at home, he made tracks, at a rapid walk, to Wally's room. His three comrades were all there.

"What's up?" said they as he entered, with agitated face.

"Oh, I say, it's all because you and your brother are so alike. I met him just now; and—he's heard about that canvassing, you know, and I thought you'd like to know."

"You mean to say you blabbed?" said Wally, jumping to his feet.

"It's your fault," said D'Arcy. "I've made the same mistake myself. Why can't you grow a moustache or something to distinguish you?"

"Why can't you get your brother to be a Classic! then it wouldn't matter—either of you would do," suggested Ashby.

Ashby was beginning to feel quite at home in Wakefield's.

"I'll let some of you see if it won't matter," retorted Wally. "If they've got wind of that affair the other side, there'll be a fearful row. They'll want another election. Oh, you young idiot! That comes of trusting a new kid, that sings comic songs, and parts his hair the wrong side, with a secret. D'Arcy's nearly as big an ass as you are yourself, to trust you."

After this philippic, Wally felt a little better, and was ready to consider what had better be done.

"He's bound to come here, you chaps," said he. "You cut. Leave him to me—I'll tackle him."

Fisher II considered this uncommonly good advice and obeyed it with alacrity. The other two followed less eagerly. They would have liked to stay and see the fun.

As Wally expected, his affectionate relative, being baulked of his prey outside, came to pay a fraternal visit.

"What cheer?" said he. "I say, have you seen a kid called Fisher II? The new kid, you know, that we had a lark with at dinner on first night."

"Oh, that chap. Bless you, he messes in our study. What about him?"

"I want him. I want to say something to him."

"I'll tell him."

"All right. He's come and told you, has he? and you're hiding him? Never mind: I'll bowl him out, the beauty. I know all about that little game of yours, yesterday, you old reprobate!"

"What little game?"

"As if you didn't know! Do you suppose I didn't find five of 'em shut up here yesterday, being kept out of the way at Elections."

"Yes; and do you suppose if it hadn't been for me they'd have got into the Hall at all? Don't be a beast, Percy, if you can help. They stayed here of their own accord. No one kept them in. I say, have some toffee?"

"Got any?"

"Rather. A new brew this morning. I say, you can have half of it."

"Thanks, awfully, Wally."

"You see—oh, take more than that—these new kids are such born asses, they boss everything. You should have heard that Fisher II at Lamb's singing the other night—like the toffee? I say, don't be a sneak about those chaps. You'd never have got them in without me. I backed you up, and got the door open. I say—would you like a Turkish stamp? I've got one to swop—but you can have it if you like."

"Thanks, old man. Yes, new kids are rot. Well, ta, ta—better make it up, I suppose. I say, I shan't have time to write home to-day. You write this time, and I'll do the two next week."

"All serene, if you like, Here, you're leaving one of your bits of toffee. Ta, ta."

And these great twin brethren, whose infirmity it was always to be fond of one another when they were together, and to scorn one another when they were apart, separated in a most amicable fashion.

"Well?" asked the three exiles, putting in their heads as soon as the enemy had gone.

"Choked him off," said Wally, fanning himself. "Jolly hard work. But he came round."

Percy, meanwhile, having suddenly remembered his errand, hastened back to his house. As he did so, he observed notices of the fifteen for the Rendlesham match posted on Wakefield's door, on the school-board, and at Forder's. He solaced himself by writing in bold characters the word "beast" against each of the names which belonged to a Classic boy, and discovered, when his task was done, that he had inscribed the word nine times out of fifteen on each notice.

Whereupon he made off at a run to his senior's.

"Well," said Clapperton, evidently anxious, "didn't I tell you to come back at once. Any answer?"

"Yes, this," said Percy, producing the captain's letter. "I say, Yorke grinned like anything when he read yours."

"Did he?" replied Clapperton, opening the envelope.

Evidently Yorke in his reply had not been guilty of a joke, for the face of the Modern captain was dark and scowling as he read it.

"Cool cheek," muttered he. "Dangle was right, after all. You can go, youngster."

"All right. I say, they've got the fifteen stuck up on the boards—six of our chaps in it. We ought to lick them this year."

But as Clapperton did not do him the favour of heeding his observations, he retired, and tried vainly to collect his scattered forces to conclude the eight-handed boxing match, which had been so unfeelingly interrupted an hour ago.

Clapperton, to do him justice, could not deny to himself that the team selected by the captain was the best fighting fifteen the school could put into the football field. But, having advanced his claim for half numbers, his pride was hurt at finding it almost contemptuously set aside. It would never do for him to climb down now.

The Moderns, after all, had a right to have their men in; and he had a right to assume they were better players than some of the selected Classics. It was easy to work himself into a rage, and talk about favouritism, and abuse of privilege, and all that. His popularity in his own house depended on his fighting their battles, and

he must do it now. So he wrote a reply to Yorke.

"DEAR YORKE,—I do not agree with you about the fifteen. I consider the men on our side, whom you have omitted, are better than the three I have marked on your list. If we are to make the clubs a success, we ought to pull together and let there be no suspicion, however groundless, of favouritism.

"Yours truly,
"GEO. CLAPPERTON."

To this letter, which he sent over by another junior, more expeditious than his last, he received the following reply:—

"DEAR CLAPPERTON,—Sides have nothing to do with it. If the best fifteen names were all on your side, I should have to select them. But they are not. The fifteen I have chosen are undoubtedly the best men we have, and the team most likely to win the match. I suppose that is what we play for.

"Yours truly,
"CECIL YORKE."

This polite correspondence Clapperton laid before his friends. The general feeling was, that the Moderns were being unfairly and disrespectfully used.

"It's the old story over again," said Dangle. "If we don't look after ourselves, nobody else will."

"At any rate, as long as he's captain, I suppose he has the right to pick the team," said Fullerton. "I shouldn't be particularly sorry if he were to leave me out. It wouldn't matter to me."

"Who cares whether it matters to you? It matters to our side," said Brinkman, "and we oughtn't to stand it.'

(*To be continued.*)

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

BY REV. A. BAKER, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER XX.—DEATH OF ADAM GOODE—MY MARRIAGE—A STRANGER ARRIVES—AND OUR PEACE IS SERIOUSLY INTERRUPTED.

But little remains to be told of this period. The placid calm of life at Eos was seldom broken by anything more exciting than the visit of a ship from time to time. The land had rest after those years of crime and bloodshed, and the little community had leisure to develop and expand. Nevertheless, there are several matters which cannot be altogether passed over in silence, in the relation of which I will occupy the concluding chapters of this history.

Firstly, let me note the death of Adam Goode, which took place about five months after my arrival. He was only sixty-five years of age, but looked at least ten years older. Time had dealt severely with him; his life had been one of continual hardship, and his closing days were full of suffering, borne with the most exemplary patience and fortitude. To the last he maintained his position as the father of the little community at Eos. To the day of his death he kept every Wednesday and Friday in the year as a strict fast; and so punctilious was he in the performance of Divine Service, that, for fear lest anything essential should be omitted, he used to read even those prayers which are only intended as substitutes for others. He was followed to the grave by the whole of the inhabitants, with every mark of love and respect, and his memory is still fondly cherished, both at Eos and Aurora, where the majority of those over whom he ruled so wisely have found a new home.

From this time, I became the unworthy successor of this good man, at the unanimous invitation of the people of Eos. This office I have been well content to fill ever since, saving that for a short time I was persecuted into voluntary exile, under circumstances which I shall presently relate. But it would ill become me to pass over a piece of good fortune which befel me at this time, and which brought me my chiefest earthly blessing. It was now that I became acquainted with your mother, an acquaintance which speedily ripened into that affection which is as strong now as it was fifty years ago; for your mother and I are just as much in love with one another now as we were then. I cannot find words in which fitly to describe the love I have for her after fifty years of such devotion as hers has been, after half a century of happy union, of sharing my sorrows and joys, of bearing patiently with my thousand and one failings and faults. Language has no scope for the description of such love. It belongs to Heaven.

We were married in the September of the same year in which Adam Goode died. The old patriarch told me in his last hours that he wished this might happen; his wish, therefore, was speedily and happily fulfilled.

Life now passed so pleasantly that I soon lost all desire to return to the world. The Isabel was broken up, in order that her planks might contribute towards my house, timber being anything but plentiful on the island, while the various stores which she contained, especially the medicines and the spirits, were carefully treasured for use in time of need. Alas! I little thought that in a very short time I should once more be cast adrift, under circumstances almost more depressing than had ever fallen to my lot.

About two years after my marriage, when I was one day hard at work in my plantation, I was suddenly startled by hearing the ever-welcome cry, "A sail! A sail!" I left my work and hurried to the top of a steep hill, called "The Look-out," and presently descried a small schooner under all sail, evidently making for the island. In about two hours she came to an anchor, and a boat at once put off to see what she wanted, and to give the usual warm welcome to her captain and crew. We were somewhat surprised, however, to find that the boat returned without any visitors, and, on our inquiring the cause, our people answered that there was an eminent personage on board, from whose manner they gathered that he had important communications to make, and that therefore he expected the principal persons on the island to come off and pay him an official visit before he landed.

Accordingly the magistrate and myself took the boat, and were soon alongside the schooner. We found that we had to do with a somewhat testy old gentleman in a brown wig, and clothes which were decidedly the worse for wear, who assumed great authority, and, indeed, appeared to have the ship at his command. He bowed stiffly, and at once proceeded to inform us, in a voice which betrayed a strange mixture of blandness and pomposity, that he was honoured by His Majesty's Government with a commission empowering him to visit us, and to report on the condition of the island and its inhabitants, with a view to their becoming a colony in the strict sense of the term. "This is my business *in limine*," said he; "but I am further empowered to inquire into the laws by which you are at present governed, and, if necessary, to amend them; to remedy abuses and to punish wrongdoers, and, in short, to make such dispositions, and to take such precautions, as I may deem necessary for the common weal. I am free to say, my respected friends, that I am not altogether satisfied with your reception of me to-day. I am by way of having been received into the very first society in Europe, as well as in the other four quarters of the globe, and therefore I think I am entitled to some small share of honour and respect. But I make no doubt that you have erred in ignorance, and therefore I am content to pass the matter over. And since I make no doubt that you are hardly prepared with the powder necessary for the usual complimentary salute, we will, if you please, forego the same."

We made our humble apologies, and promised to do all in our power to provide adequately for so distinguished a visitor; but, having seen something of the world, and feeling rather dubious as to whether a person entrusted with so important a commission would visit us in anything less than one of His Majesty's ships, I respectfully requested the favour of the gentleman's name, and a sight of the commission under which he was acting. I verily believe it was this modest request which laid the foundation of the inveterate spleen which the pseudo-Commissioner always evinced towards myself and two other persons who did not belong to the original community. But he could not well refuse to give me an answer, so, in a dignified manner, and with an evident air of condescension, he handed me a card

whereon was this inscription:—"The Hon. Solon Buttercluck." "That, sir, is my name," said the Hon. Solon; "I belong to one of the oldest families in England. We were settled there long before the Roman conquest, not to speak of the Saxon or Norman invasions; my father, Lord Veryauld, was one of the largest landholders in Great Britain. As of Veryauld, nor of this most extraordinarily ancient family of Buttercluck. Still, I had been practically out of the world for a good many years, and the title might certainly have come into existence in the meantime, and even the somewhat peculiar manner in which the Honourable Solon had reached our shores might be accounted for by his excessive



"The monstrous sentence was carried out."—*(See Chap. XXI.)*

to my commission, it is locked up in my mails, and accordingly cannot at this moment be produced. Now, if you please, we will proceed on shore."

There was an old peerage at my mother's house, a book which always had a very great fascination for me; and on many a rainy day I have amused myself for hours together with its heraldry and history. I now ransacked my memory, but I certainly had no recollection of the title zeal to fulfil the very important duties which he alleged to be assigned to him. I did not therefore deem it wise to call our visitor's claims in question, but with all respect invited His Excellency to occupy my house, which he immediately did, offering no apology for turning my wife and myself out of our bedchamber, and making himself so very much at home, that he seemed to me like the proverbial camel ejecting his master from his tent; only in our case the process was by no means gradual, and indeed in the course of a few days my poor little cottage had become "The Palace" of the commissioner, and we, the lawful occupants, received more than a hint that our room was preferable to our company. We took refuge with a neighbour, and for three or four years we scarcely set foot within our own home. Our visitor was fêted in every possible way by our most hospitable community; the fatted calf was killed for him in every house; the best of the fruits of farm and garden were constantly laid at his door; and nothing was wanting which might add to his dignity, or further the mission on which he professed to have come.

Our simple-minded people were much impressed by his conversation, but I can-

not say that I at all shared their enthusiasm. Three-fourths of his talk was made up of accounts of his own doings in different parts of the world; and a chance meeting with some eminent personage, or a large credit at some well-known bank, seemed to him to constitute a claim to universal homage. By the way in which he spoke, it would seem that he had the *entrée* to half the courts in Europe, and by the extent of his travels he might have been the Wandering Jew himself. He gave us to understand that he had only to indicate his wish to command a ship, or to undertake a special mission, and lo! it was granted. No wonder, then, that in the eyes of men and women who had seen absolutely nothing of the world, and who were insensible to occasional errors in grammar and pronunciation, he appeared a very Daniel come to judgment; and they were still further impressed by the few stock phrases of Latin, French, and Italian, with which he was in the habit of interlarding the positively tremendous sentences which fell from his lips.

The day after his arrival was a Sunday, when I officiated as usual. On the Monday His Excellency announced that he proposed to proceed round the island on a tour of inspection, which he accordingly did, accompanied by the leading inhabitants, including myself. The church, the schoolhouse, and the various dwellings were rigorously examined, and then the Commissioner proceeded to make a kind of domesday survey of all the landed property, noting the names of the owners of the various little estates, their extent, the position of each, and the various crops being raised upon them. Now my little farm was an absolutely free gift to me from the islanders on account of my services to them. I had not so much as hinted at any desire for land, and from the first I had renounced my claim to any share in what I saw would in a generation or two be wholly inadequate to the needs of the population. Judge then of my surprise when, at the close of the day's operations, the Commissioner assembled the whole population in the schoolroom, and addressed them as follows:

"*In primis*, my respected friends, I will say that your public buildings, and the disposition of your several properties, is highly satisfactory. Thus much touching the premises.

"But it appears to me that an observation of incalculable importance has now to be made, an observation which may prove unpalatable to some among you, but nevertheless I shall not shrink from making it, as I conceive it to be my dooty (*sic*) so to do.

"I am aware, of course, that pedantry and egotism become no man, myself, perhaps, less than any. But I hope that it may not seem egotistical to remark that my very large experience of the world, and the frequent intercourse with great personages which it has been my lot to enjoy, together constitute me something more than a mere *deus ex machinâ*.

"I have drove (*sic*) my dress carriage in the wake of several sovereigns; I commanded a ship in one of the largest squadrons that ever put to sea; I have been honoured with communications from several celebrated persons, such as Warren Hastings, Sir Joseph Banks, Lord Collingwood, and the Duke of Wellington. I have dined with the late Archbishop of Canterbury, as also with the Emperor of China; I have given laws to Shoshonie Indians on the prairies of America, to Esquimaux in Greenland, and to the natives of Tierra del Fuego. I have been consul, or vice-consul, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; and have even known what it is to lead an army of soldiers to victory in the cause of liberty. Therefore, my respected friends, I think I have some claim to a hearing apart from the very important commission with which I am honoured." This exordium created a profound sensation.

"To proceed. There are certain foreigners among you crept in unawares, as I suppose, and received by you without any references, or testimonials, or other credentials of any kind. Now these persons may be very good men, but they are scarcely entitled, I think, to so large a share in your very limited amount of landed property. I will not do violence to your feelings by suggesting that these gentlemen have hardly shown such disinterested conduct as might have been expected from men who possess the knowledge of the world which they, of course, possess. No; I will follow the *suaviter in re*, and leave the *fortiter in modo* for a future occasion, if necessary. I will not suggest that these foreigners have somewhat presumed on your good temper and unselfishness. Yet I am bound to observe, my friends, that you have shown in this and several other matters a little too much of what the French call *laisser faire*; I shall certainly refer the case of these foreigners to His Majesty's Government, with a view to settling for ever their claim to hold land, and also to prevent further immigration, in my opinion a most desirable measure.

"And now, I shall hope, in the course of a few days, to frame some new laws provisionally, for the better government of this most interesting little colony, the constitution of which has scarcely been formed on the best models. Having had considerable experience in legislation, and having been in company with kings, presidents, consuls, judges, bishops, and all manner of other more or less distinguished persons, I venture to hope that I may be able to give you a constitootion (*sic*) such as may render you secure in your rights and liberties, free and independent, enlightened, and politically sound. To this task I will now address myself; and in a short time I shall propose to lay the draft before you. But one thing more remains to be said. I perceive that you are without that indispensable adjunct to good order in every well-regulated commonwealth—a prison. In the interest of the public peace, and for the due observance and maintenance of my authority, I have to recommend that one be built immediately, and that one or two of your number be sworn in as constables."

From that day forward the majority of the inhabitants looked upon the Commissioner as a paragon among men; in fact, the only person who was capable of delivering them from a host of imaginary grievances. This infatuation was so intense that all but a very few went over to the opposite camp, and there was nothing for the minority but malice, hatred, and abuse, until a fortunate accident destroyed utterly the airy castle built up by the Honourable Solon Buttercluck.*

* This story of the revolution at Eos is founded on actual facts, and is not the least overdrawn.

(To be continued.)

A HOLIDAY OUTING IN CEYLON.

By an Old Westminster Boy.

PART III.

The skins of the two young bears were in capital order. Those of their parents were very mangy and almost valueless. Their tenacity of life is remarkable, and the Singhalese tell stories of their pushing a bamboo spear further through their bodies when transfixed in order to get at the man at the other end. This may be believed or not, according to individual tastes.

Their fur has a most nauseating odour, and is filled with parasites. The wretched creatures' lives must be made miserable by land leeches, which make a rule of living in their nostrils. I have never heard of a bear either in Ceylon or India in whose nose these pests were not found. The smell while they were being skinned became so insupportable that we were obliged to order the coolies to go further off, while McK—— and I smoked as hard as we could.

Hearing a "Cooey," we strolled down the river-bank a little way, and soon heard the splash of N——'s paddle on his way up stream. The view was enchanting. It was within a day of the full moon, which had just risen over the top of the jungle-covered bank. The air felt deliciously cool after the heat of the afternoon, and the hum of all the insects sounded pleasantly in the still air. Fireflies seemed to vibrate like luminous vapour against the dark background of the palms on the opposite bank. N——'s canoe came in sight round the bend of the river, leaving a silver wake behind it at each stroke of the paddle. His dogs set up a bark of joy as soon as they scented him, and it was difficult to restrain them from taking to the water. Alligators had not as yet been seen in the river, but it would not do to trust to our experience in this.

N—— was in high spirits, and gave orders to his crew—the tracker and himself—to put on a spurt as they came up to us. The cause was in the bows of the boat, in the shape of a fine spotted deer which he had the luck to shoot after an hour's patient waiting, without being able to enjoy what he considered the luxury of a smoke.

Our larder was now quite overstocked, even though the camp consisted of about fifteen, besides our new Veddah allies. They were a little afraid of the stranger at first, but upon his making them a present of the deer-flesh they would have each said "thank you" in turn, had their language possessed such superfluous words. But it did not; so they rubbed their stomachs and grinned in a way that spoke more eloquently than any oral panegyric could have done.

We had plenty to talk about that evening at supper. It was one of those nights that could never be wiped out of one's book of

memory. The cooly I had sent for the kangaroo-hound returned during our meal, bringing a dog called "Geyney," and the tappal from our bungalows. Home letters and English illustrated papers made the evening pass quickly by. It was long past one before we thought of turning in for the night. It seemed quite like civilisation to actually have a roof over our heads. The hut the coolies had constructed was a credit to them. They had thatched it extremely well with rushes, and mudded up the sides most carefully.

The next morning we determined to risk a bathe, after throwing some meat into the river, intended as ground-bait for alligators. As none appeared, we made three men get into the canoe and splash about the water in a small bay under the opposite bank, and then we had a fine swim, keeping near the boat all the time. Alligators being very timid, the noise that was made would be sufficient to scare them. A small water-snake nearly swam into McK——'s mouth, which he did not relish. After this we bathed every morning, becoming of course gradually more and more careless about keeping close to the canoe. Constant chaff was carried on about losing legs and arms in an abrupt manner, but our average of four apiece was never diminished, in spite of our ablutions.

I stayed behind at the camp in order to skin the birds we had shot, while my two friends went off together after some buffaloes. They did not return until late in the evening, having shot one old cow only, so that their sixteen-mile tramp had not met with an adequate result.

Both McK—— and I felt a little feverish at night, and, as we feared the locality was unhealthy, decided to move on the next evening. The Veddahs brought us news, however, that two herds of elephants had been seen, but were on different sides of the river. McK—— and I arranged to go together this time, as N—— especially wanted to go by himself after the other herd, merely taking a tracker and his cooly. He left first, and paddled away down stream, as the place was ten miles off. We started soon after, and had a four hours' walk, when they told us that this was very near the pool where the elephants had been seen. A short halt was now necessary, for the ground had been difficult, and our legs and faces were bleeding from leeches and thorns. Both of us were tired, and felt more like stopping altogether than tramping along through heavy ground for another three or four miles.

We found that instead of this the distance was double, and heartily glad we were when the Veddahs informed us that we had finished our walk. The ground here had been occupied by elephants a very short time previously, as could be seen from the torn creepers and the fresh footmarks in the mud.

Our lassitude quite disappeared now, and excitement took its place. After carefully taking the direction of the wind, we separated so as to get part of the herd almost between us. Just after leaving McK——, I heard a deep sound, which was made by water in the elephants' stomachs as they moved along. By half mounting a small ant-hill the nearest ones could be seen browsing lazily upon wild plantains and bamboo leaves. There was, apparently, no tusker in the herd, so that I had to select the largest bull elephant I could. In getting towards him the tracker tripped over a root and fell down. This circumstance, curiously enough, turned out favourably, for the beast moved round and advanced a few steps in the most cautious manner to investigate. His trunk was strained forward and his ears cocked to catch the slightest sound. As the wind blew in our faces there was but little chance of his scenting us until quite close.

Now was my time. Taking a rest in the fork of a guava tree just as the elephant stopped, at a distance of about fifteen paces, I fired into his forehead. He fell immediately, and to my pleasurable surprise rolled heavily over. The alarm was spread at once through the entire herd, and the report of McK——'s rifle reached our ears.

Running forward, without having time to reload, I fired my left barrel at the head of a smaller elephant, which had one tusk. The shot, apparently, took great effect, as the beast shambled off so unsteadily that we were almost able to keep up with it. After a short distance we began to gain upon it, and, having reloaded, I was waiting for a chance at the temple shot, when it wheeled round and was upon me in an instant. Its trunk sent my rifle flying out of my hands and struck me a heavy blow on the ribs, which took nearly all the breath from my body.

Upon my back among small bamboos, it was both impossible and useless to stir. The elephant was frantic with rage, and, trumpeting angrily, advanced towards me. The blow received must have half stupefied me, for I felt no fear at all, although expecting instant death. The elephant could have caused this without any delay by merely resting its foot on my chest, but instead of doing so it shuffled me between its feet in an impatient manner, as if deliberating how best it could destroy its victim. All this time its attention was being diverted by the tracker, who had unwound his red turban and was flicking it in the brute's face, within a yard or two. The pluck this man showed was splendid. Every now and then he yelled at the top of his voice and called out "Dàh," "Dàh," which natives affirm is a sound that drives elephants frantic. The beast never stopped for an instant rolling me over backwards and forwards; but I knew that as soon as he brought his trunk into play my life would not be worth more than a few rupees. The tracker saw this too, and by the greatest exertions with his long red turban kept the animal's trunk on the defensive all the time.

This became at last too exasperating to bear any longer, and, with a snort of defiance, the elephant left me and made a rush at the tracker. The man ran to a large tree and was up it like a monkey.

My fear burst upon me all of a sudden, and, getting up, I ran as fast as possible, but had a terrible pain in my side. Picking up my rifle, which I had nearly tripped over, I got behind two large trees growing together and felt comparatively safe.

Baulked of its prey, the elephant returned to look for me, and, while beating about the crushed bamboos in search, received an intimation that the affair was not yet finished, in the shape of a two-ounce bullet near its eye. Staggering round, it got another in the vital depression just above its trunk, and succumbed reluctantly. McK—— appeared as our foe fell, and congratulated me heartily upon killing two elephants. He had bagged the only one he could see in the herd which had small tushes and wounded another badly, but which had got off, one of his coolies following it with the heavy rifle. The herd numbered between twelve and thirteen, and had evidently not been fired at before. McK—— said that upon his first shot they huddled together quite panic-stricken, and that he ought to have been able to shoot three or four with the two rifles. The semi-tusker was a fair-sized beast, but I was far too seedy to go and look at it. Knowing well that the full effects of my bruises would not show up until the next day, I determined to make the effort of returning to camp before nightfall.

To be carried was impossible, but strong arms were lent me on either side, while Andi kept in front with a bill-hook and cut a path through the thorny vines and creepers whenever our way led through them. It was a weary and painful tramp of some five hours, and I was sick nearly every step of the way. Camp was reached at last, just as it was getting dusk.

N—— had not returned. There was a good supper ready for us, but I could eat nothing. McK—— also was knocked up, especially as he had supported part of my weight for fourteen weary miles. He ascertained for me that no ribs were broken, so that, in all probability, I should be right again in a few days. Never were we more glad of the prospect of a night's rest, and thoroughly we meant to appreciate it.

The sun was high in the heavens when we awoke the next morning. Both of us were too tired to do much, so we amused ourselves by fishing from the canoe and waiting for N——'s return. The day following McK—— crossed the river and set off after him with the tracker, leaving me to superintend the packing up and removal of the camp, which I was able to do in a very passive manner. He did not return at night either, which made me somewhat uneasy. Between eight and nine the next morning, however, while paddling up the stream to get a shot at some sand-pipers, Andi saw my friend upon the opposite bank and shouted out to him. He had passed a wretched night in wet clothes, as there had been a heavy dew. The leeches obliged him to spend some hours up in a tree, where sleep was impossible.

No news of N—— reached him, but the tracker had picked up a gaiter which was familiar to us at once. McK—— had killed a savage old buffalo, which gave a lot of trouble, and also seen two bears, which made off at once under the brushwood.

After breakfast and some deliberation we decided to set off for Trincomalee, which was not more than fifty miles distant, as it was quite possible that N—— would find his way there. We intended, however, to have a good hunt for him during the next two days in case he should be in any distress. Starting at four A.M. across the river, we separated, and made some twenty-five miles in different directions. Eight coolies had been taken also, who struck out paths for themselves, firing guns and "cooeying" at the top of their voices. No trace of N—— was found, with the exception of a cartridge case belonging to his Express rifle.

We all met together at dusk, and passed a most comfortless night among damp grass and leeches. A weary tramp the next day brought us back to camp without having done any good by our search.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF ST. VESPER'S.

By A. G. Munro, B.A., City of London School,

Author of "An All-Night Sitting at St. Vesper's," "The Head-Master's Dream," etc.

Silence, as of the grave, suddenly fell upon the great schoolroom as the chapel bell boomed out the hour of seven across the quaint old quadrangle, and before Mr. Norman, the master on duty for the evening, had finally settled down as the head-master's deputy and at the head-master's desk, the Honourable Marmaduke Browne was endeavouring to gather his scattered senses and his straggling limbs in the musty seclusion of a cupboard, some five or six paces distant from the terrible *tribune*, devoted to maps, blackboard, chalk, globes, and sundry other items appertaining to the scholastic warfare.

"Throw us that coat!" "Here, Howard, up with the doctor's chair!" "Now, Stanleigh, collarh old of this form!" "Hurry up, Marmalade!" "Here's my mask," "And mine," "And mine too."

Scarcely had all this hubbub and confusion ceased than the familiar form of Mr. Norman, clad in cap and gown and bearing under each arm a ponderous array of literature for his evening's delectation, appeared in the little porch at the entrance to Big School.

By means of a mighty effort and wondrous self-control most of the fellows managed to settle down to their desks as if nothing out of the common had occurred, though sounds of stifled laughter were distinctly audible from two desks at right angles to the head-master's and facing the cupboard wherein the Honourable Marmaduke lay concealed.

These desks were occupied by Howard and Stanleigh, who had that night improvised the function of "bones," at a display of negro minstrelsy, got up and conducted by a frivolous sprig of nobility—though a most popular one with all Vespasians except the monitors—named Browne, with a final "e" be it, however, observed. As it was, the two boys had merely time to scurry to their desks without returning their musical instruments to their schoolfellow, who kept bones, banjo, masks, and bits of burnt cork under the strictest surveillance, stowed away with pocket-money and other valuables at the bottom of a huge, black, family trunk, locked with patent key, and lying at the foot of his bed in the room occupied by the bigger pupils of the fourth form, at the end of the long front corridor. As for the Honourable Marmaduke himself, well, the truth is that his enthusiasm on behalf of "negro minstrelsy" had led him, instead of being content with one of his own masks—which in all conscience were horrible enough—to make use of the burnt cork for the adornment of his aristocratic features. Such displays of humour as "Christy minstrels" were considered by the head-master of St. Vesper's vulgar and ill-fitting the dignity of a great public school, and in this view he had the support of the monitors. This the gifted Marmaduke knew full well, and had calculated on being able to pay a short visit to the lavatory between the termination of the entertainment and the beginning of evening study; but, alas! the abundant display of wit, and the loud peals of laughter following each sally on his own part and that of his troupe, rendered him so oblivious to the flight of time that it was only when he was making a bolt for the desk next to Stanleigh and Howard's, with his box of minstrel paraphernalia under his arm, that he suddenly remembered his war-paint, and amid a chorus of exhortation first to flee here, then there, the distracted grandson of a duke tumbled, helter-skelter, box and all, nearly breaking his shins against the easel of a blackboard, into the cupboard to the right of the doctor's desk.

Scarcely ever before during the course of his mastership at St. Vesper's had Mr. Norman presided over the evening studies of such a collection of fidgets. Big School seemed an atmosphere of the completest unrest. Try as all the fellows—excepting Stanleigh, Howard and a few other kindred spirits—really *did*, to concentrate their attention on the next day's work, it was a hopeless business, and the master on duty, looking up from the abstraction of "Problems on Palæontology," saw a hundred shifting, excited pairs of eyes turned in the direction of the big cupboard. Had any of the other masters but the unsuspecting Mr. Norman been on duty, Marmaduke's vacant desk would have betrayed the unfortunate owner at once.

"Stanleigh, two hundred lines!" "Howard, stand out!"—and after delivering himself of the above in, for him, unusually acrimonious tones, since Mr. Norman was a universal favourite at St. Vesper's, the doctor's deputy strove once more to abandon himself to the "Problems;" but in vain, since, looking up a few moments later, the same spirit of unrest again met his gaze, only this time greatly increased.

This renewed excitement was caused by the creaking of the cupboard hinges, which was in its turn owing to the sudden determination of Marmaduke to put an end to his moments of suspense, and, trusting to the master's absorption in palæontology, to creep under the front desk unobserved and so round to the door of Big School. Ten minutes' interval was allotted between evening prep. and chapel, during which time the quondam minstrel might find time to wash his begrimed and corky features. It was a bold stroke: but desperate measures were necessary, since Mr. Norman's duty terminated with evening study, and the boy knew full well the master's habit of staying to read long after the fellows were dismissed, sometimes even till ten o'clock; so that unless he made good his exit when the school was full, his position would be doubly perilous when Mr. Norman was alone.

The latter, irritated before, was by this time quite angry, and most liberal allotments of lines and detentions were dealt out in quick succession, as the master made a sudden movement towards the cupboard, with the evident intention, as the boys thought, of at last unearthing the trembling captive, who, hearing approaching footsteps, huddled up his aristocratic limbs with remarkable celerity behind an assortment of maps, globes, and easels, knocking his head with vigour against the panels during the operation, so that the bump was audible in the remotest part of the schoolroom. That collision of Marmaduke's cranium and the subsequent confusion must surely have convinced even a less suspicious soul than Mr. Norman's that the atmosphere of evening study was redolent of mysteries which it would be a master's duty to solve, and every eye in the room was accordingly riveted on the cupboard in anticipation of the wretched boy's discovery; but the object of the visit was merely a piece of chalk to write the names of the numerous *detenus* on the detention slate.

At last came the stroke of eight from the chapel clock, and Mr. Norman was left at the head-master's desk to peruse "Problems of Palæontology" in peace. But if the master breathed freely once more, each passing minute increased the suspense and agony that had by now taken full possession of the Hon. Marmaduke Browne. The stroke of nine indicated that evening chapel and supper were alike things of the past, and still Mr. Norman sat reading. Nine, quarter-past, half-past; and the prisoner knew that it was at half-past nine that the monitor on duty would be ordering lights out, when the vacant bed would proclaim the whole catastrophe.

Had the monitors spent the evening, like the rest of the fellows, in Big School, the subsequent dire events of this evening would have been, at any rate partially, averted. As it was, the members of the sixth retired after tea to their cubicles, and did not appear again until evening chapel. Just on the stroke of ten Mr. Norman reluctantly closed his problems, and as the sound of his feet died away in the silence of night as he walked across the quadrangle to the masters' common room, the unhappy Marmaduke, hugging the unlucky box of masks, stole forth from his hiding-place, glad to stretch his legs, which were horribly cramped during his three hours' captivity.

Judging from appearances his absence had not been discovered, and as it was only ten o'clock good luck might befriend him yet. Possibly Oliver, the famulus, might be in the boot-corridor leading into the dining-hall and superintending the movements of the St. Vesper's "boots," in which case the promise of the first half-sovereign which came to hand would secure an unobserved entrance, or, if Stanleigh and Howard were on the look-out, it might be possible to get in through the dormitory window.

How strange Big School looked at this lonely hour of the night! What a contrast to the bustle and din of a few hours previously! Instead of three hundred voices, the tick, tick of the big clock monopolised the whole building and, strange to say, seemed to speak as loudly as the accents of all the Vespasians combined. The fire, now burning low in the huge grate, cast flickering rays on the long lists of distinguished names rising on the tablets above the dark oak panels as the fourth-form boy stealthily made his way between the long rows of desks towards the porch opening on the quadrangle.

It was a calm night in the middle of November, warm for the late period of the year, and a slight breeze caused the iron bell to swing in the turret above the chapel door. Else not a sound was stirring nor a light visible either in the side dormitories, lobbies, or corridors, and the silence of night was only broken by the moaning of the chapel bell and the footfall of his own stealthy steps, which seemed to echo weirdly on the slabs of the quadrangle. "Half-past ten—quarter to eleven—eleven," and it was quite clear that the famulus, Oliver, had by this retired to rest, and poor Marmaduke's spirits began once more to sink. He was not a morbid boy, but somehow that moaning of the bell did seem strangely suggestive of old Vespasians, long since departed to the shades.

The famulus failing, he must try the dormitory window; but to do this it would be necessary to go round by the school kitchens and cross a shrubbery leading past the head-master's residence, since the fourth-form bedrooms were on the opposite side of St. Vesper's from the school and chapel.

["Gracious! whatever



"The Wrong Road."

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* W. T. SMITH.)

"Gracious! whatever can it be?" Such was the mental ejaculation not only of Marmaduke, as he pulled up suddenly, with pallid countenance and wildly pulsating heart, just where the shrubbery opened on to the gravel path leading past the head-master's front door, but of another awe-struck inmate of St. Vesper's, Mr. Theophilus Capp, a bachelor brother-in-law of the doctor, and older than the latter by a full score years.

The sound which caused poor Marmaduke such sudden and awful pangs, though impossible to describe, proceeded from the direction of the cricket-field which adjoined the head-master's garden, and might in the dead silence have passed either for the loud moaning of some antediluvian prodigy in the last article of death, the pulsations of the engines on an ocean liner, or, better still, for a perfect combination of the two, to such awful forebodings do the shades of night give rise. The strange part of the business consisted not so much in the fact that these weird, discordant groans fell simultaneously on the awe-struck nerves of Mr. Capp and Marmaduke in the dead of night, as—attribute it to sympathetic animal magnetism or whatever other cause the liberal-minded reader may incline—in the curious coincidence that the wealthy bachelor just about to glide into the arms of Morpheus in the doctor's state bedroom and the trembling fourth-form boy in the shrubbery both connected them with a terrible tragedy enacted a month ago in one of a row of cottages some quarter of a mile below the Vesper Arms.

Mr. Theophilus Capp was a sensitive gentleman who never could travel with his back to the engine, and to whose nervous temperament thirteen guests at a feast, a magpie hopping across the road, a pair of piebald ponies, were omens of the direst nature, indicative of domestic bereavement, revolutions, plagues, pestilences, and famine, or the downfall of ministries and kingdoms. Long and seriously had the head-master's brother-in-law debated on the advisability of postponing his annual autumnal visit to St. Vesper's until a more auspicious season on account of the murder committed so near to the sacred precincts of the grand old school; but a sensitive reluctance to acknowledge the reason, or possibly a most cogent invitation from the head-master's wife, who constructed colossal piles of wealth and influence for a rising family out of the inheritance to be left some day by her eldest brother Theo, prevented so unfortunate a calamity. Mr. Capp had, however, taken due precautions against nocturnal surprises, and, pleading the growing infirmities of old age, arranged that his valet, François, should accompany him and occupy the box-room adjoining the state-chamber always on these occasions placed at his disposal.

One feature, in addition to chronic nervousness, characterised the good bachelor—an extreme punctiliousness in the matter of dress—and sad at times were the moments of François on this account. The variety of costumes displayed during the brief course of a fortnight was a ten days' wonder in the servants' apartments, whilst Stanleigh and Howard never saw any of their schoolfellows don a variegated tie or a loud suit without irreverently asking the wearers if they hadn't stolen them from old father Capp. Had the latter's arrival on this sphere been timed for the sartorial extravaganzas of the Tudor age, doubtless the magnificence of his toilet would have been simply intense. Since, however, the horoscope of his nativity was cast for the come-day costumes of the Victorian era he must fain be content with the most extraordinary checks, plushes, and velvets for coats, silks, satins and stripes for waistcoats, that the more modest tastes of this period allow. To make up, however, for the limits imposed by a rigorous fashion during the day-time, the genius of a Bond Street tailor had given birth to a veritable *tour de force* in the way of dressing-gowns—a fabric glorious in dyes as of Tyrian hue, bordered with orange-and-gold trimmings.

Now, Mr. Theophilus Capp having glided nervously into the rich folds of this circumambient luxury, the owner, outwardly resplendent as a Shah of Persia or even King Solomon himself, listened with palpitating heart and shaking limbs to the ominous groans proceeding from the cricket-field. That it all was connected with that recent darkling tragedy both Marmaduke and the shivering bachelor were agreed, and doubtless, had they known it, each would have taken heart of grace from the presence of the other, since the shrubbery where the fourth-form boy lay hid was in full view from the best bedroom window.

Poor Marmaduke was beginning to think he had fallen into piteously parlous plight. The memories of the crime of a month ago were becoming too much for his sensitive flesh and blood to bear. How the black business had stirred the young life of St. Vesper's to its very depths! In the hours of darkness, long after the lights were out and the monitors had called "Silence" along the corridors, speculation in muffled accents ran riotously rife, causing drops of perspiration to gather on foreheads hidden below a mass of blankets, and rendering approaching nightmare a dead certainty for all Vespasians whose digestion was not in perfect working order. During the long autumn holiday afternoons, after scouring the country far and wide for logs and brushwood in view of the bonfire on the coming fifth, the boys had borne the faggots homeward discussing the thrilling details on their weary way; and on Guy Fawkes' Day itself, after the huge pile had burnt low and the gaunt effigy was reduced to ashes, they stood around, going over the familiar tale once more. The villagers had gone home, and Marmaduke remembered how the local constable, Jenkins, had stalked across the field and, rubbing his hands and warming his massive frame before the glowing embers in company with the College boys, informed them that the miscreant had been caught up on the wild Northumbrian moorland. But Jenkins' news proved incorrect, and devoutly did the fourth-form boy now wish that the village constable had spoken truly.

Marmaduke felt that at any cost he must obtain communication with Howard and Stanleigh, so, stealing round by the gravel path close beneath Mr. Theophilus Capp's bedroom window, and then in front of the head-master's study, he ran across the dewy lawn as swiftly as his frightened limbs could take him. But Stanleigh, after *guessing* for the fiftieth time that poor old Marmy was in no end of a fix, and peering out as many times into the November darkness, had at last given it up, and not daring to make his friend's absence known to the monitors, fallen fast asleep; so that, after gazing as fondly as a Peri into Paradise at his own bedroom window, Marmaduke, scarce knowing whither he was going, made for a sunken fence at the bottom of the lawn, clearing which with a bound his course lay towards the doctor's orchard, through the fence of which he quickly scrambled, and, crossing through the gooseberry bushes and fruit-walks, did not stop running until he landed once more in the porch of Big School, where he deposited the source of all his miseries—the wretched box of masks—on the ground and leant against the wall to recover breath.

Meanwhile events had been moving with redoubled pace in another part of the building. Mr. Capp, convinced before that something dreadful was happening, no sooner heard the sound of footsteps on the gravel walk below than he determined to arouse François and send him in quest of his august brother-in-law.

"Come in, come in," said the head master, who was revising an article for one of the monthlies, and wondering who could want him close on the stroke of midnight.

"Please, sir, could you spare a minute for Mr. Theophilus?"

"Certainly—certainly, François: Come in. Why, Mr. Capp, whatever is the matter?"

The latter, unable to possess his soul in patience, had followed François downstairs, and was standing in timorous fashion at the study door, the resplendent dressing-gown and bonnet de nuit to match standing out vividly in the rays of the head-master's lamp.

"H'm, h'm—extraordinary—quite unprecedented—at this hour of night too. Just let me open this casement," said the doctor, as soon as he could fairly grasp the situation.

The fact was that the head-master's gravity, stern as that of Solon in presence of the sixth form, was so suddenly shaken by the mass of colouring in his brother-in-law's attire—to say nothing of absence of teeth and other articles associated with the memory of Theophilus Capp during the day-time—as to be near collapsing altogether, and he was glad of any opportunity to prevent laughing outright in the presence of his scared but wealthy relative.

"Dear me, dear me—most extraordinary," said the great man, hearing for the first time the groans from the cricket-field. "Did I not hear a footstep, sir? Why, now I come to think, I really fancy I did, but must have been too engrossed with these proofs to pay particular attention," and the doctor stood listening to the inexplicable noise; "but François and I will go round and investigate. Let me see—the footsteps, you say, went in the direction of the school-house, so perhaps it will be just as well to see that all's safe inside first;" and, taking out a pair of pistols from his writing-desk, and a bunch of keys from the wall, the head-master bade François follow, handing the valet, at the same time, his own stout walking-stick, and suggesting that it would be judicious for Mr. Theophilus Capp to await the issue of events in the seclusion of the best bedroom.

Scarcely had the Hon. Marmaduke Browne been ten minutes in the Big School porch than he beheld the glimmer of a light in the corridor, and the sight was as welcome as a beacon to a storm-tossed mariner, insomuch that he plucked up courage and tried to believe that it was Oliver, the famulus, even at this late hour of night. As a matter of fact, the head-master and François had already made a rapid survey of the interior, and, satisfied that all was right there, were now making for the entrance leading to the corridor in order to work round by way of the shrubbery. The fourth-form boy snatched up the box, and, crossing over from the porch, prepared to dart in like lightning along the corridor and through the dining-hall as soon as ever the door opened. Possibly he could sneak by in the darkness, and thus completely escape observation. Once the masks were safely locked up in the big trunk, he vowed he would slip into bed and abandon negro minstrelsy for ever.

Slowly the big door creaked on its hinges, but surely those eagle orbs peering out above the lantern into the darkness of night, and that dignified form, were none other than the head-master himself, and Marmaduke slunk back under cover of a projecting piece of masonry, conscious that he had stepped out of the frying-pan into the fire, and that the doctor was at last on his track. "Ugh,

please, sir," he was just about to whine out, but, owing to the darkness and partial concealment, his presence was not noticed. Had he been on the other side of the door he would doubtless have been done for and probably expelled, but the luck of that long, dark night was at last on his side, and he began fumbling his way along the dark corridor.

"Listen, François—footsteps there, just behind us inside the corridor," said the doctor. Poor Marmaduke's foot had stumbled against one of the play-boxes, and he lay sprawling full length on the floor. He had barely time to pick himself up, and was groping his way blindly once more in the darkness, when he became horribly conscious that the head-master was retracing his footsteps, and the glare of the dark lantern fell on the outlines of the wooden door. Things were now absolutely desperate, and, scarce knowing what he did, the affrighted boy swung the huge door on its hinges with such violence that it almost struck the doctor in the face, and completely convinced the great man and François that, owing to carelessness in leaving the key in the lock, they were on the outside of the building and some desperate marauders inside. The fourth-form boy in shutting the door had dropped the masks, which now lay strewn along the floor; but, heedless of everything else save immediate personal safety, after stealthily threading the mazes of the corridor he scurried through the great dining-hall, and never before or since did he experience such devout gratitude as on finding himself safely in bed that night.

But what about the head-master and François, and, above all, Mr. Theophilus Capp? The adventures of the Hon. Marmaduke Browne may be said to have terminated where theirs only fairly began. That there were mysteries outside St. Vesper's, as well as inside, was perfectly plain. The doctor was a man of courage, who would have led a regiment of soldiers to the cannon's mouth with as much confidence as he gave orders to the sixth form, and his mettle was now thoroughly aroused. Only it was necessary to exercise caution, and in order to strengthen his handsthe first duty was to rouse the famulus, Oliver, and secure the assistance of a third party in the business, which he was now determined to carry through to the bitter end. Entrance by the school door was now impossible, and with a view to entering by the study the trio proceeded cautiously round by the shrubbery. No cessation of the regular pulsations at the outskirts of the shrubbery was manifest, and the doctor, suddenly pausing, inquired of the famulus whether he could account for the mysterious sound.

"Why, in course I can, sir—it's Sophocles."

"Sophocles? Why, whatever can he be doing at this time of night?" exclaimed the doctor.

"He's a-snoring, sir, under the oak-tree yonder, as I've heerd un do many a time afore this;" and the famulus pointed to a large oak in the cricket-field, under which stood the head-master's favourite old hunter, as soundly asleep as a top.

That the famulus was right was beyond doubt. Sophocles had always been more or less a roarer, and after listening for a moment the doctor felt assured that one mystery at least was solved.

But that did not account for what was transpiring inside the building, and having despatched François to inform Mr. Capp of the origin of his fears, the doctor examined his deadly weapons preparatory to investigating anew the mystery of the corridor. Carefully did the three examine every nook and corner of corridor, dining-hall, kitchen, cellars, pantry, but without finding the slightest token of man, living or dead. For fully an hour did this investigation continue, all the places where it was possible for mortals to lie in ambush, including even the shelves and cupboards, undergoing the closest scrutiny; but every stick and stone on the premises was as secure as in the broadest daylight. It was just as the head-master was finally seeing that the door of the corridor had not been tampered with, and abstracting the key, that his eye fell upon the Honourable Marmaduke's minstrel relics lying amongst the play-boxes.

"H'm, caught at last—must be hiding under that trap-door;" and the doctor bade François raise the lift which covered piles of box lumber below the corridor. Under this trap-door were stowed away numerous disused boxes which arrived for the boys during the course of the term, and which were generally taken home when vacation began.

"Come out, or I intend to fire," said the doctor holding low the lantern and peering into the nether darkness; but not a sound was audible, and, after examining the space below, the doughty challenger was still as perplexed as ever. That burglars had effected an entrance the presence of the masks rendered perfectly clear, and the doctor believes to this day that they escaped by the same way as they got in, a belief, however, which only enshrouds Marmaduke's midnight escapade in still greater mystery.

There remained nothing to do but bid the famulus and François retire and inform the police on the morrow. In spite of a determination that the further development of that night's events should be hidden from his brother-in-law, the whole affair got wind in the village, and, owing to the garrulity of the famulus, who was pestered with eager questions next night at the Vesper Arms, the rumour spread like wildfire that the occurrences of the previous evening were in some way connected with the recent tragedy. On the following Saturday, a flaming paragraph appeared in the local press, which so startled Mr. Theophilus Capp that he at once ordered François to pack up his multifarious toggery and set off by express train to visit another relative, at Cheltenham. Whether he will ever venture to set foot within a twenty-mile radius of Sophocles remains yet to be seen. The Hon. Marmaduke has made up his mind not to confess his part in that eventful evening, at any rate until his name is entered on the books of a well-known Oxford College, when he will probably write a penitential note to his former head-master.

SOME NORTHERN HAWKS.

By Edmund Collins.

There are no birds inhabiting the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador that I have taken so much pleasure in watching as the hawks, and of these chiefly the fish-hawk and the marsh-harrier. The latter bird nests in the marsh, or in some quiet region covered with heath and moss. The parents are very kind to their young, and go scurrying above the barrens and marshes looking for prey. A very choice morsel is the grass-mouse which tunnels along among the quiet knolls and hollows to his cosy nest. The harrier knows the kind of ground which his prey inhabits, and having selected a spot for quest, hovers above it, peering far down, sometimes, indeed, forty to sixty yards. The very movement of a cricket, I do believe, will not escape his eyes at that distance, and as soon as he sees a mouse moving he begins to winnow violently with his soft noiseless wings. Then he stops, his wide wings spread out to their utmost, and he seems as something without life, spread out up there in the air. But he has marked his prey, and as soon as he knows it to be sure, suddenly folds his wings pretty close to his body, bends over, and plunges down like a bolt. But as he gets within a foot of the ground he spreads his wings, and with a scooping motion rises with a tiny thing wriggling in his claws. So far as I have heard or seen, the hawks do not touch their live prey with their beaks, but clutch it with their strong claws, often piercing it with their sharp nails.

But the daintiest of all morsels for the harrier is the little pink baby mice before the hair has grown upon them. The harrier will take away four of these, if he can get them, two in each claw, and lay them before his hungry young ones in their nest. And how the poor little mice squeak as they are borne away from their cosy home through the air. I have often heard them for a great distance, and careful searching has shown me the poor mother mouse running hither and thither in the grass looking for her lost ones, and also squeaking piteously.

But the harrier does not confine himself to mice. He knows where the grouse, the sandpiper, and numerous other birds lay their eggs. He is fond of eggs, and will thrust his bill through the shell, devouring the contents. Sometimes he will carry away a young bird for his own offspring. Rats are also part of his quarry, and many a one I have seen him whish squealing through the air without feeling a pang of regret. Along the bare uplands, especially by the brow of the cliffs, weasels are numerous, and the harrier frequently carries them off. But the weasel sometimes proves to be a dangerous animal to meddle with.

One midsummer day I was sitting on the bleak brow of a Labrador cliff looking at some cod that were breaching below. A harrier hawk wheeling above my head, and fluttering, attracted my attention. Presently he seemed to fall out of the air as if he were dead, but speedily arose a dozen paces or so distant, holding in his claws some animal which I did not then know. I turned to watch him as he flew rapidly inland, and as I continued to look at him I saw him slacken his speed, swerve to the right, then, as if struck with shot, fall to the ground. I crammed two cartridges into my gun, and made off after him. He had flown about a quarter of a mile, and was upon a marsh flapping one of his wings. As I drew near I saw that the bird was disabled, but he was holding fast to his prey, which turned out to be a very large brown weasel. I ran up, gave the harrier a hard blow upon the head with the stock of my gun, stupefying him. Then I released the weasel, which had hardly life enough left to crawl off and hide itself. I next examined the hawk, and found that the weasel had burrowed a hole under his wing cutting a large tendon, thus disabling his captor.

Occurrences of this sort I have since learnt are frequent.

The fish-hawk has different methods and different haunts, and seems to me to be a bird of greater power and strength of pinion. They usually build their nests in the cliffs or along the brow of some precipice, and in a spot that commands a view of their prey. No fisherman that ever sailed the sea has eyes as quick or as sharp to see a fish on the surface or below the surface as this bird has. When he wants a meal he launches forth from his eyrie sailing out over the sea, his head bent down, and sometimes turning to the right and to the left. Sometimes he skims along about thirty feet above the sea, and often as many yards above it. But distance seems to be hardly any bar to his vision. He flutters in the air, stops, his eyes glaring straight beneath him. I am sure that if a man were in his place up there, and looked down, he would see nothing, for the water is generally an invisible or bottle-green, and quite opaque. But the osprey sees something down in the dark sea, and he descends like a bolt, plashing the water so high and thick about him that you can hardly see whether he has gone under or not. He does not remain half a second in the water, but curves upward holding a wriggling fish in his claws. In northern waters his prey may be said to comprise herring, mackerel, tom-cod, "bill-fish," and caplin. I have seen him, however, trying to struggle out with a small-sized cod, but the lift is usually too much for him. A brother sportsman tells me that one day he saw an osprey plunge down among a "breach" of cod, plash into the water, and fail to come up again. My friend was in a boat at the time, and rowing over to the spot soon saw the osprey floating, and dead, his talons driven into a thirty-pound cod-fish. He was unable either to lift his quarry or withdraw his claws.

The fish-hawk is fond of shell-fish, and will readily open the large black horse-mussel found along the coasts. But the morsel that he most covets is the sea-urchin, a very pretty univalve, the shell of which is covered with sharp spikes. There is only a tiny opening in the shell, and it will not admit the beak of the marauder. I have often watched the osprey flitting along above the shore till he spied one of these urchins, when he would descend, rising with the creature in his claws, and fly along till he saw a flat rock beneath him. Then releasing his claws the urchin would fall, and its shell become broken in fragments. The osprey would then devour the precious food at his leisure. He is also a notable egg thief, devouring the eggs of gulls, guillemot, cormorants, and auks. Sometimes the cormorant gives him a bad drubbing, and he retreats with shaky and irregular flight. A Labrador fisherman informed me that he was once looking on when a fish-hawk pounced upon a cormorant's nest. The great bird flapped its lazy wings, pecked at the enemy, and filled the cliff with its peculiar cries. The osprey, however, was the victor, and gorged himself with eggs. The cormorant moped by its nest, and went no more abroad. Three or four days afterwards it was dead, and when the fisherman out of curiosity climbed the cliff to its nest, he found that the hawk had in the battle torn the eyes out of his large adversary.

HOW TO BUILD A ROWING PUNT.

By H. F. Hobden,

Author of "The Boy's Own Model Locomotive," "Boy's Own Marine Engine," etc., etc.

PART III.

You can now give all the mahogany a rub down with sandpaper, then turn the boat over and give two coats of Brunswick black, letting one dry thoroughly before applying the next; you will require about a quart, costing 2*s*. When quite dry turn the punt up again, and paint the inside of bottom with a coat of oil colour, using any shade you fancy, a light green or French grey looks well, and use plenty of white lead in your colour, as it wears better, and for that reason it is best to mix the paint yourself, as they put as little lead as possible into that bought ready mixed to save expense.

Then give all the mahogany a coat of varnish, and get the best elastic oak varnish for this; you will want a quart, costing about 3*s*. 6*d*.

While this is drying we can be making the floor boards or gratings to tread on.

These, for the sake of convenience in taking in and out easily, are made in two lengths from the 3 by half inch stuff.

One length is to be forward and the other

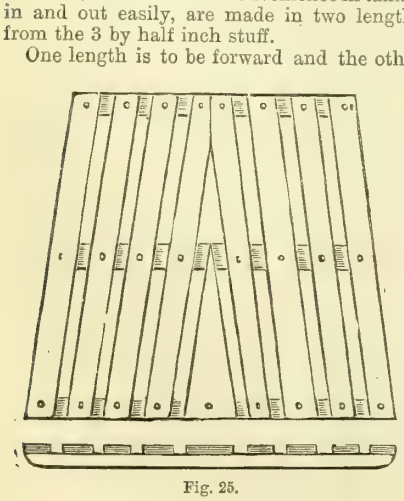


Fig. 25.

aft, leaving the space immediately under the centre thwart open, as there is no tread there.

These gratings should be made to the shape of Fig. 25, with the edge of the outside batten just touching the inner corners of the oak knees, a space of 1 inch should be left between each batten, making four on each side, with a centre one cut to a point as shown, the forward grating will have to be about 3 feet 2 inches long, and the after one 4 feet.

Three cross bars placed underneath to each grating will be found sufficient to hold them together firmly, and each batten should be secured by the No. 7 one-inch screws I previously mentioned.

The after grating requires an extra fitting

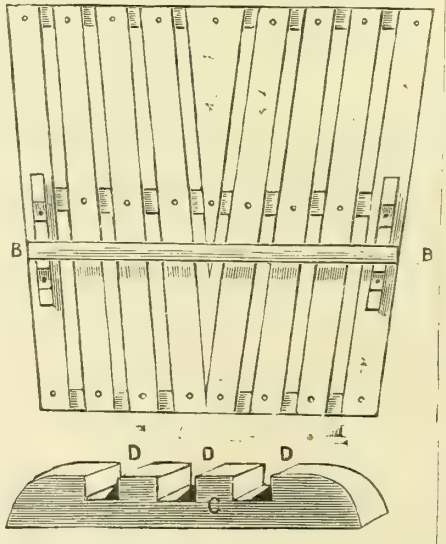


Fig. 26.

consisting of two small brackets, B B, Fig. 26, which holds the foot bar or stretcher.

The bar should be of oak, about thirty inches long by one and a quarter deep, cut from the remains of the oak plank, the side brackets or racks are to be cut from deal to the shape of C, one inch thick, and one and a half deep, by eleven inches long.

You should cut three slots one inch wide and deep to carry the bar as at D, and after the edges are chamfered off a little, they can be screwed to the outside battens at a convenient distance from the middle seat, by three screws, and they are complete.

The racks may be painted, but keep the gratings clean wood, and have them scrubbed when required, as they look much better than when painted, as that soon gets scratched and worn off.

A pair of short sculls will be required, and may be bought at any boatbuilder's on the river or coast; the general price is 15*s*., but of course you might get a pair of second-hand sculls cheaper. I would not advise you to make them for yourself, as oar-making is quite a trade by itself, and requires special tools, such as round soled planes, broad gouges, &c., which it would not be worth your while to buy, as they are nearly useless for general work.

When ordering the sculls, you should mention the distance you require them to be from the handle to the rowlock, as all sculls are made in proportion according to that measurement; this in our case should be about one foot ten inches, which will allow you to row easily without the handles overlapping, which is very inconvenient, and as we intend using rowlocks (which are always, or nearly always round), while thole pins are generally square, you should have that portion of the "loom" which is leathered, and rests in the rowlock, round also, and not half-square as usual. These little things are necessary to mention when giving the order, as they add considerably to comfort while rowing, and do not add to the expense. You should now give the entire boat a general sandpapering and overhaul, see that you have not forgotten anything, get rid of all shavings and chips, and then after a thorough dust out, apply a second coat of varnish.

Let that dry quite hard, and then give a third and final coat all over, and your punt will be complete.

You will now have time to sit down and admire the result of your hard work and perseverance, and if you have been careful in following these simple instructions the punt will present a very good appearance, and be worth owning.

And now about the total cost. You will find that your raw materials have cost about 4*l.* 19*s.*, including the rowlocks and sculls, but if you build it with deal only, in place of mahogany, you will be able to get it complete for about 3*l.* 10*s.*

In either case you will have a thoroughly serviceable boat, which you could not get built under about 14*l.* in mahogany, as of course the boatbuilder has to charge for time, labour, etc.

The time you will have to spend on it depends entirely upon your own capability, but if you are moderately handy with your tools you can get it finished completely in three weeks, but that will mean sticking to it.

The finished boat, Fig. 27, shows the punt complete. And now having carried you through all the operations necessary in building it, I will leave you to the quiet enjoyment which you will be sure to derive from the use of a boat of your own, built with your own hands, and of which you know the entire construction.

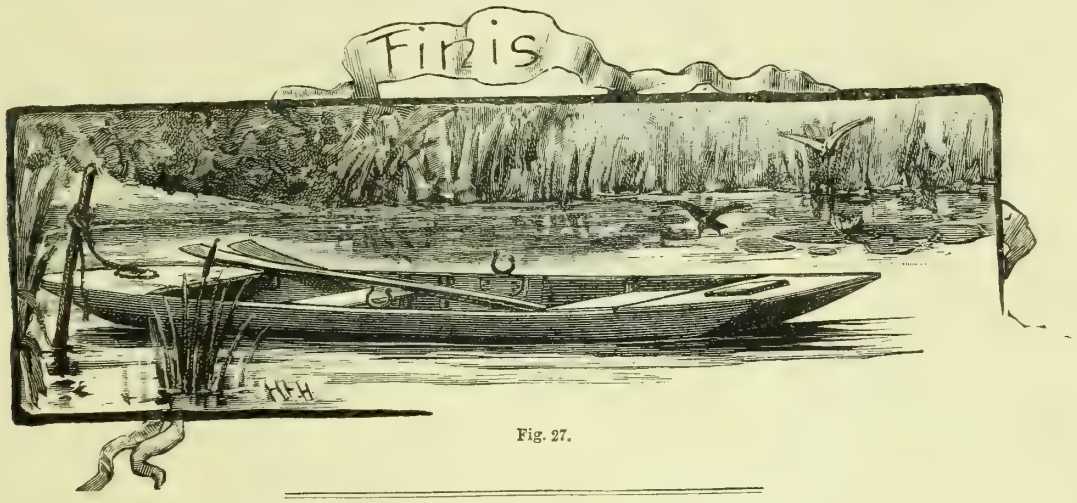


Fig. 27.

PHOTOGRAPHIC DEVELOPERS, AND HOW TO USE THEM.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A. Oxon.,

Author of "Christmas-boxes made by Photography," "How to start a Boy's Own Postal Photographic Club," etc., etc.

The subject of this article was suggested by a correspondent who was in a photographic fog himself, and wanted a little advice to act as a clearing bath. Thinking that there must be many others in various stages of the same complaint, I, therefore, did not negative his proposal, but have prepared the paper, and hope that the Editor will agree to have a print made of it.

The simplest developer by far is the hydroquinone, but, as many will be debarred from using that from various causes, and all do not entirely approve of the results obtained by it, I will begin with the ordinary pyrogallic acid developer, as given for the use of amateurs in most text-books of photography; and afterwards I will show how it can be improved upon, and the special advantages accruing to the modifications suggested.

In nearly every book written, up to the last year or two, you find instructions for mixing the developer in two bottles, the pyrogallic acid and bromide of potassium being in one bottle, and the alkali (generally ammonia) in the other. As good a formula as any other is the following:—

No. I.

Pyrogallic acid	1 oz.
Bromide of ammonium	600 grs.
Nitric acid	20 drops.
Water up to	6 ozs.

No. II.

Strongest liquor ammonia (·880)	3 drms.
Water (*distilled*)	1 pint

Both these will keep for some time, and, when required for use, No. I. is diluted in the following proportions:—

No. I., 1 oz.; Water, 19 ozs.

This will only keep for a few hours, so it is better not to mix so much as 20 ounces unless a great many plates have to be developed at one time.

The plate is removed from the slide in the dark-room, and is soaked in water for two minutes. It is then put into another bath containing the diluted No. I. solution for a minute or two. Enough solution must be used to flow right over the plate at once, directly it is put into the bath, otherwise you will have air-bubbles forming on its surface, which will spoil it, and the dish is rocked gently to prevent the same evil. Two ounces of fluid are generally enough to cover the plate well, if quarter or half-plate size, and more fluid in proportion for the larger sizes. A similar quantity of the ammonia solution has now to be added—or this may be done first, before the plate is immersed in the developer; in this case it is more economical, as one ounce of No. I. (diluted), and one ounce of No. II. make up the required two ounces for a half-plate.

The picture will now of course appear; if it is not out in two minutes, more of the ammonia solution No. II. must be added to the developer. When it is out, *and has very nearly disappeared again*, it is finished. Take it out and place it in the alum bath as follows:—

Alum	2 ozs.
Water	10 ozs.

Having been in this for two minutes, it is fixed by placing in solution of hyposulphite of soda, viz.:—

Hypo	1 oz.
Water	4 ozs.

It is well washed between the developing and the alum bath, and between the alum and the hypo bath, and, finally, after fixing, is washed for half an hour, in gently running water if possible.

I have not described this method of development at great length, as I want to give more particulars when I come to the sulphite of soda and pyrogallic acid developer further on.

Lately the idea has come largely into use of mixing the developer in "ten per cent." solutions. This is a very easy method of keeping the chemicals in solution ready for use, and not binding oneself to any particular form of developer, as, by adjusting the proportions of its various components, any developer recommended for a special make of plate can be made up. Unfortunately, the pyrogallic acid will not keep in solution by itself, and, therefore, it has either to be added at the last moment (as it dissolves instantly), or else some preservative has to be mixed with it. The former plan is generally very strongly recommended by advanced amateurs: for beginners the second plan of keeping the pyro in solution is to be preferred. The following formulæ will show how to mix the developer in a "ten per cent" solution:—

I. *Pyro solution.*

Meta-bisulphite of potash	¼ oz.
Pyrogallic acid	¼ „

Make up to 2½ ounces with water.

II. *Bromide solution.*

Bromide of potassium (or ammonium)	½ oz.

Water up to 5 ounces.

III. *Ammonia solution.*

Liquor ammonia (·880)	½ oz.
Water	10 „

The meta-bisulphite of potash is the preservative chosen to keep the pyrogallic acid,

as it has less injurious effects on the resulting image than most others.

Now, the developer having been made in these three solutions, there is practically one minim, or one grain, of each of the components in each ten drops of each solution. Consequently, you can combine the solutions so as to form any developer given by the manufacturers of the brand of plates which you prefer. For the formula given by the "Ilford" Company with their plates, the following will be the amounts required, as you will see if you take the trouble to split it up:—40 drops (i.e. 4 grains) of No. I, pyro; fifty drops (i.e. 5 grains) of No. II, ammonium bromide; fifty drops (i.e. 5 minims) of No. III, ammonia solution; and make up to 2 ounces of water—distilled preferably. With a little trouble you can easily find out how much of each solution you will require to make up any formula you like to use.

On the whole, I should say that, although the plain pyrogallic acid and ammonia developer gives excellent results when used properly, for a beginner it is a good plan to use sodium sulphite in the developer. It has many advantages; it gives bright, clear pictures, with good contrast; density is very easily obtained with it; it keeps one's fingers beautifully clean and unstained; it is considerably more under control, and it *gives* no fog if properly used. I am aware that many workers think it ridiculously strong, and too much restrained, and many do not approve of the clear shadows which it gives. All the same, I have recommended it to heaps of distressed beginners who had come to grief over the ordinary pyro and ammonia developer, and, so far as I know, it has proved satisfactory in every case. The foregoing developer is, of course, a sulphite developer, and has many of the advantages obtained by using sulphite—some say more than any other formula; but for those who do not care about working with ten per cent. solutions, but would rather have one definite formula given them, the following, which is known as Berkeley's formula, is one of the easiest to work with of which I know, and many beginners to whom I have given it have been successful for the first time on using it.

Pyrogallic acid	¼ oz.
Ammonium bromide	150 grs.
Sodic sulphite	1 oz.
Citric acid	15 grs.

Water up to 3 ounces (*fluid*).

Dissolve the sodic sulphite and the citric acid in about an ounce and a half of *hot* water, and pour the solution over the pyrogallic acid and ammonium bromide, which will dissolve at once. I may remark parenthetically that 150 grains is 2 drachms 1 scruple and 10 grains—this is to save any boy who endeavours to reckon it up, from having brain fever resulting from the process! All the ingredients having been dissolved, the solution is made up to 3 ounces with more water.

When using this developer, we pour two drachms out of this bottle into a 2-ounce measure and fill up the measure with water. The plate is taken out of the dark slide and placed in a dish of water for a few minutes, to soak the film. It is now taken out and placed in another dish in the developer, or the water poured off and the developer poured on. We now require an alkali to start the development. Before beginning, a solution of ammonia is made by diluting two parts of strong "·880" ammonia with one part of *distilled* water. Five drops of this are placed in a cup, and the developer poured off the plate into the cup to mix, and then returned to the dish. We wait for two minutes to see if anything happens, and if nothing does, we drop five more drops into the cup, and mix again as before. This process is continued until the picture appears, after which no more ammonia need be added, unless the amount in it is not sufficient to bring out all the details. The picture will probably come out gradually very distinct, and then fade away again. When it has nearly gone, we lift the plate out of the dish, and look through it at the red light. If it is hardly possible to see through the densest parts, and only dimly through the light parts, that will be a good dense negative when it comes to be fixed. When it has got to this stage we pour water over it to stop the development, and then place it in the alum bath for two minutes, wash and fix, as directed for the other developer. The result ought to be a negative of a perfectly black colour, with plenty of contrast between the "high lights," which should be very dense, and the shadows, which should be nearly clear glass.

This developer is one which I strongly recommend those who are just beginning and are not pleased with the results of their work, and those who have altogether come to grief, to try, as it is very simple to work with, and gives extremely good results if properly managed. It will work with any brand of plates I should imagine. I have used it with Fry's, "Ilford," Thomas's, Mawson and Swan's "Castle," and other brands, and with various brands of films, and it works well with all of them.

There are two things to be provided against in development, (1) over-exposure, (2) under-exposure. In the former case, if the picture comes out too quickly, thus showing probable over-exposure, you should dilute the developer with a little water, and you can add about 3 drops of a strong solution of bromide of potassium, which will restrain its ardour. In the latter case the remedy is not so easy, and very little can be done, but if the details of the picture "hang back," and will not appear, more ammonia must be added, until they are fairly out. The development must not be hurried too much, however, or the picture will be involved in fog. One little "dodge" is well worth mentioning; while the details are struggling out, they can be helped along by *breathing* on the parts of the negative where least appear. The reason for the assistance given by this is "not quite clear," but of the fact that it *does* help there is "no manner of doubt whatever." It is probably owing to the warmth of the breath, which, heating the plate, and so the developer, causes the latter to act more briskly on those places; the difference between a plate which has not been breathed on, and one developed under similar circumstances which *has* been breathed on, is very marked; the detail in the latter case being much more visible than in the former.

I have given a long account of the method of proceeding with this developer, as I find it is almost universally accepted by the beginner, though I am not prepared to say that for some purposes (instantaneous work especially) it is not advisable to omit the sulphite, which *slows* the development a good deal, so that in a developer containing this an ample exposure should always be given if possible. But let us now turn our attention to the hydroquinone developer, which has been recently coming so largely into use, and which in its own way, and used for its own special purposes, is ahead of any other. Many people, however, think that the shadows given by it are too clear, and are the cause of too strong contrasts in the print. For lantern slides, however, this is a great advantage, and accordingly the hydroquinone developer is very largely used for them.

You can buy the hydroquinone from many dealers in photographic chemicals. If you cannot get it in your vicinity, it is easily got from a London dealer by post, as a little goes a long way. The cheapest place at which to get it is probably from Mr. Jonathan Fallowfield, 146, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. It is a white, crystalline substance, and dissolves pretty readily in hot water. To make the developer, mix up the following and put it into a bottle labelled "No. 1."

Hydroquinone	100 grs.
Sodium sulphite	2 ozs.
Citric acid	60 grs.
Potassium bromide	40 grs.
Water up to	20 ozs.

Dissolve the sodium sulphite and the hydroquinone in about 10 ounces of hot water; add the citric acid and, when that is dissolved, the potassium bromide. When all are dissolved, make up the solution to 20 ounces.

In another bottle put 100 grains of sodium hydrate (caustic soda) and 20 ounces of hot water. When this is dissolved label this bottle No. 2.

Now when developing, all you have to do is to mix equal parts of the solutions out of both bottles to make the developer, and begin straight away. It will thus be seen that the mixing is simplicity itself. Having mixed the developer, the plate can be soaked for two minutes, and then placed in it, or put into it at once without soaking. Messrs. Thomas & Co. advise the latter plan with their dry-plates, but in this case you must be *sure* to have plenty of mixed developer to flow over the plate *at once* when it is placed in it, or air-bubbles will be formed, which will cause unsightly spots on the negative. Keep a camel's-hair brush in readiness to brush rapidly over the surface, if any air-bubbles show signs of appearing. You may abolish the alum bath with this developer, as no frilling will occur with it, or you may use the alum bath after fixing, if you prefer to use it. It should not be used before, or it may cause markings on the negative.

There are one or two ways in which this developer should be adjusted to suit the time of development, and the subject, exposure, etc. For example, in hot weather, if the developer is mixed at its full strength, it sometimes causes fog. It is therefore preferable to dilute the mixed developer with an equal quantity of water in hot weather, and to add an extra 3 or 4 grains of bromide of potassium to every ounce of developer. This serves to keep back too rapid development, and to make the shadows clear. Now, supposing the plate has been over-exposed, the developer should be adjusted to suit it, by using it diluted as above to begin with, and when the sky and the high lights have come out properly, and become sufficiently dense, we go back to the strong solution (of equal parts No. 1 and No. 2) for the rest of the development. This has the effect of bringing out the over-exposed parts of the negative with their proper density, and yet forcing out the details, which require a stronger solution. By thus adjusting the developer, you can mix it to suit all the various conditions under which the plate has been exposed, and, as it gives a great deal of "latitude" (i.e. power of compensation for over, or under-exposure), it is a very good developer, not only for negatives, but for bromide papers, lantern slides, etc., etc.

It seems a pity to conclude my article without reference to the other developer which is very widely used, and liked by many amateurs, viz. the ferrous oxalate developer. For this I gave a formula in the article on "Christmas-boxes made by Photography" in the January part, No. 622, but here is another one which may be tried, and may, perhaps, suit the reader better than the one there given.

No. 1.

Neutral oxalate of potash . .	6 ozs.
Potassium bromide	20 grs.
Water up to	20 fluid ozs.

No. 2.

Protosulphate of iron	8 ozs.
Sulphuric acid	½ drm.
Water to	20 fluid ozs.

When about to develop, pour one ounce of No. 2 into a cup containing 3 ounces of No. 1, *never* the reverse, or you will come utterly to grief! Development with this bright red solution is performed exactly as in the other cases. When the plate is over-exposed, add a little more of a strong solution of bromide of potassium; if under-exposed, a little more iron solution (No. 2) may bring out more detail, but it does not have much effect if the picture is much under-exposed. In fact, the great fault of this developer is want of latitude, and though great things can be done with it when the correct exposure is given, if much error is made in either direction, the result will very likely be unsatisfactory. This developer also answers well for bromide paper, lantern slides, etc., the tone given by it being an engraving black.

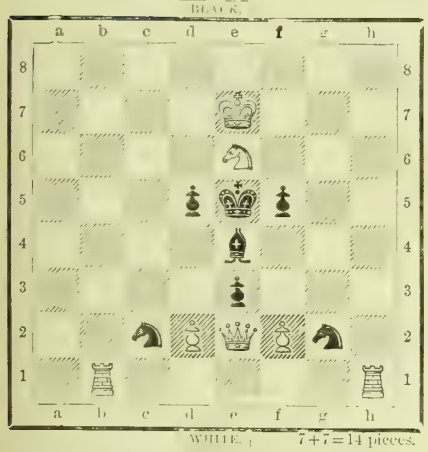
I have now mentioned the three most prominent developers in use at the present time, viz. pyrogallic acid, iron, and hydroquinone. It seems likely that future researches will end in something superior turning up, the latest bid for popular favour being the recently introduced *eikonogen*, but I should recommend beginners to stick to the old and well-tried ones, and not to venture too far afield until they have been successful with these.

I have supposed in this article that my reader knows *something* about the process he is undertaking, and if he has not yet tried his "'prentice hand," he must get up the primary facts from one of the multitudinous manuals which have lately been poured forth in such profusion.

CHESS.

Problem No. 260.

By A. E. Watson.



White to play, and mate in two (2) moves.

Solutions.

Problem No. 246.—1, Kt—B 7, any move. 2, Q or Kt mates accordingly. Solved by W. T. Hurley.

Problem No. 247.—1, Kt × P, K × R. 2, P—Q 4 (ch.), any. 3, R, B, or P queens—mate. In the international notation:—1, O c7, K c5. 2, P d4‡, M d4. 3, M b5 or c6 ‡. Or 1, —, N b6. 2, M d5‡, M d5. 3. O e6 ‡.

Problem No. 248.—1, Kt—K 3, P—Q 7. 2, Kt—Q 5, P—Q 8=Q or Kt, etc. 3, Kt—B 7 (ch.), K—Kt sq. 4, P—R 7 (ch.), K—B sq. 5, P—R 8=Q (ch.), K—Q 2. 6, Q—K 8 (ch.), K—Q 3. 7, Q—K 6 mate. If 1, —, K—Kt sq. 2, P—R 7 (ch.), K—B sq. 3, P—R 8=Q (ch.), K—Q 2. 4, Q—K 4, P—Q 7. 5, Kt—B 5, P—Q 8=Q. 6, Q—K 7 (ch.), K—B sq. 7, Q—Q B 7 mate. If 2, —, K—Kt sq. 3, P—R 7 (ch.), K—B sq. 4, P—R 8=Q (ch.), K—Q 2. 5, Q—B 6 (ch.), K—Q sq. 6, Q—B 7 (ch)., K—K sq. 7, Q—K 7 mate. J. D. M. will notice that 1, Kt—B 3 will not succeed.

Problem No. 249.—1. Q—R 7, K—R 4 (or *a*). 2, Q—R 7 (ch.), K—Kt 5. 3, Q—R 8, any. 4, Q mates at K 4 or R 3 accordingly. (*a*) P—B 5. 2, Q—K 7 (ch.), K—R 4. 3, Q—Q R 7 (ch.), K—Kt 5. 4, Q—R 3 mate. Solved by W. T. Hurley.

Problem No. 250.—1, B—R sq., B × B (or *a*). 2, Kt—Kt 4, B—B 3 (or *b*). 3, Kt—Q 3 (ch.), K—Q 4. 4, P—K 4 mate. (*b*) B—Kt 7. 3. P—K 4, B × P. 4, Kt—B 4 mate. (*a*) B × Kt. 2, B—B 6, B × P. 3, B—Kt 7, B moves. 4, Kt mates. Solved by J. D. Tucker.

Problem No. 251.—1, Kt—Kt 3, P × Kt (or *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*). 2, Q—B 3, P—B 5 (if P—B 4, Q—K 3 (ch.), and mate at K 6). 3, P—Q 3, K—B 4. 4, Q—R 5 mate. (*a*) P—Kt 7. 2, Q—K sq. (ch.), K—B 5. 3, Q—R 4 (ch.), K—B 6. 4, Kt—Q4 mate. (*b*) P—B 5. 2, Q—K 2 (ch.), K—B 4. 3, Q—R 5 (ch.), K—K 5. 4, Kt—B 5 mate. (*c*) P—R 5. 2, Kt—Q 4, P—B 5. 3, Q—Q Kt sq. or R 3. and 4, Q—B 5 mate. (*d*) P—B 4. 2, Q—B 3, P—B 5. 3, Kt × B P, any. 4, Q—R 5 mate.

To Chess Correspondents.

G. A. W. C. (Kirkville, Mo.).—Your little book, "Caissa's Ghost," contains some clever and some very inferior problems. On page 61 you find fault with Philidor's statements, but it is you who are at fault. Your greatest absurdity is on page 54: "On reaching the eighth row or rank, a Pawn can claim any other piece, generally a Queen, though it may be more advantageous in some cases to call for a Rook, Bishop, or Knight. Promotion may be refused, in which case the Pawn is called a dummy. The annexed mate in one move by the late J. H. Zukertort, is a good illustration of Queening the Pawn:—White, K—K Kt 5, R—K B 7, Kt—K Kt 6, P—K Kt 7; Black, K—K R 2. It depends on a liberal construction of the rule, 'On reaching the eighth rank, the Pawn can claim any piece.' P claims black S." No good book gives such rules. You forget that White plays with the white men, and has no power over the black men. It is a mate in four moves, beginning either K—B 6, or R—B 8 or to any of the seventh squares, or Kt—K 5 (eight solutions). It is best to balance the forces, and not allow a "dummy" or a second white or black Queen, etc., but promote the Pawn whenever it can be promoted to any of the seven officers, and let it remain a Pawn when all the eight officers are on the board, in which latter case it cannot afterwards be promoted.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

OUR SCHOOL BAND.

By Stanley Holt.

It was the new music-master who started the idea. He arrived at the beginning of one term with an immense string double-bass and a violin which was supposed to bear somebody's name in the interior and, consequently, to be worth a hundred guineas. This proposition to organise a School Band did not at first meet with much encouragement, but, eventually, so zealously did he advance his views, that, several boys having expressed their readiness to purchase the necessary instruments, the Head Master gave his sanction, and active steps were taken. What excitement reigned when one evening the "bandmaster"—as he loved to call himself—arrived from London with such an array of instruments as would have made a pawnbroker's mouth water. We had discovered by this time that he could not only play every instrument under the sun, "sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all other kinds of musick," but also that the instrument on which he excelled all others was undoubtedly "his own trumpet." As we listened to his past experiences, "more and more the wonder grew," and we doubted not that before long we should, under his instruction, eclipse all the military bands in the neighbourhood.

The first thing to do was to learn to blow our instruments. We all accordingly, at noon the next day, assembled in a class-room, which happened to be located near the kitchen. Soon such sounds issued as filled those who heard them with deep horror. The cook, startled, nearly fell into the fire, and the maid-servants paused in their work in astonishment and then fled in dismay. The school matron, on learning that this performance was to be repeated every day at the critical hour when dinner was being prepared, became the staunch enemy of the band from thenceforth, and waged continual war with its originator. One evening, on entering the music-room in the dark, she accidentally knocked down the wonderful violin—which had been carelessly left about—and fell on it. Poor violin! It was patched up as well as possible, and on its reappearance somewhat resembled a piece of ancient pottery from Dr. Schliemann's collection at the South Kensington Museum. The mishap, however, was supposed to have improved its tone. Then why does not some enterprising musical firm smash up all its new violins, glue the pieces together, and sell the instruments at advanced prices?

We set our hearts on being able to play the National Anthem within eight days, and the feat was accomplished, though I doubt if Her Majesty would have felt very much flattered had she heard it. Clarionets in untutored lips are apt to squeak at unexpected moments, and what with the grunting of the bombardon, and the whining of the violins, it seemed somewhat as if a whole farm-yard of animals had been let loose amongst us.

Day after day, with the enthusiasm still fresh upon us, we met in our playtime to practise. The boy who played the bombardon was short of stature, and almost buried by his instrument; but he persevered. The two Homers were perhaps more ornamental than useful. One played the clarionet, but never, I believe, got beyond the single notes required for the second and third beats of the bar in the bass of a waltz. The other played the cornet—and the fool. The two Easts divided their instruments in a similar manner with a similar result. To do the Homers justice, they *did* give the band a cheerful appearance, for they were in a chronic state of merriment, always happy, always smiling, especially when anything went wrong. They were, in fact, a veritable Mark Tapley split into two. Ricketty was a rackety kind of a lad in continual trouble with our instructor. What he purchased a clarionet for no one could make out. He never played it by any chance, but used to sit on the edge of a desk the whole time, swinging his legs and indulging in a spirited dialogue with the bandmaster. I'm *afraid* he rather enjoyed it; he certainly always got the last word. Eventually, his instrument having been left about, and used by somebody as a poker, he retired from the band. White was another lazy boy. Instead of practising his own instrument he was always borrowing one of the cornets at critical moments and treating us to the first line of the "Lost Chord." The trombone worked away so earnestly, and the nerves of the band were so upset in consequence, that he had to be shut up in a cupboard by himself. But there were many who really worked hard, and one or two masters took an active interest in the whole thing, so that the first public performance on Easter Monday (six weeks after starting) was anticipated with great excitement.

The eventful evening arrived. The schoolroom was cleared of desks, a platform erected, and a cheerful audience of friends, including many old boys, gathered together for the entertainment. The band opened with the "March in C," and really, all things considered, performed it very creditably. Ricketty's clarionet, of course, gave a loud squeak in the fourth bar, which sent the Homers into fits of laughter and incapacitated them from blowing for the rest of the piece, and East-Junior lost his place, and hammered helplessly till he found it in the closing chord. But these were minor difficulties, and when, at the end of the programme, "Cherry Ripe" was given by the full band, followed by the National Anthem, the audience rose *en masse* and cheered enthusiastically, and the band began to grow conceited.

The fame of our band spread abroad, and we were asked to go up to a large infirmary near and give an entertainment to the inmates. We jumped at the idea, and, on the evening fixed, sallied forth with our instruments. The gatekeeper had evidently not been informed of the event, for he gazed with astonishment at the long procession, but when the bandmaster brought up the rear with the bombardon (a huge brass instrument that coils round the body) his feelings grew too much for him, and, interposing his body in the gateway, he exclaimed, "Now then, out of this! we don't 'ave no German Bands in 'ere." The roars of laughter which followed showed the man his mistake, but the band was no use for the rest of that evening.

During the summer term an immense bazaar for the restoration of the Parish Church claimed our aid, and our mission was to play in a large tent while afternoon tea was served. In the "Marche des Troubadours" we were all spread out to a great length over a narrow platform, with the consequence that the two ends were neither in time nor tune with each other. The cornets, too, on this occasion distinguished themselves greatly. They played *something* certainly, but it was not the "Marche des Troubadours."

The next winter, under new management, the band still flourished, and we were asked to *illustrate* a lecture on the Colonies with some music. The hall was crammed to overflowing, and we opened with "Three Jolly Blacksmiths," though what this had to do with Canada I don't quite know. A local doctor irreverently told us afterwards that the crush was so great that he could not get inside the hall, but that after the first few bars had issued from the open doors "the vestibule was filled with people fleeing for their lives."

But now the band began to show signs of decay, or, rather, there sprang forth from the parent a child which bids fair to be more healthy and long-lived than its progenitor. We found by experience that a military band was too loud and unwieldy for such purposes as we required it, and, consequently, the orchestral part of the band gradually came more and more into prominence, and eventually gave some really capital performances by itself. It proved very useful too for the accompaniment of songs and choruses for the School Concerts.

But the farewell appearance of the full band deserves a paragraph to itself. Do not all our readers remember Whit Monday (or, rather, Wet Monday), 1889? Such a storm of wind and rain raged the whole of that day as rendered it impossible to hold the Athletic Sports which had been fixed for that date. Accordingly we, and friends, gathered together in the schoolroom in the afternoon to witness a display of gymnastics, and the band volunteered its services. After some little delay, occupied in arranging music stands and tuning up, they commenced. The audience sat, gloomy and silent, then it smiled, and finally burst into roars of merriment, and the day was saved! What could the band be playing? Nobody could make out, though their repertoire was well known (too well, alas!). Was it that wonderful Farewell Symphony of Haydn's which Mr. Gwyllym Crowe gives us at the Promenade Concerts where the performers one by one leave off playing, blow out their candles, and depart with their instruments, till only one performer is left; and he, after a melancholy solo, in his turn vanishes, leaving the conductor absently beating time to empty chairs? It seemed remarkably like it, for the boys, one after another, let their instruments drop useless by their sides, and gazed with a smile of amused compassion at those who still struggled on. And here must be recorded a deed worthy of ranking only with that of Horatius, "who kept the bridge in the brave days of old." The two masters, who played the alto and tenor clarionets respectively (a *charming* combination when heard alone), stuck to their parts to the bitter end, though they had the last half of the piece all to themselves. The round of applause and congratulations which greeted the conclusion of their performance must ring in their ears even now. And "Still is the story told, How Mr. (two syllables) saved the band, In the brave days of old." Upon inquiry we learned that there had been some doubt among the members of the band as to the piece selected for performance, so that while the violins had been striving against odds to give an expressive rendering to the march "Hoch Hapsburg," the trombone was playing the bass of a waltz, and the saxhorns were doing their best with a selection from the "Mikado."

"The old order changeth and giveth place to new," and now no more do the ancient walls of our schoolroom resound with the cheerful grunts of the bombardon, or the merry piping of the flageolet, and the only thing to remind us of the glories of the past is a photograph of the band, with instruments, which was taken after their first public performance, and which still hangs on the walls of the reading-room. I, however, was paying a visit a few days ago to the "Bognor Home for Boys"—a branch of the Jersey Home for Working Lads (Stamford Street, London, S.E.)—in which our School is much interested, when one morning I heard those fearful sounds I remembered so well in the past, the indiscriminate blowing of brazen and reedy instruments, proceeding from a room in the basement. I rushed to the spot to discover the cause when, lo and behold, there stood our old friend the bombardon, being performed on by a boy some ten years old; and it suddenly recurred to me that some of our instruments had been transferred to Bognor when our band had ceased to be.

Then it was that I resolved to throw myself upon the mercy of the Editor of the B. O. P., to call back to memory the sweet music of the past, and at the same time to ask forgiveness of those who should here find their performances unexpectedly recorded.

Correspondence.

SET OF VOLUMES.—L. H. Wilson, of 28 Claribel Street, Liverpool, has a complete set of the B. O. P. volumes, which he is anxious to dispose of either together or separately.

STANLEY (J. B. Taylor).—The version we gave is the correct one, and is authoritative; the one you mention is a mere travesty and incorrect in each particular.

SAILS (W. Bernard).—If you wish to tan your sails, boil them in the coffee grounds; if you want the colour to last, drop into the solution about half an ounce of catechu. As a rule people who tan the sails of their models are sorry for it afterwards.

AFRICA (W. Murray).—You might try the Royal Niger Company, whose address is Victoria Embankment, but as to the West Coast generally we should say "Don't."

H. THOMAS.—1. The articles on the "Boy's Own Locomotive" are out of print, but they have been reprinted in "Indoor Games." 2. The "sparks" used for drilling glass are fragments of "boort" or common diamond.

W. T. HALIFAX.—The best way is to get Cassell's "Popular Educator" or Ward & Lock's "Universal Instructor," or some such book, and work at the articles. Being written for self-instruction they are generally clearer than the ordinary books, and will take you up to a certain point with little difficulty. Try the catalogue of your nearest Free Library.

STAMPS (Collector).—The identification of your stamps is of no interest except to yourself, so please do not send any more. No. 1 is the Austrian with the Mercury's head; No. 2 is an old Belgian, and the portrait is that of Leopold I.; No. 3 is a Danish local parcels stamp; No. 5 is older than No. 4; and No. 6 is a reprint, but it is worth keeping.

MERCHANTMAN.—We understand that the largest sailing ship in the world at the time of writing is the France, built by Messrs. Henderson, of Partick, and launched on September 12, 1890. She is 360 feet long, 48 feet 9 inches wide, and 30 feet deep; her gross tonnage being 3,750. She has five masts, four square-rigged and the fifth fore-and-aft. Her mainyard is 82 feet long, topsail yard 77 feet, topgallant yard 64 feet, royal yard 47 feet, and her bowsprit is 50 feet. She sets about 49,000 square feet of canvas; and she is wire rigged.

SWIMMING (Beadnell).—At most of the public baths there are swimming instructors who give a course of lessons for about ten shillings or a guinea at the most.

BLACK FACE (E. H. Gilbert).—The usual method of blacking faces for nigger entertainments is to use burnt cork. If the cork will not stick well of itself, use a little sugared water.

M. BELL.—You may probably get the shade caps at Miller's, in Piccadilly; Hinks's, on Holborn Viaduct; or Silber & Fleming's, in Wood Street, Cheapside.

MODELS (Speedwell and J. Hibberd).—1. Model blocks, cleats, pulleys, and sundries can be had by post from Stevens, Model Dockyard, Aldgate, E.C., and also from Bateman, Model Dockyard, Fleet Street, E.C. 2. It is unusual to make a boat so large out of one piece of wood, it being better to cut her out in two halves, or build her up in bread-and-butter fashion. You could get the wood at Cubitt's, in Gray's Inn Road.

W. WHITE.—Tinfoil is not paper, but thin sheet lead; and thus your difficulties vanish. You can buy a complete set of soldering tools with instructions and materials for about eighteenpence at Melhuish's, in Fetter Lane. You could have them sent by parcels post; but nearly all ironmongers sell them.

SOADY.—The author knew nothing of your family and simply took the name from an old Army List.

ASTRON.—There are occasional examinations for calculators in the observatories. Write to Secretary, Civil Service Commissioners, for particulars concerning the entrance fee, etc.

J. PHILIP.—At your age the navy offers better prospects than the army; but you would have to join a training ship to begin with. Write for particulars to Commanding Officer, H.M.S. St. Vincent, Portsmouth.

SIR LUDAR.—For Fen skates apply for catalogue to J. B. Ulph & Son, St. Ives, Hunts.

E. R. FRAMPTON.—Had you looked at our back volumes it would have saved you writing. All your suggestions have been anticipated. We have had coloured plates not only of the arms of the Sovereigns of England, but of the counties and bishoprics, colleges, etc. etc.; and we cannot issue them again.

W. G. WOOD.—Very useful lathes are sold by Melhuish & Co. of Fetter Lane, who will send you their catalogue post free if you write to them.

AQUA.—To coat the canoe with indiarubber would be expensive to begin with, and it would cost more to keep in condition. There is no doubt it would be an improvement, but it is doubtful if it would be worth the money.

YVES.—1. There are bird whistles sold at the gunmaker's, and also procurable at the Stores. 2. It is not usual for the birds to sing in the autumn, but it depends very much on climate and temperature. 3. When ants' eggs are mentioned, those prepared for the purpose are meant. They are now sold at most seed shops.

VET.—Write for prospectus to the Secretary, Royal Veterinary College, Great College Street, Camden Town, N.W.

AGRIPPA.—You should not have copied the print without the artist's permission, and you will exhibit it at serious risk. The artist retains the copyright; we have nothing to do with it.



"Don't know you!"

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 631.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"The branch yielded and went under with his weight."

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—ROLLITT.

Rollitt of Wakefield's was a standing mystery at Fellsgarth. Though he had been three years at the school, and worked his way up from the junior form to one of the first six, no one knew him. He had no friends and did not want any. He rarely

spoke when not obliged to do so; and when he did, he said either what was unexpected or disagreeable. He scarcely ever played in the matches, but when he did he played tremendously. Although a classic, he was addicted to scientific research and long country walks. His study was a spectacle for untidiness and grime. He abjured his privilege of having a fag. No one dared to take liberties with him, for he had an arm like an oak branch, and a back as broad as the door.

All sorts of queer stories were afloat about him. It was generally whispered that his father was a common workman, and that the son was being kept at school by charity. Any reference to his poverty was the one way of exciting Rollitt. But it was too risky an amusement to be popular.

His absence of mind, however, was his great enemy at school. Of him the story was current that once in the Fourth, when summoned to the front to call over the register, he called his own name among the rest, and receiving no reply, looked to his place, and seeing the desk vacant, marked Rollitt down as absent. Another time, having gone to his room after morning school to change into his flannels for cricket, he had gone to bed by mistake, and slept soundly till call-bell next morning. "Have you heard Rollitt's last?" came to be the common way of prefacing any unlikely story at Fellsgarth; and what with fact and fiction, the hero had come to be quite a mythical celebrity at Fellsgarth.

His thrift was another of his characteristics. He had never been seen to spend a penny, unless it was to save twopence. If fellows had dared, they would have liked now and then to pay his subscription to the clubs; or even hand on an old pair of cricket shoes or part of the contents of a hamper for his benefit. But woe betide them if they ever tried it! The only extravagance he had ever been known to commit was some months ago, when he bought a book of trout-flies, which rumour said must have cost him as much as an ordinary classic's pocket-money for a whole term.

To an impressionable youth like Fisher II it was only natural that Rollitt should be an object of awe. For a day or two after his arrival, when the stories he had heard were fresh in his memory, the junior was wont to change his walk to a tip-toe as he passed the queer boy's door. If ever he met him face to face he started and quaked like one who has encountered a ghost or a burglar. After a week this excess of deference toned down. Finding that Rollitt neither hurt nor heeded him, he abandoned his fears, and, instead of running away, stood and stared at his man, as if, by keeping his eye hard on him, he could discover his mystery.

It was two or three days after Elections that Fisher II, having discovered by the absence of everybody from their ordinary haunts that it was a half-holiday, took it into his head to explore a little way down the Shargle Valley. He believed the other fellows had gone up; and he thought it a little unfriendly that they should have left him in the lurch.

He was not particularly fond of woods, unless there were nuts in them; or of rivers, unless there were stones on the banks to shy in. Still, it seemed to be half-holiday form at Fellsgarth to go down valleys, so he went, quite indifferent to the beauties of nature, and equally indifferent as to where his walk brought him.

A mile below Fellsgarth, as everybody knows, the Shargle tumbles wildly into the Shayle, with a great fuss of rapids and cataracts and "narrows" to celebrate the fact; and a mile further, the united streams flow tamely out among reeds and gravel islands into Hawkswater.

Fisher II had nearly reached the junction, and was proceeding to speculate on the possibility of picking his way among the stones towards the lake, when he caught sight of a boat in the middle of the rapid stream. It was tied somewhat carelessly to the overhanging branch of a tree, which bent and creaked with every lurch of the boat in the passing rapids. Standing in the stern, as unconcerned as if he was on an island in a duck-pond, was Rollitt with his fishing-rod, casting diligently into the troubled waters.

For the first time the junior enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the object of his curiosity. He found it hard to recognise at first in the eager, sportsmanlike figure, with his animated face, the big shambling fellow whom he had so often eyed askance in the passages at Wakefield's. But there was no mistaking the shabby clothes, the powerful arms, the broad, square back. Rollitt the sportsman was another creature from Rollitt the classic, and Fisher II was critic enough to see that the advantage was with the former.

There was no chance of being detected. Rollitt was far too busy to heed anything but the six-pounder that struggled and plunged and tore away with his line to the end of the reel. Had all Fellsgarth stood congregated on the banks he would never have noticed them.

Ah! he was beginning to wind in now, gingerly and artfully, and the fish, sulking desperately among the stones, was beginning to find his master. It was a keen battle between those two. Now the captive would dive behind a rock and force the line out a yard or two; now the captor would coax it on from one hiding-place to the next and by a cunning flank movement cut off its retreat. Then, yielding little by little, the fish would feign surrender, till just as it seemed within reach, twang would go the line and the rod bend almost double beneath the sudden plunge. Then the patient work would begin again. The man's temper was more than a match for that of the victim, and, exhausted and despondent, the fish would, sooner or later, have to submit to the inexorable.

How long it might have gone on Fisher could never tell. For once, when victory seemed on the point of declaring for the angler and the shining fins of the fish floundered despairingly almost within his reach, a downward dash nearly wrenched the rod from his hands and sent him sprawling on to the thwarts. The sudden lurch of the boat was too much for the ill-tied rope, and to Fisher's horror the noose gave way and sent boat and fisherman spinning down the rapids at five miles an hour.

Rollitt either did not notice the accident or was too engrossed to heed it. He still had his fish, though as far off as before, and once more the tedious task of coaxing him out of his tantrums was to begin over again. It was useless to shout. The roar of the water among the stones above and over the rocks below was deafening, and Fisher's piping voice could never make itself heard above it. He tried to throw a stone, but its little splash was lost in the hurly-burly of the rapids. It was hopeless to expect that Rollitt would see him. He had no eyes but for his rod.

The last glimpse Fisher II caught of him as the boat, side-on, swirled round the turn towards the falls below, he was standing on the seat, craning his neck for a glimpse of his prize, and winding in gingerly on the reel as he did so. Then he disappeared.

With a groan of panic the small boy started to follow. The boulders were big and rough, and it was hard work to go at ordinary rate, still more to run. Happily, however, after a few steps he stumbled upon a path which, though it seemed to lead from the river, would take him, he calculated, back to it above the falls at the end of the bend in which the boat was. It was a tolerable path, and Fisher II never got over ground so fast before or after. A few seconds brought him out of the wood on to the river bank, where the stream, deepening and hushing, gathers itself for its great leap over the falls.

Had the boat already passed, and was he too late? No; there it came, sidling along on the swift waters, the angler still at his post, leaning over with his landing-net, within reach at last of his hard-earned prize. What could Fisher II do? The stream was fairly narrow, and the boat, sweeping round the bend, was, if anything, nearer the other side where the banks were high. His one chance was to attract the angler's attention. Had that angler been any one but Rollitt, it might have been easy.

Arming himself with a handful of stones, Fisher II waited till the boat came within a few yards. Then with a great shout he flung with all his might at the boat.

The sudden fusillade might have been unheeded, had not one stone struck the angler's hand just as he was manœuvring his landing-net under the fish. In the sudden start he missed his aim and looked up.

"Look out!" screamed Fisher. "You're adrift! Catch the branch!"

And he pointed wildly to the branch of an ash which straggled out over the water just above the fall.

Rollitt took in the situation at last. He cast a regretful glance at the fish as it gave its last victorious leap and vanished. Then, standing on the gunwale and measuring his distance from the tree, he jumped. For a moment Fisher II thought he had missed. For the branch yielded and went under with his weight. But in a moment, just as the boat with a swoop plunged over the fall, he rose, clutching securely and hauling himself inch by inch out of the torrent. To Fisher, who watched breathlessly, it seemed as if every moment the branch would snap and send the senior back to his fate. But it held out bravely and supported him as he gradually drew himself up and finally perched high and dry above the water.

Fisher II's difficulties now began. Having seen his man safe he would have liked to run away; for he was not at all sure how Rollitt would take it. Besides, he wouldn't much care to be seen by

fellows like Wally or D'Arcy walking back in his company to Fellsgarth. On the other hand, it seemed rather low to desert a fellow just when he was half-drowned and might be hurt. What had he better do? Rollitt decided for him.

He came along the bough to where the boy stood, and dropped to the ground in front of him.

"Thanks," he said, and held out his hand.

Fisher was horribly alarmed. The tone in which the word was spoken was very like that which Giant Blunderbore may have used when dinner was announced. However, he summoned up courage to hold out his hand, and was surprised to find how gently Rollitt grasped it.

"I didn't mean to hurt you with the stones," he said.

"You didn't. Come and look for the boat, Fisher II."

"He knows my name then," soliloquised the minor, beginning to recover a little from his panic. "I hope nobody will see me."

The boat was found bottom upwards—a wreck, with its side stove in, entangled in a mass of flotsam and jetsam which had gathered in one of the side eddies below the waterfall.

"Haul in, Fisher II," growled Rollitt, surveying the wreck.

With difficulty they got it ashore and turned it right side up.

"Rod, flies, net, all gone," said Rollitt, half angry; "and fish too."

"It was such a beauty, the trout you hooked. I wish you'd got it. You nearly had it too when you had to jump out," ventured Fisher.

Rollitt looked down almost amiably at the speaker. Had the boy studied for weeks he could not have made a more conciliatory speech.

"Can't be helped," said the senior. "Might have been worse. Thanks again. Come and see Mrs. Wisdom."

Mrs. Wisdom was a decent young widow woman in whom the Fellsgarth boys felt a considerable interest. Her husband, late gamekeeper at Shargle Lodge, had always had a civil word for the young gentlemen, especially those addicted to sport, by whom he had been looked up to as a universal authority and ally. In addition to his duties at the Lodge, which were very ill paid, he had eked out his slender income by the help of a boat which he kept on the lower reach below the falls, and which was, in the season, considerably patronised by the schoolboys. When last season he met his death over one of the cliffs of Hawk's Pike, every one felt sympathy for the widow and her children, who were thus left homeless and destitute. An effort was made, chiefly by the school authorities, to get her some laundry work, and find her a home in one of the little cottages on the school farm, near the river; while the boys made it almost a point of honour never to hire another boat down at the lake if Mrs. Wisdom's was to be had.

Last week the boat had been brought up to the cottage on a cart to be repainted for the coming season, and while here Rollitt had begged the use of it for this particular afternoon to fish from in the upper reach.

"Take care of her, Master Rollitt," said the widow; "she's a'most all I've got left, except the children. My John, he did say the upper reach was no water for boats."

"I'll take care," said Rollitt.

As the two boys now walked slowly towards the cottage, Fisher II could see that his companion's face was working ominously. He mistook it for ill-temper at the time, for he did not know Mrs. Wisdom's history, or what the wreck meant to her.

She was at her door as they approached, and as she looked up and saw their long faces, the poor woman jumped at the truth at once.

"Don't say there's anything wrong with the boat, Master Rollitt. Don't tell me that."

Rollitt nodded, almost sternly.

"It went over the fall," said Fisher, feeling that something ought to be said. "Rollitt only just got out in time."

"Over the fall! Then it's smashed," cried she, bursting into tears. "It was to keep our body and soul together this season. Now what'll become of us? Oh, Master Rollitt, I did think you'd take care of my boat. It was all I had left—bar the children. What'll *they* do now?"

Rollitt stood by grimly silent till she had had her cry and looked up.

"I'm sorry," said he, in a voice that meant what it said. "What was it worth?"

"Worth? Everything to me."

"What would a new one cost?"

"More than I could pay, or you either. My John gave five pound for her—and oh, how we scrimped to save it! Where's it to come from now?" and she relapsed again into tears.

Rollitt waited a little longer, but there was nothing more to add; and presently he signalled Fisher to come away.

He was silent all the way home. The junior did not dare to speak to him—scarcely to look up in his face. Yet it did occur to him that if any one had a right to be in a bad temper over that afternoon's proceedings it was Mrs. Wisdom and not Rollitt.

As they neared the school, Fisher II began to feel dreadfully compromised by his company. Rollitt's clothes were wet and muddy; his hands and face were dirty with his scramble along the tree; his air was morose and savage, and his stride was such that the junior had to trot a step or two every few yards to keep up. What would fellows think of him? Suppose Ranger were to see him, or, still worse, the Modern Wheatfield, or——

At this moment fate solved his problem. For just ahead of him, turning the corner of Fowler's Wall, was the cadaverous individual who owed him half-a-crown.

"Oh, excuse me, Rollitt," said he, "there's a fellow there I want to speak to. Good-bye."

Rollitt did not appear either to hear the words or notice the desertion, but stalked on till he reached Wakefield's. The house seemed to be empty. Evidently none of the other half-holiday makers had returned. Study doors stood open; an unearthly silence reigned in Wally's quarters. Even the tuck-shop was deserted.

The only person he met was Dangle, the clubs' secretary, who had penetrated into the enemy's quarter in order to confer with his dear colleague the treasurer as to calling a committee meeting, and was now returning unsuccessful.

"Ah, Rollitt," said he, "tell Fisher I, will you, I want to see him as soon as he comes in. I'd leave a line for him, but I don't know his room."

Whether Rollitt heard or not, he had to guess. At any rate he hardly felt sanguine that his message would be delivered.

As for Rollitt, he shut himself into his study with a bang, and might have been heard by any one who took the trouble to listen, pacing up and down the floor for a long time that evening. He did not put in an appearance in the common room, and although Yorke sent to ask him to tea, he forgot all about the invitation, and even if he had remembered it, would have forgotten whether he had said yes or no.

The next morning—Sunday—just as the chapel bell was beginning to ring, Widow Wisdom was startled by a loud knock at her door.

"Oh, Master Rollitt," said she, and her eyes were red still, "is the boat safe after all?"

"No; but I've got you another. Farmer Gay's was for sale on the lake—I've bought it. It's yours now."

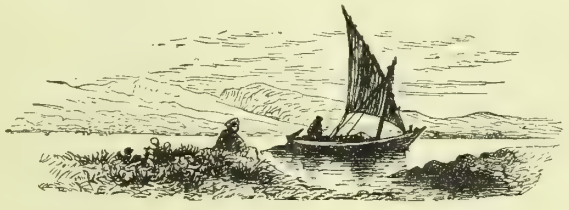
"Farmer Gay's—mine? Oh, go on, Master Rollitt, how could *you* buy a boat any more than me? You've no money to spare, I know."

"It's yours—here's the receipt," said the boy, with almost a scowl.

"But, Master Rollitt——"

But Master Rollitt had gone to be in time for chapel.

(To be continued.)



GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER XXI.—FURTHER PROCEEDINGS OF THE HONOURABLE SOLON—A REIGN OF TERROR—BRUTAL TREATMENT OF DUFFY—I GO INTO EXILE—TIMELY ARRIVAL OF A MAN-OF-WAR—SOLON EXPOSED—I AM RECALLED AND REINSTATED.

"Time's glory is
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light."
SHAKESPEARE.

It soon became evident that the Commissioner regarded me with feelings the very reverse of amiable; for not only was he extremely distant in his manner towards me, but on the following Sunday, when I repaired as usual to the church to conduct the service, I found the Honourable Solon seated in my place, with the evident intention of performing the duties himself; and I further noted that, if this action had not the consent of the entire community, there was at least a majority in its favour, and that those who sympathised with me were too much overawed by the claims of the intruder to enter any protest against this high-handed proceeding. The service was conducted much as usual, except for the addition of a long extempore prayer before the sermon. This last was about an hour in duration, and decidedly of a ranting character. It reminded me forcibly of a story I once heard of a vicar, who, on coming to a new parish, decided to preach in as simple language as possible, with the astonishing result that, in a few Sundays, he emptied his church. On inquiring from one of his farmers whether what he preached was not plain enough, the worthy man replied; "That's it, Sir; you've just 'it it; the last parson were a larned man, and used to give us a bit o' Greek sometimes."

This particular sermon was plentifully interlarded with doubtful Latinity; I had read through Cicero's "De Senectute" at school, and having been caned two or three times in the process, I had retained a very vivid idea of that remarkable little treatise; I could hardly repress a smile then, when the preacher transplanted Scipio out of the dialogue into the well-known quotation from Xenophon, making him stand by the dying bedside of Cyrus the Great. After having gone through half the sciences also in the course of his oration, the preacher said, "Dear brethren, I've wandered so far from the text that I shan't be able to go to it to-day; but what's that matter, brethren, if I've done you all good?" The sermon, however, took twenty minutes longer to conclude; but it completely established the reputation of the Honourable Solon as a preacher of vast learning and remarkable eloquence, who certainly ought to have been a bishop if a grateful country had treated him as he deserved.

Another and even more painful trial was in store for me; for the next step taken by the Commissioner was to dispossess me of the school. I could have borne the cold looks of those who had once been my warm friends; I could have patiently endured the long diatribes of the Commissioner, rendered piquant as they invariably were by disparaging allusions to myself and the two other unfortunate aliens, whose only crime was that they did not belong to the original settlers; I could have borne with equanimity the fact that I was only allowed on sufferance to till the land which was now my sole means of subsistence. But when it came to taking the school away from me, in the duties of which I had always taken the keenest delight; when the children clung to me with tears in their eyes, and besought me not to leave them, then I could bear it no longer, and burst into an indignant protest, which ended by my being put under arrest for a week, and forbidden to leave my house under pain of fine or imprisonment, or to hold any communication with any one except those who, as my tormentor styled it, "had charge of me."

The worthy gentleman had frequently spoken of "the executive," and of "punishment," and it soon became abundantly evident what meaning he attached to those terms. One day, about a month after the events related above, I observed a great commotion in the neighbourhood of the school, and on inquiring the cause, I found that a sitting of "The Supreme Court" was in progress, for the trial of Abel Duffy, the late schoolmaster, on what charge I could not clearly ascertain. It seemed at first doubtful whether I could be admitted, but on appeal being made to the Commissioner, he replied, "Certainly, the court is open: any person may come in and see justice done, be he the veriest scoundrel upon earth. I hope the rascally foreigner will take note that even in this remote island, so far removed from the area of civilisation, justice overtakes and punishes the guilty."

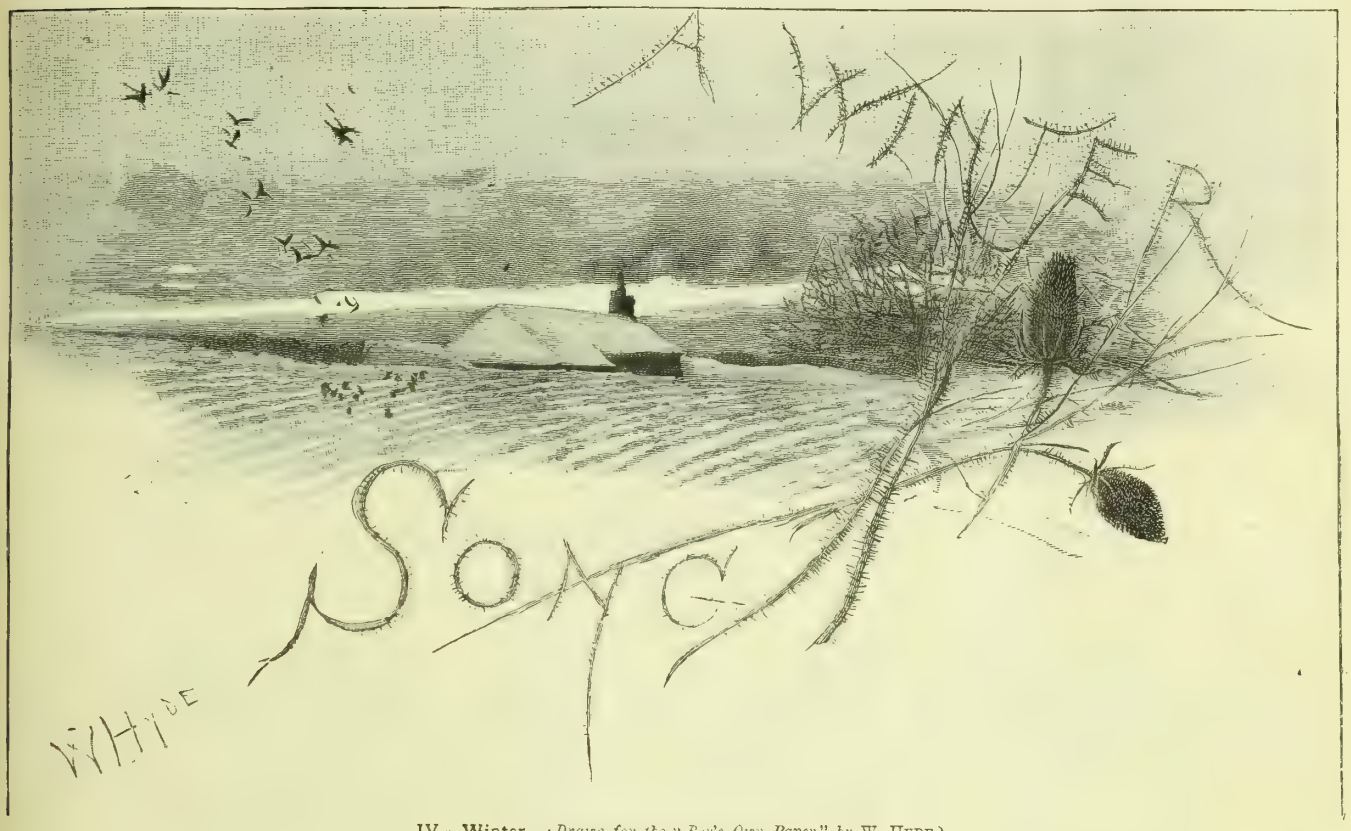
The court sat for several hours, at the end of which time I could make out nothing more than that Abel had divulged to the parties most interested, a most obnoxious design of the commissioner's for getting rid of his three enemies by sending their wives and children from the island. That Duffy should be found guilty was of course a foregone conclusion, and now the Commissioner gathered himself up for the final effort, and in a tremendous voice passed upon him the sentence that he should receive three dozen lashes with a cat, pay a heavy fine, and leave the island by the first opportunity; "and," added he, "you may be very thankful that we have no branding instruments here, or I would have you branded R.V. 'rogue,' and 'vagabond,' which you undoubtedly are; but the court is willing to temper justice with mercy, and will even grant a remission of your sentence, if you conduct yourself so as to deserve it. One dozen lashes you must undoubtedly suffer; that being the only efficacious method of appealing to a nature so hardened as yours appears to be. Whether you receive the second dozen or not, will accordingly depend upon your future conduct; and whether, according to your reiterated promise, you continue to respect the public functionaries of this island, while thus you remain upon it. But even if you deviate from this promise, which it is much to be feared you will, since I am told you are an incorrigible scoundrel; even if you compel us to administer the second dozen lashes, in the interest of the discipline and good order which the executive is determined to maintain and enforce; still, in the event of a manifest reformation of your rule of action and erroneous actions and principles, the executive is ever ready and willing to take into consideration, so far as circumstances may permit, and may prove compatible with the general interest of the commonwealth, touching the premises [*sic*] and in relation to the said rule of action which you may hereafter think it just to pursue, and the good behaviour which circumstances render it expedient that you should adopt—I say the executive is ever willing to take a lenient view of your case, but if you do not so reform and behave, the balance of a dozen or fourteen which still remain due to you must be settled accordingly."

The first part of this monstrous sentence was carried out without delay, and carried out in the church, of all places in the world. The islanders who took part in it, or witnessed it, have often since confessed to me their utter inability to understand the infatuation which then possessed them so that they did not even cry "shame" on these most iniquitous proceedings. They had had no experience of anything but temporary insanity, or they would have surely looked with suspicion on their visitor, who actually kept a loaded musket beneath his seat in church to intimidate his hearers, and who, I verily believe, would have in some way endeavoured to compass my death, had I not at last chosen voluntary exile in preference to the misery, suspense, and semi-starvation which I was then enduring.

I left Eos with my two companions in adversity by a ship bound for Tahiti, which happened to call in to adjust her compasses. I placed myself under the protection of the missionaries at that place, who received me most kindly and gave me a share in their work, which I found marvellously pleasant after my late sufferings. They informed me, to my great astonishment, that the Honourable Solon had also honoured them with a visit, and had offered to correct a whole host of imaginary evils in their system of evangelising the island; he had at last become so troublesome that they were obliged to get rid of their visitor in the best way they could, and found the very greatest difficulty in bringing the delicate matter to a successful issue. I now, more than ever, felt certain that I had right on my side, and that it was only a question of time and patience. I saw clearly that it would be no use attempting to undeceive the people of Eos; even if they got the letter, it would probably be opened by the Commissioner, and in any case the statement would not be believed. I determined therefore to wait patiently, and endure, as best I might, the cruel separation from my wife and three little children, and I counselled my two friends to do the

ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various Representative Artists.



IV.—Winter. (*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* W. Hyde.)

same. I felt that deliverance would surely come, sooner or later.

After we had been in exile about nine months, I received a most penitent communication from the Eos islanders, begging me to come back to them, and at the same time offering to pay all my expenses. It seems that a man-of-war had lately touched at the island, commanded by a younger son of one of our English dukes. As soon as the vessel anchored, the usual deputation put off to her, and, on going on board, the magistrate informed his lordship that the Commissioner would shortly arrive to pay him an official visit. "Indeed," replied the captain, "and pray, who may the Commissioner be? I was not aware that His Majesty had any representative at Eos." The islanders assured the captain that such was the case. "And pray, who may the gentleman be?" replied the captain; "will you be so good as to oblige me with his name?"

"Honoured sir," replied the magistrate, "his name is the Honourable Solon Buttercluck, and we understand that he is the son of a former Lord Veryauld, and that the family is very distinguished among the aristocracy of Great Britain."

Lord Alexander appeared puzzled. "Veryauld, Veryauld," said he, half to himself; "I never heard the name before; and Buttercluck too sounds rather odd. But we can soon see, of course; Mr. Wilson, pray go down into my cabin, and fetch me 'Burke's Peerage'; you will find it on my desk." This order was addressed to the captain's clerk, who disappeared, and shortly afterwards returned bearing a large red volume, which he handed to his lordship.

"I thought as much," said he, after eagerly scanning the index; "your visitor is indeed a very distinguished member of our aristocracy, seeing that there is no such peerage, and the name does not exist among the aristocracy, if it does elsewhere, which I doubt. I much fear that you, my friends, have been grossly imposed upon, and that you will have learned rather a severe lesson on the depravity of human nature." He then rang his bell violently, and on the appearance of the sentry despatched orders to the gunner to delay the salute; then, turning to the deputation, he continued, "I was about to wake your echoes with my guns; but yonder distinguished member of the aristocracy of Great Britain will think that the compliment is meant for him; whereas if I am not greatly mistaken, he is not worthy of the smallest expenditure of powder."

Just then the sentry re-entered, and informed the captain that a boat was alongside, bringing the Governor of the island. The captain now demanded of the deputation if they had ever seen the gentleman's commission, or heard it read; and on their replying in the negative he said, "I thought as much. You will never see that interesting document—it does not exist. Now let us go and have an interview with this potentate." The captain advanced to meet the Honourable Solon, and immediately requested the favour of his name, and a sight of his credentials; but before the Commissioner was able to reply, a flood of recollections seemed to be awakened in the heart of the gallant officer. "Why, surely," said he, "this is not our first meeting; you are surely the gentleman who, as the self-elected governor of another small colony of His Majesty's subjects, gave me such infinite trouble five years ago. If I am not mistaken you then bore another name, equally absurd as that which you are now palming off on this simple-minded people, to whom I suspect you will have taught a sharp lesson as to the depravity of mankind. Pray, have you been ill-treating and imprisoning respectable householders as you did at St. Mary's Island? I shall not be in the least surprised to find that you have been occupying somebody's house without the least right to it, or any thought of paying rent. Perhaps, too, you have been riding your favourite hobbies of confiscating land, and administering the cat to those who are so unfortunate as to differ with you. We shall see."

The pseudo-Commissioner stood convicted, and unable to offer a syllable in his own defence: while the crestfallen islanders now saw how thoroughly they had been deceived, and how sorely they had injured men to whom they were bound by ties of gratitude as well as of

blood. The captain of the Amphion instituted a searching inquiry into the conduct and proceedings of the Honourable Solon, whose name we afterwards discovered to be Thomas Jenks. This investigation resulted in the complete exoneration of us three unfortunate exiles, and the complete exposure of our enemy. The captain expressed his great regret that he had no power to take away this obnoxious individual from the island at once; but he promised to lay the matter before the Commander-in-chief on the station, in order that a ship might be sent down to remove him on the first opportunity.

Thus ended the revolution at Eos. We returned to our wives and families with thankful hearts, well content to let bygones be bygones, since we were sure that our friends were by no means likely to forget the lesson which they had learned. Nor were we wrong in our surmise; for there now ensued a long period of tranquillity extending over many years, when the only clouds which overshadowed us were such as fall to the common daily lot of the whole human race. The community increased in numbers, and gained more and more of kindly recognition from the outside world; our houses began to be filled with kind tokens of its goodwill; and the services of the church were likewise much embellished by the liberality of fellow-worshippers in the old country.

One of these gifts, received almost at the close of this period, made a profound impression upon me. This was a costly and beautiful set of vessels for use in the Holy Communion, given doubtless by someone wholly ignorant of the fact that we had no clergyman resident on the island. I had often thought of the disadvantages under which we laboured, and of the melancholy fact that no one in the island received the blessed sacrament except on the rare occasion of the visit of a man-of-war bearing a chaplain; but now, as I unpacked these costly treasures, I grasped the situation as I had never grasped it before.

Something must be done. At least it was my bounden duty to acquaint the people of their need, and of the priceless advantages which would accrue to them from such a change. Cost what it might, I must lay the matter before them, and offer to resign my post of lay deacon if any clergyman could be found willing to come out and take charge of the Church of God in Eos. While I was considering how best to carry out this resolve, and wondering how it was that I had not long before faced so important a question, there occurred an event by which the matter was settled in a manner altogether contrary to my expectations.

(To be continued.)

A HOLIDAY OUTING IN CEYLON.

By an Old Westminster Boy.

PART IV.

As it would take four days to reach Trincomalee, with stoppages, we started off the next morning in both canoes and made good progress before breakfast. The place was so wild that we could not resist spending the afternoon there and shooting all kinds of low-country birds.

While returning, after a short walk, McK—— found cheetahs'* "pugs" (footmarks) in some dark mud not half a mile from where we were encamping. It was agreed that after supper we should tie some animal to a stake at night, and lie in wait for our feline friend. The moon might be expected to rise at about one A.M., so that a good sleep could be had first. Two coolies, after some trouble, managed to capture a young "kurangoo" (red monkey), which they said would be the most tempting morsel possible for a hungry cheetah.

We turned in early, and were called as soon as the moon rose. It felt damp and cold after our half night's rest. I suggested to McK—— the cruelty of the proceeding, knowing perfectly well at the time that my qualms of conscience arose solely from sleepiness, and not from any other compunction. McK—— however quite saw through this, and told me that the young monkey was booked to die, and that it would be far less cruel to give it a quick death than to allow it to die of starvation. Knowing what an impostor I was, McK—— poured some cold water down my back, which made me feel more wide awake than was pleasant.

He told the tracker to bring the unfortunate bait; we repaired to the place where the "pugs" had been seen, and tethered the young monkey to a small stake in an open spot. Taking up a position well to leeward of it, we lay down on our faces behind some tufts of high mana grass and waited.

The miasma arising from the river seemed damp in our lungs, and made us long for a pipe, which was quite out of the question. Not a sound was to be heard, and we thought to ourselves that it would turn out as it did the previous time, when we sat up for a cheetah for six mortal hours without any result. The cries of the wretched monkey were unceasing. Putting myself in the place of the cheetah, it seemed as if flesh and blood could stand it no longer. Towards the grey of the morning we distinctly heard a purring noise, and knew that our long watch was about to be rewarded. The disagreeable element in this was that the sound came apparently from *behind* us. We shifted our position a bit and waited breathlessly. Without any further warning, the sound of a soft thud was audible, and a large form alighted within a foot of the tethered monkey. Mc K—— and I fired almost at the same moment, and the only result was that the cheetah bounded away as actively as it came, and we listened to crash after crash growing fainter in the distance with the greatest disappointment. The monkey was happily saved.

Neither of us spoke for about five minutes, when McK—— remarked that we "had better have some coffee made, as he was cold." The circumstance of the cheetah was not mentioned by either for some hours; but when the tracker and Andi inquired after our night's work, we both looked at each other and laughed outright. Andi took it very much to heart, and explained to us that it passed his comprehension altogether how both his masters should have clean missed a stationary shot at ten or twelve paces, even by moonlight. He fairly insisted on taking the dogs to the place, and seemed so downcast when we told him that we could not take the trouble to accompany them that we determined to go. To our surprise all three dogs tongued loudly, and followed the course the cheetah had taken at a headlong pace.

About a quarter of a mile further on we came upon some rocky ground and found blood spots upon many of the stones, which raised our hopes still further. The dogs were not in sight, but we heard them baying away furiously, and pushed on at a good pace. A rocky mound now came into view, at the foot of which the dogs were barking, and trying ineffectually to jump up. There was a cleft in the rock at about six feet from the ground, and but little doubt that our friend the cheetah was comfortably ensconced inside.

This was rather a dilemma, as there was no combustible matter within easy reach.

McK——'s impatience would brook no waiting, and taking out his heavy hunting knife, he scrambled up and disappeared into the mouth of the cave. It was what not many men would have done, to go into a semi-dark place after a wounded cheetah with nothing but a knife. I heard him calling out to me to come and help very cheerily, and found him tugging away at the beast's tail, which was quite dead! We succeeded ultimately in getting it out. This was rather a tame ending when we had expected another exciting hunt; but it was better than having missed the brute altogether, as we thought had been the case. When speaking to my friend about the danger he had run he only chuckled, and said that "he did not see much danger in going into any place after a dead animal!"

The poor brute must have suffered some pain, as it had been shot through the lungs. Its skin was the finest we had, and its claws now form a very handsome necklace. Upon getting back to the canoe we both went fast asleep, and did not awake until it was becoming dusk. It being quite useless to attempt loading up the boat by torchlight, we sat over the fire and yarned away until the moon rose, when, after an hour's packing, we started off and paddled away down stream. The mosquitoes here quite spoilt the pleasure we should otherwise have derived from this moonlight journey. A devil-bird sailed noiselessly across the canoe at one time, and although both of us got a snap shot it continued its course in the same calm and graceful manner, not even deigning to quicken its flight.

After musing for some time I fell asleep in the canoe, and was aroused by the crack of a rifle just before daybreak; McK—— had shot a spotted deer which came through the brushwood to drink.

We did not come to an anchor until the middle of the day, when a fine breakfast was made of the venison. The entire afternoon we pursued our course, and were even able to hoist a ground sheet as a sail, which gave good help. Coming upon a tidy-looking native village between five and six o'clock, we asked

* "Cheetah" is a Ceylon name for the hunting leopard or panther which has retractile claws. The cheetah is not found in the [illegible].

for and obtained a straw-thatched hut for the night, and were extremely comfortable. The Singhalese said that Trincomalee was not more than twelve miles distant, so that we should arrive there the next morning for breakfast. Neither of us was sorry, being very apprehensive about N——, besides feeling seedy ourselves from the feverish climate of the river bank.

The last beasts shot upon our expedition were alligators. Both McK—— and myself fired at every one we saw, and I trust did some damage among them.

Native boats were frequent now, and regarded us with some curiosity, especially upon hearing that we had come from over a hundred and fifty miles up the country, measuring by river. Leaving Andi in charge of the canoes, we hastened to the Resthouse, and were rejoiced to see N—— sitting in a deck chair in the verandah with his legs upon a small table in front of him. He had only arrived the night before, and looked somewhat done up. He had passed most comfortless nights, and lost the sole of one boot, which made walking most painful. His success with the elephants had not been good, as he had come up with them upon four successive days. Three had been killed, one of which had mauled the tracker rather seriously. Fortunately for them both, they fell in with a party of Moormen traders, who accompanied them to within a short distance of Trincomalee, and lent N—— a pair of sandals to walk in.

We were all of us very glad to get back to civilisation again. Chairs and tables seemed delightful luxuries after the back-breaking postures in which meals had been eaten for some time.

This was the first time I had been to Trincomalee. The sea air and bathing were very refreshing, although the weather was hotter than usual there. N—— and myself met there once again after some years, and spent the greater part of one day in a canoe, looking for the body of a man who had been drowned. He had taken a lady in a boat to have luncheon upon one of the islands in the harbour. She was seen to be in distress and was taken off—*alone*. Her companion and she were having lunch, when they noticed that the boat had become untied and was drifting away. He jumped into the water and swam after the boat, but sank suddenly just before reaching it. Whether or not a shark had taken him no one ever knew, but he was never seen again nor was his body recovered. The accident made a great stir in Trincomalee, where he was known.

Sharks are quite sufficient to spoil the pleasure of a bathe even at Mount Lavinia, near Colombo, where they say that it would be impossible for one to come inside the bar, but I have always felt while swimming here, that the fact of being swallowed by a shark would not be rendered any the less unpleasant by its being announced in the paper as "a most extraordinary occurrence," which "had never taken place before!"

This will happen some day. Sharks are only waiting until they get a chance at a married man who will leave a widow with fifteen children. Bachelors are not a tempting enough bait!

We spent three or four days in arranging the transport of our goods and chattels to Hambantotte by bullock-cart. As soon as our horses arrived we set off and reached Galle in five days. Excellent snipe shooting was obtained in the morning and evening, and near Madura the dogs pulled down a fine old boar after an exciting chase. From Galle we took night coach to Colombo, and arrived there at daybreak the next morning, after an oyster supper partaken of at Bentotte, where they halt for half an hour at midnight. McK—— had to go up country at once, and left by the afternoon train.

Had it not been for his kindness we should never have been able to manage the trip, as both of us were griffins. I am glad to think that we did not disgrace him by any very serious bungles, nor grumble at the "roughing it," which had to be done. Although I spent my leave every year after this in going for shooting trips, this first one will always carry the palm for enjoyment. Probably, of course, merely because it *was* the first. The game we shot was not excessive, but still there were a good many skins, tushes, and claws, to keep as trophies. N—— and I remained in Colombo for some little time revelling in sea-bathing at the Mount Hotel and fish dinners. I was back upon the estate before my leave expired, and found that things had gone on so satisfactorily in my absence, that I wished my employers would allow leave twice as often as they did.

Days upon which nothing happened have not been dwelt on, as they could not be of much interest. Any one going down the Mahawelliganga for a similar trip next year, may well expect to kill as much or more game than we did, and perhaps be killed themselves by elephants, alligators, or jungle fever, if this is any inducement.

Sport in Ceylon is decidedly good, and will probably continue so for many years to come. N—— left for England the next year and returned married. McK—— and I joined in another trip to the north of the island. Andi turned into a regular "Shikari," and only left me when I sailed for home.

(THE END.)

THE PESHWA'S ELEPHANT.

By Stephen Gray.

In the forefront of the battle, where blows
fell fast as hail,
The chieftain's flag waved proudly 'mid his
serried ranks of mail.
'Twas the Peshwa's stoutest warrior the
conquering pennon bore—
Old "Havildar" the elephant, grim panoplied for war.

Dark welling from the howdah, in thick and
sluggish tide,
Dripped o'er the beast's gay trappings, adown
his armoured side,
The life-blood of the captains who propped
the flag on high,
And, in death's arrogance, seemed still to
threaten and defy.

Behind the huge, sagacious head, in caution
and command,
Astride sat Lutchmanji Mahout, with driving
goad in hand;
Who for this mighty mammoth charge for
many a day had cared,
And many a long, eventful year its peace
and peril shared.

Through pageant bright, on weary march,
amid war's bristling ranks,
And in their happy hours of peace on sunny
Bhima's banks,
Toil and repose together shared had knit them
heart to heart;
But now their comradeship was o'er, the
trusty friends must part.

For hurtling flew a deadly dart and hit the
driver, fair.
Stricken to death, "Stand fast!" he gasped,
then clutched the empty air,
And, slipping from his lofty seat with moan
of mortal pain,
Sobbed out his life in agony upon the sandy
plain.

The charge was spent; all shattered was its
glittering array:
One struggle more; then, foot by foot, the
Poonah host gave way.
The foeman's courage, quickening, in fresh-
lit ardour glowed:
The tide of victory had turned and ever
faster flowed.

And soon the Moghul horsemen thick and
threatening pressed around;
But still flamed out the Peshwa's flag, fast
rooted to its ground.
The fallen driver's mandate staunch and
faithful to obey,
The bearer of the standard loomed high
above the fray.

Stand, warrior sons of Brahma! Oh, will ye
fly the field,
And to Mahomed's rabble rout in martial
manhood yield?
Still floats the orange ensign of Maharashthar's race;
Shall sacrilegious Muslim host its lofty pride
abase?

One prayer to mighty Shiva in this hour of
utmost need:
What sacrifice to war's dread God like patriot
blood shall plead?
Then turn in onset glorious to meet the
exultant foe,
To 'venge the sore insulted soil and lay the
invader low.

As sullen wave, with lowered crest and savage,
wrathful roar,
Tearing, with stubborn rage, its grip across
the shingly shore,
Quickly reforms, then turns again, and in a
foaming tide,
With unabated force whelms back and will
not be denied:

So the Mahratta chivalry, hurled back in
broken wrath,
Surged on again, and ever on and forward
swept their path.
While the standard of the Peshwa yet braves
the battle's brunt,
What craven, caitiff warrior but rallies to
the front?

And who shall scatter enemies who know not
their defeat?
And who shall conquer paladins who die but
not retreat?
Triumphant waves the banner 'gainst the
setting Indian sun:
"Mahadeo!" "Mahadeo!" the victory is
won.

'Tis staunch obedience has turned the issue
of the fray,
Has changed defeat to victory and won a
doubtful day.
And lifeless lies its hero's friend! Now who
shall soothe his grief,
Absolve his tried fidelity and tender it
relief?

Lo while, amid the camp fires, the tired
soldiers sleep,
And jackal and hyæna their horrid revel
keep,
Above a clay-cold body, among the heaps of
slain,
One mourner listens for the voice which
ne'er shall sound again.

[In

In sorrowing, restless patience, slow swaying to and fro,
Three nights, three days, the faithful beast, colossal in his woe,
Now trumpets loud his great despair, then scatters high the dust;
Nor forceful threat nor false caress shall lure him from his trust.

Who pricks so fast from Poonah? What burden does he bring?
'Tis a wise and valiant soldier, the veteran Golab Singh.
Upon his saddle bow he bears a round-eyed baby boy.
'Tis the dead driver's youngest born, the lode-star of his joy.

Full oft in hours of sport and rest, beneath the pipul's shade,
Has kindly beast to tender babe his loving homage paid:
Slave to a toddling tyranny, imperious though mild;
Bowing in Titan dignity to the dear comrade's child.

Oft has this tiny playfellow run riot in his mirth
Amid the mighty pillars which sustain that giant girth:
Or, throned in confidence aloft, rejoiced with gleeful cry;
As swallow on the temple dome sits twittering on high.

Chieftain and trooper, lord and groom, stand all in wonder round.
What power but cruel force shall move Colossus from his ground?
Threat and temptation have been tried, and only tried to fail;
Whence shall the potent master come whose mandate shall prevail?

See, circling close the fragile form, with thoughtful, tender care;
Lifting on high the laughing child in the golden orient air;
To baby lisp obedient, in docile loving pride,
He passes on, majestical, with slow and stately stride.



A nice family party!

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AFLOAT.

By George Andrew Patterson, R.N.,

Author of "A Rolling Commission," "In the Middle Watch," etc.

The changes rendered necessary by the altered conditions of modern naval warfare have taken all the poetry out of our ships, and in lieu of the picturesque wooden walls which so long braved the battle and the breeze, and gained Old England her supremacy upon the sea, we are now called upon in these latter days to rejoice at the unlovely designs furnished by marine constructors.

It were not to be wondered at if matter had reacted upon mind; let us be thankful, therefore, that our sailors are found not utterly devoid of sentiment. Every day of the week on board ship brings its own particular routine, and, seeing there is not that variety of domestic and social pleasures available to shoregoing folks, any little event which tends to make a break in the monotonous round is sure to meet with a jubilant reception. If, then, St. Valentine's Day comes round fraught with so much hope and anticipation to residents upon *terra firma*, the reader may easily understand how that particular day in the calendar is looked forward to on board a man-of-war, and that when it arrives not a few stalwart fellows are on the tiptoe of expectation. It might seem ridiculous to charge these brawny ones with being nervous, yet perhaps such would not be far from the truth.

There is yon strapping sub, for instance, who, surely, cannot be the same puling youngster that joined the training ship a few years since with his sea-chest and the taste of bread and butter about him; but 'tis he, all the same, and with the dawn of manhood a change has come over him respecting the sex feminine. In storm and stress of weather, in times of bullying by gun-room seniors, his mind has gone back regretfully to the delights and comforts of his boyhood's home, that home which he was forced to leave all too early in order to be coached and crammed for an embryo Nelson; he has cherished, I say, a fond remembrance of those happy times with his sisters and their playmates. Yes, and one of the latter, now grown into a charming woman, has quite taken his fancy; one who when he runs down home for a spell to spend his Admiralty leave always meets him with a blushing greeting, on the strength of which he dares to hope, though he has not declared himself yet, but fully means to do so when he gets his lieutenant's commission. A straw may show how the wind blows, and he thinks her dainty sailor costume indicates how her preferences lie; so, like Othello, upon this hint he will speak. Meanwhile she is his valentine; he has taken the preliminary step of posting her the choicest thing in that line he could find, and be sure that he looks forward with longing anticipation in the hope that the day will bring him a similar token.

Like master, like man: many of the foremast hands are keeping company with some smart little craft, making ready to take them in tow for the voyage of life, for better for worse, come fair weather or foul; and ten to one these will not forget to observe the time-honoured custom of the day.

Well then, a postman, or—to give him his proper style and title—an orderly, having been put ashore from the various harbour ships early in the forenoon, these have repaired one by one to the apartment specially reserved for them at the Post Office, and now with congested letter-bags, and each reckoning himself on a par with a Queen's Messenger at the very least, behold them returning to their respective vessels. The officers obtain the privilege of an early delivery, and presently the ward-room resounds to shouts of merriment as fortunate possessors of valentines direct many a sally across the mess-table and banter their messmates left out in the cold. These, however, take it all in good part, and make the best they can of their forlorn situation in bidding for and offering to buy up the lucky jokers' love-letters and valentines.

The bulk of the letters are for Jack on the lower deck. He is a very different fellow nowadays from what he was a couple of generations ago, when, returning from long, very long commissions, his pockets lined with dollars galore, he fell an easy prey to the wiles of every designing siren who set her cap at him; a very different fellow, one who can play his part in social affairs and prove himself a capable citizen everyway. But, for all that, he occasionally gets the heartache, and is made to feel the smart when Cupid gets hold of him, as, for instance, when it is his fate to be taken captive by the pretty ways of some charming coquette, who, for a season, bestows upon her sailor the sweetest smiles, and then, capriciously preferring scarlet to navy blue, throws him over for Joe the marine.

As we have intimated, the lower deck is well off for letters, and these are consigned to the safe keeping of the master-at-arms. Right glad would that official be to get rid of his burden instanter, for he is pestered by every man Jack he comes across. The letters, however, are not to be got out of hand so easily, inasmuch as their owners are stowed away in all sorts of out-of-the-way holes and corners—in double bottom or boiler, in magazine, sand tank, or glory-hole. But, wherever they may be doing their bit for Queen and Country just now, it may safely be assumed there will be a general assembly presently at twelve o'clock by the chime, when ship's bell and boatswain's pipe alike proclaim the time to dine; for, depend upon it, there is something wrong somewhere if a tar misses his muster then, and a search party had better be told off at once.



And so it comes to pass that the valentines are served out, like the provisions, during the dinner-hour, and, for once in a way, are regarded as a greater event even than the serving out of the grog.

The opening of the missives gives rise to mixed feelings, for, as everybody knows, Valentine's Day is made to serve the double purpose of illustrating the sentiments of true affection and the outpourings of spite. Hence, amid countenances for the most part wreathed in smiles, you may note here and there a mariner with face as long as a fiddle; the perusal of his valentine is not flattering to the reader's vanity, and by no stretch of charity can it be called a work of art. But his gloom is shortlived as an April shower; soon his uproarious laugh breaks forth along the mess-deck, for Jack, take him all in all, is rather a generous fellow, and seldom indulges long in feelings of resentment.

MY FIRST TIGER.

By Major-General R. C. Money.

At the time when I shot my first tiger I was Deputy Commissioner of Maubhoom, a district in Chota Nagpur, which is a division of Bengal. Maubhoom was a splendid district for sport, being in the cold weather full of wild duck, snipe, and quail; and at all times its many hills afforded first-rate bear shooting. It was also full of tigers, but, alas! it was impossible to get at them, as they frequented most impenetrable jungle, too dense to be beaten by men, and in which tiger-shooting could only have been done off elephants, and that even with great difficulty. Unfortunately, too, there were hardly any elephants in those parts, and none fit for shikar; in fact, I had been obliged to shoot almost the only elephant in the district, and a fine large tusker it was.

He belonged to the Pachete Rajah, and had been attached under a decree of the Civil Court. It was with the greatest difficulty that the warrant for its attachment could be executed, for as soon as a process server came near to do so, it was driven over the border into another district, in which the warrant could not be served. At last it was attached and brought into Purulia, my head-quarters. Before, however, it could be sold in satisfaction of the decree, it went "must," a periodical madness which seizes male elephants, and which their mahouts or drivers with proper medicines can control. In this case, the mahout was clearly playing into his master's hands, and purposely did not take proper steps to keep his elephant under control, hoping that, if it broke loose, they would get it out of the clutches of the law. If this was their object, they were disappointed, for the elephant breaking loose killed three people, and was busily employed pulling down villages, when their inhabitants came and begged me to shoot it. As we had no elephants with which to recapture it, it was absolutely necessary, in the interests of life and property, that the elephant should be killed, so I had, though with much regret, to shoot it.

The loss of human life by tigers in this district was immense, and Government paid very large rewards to Shikarries for their destruction, which they effected by means of traps of bows and poisoned arrows set in the jungles. This was the only way we could reach the brutes, and by such means many were killed.

For these reasons, though constantly shooting, I had never, up to the time of my story, come across a live tiger, much as I longed and tried to do so.

I was out shooting one day in Gooindpur, a sub-division of my district, and D——, the officer in charge of the sub-division, was with me. It was hilly country bordering on Sonthalia, and bear-shooting was particularly good, bear being abundant, and Sonthals the pluckiest of beaters—so plucky, that I have known an old Sonthal, when one of our beaters was attacked and thrown down by a big black bear, rush in unarmed, with only a bamboo lattice or stick in his hand, and belabour the bear, till it left the prostrate beater, and took to its heels. The beater was badly mauled, but the old Sonthal's pluck saved his life.

We were after bear on the occasion of which I write, and our plan of operations was to take up our position on one side of a hill, into which bear had been tracked, and, either on the ground or in michaus (i.e. small platforms made in the boughs of a tree, and screened with leaves), to wait, while a few hundred Sonthals, surrounding the hill on its other side, advanced through the jungle, shouting and beating the underwood with their latties, and thus driving out whatever game there might be in the hill, and forcing it on to the places where we were posted.

It had been an unlucky morning; it was very hot, and the beaters seemed careless, and the bear either broke back through their line, or somehow got off without our seeing them. At last a fine fellow broke in front of me, and I could have sworn that he carried off the contents of my two barrels, but there was, as is so often the case with bear, no immediate visible effect, and before I could fire again, Bruin had vanished in the jungle behind me. This was but a small patch, and I could see beyond, and all round it, and knew that he had not left it. We, therefore, searched this patch of jungle well, but the bear was nowhere to be found. A day or two afterwards, however, vultures indicated its whereabouts, and it was found in this very patch dead and smelling.

So far the day had been profitless, and as the sun was extremely powerful, I proposed a return to camp, but D——, who had arranged the shoot for me, was very anxious that I should beat one more hill before we left off. We had some 500 beaters out, and he had just got khubr that, beside bear, a tiger had been seen in the hill which he wished to try. This at once decided me; I was longing to meet a tiger, and at last here seemed a chance, so, mounting our horses, we rode off in the direction of this hill.

In this part of the district, through which the Grand Trunk Road runs (for long the main line of communication between lower Bengal and the Northern Provinces), tigers, though not really more plentiful, were more often seen out in the open than in other parts, and I have known an Englishman, a loafer, travelling down the Trunk Road on a native bullock ghari, or cart, stalked for about a mile by a tiger, who quietly followed him along the road. The man had no weapon, and was afraid that he might excite the tiger if he hurried the bullocks on, or if he got off the cart and bolted, so prudently he sat quiet, and letting the bullocks go on at their usual slow pace, watched the tiger, who at last, to the great relief of the loafer, and for no assignable cause, gave up his stalk, and went off into the jungle by the side of the road.

Such adventures are not uncommon, and though it has nothing to do with my present story, it may be of interest if I tell of one which happened to a Forest officer, Captain L——, in the Julpigori district, of which I was then in charge.

L——'s duties as Forest officer necessitated his often travelling along the military road from Alipore to Buxa, a small hill station in the Himalayas, on the frontier of Bhutan, where a native regiment is stationed. This road runs through heavy jungle, in which are many tigers, and is in part bordered by forest, in part by tall grass jungle; on each side of the road is a very deep ditch, which those in charge of it should at all times have kept clear of jungle, but which was usually overgrown with long grass.

L—— was one day driving up to Buxa in a small bamboo cart with a fat, sleepy, chestnut pony in the shafts, and he had no gun or weapon of any kind with him. When at a spot where there was no house or hut for miles, before or behind him, the long grass covering the ditch on his left-hand side suddenly moved, and out of the ditch on to the road, but a few yards before him, stepped a fine large tiger! L—— at once pulled up his pony, and the tiger, stopping in the centre of the road, faced round and glared at him! The pony, a stolid beast that nothing would excite, after its usual manner when stopped, dropped its head and went to sleep, either not noticing, or observing nothing out of the common in the tiger! L—— and the tiger stared at each other. It may be easily imagined that L——'s feelings could not have been particularly pleasant. If I remember rightly, he had so often carried a rifle with him along this road, thinking that he might meet a tiger, without ever seeing one, that at last he gave it up, and now, unarmed, he had met with one, and at very close quarters too!

He saw at once that there was nothing to be done, but to wait until the tiger might develop his intentions. He could not drive on, as the tiger blocked the way, and he could not turn round and drive back without great risk of exciting the tiger. So there was nothing for it but to sit quiet and wait, and so he sat, he and the tiger watching each other. He told me that it seemed a long time before the tiger made up his mind, but at last it turned from him, and slowly made its way into the ditch on the right side of the road.

It was the hot weather, a still day, and the grass very dry, and L—— could hear it rustle as the tiger went into it, and eagerly did he listen, hoping to hear the rustling go on and indicate that the tiger was retreating; but no, the grass hardly hid the tiger from view than the rustling ceased, and L—— knew that the tiger had stopped, was close to, and most probably was watching him! He did not dare to arcuse his pony and drive on, as, if he did so, the chances were that the tiger might spring at him. So he sat still and waited. Again the wait seemed long till the grass moved, and out stepped the tiger once more into the middle of the road, and facing L——, stared at him! only a very few yards from him, remember! There sat L——, there stood the tiger, and between them the chestnut pony slept!! Well might the minutes seem long to L——, but, fortunately, there is an end to all things, and his *mauvais quart d'heure* was no exception to that rule. The tiger at last came to the conclusion that he would not interfere with L——, and slowly retired into the ditch on the left-hand side out of which he had come, and this time L——, to his great joy, heard the sound of the rustling in the long grass go on and on, getting fainter and fainter, till he knew that the tiger had gone, and then arousing his pony out of his peaceful slumbers, he continued his journey, rejoicing at his escape.

To return to my own story, on reaching the hill where it was said that the tiger had been seen, we found it to be long, low, rocky, and fairly straight, about a mile and a half in length, and covered with small tree jungle. At one end of the hill there was a deepish dip, forming a kind of neck, in which ran a pathway, and from which several tracks ran up into the hill. On one side of this pathway we found two old michans, most rickety affairs, which had been erected long before for D——, who then had a "honk," or drive, for game in this hill. As there were no trees sufficiently large at the best spots for michans to be erected, these were made on bamboo scaffolding some fifteen feet high, and were screened in front by what had once been fresh, green, leafy boughs, which made the michans appear

sufficiently natural not to attract the attention of any wild beast. Now in their dried-up, withered state, they looked most conspicuous. This defect, however, was rapidly remedied, for a few fresh boughs being cut, and the michans covered with them, they once more answered their original purpose. Nothing could be better than their position. They were some 100 or 150 yards apart, and commanded the whole of the hill in front, and its slopes on each side, and with good beating, any beast in the hill, unless it broke back through the line of beaters, must be driven within range of our batteries.

I had choice of michans, and selected the left-hand one, as I thought from the lie of the ground that it was the best concealed. The track, or pathway, here ran deep in the dip and in front of my michan, and only separated from it by the width of the track was a rocky bank covered with low scrub bushes, the top of which was nearly on a level with the platform of the michau.

The beaters were now sent round by circuitous routes in the valley, to the far end of the hill, there to form line and to beat right up to us, a few men being posted along the sides of the hill to prevent any animal escaping.

D—— and I took up our positions, and, arranging our batteries, dismissed our gun-bearers, chyprassies, and syces (grooms) with our horses, who went quietly down into the valley, and in a few minutes all was still around us, not a sound to be heard. As it would take the beaters long to get to the end of the hill and to begin the drive, and then it would be some time before any animal could reach us, I preferred sitting on the grass, with a rifle by my side, at the foot of the ladder by which I had to mount into my michan, to getting up into that rickety old construction a minute sooner than was necessary.

It was early in June, just before the rains set in, the season in India when the sun is most powerful; the heat was intense, and even the few birds I saw hopped along panting, with open beaks. A deathly silence reigned, as if the great heat had mastered all nature, and the stillness was oppressive. After much waiting, the faint sound of the far-off whoop of a Sonthal beater broke the silence, and I was delighted to know that the drive had commenced.

There is something peculiarly pleasant and exciting in the commencement of a beat. The occasional sound of a beater's call indicates the advance of the line, and you strain hearing and sight to catch the first rustle of the dead leaves, pressed by the stealthy foot-fall of some wild beast, as it moves quietly from the disturbance in its rear, or to get the first glimpse of its skin. Then the expectation! There is no saying what may break in front of you, and you feel fully certain that some animal worth getting must assuredly do so.

It was time for me now to climb up into my michan, and I was just about to do it, when a slight movement ahead of me, and on the top of the bank, over which I could not then see, owing to my being on the ground, made me seize my rifle and stand expectant. It was a moment of excitement! What was the animal which was so close to me? Could it be the tiger? No, it was not the tiger, not even a bear—but a man! an almost breathless chyprassy (i.e. Government messenger), who had been sent with the beaters to help to keep them in line. The momentary disappointment was great, and I was beginning rather angrily to ask what on earth he meant by being thus ahead of the line, when, coming close up to me, he whispered, "Burra bagh hai sahib!"—"Sir, there is a big tiger!" He was a thoroughly brave fellow that; when with the beaters, they had sighted a tiger, and he had come on ahead of them alone, travelling in the same direction as the tiger, to give me what he knew would be most welcome news. It was impossible to be angry with him any longer, so telling him to get quickly out of the hill and down into the valley, I mounted the michan and kept a sharp look-out. I had not been there long before, far up an opening in the jungle, too far off for a shot, I caught for a second a glimpse of a striped animal; it was the tiger right ahead of me, and evidently coming down in my direction! Great was my excitement, and oh! how I longed to see that tiger again, and nearer! And how I feared lest it should break in front of D—— instead of me! Then followed minutes of anxious waiting and expectation. Nearer, louder, and more often came the beaters' cries, but no more could I see of the tiger.

Presently the distant noise increased, and there was the sound of many shouts and much confusion. Could it be that the tiger had broken back, and escaped through the line? Then all was stillness again—not a sound.

Suddenly I saw D——, whose michan was in sight of mine, and whom I had all along been watching jealously with half an eye, raise his rifle and take aim! Was it the tiger he was aiming at? Most devoutly I hoped not; possibly it was only a bear, and then, if he fired, he might scare the tiger! Still he aims, only aims; it is most tantalising. Why on earth does he not fire and have done with it? There is, I think, nothing more irritating than to see a man, sighting, aiming, keeping his rifle to his shoulder, and not firing. And this was what D—— was doing; it was most aggravating!

From the direction his aim now took, it was evident that whatever he was watching, was coming to his left, in my direction. Presently down goes his rifle. He looks disappointed, I think! Hurrah! It must be that he had only caught uncertain glimpses of the tiger as it passed along, and that it was coming towards me, and out of his line of fire! Eagerly did I scan every inch of ground in front of me, expecting each moment to see the beast—when! what is this? up goes D——'s rifle again! bang, bang, went both barrels! His fire was answered with an angry roar, and a splendid big tiger charged down the slope of the hill on his right into the valley, D—— seizing another rifle and taking rapid aim. Suddenly I caught sight of a party of some twelve Sonthals armed only with latties rush out of the valley, and up the grassy slope of the hillside, shouting and yelling, to meet the descending tiger, which, hid from me for a few seconds by intervening bushes, once more came in sight, going down the hill. It was very plucky of them to run up the hill to meet a tiger in all its fury, and few people but Sonthals would have done it. The effect was magical; their noisy charge and bold front was too much for the tiger, and with a deep growl of rage, he turned and bounded up the hill again, making straight for the front of D——'s michan!

The line of beaters had by this time come near in our front, and the noise all round was great. The tiger made no attempt to break the line, but came on straight across our michans, but, alas! it seemed that it was to be D——'s chance, not mine. How keenly I watched him! The tiger was now hid from me by jungle, but I could see that D—— saw it, was watching it, and was getting ready for another shot. There goes his rifle again up to his shoulder. The apparent deliberation of his aim was too exasperating! It seemed to say, "Just wait; my one shot now will settle this business; you are out of it."

The tiger was now evidently crossing his front and coming on to me, and, if he would only miss, my chance might come at last! But it is not to be—crack! sharp rings out his rifle—a pause—crack again! eagerly straining forward, he seizes his second rifle; again he takes aim; the beast is evidently not dead, and that is so far satisfactory for my chance. But is it down? What can it be?

I would have given worlds to have shouted and asked him, but feared to scare the tiger should it be coming my way. I see his rifle go down, but he is stretching forward and straining his sight ahead of him. How eagerly I watched his every movement. Was my poor little chance all over? Such were my thoughts, when my attention was suddenly drawn from D—— by a slight sound in front of me. In my anxiety and watching of D—— I had forgotten my own front. I now turned to it, and, with a thrill of intense excitement, I saw before me, on the very edge of the bank, the tiger crouching, as if on the point of springing into my michan! His head was towards me, his whole body still, except his tail that lashed angrily from side to side as he gave low, fierce growls, his lips drawn back, his bare teeth shone white, and his large eyes glared green fire! I seemed almost to feel his hot breath! It appeared to be touch and go; could I fire before he sprang?

I pressed my left trigger—bang!—an ounce of lead had pierced that tiger's brain, and he simply subsided! The light died out of those large savagely gleaming eyes, the head fell forward, the tail became motionless, and the tiger lay on the rocks before me, dead, in the very attitude of springing, his body being propped up by the rocks amidst which he had crouched.

My first tiger was dead! I have never since felt the extreme pleasure in the death of any tiger that I did then. My first tiger! All the same, it was not really my tiger, as D——, who was a very good shot, had put the first bullet into it, so the skin was his. He good-naturedly gave it to me, and a grand large skin it was.

Of our triumphant return to camp, the tiger slung on a good stout pole, and carried on the shoulders of many Sonthals, while tom-toms were beaten and great noise made, I need not write. Suffice it, I had bagged my first tiger, and was happy!



THE TOAD.

By C. Somerville Watson,

Author of "The Newt," etc., etc.



NEAR relation of the newt, and a far more interesting pet in the Vivarium, is the common toad of our fields and gardens, and those who can overcome the popular prejudice in connection with these lowly batrachians, and carefully study their habits and ways, will find themselves amply repaid for their trouble.

The common toad differs considerably from the frog in many ways, although at first sight there does not appear to be so great a distinction between them. A closer examination, however, will show the difference between the two animals.

The limbs are shorter and thicker than those of the frog, and more adapted for crawling than leaping; in fact, you rarely see a toad jump, and then it simply amounts to flinging the body an inch or two off the ground, and coming down "all fours" literally, in anything but an elegant attitude.

If you compare the hind legs of a frog with those of a toad, you will find that in the former the limbs are thrown farther back, so to speak, so that the legs meet behind at the knees; whilst in the latter they are attached to the body more laterally.

The toes are much shorter than the frog's, and only slightly webbed—being less adapted for the purposes of swimming—and are provided with double subarticular tubercles. The skin is covered all over with rough excrescences and warts, while on either side of the head immediately behind the eye is a long kidney-shaped gland, called the parotid gland, which is used as a weapon of defence and will be described later on.

Toads have no teeth whatever, while those of the frog are confined to the palate (called "Vomerine") and the upper jaw.

The tongue is fastened in front, and quite free behind, and the dexterity with which the animal shoots it out and catches insects is truly wonderful.

The tail of the young toad is absorbed soon after it leaves the water. The animal is therefore placed in the "Ecaudata or Tailless" order, while the newt, on the other hand, retains his through life, and therefore belongs to the "Urodela," or visible tail order.

Like the newt, the toad begins its life in the water.

About the end of March, or the beginning of April, the toads migrate to the ponds, where they pair off.

At this time the male may easily be distinguished from the female by the black warty projections which grow on the thumbs at the pairing season and disappear soon after. The male again is much smaller than the female, and of a light ash-grey or brown colour.

After pairing, the female deposits her spawn in the weeds by the edge of the pond, where it finds a safe anchorage.

Toads' spawn is very different from that of frogs, being laid in long strings, which look something like thin glass tubes filled with shining black beads.

After an interval of a few weeks the young tadpole emerges from the egg, and swims about by means of a long tail.

Like the frog, it breathes by means of gills, but ultimately these disappear and are replaced by lungs, when the legs make their appearance, and soon after the tadpole, or rather young toad, is able to leave the water, and seek for food among the weeds and rushes, where it feeds on insects, larvæ, and other small fry.

During its growth the toad changes its skin several times, which peels off in long shreds, which it is afterwards said to devour.

A long slit appears down the back and belly, which gradually lengthens, and underneath may be seen the new skin, of a much lighter colour.

Whilst changing, the animal pours forth a sort of liquid from various glands on different parts of the body, which materially helps it in getting rid of the old skin; in fact, it is streaming with moisture, and very unpleasant to touch.

It is a curious fact that toads seem especially to dislike a dirty or soiled skin, and should anything discolour or spoil their old dress, they at once proceed to some secluded spot and change it for a new one.

The eyes of a toad are very curious from the way they are placed in the head, as they are not set in an orbit, but framed round, as it were, with bone, as you may see by the large cavities in the skull. If the mouth be opened, the eyeballs may be seen completely bare and penetrating some distance into the interior.

Like the newt the eyes are protected with a third eyelid, called the nictitating membrane. The parotid glands, one of which is behind each eye, are long glands formed by a protuberance of the skin, which in most toads is well developed, and can easily be seen.

These glands serve as weapons of defence, and on excitement they pour out a watery humour of very acrid taste, so much so that a dog which has taken a toad in its mouth will soon drop it, as it causes the animal to foam copiously at the mouth.

Care should be taken that this fluid does not get into the eye, as the pain it causes is intense.

The great warty newt has, I believe, a similar gland, though much smaller.

In their wild state the toads make their homes in mossy banks, or under stones, where they remain during the summer months, living on different kinds of flies, beetles, worms, etc.

Towards evening, and after rain, they may be seen in numbers crawling about the roadside, where a plentiful supply of provisions abound.

Their mode of capturing their prey is very curious. As soon as the toad sees its victim it crawls stealthily up to it, raising the body, and lifting one leg up after another, with a great deal of deliberation. When close up to its quarry, the head is suddenly thrust forward, the tongue flashes out like lightning, and the insect disappears with a sound resembling a metallic "click."

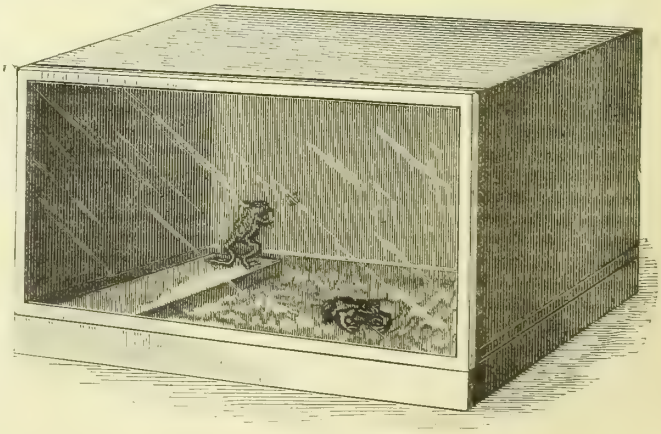
Although the throat is, comparatively speaking, rather small, it is capable of great distension, for a large cockroach is swallowed as easily as a fly, and although the stomach is by no means capacious, I have seen one of my toads swallow ten large cockroaches in the same number of minutes, and apparently feel none the worse for the meal.

On the approach of winter the toad buries itself in the ground, or in the hollow of some tree, where it remains in a state of torpor until the warm weather comes again.

The following are the dates of the different periods in a toad's life-history, as far as I am able to judge from my own observation:—

Toads appear	about	February 27.
Toads pair	,,	end of March to the
,,	,,	first week in April.
Toads spawn	,,	April 21.
Young toads leave the water		July 1.
Toads retire into winter quarters		October 15.*

If you wish to add a toad to your collection—or rather toads, for it is better to have several—you have only to hunt in a vegetable garden about evening, and you will have no difficulty in finding half a dozen or so crawling about in search of food. Failing in this,



Useful toad-case.

however, a walk along a country lane in the evening, especially after rain, will generally prove successful, as toads usually come out to feed about that time.

Take a covered basket with you, half filled

* The last date varies, of course, considerably with the weather and temperature.

with moss, in which the toads can be safely kept till you get home.

A useful toad case can be made of an oblong box, with a glass front and a door at the back. The glass front should be made to slide up and down in a groove, so that it may be taken out and cleaned. The bottom of the case should be filled with a thick layer of moss, in which a large flower-pot saucer may be imbedded at one side to serve the double purpose of drinking trough and bath for the inmates. Some large tufts of grass may be added, which will give a pretty effect; or, if you like, some young ferns.

A case of this description is easily made, and will be found admirably adapted for your pets. They will burrow under the moss, and make cosy nests, where they will remain for hours together, seemingly indifferent to time and surroundings: but put a cockroach into the case, and see how quickly affairs change.

As soon as the presence of the insect is discovered, the fraternity immediately begin to show signs of a vivid interest, to which a short time before they appeared to be strangers.

They raise their bodies high up on their legs, stretch out their heads, and regard their intended victim with a most ludicrous stare. The insect too seems conscious of its danger, and remains perfectly motionless for some time, during which the toads have crawled up quite close, and are preparing for action. At last the moment has come. The unwary insect, thinking perhaps (if cockroaches can think) that all danger is past, makes a slight movement to survey the field, before beating a retreat.

That movement is fatal. Before it can recover its former position, two or three slimy tongues flash out so quickly that the motion is scarcely perceptible to the eye, and the cockroach vanishes into the capacious mouth of the lucky marksman, a curious "click" telling the onlookers that the business has been satisfactorily disposed of.

It is truly wonderful to see the numbers of cockroaches that toads will devour. I have put fifty in a small case containing six of these batrachians, and, with the exception of a few little ones which had hidden under the moss, the whole had disappeared before the next day.

They will also eat crickets, flies, worms, grubs, etc., and you will find a good part of your time taken up in hunting for food sufficient to satisfy the cravings of your hungry pets.

I generally empty the contents of a beetle trap into the case every morning through a lid on the top, and let them help themselves as they feel inclined, dropping in an occasional worm now and then in the course of the day for a change.

It is important that the water in the saucer should be changed daily, and fresh added, as during the summer the toads frequently sit for some time in the water.

Fresh tufts of grass and small plants may be added to the case from time to time, in which the toads can forage for provisions. After a short time they will begin to recognise you, and regard you in the light of a friend, and will make no attempt to crawl away when you open the case, but will allow you to pat their heads, which they seem rather to enjoy, or will take a worm from your hand.

Toads show a wonderful amount of instinct. A gentleman told me a few days ago, that he once threw the body of a bird he was skinning on some grass, and soon after two toads made their appearance and sat perfectly motionless on each side of the body for some time. Wishing to see what they intended doing he watched them carefully. After some time the flies, attracted by the smell, settled on the carrion, and were immediately picked off by the vigilant toads.

A whole volume might be written about the fabulous stories connected with toads, but space will not allow me to do more than hint at one or two.

In mediæval times they appear to have been a favourite ingredient in medicine, and we read of a man cutting a toad in halves, squeezing the two portions in a glass as one would a lemon, and then drinking the mixture in order to ward off some malady.

There was a popular idea in the dark ages that the toad had a jewel secreted in his head, which it was forced to part with on being placed on a piece of red cloth, but immediately swallowed again.

The belief that the toad is able to spit fire when attacked is still prevalent in many country places, and I once heard a country schoolmaster tell his youthful pupils that God had mercifully provided the toad with the means of pouring forth a stream of fire when attacked.

The most curious of all tales in connection with the toad is that of their being found embedded in masses of stone unearthed from quarries, and even dug up in coalpits hundreds of feet below the soil. What gave rise to this belief it is hard to say, except perhaps that the animal had found a hole among the stones into which it had crept for the winter, and from which it had been roughly ejected on the removal of the stone. The stories of their being found in marble mantelpieces, and other equally unlikely places, must be taken *cum grano salis*.

There is another species of toad, locally common in this country, called the Natter-Jack. It differs from the common toad in colour, which is of a yellowish-brown, with a band of yellow running down the back. Unlike the former animal, it neither hops nor crawls, but walks very nimbly and quickly.

It generally lives near the sea, and I have found several on the peninsula between the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee, crawling about the sandhills which border the shore.

(THE END.)

HOW TO MAKE A SMALL DYNAMO.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "How to Make an Induction Coil," "How to Make an Electrical Machine," etc., etc.

PART I.

Since I wrote my last electrical article in the "B. O. P." I have had letters from all sorts of places requesting me to give directions for the manufacture of a small dynamo. Now, the dynamo is not the most simple piece of mechanism extant, and I am inclined to think that many boys would find it rather a poser to make one. At the same time, it is perfectly evident that there are heaps of readers of the "B. O. P." who are very anxious indeed to *try*, at all events; and as we must not stand still, but aim at more elaborate apparatus as we advance in electrical knowledge, it is a pity not to endeavour to supply them with the help they need.

Well then, if, like Pears' soap baby, they "won't be happy till they get it," I will do my level best to bring down the subject into the range of their capability. It will not cost them much to try the experiment, and if they don't succeed they must not blame me, but their "vaulting ambition," which has "o'erleapt itself." There is no reason whatever why a boy who is accustomed to metal-working should not succeed in making the small machine described, if he first masters the principles of its construction.

The advantage of a dynamo, I may here remark, is that by its means we are able to produce a current of voltaic electricity at any moment by turning a wheel, without bothering with acids, or carbons, or zincs, or any other of the various articles necessitated by the use of a battery. Furthermore, the current goes on as long as you turn the wheel, and stops directly *you* stop, there being no loss betweenwhiles. Of course, both battery and dynamo have their advantages and disadvantages—nothing in this world being perfect all round!—and for some purposes the dynamo is best, for others the battery. For example, it would be absurd to use a dynamo to ring an electric bell—not that it would not do it with tremendous energy, but in the case of a bell what one wants is merely to ring it for a few seconds at long intervals, and for this work a battery in which there is little current, but which is always ready to give that little without touching it, is *facile princeps*. But for experiments in which a strong continuous current is required the dynamo comes to the front, as there is no "polarisation" to detract from its value, as in the case of the battery. One does not always want to be messing with chemicals in setting up a battery when one only requires the current for a short time, and the dynamo is always ready, and merely turning the handle produces the required current in a moment. Besides this, viewed merely in the light of a magneto-electric machine, it will give a considerable shock to any one who holds two handles fixed to its terminals.

Having now enumerated the advantages of the machine, it behoves me to endeavour to describe its various parts and the method of making them. There are several methods of dynamo-making, but that which seems to be the most used, and most easily followed in the case of a small machine, is that of the type known as the "Siemens" dynamo, from the inventor of the armature, which is of peculiar construction.

The action of the dynamo depends on the fact that if a piece of soft iron is surrounded by a coil of insulated wire, when the soft iron is approached to a magnet it becomes itself a magnet, *and at the same time a current is generated in the coil of insulated wire which surrounds it.* This current is, however, of only momentary duration, and ceases if the soft iron remains stationary; but on removing the soft iron from the magnet *another current is generated in the coil of wire*, but this is a current of the opposite kind of electricity, and travels in the opposite direction to

that produced in the former case. Now you have only to imagine that, by means of rotating in front of the poles of a magnet, a piece of soft iron is kept continually approaching and receding from the magnet, and that this soft iron is surrounded by wires in which circulate currents positive or negative according to the direction of the movement of the soft iron, and then, if we can arrange to carry off all the positive currents to one binding-screw, and all the negative currents to another binding-screw, we shall have a continuous current generated as long as the soft iron revolves. All this is practically carried out in the construction of the dynamo, and on the accuracy with which it is done the efficiency of the dynamo depends.

To make the base of the machine, take a piece of deal 5½ inches long by 3½ inches broad by ⅞ inch thick. This can be stained afterwards to make it look nicer; it must be planed well, and polished up quite smooth.

The greatest difficulty of the whole business has now already to be confronted—viz., the manufacture of the magnet. This is almost invariably cast in two pieces, and for those who cannot make the castings there is no help for it but to have recourse to the ironmonger, or, better still, a practical electrician. If you cannot manage this part of the business you can get the whole set of castings required for the dynamo from Mr. S. R. Bottone, Wallington, Carshalton, Surrey. The following instructions will then assist you to put the castings together.

Supposing this difficulty to have been overcome, and two pieces of soft iron to have been cast in the form of fig. 1, both exactly

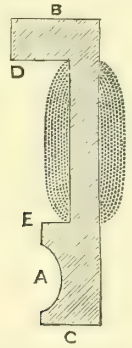


FIG. 1.—SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF ONE SIDE OF MAGNET.

The dotted lines show position of coils of wire. A, One side of hole for armature.

the same size and shape; the next thing to do is to convert it into an electro-magnet by winding seven layers of No. 16 cotton-covered wire over each leg, at the part shown by the dotted lines in the illustration.

The size of the legs of the magnet is as follows:—Total length from B to C, 4⅛ inches; thickness of top piece from B to D, ½ inch; length of top piece from B to D (half total length of top of magnet), ¾ inch; breadth of side of magnet all the way down, 1¾ inch; height from E to C 1½ inch; thickness of the part between D and E, round which the wire is wound, ⅜ inch. When I say "breadth" in this description, I mean what you can't see in the sectional drawing, because it recedes from you; when I say "thickness," I mean what is shown in the drawing. It is necessary to explain this, as the terms are rather confusing. The ends of the sides between D and E are rounded to admit of the wire being more evenly wound on them.

It is not essential to use a permanent magnet in this machine, as a certain amount of "residual" magnetism remains in the iron when once excited; and the coils of wire on the armature being acted on by the armature, which is slightly magnetised by this residual magnetism in the magnet, have a reactionary effect, and excite the armature, which excites the magnet afresh; and thus the magnet and *its* coils, and the armature and *its* coils, go on acting on each other, and mutually building up each other's current, until the maximum effect which the machine is capable of giving is produced.

Before winding on the wire, the legs of the magnet between D and E should be covered with a band of silk soaked in melted paraffin wax, to increase the insulation. New and soft wire, of the highest conductivity, should be used. Old, rinky, and hard wire will not do.

The wire is wound upon the legs of the magnet in such a way that when put together as shown in fig. 2 the coils are in

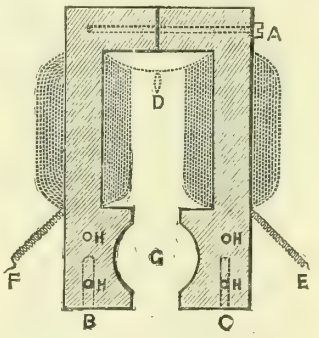


FIG. 2.—MAGNET PUT TOGETHER.

A B C, Screws. D, Junction of two wires. E F, Ends of coils. H H H H, Holes for screws at end. The dotted lines show position of wire, and screws fastening magnet together and to base.

opposite directions, so that if the magnet were straightened out, or the two portions placed end to end, one coil would be a prolongation of the other. This can be most easily done, in the case of this particular magnet, by winding each leg separately, and the end of the outer coil of wire of one can be joined to the end of the inner coil of wire of the other at D in the cut, the other ends of the coils being left loose as at E and F, these being long enough to go down under the base—say, about 3 inches long to allow for joining up. It will be remembered that a similar method of winding an electro-magnet was given in the article on "Electro-motors," on page 570 of the last volume, and if this is not quite comprehensible the reader had better get No. 595, which may assist him.

The electro-magnet having been wound may now be placed upright on the base, its two limbs fastened together by the screw at A. The magnet is now to be fastened to the base in the middle of its breadth, and about an inch from one end, by means of two screws at B and C, passing through the base into the legs of the magnet. Before it is fastened on, however, you had better drill two screw-holes on each leg at H H H H in the figure, and four corresponding to them on the other side. We shall want eight screws to fit these holes presently.

The magnet having been fixed, we now have to construct the armature, which is the next most important part of the machine.

This consists of a soft iron cylinder with an axle passing through its centre, as at K L in the illustration (fig. 3), S S S S being the soft iron cylinder. This cylinder has a deep groove cut from end to end, or is cast in that shape, and round this groove the wire is wound. The wire is No. 18, cotton- or silk-covered. Begin at the point marked H in the diagram, and wind over and over, from end to end, until that side is full; then cross over to the other side, going from H to E, and wind that side also in the same direction. The ends of the wire are shown at W W, and they must be left about an inch or 2 inches long, as we shall want to connect them with the commutator presently. The dimensions of the armature are as follows:—Length of axle, 5½ inches; circumference of cylinder, 1 inch; length of cylinder, 2 inches; width of groove, ¾ inch. The axle is composed of a piece of steel rod rather more than ⅛ inch in diameter. The axle must be very truly centred in the armature, and the armature must be most accurately mounted, as it has to revolve at a high rate of speed in a very limited space, between the poles of the magnet.

As it is rather difficult to explain the construction of the armature, I give another illustration (fig. 4) of a *section* of the armature,

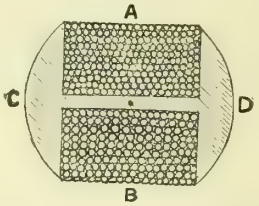


FIG. 4.—SECTION OF END OF ARMATURE.

The circles show the position of the coils of wire in the grooves A and B. C D, Ends of soft iron cylinder.

which will show how the wire is wound on the groove, and the shape of the grooves themselves.

At one end of the axle is fixed the driving-pulley P, while at the other has to be fixed a small wooden roller R, over which two pieces of sheet brass have been fastened, each reaching nearly half round the surface of the roller, so that two gaps are left between them. This forms part of the commutator; but

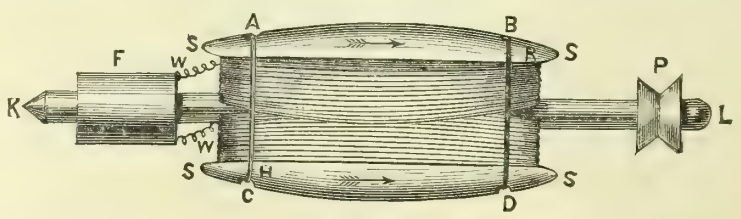


FIG. 3.—ARMATURE OF DYNAMO.

S S S S, Grooved cylinder of soft iron. K L, Axle of cylinder. The wire is wound across from end to end on one side, and then from end to end in the same direction on the other side. W W, Ends of wire. A B C D, Grooves in cylinder for thread to hold wires in position. F, Wooden cylinder fixed on axle.

before we come to that we must consider how the armature is to be fixed between the poles of the magnet.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

A Brave Rescue in Colwyn Bay.—Friday, November 7, saw a scene in Colwyn Bay which should not be allowed to be forgotten. Off the rocky coast could be seen a vessel whose topsails were torn to ribbons by the fury of the gale, and utterly helpless she drove on shore within 150 yards of dry land. The breaking seas swept her from stem to stern. To the rigging clung four despairing men; on the shore crowded five hundred quarrymen who had hurried from the mines and quarries to afford a helping hand if possible. The wind was blowing a hurricane in shore. The cold was intense, and to add to it a drifting downfall of sleet came on. A lifeboat was sent for, but was found to be already at sea on an errand of mercy; then a man remembered where he had seen a boat, and some two hundred of the quarrymen rushed along the shingly beach to where, a quarter of a mile away, the broad-beamed open boat lay, and about half an hour afterwards they reappeared, carrying the heavy craft among them. As soon as the boat arrived a crew volunteered to attempt to reach the stranded vessel. Fifty willing hands gave the little craft a strong push out, and for a moment the spectators hoped it would succeed in reaching the vessel, but a gigantic wave caught it before it had traversed half the distance and hurled it ashore again. A second and third attempt met with the same fate. At this time it was stated by some people with telescopes that one of the figures in the rigging was a woman with a child in her arms. This drove the men on shore nearly frantic, and one of them proceeded to strip himself with the intention of swimming to the wreck, but was held back.

Other attempts were made without success. At last John Jones, quarryman, William Williams, shopkeeper, John Roberts, quarryman, and William Williams, quarryman, made a seventh effort to reach the schooner. Launching the boat at a moment that a huge roller broke around them they were at once dragged into the sea by the retiring waters and stranded on some rocks about twenty yards from whence they started. Two of the four men jumped into the water, and proceeded to push the boat seawards. Another breaker dashed over them, completely burying them for the moment, and then they climbed into the boat and pulled lustily to the ship. All on shore watched breathlessly the desperate efforts of the four men. The boat was like a cockleshell on the furious waters. A huge roller dashed them from the ship's side as they were on the point of succeeding. Again the brave fellows bent to their oars, and a long hard pull cleared the crest of yet another wave, and dropped them close alongside. The bowman clutched a line hanging over the ship's side. The receding waves pulled him off his legs, but he stuck to his line. Another of the four got hold of the line, and between them they held the boat alongside. A loud ringing cheer broke from the rocky coast as the crew of the schooner tumbled into the little boat. But the danger was not over. As they pushed off from the ship's side, a vast mass of water curling over the stern broke in torrents above the boat, half filling it, and entangling it in some wreckage. An anxious moment ensued, during which all hands worked hard to clear the boat. Then taking advantage of an incoming wave they pulled for the shore, and long before the boat touched ground fifty eager young fellows rushed breast deep into the boiling surf, and hauled the boat on firm ground. Then another wild cheer broke out, and the four men rescued—for there was no woman, after all—were tenderly cared for. Surely peace hath her noble victories as well as war!

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Amateur Photography.

[*See pages* 71, 252, *and* 448 *of our last volume—Vol. XII.*]

In our last volume, in connection with this competition we offered, it will be remembered, five guineas in prizes as follows:—

Class 1, Portraiture. This was to include groups, taken either indoors or in the open air. £1 10*s.* was to be given for the best portrait or group, and 10*s.* for the second best.

Class 2, Architecture—*i.e.*, photographs of any private or public building, old or new, colleges, abbeys, churches, etc.—the first prize to be £1, the second 10*s.*

Class 3, Pure Landscape—*i.e.*, country scenery or forest views, in which any figures or buildings that appear are subsidiary to the surrounding landscape—first prize £1, second 10*s.*

The age is limited to 24 years, but our usual "consolation prize" to those who are over the age will hold good under this arrangement. Prints sent in must be from untouched negatives, and be themselves untouched. Every print must be *the unaided work of the competitor himself* exposure, development, printing, toning, and mounting. Small improvements done by the hand of the competitor himself such as blocking out spots, etc.—are not included under the head of "retouching."

We are happy to be able to announce that a very large number of readers took part in this competition, and most of the work sent in was so excellent that we felt it to be a real pleasure to considerably increase the total amount of the prize money, so as to encourage those who had proved themselves thoroughly worthy of recognition.

Our Award is as follows:—

Section I.—Portraiture.

Prize—One Guinea and a Half.

Ernest Winn (aged 17), The Uplands, Selly Hill, Birmingham.

Extra Special Prizes—One Guinea each.

James Erskine Murray (aged 21), St. Fillans-by-Crieff, Perthshire.

F. H. Davies (aged 22), 265, Coventry Road, Birmingham.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

[*The names are arranged in the order of merit.*]

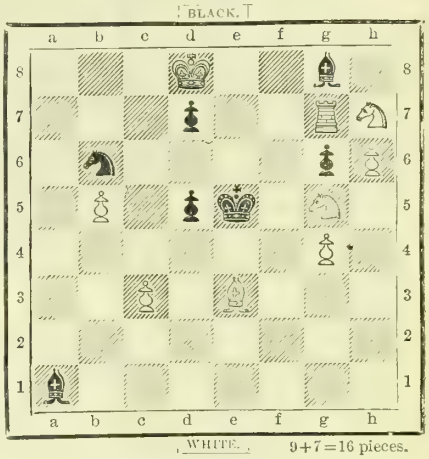
1 D. Dove, 27, Newark Drive, Pollokshields, Glasgow.
Harry Wade, 3, East Bank Terrace, Stockton Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester.
3 L. B. Beard, Picton, Clevedon, Somerset.
Albert Forrest, 14, Market Street, Pontypridd.
5 R. W. Hannington, Dorchester, New Brunswick, Canada.
D. Leupold, Hillthorp, Grange Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.
Herbert Sandoe, 2, The Limes, Hornyold Road, Malvern.
8 F. H. T. Brauer, Myrtle Bank, Prestwich.
Nichol Elliott, Southsea Cot., Coldstream, N.B.
George Emery, 142, Church Road, Hove, Brighton.
Arthur R. Gough, 98 Hampton Road, Redland, Bristol.
Charles E. Pettinger, 61, Westbourne Road, Sheffield.
13 E. C. Higgs, 44, Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.
Evelyn M. Whitehead, Deighton Grove, York.
15 W. T. Cliffe, Marine Villa, Castleford, Yorks.
G. W. Jenkins, 17, Laud Street, Croydon.
J. P. Jenkins, Hazlemere, St. John's Road, Clifton, Bristol.
Samuel Mayle, 124, Parliament Street, Derby.
Cecil Michelmore, Broadstone House, Dartmouth.
20 E. S. S. Alment, 47, Carysfoot Avenue, Blackrock, Dublin.
Leopold Price, Cambria, Solsbro' Road, Chelston, Torquay.
Henry Leach, Elgin Villa, Stoke-on-Trent.
23 Alfred Scott, 41, Broadway, Stratford, E.
24 Dudley W. Walton, 16, High Street, Kingston, Surrey.
25 J. P. Hodge, 21, Cleveland Road, Canonbury.
26 J. Laidler, 40, Northumberland Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
27 A. O. Joynson, Church Street, Ellesmere, Salop.
28 Fred Fenwick, 37, Northumberland Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Frank A. Shaw, 15, Muston Rd., Upper Clapton, N.E.
30 Robert S. Vinter, Vicarage, Kimbolton, St. Neots.
E. B. Owen, Fernbank, Oswestry.
32 Ernest Fox, South View, Basingstoke.
33 R. L. Evans, 8 Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead.
Joseph Kershaw, Valley Cottage, Mossley, near Manchester.
Wilfred Hall, 9, Priors Terrace, Tynemouth.
R. H. Ramsay, Charlotte Street, Lerwick, Shetland.
37 R. J. Johnston, Goshen House, Morningside, Edinburgh.

(*To be continued.*)

CHESS.

Problem No. 261.

By M. Ehrenstein.



9+7=16 pieces.

White to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

Bláthy's Problems.

In November 1889, we referred to this great composer's book of 26 problems, saying that a second enlarged edition would appear. This edition was issued last August, contains 50 problems on large diagrams by the author himself, and 21 stratagems, also in many moves, on small diagrams, by W. A. Shinkman, H. F. L. Meyer, G. Reichhelm, S. Loyd, and O. T. Bláthy, to which are added some explanations. No. 1 is in 6 moves, and shows a remarkable play of the Kt against the R. Nos. 2, 3, and 4, in 7, 10, and 13 moves, look like endings of ordinary games, but are more difficult than most game endings. The simplicity of No. 6 is brought to elaboration in No. 27, which is also the case with Nos. 9 and 29. No. 9 in 30 moves was the first problem in the first edition. Nos. 6 and 7 are as simple as they are pretty. No. 10 contains moves of the white K of such nicety as were never before shown on the board, and one has to look for some time to understand the meaning of these moves. Thus the saying of some editors, that original ideas on the chess-board are a thing of the past, is brought to nought. The idea of No. 13, a joint composition in 45 moves by Meyer and Bláthy, centres in the P at Q Kt 4, as can be seen in the "British Chess Magazine" of last summer. No. 17 is one of the finest in the book. The moves of the B surpass anything of the kind ever seen on the board; indeed it takes even longer to comprehend the moves of the B in this stratagem than to grasp the moves of the K in No. 10. It is very amusing to compare Nos. 13 and 18, but the latter has a second solution in 1, P—Kt 3, R—R 8 (ch.). 2, K—Kt 5, R—Kt 8. 3, Q × P; therefore it is proposed to remove the P at Q Kt 3, and add a black R at a suitable square. The styles of play in Nos. 14 and 21 resemble one another, yet they differ as much as a white rose and a white tulip. No. 37 contains the play of 8 white Pawns against 8 black Pawns, and it takes as many as 108 moves for White to win, and then he does not make a Q but a R in the main variation. Remarkable play with the R is shown in Nos. 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 38, 39, and 45. No. 50, on page 54, is in 292 moves, and is on page 82 increased to 345 moves. Movements of the K in the form of an ellipse and a square are illustrated on pages 58 and 82. The book is published by Veit & Co. in Leipzig at the price of 2*s.*

Correspondence.

A Would-be Sailor.—There are clerks on the mail steamers, and they are generally passed in through the head office; but even on board ship you would have to spell properly. Your writing is well enough, but you should read over what you have written before you send it away.

Athletic.—No lad of seventeen should be any the worse for running a mile. See our articles on "Training." They were in the second volume.

Kangaroo.—The address is given in our wrapper. In all cases the addresses given in this correspondence are sufficient for Post Office purposes. For sticking in stamps use hinges made of the margins to sheets of stamps. Never gum stamps down on to the paper.

A. H. F.—The best all-round book on yacht building is "Yacht and Boat Sailing," by Dixon Kemp, price 25*s.*, published at "The Field" office, Strand. There are cheaper books on yacht building published by Gill, 170, Strand. Send for his catalogue.

C. Watson.—1. The best way of "restoring" your photographs is to take a new negative and print from that. 2. It depends on the boy's ability. The castings can be got at Bateman's Model Dockyard in High Holborn, opposite the Western Central Post-Office.

Cadets (R. P. Jackson).—We are much interested to hear of the old-established cadet corps at Mannamead School, at Plymouth, and thank you for the report of the inspection. We note that it is the only boy corps with a field-gun, and may have something to say on cadet matters generally in the near future.

D. Truman.—1. The offices of the British Association are now at 22, Albemarle Street, but they will shortly be removed to Burlington House. 2. Not a public one that we know of; but by joining a science class you might hear of the nearest.

Gardener.—1. To clear cork of insects the best way is to bake it. 2. For photographs of engines you must apply to the locomotive superintendent.

Pedometer.—For a week's tramp you would find a night shirt, a coloured shirt, two pairs of socks, two pocket handkerchiefs, two xylonite collars, a hair brush, and a sponge quite sufficient. A pair of loose leggings, an umbrella, and a map are also useful. Wear a cap; have a meat breakfast; and do not eat or drink anything more until you have accomplished at least two-thirds of the day's work.

A Beginner in Angling.—Nothing better than our articles by Mr. Harrington Keene. For float-fishing a good cheap book is J. W. Martin's, price 2*s.*, published by Sampson Low & Co.

Albatross.—Flying machines on the screw principle have been tried, but have all been failures owing to the weight of the machinery being too great. What is wanted is a sufficiently light and powerful motor. Machines combining the screw and the balloon have been tried and have worked to windward in light airs, but failed in heavy winds. There are several books on the subject, among them Mansfield's "Aërial Navigation," published by Macmillan & Co.

Henry.—Take in Chambers's "Encyclopædia," now publishing in monthly parts. It will cost you no more than a magazine and be of value to you all through life.

Inquirer (F. L.).—Write to the General Manager of the Company you think of entering, enclosing copies of testimonials as to ability and character. If you know one of the officials of the line, all the better; mention his name in your letter and get him to certify as to your fitness for the occupation.

Garforth.—Send to the Chief Clerk, Emigrants' Information Office, Broadway, Westminster, for copies of their monthly circulars. The best openings at present are in Canada and Australia.

P. J. W.—The offices of both lines are in Leadenhall Street. Neither the New Zealand boats nor Shaw Savill's go to Napier. The service to that town is purely local.

J. W. H.—As we have frequently said, you can get any book through Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, E.C. They are wholesale booksellers. Apply to them if your bookseller refuses to oblige you.

Anxious Inquirer.—Your anxiety will have to continue as far as we are concerned. In the first place you do not quote correctly, and in the next we have given up identifying quotations.

W. G. G.—Do not send your coin to us but take it to the museum. If a British one it will probably be figured in Thorburn's "Guide to the Coins of Great Britain and Ireland," a book which is probably in your Free Library.

Inquisitive.—An article on "Pharaoh's Serpents" appeared in the third volume, Boy's Own Paper, p. 451.

E. Lawton.—The trade is a thing of the past; you must find some other employment. The oil of these days is paraffin, not sperm.

Deutschland.—There is nothing better to begin with than the articles in Cassell's "Popular Educator."

J. T. Stewart. Sanitas Toothpowder costs eightpence a box at the Stores. You can probably get it for a shilling at a country druggist's. A postcard to the Sanitas Company would obtain for you a list of the nearest places where it is on sale.

C. H. K.—The recitations are probably copyright and the property of the reciter, to whom you should apply for particulars.

Billy Blue.—When we see Jules Verne we will ask him if the story is true. We will tell him you wish to know how Mr. Maston is. With regard to the "sailing cutters," all we can say is that they look better than the boats usually sold in toyshops, and that they are cheaper, but their self-steering arrangement is nothing like so good as the ordinary weighted rudder.

R. S. V. P.—1. The tar will dry in time, no matter how sticky it may be. 2. We are going to have an article on bowling in the good time coming. 3. Keep the dog off any other food for a time. 4. We have had articles on swimming, the best ever published.

Y. Crep.—1. A cure for laziness? Cannot your friends think of one? 2. The thistle shows the coin to be Scotch; the ANG. FR. ET. HIB. shows it must be of subsequent date to James I., consequently it cannot be 1079 or 1579. It cannot be 1779 because there was no Scotch coinage after Anne; and therefore it must be 1679; and the bust is that of Charles II.

Green A.—Silkworms' eggs can be purchased in London at Slaymaker's, in Catherine Street, Covent Garden; and at nearly all the natural-history shops.

J. Booth.—There are promotions from the ranks in all branches of the services except the scientific corps. A man receives a gratuity when he passes from non-commissioned to commissioned rank; he has not to pay any fee; the gratuity is for his outfit.

Tode Ander.—We have had a paper on "Musical Glasses," now out of print, but reprinted in "Indoor Games."

Gymnastic.—The Gymnastic Articles are reprinted in "Indoor Games."

Dragoon.—The "Queen's Bays" are the 2nd Dragoon Guards. Dragoon Guards do not wear cuirasses; neither do Life Guards when on active service.

Always Ready.—The most important part is the workshop practice; the theoretical part can be learnt at night school or by private study after hours. If you have a chance of becoming an engineer's apprentice do not neglect it. The experience can do you no harm and may do you good. Take up electricity, magnetism, inorganic chemistry, acoustics, light and heat, and physics generally. Pass the South Kensington Science examination if possible.

S. Pearce.—The "crests" are purely decorative. No herald would admit the possibility of a ship having a crest. Towns have "arms"; very few of them have crests. An application to the Town Clerk would probably procure you a copy of the arms on the letter paper; such application, if courteously worded, would receive a courteous reply.

Jumping (J. F. S.).—In jumping a tape is often used, not a bar. On the uprights is a scale with holes for pegs. Pegs are shifted up as required, and on them is rested the tape, which is stretched by means of small sand bags tied at each end, just heavy enough to keep the tape straight, and so lightly laid on the pegs as to be removable at the least kick.

Balloons.—All the articles we have published in the paper on making balloons have been reprinted in "Indoor Games."

Firearms.—If you carry firearms without a licence you are liable to a penalty, which, for your own sake, we hope will be enforced.

Electric Lighting ("Tiger").—Very glad you were so successful in setting up the lamps according to the article. The "thick brown stuff" is the *bête noire* of workers with this battery, but the cells ought not to get "full" of it. Of course the zincs *will* get eaten away, as it is that that causes the light. The only way to get full value for zinc consumed is to use plates with screw terminals, so as to be able to renew one when used up. If you bought the zincs they were probably amalgamated. If not you must certainly do so by rubbing their surfaces first with a rag dipped in dilute sulphuric acid, and then with a drop of metallic mercury rubbed on with the same rag. It will adhere all over the surface, and must be then left to get dry. Put about ½ ounce of mercury into the porous pot when the battery is working. Perhaps you used too acid a solution in the porous pots, as the zincs seem to have dissolved faster than they ought.

J. N. Lee.—Your query is decidedly vague. To begin with, what *are* "market electricians"? One must suppose that they might use large or small coils, and are not bound to one size. Never having examined these coils it is impossible to give you the exact dimensions for the strength you ask for. If you make a coil double the size of that given in the article, and use four or five cells of the battery, you will find it quite strong enough.

Electric Lighting ("Raymond Frezols").—Have you read the article on "Electric Lamps" in Nos. 576, 577, and 578? If you have not you had better do so. If you *have*, it is difficult to know what you want explained. You have only to join the wires to your lamp, and, if the battery is strong enough, it will light it. But you can't get a really good lamp for one shilling.

FEBRUARY 14, 1891.



"Go along, you goose!"



"Oh, you are a duck!"

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 632.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"'What's the charge?' said the judge."

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—TRIAL BY JURY.

Fisher II's hopes rose high within him as he stalked his debtor across the school green. Three times already he had encountered him, but fate had stepped in to prevent the collection of his dues. Now——

He had arrived at this stage when a voice at his side sent a cold shiver down his back.

"Hullo, kid, got you at last, then? That's what you call waiting where I left you, do you?"

"I didn't promise to wait," said Fisher. "You told me to."

"It's the same thing, you young cad. Now you'll come along with me, my beauty."

Had Fisher II been anything but a raw hand, it might have occurred to him that it would take Percy Wheatfield all his time to convey a boy his, Fisher's, size against his will into Forder's house. But such is the force of innocence on one side, and authority on the other, that the new boy laid down his arms, and followed his captor meekly into the enemy's citadel.

Just as they were entering, a posse of the enemy appeared on the scene, consisting, among other supporters of the Modern cause, of Ramshaw, Cottle, Lickford, and Cash.

"Here's a game, Rammy," cried Percy. "Got him at last! This is the villain, this is the murdering, highway forger. Come on, you kid; you're in for it."

It did occur to Fisher II at this juncture that a change of air might be refreshing. But it was too late now. The enemy had him fast. There was no getting out of the "warm weather" which had been promised him.

"Come on—we'll have a regular Old Bailey of it," cried Percy. "Go and tell the fellows, and collar some witnesses, do you hear; and tell the hangman he'll be wanted in half an hour."

This promise of judicial despatch was not consoling to the prisoner, who had grave doubts as to the impartiality of the tribunal before which he was to be arraigned. He wondered if Ashby, or D'Arcy, or any of his friends would appear among the witnesses.

The trial took place in the room jointly owned by Percy, Ramshaw, Cottle, and Lickford. A chair was planted on the bed for the accommodation of the judge. The fender was brought out in front of the chest of drawers for a witness box; while Rix IV, who officiated as jury, sat on a footstool on the table.

As for the prisoner, a dock was provided for him in the form of the washstand, out of which the basin had been removed to make room for his uneasy person in the vacant hole.

"Now, you chaps," said Percy, who had naturally appointed himself, in addition to his other offices, usher of the court, "no larks. Shut up. This is a big job. This young cad cheated at Elections."

Here the door opened, and Dangle looked in.

"What on earth is all this row?" he said.

"A trial. I say, Dangle, will you be judge? It's a Classic kid that cheated at Elections."

"No, really, I didn't," said Fisher, painfully aware that, so far, the trial was going against him.

Dangle, who fancied something might come of this, was condescending enough to say he didn't mind playing at judge, if they liked. Whereat, amid cheers, he was voted to the chair on the bed, where he sat rather precariously, and ordered silence in the court.

"Who is the prisoner?"

"Go on, kid, tell 'em your name," said Percy, encouragingly.

"Fisher II—really I didn't do anything," said the prisoner.

"What's the charge?" said the judge.

"You see, it's this way," said Percy, forgetting to go inside the fender—"Ram, and Cot, and Lick and I were having a ripping eight-handed mill in here the other day——"

The prisoner thought over all his crimes, and could recall nothing that was even remotely connected with an eight-handed mill.

"Cot and Lick had got gloves with no horse-hair in them, you know, so they lammed it pretty hard; but Ram and I were just scrunching them up ——"

"Crams! You never got near us. My nose wasn't hit once," said Cottle.

"No; but we had you in the ribs."

"Under the belt," ejaculated Lickford.

"No, it wasn't—I say, Dangle," said the witness, "it was just on his waistcoat pocket, and he says that's below the belt. If he likes to wear his belt round his neck, of course he gets hit under."

"And if you wear yours round your ankle, there's not much room for your bread-basket," retorted Cottle.

"And where does Fisher II come in?" asked the judge; "was he in the middle of the mill?"

"No. You see, we were just in the middle of it, and these jolly cheats were beginning to cave in——"

"Ho, ho!—It would take a lot more than you to make us——"

"Order in the court—go on, Wheatfield."

"There you are—shut up, you chaps ——beginning to cave in, when Clapperton yelled for me, and I had to go."

"Lucky job for you," growled Cottle. "You wouldn't have been able to go at all five minutes later."

Whereupon Percy appealed to the Court to keep order.

"Fire away," said the judge, "that's nothing to do with the prisoner."

"Oh, hasn't it!—You see, Clapperton wanted me to take a letter to Yorke. It must have been a screamer, for Yorke yelled when he read it. I wanted him to let me finish our mill first, but——"

"Who, Yorke?"

"No, Clapperton. If there'd been time for another round——"

"Now, then, don't let's have any more of that mill," said the judge.

"That's just what they felt at the time, wasn't it, Lick?" ejaculated Cottle.

"Did we?—wait till you see, my beauty," said the witness. "I wish you wouldn't interrupt; oh, so I had to go, and this kid came and caught me a jolly crack in the stomach."

"Which side of your belt?" inquired Lickford.

"The side you'll get it hot, my boy, next time I catch you," retorted Percy.

"That'll be under, you bet," said Lickford.

"I didn't mean to hurt you," said the prisoner, who began to hope that the charge against him was to prove much less serious than he had at first feared, "I apologise."

"Shut up, don't talk to me—talk to the jury."

As the jury at this moment was struggling manfully to protect his hassock from the depredations of Cash, who was anxious to investigate its interior, it was not much use addressing him; so Fisher subsided, and wished the hole of Percy's wash-hand-stand had been at least so much easier in diameter as to allow him room to sigh.

"Fire away," said the judge, "we shall be all night at this."

"Well, you see," continued Percy, "it's this way. I've got a brother, you know, called Wally, a seedy Classic chap, and up to no end of low tricks."

"We know him," echoed the court generally.

"Not got such a rummy-shaped waist as his brother, though," whispered Cottle.

"All right, young Cottle, I'll take it out of you, you see."

"What 'll you take? I keep mine outside," replied Cottle.

"Order in the court. Forge away, Wheatfield."

"I should like to know how I'm to forge away, with these two asses fooling about down here? Why can't you raise them to the bench to keep them quiet? Oh, yes—well, you see, this kid, being new, and green, and about as high old an idiot as they make them—did you fellows see him on first night? I say! oh my ——"

"Look here, Wheatfield," said the judge, sternly, "if you aren't done in three minutes, I'll call the next witness."

"*He* wouldn't know anything about it, bless you," said Percy. "You see, it was like this—this kid thought I was Wally—what do you think of that?"

"Cheek. Jolly rough on Wally," remarked Cash.

The witness looked at the interrupter, and tried to make out whether his remark was a compliment or the reverse. He decided that, as he had only three minutes left, he had better defer thinking the question out till afterwards.

"So, of course, he began to swagger about his big brother——"

"No, you asked me ——" began the prisoner.

"Shut up," cried Percy, sternly, "how am I to get done in three minutes if——"

"Only two left now," said Ramshaw.

"Go on, Ram. I've not been a minute yet."

"Yes, you have—sixty-five seconds," said Ramshaw, who held his watch in his hand.

"I never did believe in those Waterbury turnips, they always stop when you—oh yes!—swaggered about his big brother and all those fellows over there, and blabbed out there'd been a regular plant among 'em to rig the elections, and he and a lot of 'em had been out canvassing, and bagged a lot of our kids and locked them out, and if it hadn't been for that, Brinkman would have pulled off the treasurership, and if it hadn't been for me getting wind of it, and going and fetching them out, and bringing them into Hall just in the nick of time, Ranger would have got the secretaryship, and our side would have been jolly well out of it and I mean to say it's a howling swindle-and-hope-there'll-be-a-jolly-good-row-kicked-up-and-you-needn't-say-I-let-out-about-it-because-Wally-asked-me-to-keep-it-mum-and-I-said——"

"Time's up," said Ramshaw. "No side!"

Whereupon the witness stopped short triumphantly, like an athlete who has just won his race by a neck.

"Come," said the judge, "this is getting interesting. Who's the next witness? Are any of our fellows who were collared here?"

"Rather—young Rix is one."

"Please, Dangle," said the prisoner, "I didn't touch anybody. I was—that is——"

"Don't tell crams," said Percy, "it's a bad habit."

"Rix had better go into the witness-box," said the judge.

"What about the jury?" asked that functionary.

"Oh, I'll keep the place warm," volunteered Percy.

Whereupon Rix quitted his hassock, and entered the fender.

"I and Slingsby got nailed by a Classic cad outside our form door. I kicked him on the shins, though," said he.

"What Classic cad?"

"Oh, I don't know; a new kid with sandy hair, a horrid lout. It was Wally's room we were taken to, and they fooled us about high tea and that sort of thing. The place was swarming with our chaps who had been collared."

"How many?" asked the judge. "Fifty?"

"Not quite so many; there were four or five."

"Next witness."

Another of the captives gave similar evidence. After which, Lickford deposed that he had seen the troop come in to Elections just in time to vote for Dangle.

"Yes; and who tried to keep us out, I'd like to know?" said Percy. "There you are, it was *you*!"

"I thought you were on the other side."

"Did you? I'm very glad Wally gave you a welting for it. I wish he'd do it again."

"He hits above the belt, that's how I know him from you," retorted Lickford.

"Order—what's the prisoner got to say?"

"Crams," said Percy, "it's no use asking him."

"Wait a bit," said the judge. "Fisher II, how many of our chaps did you collar?"

"None, really," said the prisoner. "I waited by the Gymnasium."

"Oh. What for?"

"Well, I was canvassing."

"What did you wait at the Gymnasium for?"

This was awkward. Fisher II found himself getting into a tight corner, tighter even than the washstand.

"I was told to."

"Who by? your brother, I suppose."

"Oh no. My brother wouldn't do such a thing."

"What sort of thing?"

'Why, try to collar fellows off the other side."

"Oh, that was your little game, was it? Whose idea was it? Yorke's?"

"Oh, no. It was D'Arcy spoke to me."

"Oh, D'Arcy. And who spoke to him? Whose fag is he?"

"Ridgway's."

"And what did Ridgway tell him?"

"I don't think Ridgway told him anything. The only one I heard speak to him was Wally."

"Wretched young sneak!" said Percy. "I'll let Wally know that."

"Wally, he's Yorke's fag. Who else was there?"

"Only me and Ashby."

"Who does Ashby fag for?"

"My brother, Fisher I."

"I thought you said just now your brother wasn't in it? You'd better be careful, youngster."

For the life of him, Fisher II, in his bewildered state, could not make out how Ridgway, and Yorke, and Fisher I all seemed to have got mixed up in the affair.

"You mean to say," said the judge, "you don't know what the orders to the fags were?"

"No, really—I only heard of it from D'Arcy."

"Your brother never said anything to you direct?"

"Oh, no."

"Has he said anything since?"

"Oh, no; that is, he only said it was a pity Ranger got beaten."

"Did he say how it happened?"

"He said if the five Modern cha hadn't turned up at the last moment, he'd have won."

"Was he angry about it?"

"He was rather in a wax."

"Did he tell you you were an ass?"

"Not that time."

"Another time?"

"Yes, once or twice."

"'Cute chap, your brother," said Percy, aside.

"Shut up, Wheatfield. Now tell me this, young Fisher!" said Dangle, with an air of importance which intimidated the prisoner; "what was it your brother said about the election?"

"It wasn't to me, it was to Ranger, my senior. He said it was a regular sell, and he'd have given a lot to see you beaten, because he knew you couldn't play fair at anything, even if you tried."

Some of the court were rude enough to laugh at this very candid confession; but the judge himself failed to see any humour in it.

"Oh, that's what he said? And yet you mean to tell me, after that, that your brother had nothing to do with trying to get Ranger elected instead of me?"

"I suppose he had; but I'm sure he didn't mean to do anything fishy, any more than I did. I thought it was only a joke."

"You've a nice notion of a joke. That'll do, you can cut."

"What!" exclaimed Percy, aghast, "aren't you going to hang him?"

"No, I must go. You can finish the trial yourselves."

As soon as the judge had quitted the bench, Percy mounted it, and proceeded to sum up,

"You're a nice article, you are," said he, addressing the prisoner—"what do you mean by sneaking on my young brother, Wally, eh? You'll get it hot for that, I can tell you. You're to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; then you're to be kicked all round our side; then you're to be ducked in the river; then you're to kneel down and lick every chap's boots; then you're to be executed; then you're to be burnt alive; then you're to write out fifty Greek verbs; then you're—hallo, who's there? come in! what do you want?"

This abrupt curtailment of the prisoner's doom was occasioned by a modest tap at the door; probably some belated witness come to add his evidence to the rest.

"Come in, can't you?" repeated Percy.

Whereupon the door opened with a swing, and in rushed Wally, D'Arcy, Ashby, and three or four other Classic fags. How they had got wind of the capture of their man it would be hard to say; but now they had come to fetch him.

The only thing visible in Percy's room for several minutes was dust—out of which proceeded yells, and howls, and recriminations which would have done credit to pandemonium. As the cloud rolled by, the Classics might be seen in a firm phalanx, with their man in the middle, backing on to the door. Signs of carnage lay all around. Lickford was struggling, head downward, in the washstand. Cash was leaning up in a corner, with his hand modestly placed over his nose. Ramshaw and Cottle were engaged in deadly strife on the floor, each under the fond delusion that the other was a Classic; while the twin brothers, armed with the better pair of boxing gloves, were having a friendly spar in the middle.

It was a victory all along the line for the invaders, and when, a moment afterwards, they stampeded in a body, and marched with shouts of victory down the passage, carrying the late prisoner among them, there was no mistake about the ignominious defeat of the besieged garrison.

"Ya, booh! cowards! run away! daren't stop," yelled Percy after them, trying to make the best of a bad job.

"Going home to tea—come again some day," was the answering shout.

"Booh! Who cheated at clubs? Classic cads!"

"Yah! Who'd like to cheat, but ain't clever enough?"

Whereupon, the conquerors marched off to refreshment, and the vanquished tried to tidy up Percy's bedroom.

That evening Fisher I received a polite note from his colleague, the secretary.

"DEAR FISHER,—It is only right to tell you, that we have discovered that five of our fellows were prevented from voting at Elections by boys of your side, apparently acting under orders from their seniors. We don't profess to know who were at the bottom of it, but it is a fact that the election for treasurer would have gone differently but for this very shady trick. Clapperton and most of us are not disposed to claim a new election, now everything is settled, and you have already got in most of the subscriptions. But it makes us think that even the virtuous Classics at Fellsgarth are not absolutely perfect even yet—which is a pity.

"Yours truly,

"R. DANGLE."

This pleasant letter, Fisher I, raging, carried to the captain.

Yorke pulled a long face when he read it.

"There's no truth in it, surely?" said he.

"I can't answer for any foolery the juniors have been up to; but apart from that, it's a sheer lie, and the fellow deserves to be kicked."

"Much better offer them a new election," said the captain.

"What! They'll get their man in."

"My dear fellow, suppose they do. You'll still belong to Fellsgarth. They mustn't have a chance of saying they don't get fair play."

"Well, perhaps you're right. I don't care twopence about the treasurership, but I wouldn't like to be beaten by Brinkman."

"I hope you won't be, old man," said the captain.

Next morning, when fellows got up, they found the following notice on the boards:

"ELECTIONS. A protest having been handed in against the recent election for treasurer, notice is given that a fresh election will be held for this office on Friday next at 3.

"C. Y. Captain."

(To be continued.)

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

BY REV. A. BAKER, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER XXII.—VISIT OF ADMIRAL FITZGERALD—PROPOSAL TO SEND ME TO ENGLAND TO BE ORDAINED—THE OLD COUNTRY ONCE MORE—MY ORDINATION—THE LAST OF EZRA—MY RETURN TO EOS.

NEARLY a score of years had passed away, and the community had increased to such an extent that the elders among us were beginning to see quite clearly that either the emigration of our children, or of the entire population, to some less circumscribed spot could only be a question of a very few years. A large family too had grown up around my wife and myself, and we felt to the full the force of Lord Bacon's saying, "The joys of parents are secret, and so are their hopes and fears; they cannot utter the one, and they will not utter the other."

Hitherto, though many men-of-war had touched Eos, we had never been honoured with a visit from the Admiral commanding the station; but one Saturday, early in August, 1852, a large ship was observed about noon evidently trying to beat up to the island. By sunset she had approached near enough to be pronounced to be in all probability a man-of-war; but the wind continuing foul, she was unable to anchor that night, though she closed with the land at daybreak on the Sunday morning. The whole population turned out to watch her as she moved majestically up to her anchorage under all sail, her chequered sides and polished guns glistening in the mellow rays of the rising sun, which also bathed her canvas in floods of light. Her band was playing "Rule, Britannia," and the well-known strains seemed to me to move in a kind of wild harmony with the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe, with the voice of the speaking trumpet, with the rattle of the running out of guns and taking in of sails, and the host of other varied sounds incident to the business of a line-of-battle ship. But what threw our people into a fever of excitement was the fact that the ship wore an admiral's flag. At last, then, we were to have the high honour of a visit from the Commander-in-Chief in person.

The reader accustomed to the pomp of the world, the splendour of royal courts, the turmoil of vast cities, and the parade and circumstance of imposing fleets or armies, will perhaps smile at our enthusiasm; but let him put himself but for a moment into our position of complete isolation from the world, and I think he will then readily admit that for our people the coming of a British Admiral was an event only second in importance to a visit from royalty itself.

I had little idea, however, what a pleasant surprise was in store for me personally. Among the strangest things which happen in this world are surely those odd meetings which occur at the most unexpected of times, and in the most unlikely of places, between friends who have been separated for years.

When our boat returned from the ship, and our people told me that the Admiral's name was Sir Vere Fitzgerald, I recognised at once that he could be no other than the quondam senior midshipman of the Diadem, one who had much endeared himself to me during the two years in which we had been shipmates together, and the one perhaps of all others, out of a singularly brotherly and harmonious mess, whose acquaintance I should have most desired to renew. When I had last seen him, it was as a handsome youth of nineteen; I was therefore much surprised, when I went down to the landing-place to meet him, to find that thirty-eight years had made so much more difference in him than one might have expected. He appeared one of the most stately and venerable persons whom it had ever been my lot to behold. His carriage was still perfectly erect, and his cheek had the glow of perfect health, but his hair was as white as snow, and he had lost one of his eyes; there twinkled, however, in the other a double allowance of latent fun, as well as of kindly sympathy, and indeed the whole face was that of a genial, trusty person, endowed with more than the usual share of good sense, one who had used life's experiences well, and who carried with him wherever he went a clear conscience, a good nerve, and a just mind; I found him one of the truest of the many friends vouchsafed to me by Providence during my eventful life.

"Why," said the Admiral, on landing, as he grasped me warmly by the hand; "surely it must be the very same! surely there can't be two George Freeborns, of your age at least, in the world? Yes, now I see unmistakably that you really are little George Freeborn, who gave us those famous strawberries in Cawsand Bay, years ago. It is yourself, and no other. You must come off and dine with me to-night, after your work is done, and tell me your whole history. How strange that I should find you here! They tell me too that you have turned parson, and that you make an excellent one. Well, well, who'd have thought it? Come over and dine with me to-night and we'll talk over old times. Now I suppose you will be going to church shortly; I am anxious to attend your worship; in the afternoon my chaplain will officiate for you."

The day passed away pleasantly and profitably: in the morning I officiated as usual, but in the afternoon the chaplain came on shore, and preached an excellent sermon, full of wholesome thought, expressed in simple yet forcible language. This service, and even the sight of the surplice, a mere trifle in itself, seemed to carry me home again, and now I felt more than ever the necessity of unburdening myself to the people, and urging them to take immediate steps with a view to some more adequate provision for their spiritual wants.

The Admiral employed the interval between the services in visiting the school and the various houses, and engaging in earnest discussion with the leading inhabitants; and in due time, when the day was fast wearing on to its close, we repaired to the ship together, when over his hospitable board I narrated to him the history of my life from the time of my leaving the Diadem onward. The Admiral listened with deep attention, and when I came to the point when I exchanged the British Navy for that of Chili, he exclaimed, "Well, I rather think you were ill-advised there; you would have weathered that storm, I think—that is, if I know anything about you. You were sacrificed to Clandrawline's hero-worship; he was altogether wrapped up in Cochrane, and no one knew better than he where to lay his hand on a promising young officer; so the lot fell upon you."

When I brought my narrative to a close, he said, "I don't think I ever heard a more romantic story. Your life seems, at first sight, so completely thrown away; yet you were born an English gentleman; you learned the value of discipline in the finest navy in the world; you served in the cause of liberty under the most daring of leaders; by a most marvellous chain of Providence you survived that terrible war; and eventually, after learning a thousand and one lessons calculated to fit you for your present work, to inspire you with courage and devotion, and to urge you to the higher aims of life, you find your way at length to this little island, and you drop into the very work which you have proved yourself so well qualified to perform. It is a wonderful chapter on Providence, and a no less wonderful chapter in the history of the Church. And now let me tell you what the islanders and myself have been dis-

cussing to-day. They have been representing to me their earnest wish to have an ordained clergyman resident among them; I told them that I thought they were perfectly right, and I explained to them fully the advantages which would follow."

I replied that the same thought had long been exercising my own mind, and that I was perfectly ready to give up the spiritual functions which I exercised to a properly qualified person; our people were multiplying very fast; and there was certainly sore need of some better provision for our highest wants; as it was, only one sacrament could be administered in our little church, and all the services, with rare exceptions, had to be performed by laymen. I added that I should be quite willing to continue teaching the school, if any one could be found ready and willing to take the higher duties.

"But," said the Admiral, "surely the best way in which the matter can be arranged is by combining the two offices. And why not take them yourself?"

I replied that I felt wholly unfit to take upon myself duties and responsibilities so sacred; "and yet," I said, "to tell you the truth, I quite fail to see how the thing is to be accomplished otherwise. Who will come out from England all the way to Eos, to take charge of so small a parish? Then there is the question of expense."

"I honestly think," replied Sir Vere, "that you are the person of all others most qualified to take the spiritual oversight of these people; you have been their parson, doctor, and schoolmaster for more than a score of years; you have a good education, you have a large experience of the world, and I can answer for it that the islanders will be more than satisfied to have you among them in this new capacity. I repeat, can any one be fitter for this post than yourself?

"You may make yourself perfectly easy about the expense; you may draw upon me for all that you need, and I am quite sure that I have many friends in England who will rejoice to share the burden with me. I will give you a passage to Valparaiso in this ship, and from thence you can easily proceed to England. I will also give you a letter to the Bishop of London, and several other influential friends, who will be only too glad to forward your wishes in every way possible. I think you should by all means embrace the opportunity." "But," said I, "what of my duties in the mean time?"

"I have thought of that too," replied Sir Vere. "I propose to leave my own chaplain in your place; indeed, such is his own suggestion. He will fulfil the duties most ably, so far as the church and school are concerned. I will arrange to meet you on your return to Valparaiso within a specified time, and shall be ready to convey you back to Eos. Come, what do you say to my offer?"

I found these arguments quite unanswerable, and with a very full heart I agreed to this generous proposal, stipulating only for the full concurrence of the islanders in the plan.

"We will consult them in the morning," said the Admiral. "Sleep on board to-night and think it over; you must be ready to start on Thursday."

I was glad to accept this kind invitation, and presently retired to bed, but not to sleep. The whole prospect was so strange, so full of anxiety; there was the thought of parting once more; of leaving my dear wife and children; and on the other hand, above all, the thought of receiving the indelible seal of the ministry in the Church to which I was attached.

I spent the night in praying and thinking, and finally resolving, till just about an hour before dawn, when I fell into a most delicious sleep which lasted until I was awakened by the turmoil of the early morning routine. I



"Fast to a whale."—(*See Chap. XXIII.*)

felt then that verily I had begun a new chapter in my life.

The day that followed was spent, for the most part, in earnest consultation between the Admiral and the islanders, between the islanders and myself. Late in the evening it was settled that I was to go, and I began at once to make all the preparations necessary for so long an absence from home. On the Thursday morning I found myself on the poop of the Neptune, straining my eyes to catch the last faint glimpse of Eos, now a mere blue speck on the horizon. The great world was once more before me, with its vast stretches of ocean and land, and its no less vast concourse of human beings, children of one common Father.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of Sir Vere. He supplied me with clothes from his own wardrobe, and money from his own purse, saying that he had enough and to spare, and that all he had was but a trust from God. The chaplain, too, gave me the use of the small library which he had in his cabin, which enabled me to do something towards fitting myself for the clergyman's office. In short, from all on board I received nothing but the most uniform courtesy, and many an act of brotherly kindness, which, alas! I can never repay.

In due time we arrived at Valparaiso, where I took an affectionate farewell of my dear friend, and proceeded homeward *viâ* the Isthmus of Panama, arriving in London, after a tedious journey of three months' duration, early in October 1852.

The Bishop of London found himself unable, owing to the pressing nature of his engagements, to ordain me deacon at that time, but he very kindly gave me letters dimissory to the Bishop of Severnchester, who happened to be holding a special ordination within a very short period, and bade me apply again to himself, within a few weeks, when he would be glad to admit me to the priesthood.

Never shall I forget that visit to Severnchester. How glorious was the ride through several of our most richly-wooded counties, the trees robed in their most gorgeous autumn tints, the orchards heavy with rosy-cheeked apples, the gardens still gay with the relics of a fine summer, the fields putting on their richest tints of green and red and brown, after the heat of the past three months—till, at length, the train set me down at a quaint old city, consisting principally of a long, picturesque High Street, terminating in a noble cathedral, the symmetry of which, as well as its beauty, could only have been surpassed by that of the mind of its designer. I entered, and stood entranced; I paused for a moment to take in the glorious perspective of nave and choir, divided only by a light iron screen: I noted with delight the exquisite proportions of both, and the peculiar beauty of the stone used, which had a vein of warm pink in it, which was wonderfully effective in the groining of the roof. The noonday sunlight playing on all the southern piers of the long nave, and making them look as if each were overshadowed by a guardian angel, seemed to me a happy omen, meeting me in one of the loveliest of God's earthly dwelling-places.

But I could not linger, and, handing my letter to a verger, I was at once met by a courteous "This way, Sir," and followed him through an ancient cloister, where monks once toiled over illuminated copies of the Bible, found haircloth shirts of little use as a protection against frost and snow and the bitter east winds of an English spring; where they did penance in the shape of corporal punishment in the chapter-house hard by, and dug their own graves in the little green in the centre of the square. We next passed through one or two picturesque groups of ruins, till at length we came to a garden door, which, on being opened, revealed a long, low house, in the best style of the Tudor times, heavily overgrown with roses and jessamine. "That's where his lordship lives," said my conductor, and immediately withdrew.

I rang the bell, which was presently answered by an elderly footman, who, doubtless with anxious solicitude for his master's comfort, asked me if I had an appointment with his lordship. I showed him the Bishop of London's letter, on which he half apologised, saying that he was obliged to be careful, as the bishop's time was often mapped out for weeks beforehand. He then ushered me down a long passage at the extreme end of which were two doors, that on the right leading, as I could see, into a beautiful little chapel, and that on the left into the bishop's study, into which I was bidden to enter, with the assurance that his lordship would be with me presently. It was a good-sized room, lined on every side with books, but otherwise very plainly furnished, its only ornaments being a few good engravings, and a profusion of flowers, which were to be seen everywhere, either growing in pots or arranged in various kinds of vases. From the two long French windows there was a lovely prospect over about an acre of lawn, smooth as velvet, in the centre of which stood a mighty plane-tree, under whose grateful shade had rested not a few of the priors of Severnchester, and all the bishops who succeeded them. The whole place was suggestive of profound study and incessant work, and yet of that rest which comes of long obedience to God and long communion with Him. Left alone in that room I could not help feeling that in its simplicity, its learning, its taste and culture, and in the many little things which lay around—nothing in themselves, but evidently dear to the bishop's mind—it must be a complete reflex of the character of the man; nor was I disappointed in my estimate. A step on the gravel awoke me from my reverie, and a moment afterwards there entered by one of the windows a tall man with iron-grey hair, clad in the usual episcopal dress, with a face worn almost to a shadow by constant familiarity with every imaginable form of suffering, both in his own family circle, and also in a large, overgrown London parish.

Sympathy had become a second nature to him, and made itself felt in a singularly sweet smile and grasp of the hand, which seemed to give one new strength, and a power, as it seemed to many, of dealing with men and women as if he knew by intuition exactly what each needed. He had but just stolen in to the garden for a breath of fresh air in the midst of a heavy morning's work; and I could see that a mass of correspondence still lay untouched beside his desk; yet he received me with genuine welcome, rather as if I had been his brother than as an entire stranger.

"The Bishop of London has written to me about you, Mr. Freeborn, and I shall of course be very glad to ordain you deacon on his recommendation; but before we come to talk about that, I should very much like to hear the circumstances which led to your taking up this most interesting position at Eos?"

I then told him my story, he drawing out some salient fact by a wise question now and then, till at length, when I had finished, he said, "Well, it is indeed a wonderful story of God's providence."

He then sealed for ever, in a few well-chosen words, my belief that I was right in the course which I had taken. He told me that he should consider it a privilege to have ordained the first clergyman of Eos. "But," said he, "let me give you one warning. Don't be cast down if you find the time of your ordination to be also a time of dire spiritual conflict. I believe that this is one of the ways in which God often allows His servants to be tried, and I have known men who have suffered such extremity of mental anguish at such times, that they have seriously thought of giving up all idea of entering the priesthood. But, believe me, God will assuredly overrule it for good; and will make a way of escape for you, should this be your experience. Do not allow yourself to doubt Him."

He then gave me many words of infinitely wise direction, the result of long experience in dealing with souls, advice which I have since frequently put in practice, and which I have invariably found useful. He also heard me read, and gave me a few directions as to the right use of my voice, and he urged me to accustom myself to speak to my people from my heart, to pray for them by name, and to study their lives and characters, with a view to the exact knowledge of the requirements of each one. "I should like," said he, taking up a small volume from his desk; "I should like you to be such a one as the parson in this sonnet." He handed the book to me, and I read these exquisite lines:—

At dawn he marks the smoke among the trees,
From hearths to which his daily footsteps go;
And hopes and fears and ponders on his knees,
If his poor flock will hear his voice or no.
What wholesome turn will Ailsie's sorrow take?
Her latest sin will careless Annie rue?
Will Robin now at last his wiles forsake,
Meet his old dupes, yet hold his balance true.
He prays at noon, with all the warmth of heaven
About his heart, that each may be forgiven.
He prays at eve, and through the midnight air
Sends holy ventures to the throne above:
And even his dreams are faithful to his prayer,
And follow with closed eyes the path of love.

The good bishop crowned his kindness by inviting me to spend the remaining time before the ordination at the palace. Here I enjoyed a season of delightful rest, passing my time in reading under the bishop's direction, or in frequent intercourse with his chaplains or himself; till at length the day came, recollections of which, even now, I find to be

A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land—

a day which brought with it, as the bishop had hinted, its share of sighs and fears,

but nevertheless a day, above all other days, full of the presence of God.

A month later the Bishop of London admitted me to priest's orders, and I spent the remainder of my brief sojourn in England in a succession of happy visits to kind friends procured for me through the interest of my kind benefactor, Sir Vere Fitzgerald. Never shall I forget how each host vied with the other in lavish hospitality and unceasing kindness.

The week before I left England for the last time I made a pilgrimage to what had once been my home; but, finding the house tenanted by complete strangers, I contented myself with a loving glance at its dear old gables, with their familiar setting of ancient farm-buildings and yellow corn; and passed on to the old church, where I knew that there was one plot of ground which belonged to me by sacred right; seven feet of English earth, where the last roses of summer lingered in profusion, and where stood a small marble cross with this inscription:

DAME ADELA FREEBORN.
Born July 1, 1755.
Died July 1, 1825.
"At rest."

I took a long farewell of all that was left to me on earth of the dearest and best of mothers, and rejoiced to see that some loving hands still busied themselves about the grave. Then there were some who remembered her still; the children of the village rose up and called her blessed; and her influences still lingered about the place, like perennial blossoms, blooming on year after year, and filling the air with their sweetness. It is the power of such influences as these which has made England what she is, great, useful, noble, wide as the world itself. I turned in my reverie, and saw that I was not alone; the new Rector was standing by me, a little man, but broad and thickset, with a bright cheery face which did me good to look upon.

"That's a remarkable grave," said he; "I have been here for fifteen years, and I have never yet heard of or seen any relation of Lady Freeborn; but the grave is always carefully tended by three young men belonging to the village, who knew her when she lived at the Manor House years ago. I believe there was a son, but he has been lost sight of for a long time."

"This is my mother's grave," said I; "I am George Freeborn."

Five minutes afterwards the good Rector had linked his arm in mine, and we were proceeding rapidly down the rock-cut lane skirting the churchyard, in search of a tiny two-roomed cottage in which Ezra and his wife were passing their last days.

"Ezra sits outside on sunny days," said the Rector; "but the wind has some east in it to-day, so I think we shall find him within. The Squire gave him an old hastener the other day, thinking that it would keep the old fellow's bit of meat nice and warm; but I find he uses it to sit in, and the plan seems to answer very well, I must say. Mrs. Hobbins has been confined to her bed with paralysis for several years, but they saved a bit of money, and their children are devoted to them. Here we are."

One room served the dear old couple for bedroom, sitting-room, and kitchen; but everything in it was spotlessly clean. The tea was spread on the little table; the kettle was singing cheerily on the hob; the cat was purring contentedly by the fire; Mrs. Ezra, in spotless white, but with a smart ribbon in her cap, was sitting up in bed, knitting busily; of her spouse, nothing could be seen but his long legs, his head and shoulders being hidden in the hastener; but nevertheless he had his best black trowsers on, and this, coupled with Mrs. Hobbins' smart cap, and the fact that the hastener had been beautified with a coat of green paint, clearly proved that the day was a festive one. Moreover, there was a most exhilarating smell of toast, and just a suspicion of there being a good teacake somewhere, or perhaps a Sally Lunn.

"Mrs. Hobbins," said the Rector; "I've brought a very old friend to see you. Do you remember little George Freeborn? Well, here he is—the Reverend George Freeborn."

"Whoy, it be never you, Ma'aster Garge? What, be you coom agin arter all these 'ears? Well, oi never. Ez! 'E's woonderful 'ard o' earin', sir, this last month or two."

But the old man, like so many deaf people, had ears for certain occasions, and had already risen from his seat, and advanced towards us, with tottering steps indeed, but with a beautiful natural politeness. He at first did not recognise me at all, but when little by little it dawned upon him that it was I myself, and no other, he wrung my hands again and again, shedding tears of joy and exclaiming, "The Lord's brought my boy back again; oi've been a prayin' for 'im, in my poor way, this many years; and the blessed Lord's took care on 'im, as oi know 'E would." "And to think, Ma'aster George," said Mrs. Ezra; "that you should 'appen to come 'ome on our golden weddin' day. We've been married fifty years to-day. You'll stop and 'ave a coop o' tea with us; the little girl 'll be back in a minute, er's only just gone for a drop o' cream; there's some o' that jam in the cupboard as you'd used to loike so much, and Patience is a good 'and at makin' cakes. You dooant moind our 'umble ways, sir, oi know."

I declared the repast fit for a prince, as indeed it was; and so we sat together until the shadows deepened and the setting sun streamed in crimson through the little window, and then I took an affectionate farewell of my old friends, tried and true. Assuredly a high place in Heaven is reserved for such.

"And now," said the Rector, "you shall meet your old friends, the Hobbins' boys, to-night, if you will put up with me. We are going to give the old folks a peal to-night, and they are the chief of our band of ringers. I take a bell myself sometimes."

And so this happy day came to an end with a glad reunion in the belfry, where I told my story once again, and the sturdy ringers laid hand and heart to their work, ringing the praises of God for fifty years of unsullied love, ringing in my new life with a merry peal, making the solemn belfry and the dusky fields and trees quiver with trembling sound, "a great delight and shuddering," a vast concourse of notes of praise, floating in wild gladness, over hill and dale, to the remotest corner of the parish. Still I hear at times the sound of those sweet bells, in the rush of the waves round the steamer's paddles or round the stern of the Neptune, in the roar of the surf on the reef at Eos, in the glad notes of the thanksgiving service which was held on my return. I hear them yet sometimes, in the noonday silence, in the dead of night, and this is the song that they always seem to sing:

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good,
Because His mercy endureth for ever.

(To be continued.)

A STRANGE TRAGEDY IN LABRADOR.

By Edmund Collins,

Author of "Canada under Lord Lorne," "Life and Times of Sir John Macdonald," etc.

I was spending a few weeks in midwinter on the Labrador coast, shooting what are called brown divers and the great salt-water duck, birds which come in myriads close to the shore to feed when the wind blows off the land. All through the winter, cod and herring are found in the inlets and bights along the coast, and grampuses, or rorqual whales, come in from the deep water, when the weather is calm, to feed. While lying in wait for ducks in the morning, crouched behind the grim rocks, I saw several geyser-like columns of spray thrown up from the face of the sea by the questing whales. The fishermen assured me that there were scores of them along the coast, and that they remained about all winter.

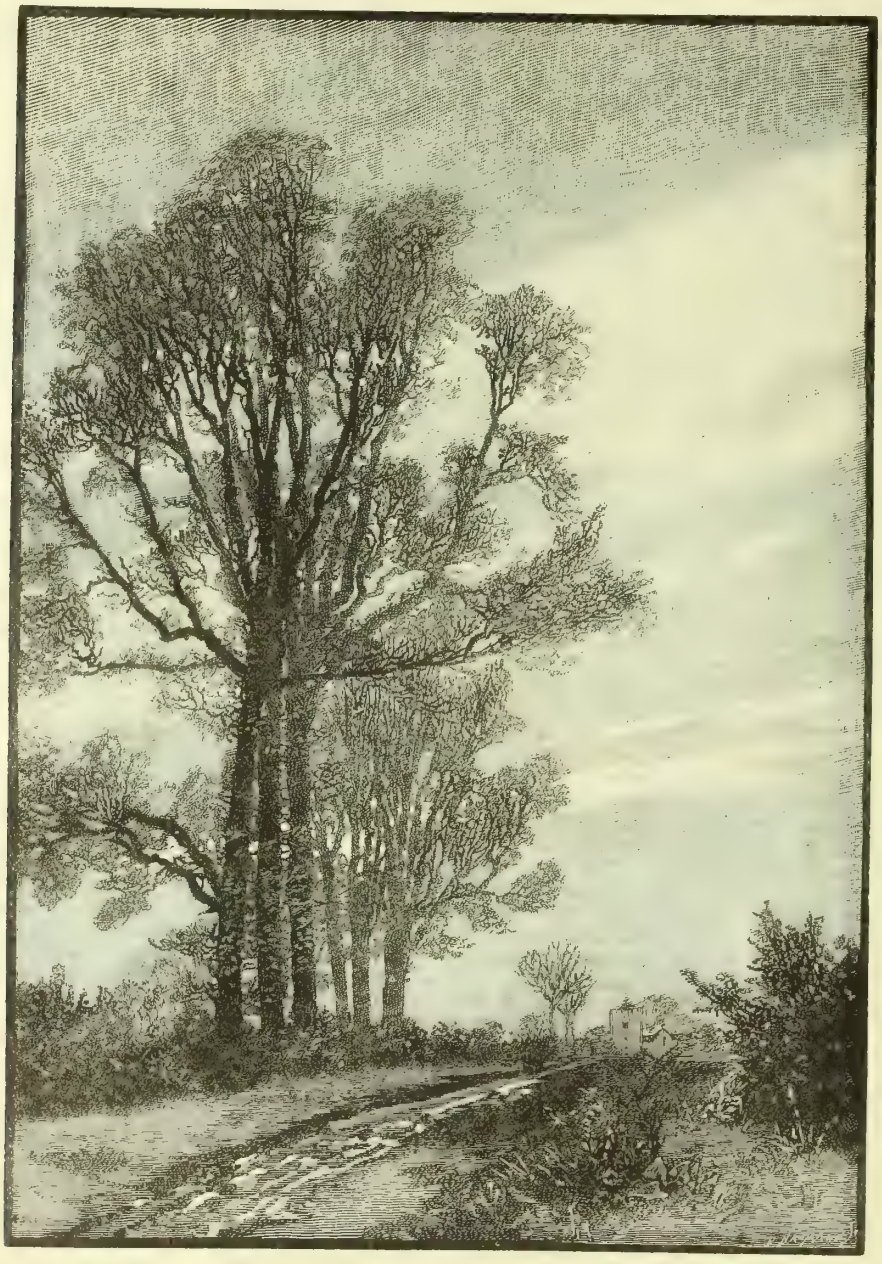
One morning a fisherman said to me: "There is a powerful great body of ice in sight. It will touch land by to-morrow. You'll get all the birds you want as it pushes close." From the top of a high hill I could see the floe, and it extended beyond the range of my glass, great bergs lowering up here and there through it. It was heavy ocean-ice, the floe being formed of "pans" or cakes, frozen in one great solid mass. This ice would probably be over six feet thick. And this is what interested me as I looked at it: Between the invading floe and the shore were hundreds of thousands of sea fowl. As the ice neared land the birds would be pushed before it, for it is only in extremity that they will rise and take wing across the ice. So I waited eagerly for the morrow.

The day broke brisk and clear, the wind still blowing for the shore. The ice had already touched the points that ran any distance seaward, and it barred all the coves, bights, and other inlets, for fully ten leagues up and down. And still my glass could not reveal the outer edge of it. It is on such floes as this that the seal-hunters get their harvest.

Every description of sea fowl was to be

ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various Representative Artists.



V.—Early Springtide. (*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* E. Courtney.)

found in the cove close by the cottage where I was staying, and the frightened birds were huddled together in thousands, and they were as tame as barnyard fowls.

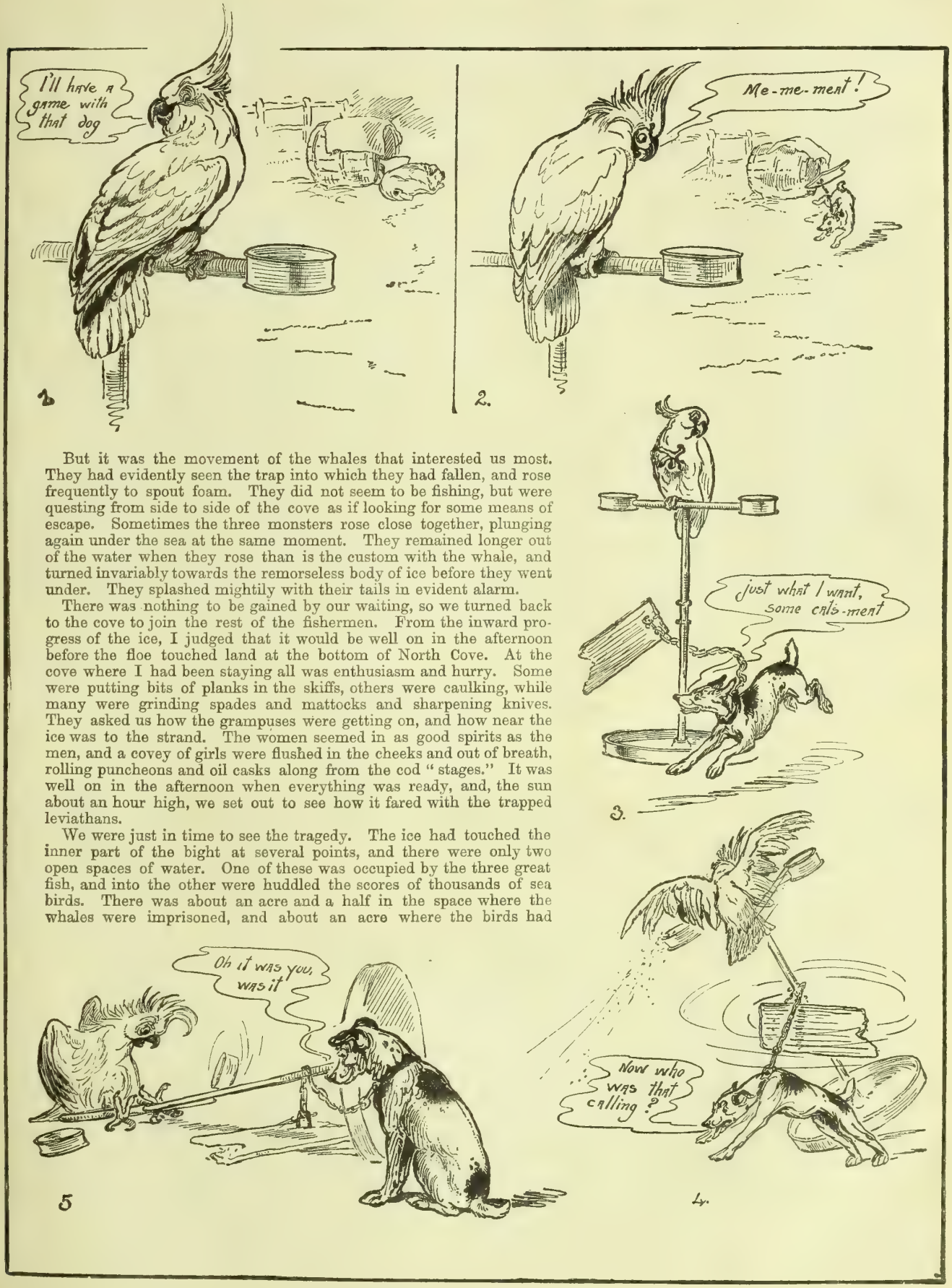
I shot as many as I wanted, and then with a young fisherman set out to go further down the coast to see if any wreckage was driven before this great invader. When we reached the top of the cliff, on our way for a bight a couple of miles distant, we met another fisherman hurrying along in great excitement. "There's goin' to be great prizes in North Cove," he said, hardly able to speak. "I'm hurryin' to tell them to get the skiffs ready." I asked him what was *in* North Cove, but he simply told me to go there and see, and then he hurried on to give the news.

My companion did not know what the man referred to, but we hastened on. North Cove was a deep indentation, part of its shore being beach and part almost steep rock. North Point ran out for about two miles on one side of it, and Red Head, a promontory about a mile long, marked the south-west boundary. The ice-jam touched both these points, and was fast forcing itself into the bight. We stopped on the top of the great cliff to see what might be in the clear water below. It was certainly crowded with sea-duck, but the fisherman could not have referred to this.

"Ah," said my companion, as first one, then another, and then another whale rose in the bight and blew. "That's what Travis means." I could not very well understand, but the fisherman made it clear.

"Don't you see the ice will come closer and closer to land till there won't be water enough to float a 'rodney'? The whales can't escape under the ice, and they must rise into the air to breathe."

I saw it all now. Meanwhile the breeze freshened, and the great floe was pushed nearer and nearer to land. As if expecting some calamity, the sea birds began to huddle together, and they made no attempt to fly or dive when they saw us.



But it was the movement of the whales that interested us most. They had evidently seen the trap into which they had fallen, and rose frequently to spout foam. They did not seem to be fishing, but were questing from side to side of the cove as if looking for some means of escape. Sometimes the three monsters rose close together, plunging again under the sea at the same moment. They remained longer out of the water when they rose than is the custom with the whale, and turned invariably towards the remorseless body of ice before they went under. They splashed mightily with their tails in evident alarm.

There was nothing to be gained by our waiting, so we turned back to the cove to join the rest of the fishermen. From the inward progress of the ice, I judged that it would be well on in the afternoon before the floe touched land at the bottom of North Cove. At the cove where I had been staying all was enthusiasm and hurry. Some were putting bits of planks in the skiffs, others were caulking, while many were grinding spades and mattocks and sharpening knives. They asked us how the grampuses were getting on, and how near the ice was to the strand. The women seemed in as good spirits as the men, and a covey of girls were flushed in the cheeks and out of breath, rolling puncheons and oil casks along from the cod "stages." It was well on in the afternoon when everything was ready, and, the sun about an hour high, we set out to see how it fared with the trapped leviathans.

We were just in time to see the tragedy. The ice had touched the inner part of the bight at several points, and there were only two open spaces of water. One of these was occupied by the three great fish, and into the other were huddled the scores of thousands of sea birds. There was about an acre and a half in the space where the whales were imprisoned, and about an acre where the birds had

Practical Joking.—*A tale with a moral.*

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* J. A. SHEPHERD.)

gathered. Each opening was every minute growing smaller, till the birds were obliged to crawl out upon the ice, where they clung dazed with terror.

But it was not, however, the birds that gave us concern, but the three doomed rorquals. How closely they kept together in their terrible dilemma! I suppose they comprised a family, for one was young and not so large as the others, which were male and female. As my readers know, the whale is enabled to remain several minutes under water without coming to the surface to inhale air. But these frightened brutes rose every few seconds, and when they dived they did not go to bottom, but swam midway hither and thither in their desperation. This we could clearly see from where we stood up in the rocks, as the whale or any other very large sea beast can be seen four or five fathoms down, resembling a large green rock.

The place where they were pinned had no strand, but the cliff rose clean out of the sea, so that there were several fathoms of water close to the base of the rock. The ice continued to press in remorselessly, till the three whales had barely room to rise, turn, and go down again. Two of them seemed very old, for numerous barnacles were growing on their sides, and their skins, which were of a brownish or sooty black, gleamed in the sun. The smaller fish appeared to be guided by the others. He rose with them, but waited till they had gone down, and then dived after them.

Even the fishermen who were so anxious for the prizes could not but look on with pity as the three doomed creatures rose and went down, the ice all the while closing in upon them. At last they were almost forced against the rock, and then one of the larger ones seemed to rise half out of the sea. I am sure that he looked all around him; at the great cliff towering into the sky, at the equally remorseless ice that hemmed him round. I have never before seen a whale half so high out of the water, or remain above so long. But it was his last time to rise, his last despairing glance. Then he turned, his tail brushing the cliff behind him, reared himself as high as he could, and with one mad lunge shot out under the ice. The other two, which had in the meantime come up and gone down twice, poised themselves as the leader had done, and plunged after him under the floe.

One and all we held our breath to see what would happen. But what could happen? While we watched, the ice pressed in till the last square yard of water was filled. Then it seemed as if, about a gun-shot out, there was a tremor in the ice, and another, and another. But that ice had drifted from the great workshops of the frosty north, and could resist the force of all the beasts that ever swam the sea gathered together.

I thought that I noticed several of these tremors, but they grew feebler and feebler, and at last the white floe was as steady as the frosty uplands on the top of the cliff. I could not bear to let myself think of the three great creatures of God's hands rising, suffocating for air, to be stopped by the relentless mass. In all my life I have never found stillness so oppressive as it was during these minutes, for no one had spoken a word, nor was there a sound anywhere about the coast, or on the cliffs or uplands.

When one spoke, then all began to talk. The sun had set, but with the dark came the aurora, flooding every place with its yellow light, and streaming from the pole quite across the heavens.

"Watch must now be set," said one of the fishermen; "let us get home."

The next morning at dawn, the wind, which had hardly moved all night, set off land, and a storm was threatened from the south. The ice immediately began to move off, and the fishermen launched their skiffs. I went in one. It was perfectly smooth along by beach, strand, and rocks, till we came into the cove where the whales had perished. Here there was much open water, and well in towards the rocks were two of the dead monsters afloat. Two skiffs made fast to each of these and towed them down to the dock by the fishermen's stages. The other grampus was secured an hour later, and also towed away and landed.

For the next week all the fisherfolk were busy cutting off the blubber and hauling it away to the puncheons and vats beyond tide-mark. When the weather grew warm, the blubber was "rendered" out in the sun, the oil being afterwards taken to Quebec. They were three rich prizes, and for the next year the people of that cove were not so dependent on cod and herring.

TAMING AN OUTLAW.

By David Ker,

Author of "Drowned Gold," "Ilderim the Afghan," "For Life or Death," etc.

In days when the northern counties of England, now so busy and populous, were almost covered with deep and pathless forests, a solitary horseman, clad in the heavy armour of a knight of the period, came riding slowly down one of the forest glades, just as an autumn day was beginning to draw toward evening.

Tall, strong, and fearless, with a commanding air, and a face which, undeniably handsome though it was, had in it something stern and terrible, this lonely wayfarer seemed just the man to clear a path for himself through all difficulties and dangers, without asking help from any one. And such, in truth, he had need have been, to ride all alone, with night at hand, through those wild woodlands, which were literally swarming with robbers and lawless fellows of every kind.

In fact, at that brutal, thievish, murderous period, which foolish people are so fond of calling "the good old times," every one was either plundering or being plundered, and no man had any security for life or property, save the strength of his own arm and the length of his own spear. Throughout "merry England," savage barons were robbing English peasants of their hard-earned gains, and the king himself was hanging English workmen for leaving their employment to try and better themselves; and many a free Englishman of that age could find no way of keeping body and soul together except by joining the bandits of the forest, and taking by force from others the means of supporting himself.

Hence the "merry greenwood" was, in those days, anything but merry for those who were green enough to go through it; and, apparently, even this stalwart cavalier was not destined to traverse it unmolested. For, all at once, there came a crackling of heavy footsteps through the thicket beside him, and then the bushes shook and parted, and forth strode a man of tall stature and powerful frame, who planted himself across the narrow path in an attitude which could not be mistaken.

The new-comer was armed from head to foot like the knight himself; but his armour was hacked and dinted, as if by heavy blows, and stained with patches of rust. His thick black beard was rough and untrimmed, his face gloomy and savage; and about the whole man there was a wild, reckless, lawless look, which, joined to his threatening attitude, and the huge hunting-spear that he levelled at the advancing horseman, sufficiently told who and what he was.

But this formidable interruption did not seem to discompose the daring cavalier one whit. As a rule, when any two men met anywhere in those days, the first thing they did was to have a fight; and for such a result the knight was fully prepared.

"Stand!" cried the forester in a deep, stern voice; "no man passes through this wood without *my* leave!"

"And who art thou, who speak'st so boldly to *me*?" asked the horseman, measuring his antagonist with a glance of fearless disdain.

"I am the king of the woodland, and of all who are therein," answered the outlaw, drawing up his mighty form to its full height, and pointing his words with a significant flourish of his formidable weapon.

"The *king*?" echoed the rider, with a scornful smile; "a proper king, truly! 'Bow down to thy liege lord,' quoth the carrion crow to the eagle. By St. George of England, a king who dares not tell his name is no king for me."

"*Dares* not?" cried the strange spearman, laughing grimly. "By St. Hubert of the Forest, I would fain see that thing which *I* dare not do! And as for my name, methinks thou hast heard it before; I am Sir Adam de Gourdon."

The horseman started slightly, and looked with a new interest at the bearer of a name as formidably renowned in that age as the name of Robin Hood had been a century before, or as those of Claude

Duval and Captain Whitney were destined to become four centuries later.

"I *have* heard thy name," answered he, sternly; "and it is the name of a rebel, a traitor, and a robber!"

"Thou liest!" retorted the outlaw, with a frown as black as midnight.

From the cavalier's large, dark eyes there shot a fiery gleam of wrath, sudden and terrible as lightning in a moonless sky. But the momentary flash of anger passed as quickly as it came, and he replied simply:

"Such words pass not unpunished. Make thee ready to battle while I alight, for never shall it be said that I fought on horseback against a single man on foot."

So saying, he threw his long lance on the ground, leaped from his horse, and, tying him to a tree, drew his sword, and stood ready for the combat.

This deliberate renunciation of so great an advantage, and the stern calmness of the stranger's tone and bearing, cowed the savage outlaw in spite of himself. He felt the presence of a stronger spirit than his own, and was awed for the first time in his life. But, fiercely shaking off this momentary hesitation, he unsheathed his own sword, and fell on like a giant.

Strong as a lion, and thoroughly skilled in the use of all arms, De Gourdon expected to make short work of his audacious foe. But he had to deal with one whose strength and fighting power (as many a stout soldier learned to his cost in after years) had no match among all the men of that iron time. His heaviest blows were turned aside like rain-drops—with a force that made his sword-arm tingle to the very shoulder-blade—and repaid with such strokes as, with all his experience of hard fighting, he had never felt or seen before.

Twice the outlaw's armour gave way beneath those thundering blows, which no skill could ward off; and, bleeding fast from two deep wounds, he felt his strength beginning to fail.

Maddened by the thought of being overcome by this man, whom he had insulted and defied, De Gourdon grasped his sword with both hands, and flew at the stranger like a roused lion. But the latter sprang nimbly aside from the coming stroke, and repaid it with a blow on the helmet that split the tempered steel like a nut-shell, and beat down the giant to the earth, as if crushed by a falling rock.

One more such blow, and all would have been over; but the victor stayed his uplifted hand, and said, with a ring of true warrior-like admiration in his deep voice:

"'Twere sin and shame to slay so stout a champion. Yield thee to my grace, and I will spare thy life."

"I yield *not*," replied the outlaw, faintly. "Never till now have I met my match in fight; and I care not to live, now that I have been overcome."

"Nay, speak not thus," said the knight, earnestly. "Every man meets his match sooner or later; and I would fain see at my court the best knight with whom I have ever fought."

"Thy court?" echoed the fallen man, looking up at him in wonder. "Who art thou, then?"

"I am *Edward Plantagenet, Prince-Royal of England*," answered his conqueror, in a tone of majesty worthy of the future Edward I.

"Thank Heaven," muttered the fainting outlaw, with a momentary glow on his whitening face, "that Adam de Gourdon dies by no unworthy hand."

"Dies? not so!" cried Edward, as firmly and commandingly as if his word had power to stay the stroke of death itself. "So good a knight dies not thus lightly. Let me look to thy hurts, I pray; perchance this balsam, which I got from a certain learned leech [physician] of Italy, may do somewhat to ease them."

And, half an hour later, the Prince was leading his war-horse through the wood, and supporting in the saddle with his powerful hand the drooping figure of his late adversary.

In an upper chamber in the Castle of York sat a richly dressed old man, whose glittering robes contrasted weirdly with his pale, pinched, sickly face, in every line of which could be read but too plainly the weakness that had made the long reign of Henry III. (for this was no other than the king himself) so troubled and so disastrous. At the window beside him, the Queen was looking down to learn the meaning of a sudden clatter of horse-hoofs through the court-yard below.

"It is our gallant son," she said; "but whom hath he brought with him? A goodly knight, by my troth, but somewhat pale and ill at ease, withal, as one sick or wounded."

A few moments later, Prince Edward strode into the room, and with him came Adam de Gourdon, somewhat restored, but still bearing visible traces of his recent overthrow.

"My liege lord and father," said the Prince, bowing reverently to the weak and fretful old man, who, but for him, would long since have been dethroned and murdered, "I crave leave to present to your grace the good knight Sir Adam de Gourdon, whom I have happily *persuaded* to return to his allegiance."

Wishing to spare the feelings of his vanquished foe, Edward omitted to mention that he had "persuaded" the outlaw by hammering him with a two-edged sword till he all but killed him outright; but King Henry knew enough of his son, and of Adam de Gourdon likewise, to make a pretty good guess at the truth.

"Fair lady mine," continued Prince Edward, turning to a beautiful woman who came forward to greet him with a loving smile upon the rosy lips that were to suck the poison from her husband's wound a few years later on the burning plains of Palestine, "lend me your aid, I pray, to win this good knight's pardon from our gracious father."

He bent his knee gracefully to the king as he spoke, and the Princess of England knelt beside him.

"So be it," said the old king, peevishly; "I pardon him."

And then the queen, as if bent upon atoning for her husband's ungracious behaviour, stepped forward with a smile, and said kindly:

"Sir Adam de Gourdon, we appoint thee steward of our household from this day forth, being well assured that thou wilt do us true and loyal service; and God grant that every prince may be thus generous, and that every gallant outlaw may in like manner repent and be forgiven."

(THE END.)

THE STORY OF SITTING BULL.

By W. J. Gordon.

Some five-and-twenty years ago a detachment of the 13th United States Infantry formed the garrison of a small fort in Wyoming. Early one morning the two sentries were shot dead, and the guard turning out found the fort surrounded by hundreds of Indians who attacked it on all sides, set it on fire, stormed it, and slew all the garrison but one man. From the shooting of the sentries to the withdrawal of the victorious Redskins, but half an hour elapsed, so sharp and short had been the struggle, and so irresistible the rush.

Among the plunder taken off by the Indians was the roster-book of the detachment—the book in which is entered the order of the men going on duty. Of this book only a few pages had been used. Twelve years afterwards, a dead horse was found on the bank of a "cooley" (that is, a gully), in Montana: and by the side of this horse, amongst other odds and ends was the old roster-book. All the pages left blank by the soldiers had been filled up with Indian picture writing;—and it had become the biography of Tatonka-e-Yotanka, otherwise Sitting Bull.

There were, and are—for the book still exists—a hundred pages of pictures, each giving an incident in the life of the great medicine man of the Sioux, the last of the Redskins to defeat the white man in a set field of battle. In every picture is his totem, a bull sitting on his haunches, and in every case the totem is joined to the mouth of the principal figure of the group by a line, so that there can be no mistake as to identity. In fact, it is just the same as if the artist had written "this is Sitting Bull."

Page 1 shows young Bull taking his first scalp, that of an unfortunate Crow Indian, who, though on horseback, fell a victim to the young man's prowess. Then follows page after page depicting what the Indian considers altogether admirable in honour and heroism, and what most of us would consider altogether abominable in robbery and murder. In every page Bull is killing some man or woman, red or white, or else thieving horses, or otherwise distinguishing himself in true Sioux fashion. To many good folks the record is simply horrible; but if we put ourselves in the Indian's place, we may find that there is not so much to be ashamed of. Change the point of view, and the rascal of one civilisation becomes the hero of another.

A fine figure was Sitting Bull in his war paint. He was about four inches under six feet in height, and walked with a limp, owing to a shot in the hip. Born in 1837, he was a little over fifty-three when he died. His high

straight brow, Wellington nose, firm mouth and square jaw, and the long brownish hair and glowing deep-set eyes that never looked a stranger in the face but in anger, marked him at once as a remarkable man; and for nearly thirty years he was the most re-



Sitting Bull.

markable of the Red Men. He was skilled in all the knowledge of the Indians, and that is by no means the rubbish it has suited interested parties to declare; in fact, the more we know of that knowledge, the less respect we have for the rough fighting frontiersmen to whom all knowledge except that of woodcraft and war is absurd. For fifteen years Sitting Bull was wandering among all the tribes of the Dakotas, as the Sioux call themselves, learning all that was to be learnt, and becoming the initiated and initiator into all the mysteries and ceremonies of his race.

He first came into note at the time of the Black Hills difficulty. The Black Hills, situated near the junction of the four States, Nebraska, Dakota, Wyoming, and Montana, were sacred ground to the Indians, and the United States Government had agreed to leave them unsettled as an Indian reserve. But one day a Sioux came into a neighbouring trading post, with a nugget of gold "found in the Black Hills." The news spread; and certain miners resolved to try their luck in the forbidden region. The adventurous prospectors found a beautiful country, with the flowers in thousands, "so tall and thick that they could be plucked without dismounting," but they found no gold; the Indians barred the way; the Government interfered to keep back the whites; the whites defied the Government and the Redskins; and for years there was trouble in consequence. Sitting Bull came to the front and made himself a terror to the whites—official and otherwise; he was the acknowledged leader of the "hostiles," as the unfriendly Indians are called; fort after fort was captured; and eventually, in 1868, a treaty was made in which he obtained all he asked for, and for five years there was peace.

In 1873 the United States Government resolved to break the treaty; the Northern Pacific Railroad had been projected, and the line was planned to run through the Indian lands. Speculators obtained the ear of the authorities at Washington, and in defiance of all notions of common justice, war was entered upon.

Sitting Bull had established himself on the Little Big Horn, and claimed a large extent of the Upper Yellowstone country. His position was surrounded by the Bad Lands, that ring of plain, dotted with sandstone pillars of all the colours of the rainbow, and cracked into chasms like a clay field after a long drought; a quagmire in wet weather, a fortification with entanglements in dry. Within the ring sheltered by the high bluffs and hills were thousands of buffalo, elk, and bighorn to supply him with food. And outside the Bad Lands was a ring of forts from which by barter could be obtained any quantity of rifles and ammunition.



Sioux tent.

This stronghold in the hills became a refuge for all the discontented Indians in the country, and year by year Sitting Bull's following had increased, so that when active hostilities began he was some thousands strong. And with the aid of his two lieutenants, Crazy Horse and Rain-in-the-Face, he made such use of his advantages that the United States troops never gained a victory over him, although their commanders did their best in their reports to make it appear so. He was a true general, and quite realised his position, being never found in the thick of the fight except at the critical moment. He planned the campaign, and, unlike most other Indians, trusted to his lieutenants to carry it out. Having inflicted a disastrous defeat on the American troops, it has been thought fit in certain quarters to make him out a coward and accuse him of flight, but the charges are simply baseless. He was always on the spot when wanted, and he was rarely wanted but to win. Crazy Horse was his fighting general; Rain-in-the-Face was more of a fighter for his own hand. Whenever a desperate single-handed deed was to be done it was Rain-in-the-Face that was chosen; whenever a battle was fought it was Crazy Horse that led the men.

Rain-in-the-Face was acknowledged to be "the bravest Indian of the North-West." At his initiation he had hung suspended for four hours from the sinews of his back, and



Red Shirt's Squaw and Papoose.

had then been cut down against his will. When the troops advanced up the Yellowstone, two men, a veterinary surgeon and a sutler, straggled and were killed. It pleased the authorities to look upon this as a murder, and to search for the murderer, with a view to hanging him. Some short time afterwards a trader being at the sun dance heard, or rather saw, an Indian describe in pantomime what he had done to two whites, and this Indian, who was Rain-in-the-Face, was found to have some of the men's property in his possession. On the day when the Indians were expected to visit the trading post, Colonel Tom Custer and five men were sent to look after the culprit, and the colonel recognising him seized him from behind and took him prisoner. Great was the excitement among the Indians. Rain-in-the-Face's brother, Iron Horse, appeared at General Custer's headquarters and tried to ransom him; two young warriors even offered to be hanged in his place, but all in vain. "Rain-in-the-Face," said the general, "must go to Washington." And to Washington he would have gone had he not cut a hole in his prison and escaped. Before he went he told Tom Custer who had captured him that he would have his life, and the threat he made good, as we shall see.

In March 1876 the great effort to wipe out Sitting Bull began. General George Crook, who had fought successfully with Indians in Oregon and Arizona, advanced into the Sioux country with a strong force of cavalry and infantry. On March 17 he found himself amid the snow in front of a large Indian village on the Powder River. He attacked, and all was promising well, when Choonka-Witko, otherwise Crazy Horse, appeared on the scene. Crazy Horse was too much for Crook. He drove him back and so dealt with him that no further attempt was made to

enter the Sitting Bull country along that road. On June 17, Crook tried another way in, across the Rosebud. The fight lasted all day; and again Sitting Bull, with his right arm Crazy Horse, was too much for Crook.

Meanwhile, General Terry was bringing another army to the attack, more to the north. The leader of his horsemen was General George Custer of the Seventh Cavalry, in which regiment was the Tom Custer who had captured Rain-in-the-Face. Terry's plan was for Custer to hem in the Sioux from the east, while he with the main body struck the Indians on the south flank.

Off went Custer, at such a rate that he reached Sitting Bull's village a day before Terry expected, and had all the fight to himself. He divided his column, one half to attack one end of the village, the other half the other. It was Sunday, June 25, 1876, a sad day in the annals of the American army. In that bright cloudless morning the largest Indian village on the continent slowly revealed itself along the windings of the river. The major with the first column crossed the stream; attacked; found himself faced by hundreds under Crazy Horse. He hesitated; dismounted his men; mounted them; dismounted them; did not know what to do in fact; and finally ran for it as hard as he could go, with what was left of his column full gallop behind him.

Custer kept on. Before he reached his attacking point he was in a ring of rifle fire, and his horses were stumbling among the grass which Sitting Bull had knotted together to stop him. Had the major come dashing through the village all might have gone well, but the major was making hurried tracks up the hill several miles away. And so, with none to support him, Custer saw retreat impossible, and fought and died with all his men. One of the last to fall was Tom Custer, shot by Rain-in-the-Face. Only one living thing escaped, and that was Captain Keogh's charger, Comanche, which rushed through the Indian lines, and, wounded and bleeding, straggled into the American camp some days afterwards. The horse is still living as the pet of the Seventh Cavalry; he does no duty, and is never mounted; his last day's work being accomplished in Custer's last fight.

After the battle Sitting Bull broke up his camp and moved northwards into Canada with over four thousand men. In Canada he stayed four years, and then under promise of pardon he returned and took up his quarters in the Indian Reserve on the upper waters of the shallow Missouri. But he never trusted the Whites, and always declared they secretly goaded the Indians into violence in order to have a pretext for shooting them down and seizing their lands. In the United States there is little doubt this is true. The settlers covet the reserved lands; the settlers have votes; and the votes go to the politicians who will please the settlers by robbing the Indians of all the land worth taking. Hence the Indian difficulty in the States—a difficulty which does not exist north of the border, owing to the Canadian Government faithfully performing its promises.



Red Shirt.

Last year the Sioux broke into open revolt, and the Government decided to arrest Sitting Bull before he started to join a war-party who had begun pillaging on the White River. The Indian police, consisting of Redskins in uniform, dashed into his camp and seized him, and were returning to Standing Rock, when Blackbird, Bull's twelve-year-old son, led some of the tribe to the rescue. There was a sharp struggle, during which Bull could be heard giving his orders in a loud voice as he sat his horse unarmed amid the firing. When the fire was at its hottest he fell, shot dead, his boy having been shot a few moments before. The fight continued over the bodies, and the police, of whom forty were killed, were beginning to retreat when a detachment of regular troops arrived with machine guns, whose deadly rain soon swept the "hostiles" away.

Such was the end of Sitting Bull, the Uncapapa Sioux—a savage who was a true leader of men, and a man who, unlike his enemies, never failed in his word to friend or foe. He was not a Christian hero; neither was he a monster. He was a good Indian according to the Indian ideal—and when we have said that we have said the best we can for him.

HOW TO MAKE A SMALL DYNAMO.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "How to Make an Induction Coil," "How to Make an Electrical Machine," etc., etc.

PART II.

Returning to fig. 1, we must see that the groove A, which forms half the channel in which the armature is to revolve, is $\frac{7}{8}$ inch from top to bottom, being nearly a complete semicircle. When the two sides are fixed together as in fig. 2, the hole between the poles should be about an inch in circumference, and the wire must be wound on the armature so that it easily slips into the cavity G, which must be made quite smooth for it to revolve in. It will be seen from the dimensions given that in diameter the armature is only a little less than the cylindrical space between the poles of the magnet, and in length it is about the same as the width of the magnet. It would be an unfortunate occurrence if the wire was to slip off the armature while revolving at a high speed, and, therefore, it is necessary to keep it firmly in its place. This is done by filing four small notches in the soft iron of the armature at the points marked ABCD in fig. 3. Some strong wire, or small string, is now wound tightly round the armature to hold the coils of wire in their proper place, the notches holding this wire or string from slipping off at the ends of the cylinder.

The armature has now to be fixed in its proper place between the poles of the magnet.

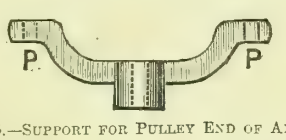


Fig. 5.—Support for Pulley End of Axle.
The dotted lines show position of holes for screws and axle. P P, Holes for screws.

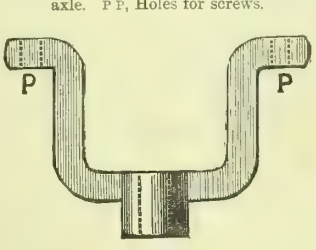


Fig. 6.—Support for Commutator End of Axle.
The dotted lines show position of holes for screws and axle. P P, Holes for screws.

To do this we shall want two supports for the axle. These are made of brass, shaped as in figs. 5 and 6, 5 being the one at the pulley end of the axle, and 6 that at the other end. They are fastened by screws through the holes P P, into the holes H H H H in the bottom part of the side of the magnet, as previously shown in fig. 2.

When the armature is fixed in its proper place it will appear as fig. 7, this being a sectional diagram from above, and the top pieces of the magnet being omitted for simplicity's sake.

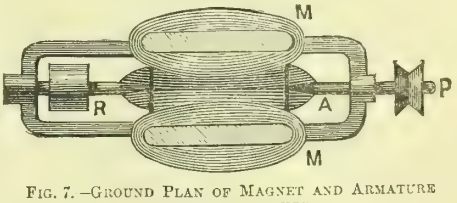


Fig. 7.—Ground Plan of Magnet and Armature when put together.

M M. Magnet. P, Driving pulley. A, Armature. R, Roller of wood covered with brass. Top of magnet and springs of commutator omitted.

The brass of which the supports are made

should be about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, and must, of course, be drilled in the centre with a hole to admit the axle of the armature. To keep it exactly in the right place while revolving, a piece of circular brass tube, with a bore the size of the hole made to admit the armature, should be soldered to the brass supports in front of the hole; that for the pulley end of the axle should be about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long. One at the other end is not necessary, but looks neater; this may be about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch long—i.e. as long as the end of the axle projecting beyond the brass support.

This much having been accomplished, we have now to consider the "commutator," which is a piece of apparatus by which all the currents proceeding from magnet and armature are sent in one direction, and thus, instead of counteracting each other, are made available for experiments.

To make this necessary adjunct to the dynamo, take a circular bar of brass rod about $\frac{3}{8}$ inch in diameter and an inch long. Into the middle of this solder a brass screw by drilling a hole and inserting its upper end *minus* the head. On this screw works a brass nut about $\frac{3}{8}$ inch long. At the other end of the rod a hole is drilled for the insertion of another brass screw, long enough to go through the base. Another pillar precisely like this has now to be made, only $\frac{1}{2}$ inch high without the nut. Now cut two pieces of sheet brass 2 inches long and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch broad, sufficiently stout to act as springs and not too stout to be elastic. At one end of each cut a longitudinal hole about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long and $\frac{1}{8}$ inch broad; that is to say, this slit must be broad enough to slip over the top of the screws above the pillars. At the other ends of the brass springs slits of equal length, but very narrow—only about $\frac{1}{24}$ inch wide—may be cut, to make the brass more "springy." On the under side of this end of one spring, and the upper side of the other, two pieces of thin sheet copper are fixed, the same breadth as the springs, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long. These are soldered by one end to the side of the spring, so as to act as springs themselves, their other ends being free.

All this being rather complicated, we must invoke the aid of the engraver once more. Fig. 8 gives you the method of making the

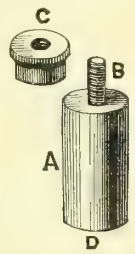


Fig. 8.—Pillar of Commutator.
A, Brass rod. B, Screw inserted at end. C, Nut fitting screw B. D, Hole for screw to fix to base.

pillars—A being the brass rod, B the screw, and C the nut, the hole to admit screw to fasten the pillar to the base is made at the end D. Fig. 9 is the brass spring with slit, A, to slip

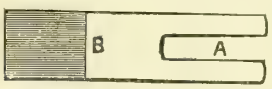


Fig. 9.—Brass Spring of Commutator.
A, Slit to fix over screw, B, in fig. 8. The shaded part represents the copper spring, soldered at B.

over the screw of fig. 8, and the copper spring soldered to one side, at the end, at the point B. Now we slip the brass spring over the screw, the screw coming through the slit, and screw down the nut C. We thus have two springs supported at the ends on pillars at a height of 1 inch and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the base respectively. Of course, both the pillars and springs are treated alike, but in the case of the tallest the copper is on the *under* side, and in the other on the *upper* side.

Now we go back to the armature, on the axle of which you will remember that I told you to fix a small roller of wood. This is only $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, and is fixed firmly to the axle so as to revolve along with the armature. This roller is soaked in melted paraffin wax for an hour or two before fixing on, or boiled in it for some time, so that it may permeate the wood. The roller can easily be turned (of boxwood, preferably) if you are possessed of a lathe, but if you have none, go to the nearest photographer (or, preferably, a dealer in photographic apparatus), and from him you can buy for a penny a roller long enough to cut dozens for dynamos—they are what sensitised paper is sold rolled on.

The roller having been provided, take a piece of brass tube exactly so large inside that the roller will fit tightly into it, and cut off a piece the same length as the roller, or, if anything, a trifle shorter. You have now to cut, with a saw or otherwise, two diagonal lines in this tube *lengthwise*, so that the tube is thereby divided into two pieces. Having done this the brass is replaced on the roller and fastened by minute screws, or "Prout's elastic glue," to each side of it, so that the roller becomes practically one of brass, with two slits in it. The screws must not project above the brass, but must be well sunk into it, so as to leave the surface very smooth; and care must be taken that the screws do not touch both pieces of brass by going right through the roller—they must be very short. The object of cutting the slits in a diagonal direction is that the springs when pressing above and below the roller (see fig. 10) shall not leave one half of the commutator before resting on the other part. If they do so the commutator will "spark" badly, which injures the fittings, and less current is obtained. Both slits are to be equidistant, and both inclined in the same direction. The roller is fixed on the axle in such a position that the middles of the lines of division are exactly in a line with the middle of the groove of the armature. When all this has been accomplished you will obviously have two conducting surfaces, each reaching over half the cylinder, separated by a small distance at top and bottom, the paraffined wood, of course, being a non-conductor of electricity. The brass tube must be made to fit smoothly round the wood, the surface being free from any irregularities, so that the contact with the springs at the sides may be as perfect as possible. Care must be taken that the brass is really separate all down on both sides. It is a good plan to fasten small splinters of paraffined wood in the slits to make sure.

This having been done, the wire from one end of the coil of the armature must be soldered to one of the semi-circumferences (if I may coin a word) of brass on the wooden roller, and the wire from the other end of the coil to the other semi-circumference. This is done at the *end* or underneath, not at the top, or it will make the surface rough, and we want it to be as smooth as it can possibly be. The wire must be quite tight up to the end soldered on; there must be no loops, or it will catch in something, and be torn off when it comes to revolve.

The brass pillars supporting the springs have now to be inserted in the base, at such a distance, one on each side of the roller covered with brass, that the copper springs at the end of the brass ones are exactly one *over* and one *under* the brass roller. Of course, if they are put in a line with it, the springs can easily be shifted to the right position by slipping the slits over the screws of the pillars, and screwing down the nuts tightly when they come to the right place. This is very difficult to make intelligible, and I give another illustration of the relative positions of the parts of the commutator, which, I hope, will make all clear. The pillars P P—which were put together as shown in figs. 8 and 9—are fixed at such distances on opposite sides of the roller R that the springs S S are continually in contact with the brass semi-circumferences, first one and then the other, as the armature revolves.

We are now within sight of the end of our task, and to guide off the current that we are going to produce we must screw in two binding-screws at opposite corners of the same end of the base (the end at which the commutator is). The ends of the wire from the magnet are to be brought down through the

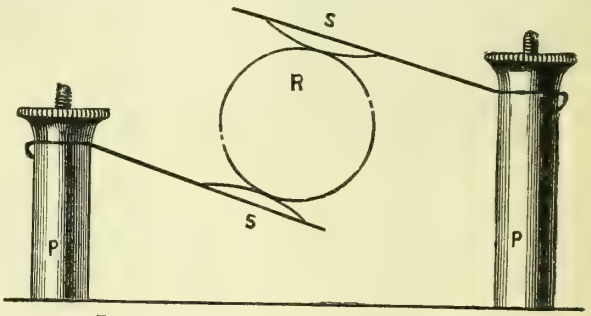


Fig. 10.—Section of Commutator put together.
P P, Pillars supporting springs, S S, which bear respectively on the upper and under sides of the roller, which is covered with brass except for the slits shown in the diagram.

base and joined to the under part of these binding-screws. Placing the base so that the commutator end of the armature, and not the pulley end, is next to you, the wire from the inner coil of the magnet goes to the binding-screw on your left hand, and that from the outer coil to that on your right hand. The magnet should be wound and placed in such a position that these ends are respectively on the left and right, and then they have only to be joined to the binding-screws in front of them. But, before connecting these wires up, it is necessary to give an initial magnetism to the magnet, which at present has not been magnetised at all! To do this we must make use of another dynamo, or a battery, as described in the article on "Electric Lamps" in No. 577 (page 286 last volume), and connect the wires coming from the magnet-coil to the terminals of the battery. This having been done, the magnet will attract iron filings or needles, &c., and this shows that it has really become a magnet. Two cells of the chloride battery will be enough to magnetise it as much as it can be magnetised, and enough will remain when the battery is disconnected to start the action when the armature is revolved. Two or three minutes is long enough to connect with the battery.

(To be continued.)

SEA-SERPENTS.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, f.z.s., etc.

PART I.

Not our old friend the Great Sea Serpent—everybody has heard of *him!* Some few even believe in him; I do, for one, although I don't believe he is a serpent at all—perhaps we may have a little chat about him some day. But I have often remarked as a very curious circumstance that, whereas every one has some opinion or other as to the existence and nature of this Great Sea Serpent (whose reality is, to say the least of it, a matter of dispute and doubt), many people who are well informed in general details of natural history know nothing of the creatures about which I am going to say a few words, the true sea-serpents, real snakes in every sense of the word, which live entirely in the sea. And this is the more extraordinary because there are so many of them. Perhaps you are already aware that more than seven-eighths of the whole number of species of snakes in the world are something harmless. Well, of the less than one-eighth which possess fangs—that is to say, of all the poisonous snakes—nearly a quarter are sea-snakes! And this is not a new discovery; Aristotle and the ancient Greek mariners knew all about them.

Perhaps if they were found in many different regions of the globe, as other serpents are, we should be more familiar with them; but they are principally confined to Eastern seas in the very heart of the tropics, being common everywhere in the Indian Ocean, and especially in the Bay of Bengal. You could never mistake a sea-serpent for anything else if you saw one, no matter what its colour or size might be, or to which of the fifty or more species which have been recognised it belonged. To begin with, the tail, instead of being round and pointed as in a land-snake, is flattened from side to side, and expanded so as to form a vertical fin or oar, giving it considerable rapidity and freedom of movement in the water. Most kinds of snakes like to bathe, and some are found even more frequently in streams or lakes than on *terra firma*; but their swimming is a very embarrassed affair compared with the performance of their brethren of the deep. This is particularly seen amongst waves or in broken water, ordinary snakes being there almost powerless, while sea-snakes are as much at home as eels.

You may possibly ask, "How are we to know that such a creature, if we come across one, is *not* an eel? or why, after all, shouldn't it be called an eel? what is the difference?" Why, an eel is a *fish*, while this is a reptile, and the great difference between them is, that the latter breathes atmospheric air, just as a whale, or a seal, or a boy does, but the fish breathes in the water by means of gills. You know that, however good a diver you may be, you must come to the surface to get rid of the carbonic acid in your lungs and to take in a fresh supply of good oxygen; and, although a whale, or an otter, or a snake may be able to stay under water a good deal longer than the longest-winded human diver, yet it has eventually to come up to the air for exactly the same reason. Then you could tell an eel, or any other fish, directly by its fins, while a sea-serpent has none, except the spread-out tail which I have mentioned.

They have a special arrangement, which not only enables them to stay down a long time, but lets them float easily on the surface and bask in the sun when they want to, and that is their one enormous lung, which extends the whole length of the body and forms a tank for the storage of air. All snakes have one lung only—only one, that is, of any service, for there is generally a very little second one which need not be counted. A snake's inside altogether is dreadfully "mixed up" when you come to compare it with other animals; everything seems to be set aside and pushed here or stowed away there on purpose to allow of their making the tremendous meals with which they gorge themselves, and to permit them to swallow their prey whole. For instance, in any respectable carcass, when you find one kidney you naturally expect the other to be just opposite to it, on the same level, but in a snake you must look some distance down the back for the second—there would be no room for its dinner if they were just abreast of one another in the ordinary way. Then again its gall-bladder, where the bile is kept till wanted, instead of being against the liver, where, according to rule, it ought to be, is a long way off with a pipe laid on to it—otherwise, when a frog, or rat, or rabbit, or sheep, as the case may be, came down, the gall-bladder would be jammed against the liver and all the bile wasted. In the same way, the two halves of its lower jaw are loosely tied together instead of being solid, and its face bones work on hinges, it has no breast bone to fasten its ribs down, nor any solid girdle of shoulder bones, such as even those lizards have which are destitute of legs (like the slowworm), and, as we have said, one lung seems completely rubbed out; all apparently adapted expressly and solely for the convenience of its particular mode of feeding. Sea-snakes are built on the same principle, but their lung is much more developed, and they have little shutters or valves over their nostrils which are closed under water (I have seen pearl divers and coral and sponge fishers grasp their noses with their hands in going down, so as to close them—I don't quite see why, but I suppose there's something in it).

I can't tell you how long a sea-serpent can remain below the surface; probably for many hours. Independently of their air-tank, the fact of their being cold-blooded animals allows them to do without oxygen for a very long time—it would be more correct to say, allows them to make use of what oxygen they may have very slowly and economically, so as to spin it out a good while. Even land-snakes can keep their heads under water for hours, as you may see any day at the Zoo.

If you take any ordinary snake you will see that the plates or scales of the under part of the body (generally of a lighter colour than the rest, often white) are much larger than those above, being, in fact, broad bands which extend transversely from the tips of the ribs on one side to those on the other. These great scales serve as feet when it walks, as it does on the points of its ribs. Sea-snakes, and some few species of land-snakes which burrow in the earth, have none of these plates underneath, but the sea-snakes on the contrary are pinched or ridged into a sort of keel, which steadies them in swimming. In spite of this and their fin-like tail, their swimming is a rather wriggly business, owing to their means of propulsion being very inefficient compared to their length of body.

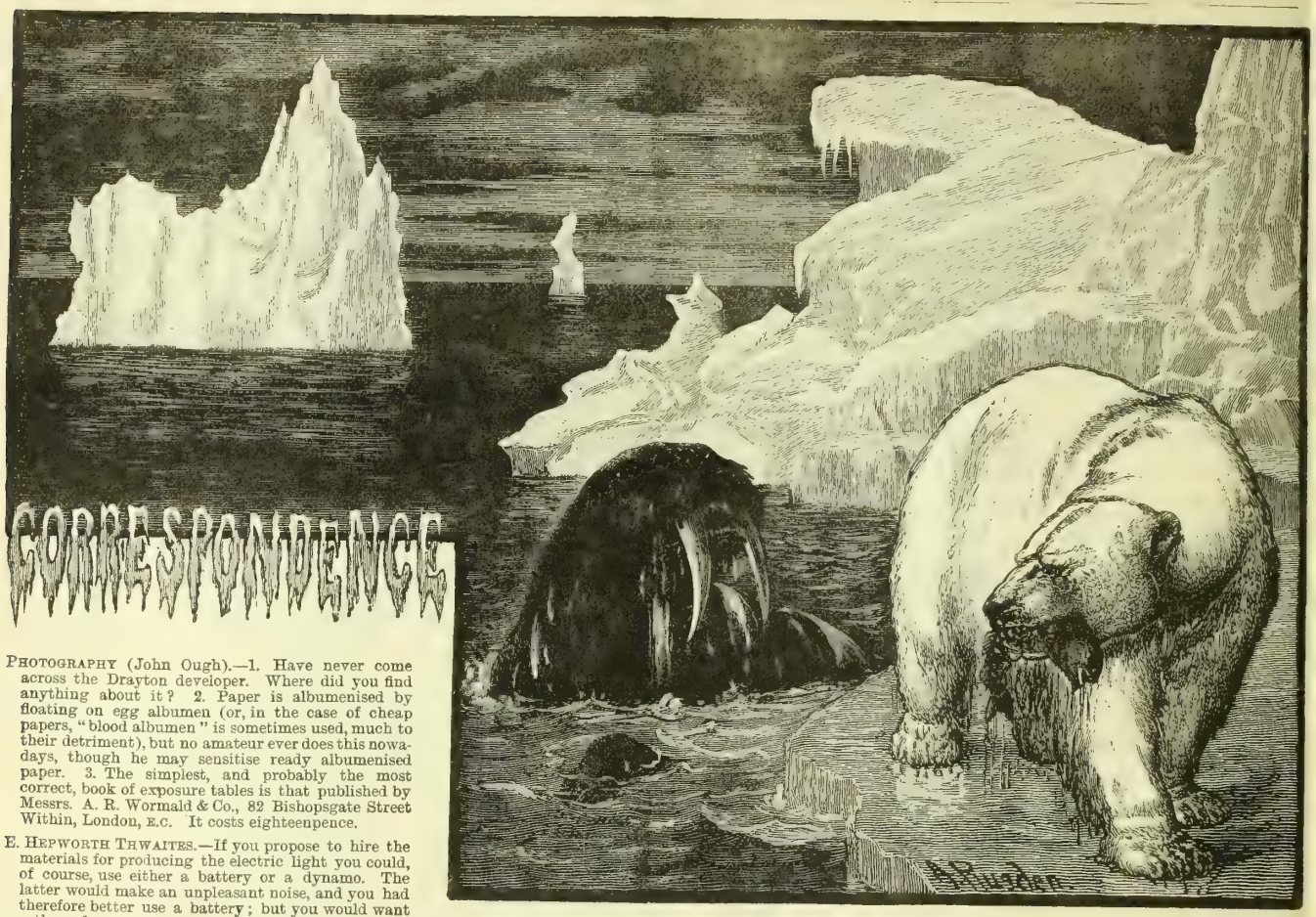
They have small, short tongues, but are not furnished with that little hole in the upper lip which enables most snakes to put out their tongues while their mouths are shut. Like all the rest, the tongues are *bifid*—split or double at the tip—and some of them possess two tiny openings, one on each side, through which the points can just protrude. This doesn't seem a very useful or ornamental sort of thing, but no doubt it's all right.

There are some people who don't see very well unless they wear green spectacles, and these sea-snakes are something like them. When the light comes to their eyes through a green layer of sea-water their sight is good enough, but on the surface or when drawn out they are dazed by the glare, and bite and strike wildly without apparently being able to take aim at anything. They must be able to see pretty well down below to catch the fish on which they live.

It is really very remarkable that folks are not more generally acquainted with these creatures, seeing that there is such a variety of them. Some kinds grow to ten or twelve feet or perhaps more—there is a fine stuffed specimen of 9 feet, 9 inches, before me—and as thick as a man's wrist, though most of them range from two to four or five feet. Some time ago there was a great discussion going on in the newspapers as to which was the largest poisonous snake known. One person declared it was the South American bushmaster; another stood up for the çurucucu of Brazil; a third put in a claim for the great African vipers, as thick as the calf of your leg; while a fourth contended that the hamadryad of the East Indies, a snake hooded like the cobra, growing to eleven feet, was the longest if not the biggest of all. Nobody seemed to remember the sea-serpent, so at last I wrote a letter and set him up as my candidate for the honour in question.

The name of that Brazilian snake, çurucucu, is pronounced *sooroo-coocóo*. You will observe that it is a word of four syllables, spelt with three letters!

(*To be continued.*)



CORRESPONDENCE

PHOTOGRAPHY (John Ough).—1. Have never come across the Drayton developer. Where did you find anything about it? 2. Paper is albumenised by floating on egg albumen (or, in the case of cheap papers, "blood albumen" is sometimes used, much to their detriment), but no amateur ever does this nowadays, though he may sensitise ready albumenised paper. 3. The simplest, and probably the most correct, book of exposure tables is that published by Messrs. A. R. Wormald & Co., 82 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C. It costs eighteenpence.

E. HEPWORTH THWAITES.—If you propose to hire the materials for producing the electric light you could, of course, use either a battery or a dynamo. The latter would make an unpleasant noise, and you had therefore better use a battery; but you would want rather a large one to run for four hours and light so large a space. You would not get a good light without using at least two 16 candle-power lamps, or, if the stall *only* was to be lighted, one might do. You will find it rather expensive, we are afraid, for so short a time—only two days.

ARTHUR.—Ruby lamps are so cheap, many being sold at a shilling, that it is really hardly worth while to make one. However, you can take an old cigar box and cut a hole in the bottom; cover it over with ruby fabric and stand the box upon end, with the lid fastened by a hasp to prevent it from coming open at the wrong time. Make a few holes in the side which is now the bottom and stand it on four wooden feet, so that the air can get through them. Bore a circular hole about 2 inches in diameter through the top, and over this fasten a piece of tin about 2½ inches in diameter raised above the wood by side pieces, so that air can get out but not light. The lamp is now complete; you can burn ordinary candles in it.

DEAD BIRD-MULE (H. N. W.).—You mean what was the cause or nature of its illness, we suppose, since there can be no doubt as to that of its death, when you acknowledge to having drowned it. Well, it was suffering from inflammation of the lungs, the result of a sudden chill probably, for it was plump, and its illness could not have been of long duration. Warmth, in a moist atmosphere, with one-drop doses of oxymel of squills three or four times a day might, in all probability, have saved it.

FLYING MACHINE ("Doubtful").—The instructions are all right; it is you who must have blundered somewhere. Many readers have written to express delight at their success, amongst the latest being our artist, Mr. Alfred Pearse, who says: "I have constructed one of your flying machines, and have succeeded in making it rise quite 100 feet, travelling at the same time about 80 yards, to the delight of my little ones."

COLD BATH, ETC. (S. M. H.).—1. Yes; winter and summer, unless you felt cold or sleepy after it. 2. Light 2 lb. dumb-bells. 3, 4, and 5. Consult a doctor.

RABBITS (G. Herbert).—Yes; under cover in winter. Why do you not read "Doings"?

FOX TERRIER (C. Owen).—The bulging in joints of the puppy is only the forming of new bone.

DYSPEPSIA (A. G. G.).—Take a small teaspoonful of glycerine in your tea or in water twice or thrice a day. Get a vegetable bitter tonic from your chemist. Cold bath in morning and exercise in open air. A compound rhubarb pill twice a week at night. Keep up your heart.

RAVEN (L. S.).—Try Cross, of Liverpool, or advertise in "Exchange and Mart."

JACOBINS (W. Hill).—Price all depends on quality. Get the "Exchange and Mart," and turn to pigeon columns.

RABBITS, BREEDING OF (B. M. M.).—1. Doe over six months and buck over ten. 2. No; not as the law at present stands.

BLEEDING AT NOSE (E. W.).—Attention to the general health is the only remedy. It is often salutary. Lower your diet, take the bath and plenty of exercise.

SORE EYES (Alfred and S. R. J.).—Perhaps touching them at night with the benzolated ointment of oxide of zinc or dilute nitrate of mercury ointment will make them all right. Take iron drops and the Keplar solution of cod liver oil with extract of malt.

TORTOISES (Ethel Graham).—Write to E. Sumner, 135 Oxford Street, London. He has lots of them.

PIGEON LAYING (S. C. R.).—Never mind; if she chooses to lay in a corner of the floor she will hatch there. Pigeons must be humoured.

FEEDING POMERANIAN, ETC. (Fancier Junior).—1. On the table scraps, but give her plenty. 2. The other question is of too delicate a nature to answer. Ask any keeper.

GROWING MANLY (A. W.).—There is no other way except trying to improve your mind, keeping good society, and living up to the rules of health. Take dumb-bell exercise for two half-hours daily.

CURING BIRDS' SKINS (A. T.).—Alum and water, very strong, or arsenical paste. N.B. The latter is very poisonous.

SARSAPARILLA (S. R. J.).—No good. Do not take medicine at all. Just live well and exercise plenty. Whenever you begin to think disagreeable thoughts, get a book and read.

KITTEN ILL (Big Fritz).—It is of a weakly constitution. If still alive, give plenty of cream, fish, egg, minced raw meat, and clean water. Keep in the house at night.

BOOK ON PIGEONS (Silver Pigeon).—Lyell's book, Upcott Gill, 170 Strand, London. 2. Price depends on quality.

KEEPING NASTURTIUM SEEDS (Bonus Puer).—Put in a paper bag and hang up on the kitchen wall.

GRASS SNAKES (G. C. G.).—E. Sumner, 135 Oxford Street, or, in fact, any naturalist. But pets of all kinds are advertised in the "Exchange and Mart." Why not catch your own snakes? Do not tackle the adder, though.

HAIR RESTORERS (Bald Pate).—All rubbish. Consult a doctor, and if the roots of the hair are not destroyed he will prescribe some simple remedy.

COLD BATH: HOW TO TAKE IT (Egroeg).—Bravo! lad. We like you, though you do spell your name upside down. You've been taking our advice and you're the better for it. How we wish all our boys would do the same. You'll be a man yet. The best style of morning tub is to stand before a basin of warm water and quickly wash and lather the whole body; time, one and a half minute. Then sponge the face in the bath; then in you go and sponge all over, or dip, if the bath be deep enough; time, one and a half minute. Now dry quickly and thoroughly with rough towels; time, two to three minutes.

GETTING STOUTER (Walter).—Use grain foods, and not much meat, sugar, puddings, etc. Take cod liver oil.

BATH AGAIN (E. Allan).—Don't wet the hair. But lave the brow with the cold water till it seems to ache right through.

SCOTCH COLLIE PET (Ludar).—Feed less on flour. Give paunches, liver now and then, and unlimited exercise.

BICYCLE OIL (Cyclist).—We simply use olive oil with about a sixth part of paraffin in it.

POINTS OF DOGS (G. H.).—No space here. Consult "Our Friend the Dog," or "The Practical Kennel Guide," by Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N. Any bookseller.

CONSULT A DOCTOR (Cumbria, Miserable, Donald A. K., and several others).—Pluck up courage and have an interview with your own doctor. We cannot counsel self-treatment in such cases.

BEDDING RABBITS (D. A. Levie).—No; leaves do not do. But roadside stuff, if not dusty, does well, and, better still, brackens.

HUMP ON BACK (Lacy).—1. Yes; most likely through cycling. Especially as young men sit now, like monkeys on a broomstick. 2. Red nose, weak circulation. Live better.

OVERGROWING STRENGTH (R.).—Yes; that is so. Take cold bath every morning, and try a course of light dumb-belling.

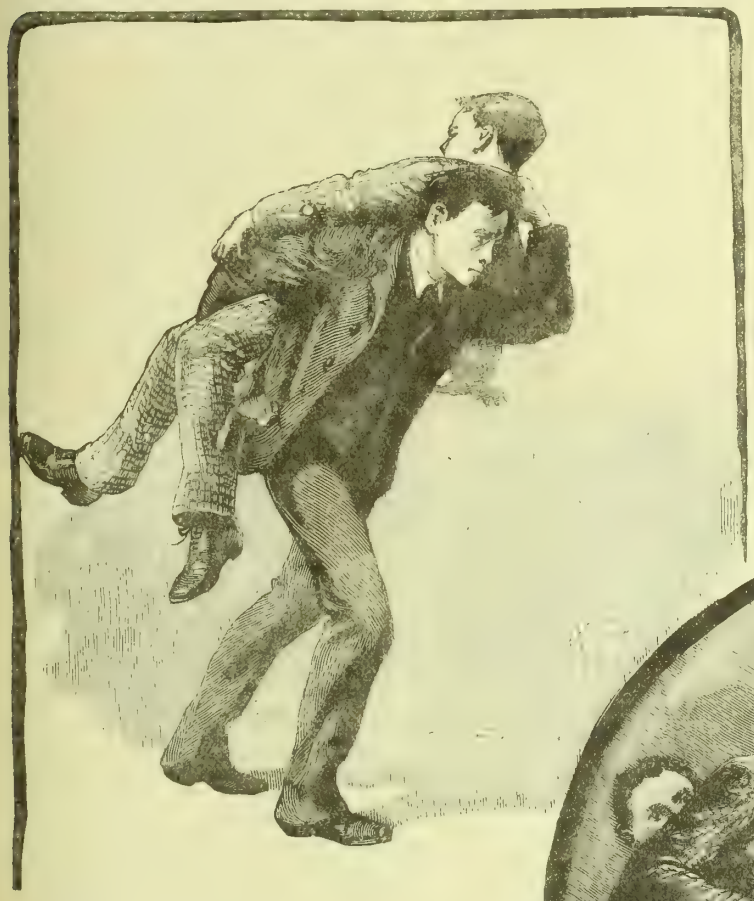
WEAKNESS (H. Wilson).—Must consult a doctor. Weak constitution perhaps. Try, however, a dessert-spoonful of cod liver oil thrice daily after meals.

BAD DREAMS (Six Weeks and many others).—To some extent they are natural, but not to any great extent. Better consult a doctor.

BOW LEGS; FEEDING MICE; GUINEA PIGS; GROWING TALL; MANGE IN DOG; NERVOUSNESS; TATTOO MARKS (Many Querists).—Consult back correspondence, or the Doings for the Months.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 633.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—ONE TOO MANY.

The seniors of Forder's house were by no means gratified at the Captain's prompt reply to Dangle's accusation. Indeed, that active and energetic official had written to Fisher on his own responsibility, and was now a little hurt to find that his colleagues were half inclined to repudiate his action.

"Why ever couldn't you speak about the thing before you wrote like that?" said Clapperton. "We don't want another election."

"You weren't going to sit down meekly, and let those fellows cheat without saying a word, were you?" retorted Dangle.

"No—rather not. But that wasn't the way to do it. It would have paid us much better to stand on our dignity."



"It was a cruel blow."—*(See Chap. IX.)*

"In other words," said Fullerton in his melancholy voice, "to have a grievance, and nurse it well."

"You idiot," said Clapperton. "I don't want you to tell me what I mean."

"I wasn't, I was telling the others," said Fullerton. "But I agree with you. If we have another election and get beaten, we shall be far worse off than if we were able to take heaven and earth to witness we had been wronged, and were too noble to seek revenge."

If Fullerton could have translated Cicero as well as he translated Clapperton, what a good Classic he would have been!

"We'd better decline the new election at once," said Brinkman; "it concerns me more than anybody else; and I agree with Clapperton."

"Why ever not have the new election?" said Dangle. "We're bound to get our man in."

"Better decline it first," said Clapperton. "They'll be glad enough not to let it go to a trial, I expect."

"Hurrah for injured innocence," said Fullerton; "it's the best paying thing I know."

The result of this conference was, that Dangle went across after school next morning to the Captain's study, where Fisher and Ranger happened to be calling at the same time.

"Look here, Yorke," said the Secretary, adopting his most civil tones, "you quite misunderstood my letter to Fisher I. We don't want another election. We'd just as soon let things stop as they are. It was rough on us, of course; but it divides the offices up more fairly to have them as they are."

"Thanks," said Yorke, "that's not good enough. We'll have another election on Friday."

Dangle's face fell.

"You're fools if you do," said he. "Those five votes will make all the difference."

"I don't care if they're five hundred," said Yorke.

"Oh, all right. You've no message about the cheats who kept our men out, have you? Probably they've been promoted to prefects?"

"You took care not to commit yourself to any names; but, as you wrote to Fisher I, you probably include him as one of the cheats. If so, I daresay he'll be glad to discuss the matter with you outside."

"I never said it was he," said Dangle hurriedly. "But I know who it was."

"Three of our juniors, I understand?" said Yorke.

"The fags of three of your prefects, yes."

"Fisher," said the Captain, "will you fetch Ashby, D'Arcy, and Fisher II here."

The young gentlemen in question were not far away, busily engaged in their joint study, with Wally's assistance, in getting up a stock of impositions, which should serve as a common fund on which to draw during the term.

The idea was D'Arcy's.

"You see," he had said, "we're bound to catch it, some of us, and it's a jolly fag having to do the lines just when they're wanted. My notion is, if we just keep a little stock by us, it'll be awfully handy. Why, suppose young Ashby were to get fifty lines at morning school next Saturday, what about his chance of getting into the 58th fifteen?"

"It's the 6th fifteen, not the 58th," said Ashby.

"Well, there's not much difference."

"It would be jolly awkward," said Ashby.

"Yes; and you always do get potted just when it is jolliest awkward," said D'Arcy. "That's why it's such a tip to have your impots written before you get them. Penny wise, pound foolish, you know."

It was not at all clear what this valuable aphorism had to do with the subject in hand, but it impressed the two new boys considerably.

"And just fancy," continued Wally, driving home his chum's nails with considerable industry, "just fancy if young Fisher was to have to sit up here swotting over lines, just when his brother wants his vote in Hall on Friday! Why, one vote will make all the difference."

Fisher immediately called for pens, ink, and paper, which Wally and D'Arcy promptly supplied for him and Ashby, and a scene of unparalleled industry ensued. Even D'Arcy insisted on doing his share, which consisted of drawing niggers in various stages of public execution, labelled with the names of Clapperton, Dangle and Brinkman, while Wally generally superintended and assisted, by playing fives against the wall.

"I say," said he presently, "I suppose it's all out about your precious canvassing. That beast Percy has gone and blabbed—after me giving him toffee too!"

"Never mind," said D'Arcy, "we rather took it out of them, I fancy, yesterday. They won't mess about with us in a hurry again."

"No, we did pull that off pretty well. I'm sorry for our seniors, you know. We did our best for them, and we shan't be able to give them the same leg up on Friday."

"They ought to be pretty civil to us this term, anyhow," said Wally.

Whereupon Fisher I entered the room.

"Yorke wants D'Arcy, Ashby, and my minor. Come at once, he's waiting."

"Don't he want me?" said Wally, evidently afraid lest his services were going to be overlooked. "I was in it too, you know, Fisher."

"Were you? Oh, you'd better come too, then."

"Thanks."

And the four, disposing themselves meekly for their coming honours, followed, single file, into the Captain's room.

"Wally wished to come too," explained Fisher. "He says he was in it."

It perplexed the four heroes to see Dangle there. What did he want? And why did the Captain look so stern? And, oh horrors, what was that switch on the table for?

Gradually it dawned upon them, that the honours in store for them would fall rather thicker than they were prepared for; and Wally, for one, wished he had stayed at home.

"You youngsters," said the Captain, "it is said that you four behaved unfairly last election, by keeping out five boys from voting. Is that true?"

"Yes," said Ashby.

"They were only Modern kids," explained D'Arcy.

"They wouldn't have got in for the second vote, if it hadn't been for me," remarked Wally.

"I didn't catch any boys; I couldn't find any," said Fisher II.

"You see, Yorke," said D'Arcy, who began to realise that he was "boss of this show," "these two kids are new kids; they oughtn't to be licked; it's Wally and me."

"Me?" exclaimed the injured Wally, "I like your style, young D'Arcy; what did *I* do?"

"All right, it's me then, if you like?"

"I don't mind being in it, to give you a leg up," said Wally, touched by the heroism of his friend, "but you might let a chap bowl himself out, you know. All right, Yorke, it was me and D'Arcy."

"You should say *I* and D'Arcy," said Ranger.

"What! were *you* in it? Good old——"

"No, you young ass; it's bad grammar to say *me* and D'Arcy were in it."

"I never knew you were. It's the first we've heard of it; isn't it, you chaps?"

The chaps most emphatically agreed that it was.

"Let them be, Ranger," said the Captain. "There'll be time enough for a grammar lesson after."

"Can't do it to-day, we've got syntax this afternoon," said D'Arcy.

"Now, you youngsters, look here," said the Captain. "You may think you're very clever; but this sort of thing is cheating, and cheating is what cads do. We don't want any of it inside Fellsgarth. Dangle, here are the youngsters, and here is the switch; will you lick them, or shall I?"

"I don't want to lick them. Let them off," growled Dangle.

The hopes of the culprits rose for a moment, but they went down below zero when Yorke picked up the cane.

"Wheatfield, come here."

Wally held out his case-hardened hand and received half-a-dozen cuts, for which it is saying a good deal that they made the recipient dance.

D'Arcy followed, and received his six with meek indifference. If he had come first, he would probably have danced. But as Wally had done that, he stood firm.

Ashby received three cuts only, which astonished him dreadfully. It was his first acquaintance with the cane. He had never realised before what a venomous instrument it can be. Still, he bore it like a man.

Poor Fisher II had a similar experience. With his brother looking on, and his messmates to watch how he bore it, he passed through the ordeal creditably. His three "Ohs" varied in cadence from anguish to surprise, and from surprise to mild expostulation, "Oh!" "Ehee!" "Ow!" after which he felt very pleased, on his brother's account, that he had not shed tears.

"Now cut," said the Captain, "and if you're bowled out in that sort of thing again, you won't be let off so easy."

"Yorke's a beast," said Wally, when

the shattered forces mustered once more in his study, "but he's a just beast. He gave it us all hot alike."

No one disputed the proposition.

"I thought he'd let you new kids off, but he didn't. It's just as well. It'll do you good, and make you sit up."

"Jolly sell for that cad Dangle," said D'Arcy. "He thought Yorke was going to shirk it."

"He can't say that now," said Ashby, rubbing the palm of his hand up and down his thigh.

Dangle, meanwhile, had returned to his quarters with the unsatisfactory report of his mission.

"Bother them!" said Clapperton. "They take advantage of us whenever there's a chance. Now they've offered a new election, and licked the youngsters, the wind is out of our sails."

"When it comes to the time, I shall decline to be nominated," said Brinkman.

"That won't be much good. You'll get some of our fellows voting for you whether you stand or not. And if some vote, all must."

"We shall have to see all our men turn up," said Dangle. "It was a tight enough shave for the secretaryship."

"Yes. If we don't carry it now, we'd much better have left it alone. I only wish we had."

"There's this to be said," said Dangle, anxious to make the best of his mistake, "if we do get three officers to their one, there should be no doubt about our getting properly represented in the fifteen next week."

"Ah—yes; we've still that bone to pick with them."

As the Friday approached, signs of excitement in the coming contest were plainly visible. By tacit agreement the return match between Percy's adherents and Wally's was postponed till after the election. Absentees at the last election were diligently looked up by their respective prefects, and ordered to be in attendance. Minute calculations were made by the knowing ones, which decided within one or two what Brinkman's majority would be. Even in Wakefield's it was admitted that the Classic chance was a slender one.

"I wish it was all over," said Fisher I. "I'm getting sick of these precious accounts already, and shall be glad to hand them over."

"You won't lose them," said Dalton, "if we can help. You may have to vote for yourself, though."

"Catch me. I've come to the conclusion I wasn't born a treasurer, and I couldn't conscientiously vote for myself. I only wish I could back out."

"You can't do that now," said his friend. "Bless you, we can keep the accounts for you. We couldn't for Brinkman."

When morning school was over on the Friday, there was a general stampede for the Hall, where boys crowded up for good seats a quarter of an hour before the time, and enlivened the interval with cheers and demonstrations for their favourite candidate. Wally and his friends were particularly active in their corner, and addressed the meeting generally in favour of Fisher I.

"Back up, you Classic kids!" shouted Wally, standing on his seat and apostrophising a group of the Sixth who were standing near. "Fisher's your friend! Won the mile in 4·38; batting average 34·6587423; bowling, 12 wickets, an innings, and ·3 runs an over. Never tells lies, or cheats. Always comes home sober and gives silver in the collection. He won't waste your money or cook your accounts, like some chaps; and he'll run the ball up the field, instead of sitting down in the middle of the scrummage like the Modern chaps to keep warm. Walk up! walk up! Vote for Fisher and economy! Hooray for Fisher! Down with the swell mob!"

Amid such torrents of eloquence the cause of Fisher I was not likely to go by default.

Brinkman, too, was not without his champions, who, however, avoided set speeches and confined themselves to personalities and generalities, such as—

"Who cheats at elections?" "Oh, my hands, what a licking!"

"How now—not me!" (Here Fisher II coloured up.) "Look out, you chaps, there's a Classic cad blushing." "No! where? won't he want a rest after it!" "Here comes Brinkman! Hooray for honesty and fair play! Hooray for the Moderns! Down with Wakefield's kids! Send 'em home to their ma's!"

"Shut up there! Sit down, you youngsters."

Whereupon there fell a lull.

Fisher II surveyed the scene with anxious trepidation. If his brother were to lose now, it would be his—Fisher II's—fault. He would never be able to hold up his head again. How he wished he had a dozen votes!

"Strong muster," he heard some one say near him. "I expect every fellow's here."

"Except Rollitt."

"Oh, of course," said the other, with a laugh, "no one ever expects him."

"Why not?" said Fisher II to himself. "Why shouldn't Rollitt come and vote?"

He quite shuddered at the audacity of the idea; and yet, when he looked up to the front and saw his brother standing there, worried and uneasy, and realised that in a few minutes he was to stand his ordeal, the younger brother's courage rose within him, and he edged towards the door.

In due time Yorke rose. This time, amid the vociferous cheers of his own side, a few of the Moderns ventured to mingle howls. They soon discovered their mistake, for not even their own side was with them as a body. They were hooted down with execrations, and the result of their interposition was that the Captain was cheered for twice the usual time.

"You fellows," said he, as soon as there was silence, "you probably understand from the notice why this meeting is called. The last election was very close, and I am sorry to say there was not fair play. I am still more sorry to say the offenders were juniors in Wakefield's (terrific yells and hoots from the Moderns), who ought to have known better, and who I hope are thoroughly ashamed of themselves (terrific cheers, during which D'Arcy, Wally, and Ashby, who had been standing on a form, modestly took seats and exchanged defiant signals with the youth of the Modern side through the chinks of the crowd). They have had the licking they deserve ("Not half of it!" and laughter), as Dangle here, who was present at the time, will testify. (Dangle scowled at this reference—What right had the Captain to score off him?)—Of course under the circumstances it was necessary to have a new election. Fisher here (tremendous cheers, amidst which the culprits, considering that the storm had blown over, remounted their perches) would scorn to be Treasurer of the Clubs, and everybody would scorn him too, if there was any suspicion of foul play about his election. He has resigned, like an honest man; and our business is now to elect a Treasurer—" (Cheers and "Vote for Fisher I" from Wally).

Dalton rose and proposed his friend Fisher I, which Ranger briefly seconded.

Dangle thereupon proposed Brinkman. He was sorry the school was being put to the trouble of this new election. They hadn't wanted it on their side; and his friend had been very reluctant to stand. But of course, as the election was to take place, he hoped Brinkman would win by a majority which would show the school what Fellsgarth thought about the foul play which had been tried on at the last election.

Clapperton seconded the nomination, and assured his friends that, now the offence had been acknowledged and atoned for by the castigation of the offenders, they would try to forget it and feel to the other side as if it had not occurred.

Clapperton, of course, was cheered by his side; and yet his chief admirers did not feel as proud of him as they would have liked. His tone was patronising, and Fellsgarth could not stand being patronised, even by its Captain.

Just as the meeting was settling down for the important business of the vote, a sensational incident took place.

The door swung open, and in strode Rollitt, with Fisher II, panting and pale, at his heels.

The new comer, heedless of the astonishment caused by his appearance, strode negligently up to the front where the other prefects were, while his escort modestly slipped into the arms of his admiring friends.

For a moment the meeting looked on with amused bewilderment. Then it suddenly dawned on everybody that this meant a new voter; and terrific shouts of jubilation went up from the Classics; during which Fisher II had his back thumped almost in two.

For once in his life he was a hero! How he wished his young sisters could have seen him then!

"Never mind," shouted Percy across the room, "he's bound to vote the wrong side, or forget to vote at all."

"Order! Those who vote for Brinkman, hold up your hands."

It was far too serious to humbug now. Even D'Arcy was grave as he surveyed the force of the enemy.

Two tellers had been appointed from either side, so that the votes were counted four times, and the total not allowed till all were agreed on the result.

"Brinkman has one hundred and twenty-eight votes."

Loud and long were the cheers which greeted this announcement. The knowing ones felt that it practically meant victory for the Moderns, for it was one more vote than Fisher I had won with last time.

"Now, hands up for Fisher I."

Amid dead silence the Classic hands went up. Anxious eyes were cast in Rollitt's direction. But he, strange to say, was all there, and held up his hand with the rest.

Fisher I himself at the last moment kept his own hand down. He had decided that, if Brinkman voted for himself, he would do the same. Brinkman had voted. But, when it came to following his example, the candidate's pride went on strike, and, whether it lost the election or not, he declined to vote.

Three of the tellers evidently agreed, but the other had to count again before he made the figure right. Then the written paper was handed up to Yorke.

"Brinkman 128, Fisher I, 129—Fisher is elected!"

(To be continued.)

GEORGE FREEBORN: SAILOR, EXILE, AND FIRST PARSON OF AURORA ISLAND.

By Rev. A. Baker, M.A., R.N.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE LAST SCENE—AURORA ISLAND—OUR SETTLEMENT IN OUR NEW HOME.

About nine hundred miles east of Sydney, and about six hundred north of the North Cape of New Zealand, lies a group of three solitary islands, the most easterly of which, a huge crimson rock, rears its stately head nearly a thousand feet above the level of the sea. The second is a mere reef, a seabird's Paradise, with a band of green verdure upon it, and one solitary pine, blasted by lightning years ago, but still feebly struggling for existence. The third, and largest, is about ten thousand acres in extent, fertile, well-timbered, and endowed with such exceeding beauty, that it might well be called one of the fairest isles in the Pacific Ocean. It is sub-tropical in the rich valleys by which it is everywhere intersected, their sides being clothed with elegant treeferns and trembling bananas; it is Alpine in its breezy hills covered with the most lovely pines in the world, which by a strange freak of nature are only to be found in this lonesome spot; while on the eastern side above the settlement are green downs and crimson cliffs which remind one of Devonshire or Cornwall. To this little Elysium the reader must now be introduced.

Certainly the little settlement presented a strange appearance on that memorable day in our annals, June 8, 1856. The houses were there; the barracks were there; and in both a quantity of furniture still remained; the church stood ready for service; but the town was almost as deserted as the solitary enchanted city which, according to Arab legend, is seen at times by some benighted wayfarer compelled to make his bed in the desert. Where, a few weeks before, a large military establishment had existed, with all its bustle and parade, now scarcely so much as a footfall broke the silence; and the little surf-washed graveyard was even more full of sound than the deserted street.

In fact the settlement had been a failure, and the settlers had been removed, with the exception of a very few who had been left behind to welcome another band of colonists, to whom a beneficent government had made over the island with all it contained, save only a small reserve of land. Those fortunate recipients were ourselves.

At the time of which I write, a solitary shepherd stood on the downs above the settlement, dividing his attention between watching his flock, and scanning the vast expanse of ocean with a telescope. "Heigho!" said he; "it's weary work staying day after day in this deserted hole, like any Robinson Crusoe! What a difference they'll find when they get here! They say their own little rock was barely four miles round, and this here island's better nor twenty miles round, as the crow flies. Ain't they just lucky, that's all? To think o' their coming in for all them cattle, and sheep, and 'orses, not to think o' furniture and himplements and such like necessaries. I only wish some one 'ud do 'alf as much for me, that's all."

He took up his glass again, and once more eagerly scanned the horizon. "Why, there's a ship, as I'm alive," said he, "and a very large one too. That's the very party, I'll be bound. I must go and get some one to warn the folks in the town to be ready. So saying, he made his way to the road which skirted the hill, and traversed it rapidly until he came to a long level stretch, bordered by lofty pines on either hand, forming a magnificent avenue nearly a mile in length. At one end of this was a somewhat untidy clearing, in the centre of which was a substantial stone building, backed by a large orange orchard, and beyond it a fertile garden, well stocked with yams, sweet potatoes, bananas, arrowroot, coffee, and all manner of European vegetables into the bargain. In this garden a sturdy woman was working, her face bronzed by constant exposure to the sun, yet thoroughly English, and shaded by a sun-bonnet made of speckled print, and protecting the neck by a deep curtain behind; just such a bonnet as women wear in the hayfields in Warwickshire, looking now the very thing for the sunny climate of Aurora.

"Rachel," said the man as he approached; "there's a large ship in sight, and she don't look like any of them whalers; I reckon it must be the Rutland. She's more than due. You'd better be off as fast as you can to the town, and warn Mrs. Hamilton to be ready. I doubt there'll be heavy rain in an hour or two's time, and it'll be bad landing for the poor things, and they'll need all the attention as we can give 'em. Send Matthew to tend the sheep; I must go and hoist the red flag to let her people know where the landin' is."

The Rutland it was, her decks crowded with emigrants from Eos, the whole population, in all, one hundred and ninety-four souls. Gladly would we, one and all, have remained on our "Rock of the West;" many were the tears shed at parting, and above all things mournful were the last visits paid to the resting-places of our dead. But we had clearly outgrown the resources of the place, it would no longer support us in comfort; another subdivision of the land would have left only a mere patch for each family, and the future offered ever less and less of hope and inducement to stay. So that when the offer came, from the very highest authority, of an island hardly less secluded, equally fertile, and at least five times the size of Eos, with houses ready to hand, and containing much excellent furniture, with cattle, sheep, horses, and farming implements; with acres of land actually under cultivation, and producing food; there could surely be but one issue to the long deliberations which ushered in this new era in our history. And so I found myself, for the last time, at sea; and after a tempestuous voyage of thirty-five days, at length the crimson cone of William's Island appeared above the horizon, and soon we found ourselves gliding swiftly onward towards the green expanses of Aurora, noting, with pleasure, the graceful outline of her far-famed pines against the sky. A few moments more and our long journey was at an end.

All day long we worked, unmindful of the pelting rain which fell at intervals, drenching us to the skin; and by sunset the whole of the Rutland's passengers had disembarked; but the bulk of our goods and chattels, the accumulations of so many long years, could not be safely landed for several days afterwards, owing to the inhospitality of this harbourless coast.

At first many of our people confessed to a feeling of disappointment, and almost of despair, and a great longing for their old home. This was partly due to the very unfavourable weather which prevailed for some days after our arrival, and causing the settlement to wear an exceedingly dreary aspect, and preventing our seeing the more beautiful parts of our new possession. The great size of the houses, too, produced a sense of discomfort; our voices seemed lost in those lofty rooms; and our people were so much bewildered at the extent and diversity of the contents of the various houses and farm buildings, that it was months ere I ceased to be appealed to on occasion as to

the right use of this or that. But at last we settled down, and our new life fairly began, a life in many respects much like our life at Eos, with this one exception, that we have added to our means of subsistence the business of whaling, in the season which occurs annually in June and July, and, if successful, brings in a large amount of grist to our mill. It is no child's play, for the huge monster has to be attacked by resolute men in open boats, who are often exposed to the direst danger. On one occasion, in particular, the whale made for the boat, and completely stove it in; but our brave fellows clung manfully to the fragments, treading water hour after hour through the long watches of a dreary night, momentarily expecting to be dragged under by the cruel sharks which infest our seas; but with the exception of one who perished from sheer exhaustion, all were rescued with the morning light. Except for accidents like these, the seasons come and go in flight as tranquil as any of us could possibly wish. A few persons, unable to reconcile themselves to our altered conditions of life, have gone back to Eos. But the great majority are well satisfied with their new home. In years to come it may be that the place will again become too strait for us; that some of our children may be compelled to emigrate to one or other of the vast colonies springing up all around. This I shall not live to see; but I trust that when they do go they will carry with them a pure faith, a good hope, and a fervent charity, and then I doubt not that they will learn, as I have learned, that "all things," however strange, "work together for good," for him who loves God.

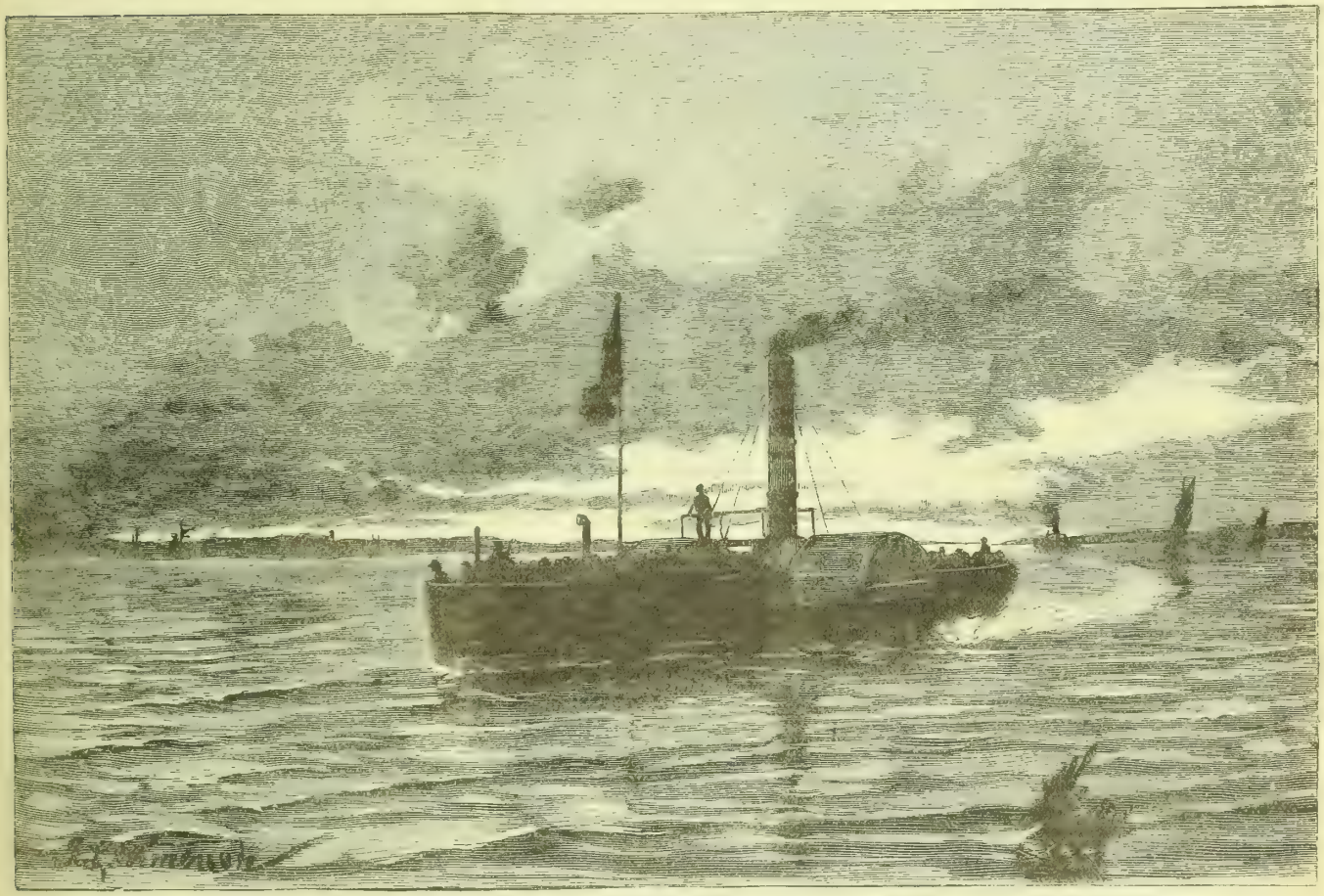
And now, good reader, my work is done. I have endeavoured to sketch for you the history of a strange and eventful life. Pardon the imperfections of the tale. If my determination to cast in my lot with the people of Eos seems strange and unnatural to you, was not the choice amply borne out by the subsequent events?

I would not change these whispering pines, lighted up by the red rays of the setting sun, for all the exquisite vernal surroundings of a ducal palace. I would not exchange our simple and sweet church music for all the lovely melodies that steal about the fretted roof of the most glorious cathedral in Europe. I am well content to die here; for how can a man die in better case than when he is surrounded on every side, above, beneath, north, south, east, and west, by nothing but love; a love which anticipates every want, bears patiently with the weaknesses of old age, and looks for no return but the like love? This is my happy lot, and sure am I that I shall go to my grave in peace. And so now, kind reader, I bid you adieu.

(THE END.)

ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various Representative Artists.



VI.—A Passenger Tender.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* J. L. Wimbush.)

"FLYTE."

By Rev. C. N. Barham,

Author of "A Terrible Journey," etc., etc.

Flyte was a "leg."

It must not be inferred, from this statement, that he was a Public School cricketer. On the contrary he knew nothing whatever about the mysteries of long leg, short leg, or square leg. Neither was he of the *genus* black-leg.

He had commenced his public career as a flower; a spreading petalled water-lily, whose head just emerged from the silver lake upon which its broad leaves floated lazily. Then he had been metamorphosed into an evilly-disposed fairy; and later became a good genius.

As the years rolled on, Flyte prospered in his profession, until, eventually, promotion came to him in the form of a hind leg.

Who was Flyte?

That is a question which cannot be easily answered.

One bitter winter's night, after the theatres had been closed, and the last lingering lights extinguished in the low public-houses which abound in the neighbourhood of the "Seven Dials," a man, sickly looking and ill clad, might have been seen slowly making headway against the driving storm. The wayfarer had passed down Bow Street; he was evidently making his way towards one of the numerous purlieus of poverty which abound in St. Giles's.

Few persons would have recognised, in this woe-begone pedestrian, the merry clown who had just been enlivening the night with jokes and repartee. Yet this was none other than Descard, the rage of the season. Nightly did he, for a few brief hours, bask in the glitter of the footlights; then he crawled back to the bare poverty of a garret, where he vainly endeavoured to dull the tooth of despair with destructive libations of coarse, fiery gin.

As Descard was crossing Covent Garden, he stumbled against a hamper which lay half hidden beneath a snow wreath. To his astonishment a feeble cry issued thereout. He opened it. Within it lay a child, alive! The little one was wrapped only in an old piece of coarse blanket. Awkwardly, yet withal tenderly, the clown raised the babe, and pressed its chill form to his scarcely warmer breast.

What should he do with it? Clearly the wisest course would be to take it to the workhouse, as another waif to be burdensome to the rates. Or he might hand it over to the policeman. Yet the workhouse was not at hand, and, as usual, no policeman was in view. With a grim smile Descard hurried homewards. As he threaded the courts, with the skill of a practised *habitué*, a thought slowly formed in his brain.

The clown was wholly destitute of that sentiment which we call religion. He had not been inside any place of worship for more years than he cared to count. He was a reckless, hardened man, who felt that churches and clowns had little or nothing in common; and had, gradually, drifted lower and lower, until gin had become a substitute for the gospel.

Yet this degraded, bitter-spirited entertainer of the public now began to contemplate nothing less than the actual adoption of the waif.

Acting upon this determination Descard took the wee mite home, laid it upon his hard straw-bed, fed it, as well as he could, with food into which his own favourite compound too largely entered, and furtively wiped away a tear when its colour returned and it smiled itself to sleep. From that night a new spirit entered into the clown. He learned to love the child, whom he called Flyte, with a fierce unreasoning affection resembling that of a wild beast for its cub.

Yet this very love exercised a purifying influence upon him. For the boy's sake he changed his habits. The hard earnings were still spent, but it was upon the foundling. St. Giles's was left for more distant Clerkenwell. It was not fitting that any publican's child should be clothed in velvet, while Flyte went in rags, so, after many a struggle, and dismal failure, the gin bottle was finally broken, and Descard painfully climbed back into a position of quasi-respectability and morality.

As soon as Flyte was old enough to be of service, his foster father, conceiving idleness to be the prolific parent of mischief, inducted him into the mysteries of his own world. It was a hollow and unreal world, but he knew no other. So Flyte entered "the profession," starting at the lowest rung of the theatrical ladder. The boy grew up, as a city missionary said, in a state of deplorable ignorance. He could read but little. What he did know he had principally taught himself by spelling out old playbills. The inside of a Board school was a veritable *terra incognita* to him. Yet he was possessed of accomplishments which boys are apt to consider far superior to those prosaic arts by means of which, in later life, they are compelled, perforce, to earn their bread. He was as strong as a young Hercules, could wield Indian clubs and handle dumb-bells like another Samson, the Italian—that is, not the Hebrew—and was unrivalled as a contortionist.

Flyte, then, was a hind-leg in the pasteboard elephant of the Pantomine at Derry's. Later he might aspire to become a general utility man, a clown, or even a great actor; but at present this was his responsible avocation. His heart, as well as his body, was in his work. There was no wonder that, both in the green-room and upon the boards, he was a general favourite. Of course, in front of the footlights, he was absolutely unknown.

"The profession" had just then fallen upon evil times. At the best the lot of actors, always excepting a favoured few, is hard and discouraging; but at this time it was worse than usual. The British workman was on strike; not on a small scale, but all over the country. Riots in the Parks and in Trafalgar Square occupied public attention; Ireland, convulsed with Fenianism and internal dissensions, diverted rents and income from the coffers of "those who neither toil nor spin." The consequences of these were general stagnation of industries; the middle classes were put to shifts in the battle for appearances, the theatres and places of amusement suffered. So did everything, if we except the public-houses. Those always thrive upon public misfortunes, as vultures fatten upon the dead. Then the electric telegraph spake.

Tidings reached England of great discoveries in the African territory, north-eastward of the Cape Colony. Paupers were, it was said, growing rich in the course of a single day. There were reefs sparkling with gold, while diamonds were being picked up as stones in the street.

As is usual in times of general excitement, men did not pause to inquire how much of this was true. They rushed off to the Dark Continent, as their grandfathers and fathers had done to California and Australia. Thousands did so only to die and fill nameless graves; or to return home broken men. But I am anticipating events.

The mania spread until it reached the theatres. It infected Derry's. The troupe discussed the situation, and concluded that it would be better to feast abroad than to continue to starve at home. They resolved to rush off to the new *El Dorado*, and venture their fallen fortunes not in diggings but in play. As Descard would accompany them, a place had to be found for Flyte. The risk was trifling; the prospective advantages were enormous. All were persuaded that a real "London Company" would be certain to draw at the "Diamond Fields."

The enterprising adventurers sailed in the Norham Castle, for Cape Town. It was a new and strange experience. The vessel, Madeira, the rolling dolphins, every thing and every place was suggestive of new life to the majority of the wearers of the sock and buskin. These, however, have nothing in common with the course of this story.

Cape Town was reached after a rapid and pleasant voyage. The un-English aspect of the colony discouraged the players, who failed to comprehend the Dutch, and shrank from the Hottentots, not feeling sure whether their black skins were warranted to stand wear and tear. Making the best of matters, like the grown-up children most of them are, they climbed Table Mountain and tried to do the lions, impatient all the while to start inland. This was not long delayed.

The travellers journeyed as far as was practicable by railway; afterwards by the ordinary conveyance of the country, the lumbering but serviceable bullock-waggon.

When the last signs of civilisation were left behind, when droughty sandy plains had to be traversed, kloofs threaded, and rushing rivers crossed, the players, with curiously mixed feelings of fear and hope, felt that they were truly in Africa. The laagers, the management of the recalcitrant oxen, the occasional glimpses obtained of a herd of elands, or gemsbok, or a fleet ostrich skimming over the point of some distant bluff, afforded them endless interest. More than once the roar of a lion was heard in the hours of night, while the hyena's horrid laugh began regularly with sunset.

Africa is the Paradise of the hunter of big game. Naturalists tell us that that continent can enumerate five times as many species of quadrupeds as Asia, and three times as many as America. The hugest of living faunæ hide in the recesses of its forests; birds, and beasts, and serpents innumerable, have their habitation therein. Mountains and rocky fastnesses furnish lurking-places for fierce beasts of prey—the lion and scarcely less dangerous leopard—while the jungles and rivers veil from view the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, of quaint shape and ungainly savage aspect. The drinking fountains in the kloofs, or glens and valleys, constitute the meeting places of elephants, buffaloes, giraffes, and countless herds of antelopes. The wild ass, or, as it is now commonly called, the

quagga, quenches its thirst at these reservoirs, which God has bountifully provided in the wilderness to give drink to every beast of the field.

It was evening. The Diamond Territory lay a two days' march distant.

All of them were anticipating the time for hard but profitable labour in the midst of Tom Tiddler's ground. But, meanwhile, other work remained to be accomplished. The end of the journey was not yet reached.

All were soon busily employed. The oxen were outspanned near to a stream which had its hidden springs in the hills beyond; the laager had been constructed; some fetched wood and water, while others were occupied cooking damper and eland steak for supper.

Only Flyte was absent. The boy had left the party, intending to climb an adjacent ridge and to return. He had with him an Indian club, now his *vade mecum* or constant companion. He was in practice for the looked-for opening night, and even his leisure hours were made hours of training.

No particular notice had been taken of Flyte's absence; it was not supposed possible that he could come to harm.

The twilight in South Africa is but short. Scarcely has the sun set when darkness creeps like a funeral pall over the face of nature; while the stars shine out like orbs of molten gold in a canopy of ebony. It was so now. Darkness came down like a wolf on the encampment. The last load of wood had been brought in, the cattle were finally secured, and the fires leaped and crackled. The careless Kaffir drivers laughed and made merry after their manner.

Then Flyte was missed.

Descard was inconsolable at the intelligence, and would have rushed forth in search; but this the manager flatly refused to permit, pointing out that none of them knew precisely what route he had taken. The natives, also, insisted that for any to venture out from the shelter of the laager would be to court an attack from the lions which, it was known, were lurking in the vicinity.

The best that could be done, under the circumstances, they did. The fires were replenished, and guns were fired at frequent intervals, with the hope that the lost one might be enabled to find his way back. Still he came not, and the sorrowing company endeavoured to draw comfort from the forlorn hope that morning would witness the wanderer's return. With sad hearts they at length severally retired to rest, but not to sleep. All but one, that is. Descard. Where was he?

Shortly after midnight a storm swept across the plain. Rain mingled with hail, winds howling and blowing great guns, thunders crashing, while blinding forked lightnings darted incessantly earthwards, struck terror to the hearts of all. It was indeed a fearful night. Such storms are common enough in South Africa, but to the Thespians this seemed the prelude of the Judgment Day. It was their first experience of one of nature's outbursts on a magnificent scale, and their natural anxiety was enhanced by the reflection that one of their number was exposed to its merciless severity. The chance of his escape, which had before seemed a poor one, now appeared hopeless.

Meanwhile, where was Flyte?

Upon leaving the camp the boy had struck a direct line for the ridge which he desired to climb. To his surprise, he found that it was farther distant than he had supposed. This is no uncommon experience. The clear African air readily lends itself to this species of deception. It took Flyte upwards of two hours to reach the summit. When he arrived there the sun was setting. Below, almost, apparently, at his feet, the laager lay imperfectly visible. The journey upwards had fatigued the lad; and, nothing doubting but that he would be able to readily regain his companions, he sat down in an alcove of the rocks. He had scarcely done so when he became conscious of the presence of an unwelcome intruder.

It may be that the suddenly disturbed occupant regarded the boy with similar surprise, not to say disgust. Let that be as it might, something alive glided slowly, with an ominous hiss, from the rocky plateau. A single glance showed that this was a puff adder. This hideous reptile is the most deadly inhabitant of Africa. The least delay would probably be fatal to Flyte. Rapidity of action on his part was no less fatal to the serpent. A well-directed blow was dealt with the club, and the snake lay dead at his very feet.

By this time it had become pitchy dark, and Flyte perceived, to his dismay, that return was impracticable. To say that he did not feel afraid would be absurd. He was terribly frightened; but he was a brave-spirited lad, and, as he could do no better, he resolved to make the best of adverse circumstances. Fortune had favoured him in so far that she had directed his feet to the sheltered nook in which he was ensconced. Would she desert him now? Yet no! It was not to "the blind goddess" that he owed the position of comparative safety. Life is not ordered by vain throws of the dice of chance. His way was directed by Him who ordereth aright all the steps of men. To Him he knelt, and tremulously offered his broken petitions for protection and security, for even theatre *habitués* can pray, and when they do they are heard as readily as are more safely-guarded suppliants. Having so done he again sat down, not to sleep, but to keep anxious ward and vigil. This was a necessary precaution.

It was a trying position, especially for a boy who was fresh from London. The summit of an African bluff is not exactly like Primrose Hill. The harsh, constantly repeated cachinnation of the cruel but cowardly hyenas reminded him that he was not alone. Although Flyte did not know it, these brutes would not dare singly to attack an able-bodied human being. The danger was that a pack might storm his defenceless position. Fortunately for him the place was only assailable in front. Yet what would a single arm avail against a host of bloodthirsty white-fanged forest fiends, the bite of one of which would suffice to crack the thigh-bone of an ox?

Slowly the heavy hours passed, rendered more awful by the dissonant music of the wilds. Even the deep diapason of the lion was not missing from the orchestra of the feræ.

Suddenly the excited watcher heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

He drew back to the extremest end of his cave; and, although his cheek grew white, and his young heart well-nigh stood still with fear, grasping his club with grim determination, he resolved to sell his life as dearly as he might.

Yet surely those footfalls must be human. No forest-bred beast would so pitch and stumble, like a crank ship in a gale. Was it some marauding Kaffir? If so, he would be in peril. A stroke with an assegai would be no less fatal to him than would the tearing jaws of ravenous beasts of prey.

Somebody was speaking. It was an English tongue. "Where am I now? 'Tis blacker than the grave of Hamlet's father. Methinks I would be grateful for a cast of the ghost himself. Oh, Pegasus! and the shade of the immortal Ducrow, I would that I were back at Derry's. It is a black dog's throat I'm in, no less. Heaven protect the child."

"Father!"

"Flyte! By heaven's merciful love, it is he. Where art thou, my son?"

"Here."

The next instant the two were locked in each other's embrace.

It may be asked by what possible combination of circumstances had Descard stumbled upon the boy's whereabouts? It were surely easier for one to find the nimble pea under the cunning rigger's thimble, than for him to have done so. Yet so it was. He who maketh for the eagle a path through the trackless sky, was able to guide the clown through the mazes of the night.

"I thought I should never have found you," said Descard at length. "For three mortal hours have I been walking up and down in this God-forsaken country. Like the tragedienne's baby, I think, I got along fastest by continually tumbling down."

"I am glad, anyway, you have come," replied Flyte. "It was awfully lonely here, and I fancy I felt a bit afraid."

"Afraid, sonnie, I should think you would. Fear was no word for my feelings, I never expected to see either you or daylight again. That horrible chin music, too, over there, was but a poor tranquilliser; I expected nothing less than to have to make use of one of those grinning gentlemen for a coffin.

"What matters it, Flyte? It is over now, as the cat said when the bird flew to the other side of the hedge. You have lodgings here fit for a king on Twelfth Night. The manager himself is not so well housed as we are."

As Descard said this, the sky was illuminated, from the south-west to the zenith, with a broad sheet of flame. This was followed, almost immediately, by a clap of thunder.

"We are going to have a storm, my boy," remarked the old man. "It is well we are so comfortably lodged. That is right," as flash now succeeded flash, "this will check the prowling propensities of those snarling brutes who seem to be keeping Old Nick's own carnival."

Clearly the clown was but imperfectly acquainted with the possibilities of tempests in those latitudes.

The threatened storm soon burst upon the ridge in all its fury. The tumult of the convulsed elements speedily checked the ill-timed flippancy of Descard, and the two sat in terrified silence. The intense cold, too, froze them to the very bones.

The storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

Yet the two sat on, side by side. They were too awe-stricken for speech or sleep. The night in the wild howling wilderness was now full of nameless terrors for them both.

Would the lagging hours never pass? Thus the two wondered, but spake not, as they wearily waited for the dawn.

"Ha! what have we here?" exclaimed Descard, springing to his feet with a start.

Flyte looked up.

He perceived two greenish-hued glaring eyes, peering curiously into the gloom.

The clown took a step forward, and sideways. The action was unpremeditated, but it probably saved his life.

A monstrous cat-like form sprang forward, touching him, yet not inflicting injury. Then, as it touched the earth, it turned snarlingly, crouching with the evident intention of renewing the attack.

Descard's fate trembled in the balance.

He endeavoured to retreat, but, unluckily, stumbled and fell. As he did so his agile adversary rushed upon him.

Rapid as were its movements, those of Flyte were quicker still. With a bound like a panther's, the boy, forgetting all in the extremity of his foster-father's peril, dashed forward and dealt the beast a heavy blow upon the head.

Leaving its intended prey, the enraged animal at once advanced upon its new and more dangerous antagonist, who warily retired to the rear of the alcove.

The wild beast, whatever it might be, seemed to comprehend that it now had to deal with one who was of the mould from which heroes are made. So the two cautiously watched each the movements of the other, careful to give no advantage. They might have been two gladiators about to engage in Homeric combat.

The waiting period was of brief duration. The eyes of the beast gleamed with an instinctive ferocity. Its evil passions were excited, its victim was within its reach; yet, longing to resume the assault, it feared to strike. It slowly and stealthily retired a step in the direction of Descard.

At the same time Flyte advanced, and placed himself between the creature and its prostrate prey. For Descard had made no effort to rise.

After more crawling backward, which it made as if seeking to gain time for reflection, the animal, all at once, began to advance with an almost imperceptible movement, in order to charge upon its opponent.

Flyte did not now move; but stood over the body of the clown, following with fixed gaze the motions of the great cat.

Incensed at being thus baulked and defied, the beast gave a mighty spring, uttering a terrible roaring yell. At the very instant it rose into the air, the dauntless boy stepped lightly aside. It was too late. With one lightning-like blow the brute struck him; the paw sweeping from shoulder to heel. Simultaneously the club descended with a dull, shocking thud, full upon its exposed snout. The cat reeled heavily under the blow, and fell headlong to the earth; but Flyte lay undermost.

Very early in the morning the laager was disturbed by the return of Descard. He was haggard, blood-stained, distraught. His speech was wild and incoherent; but his friends comprehended that he desired them to go with him to the bluff.

What a sight met their gaze, at the close of that toilsome journey. The strongest was melted to tears. The very Kaffirs appeared dismayed. In the centre of the alcove lay a huge leopard, dead; while outstretched beneath its cruel-looking head and widely-spread claws, lay Flyte, still grasping his club. With some difficulty the Kaffirs moved the leopard, which was fully grown, and tenderly extricated the boy's body from its superincumbent burden.

Flyte still breathed, but he was unconscious; his widely-opened eyes were fixed with a cold stony stare upon vacancy. They found that his side was bruised and lacerated by the blow which he had so inopportunely received in the conflict; while the pool of blood which was slowly coagulating upon the ground had flowed from his veins, not from those of the leopard. Altogether it was a gruesome spectacle. The proprieties of story-telling demand that Flyte should die here; and that he should be buried with fitting honours underneath the clustering mimosas. He had given a life in exchange for a life. The debt incurred years before in Covent Garden had now been repaid with interest. But truth is less accommodating than fiction.

The quick eyes of a Kaffir discerned a herd of elands, grazing in the plain below. One of these fell a victim to his skill with the rifle. In almost less time than it takes to tell the tale, the skin was stripped therefrom, and the naked body of the sufferer was carefully wrapped therein. In this state it was gently conveyed back to the shelter of the encampment.

Flyte did not die.

For many days he hovered between life and death. For sheer love of him the thirsting greed for gold was restrained, and the players halted where they were. There came an hour, at length, when consciousness returned. The old-time light again gleamed in the deep large eyes, and Flyte spoke:

"Is my father saved?"

Being assured that all was well with Descard, he turned and fell asleep.

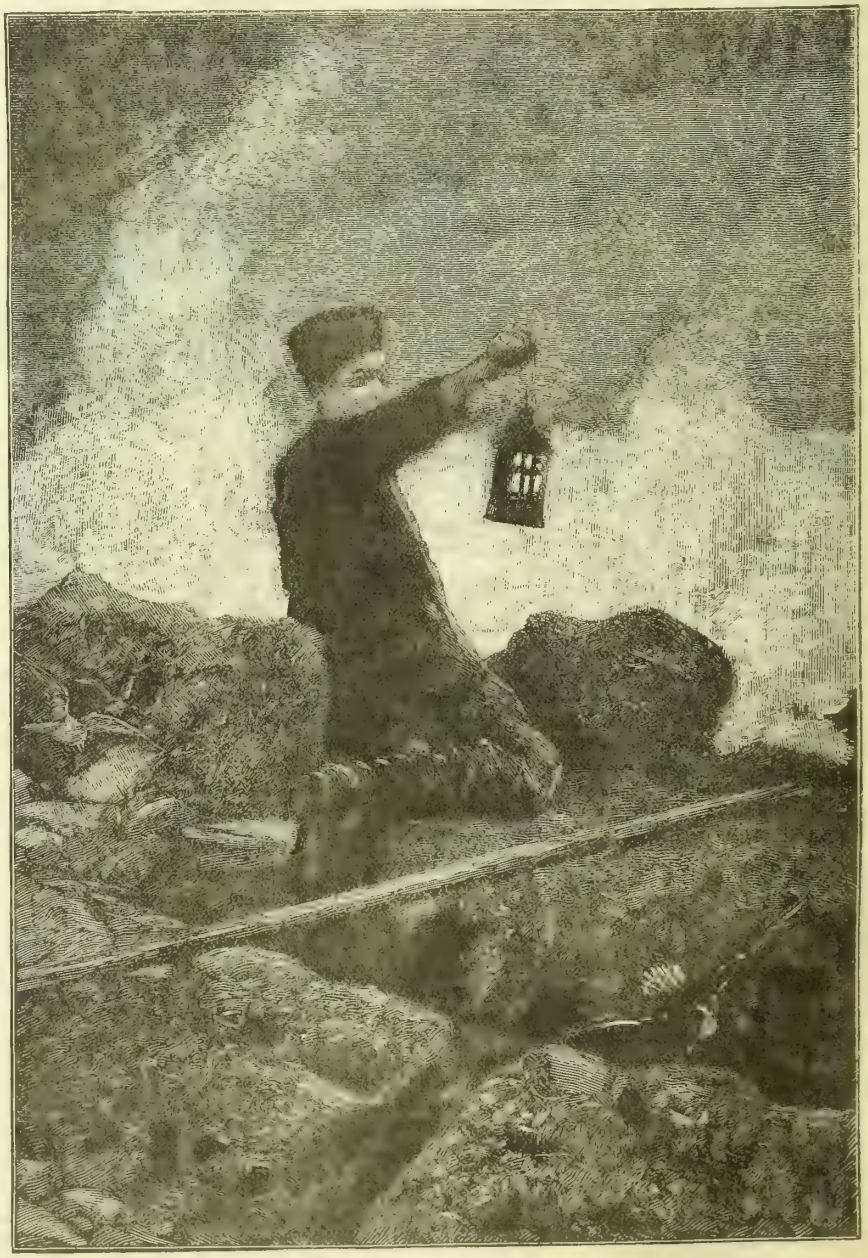
Kaffir border surgery had scored a triumph.

Another month had passed. The canvas theatre at the diamond fields was crowded to its utmost capacity with an eager, excited crowd. Rough red-shirted miners had fought like tigers for priority of entry, blood had been shed in the battle for places. What was it which they had come in their hundreds to see?

That surging mass of enthusiasts had not been brought together for the poor privilege of listening to a prima donna, who should shrilly sing in some unknown tongue. The throng sternly declined to laugh at the time-honoured jokes of the clown. The business was of a far more serious character; it was to look upon the lad who had shown grit away down at the bluff.

The hero of the evening was Flyte, in the leopard-skin. "That dauntless boy, who the grim 'pard had slain."

(THE END.)



The Wrecker.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* H. CAFFIERI.)

A SACRIFICE AT THE FALLS.

By Edmund Collins,

Author of "A Strange Tragedy in Labrador," etc.

About two miles above the great falls up the St. John River, in the province of New Brunswick, in the Dominion of Canada, dwelt Pièrre Robideaux, an upright and respected *habitant*, and his two children—Alphonse, a lad of sixteen, and his sister Julie, who was about fourteen. The house was low, with thick, wide eaves, and there was a sort of courtyard formed by the conjunction of the red barn, after the manner of the statelier residences of the old seigneurs of Quebec, about whose past splendour Pièrre was so fond of telling his children. A short way back was a windmill that liked to loll around when there was little breeze, but when it blew hard it strode so savagely and swiftly through the air that you might think it was going to destroy all the heavens.

Madame Robideaux had been dead for many years, and the management of the children fell entirely to the father. In the winter they went to the free school at the village of Grand Falls, but in summer they could not be spared from the farm from the time when the crops were put in till they were harvested away again in barn and bin.

On the side of the river where his dwelling stood, Pièrre had long stretches of upland upon which he raised buckwheat, and which he also used for pastures; he had some "intervale" land, and upon this he raised oats, clover, and timothy. This intervale fronted on the dark river that went racing, eddying, and tumbling by to launch itself in thunder over the falls below. From the upland, where stood the grey, crouching house and the ochred barn, you could trace the great river till it was lost in mist at the brink of the precipice. Sitting at the open windows on calm summer nights, they could hear the galloping thunder far below, and Julie often remarked how dreadful it would be for any one to be ever borne over the falls. Its toils are just as deadly as Niagara's, and nothing that lives, except perhaps a few fishes, has ever gone over it, however protected, and come out alive.

Why Julie shuddered at the deadly booming below was because she and her brother were so much on the river, and Pièrre himself often trembled at the thought of any mishap in the management of the boat as the children crossed the hurrying flood.

And cross it they were obliged to do almost steadily through the summer, for they had gardens of cabbages, several potato patches, turnips, cucumbers, peas, and various other things. These needed weeding, earthing, tending and watching. Pièrre, who sometimes was assisted by a hired farm-hand, attended to the crops on the home side of the river. The grain and hay crops of course were most important, hence his attention there.

In addition to the gardens on the further side of the river, Pièrre had great stretches of swampy land, upon which grew more than twenty different kinds of sedges, which, when dried and bound and shipped to market, fetched a good price for bedding for horses and cattle, for filling mattresses, and often as fodder to go along with timothy or clover. This crop was cut after the timothy and the clover were disposed of, and the work of tossing it out on fine mornings, turning it, raking it together, and then when evening came, or rain was threatened, of putting it in stacks, was left to Alphonse and Julie. And, as I have said, in order to do all these things, the boy and girl had to cross the river in a boat at a point just about two miles above the falls. Other *habitants* living near, and knowing how perilous the passage was, and how frequently the youngsters made it, murmured, "May they never come to harm!"

One morning, towards the last of July, the brother and sister set out for the wild meadows at a much earlier hour than usual, as there was a vast quantity of the wild grass cut and there had been several wet days, so that it was important to give it the benefit of all the sun possible, and then to get it stacked. Robideaux had one boat, but it could carry only the brother and sister. Whenever their father went across with them, he borrowed a boat of similar size from his nearest neighbour, Jean. There were larger boats further up the river, but these small ones were easier to row and to manage, and the father preferred that the children should use a little skiff of this size.

As the boy and girl shoved off he gave them some instructions as to the grass to be raked first, and then told them, as he always did, not to stay too late, for he could never shake off a certain haunting dread of the river. Moreover, the cows would be at the bars by six o'clock, and they would have to milk them, as he would be too busy that evening.

The day was a glorious one for haymaking, the sun being strong and the breeze fresh. At six o'clock Pièrre looked down from where he was at work on the uplands, saw the cows at the bars, but saw no trace of Alphonse or Julie. He did not mind this very much, and went on at his work for eight or ten minutes longer. Then, not seeing them, he began to grow uneasy, for they were usually very prompt about getting home. So he made his way rapidly down to the house, leaving André, the hired man, to attend to the horses. But still there was no trace of Alphonse or Julie.

"They have endeavoured to get it all in stacks," he said to himself, "but they must not take such risks." Masses of dark cloud began trooping across the heavens, and rain and thunder might be expected at once. This made Pièrre more uneasy still, and he stood by the brink of the sullen, hurrying river, looking toward the opposite shore.

"Ah, bon! C'est bon! they come!" he said; and the tiny speck of a boat could be seen moving off from the other shore. But for some reason or another the father was more anxious than usual on this occasion, and as he watched his children push their tiny craft out into the swirling waters, the booming of the remorseless falls fell more distinctly upon his ear than he had ever heard it before. He crossed himself and muttered an Ave Maria for them, yet he was not sure why he should be alarmed at all. His fear very likely was brought on by the menacing of the brooding storm, which might swoop down upon the river at any moment; moreover, the occupants of the boat might not be able to maintain their presence of mind and their same steady caution with the tempest lowering upon them.

He stood there for many minutes, and the boat was making its way well out into the stream, when he suddenly threw up his hands and cried out, "They are adrift!"

And so, indeed, they were. Something had happened to the oars, very likely, and the tiny craft was sweeping down to the fatal brink with the same swift pace as the current. Then from the river came several terrified cries, but before he had heard them all, the father, at mad flight, was making for Jean's boat, which lay on the bank. In a few seconds this little craft was in the water, and tearing through it under the swift and powerful strokes of the old man's paddles.

"They have lost an oar," he murmured; "there is only the one thing to be done. I have but two here; better my darlings should escape than I—I have lived the best of my days." And then he reflected, all the while rowing with the power of two ordinary men, that he never should have exposed them to such an awful danger.

His terror of the falls had always been vivid and strong; but now that it came to deciding whether he should perish in that awful abyss or they should, he contemplated his own fate with a feverish eagerness. Nothing gave him any terror now except the thought that they rather than himself should be the victims. This feeling kept his heart strong, and his arm steady and sure. His little boat fairly leaped through the water with a loud swish at every bound. Another minute and he would reach them; but the prow of his punt was now turned almost down stream.

Louder and louder grew the thunder below, swifter and swifter the terrible water raced and swirled.

"Oh, mon père, mon père," shouted the girl, "is it you? We have lost an oar!"

"Courage, courage!" he said, running his boat below theirs. "Take this," and he hastily put the oar in place, saying, "Here—turn her head a little up stream, and row for dear life. Keep looking ahead of you—don't look this way; I am going over to the other shore." There would seem, indeed, to be a very literal truth conveyed in this, though it was intended to deceive them. "God bless and be with you both!"

So they rowed away with all their strength—and the arms of both were strong. As they neared the shore, not

more than a quarter of a mile above the terrible plunge, Alphonse said, while a sudden pallor came into his face, "I wonder why mon père kept down so low in crossing over?"

"Why, there is no danger to him, is there?" asked the sister, opening her great Normandy eyes in fright. "No one in this country is so good on the river as he. What is it, Alphonse?"

"Oh, but I *am* afraid, Julie! Don't ask me, but let me go over here. Stay here, dear, till I run over to Jean's."

A great terror had gathered about his heart. "Oh, can it be—can it be?" he moaned, his face and lips ashen. He met Jean at the door.

"Your father has my boat. What took him away in such a hurry?"

"We lost an oar, and were drifting down stream."

"Ah!" said Jean with a start, "and how did you manage? There were only two in ——"

"Then, my God, have mercy upon my father!" the poor boy cried out, in a tone so full of agony as to bring tears into Jean's eyes. As for Julie, she clasped her brother's hand, and stood there mute and silently prayerful. The picture of this stricken brother and sister was one not easily forgotten.

"Oh, he may be all right yet," said Jean, breaking the silence; "perhaps he might be able to get across with one oar." But the "perhaps" had no ring of confidence in it, and Alphonse knew it. The kind-hearted Jean called his sister, and his mother, and they brought poor Julie, who had swooned, into the house, and Jean tenderly took care of Alphonse. But brother and sister wanted to go and inquire about their father; they wanted the neighbours to be aroused—they "might be able to do something," Alphonse thought: then they went out and stood upon the bank of the awful river crying, "Father, father." The piteousness in the voices as they rang out over the dark river, and among the pines, has seldom ever been exceeded. But the river went heedlessly by, with its low, sullen roar booming away below as if its voice were the voice of doom.

. . . . . .

But what of brave old Pièrre all this time? When he gave his oar to his two children and pronounced a blessing upon them, he was happy. He had at least saved them.

He had had in his earlier days much skill in the use of a single blade when propelling the micmac, or Milicite birch canoe, but what could he do with this long, clumsy oar? What could he do even were the oar of paddle size? It would take now all the skill and strength of stout arms with a sturdy pair of oars to reach the shore where his prow was turned. He might have struggled—there was about one chance in a hundred—to the other side of the river, but that would probably be the destruction of Alphonse and Julie. Seeing doom overtake their father they would be unequal to the task of getting to land themselves. All this had passed like lightning through his mind as he gave them the oar. He plied the long blade with all his might, but while doing this his lips were moving in mute supplication asking that God would forgive him the sins of his past life. His boat was now on the shallowest side of the river, and the grey-green rocks on the bottom were plain; and how swiftly they seemed to pass him up stream! Still he struggled on; still he prayed without uttering any sound.

In spite of his splendid courage, the bottom of the river, which became plainer each moment, although it was after sunset, appalled him. It appeared to be hurrying faster and faster up the river, and the strong and daring pike seemed to have all he could do to hold his own beside some great rock at the river's bottom. All the fish now seemed to be moving swiftly, and in some fright, up the river. And he was in his clumsy boat, with one oar, where the fishes found it dangerous to be.

Ah, if he had had but five minutes more, all might yet have been well with him! He was not far from the bank; farm-houses gleamed here and there among the gloomy hills. He was not far from the Indian settlement, which was further down, and pitched right by the edge of the green, tumbling river; but he was not far from the falls. The muffled thunder came up and seemed to stifle his breathing, and the spray from the furious pool below sprang up a score of feet above the verge of the chasm as if showing arms deliciously glad to receive him. Still he paddled on and on towards the little brown tents of the Indians, and still his lips moved in prayer.

How near he was to this village, but oh, how far! It was just an eternity off. The finite could not span the distance; only the Infinite could. He was now not more than twenty yards from the shore, but then, too, he was not more than twenty yards from the brink of death. He gained four or five yards more, then the mist of the place below smote him on the face. He dropped his oar, fell upon his knees and raised his arms.

Then something whizzed about his ears and gripped him around the body; then he was in the awful flood; then he was moving through the water—was it one of God's own mighty angels that was dragging him away from that terrible brink? Then all grew dark about him, and the world and all that it held dear and fair to him was blotted out.

. . . . . .

When he opened his eyes he was not below the falls, nor was he in that land where there are no overwhelming floods. His head, his hands, and his right leg were bandaged. The thunder of the awful cataract was in his ears; but what was it all?

An old Indian woman was bending over him, offering him a stimulating drink. Beside her stood a tall, proud young Milicite hunter with calm eyes. He was her son, and Pièrre soon learnt that he was his deliverer. How could the thing be? It must have been all an ugly dream. How could any one deliver him there—he in the midst of the green billows which had gathered themselves up to jump over and carry their prey with them?

But it was soon made clear. The young hunter had seen all that passed between the father and his children in the river, and he made up his mind. He had been once a skilful hunter in the great North-West, and no man could excel him in throwing the lasso. When Pièrre raised his arms in prayer, the hunter's opportunity had come; and the throw was unerring. But it took two other men to drag Pièrre to the land, and when they got him out of the flood he was insensible, bruised, and bleeding. They had since done naught but minister to him.

Then the young hunter harnessed his horse and placed a bed upon the waggon for the noble old *habitant*, who begged that no time be lost till he should see his son and daughter.

They were not at his own farmhouse, but Julie, stricken dumb with grief, was under the care of Jean's family. Alphonse was below the falls with a score of villagers—for what purpose I need not say. But the villagers returned, most of them to Jean's house, Alphonse with them, just as Pièrre, raising himself from his stretcher, cried out in a joyous voice, "Cheer up, mes enfants, I am safe!"

(THE END.)

SEA-SERPENTS.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, F.Z.S., etc.

PART II.

Very venomous are all the sea-snakes, without exception. In one species, the poison glands extend from the mouth right down the throat and into the stomach. When we look into a poisonous snake's mouth we see that its two long front teeth or fangs which inject the deadly fluid are either fixed and upright, or capable of being folded back on a sort of hinge when not in use, and this peculiarity serves to divide all venom-bearing serpents into two distinct groups. The *hydrophidæ* or sea-serpents (or "pelagic" snakes as they are sometimes called, with what seems to me very unnecessary elegance), the sea-snakes belong to the first division, those with fixed fangs, like the cobras and coral snakes and the aforesaid hamadryad; but their fangs are exceedingly short and small, and have a very shallow groove for the poison tube instead of a deep furrow or a tunnel. Their bite is almost as bad as any, however, and they are greatly dreaded by fishermen and bathers in the East. A midshipman on board an English man-of-war, moored near the mouth of the Ganges, saw one playing around the buoy, got a bucket attached to a line, and by dexterously manipulating it with the current managed to secure it. Drawing it on deck, he exhibited his prize with great glee to his shipmates, but, whilst pouring away some of the water so as to get a better view of the creature, it contrived to slip over the edge of the bucket. Seeing that it was rapidly sliding over the wet planks to one of the scuppers, he incautiously checked it with his hand, was bitten, and died in less than an hour. Another case is recorded where a gentleman was bathing and received, as he thought, a pinch in the leg from a crab; it proved, however, to be a bite from one of these terrible little reptiles, and in spite of prompt and vigorous treatment he too

was dead in a short time; and one might quote many similar instances. Small animals, dogs, sea-gulls, and the like, have died from the effect of the bite in fifteen or twenty minutes. The lesser species seem to be as virulent as the larger.

Fortunately, as with other snakes, there are more lucky escapes than fatal accidents. I have witnessed two. The first "narrow squeak" happened with a small specimen which was caught off the coast of Ceylon and given to me in a wine-bottle. I took it on board the steamer to which I was then attached, but had no convenient receptacle in which I could safely keep it except the water-decanter over the washing-stand in my cabin. This decanter stood on a little shelf, surrounded with a wooden ring to prevent it from falling when the ship rolled, flanked by a tumbler similarly secured on either side, and having a rack for one's tooth-brush, etc. underneath; I have more than once conveyed small snakes from distant lands to this in a similarly placed water-bottle. Accordingly I transferred my poor little *hydrophis* to his new quarters, spacious by comparison with the claret-bottle, filled the decanter with clean salt water, tied a bit of muslin over the top and wrapped some dark tissue paper around it so as to temper the unwelcome light to my prisoner's eyes, as well as to hide him from those of casual visitors to my cabin. Every other day I used to change the water, since the great heat would soon render so small a quantity foul. One day I told my cabin-boy to do this, instructing him to take the bottle on deck for the purpose, but giving him strict orders not to remove the muslin, through which of course the water could easily be poured.

Finding him gone a long time I crept softly up the fore-companion-ladder to investigate. What was my horror to see him seated on a hen-coop in the midst of an applausive circle of sailors and coal-trimmers, letting this deadly brute, one scratch from which would probably have killed him in spite of all that I could have done, slip through his naked hands, one after the other!

I controlled my impulse to shout a warning to him of his peril, and said quietly, "Just throw that thing overboard!" but the fright of my sudden appearance was too much for him. The companion-hatch through which I came up (like an unexpected fairy in a pantomime) opened close by the hen-coop, into the trough of which he let the snake fall. There the fowls made a rush for it, thinking it was their evening allowance from the butcher's mate, dabbing their beaks at it with necks protruded at full length between the bars, and there the boy made frantic grabs at it also, in spite of my cries to him to desist, seizing it and literally cramming it back through the narrow mouth of the decanter before I could get round to him. How he escaped being bitten is a mystery—I suppose it was just the old story that those who are fearless are safe. So children and kittens and drunken men have picked up venomous snakes and played with them unharmed; and perhaps it is this fact which has given rise to the absurd and most mischievous superstition which prevails in some countries to the effect that snake-bite has no power over a man who is intoxicated. Although spirits may be a valuable remedy in some cases (not all), I should say that a man who was bitten whilst drunk would succumb much more quickly than another. This boy had seen me handle snakes, and, being incited to bravado by the interest displayed by his companions, had untied the muslin and *poured* the snake from hand to hand. Not that I suppose he disbelieved what I had told him of the dangerous character of the serpent—to him, as to many others, *all* snakes were poisonous; it was simply that he didn't consider it was likely to bite. I really think that most of the people in whose hands or around whose necks I place tame pythons and boas believe in their hearts that they are venomous, only they take my word that there is no danger of their biting.

I had a sort of escape from being nipped by this same snake myself. Every now and then I used to give him a treat and turn him into my bath for a swim (in sea-water, of course). Generally, to prevent accidents, I would turn him out in this way at night, locking my cabin-door if I slept on deck; then in the morning I fished for him with a sock held in a pair of tooth-forceps, and restored him to his bottle. One night it came on to blow and I rolled off the wheel grating aft where I had been sleeping, so I picked myself up and went below to turn in. I quite forgot all about the sea-snake, but there is no doubt that the motion of the ship, by sending the water up the side of the bath as she listed over, enabled him to reach the edge and wriggle off on to the floor. Before daylight the sprays began to splash in at my open port, so I got up to shut it; I was barefooted, but my only thought in the darkness was of a crocodile which was tied up underneath my harmonium—my berth was usually a regular Noah's Ark homeward-bound. In the morning when I turned out of my rather high bunk, slap came my naked feet down on the boards within two feet of the sea-serpent! I had an exciting chase after him, in the course of which he got right under the indignant crocodile, and certainly snapped at if he did not bite him; anyhow, the crocodile was none the worse for it. I don't mind picking up any honest land-snake, venomous or fangless, but I have a kind of reluctance to tackle a sea-snake with bare hands.

The other misadventure which ended happily within my personal experience was that of a quartermaster who fell out of the chains as the ship was nearing harbour. He went a long way under, but was a good and powerful swimmer, and probably thought only of sharks and sting-rays and the steamer's screw; but he came to the surface literally in the midst of a swarm of these reptiles, as though he had disturbed a family party below. Not one had been visible a moment before, and, as he described it, they seemed fairly to *buzz* about him as they all rose together. Strange to relate, he regained the vessel in safety.

This reminds me of some funny escapes I have known from other snakes in the water. A great friend of mine, a doctor in Demerara, was capsized while crossing the river in a dug-out canoe. He and his two Indians came up together, on the look-out for alligators, and found themselves surrounding a great poisonous serpent which actually passed across my friend's face and then, confused, writhed in and out and all about amongst the trio. Doubtless it was interrupted in its passage from one shore to the other. Then it slipped under the overturned canoe which was drifting away, and for some time they did not care to touch it, swimming after it at a respectful distance and in mortal fear of the great ragged jaws which lurked everywhere under the muddy current. I say "some time," but probably all of it did not occupy a minute. When they summoned up courage enough to right the boat, the snake was gone.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BOY'S OWN CAVIARY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., R.N.

"Caviary?" I fancy I hear some boy remark. "Never heard of the word before." Down comes his well-thumbed dictionary, and he goes wading away all through the C's, but cannot find any such word. Well, it has not found its way into our lexicons yet, but, like two or three other words I have invented, it will in course of time. We have the word aviary, and why should we not adopt caviary, a place in which cavies or guinea-pigs are housed and homed? I shall tell you how to build one presently.

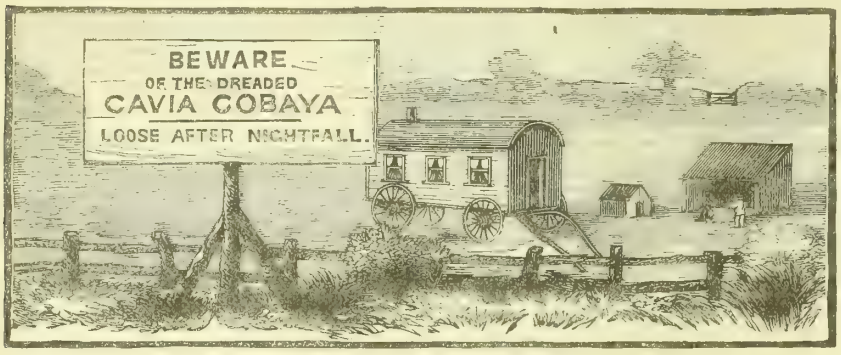
The cavy then, usually called the guinea-pig, has of late years become very fashionable indeed. We not only have special shows for them all over the country, with a good substantial prize list and excellent judges, but there is, I believe, a guinea-pig club.

Every kind of animal, and almost every species or breed of animal, has nowadays a club supposed to be devoted to its interests and the promotion of its welfare in every way. These clubs, however, I must confess, might do a great deal more than they do. At present they really confine themselves for the most part to the giving of prizes and the appointment of judges. I should like to see them hold meetings to entertain and discuss the great problems of health and breeding.

As regards our funny wee friends the cavies, they are eminently suited for boys' pets, and although I have headed this paper "Caviary," I do not mean that guinea-pigs should be always kept out of doors in a hutch. They are exceedingly clean, never bite, can perform little tricks, and though not exhibiting a vast deal of affection, I think they get very fond of their little master or mistress. A tiny wee son of mine, Donald Gordon to name, makes a house pet of one, and I'm not at all certain he does not take it to bed with him, just as I used, when a mite, to take a pet hedgehog, although my doing so was at times rather rough on Maggie Hay, my nursie. I used to be sent off to bed at eight, Maggie did not get upstairs till ten, and when she lay down upon that hedgehog, why, for the next three minutes wild hyenas would not have been in it with Maggie Hay. Of course I was sound asleep,—with one eye just a little open.

I may tell you that the scientific name for the guinea-pig is Cavia Cobaya. Fine sounding name, is it not? In camp by the sea a summer ago with my caravan tents and bungalows, I made rather a comical use of this name. You see the boys were in the

habit of trespassing in my field at night, so I stuck up a notice which made them shake in their shoes. It ran thus:



Whatever can it be? boys thought. And it was currently reported that the Cavia Cobaya was at least three yards long, with claws like a 'gator, and that it was often heard roaring at the midnight hour. My joke had the desired effect, and Dresky, my black servant, gathered all the mushrooms after the notice-board was put up. In justice to myself I must say the picture of the caravan here given affords no adequate idea of my "Wanderer," which is a much finer affair.

Well now, boys, there are three species of cavies generally found at shows, and I think they are all about the same as regards temper and cleanliness and suitability for pets. Wonderfully tame they become when kindly treated!—even the very young ones. Yonder, as I write, goes a little girl of mine, with three bonnie wee mites, in a doll's perambulator, round and round the garden walks, and down the paddock, and the most amusing thing is this—and it shows what an amount of fearlessness there is in their nature—the little pets are all the while eating the grass that Ida has placed beside them.

1. The smooth-coated cavy is by far the most common in this country, and is found of all sorts of mixed colours, these being generally in great spots or patches; while some are white, grey, dark-brown, light-brown, reddish, and so on.

2. The Peruvian is long-coated, like a skye-terrier; in good specimens even the head is hidden. They also are of a variety of colours. And so is the next class—

3. The Abyssinian. Call them rather the rough-haired English; it is more correct. These are very pretty, and, I think, somewhat hardier than the Peruvian. The hair is long and rough with a peculiar roughness. It seems as if cows had been licking the little creatures' coats, and so it is brushed, as it were, in patches in opposite directions.

I do not intend going very deeply into show points or properties in this paper, for if I can interest my boy readers in these sweet, wee, good-natured pets, and show them how to treat them, why, I shall have done enough. When you want to breed for shows you must get a book.

Where do cavies come from originally?—I do not know that the question can be answered, because they have been in a state of domestication for hundreds of years. I think that when we name South America as the real home of the cavy, we are near enough. Rodents of all kinds seem to flourish well in Brazil, in the Silver West, and in Patagonia and Peru.

About keeping cavies.—To begin with, I must repeat a remark I have made more than once before. Any boy who buys a pet without having first studied its comforts and requirements, and made every provision for keeping it, is committing a sin, and is guilty of cruelty. The first thing to be done, then, is to prepare the cavy's domicile, for even if you intend to let your pets run about the kitchen and garden, it is necessary they should have a home to call their own.

You must not imagine that any place is good enough to keep a cavy in, an old rabbit-hutch for example. You might as well attempt to keep this pet in an old coal-scuttle, and expect it to retain its health. But if you have that box of tools I so often recommend my boys—my two hundred and fifty thousand boys—to save their pence to purchase, then you can very easily knock up a very comfortable little place to keep a pair in. I strongly advise a pair to be kept. I think no animal ought to be deprived of the fellowship of its own kindred.

I append here a sketch of an out-door hutch of my own planning, which does excellently well in all weathers.

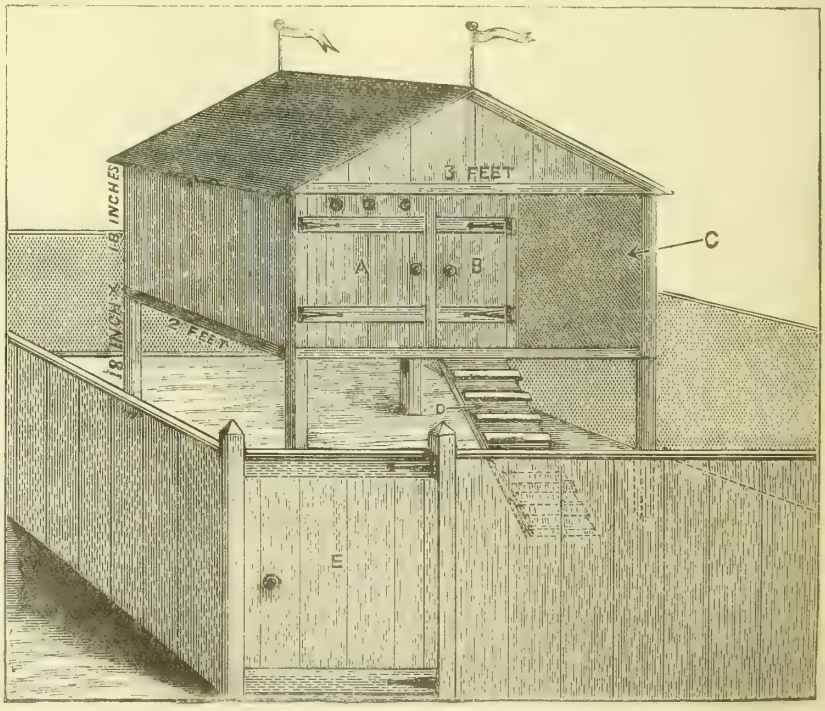


FIG. 1.

A glance at the sketch will show: I. that the hutch proper is somewhat like a rabbit's, but wider in proportion, say with a 3-feet frontage, 2 feet from back to front, and 16 inches to 18 inches height to eaves; II. that it has a gently sloping roof, which ought to be covered with felt, tarred and sanded; III. that in front it has two doors, one at A, which opens into the sleeping-apartment, a darkish room. Note.—I say "darkish," because the three tiny holes at the top of the door, A—put there for ventilation—really give a little light. Another door at B, opening into the feeding-room; the rest of the front is made of small-mesh galvanised wire-work, and is a fixture. IV. (Though this cannot be seen in the drawing) there is a partition running all the way back between door A and door B, and this partition has a hole in it *near to the front*, so that the cavies can go at will from bedroom to living-room (see fig. 2). This opening must be small, and has no door-proper to it. C in fig. 1 is the wire-work fixture.

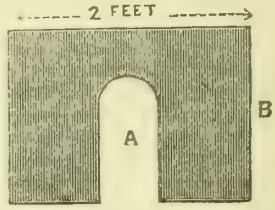


FIG. 2.—The fore and aft partition. A, The little doorway. (This doorway should not be in the centre as here shown.) B, The hutch front.

You will observe that the hutch is not on the ground, but elevated on four supports, about 18 inches high, or less, like the houses one sees in Japan and Bolivia. Well, D is the staircase that leads to the door B. It is simply a board with bits of wood nailed on across, like a hen's or a horse's ladder. The floor of the hutch should slope slightly to the front. So much for the hutch. It should be made of nice clean wood, the harder the better, and if you have gratings over the floor, all the better also. However, it should be always kept sweet, clean, and dry. Now for the yard. I don't care what kind of a fence you have round it: but it would be best to have close wood—old soda barrels would afford this—on the north and east ends, and galvanised meshwork for the remaining sides, say 2 feet high, with a gate at E.

The bigger the *yard* is, the better. Lay it out in grass, and plant all round the fence inside dandelion, or any likely weeds, such as groundsel and sowthistle. These soon grow, and are much relished by the cavies.

Bedding.—Although the guinea-pig is a hardy little fellow, still he likes his comforts, and if he has not a warm, dry bed, one night's

hard frost may cause his death. If it really is good, clean stuff, there is, perhaps, nothing to beat hay. When there is evidence that young ones will soon come on shore, you may add to this a handful or two of *white* cotton wadding. The bedding is to be put well back in the bedroom.

The hopper food should be placed in the living-room; but in summer the roots and green food should be thrown down in the yard or under the hutch, if it be watertight, as it ought to be.

Shelter is of great importance, so that you ought to build your caviary to the south side of a wall or thick hedge.

Next comes the question of food. This may be divided into three classes: 1, soft food; 2, dry food; 3, green food with roots.

(1) *Soft food.*—If you keep a large number of cavies, you will find this somewhat expensive; but it would hardly be necessary in a caviary of any size. It is a sop of bread and milk, or bread, boiled potatoes, and milk, and is given every morning *fresh*, the stale being thrown away. It is put in any little dish and placed in the living room.

Here, also, you must place a hopper for (2) *dry food*, such as grains, oats, good wheat not too new, bruised peas or beans, and bran mixed with middlings. Do not give all these together, but change the food frequently.

(3) *Green food and roots.*—I do *not* know, nor does anybody else, all the different kinds of green weeds and stuff that cavies like; but whenever any of my children come to me while at work in my wigwam, to show me some new variety of weed, and to ask if it be good for "the guineas," my answer is invariably, "Ask the guineas." For I do not think a cavy will eat anything that is in the least likely to disagree with it. We gave ours, in spring and early summer last year, sowthistle, chickweed, groundsel, parsley, the young carrots, and beet, and parsnips when thinning them, cabbage, greens of all kinds, and edible roots. The green stuff must not be too wet. Mind you this, boys, even in the same class of cavies, tastes differ. Some, for instance, are very fond of acorns, whilst others will not touch them.

Variety in diet.—This is most important, and that is the reason I give it a paragraph to itself.

Cleanliness.—If you are particular about the diet and about cleanliness, and keep your pets warm, they will seldom or never ail. Wash the hoppers, and dry them before you put in food to them. Change the bedding twice a week, and keep both rooms scrupulously tidy and sweet. The yard should also be kept clean, and no vegetable matter must be left about to decay.

Regularity in feeding.—As early in the morning as possible, the cavies should be let out to pick something green. The hoppers should never be empty.

Water.—Water, pure, *soft*, and *fresh*, is a *sine quâ non* of health in the caviary, and don't you forget it, boys.

Shutting up at night.—The door, B, of the hutch should have a proper fastening, that will not fall loose, and be closed every night, else vagrant cats may kill all your pets in one night.

Grooming.—It may seem strange to some to hear about grooming guinea-pigs; but I can assure you that the long-haired or Peruvian kinds require it. If you do not attend to this, and brush and comb the coat, it will get all matted and dreadful, so that exhibiting them with any hopes of winning a prize is simply out of the question. Some cavy fanciers only groom their pets after they have become matted. Do not follow this fashion; remember that prevention is better than cure.

How to begin keeping cavies.—Begin, of course, by getting the little caviary all ready, then you may purchase if possible, at some show, or, failing this, you can consult the advertising columns of the "Exchange and Mart." Cavies are very cheap. Get very young ones, say about two or three months old, and buy the ordinary short-coated first, boar and sow, well-marked and healthy, price about 1*s.* 6*d.* the pair. Good Abyssinians about 3*s.* a pair. Peruvians (young) about 1*s.* 6*d.* each, extra good stoock 5*s.* a pair. "Fur and Feathers" is a nice little paper for boys fond of birds and pets, so is "Pet Stock," and the price of either is 1*d.*

A note-book.—If you are going to be a cavy-man, keep a note-book, and write down all your experience and expenditure. As to selling stock, if you live in a village or small town, I think you might do this by private bargain. If you advertise, you will do better business, and do it more quickly if you take exchange in books etc. instead of money.

About breeding.—The cavy goes in kindle from five weeks to seven weeks. The creature is most uncertain. Feed extra well now, and keep extra dry. The young are born fully fledged, as you might say, not naked morsels like baby rats or mice. With their large-proportioned heads, their bright eyes, and lovely coats, and with their consequential independent airs, the young ones are the most charming little pets imaginable. I have seen them eating grass on their second day.

Give the mother, while suckling, plenty of succulent roots and nice bread-sop. Carrots are excellent now, and sweet apples help to keep the blood pure.

If you have only one pair, by all means let the boar remain in the hutch. He takes great care of the young, and nurses them night and day.

Do not breed from cavies under six months. It is better if they be even older.

I think I have told you all I need tell you. Experience ought to teach you the rest.

Gold-fish fanciers may now look out for my papers on the Fresh-water Aquarium, to be followed by the Sea-water Aquarium, which ought to be very interesting.

HOW TO MAKE A SMALL DYNAMO.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "How to Make an Induction Coil," "How to Make an Electrical Machine," etc., etc.

PART III.

While the current is passing you can try the following experiment, to prove that the wire is wound on all right. If it is not wound as described there will be two north poles, or two south poles, instead of one north and one south. Suppose we decide to make the leg on which the wire comes from the outside of the magnet the north pole, the wire from this must be joined to the wire coming from the zinc end of the battery, and the other coming from the inside, between the poles, joined to the wire from the carbon end. Now if, while the current is passing, a magnetised needle is approached to each pole consecutively, and one end of it is attracted and the other repelled in each case, the wire is all right; if *both* are attracted something is wrong. The needle must have been *really* magnetised beforehand, or it will deceive you; you can easily test if it is so with an ordinary permanent magnet.

Having magnetised the soft iron in the way described, we now join up the wires to the binding-screws, under the base, and, the pulley being fixed on to the axle of the armature opposite to the commutator, the machine is now ready for use. To rotate the armature at a high speed it is necessary to connect the pulley by an endless band with a large, heavy wheel which can be rotated by hand.

For continuous work, as we cannot always be turning the wheel, a small steam-engine or water-motor must be employed. Worked in this way, the machine I have described can be made to light 2 5-candle-power lamps of 6 volts, and give about 12 volts of current. This is not much, of course, but by enlarging the proportions of the various parts you can make as large a dynamo as you like; only the power required to work it naturally increases considerably. This machine will do a great deal of the work of a battery—for example, it will run an induction coil or an electro-motor at full power. By connecting two brass handles to the binding-screws by wires, you will get a powerful shock if you hold them while some one turns the wheel connected with the pulley; in fact, the shock is *too* powerful, and the person turning the wheel must be prepared to stop when the victim has had enough. If these handles are dipped into a glass of water slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid (to enable the current to pass more freely), and the dynamo briskly turned, you will soon see bubbles rising from the handles—which must, of course, be placed separate from each other—consisting of oxygen and hydrogen gas, into which the water is being decomposed by the force of the current. Water being composed of two quantities of hydrogen gas to every one of oxygen, it follows that double as much hydrogen will come off the handle which evolves it as will come off the other of oxygen, and this you will soon see to be the case; the bubbles on the former being much more numerous than those on the latter.

Now take a 5-candle-power 6-volt electric lamp, and fasten it on to the wires coming from the binding-screws (removing the handles) by the platinum loops at the top. If the dynamo is now briskly turned, you will find that the lamp will light up well, and as long as the wheel is turned and the dynamo is buzzing, so long will the lamp continue to glow. By turning the dynamo by steam- or water-motor we have, therefore, a means of producing a continuous light, which will not drop at the end of a few minutes as in the case of a battery. This is the method by which all public buildings, etc., are lighted.

There is said to be always sufficient residual magnetism in the soft iron core (at any rate if constructed of ordinary soft iron, not specially annealed) to act on the armature when revolved, and this, acting on the magnet, increases its magnetism so that they react on each other until the maximum effect of the dynamo is reached. This is the case with the majority of dynamos used for lighting, etc.; but if you are of an experimental turn of mind, and are possessed of a battery, as described in No. 577, as well as the dynamo, you can try the effect of magnetising the soft iron cores by sending a current from the battery through the coil.

To do this, disconnect the wires from the magnet-coil from the binding-screws, and connect them with the terminals of the battery. The whole current from the dynamo now comes from the armature, and you will find that this current is considerably increased,

sparks flying about in all directions when the handles from the binding-screws are approached to each other or rubbed together. The water will now be decomposed much faster, and you will be able to light an additional lamp or two, according to the strength of the battery.

Fig. 11 gives an idea of the positions of the parts of the dynamo when complete; it is not an easy thing to draw, and I can only hope the rough sketch will be intelligible to my readers. The spring A is below the roller of contact breaker, and the spring B above it, the diagonal line on the roller representing the vacancy between the brass pieces covering the wood. The wires from the ends of the magnet-coil go through the base, round the bottoms of the pillars A and B, and join the other wire between the pillars and the binding-screws. The wire from the pole on which the wire comes from *outside* the magnet is joined to the binding screw A in the figure. The other wire comes from between the poles, and is joined to the other binding screw. If you can find out, by means of a galvanometer, which binding screw is conveying the *positive*

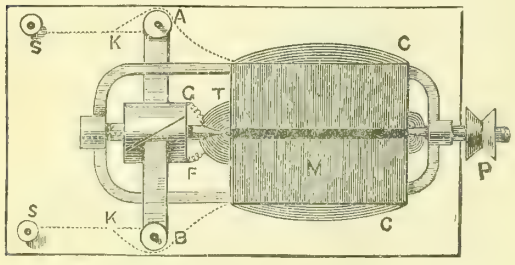


Fig. 11. Dynamo complete. Ground Plan.

M, Top of magnet. C C, Coils of wire round magnet. P, Driving-pulley. I, Armature. A B, Pillars of springs which take current from the roller F. S S, Binding-screws. The dotted lines show the positions of the wires beneath the base. The wires from the magnet coils go round the pillars A and B, and are joined to the wires from them to the binding-screws S S at the points K K. The wires from the armature coils join the brass-covered roller at I and G.

current, the wire from the *south* pole of the magnet is to be joined to the wire from this, and that from the *north* pole of the magnet to the wire conveying the *negative* electricity.

Whenever you join the wires, be sure to scrape off all the insulating material, and twist them firmly together; a little solder is an improvement. Whenever the wires cross the iron work be sure the insulating material is quite sound at that point. It is a good plan

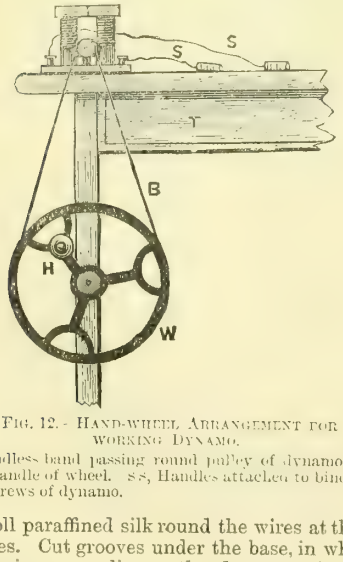


Fig. 12.—Hand-wheel Arrangement for working Dynamo.

B, Endless band passing round pulley of dynamo. H, Handle of wheel. S S, Handles attached to binding-screws of dynamo.

to roll paraffined silk round the wires at these places. Cut grooves under the base, in which the wires may lie, or the dynamo will not stand evenly. The dark line in the middle of the top of magnet in fig. 11 shows where the two parts join. They should be screwed up tightly together.

As a concluding illustration, I give a diagram of my own method of turning my dynamo (fig. 12). On the leg of an ordinary table T is fixed the heavy iron wheel W, which has a groove cut in its circumference for the reception of an endless band B. These wheels may be obtained for a few shillings from any ironmonger, as they are made for various machines, such as lathes, fret-saws, sewing-machines, etc. The wheel is held by an ordinary screw fixed into the leg of the table, and revolves freely on the screw. The endless band (tape will do) passes over the groove and over the pulley of the dynamo placed on the table above the wheel. It is better to let the pulley of the dynamo project beyond the end of the base, as shown in fig. 11, in order to be able to connect it with a wheel placed below it, if required.

The best results are produced from the dynamo when the resistance of the interpolar (*i.e.* the lamp, or whatever it may have to work) is equal to the internal resistance of the machine. It is sometimes required to send a current through a greater resistance than this, and then it becomes necessary to employ what is familiarly termed a "shunt." If one lamp of high resistance is coupled to the dynamo, the resistance may be too great for the current to get round the magnet in sufficient quantity to give the required electro-motive force. Supposing that this is the case, we make a second pathway for it by joining on a piece of iron wire (about 10 inches of No. 30) between the two binding-screws, the lamp being connected with the same binding-screws, only further off. The result of this is that the current goes round by the second pathway and excites the magnet more powerfully, and this, in its turn, excites the armature more strongly, and so on, until enough current is produced to light up the lamp. The resistance of the shunt required depends on the resistance of the lamp. If this is low no shunt will be required, but if very high the resistance of the shunt must be lowered, or else enough current will not pass to magnetise the soft iron cores, and the dynamo will give no current. The lower the resistance of the shunt required, the less wire we use.

Those who want to know how to make a larger dynamo than the one described in this paper, after mastering the method of working therefrom, can get the "Scientific American Supplement," vol. vii. No. 161, or will find an account in Mr. G. Hopkins's "Experimental Science," published by E. & F. N. Spon. More minute directions than those in either of these accounts are contained in Mr. Bottone's little book, "The Dynamo: How Made and How Used," which can be got from the author at the address already given.

(THE END.)

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A New Story by A. Laurie.

In our next Part will be commenced a new and most striking story by this gifted writer—the author of "A Marvellous Conquest" and "Raymond Frézols," both of which our readers will doubtless remember.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Amateur Photography.

[*Continued from p.* 319.]

Section II.—Architecture.

In this section we offered prizes of 20*s.* and 10*s.* respectively, for the best and second best photographs. So excellent, however, is much of the work submitted to us that we gladly increase this promised 30*s.* to a very much larger sum, and apportion it thus:—

"Interiors."

Prizes 15s. each.

Harry Wade (aged 14), 3, East Bank Terrace, Stockton Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester.

Henry Leach (aged 15), Elgin Villa, Stoke-on-Trent.

Prizes—Half-guinea each.

R. W. Hannington (aged 22), Dorchester, New Brunswick, Canada.

R. L. Evans (aged 15), 8, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead.

Evelyn M. Whitehead (aged 22), Deighton Grove, York.

"Exteriors," etc.

Prizes 15s. each.

John Edsforth (aged 18), 53, Pitt Street, Accrington, Lancs.

F. H. Lewis (aged 17), 35, Broad Street, Reading.

Prizes—Half-guinea each.

D. Dore (aged 25), 27, Newark Drive, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

A. E. Raper (aged 20), Alston House, Bradford, Yorks.

Prizes 7s. 6d. each.

F. H. Davies (aged 22), 265, Coventry Road, Birmingham.

S. Mayle (aged 22), 124, Parliament Street, Derby.

J. H. Pilling (aged 18), 11, Rosslyn Terrace, Sunderland.

Certificates.

[*The names marked with an asterisk.*]

1 E. Winn, The Uplands, Selly Hill, Birmingham.

J. F. Mitchell, St. Fillans, Crieff, Perthshire.

3 Walter Thexless, Cadenham, Brisley, Norwich.

Arthur R[illegible]gh, 98, Highgate Road, [illegible].

5 John L. Dennis, 24, Swarthmore Terrace, South Stockton.

6 Hugh C. Taylor, Bhowani, St. Stephen's Road, Hounslow.

A. Forrest, 14, Market Street, Pontypridd.

9 Nicholson, 7, South [illegible] Road, Upstream.

John [illegible], 2, Cathcart [illegible], Upper Norwood, S.E.

Arthur [illegible] H. Brown, [illegible].

Cecil M[illegible]ell, Broadstone House, Dartmouth.

Robert [illegible]e, 2, The Limes, Hornyold Road, Malvern.

13 F. Fenwick, 37, Northumberland Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

J. P. Jenkins, Hazlemere, St. John's Road, Clifton, Bristol.

[illegible], 142, [illegible], Bridgeton.

17 H. H. P[illegible], 16, Liverpool Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

W. Reed, [illegible], Falmouth.

19 F. H. F[illegible], Marine Parade, Dartmouth.

E. B. [illegible], Tobago, [illegible].

L. B. Beaton, Preston, Chesterfield.

W. T. Cliffe, Marine Villa, Castleford, Yorks.

J. S. Alment, 47, Carysfort Avenue, Blackrock, Dublin.

23 E. C. Higgs, 44, Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill.

G. W. Jenkins, 17, Land Street, Croydon.

L. Thomas, 130, Englefield Road, Canonbury, N.

Hugh C. Taylor [*Address omitted*].

L. Price, Cambria, Solsbro' Road, Chelston, Torquay.

G. P. Waters, Marlborough House, Lower Addiscombe Road, Croydon, Surrey.

H. Levick, 76, Hampton Road, Birchfields, Birmingham.

Percy A. Rainer, Wolsey Gate, Ipswich.

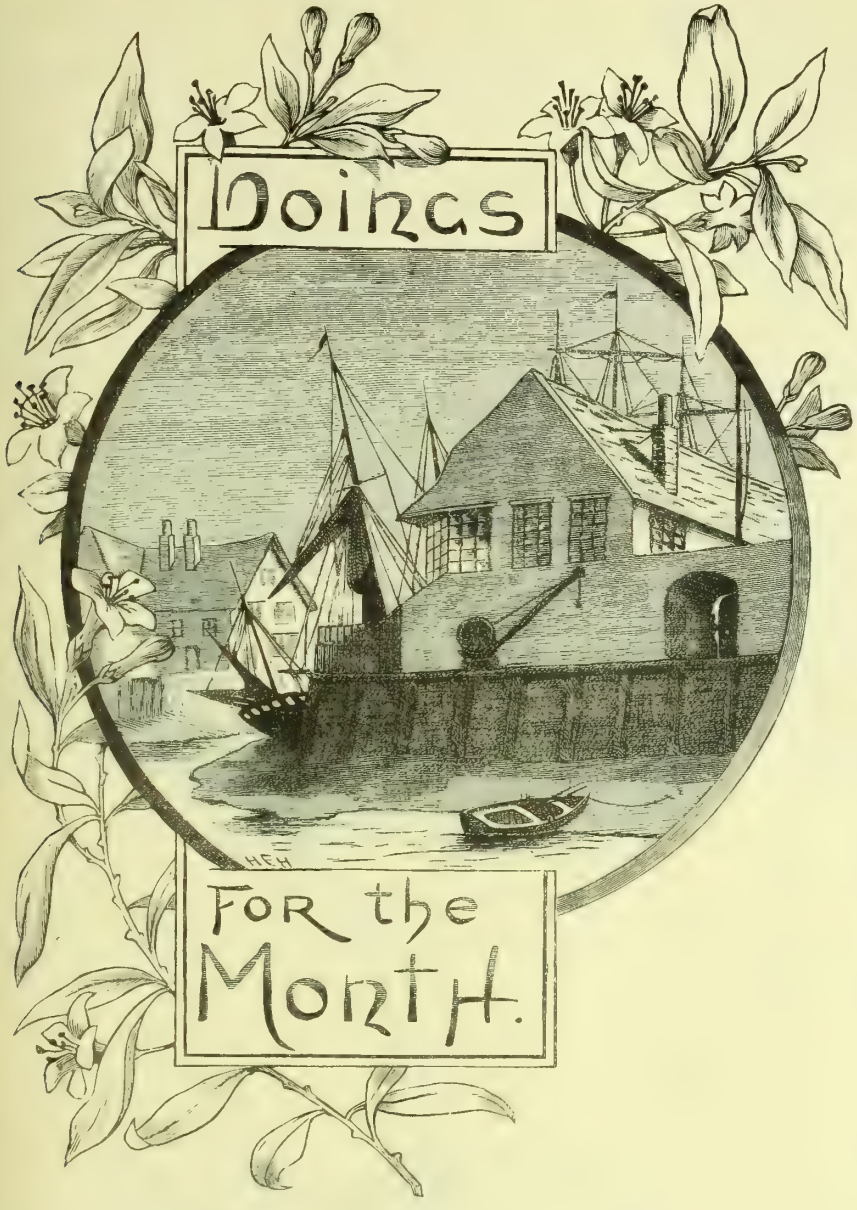
W. Harrison, Moss Road, Urmston.

32 A. O. Joynson, Church Street, Ellesmere, Salop.

Laidler, 40, Northumberland Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

C. W. A. Rosser, Landscore, Weston-super-Mare.

*** It will be noticed that as there is only one "over age" competitor who gains a place, we give his name in the order to which his work, irrespective of age, entitles him.



MARCH.

I.—In Poultry-Run, Pigeon-Loft, Aviary, Rabbitry, Caviary, etc.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

The Poultry-Run.—The weather has been what seamen call "a sneezer." Yet it is to be hoped that during even the wildest weather some of our boy henwives have managed to get an egg or two for the breakfast table. I know eggs have been scarce because they have been dear, and I've had to buy. New laid, mind you, not "*fresh* laid," "Irish," nor "French," and the price has been going up, up, up, the number for a shilling down, down, down. Mona, a young Newfoundland of mine, used to carry the eggs home in a basket. Eight a shilling, seven, six, five, four! That was the minimum. But I began to think and so did Mona—that by-and-by we would have to give that greengrocer the shilling and not get any eggs at all. Well, now Spring is coming, with buds and birds and blooming flowers—and sitting hens. I hope there are chickens as well. When a Dorking, for instance, means business, it won't be a shower of snow that will scare, nor a high wind and a shower of chimney-pots either; only mind this, she must have a quiet place wherein to brood, plenty of *hard* food and *soft* water, a dust bath, and light. Don't expect the creature to thrive in a dark cellar. Grass itself grows white down there, and so would the poor hen's lungs and liver. There will be many cold days even in this month; so mind, feed chicks well and give warm food. Spratt's chicken food is worth a deal. But good oatmeal, draggled with milk, is very excellent. Feed early and late. Let all fowls now have plenty of exercise and green stuff. Keep everything clean. A hen hates a dirty nesting box, for instance. People often wonder why their hens lay away at the foot of hedgerows or in hay stacks. It is as often as not because the fowl house is filthy. Get coops ready for chickens, and in fine weather put the hen on the grass. Make your own coops.

The Pigeon-Loft.—Well, I suppose you know by this time the plan usually adopted for mating pigeons. It is simple enough. You procure the cock and hen, of good stock and sound health, and place them near each other in pens. They will become acquainted in a few days' time. Some boys—I know this for a fact—have tried to mate two hens, but the result was not a bumper success. Be sure then that the sex is all right. Only a breeder can tell you this. Give the best food you can get for money. Clean wholesome seeds, not too old. Read back Doings for pigeon food. Fill the hoppers overnight. If you starve a pigeon for even a few hours at this season, grief is sure to come. Let me warn you again against the sin—it is nothing short of it—of overcrowding the loft. Keep everything about the loft sweet and clean and *dry*, and light and airy also. Salt cat must not be forgotten.

The Aviary.—Well, the mating month is with us once again. Have you birds to mate? Remember they must be young and healthy, and well up in properties. The rule for matching—I don't mean mating—may be briefly stated as follows: Let the cock be, if anything, the more characteristic of the pair; if the hen has any point weak, let the cock be strong in that, and *vice versâ*; though, of course, both should be as close to the standard of perfection as possible. Well, having chosen your birds, keep them in separate rooms till about the middle or, better, last quarter of the month. Meanwhile, get your breeding cage down from the garret, and wash with boiling water and carbolic soap. Get a little eau-de-cologne from your chemist with one grain of corrosive sublimate to the ounce in it, and after you have thoroughly scoured and sun-dried the cage, go over the cracks with this. Sun-dry it again, and finish off by using a little Sanitas Fluid all over. Mate as described in pigeon-loft. Use the German breeding cage. Give bread-crumb and egg food, a spoonful a day for each bird, and the usual seeds, with green food, sand, and fresh *soft filtered* water.

The Rabbitry and Caviary.—I am always pitching into my rabbit boys. I don't know why, unless it is from knowing that the bunny is the most neglected pet a boy has. The rule with rabbit-keeping lads, is to feed just when they think of it, to bed seldom, to leave roots and greens kicking about all over the slip, to keep their bunnies in dirty, vile-smelling, leaky hutches, and never let them out for a run or a blink of sunshine. Now boys who use their rabbits thus ought to be kept for a week in a soda tub and fed on chitlings through bars in front, as bears are. Fact! Guinea-pig boys are just a little better. Not very much. Did it ever strike you, my lads, that it is most inhuman, most cruel, to keep either a rabbit or cavy in a cage or hutch, and never let it out to stretch its legs and gambol in the light and sunshine? Now, this is a good time to begin going in for rabbits, but before you buy any, get a nice convenient place to keep them in. It *must* have lots of light, and be dry and free from draughts. The hutches should be as large as possible, off the ground, but not a mile up in the air, as this necessitates catching the bunnies when you want them to have a run. Buy only good, healthy, full-eyed, happy-looking bunnies, and see that their skins are clean; look well to hocks and ears. The buck should be about twelve months old, the doe about eight. They go in kindle thirty days or thereabouts; the young are born naked; the buck must be taken away, and the young not interfered with, except to peep in the second day to remove a dead one. The doe must be extra well fed when in kindle; and while suckling, have warm mashes of bread, mealed potatoes, bran, etc. In about a fortnight's time the young rabbits will be ready to come down to breakfast.

The Kennel.—The muzzle has been revoked—for a time—in London. If dogues were cows wouldn't doggie cow! But I greatly fear I cannot advise you to burn the muzzle: it will be wanted again. Meanwhile give your pet plenty of grooming and exercise, and feed not only well, but with regularity.

Our Gardens.—I devoted quite a long piece to this subject last month. Read it please. And are you getting in the seeds, all sorts. See where there's plenty of sunshine. Mind this; vegetables will not grow well near hedges or trees. Trim walks and borders, and tidy up wherever seen. Sow spring flowers where they are to grow. Give manure, and cover [illegible] raised on sides of earth, [illegible] start.

II.—Entomology.

By the Rev. Theodore Wood.

If the weather be [illegible] lepidopterist may fairly [illegible] month, *Nyssia hispidaria* [illegible] several localities near [illegible] perspicillaris most [illegible] wood, which is a [illegible] moth, also appears on the [illegible] street lamps after dark. [illegible] special pet of mine [illegible] beeches. At West Wickham Wood I once [illegible] a hundred specimens in [illegible] with their wings [illegible] Tortrix locality is [illegible] for the rare [illegible] Pionea (*Botys cruralis*) [illegible] on the fence surrounding Addington Park. Look out on pine trunks for the exquisite Pine Beauty (*Trachea piniperda*). But its hues are so exactly those of a piece of newly-broken bark that, without very great care, you will certainly overlook it.

By about the third week in March the sallows ought to be blossoming; and then, if all is coming, you can fill your boxes with the *Tæniocampæ*. The best plan, where the position of the bushes allows, is to spread a good-sized sheet beneath, and then shake them *gently* over it. The half-intoxicated moths come tumbling heavily down, and lie for a minute or two, pretending to be dead, so that you can ply the pill-box without difficulty. So attractive are the catkins, that I have seen as many as a couple of hundred moths on the sheet at once; and hard work it was to overhaul them.

Where sallows do not grow, you may begin work with the treacle-pot; but moths will not come freely to the artificial bait when they can find the natural. *Tæniocampa instabilis* will probably puzzle you a good deal. It is very common, and exceedingly variable, and you will have to take quite a number of specimens in order to obtain a representative series. Look out for the "plums," *T. populeti*, *T. stabilis*, *T. cerasographa*, and *T. opima*. They are all local, but sometimes fairly plentiful where they occur. Such hibernating insects as the two Chestnuts and *Scopelosoma satellitia* will turn up in numbers. But in almost every case they will be terribly the worse for wear, and, unless you happen to be badly in want of specimens, you will do well to pass them by.

Beetles begin to appear with the first warm and sunny days of March. The curious oil beetles (*Meloe*) may be found crawling on grassy banks. These are troublesome creatures to set, as they have to be stuffed with cotton wool. But the operation is not a difficult one, if a pair of fine scissors and a strong hooked needle are forthcoming. Slit the *lower* surface of the abdomen, and, in inserting the cotton wool, be very careful to preserve the contour of the body.

If you happen to live near the sea-side, search the shore well. Especially along the foot of the cliffs, and under half-decayed sea-weed, beetles may be found in myriads, and one is often quite embarrassed by their numbers. Damp, sandy places *near* the shore, too, are usually very productive, and an hour's work at these will often furnish the collector with more specimens than he can manage to set in a week.

Correspondence.

SQUIRRELS AND WAGTAILS (L. M.).—1. You may keep a squirrel out of doors in well-protected cage only in fine weather during winter. In the wild state it is different, squirrels take so much exercise. 2. Food; various, German paste, seeds, insects, ants' eggs, and a little bruised hemp-seed.

SWANS (New Zealand).—You do not feed them half enough, nor do they have range enough to find food for themselves.

TONGUE WHITE (L. A. L.).—Indigestion. More exercise, bath, etc., and a rhubarb pill every second night.

BUTTERFLY.—Your insects' eggs are not well enough drawn and coloured for us to identify them all. Only a very accurate figure indeed is of any real use. Of the lepidoptera, No. 1 is the Common Blue butterfly (*Lycæna Alexis* or *Icarus*); No. 2 is either a female of the same, or a Brown Argus (*L. Agrestis*), we cannot say which; No. 3 is a Large Yellow Underwing (*Triphæna pronuba*); No. 4 looks like *Melanippe montanata*, the Silverground Carpet; No. 5 is the Common Shell moth (*Camptogramma bilineata*); No. 6 is unrecognisable; and No. 7 is the V moth (*Halia wavaria*). On the drawings of the eggs we cannot pretend to pronounce. No. 6 looks like that of the common sparrow.

FLYING MACHINE (B. H. Parsons).—You should have read the instructions more carefully before attempting to make the machine. Why did you not cut off the heads of the screws as directed? From your description you seem to have screwed the flyer to the reel, which would naturally prevent it ascending!

INDUCTION COIL (O. W. D.).—1. It is rather hard to see why, if the coil works at all, it should not go on working. The screw being loose may have something to do with it, as, if it shifts only slightly, it may be too far for the armature to be attracted to the core. You had better make it work tightly; there is no reason why the bottom of the gas globe should not answer. The join in the wire would not signify if you joined it well, and covered it over again. The real fault is probably owing to not having used platinum foil on the armature, as the wire must be very thin, and not allow of any movement of the screw without the platinum point getting over the edge. Try a piece of foil bent round the armature temporarily for an experiment. If it works better you can solder it on. Of course you are sure that the battery is working properly? 2. Depends on the voltage of the lamp. If only 4½ volts, three cells, as described in the article "Electric Lamps," would work it.

TONING SOLUTION (Canadian Reader).—1. The best practical toning formula is the acetate of soda. Use 2 grains of chloride of gold, 60 grains of acetate of soda, and 10 ounces of water; leave till next day. Put the dish, with the prints and the toning solution, into another larger one of hot water. They should tone in a few minutes to a deep purple or brown. Throw the bath away after toning a sheet and a half; it will only waste your gold to add more to it, and it is just as little trouble to make it fresh each time, with practically a certainty of success. 2. The sensitising solution is simply a solution of nitrate of silver, the strength of which varies according to the albuminised paper employed. The maker from whom you get the paper will tell you what strength will suit it. As a rule the strength is 60 grains nitrate of silver to each ounce of solution. It must be made with distilled water.

LUMP ON NECK (J. A.).—Yes; it will stop you from entering either service if it is a glandular swelling.

TAMING HEDGEHOGS (Prickles).—Only by kindness and good food, porridge and milk and anything in the insect way they can pick up.

TRAINING BEFORE JOINING A CLUB (Arnold).—You are right to think of this. Take three weeks' hard walking exercise; begin with a mile, and increase to seven or eight with now and then a spurt of running, and live temperately in every way.

FOWL RUN (E. A. R.).—Too long to answer here. We may be giving a paper or two on Fowls soon; meantime, refer to back vols.

TAMING PIGEONS (Phillis).—Feed them first a little way off, then nearer and nearer, and then from a basket in your hand, finally from your shoulder.

"ANOTHER CONVERT FOR DR. GORDON STABLES" (Plodder).—Well, we are glad you are. Stick to the bath and exercise. Never think evil, far less act it, and you will sleep better and grow up a big, strong, happy man.

RED NOSE AND FLUSHING (Old Reader).—Your employment is rather close. Keep your windows open. Live as well as possible. Your trouble comes from a somewhat weak heart, which time and exercise alone can strengthen.

DOG'S EYE SCRATCHED BY A CAT (Gladys).—It is too late now, we fear. The dog must be either better or blind. But hot fomentations was the correct treatment, and rest in a dark apartment.

RABBIT MANGY (H. E. W.).—Filth and damp are the cause of bareness round eyes. Give clean hutch, and clean bedding. Use zinc ointment round eyes.

NERVOUSLY ILL (Penitent).—Glad you are penitent. We trust in time. Obey all the laws of health. Be out of doors all you can. Read good books. Keep good company. For medicine, a teaspoonful of Fellows' Syrup twice a day in water after meals. Avoid quacks and keep your thoughts pure. Take a cold bath every morning with a handful of sea-salt in it dissolved overnight.

GUINEA-PIGS IN WINTER (Piggie).—Take the hutch indoors. They are hardy, but frost may kill them in a night.

BOW LEGS, ETC. (Hare and Others).—1. Only a surgeon can treat bow legs. You cannot do so yourself. 2. Indigestion. 3. Any cause for your bad dreams? If so, remove it, as you value your future welfare. Read answer to Nervously Ill.

GUINEA-PIGS (A. S. T.).—Leave the daddy with the mother. He will attend to the young. Feed extra well now.

SOAP, ETC. (Xeres).—1. Sanitas, Pumiline, and Pears' are best. 2. *Vide* any book on botany. 3. Indigestion.

EMBROCATION AFTER RUNNING (Greenock).—It really isn't needed, but you might take a bath and then rub with rose-scented olive oil.

KEPLER'S EXTRACT OF MALT FOR NERVOUSNESS (Despair).—Yes; but read answer to Nervously Ill. Don't despair.

THE HAIR (Old Reader).—We don't believe in washing it too much. Get a moderately hard brush and use it twice a day. This stimulates the roots.

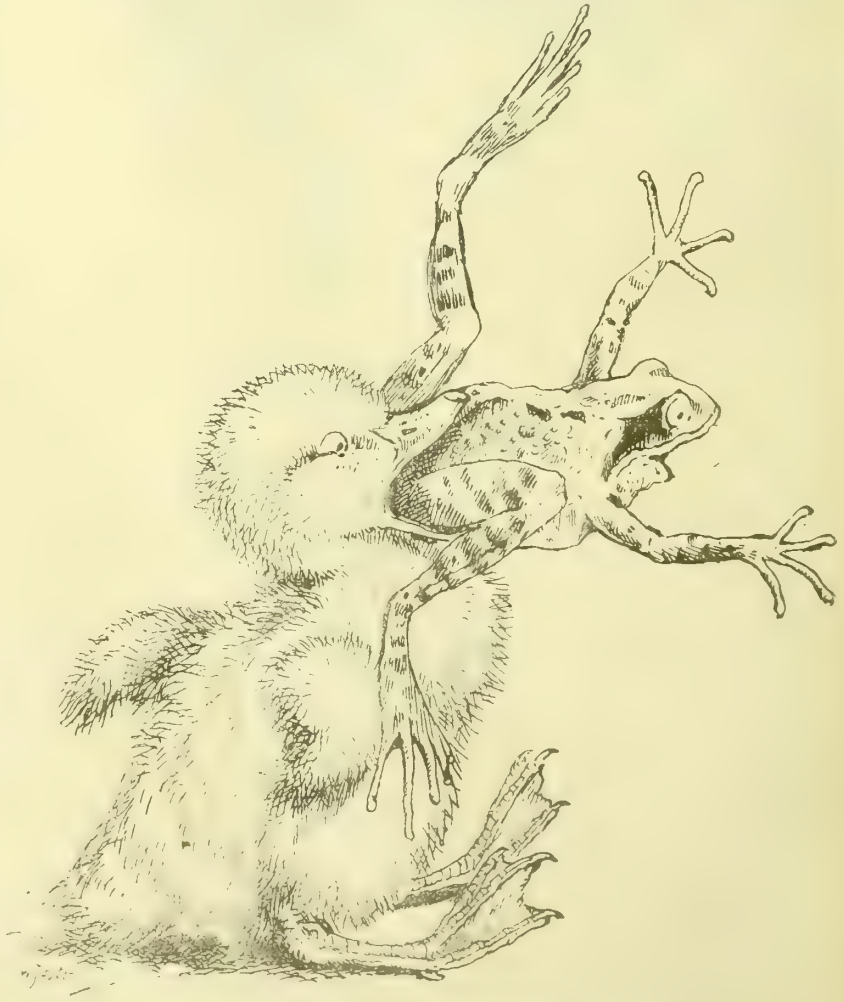
B.O.P. EXTRAS (Major).—It is not intended that the Summer and Christmas numbers should be bound up in the cases supplied by us. They are all out of print within a few days of publication. We might avoid this, of course, by printing more, but we do not care to do so. We might print too many, and we would rather not.

IVANHOE.—1. Try Langbridge's "What to read at Entertainments." 2. Boys are not all alike. Some are much younger than others for their age, and with such their voices change later. In a few cases there is no change at all. 3. Of Scott's Poetical Works there is a nice edition at 3*s.* 6*d.*, published by F. Warne & Co. It is called the Lansdowne. For the prose works you had better write for a price list to A. & C. Black, Edinburgh.

AUGUSTUS.—1. In no modern gymnasium do dumb-bells now exceed two pounds in weight. The present dumb-bell exercise is not adapted for heavy things. If you want weight you must get clubs. 2. See our table of height, weight, and measurement; we cannot give the figures for every individual who chooses to write to us. 3. The best exercises for developing the arms and chest are dumb-bell exercises; and the best treatise on the subject as yet is the one reprinted in our "Indoor Games."

S. HALSE.—The county of London is merely a county for administrative purposes. It has nothing whatever to do with the geographical divisions, and your school books remain correct.

W. P. LALOR.—You will find all about it in Franklin Fox's "How to send a Boy to Sea," price 1*s.*, published by F. Warne & Co., 15 Bedford Street, Strand. We get half-a-dozen letters a day on the same subject, and, if we were to notice them, would have to keep an answer always in type.



A SIGN OF SPRINGTIDE.

"If you can swallow that, you can swallow anything!"



THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER"] GROVER & Co., Nottingham. [56, *Paternoster Row.*

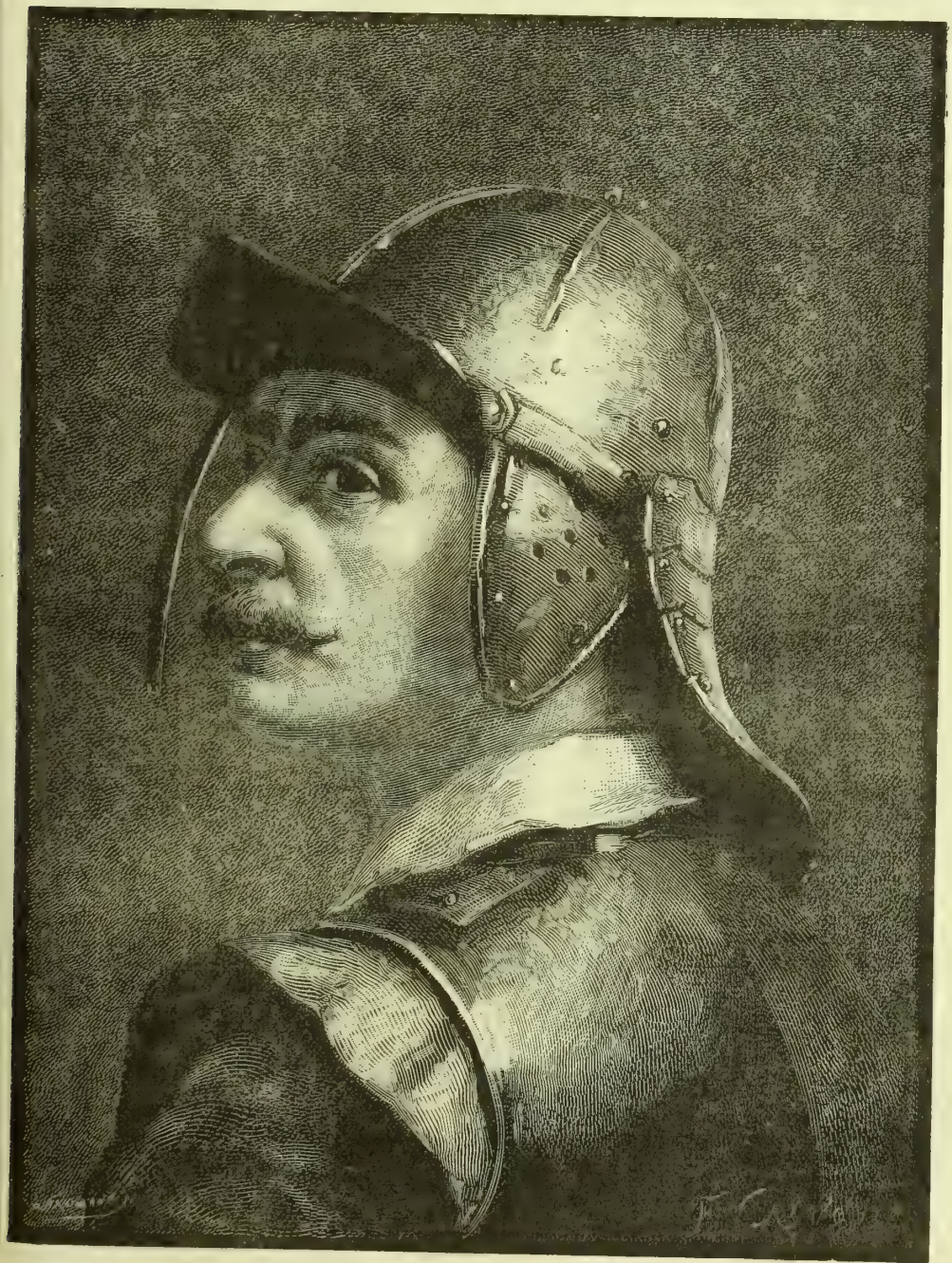
"ASHORE."

Painted by F. BRANGWYN, R.B.A.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, 1889.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 634.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



A Cromwellian Soldier.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* F. CALVERT.)

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—CARRIED NEM. CON.

IT must not be supposed that in the midst of the excitement of school politics the intellectual side of the Fellsgarth juniors' life was being quite neglected.

On the contrary, they complained that so far from being neglected it was rather overdone.

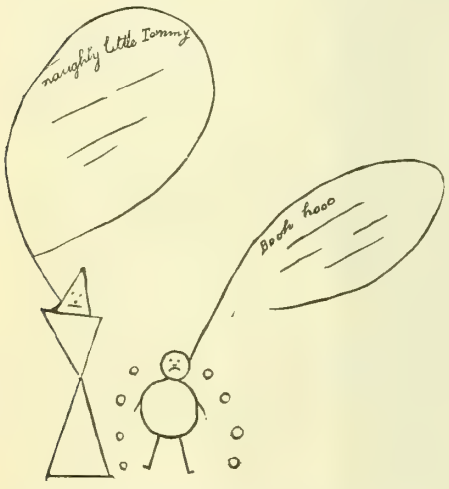
The Classic juniors, for instance, suffered many things at the hands of the cheerful Mr. Stratton, who really worked hard to instil into their opening minds some rudiments of those studies from which their side took its name. He took pains to explain not only when a thing was wrong, but why; and, unlike some of his calling, he devoted his chief attention to his most backward boys. This was his great offence in the eyes of D'Arcy and Wally and some of their fraternity, because under the arrangement they came in for the special attention alluded to.

"That kid," said Wally, one day, *sotto voce*, as class was proceeding, "has no more idea of teaching than my hat. We don't get a chance to do things ourselves, with him always mess ing about and looking over. It's rude to look over. I mean to mark my exercise *private* in future."

"The thing is," said D'Arcy, "if he'd anything original to say it wouldn't matter so. But he's always talking the same old rot about roots. What's the use of a root, I should like to know, if you can't bury it? Eh, kid?"

Fisher II, to whom the question was addressed, did not know, and remarked that they didn't teach Latin here the same way as when he learned from a governess at home.

He regretted this admission almost as soon as he had made it. For Wally and D'Arcy immediately got paper and began to draw fancy portraits of Fisher II learning Latin under the old *régime*. The point of these illustrations was not so much in the figures as in the conversation. The figures were more or less unlike the originals; at least, Fisher II declared that the three isosceles triangles piled by Wally one on the top of the other were not a bit like his governess; while the plum pudding on two sticks, with a little pudding above for a head which emitted four huge tears, the size of an orange, from



either eye, he regarded as a simple libel on himself. In one sense the likenesses were speaking—that is, a gibbous balloon proceeded from the mouth of each figure, wherein the following dialogue was indicated. "*Governess.*—'Naughty little Tommy-wommy, didn't know his Latin. Tommy must have a smack when he goes bye-bye.' *Tommy.*—'Booh, hoo, how now, yow, wow, oh my. I'll tell my ma!'"

"Bring up that paper, Wheatfield," said Mr. Stratton.

Wally made a wild grab at Ashby's exercise, and was proceeding to take it up when the master stopped him.

"Not that; the other, Wheatfield. Bring it immediately."

Whereupon Wally with shame had to rejoice Ashby's heart by restoring his exercise, and take up in its place the fancy portrait.

Mr. Stratton gazed attentively and critically at this work of art.

"Not at all well done, Wheatfield," said he. "Sit down at my table here and draw me thirty copies of it before you leave this room. Next boy, go on."

Wally confessed, in later life, that of all the impositions he had had in the course of his chequered career, none had been more abominable and wearisome than this. Oh, how he got to detest that governess and her ward, and how sickening their talk became before the task was half over!

He sat in that room nearly three hours by the clock, groaning over his task, and when at last he went in search of Mr. Stratton with the original and thirty copies in his hand, he felt as limp and flabby, bodily and mentally, as he had ever done in his life.

Mr. Stratton, who was having tea in his own room, examined each picture in turn, and rejected two as not fair copies of the original.

"Do these two again—here," said he.

Wally meekly obeyed. He had not a kick left in him.

"That's better," said the young master when they were done. "Now sit down and have some tea."

It was a solemn meal. Mr. Stratton went quietly on with his meal, looking up now and then to see that his guest was supplied with bread and butter and cake and biscuits. Wally was equally silent. He felt sore against the master, but he liked his cake—and the tea was "tip-top."

The ceremony came to an end about the same time as the cake, and then Mr. Stratton said, pointing to the papers,

"You can put them in the fire now, Wheatfield."

Wally obeyed with grim satisfaction.

"Thanks. You can go now. You must come another day and bring your friends. Good-bye," and he shook hands.

"I wonder if the chap's all there," said Wally to himself as he limped over to his quarters. "He forgot to jaw me. Wonder if I ought to have reminded him? Wonder who he gets his cake from? I wouldn't care for many more impots like that. It was pretty civil of him asking me to tea, when you come to think of it. Not sure I sha'n't back him up a bit this half, and make the chaps do so too. Wonder if he meant all four of us to come to tea? One cake wouldn't go round. Besides, there's no saying how that young cad Fisher II would behave."

This little episode was not without its effect on all the occupants of Wally's study. For that young gentleman had not the slightest intention of turning over a new leaf by himself. No, bother it; if he was going to "back up" Stratton, the other fellows would have to back up too.

His one grief was that the stock of impositions stored up by the industry of the two new boys would not be likely to be wanted now, which would be wicked waste. D'Arcy had already occasionally drawn on them, and one day nearly spoiled the whole arrangement by taking up to Mr. Wakefield fifty lines of Virgil precisely five minutes after they had been awarded. Fortunately, however, his hands were exceedingly grimy at the time, so that Mr. Wakefield sent him back for ablutions before he would communicate with him. And in the interval he fortunately discovered his error, and instead of taking up the imposition with his clean hands, he delighted the master with a knotty inquiry as to one of the active tenses of the Latin verb "To be."

However, there was no saying when the impositions might not come in useful, and meanwhile Ashby and Fisher II were taken off the job and ordered to sit-up hard with their work for Stratton.

"You know," said Wally, propounding his scheme of moral reform in a little preliminary speech, "you kids are not sent up here to waste your time. No more's D'Arcy."

"How do you know what I was sent up here for?" said D'Arcy. "It wasn't to hear your jaw."

"Shut up. I've just been having tea with Stratton, and we were talking about you chaps, him and I—I mean he and me."

"You didn't get on to English grammar, did you, while you were about it?" asked Ashby.

"No. Look here, you chaps, no larks. It would be rather a spree if we put our back into it this term, wouldn't it?—beastly sell, you know, for the others; and rather civil to Stratton too, for asking us to tea."

This last argument was more impressive than the first; and the company said they supposed they might.

"All right—of course we may have to shut off a lark or two, but unless we stick—— Hullo, I say, look at those Modern chaps down there punting a football on our side of the path! Cheek! Why, it's Cash and my young brother. I say, let's go and drive them off, you fellows."

So the four descended, and a brisk scrimmage ensued which resulted in the complete rout of the invaders and the capture of their football.

With which tremendous prize the victorious army returned to quarters and continued their discussion on moral reform.

"Yes, as I was saying, we shall have to stick to it a bit. But young Stratton'll make it worth our while, I fancy."

This hidden allusion to the tea and cakes completed the speaker's argument, and the party forthwith sat down with one ink-pot among them for preparation.

As it happened, the preparation for the day was an English essay on "Your favourite Animal," with special attention to the spelling and the stops.

It was always a sore point with the Classic juniors to be set an English lesson. They could understand being taught Latin, but they considered they ought to be exempt from writing and spelling their own language. It wasn't Classics, and they didn't like it, and they oughtn't to be let in for it. However, it was no use growling; and as the subject (apart from the spelling and points) was a congenial one, it seemed a fair opening for the commencement of their reformed career.

"Look here," said Wally, "don't let's all have the same beast. I'm going to have a dog."

"Oh, I wanted a dog," said Fisher II.

"Can't; he's bagged. Have a cat?"

"No, I don't like cats—can't I write about a dog too?"

"That would be rot. Haven't you got the whole of Noah's Ark to pick from—lions, tigers, ants, hippopotamuses, cobra de capellos?"

"How much?" asked D'Arcy. "Are they good to eat?"

"Uncommon good. Will you take cobra de capellos?"

"All right," said D'Arcy; "I don't mind."

"I shall take pigs," said Ashby.

"There you are," said Wally; "there's lots left. You have cows, kid——"

"No—if you won't let me have the dog——"

"Dog in the Wheatfield. Joke!—laugh you chaps," interjected D'Arcy.

"I shall have rabbits," said Fisher II.

"Good old rabbits! Did you ever keep any? What were their names?" said Wally.

"Don't you know?" said Ashby, solemnly. "One was called 'How,' and the other 'Now,' weren't they, Fisher II?"

Whereupon there was mirth at the expense of Fisher II.

Silence having been procured, D'Arcy began to write.

"'Cobbrer de Capillars is my favrite—' What is it? Bird, beast, or fish, Wally?"

"Shut up; bird, of course."

"'Bird,' continued the essayist. 'It was in Nore's arck and is good eating'—that's all I know about it. Tell us something more, Wally, there's a good chap."

"Oh, bother. Don't go disturbing, it spoils everything."

"'The cobberer oart not to be disterbd for it spoyls everything—it spoyls your close and'—wire in, Wally, what else does it do? You might tell a chap."

"What I'll do to you, you cad, and that's pull your nose if you don't shut up," retorted Wally, who was busy over his own theme.

"'—and puls yore knows if yore a cad, and don't shut up.' There, bother it, that ought to do—twelve lines. Good enough for him."

"Stuck in the stops?" asked Ashby.

"No; by the way—glad you reminded me—I suppose about every four words, eh?"

"Something about that," said Ashby.

So D'Arcy sprinkled a few stops judiciously through his copy, and having done so began to upbraid his partners for their slowness.

Some time was lost in suppressing him, but he was eventually disposed of under the bath, which was turned upside down to accommodate him and sat upon by the other three, who were thus able to continue their work in peace.

Ashby was done first. He had a congenial subject and wrote *con amore*.

"'I shall now say something about the pig which is my favourite annimal—The pig is a quadruped—Sometimes he is male in which case he is called a hog. Sometimes he is female in which case he is called a sow. Pigs were rings in their noses and are fond of apple-peal. Their young are called litter and are very untidy in their habbits. Pig's cheek is nice to eat and pork in season is a treat.' (The writer was very proud of this little outbreak of poetry.)

"'It is preferrablest roast with sage and apple sauce. I hope I have now described the pig and told you why he is my favourite.'"

Fisher II, on the uncongenial topic of the rabbit, found composition difficult and punctuation impossible.

"'I like rabbits next best to dogs which Wally has taken mine were black and white one was one and the other the other the white one died first of snuffles he had lobears the other had the same pequliarity and was swoped for 2 white mice who eskaped the first night owing to the size of the bars there is a kind of rabbit called welsh rabbit that my father is fond of he says it goes best on toast but I gave mine oats and bran it is a mistake for boys to keep rabbits because first they give them too much and burst them and then they give them too little and starve them which is not wright and makes the rabbit skinny to eat if a boy feeds rabbits well he can get his mother to give him half-a-crown a peace to make pies of them which is very agreable so I therefore on this account consider rabbits favourites.'"

Before this conclusion had been reached, Wally, with a complacent smile, had laid down his pen, flattering himself he had made a real good thing of the dog. He scorned commonplace language, and mindful of the eloquent periods of certain newspapers of his acquaintance had "let out" considerably on his favourite theme, which, if the spelling and punctuation had been as good as the language, would have been a fine performance.

"'The dog is the sublymest, gift Of beficient nature to the zografical Speeches, He has been the Confidenshul playmate of; man since before the creation. he Is compounded of the most plezing trays and Generaly ansers to the endeering name of carlo? if you put his noes at the extremity of a rat-Hole he: will continue their ad libbitums till he has, his man; In Barberous lands there is an exorable law ordayning muscles but It can be invaded by a little desepshun and sang frore, as one side of the streat is not unfrequentedly Outside the rools so! that if you take him that side the politician cannot Run him in which is the wulgar for lagging him for not [waring Mussles I have] ockasionaly done bobys this Way myself so that I am convinzed of my voracity. the lesson we learn from this is that dogs should be treeted kindly and not Injected to unkind tretemant there? was Ice a dog with the pattrynamic of dognes who lived in a tub but; tubs are not helthy kenels because, they Roal when you dont stick brix under, which teechus to be kind "to our" fello animals and pleze Our masters—I will. Only include by adding that dogs like-cake? which Shoes how like they are to boys who: have kind masters that they strive to pleas in evvery way in Their incapacity as the righter of this esay strives ever to endevor.'"

"That ought to fetch him," said the delighted author, as he dotted his last "i," and released D'Arcy from under the bath. "Now I vote we stow it, and——"

Here there was a loud knock at the door and a senior's voice calling, "Open the door, you youngsters."

The intruder was Dangle, at sight of whom the backs of our four heroes went up.

"What do you young cads mean by bagging one of our balls?" said the Modern senior. "Give it me directly."

"It doesn't belong to you," said Wally; "it's my young brother's."

"Do you hear?—give it to me," said Dangle.

"He can fetch it if he wants it. You're not our prefect," retorted Wally.

None of the four were more astounded than Wally himself at the audacity of this speech. It must have been due to the exhilarating effect of his tea and essay combined.

Dangle was evidently unprepared for defiance of this sort and became threatening.

"If you don't give me that ball at once, I'll give the lot of you the best hiding you ever had in your lives."

"Try it. We're not going to give up the ball. There! If Percy wants it, the sneak, let him come for it. Back up, you chaps."

In a tussle between one big boy and four small ones, the odds are usually in favour of the former, but Dangle on the present occasion did not find his task quite as easy as he expected. The juniors defended themselves with great tenacity, and although the senior's blows came home pretty hard, he could only deal with them one at a time. It got to be a little humiliating to discover that he would have to fight hard to gain his end, and his temper evaporated rapidly.

Seizing his opportunity, when Fisher II, who had been fighting perhaps the least steadily of the four—yet doggedly enough—was within reach, he struck out at him wildly, determined to get him disposed of first. It was a cruel blow even for a fellow in Dangle's plight. The small boy recoiled half stunned, and uttered a yell which for an instant startled the bully.

Before Dangle had time to recover, the three survivors were upon him tooth and nail; at the same moment the door opened again, and Rollitt, of all persons, stood in the room.

He took in the situation at a glance—the big boy white with rage, his three assailants with heads down and lips tight, pounding away, and Fisher II leaning against the wall with his handkerchief to his face.

"Stop!" said he in a voice which suspended hostilities at once. Then turning to Dangle he said—

"Get out."

Dangle glared defiantly, and remained where he was, whereupon Rollitt, without another word, lifted him in his arms like a child, and slinging him across his shoulders marched forth.

Wakefield's boys were just trooping up the staircase from the fields, and at this strange apparition stood still and made a lane for it to pass. Dangle's struggles were futile. The giant, if he was aware of them, heeded them no more than the kicking of a kitten, and proceeded deliberately down the stairs, past everybody, juniors, middle boys, prefects and all, and walked with his burden out at the door. There every one expected the scene would end.

But no. He walked on sedately across the green, indifferent as to who saw him or what they said, until he came to the door of Forder's house, where he entered. Up the stairs he stumped amid gaping juniors and menacing middle boys till he reached his captive's study; where without ceremony he deposited him, and, not vouchsafing a word, turned on his heel.

Strangely enough, no one had the presence of mind to challenge him or demand reparation for the insult to their house. He neither dawdled nor hurried.

At the door a bodyguard of Classics had assembled to meet him and escort him back. But he had no need of their services. He made his way through them as coolly as if he was coming from class; and utterly indifferent to the rising clamour and shouts behind him—for the Moderns had by this time recovered breath enough to use their tongues—reached Wakefield's, where without a word to any one he proceeded to his own study and shut himself in to continue the scientific experiments which had only been interrupted a few minutes before by the sudden cry of distress from the one boy in Fellsgarth to whom he owed the least obligation.

(To be continued.)

INAUGURATING A BLACKBOARD.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "School and the World," "The Cairn on Carn Brae," etc.

When Toller, on entering the class-room after breakfast, discovered that a brand new blackboard had taken the place of the old one in Class-room No. IV., he hastened to communicate the fact to Mackintosh and Bate, his chief chums. All three belonged to the same class; not from any choice of their own, but because their respective want of attainments was about equal.

It really was quite time that the old blackboard disappeared; it was only fit for firewood. The Rev. Hugh Hewitt, B.A., who was the master of Class-room IV., was not sparing in his use of materials, and not an hour passed but the blackboard was brought into requisition. Its face was scored all over with scratches from bad pieces of chalk: segments of circles, bits of triangles, and algebraic formulæ were all mingled in confusion, till it was hard to discover a square inch of good black surface.

Mr. Hewitt seemed to revel in demonstrations: to the undying wonder of Toller and others like him, he actually appeared to like Euclid. Now Euclid was to these youngsters an abomination. As Toller remarked, "What good did it do a fellow if he did happen to know that the two exterior angles of a triangle were equal to the interior and opposite angles?" (It was fortunate that Mr. Hewitt did not hear him enunciate so startling a proposition!)

Worst of all, Mr. Hewitt had a remarkable faculty for making Euclid still harder than it was naturally; though in all conscience it was surely unnecessary. For instance, if a boy quoted, "On the line A B describe an equilateral triangle," it upset him entirely when he saw the triangle drawn below the line instead of above as in his text-book. "Made me a gibbering idiot," said Mackintosh, describing an experience of his of this kind.

Bate had been recently put to rout somewhat similarly. He had a good memory, but no logical faculty, so he started to learn his proposition by heart. "From A to B draw the straight line A B," he began confidently. Mr. Hewitt drew the line, but remarked, "he will call the line X Y for a change." Bate looked foolish and gave the matter up as a bad job.

It never occurred to the boys that their master was trying to draw out their reasoning powers, and make their geometrical lesson of practical use, instead of its being a mere piece of parrot-like repetition. They thought they were being treated very badly, and Toller only gave vent to the general aspiration when he wished the blackboard at the bottom of the sea. A curious place for a board to repose!

The three boys stood contemplating the immaculate surface of the new board, which seemed to invite chalk marks. Toller climbed to Mr. Hewitt's desk and borrowed a stick of chalk.

"I'm going to inaugurate it," he remarked, standing with his hand poised.

"Take care," said Bate; "he'll see some one's been fooling with it."

"No, he won't; I can rub it out again."

So Toller wrote his name at full length, not being able to think of anything else just then. He added the date and then handed the chalk to Mackintosh, who wrote his name. He was about to add the date as well, but that seemed needless repetition.

Bate followed with an original remark, "Only a month to the holidays,—hurrah!" This incited the others, the chalk was broken in three pieces, and the boys amused themselves with scribbling all sorts of nonsense: "Ferris is a beast." (Ferris was an unpopular master). "Greek is gammon." "Cricket is a fine game," and other abusive or incontrovertible statements. Then they rubbed everything out, and Toller began to inscribe in large letters the fact that the Rev. Hugh Hewitt, B.A., was a —— He did not complete the statement, for Bate cried "Cave!" and with one sweep the sentence was expunged, the three boys making for the door.

It was a false alarm. Toller was about to recommence when a thought struck him. It seemed childish to write down home truths of this kind and then wipe them out; 'twould be much better fun if they could let Mr. Hewitt see their opinion of him. He suggested it to the others.

"But he'll find out who did it, and then we shall get Toko," said the cautious Mackintosh.

"No, we shan't; I've got a dodge. Let's all write down the same thing blindfold; then we'll rub two of them out, and we shan't know ourselves even who wrote the one left on. Do you see?"

They saw. But Bate pointed out practical difficulties. If they wrote blindfold everything would get mixed up. Toller showed how even then, by judicious wiping out, an intelligible residuum would remain. They experimented. It succeeded.

Then came the important question what should they write? It must not be too offensive, or the whole class would be made to suffer: at the same time, the sentence must convey a distinct reflection.

It was a difficult task to find a sufficiently epigrammatic sentence, but Toller's genius triumphed over all obstacles and evolved an inscription which was acknowledged to meet the case admirably.

"Down with Hughclid!" was his suggestion. It was double-barrelled, as he pointed out, and the shot hit both the master and his favourite study. Moreover, there was more than a suspicion of a pun about it, which made Toller rather proud.

In accordance with the understanding arrived at, each boy took his chalk and wrote the sentence blindfold. At Mackintosh's suggestion they all disguised their handwritings. When the inscriptions were complete they opened their eyes and inspected the result.

It was rather mixed, but otherwise satisfactory. Neither could point with any certainty to his own specimen.

By dint of careful wiping and an occasional touch of chalk a very respectable line of writing was ultimately left. Toller felt triumphant; he was proud of his ingenuity.

"What a lark when Hewitt sees it!" he exclaimed. "I shall burst out laughing, I'm afraid."

"'Twon't be a laughing matter if he finds out who did it," rejoined Mackintosh, sententiously.

"But how can he? We don't know ourselves, and when he asks 'Who did it?' or 'The boy who wrote this stand up,' of course we shan't take any notice. Why, if you come to think of it, if one of us were to stand up and say 'I did it,' 'twould be telling a lie."

This very novel view settled the matter. The boys saw that their duty was to keep silent. It was not their place to palter with the truth.

The three conspirators slipped out quietly one by one; no suspicion was aroused regarding the reason of their visit to the class-room. They took care not to be the first to enter the room when the bell rang, and pretended to be the victims of immense surprise when they caught sight of the blackboard with its inscription.

The class was in a Babel; the boys were in high excitement over such a piece of rash intrepidity. They expected every moment to see some boy rush forward and wipe out the bold words, but no one stirred even when Mr. Hewitt's step was heard along the corridor.

The hearts of our three scapegraces beat fast as they saw the master catch sight of the inscription. He gave a slight start of surprise, glanced round the class, and then proceeded to inspect the blackboard closely.

But he did not ask "Who did this?" nor did he tell the boy who was guilty to stand out. The three conscious malefactors wished he would. They sat in vague uneasiness. Their reason told them that they could not be found out, yet they felt very uncomfortable. Mackintosh began to hide his face with his book; he feared that every one must notice his face, which felt red hot.

At last Mr. Hewitt ended his inspection. He turned towards the class and asked quietly, "Did you write this, Toller?"

Toller gave such a start and blushed so furiously that every one at once put him down as guilty. They were surprised to hear his hesitating reply, "I don't know, sir."

"Don't know?" repeated Mr. Hewitt.

"No, sir."

Poor Toller! He had never anticipated the direct question in this form, and it struck him in a moment that though he could not say he was guilty, he was equally unable to say that he was innocent. It *might* be his writing. Who could say?

"This is somewhat curious," remarked Mr. Hewitt with a slight smile; "do you mean to say that you don't know whether you wrote this sentence or not?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Hewitt looked puzzled.

"Do you often write epigrams one hour and forget them the next?"

Toller could only reply "No, sir."

"I only see one way out of it," said the master. "As you evidently seem to know something about it I shall treat you as guilty unless some other boy can give a more intelligible explanation of how those words came on the board. I must say that I believe the second word is in your writing."

He turned to make a closer inspection. Bate and Mackintosh took the opportunity to tell Toller to make a clean breast of it. They didn't want him to suffer for the lot.

"Please, sir——" began Toller.

"What is it? Has your memory returned?"

"Yes, sir. This is how it was, sir"—and he proceeded to explain the *modus operandi*.

Mr. Hewitt listened carefully, but gave no sign of his inward amusement.

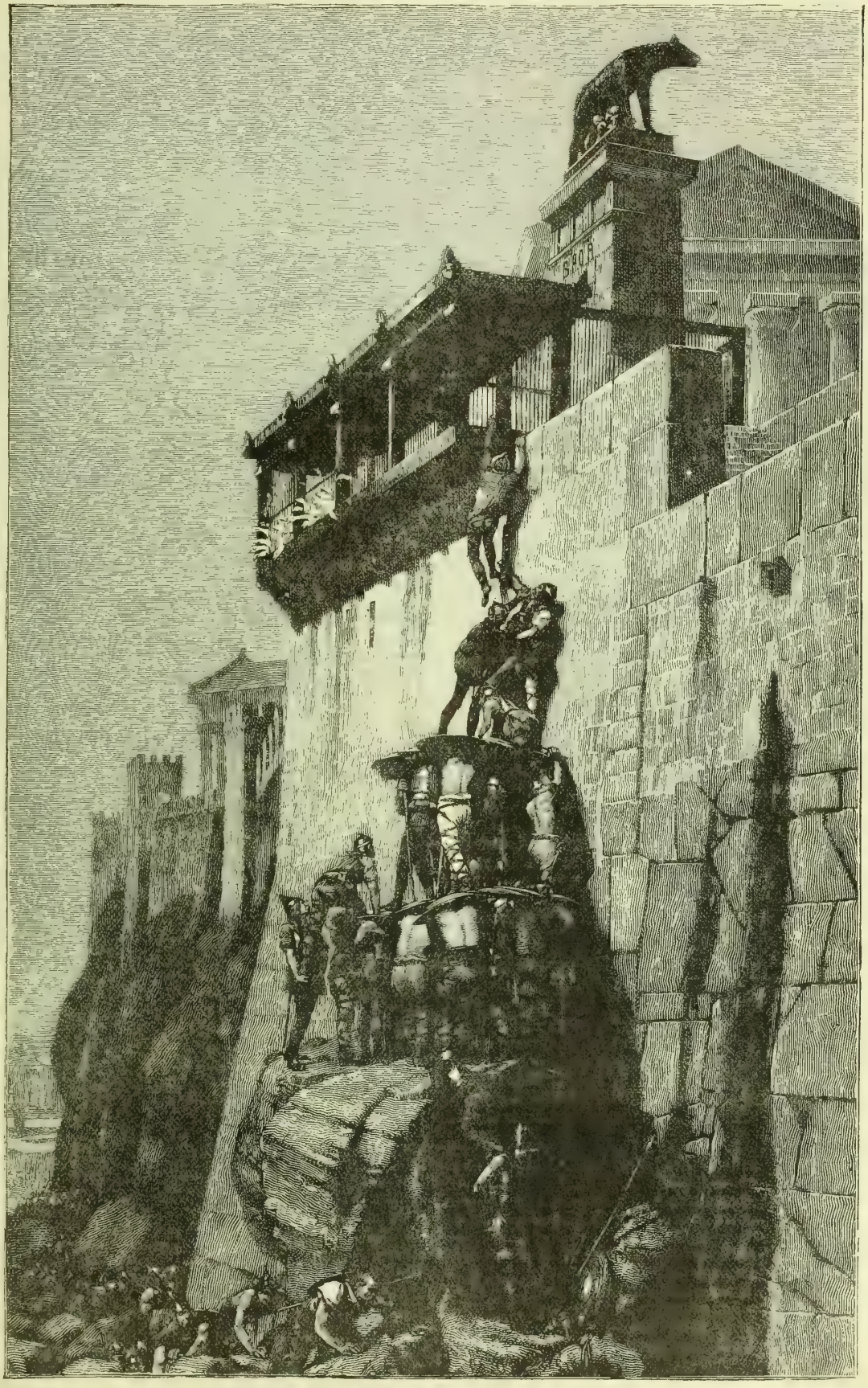
"Very ingenious," he remarked when Toller had finished; "such ingenuity must not go unrewarded."

Toller trembled.

"Each of you write out the first three propositions of the second book with altered letters. And in future try and remember that Euclid is spelt without an 'H'."

Then with one sweep of the duster the sentence disappeared for ever.

The blackboard had been inaugurated!



The Geese that saved the Capitol.—(*After* HENRI MOTTE.)

ATTACKED BY PIRATES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By Captain C. H. Ozanne, o.s.d.



"I GUESS I don't believe pirates exist in these days," drawled a pale lanky youth of about eighteen, with an accent that left no doubt as to the land of his birth. "The steam-kettles have cleared them out long ago."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied his companion, a fair-haired boy of the true British type, some two years younger, as he leant over the taffrail. "I've read lots of stories of Dyak pirates about these seas, and now and then our cruisers catch them."

"If it was the ships of the American navy, now, you kin bet that they'd be cleared out long ago. I reckon you Britishers ain't so spry, and p'raps ain't so very anxious to go up the rivers and whip 'em like we would," said the Yankee youth in his most affected drawl. He made a point of talking as oddly as he could, to prevent the risk of his being mistaken for an Englishman.

Ned Rivers wasn't as ready with his tongue as his New England companion, Nat Kansas, but he indignantly defended his countrymen against the accusation of cowardice, being fully persuaded, as every English boy worth his salt should be, that there is no sailor in the world superior to the British tar, whether it be in seamanship or in fight.

His sunburnt face flushed at the imputation, and his energetic defence of his countrymen attracted the attention of the second mate, who was pacing the deck on the other side of the ship.

Drawing nearer he listened to the conversation with a quiet smile; and, as he looked up, he caught the eye of the man at the wheel, who was listening with evident enjoyment to the discussion. The expression that passed across the face of the sailor might have been called a wink, but it was so rapid and affected his features so little that it might have been a momentary spasm of the face, especially as the other was his officer.

Be that as it may, the two understood each other, and continued to listen with amusement to the Yankee youth's brag and the English boy's defence. The speakers were entirely unconscious that they had any listeners, so deeply were they engaged in their discussion.

"Anyhow, we don't pass within a hundred miles of any pirates, I suppose," said Nat; and added, with the courage born of the absence of danger, "I only wish we did, jest to show you how an American could fix 'em."

"Well, I'm glad we shan't have the chance," said honest Ned. "I'm not sure whether I'd be afraid or not."

"Of course you would," drawled Nat, with an air of superiority; "it's in your blood."

If Ned had been better read in the history of the American Civil War, he might have retorted with some incidents that would not have gone to support this theory; but he had a more accurate knowledge of the events that took place five hundred years ago than he had of the history of the world during the present reign; and could patter off a string of dates with a facility that would delight the heart of an examiner.

"What would you have done if you had met a bushranger in Australia?" asked Ned.

Nat's usual confidence failed him for a moment. The daring escapades of Ned Kelly and his associates had been the universal theme of late in Melbourne, and the boy's lively imagination had run riot in picturing the up-country towns of Victoria as infested by roving bands of these lawless freebooters.

"Suppose you met a bushranger, and he told you to bail up," continued Ned, "would you throw up your hands and let him rob you?"

"You bet," answered Nat, regaining his confidence as he recollected his distance from Australia; "an American's as quick as any Australian with his pistol, and I'd jest shoot him on sight before he had time to know what I was up to. You only want to be ready."

"Suppose we have some pistol practice this afternoon," remarked the officer quietly, as he stepped up to the boys. "Of course you have a pistol, Kansas?"

"N-no, sir, I haven't," was the boy's confused answer.

"Well, never mind, you can use mine," said the mate.

Nat could not confess, after his late boasting, that he had never even fired a pistol, and kept silence in the hope that he had not been overheard.

The *Curlew* was on her way from Melbourne to Borneo, and was now in the Strait of Macassar. She was a trading ship of some twelve hundred tons, and did not as a rule carry passengers; but Nat Kansas and Ned Rivers had been taken by the captain from friendship to their parents. Nat was about to join a situation in Borneo, and Ned to visit an uncle who was settled there.

Nat's habit of boasting had caused him to be disliked by every one on board, whereas Ned had won the hearts of all by his bright and modest bearing.

The voyage had not been an eventful one. Calms had prevailed, and all were anxious to reach port. Life at sea is always monotonous, and the unvarying fine weather had made it more so.

As the two boys sat together one day soon after the conversation about pirates, Ned asked:

"Have you ever crossed the line, Nat?"

"No," was the answer; "you haven't, have you?"

"No, but I've heard that the sailors have great skylarking then; and, as we are not far off, we most likely shall have a taste of it. They soap your face all over with a swab, and then shave you with a piece of hoop iron, and tumble you into a sail full of water."

"They won't play any tricks with me, I can tell you," snorted the truculent Nat.

"Why, it's only fun, and it's best to take it in good part. Everybody has to go through it, and if you resist you may make it worse."

"It may be fun for them, but I don't see any, and I won't have any fooling round with me. I'll lock myself up somewhere below."

It was unfortunate for poor Nat that his voice should have been so high-pitched that it could be heard by anyone passing along the deck. One of the sailors, Joe Brittan by name, happened to be passing, and overheard the remark. That evening, as the men sat about the deck after dark enjoying the coolness, he told his comrades, and added:

"Sarve him right if we used pitch instead of soap. If I'm Father Neptune, I'll make him remember his first sight of the line."

"Right you are, my lad, this time," said one of the men; "the English youngster's got twice his grit, and you can let him off easy."

"Father Neptune knows his business, don't you be afeard, and ain't agoing to do more'n's right and proper to innishurate a promisin' lad into the mysteries of the ocean," said Joe, with a majestic wave of his hand that gave promise of his royal duties being carried out with becoming dignity.

During the evening Ned asked the captain if Father Neptune was going to pay his usual visit. The captain answered that it was very probable, as neither of the boys had crossed the line, and was going on to describe the proceedings when Nat broke in angrily, "I hope, captain, that you won't allow any such fooling. I won't stand it, and I think it's your duty to prevent it."

"Oh!" said the captain drily, glancing at the boy with a look of amusement mingled with contempt.

"In America," continued the youth, "we don't have any of those relics of barbarism. We've gone ahead, and leave such childish nonsense to children—though even they'd be ashamed to be seen playing Father Neptune," added he with a sneer.

"You had better tell the men that," remarked the captain quietly, as he turned on his heel and went below.

Nat's luck was against him. His contemptuous speech reached the keen ears of the man at the wheel, and was duly repeated in the fo'c'sle, and lost nothing in the telling.

Next day the sun rose like a ball of flame. There was not a breath of wind, and the sails hung flapping idly against the masts as the ship rolled lazily upon the glassy sea. The crew lay about the deck in airy costumes, trying in vain to get cool. The very caulking between the planks of the deck was melting. On the horizon hung a haze that hid the line between sea and sky.

"Are we near the line now, captain?" asked Ned. "I fancy I saw something in the way of preparations for Father Neptune's visit going on."

"Yes," was the reply, "we shall probably cross it in a couple of days if we get any wind at all. If this calm holds there's no saying how long we may be reaching it," and

the speaker glanced round the horizon anxiously as if in search of signs of a change. Suddenly he shaded his eyes with his hands, and gazed long and earnestly ahead into the hazy distance, and then remarked to Ned without altering his attitude, "Do you see anything over there, my lad? Your young eyes should be sharper than mine."

"Yes," answered Ned, after a long look in the direction indicated, "there's something that's thicker than the haze. Do you think it's land?"

"Yes, and if so it must be Cape Kaniungan," was the captain's answer.

"I suppose we shan't touch there?" asked Nat, who came on deck at this moment, with a natural longing for a run on shore after the long confinement on board.

"No," was the reply, "I want to get on. The natives of Borneo haven't always borne the best of characters, and it is only of late years that a ship could pass through these seas with anything like safety from the celebrated Dyak pirates, and I am not at all sure that they are even now quite extinct," added the captain, with a look at Nat.

"They would meet with a warm reception if they came on board the *Curlew*," said Nat, in a tone that was meant to be confident.

"All the more so if you had practised pistol-shooting with Ned here," sarcastically remarked the captain.

The man at the wheel, who was close by, burst into a guffaw at this, and at once checked himself. Nat had held aloof from the pistol practice of Ned and the first mate, taking refuge in a contemptuous depreciation of the weapon to hide, as all shrewdly suspected, his own ignorance of the arm with which he thought it his duty to profess an intimate acquaintance.

A slight breeze sprang up during the afternoon, and towards evening the distant land assumed a more definite shape. The waving tops of palms were to be seen standing out against the clear sky, and in the distance rose several lofty peaks. Everybody on deck strained his eyes in the direction of the land as usual.

Many were the yarns spun that evening by the men of the cruelties practised by the Dyak pirates upon their prisoners. Ned and Nat listened with mixed feelings of delight and horror. No doubt their rapt attention encouraged the addition of some blood-curdling details.

Both boys turned in that night to fall asleep with their heads full enough of horrors to supply them with materials for nightmares for a week.

. . . . . .

Bang!

Nat sat up in his bunk and listened. Was it only part of his dream, or was it really the report of a gun that had startled him out of his sleep?

He sat trembling in the darkness with the perspiration running down his face.

Bang!

There was no doubt about it this time, for the second report was followed by a yell as of a thousand furies bursting forth in the stillness of the night. A scuffle of feet followed, and the deep sound of British voices seemed to show that the attack of the savages was being met by the crew.

"Are you awake, Ned?" asked Nat in a quavering voice of his companion, who slept in the bunk above, as he stood up in his own and pushed him.

"Eh?" was the sleepy reply, followed by a startled "hallo! what's up?" as the uproar on deck struck his ear.

"It's those Dyak pirates," replied Nat, in a voice that sounded as if his teeth were chattering with cold.

"Come along then!" said Ned excitedly, as he sprang to the floor; "let's go and help." And he began to slip on a coat and trousers.

"Go up on deck!" exclaimed Nat. "What are you thinking of? We've got nothing to fight the savages with."

"I'm going, if I can't get anything better than an umbrella," replied Ned, his blood roused to boiling point by the fierce cries of battle above.

"What am I to do?" wailed Nat, putting aside all pretence of courage in his abject terror.

"Do! Why, come and do your share, of course," was Ned's answer of surprised contempt at the other's attitude.

"I didn't come on this ship to work or to fight. That's the duty of the captain and crew," grumbled Nat, with a feeble attempt at his old swagger.

"I'm going to the saloon to see if I can get that sword the captain keeps hanging on the wall," was Ned's reply to this outburst, and in another moment he was gone and Nat was left alone with his terror.

Ned secured the sword, a heavy Japanese one which the captain kept as a curio, and sprang on deck.

A terrible scene met his eye. About a dozen naked savages were keeping at bay four of the sailors, who stood with their backs to the mainmast, and met the thrusts of their assailants' spears with boat stretchers, which they wielded with marvellous dexterity. On the deck lay two or three dead sailors, and the survivors fought with a dogged fierceness that showed that they had but little hope of final victory, but meant to sell their lives as dearly as they could.

As Ned appeared, two of the survivors fell. Without a thought beyond helping, the boy sprang towards the struggling group brandishing his sword, and fell upon the savages in rear, losing his head in his excitement.

His first stroke was parried by the spear of one of the pirates, and in another moment he was disarmed, and his hands were bound behind him with wonderful dexterity. At the same moment the last of the sailors fell to the deck, and the savages raised a yell of victory.

They then spread themselves over the ship in search of loot, and Ned was left to his thoughts, which were none of the pleasantest, as may be imagined. In spite of all his resolution recollections would crowd upon him of the stories he had heard the previous evening of the gruesome tortures his captors were in the habit of inflicting upon those who were unhappy enough to fall alive into their hands, and he looked with envy at the corpses of the sailors who lay near him on the deck. The thought of spending his life toiling at an oar in one of their prahus, half starved and forced to further exertions by the lash, was a gloomy prospect, and it is no wonder if his heart failed him.

In a few minutes the savages returned, dragging Nat with them. He hung, almost helpless with terror, in the rough grasp of two of them. As he passed close to the scene of the late conflict his foot slipped, and he gave a faint groan of horror, making sure that his fate was sealed. As he stumbled over one of the corpses he collapsed altogether. Two of the savages then took the wretched boy between them and carried him up the companion-ladder to the quarter-deck. Ned was led after him.

Here Ned to his surprise saw Joe Brittan bound to the taffrail.

"Well, Joe," said he, "what are these ruffians going to do to us? Do you think they will torture us, or throw us overboard?"

"They's cannibals, lad," was the sailor's mournful and significant reply.

Ned groaned under his breath, and at the terrible prospect thus put before him Nat, who had recovered his senses, nearly went off again.

"We can only meet our fate like Englishmen, my lad," said the sailor to Ned, "and not like that fine boaster over there, who's worse'n a girl. What's the good o' going on like that?" he continued to Nat. "You won't get any pity out o' them savages; they's the worst I've ever heard on for cruelties—eats men alive, I'm told."

At this moment one of the pirates stepped up and handed Nat a pistol. He then pointed to Ned, who was leaning against the binnacle, and made it clear by signs that Nat was to shoot him.

The boy hesitated at this refinement of cruelty. On this he was led to the side of the ship, a plank was run out from the deck over the water, and he was made to understand by further signs that his choice lay between walking along the plank until his weight caused it to tilt and drop him into the black waters below, and shooting his friend. It was also made clear that if he did the latter he would be set free.

In many a thrilling romance had he read of the horrors of such a moment, but not till now did he realise how far short of the reality the imagination of the writers fell.

For a full minute did the wretched boy hesitate. A second significant nudge in the direction of the plank made him turn with a shudder towards Ned, who stood silently watching the pantomime.

"Do you think they really mean to let him go free if he shoots me?" asked Ned of Joe Brittan.

"In course I do," was the grim reply; "and if he don't he'll have ter walk that 'ere plank as sure as death."

"Fire away, then, Nat," said Ned firmly. "I'd rather be shot than run the risk of being eaten alive or tortured by these black ruffians," and the boy stood up steadily to receive the shot.

"His arm's shaking like—the—tiller of a boat adrift," contemptuously said Joe. "Good-bye, my lad, you're English to the backbone," he added with an admiring glance at Ned.

"Good-bye, Joe," replied Ned firmly, though his voice caught in the middle.

The savage near Nat struck him meaningly on the shoulder, and pointed to the pistol.

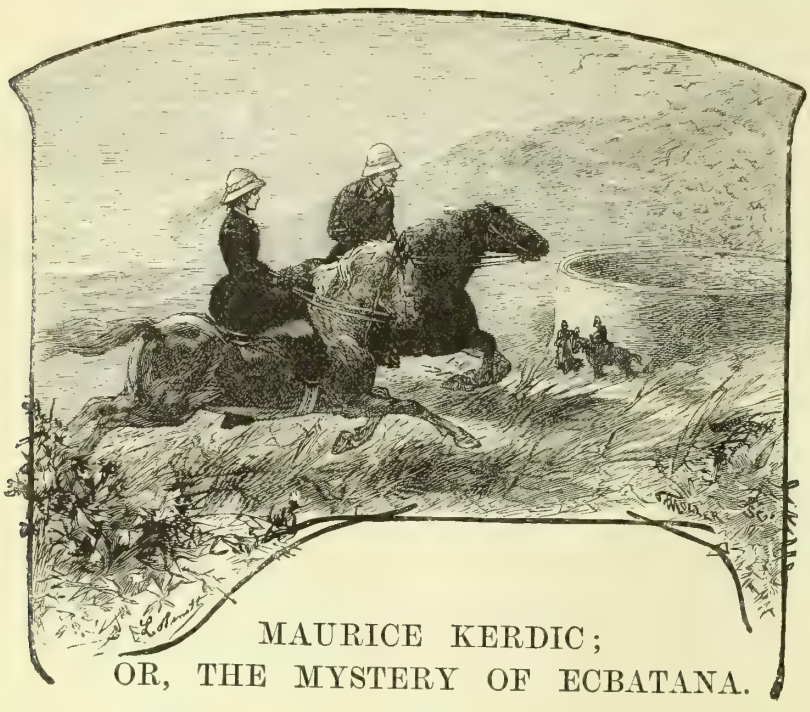
With sudden resolution the miserable boy raised it hastily, pulled the trigger, and—fell backwards with a splash.

A roar of laughter that had a strangely British tone burst from the savages and Joe Brittan, as Nat was hoisted up, dripping like a half-drowned dog, and hung suspended from a spar with the light of two or three lanterns bearing full upon him.

Ned and Joe were cast loose, and it was not till the latter remarked, amid the laughter of the "savages"—

"Pity the sail wasn't full of treacle instead of water," that Ned grasped the situation, and saw that Joe's inventive genius had improved upon the time-honoured initiation by Father Neptune for Nat's especial benefit.

The lesson had a salutary effect, and Ned did not forget it for many a year.



MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frezols," etc.

CHAPTER I.—THE FRENCH MISSION.

It was a fine day in early summer. Two cavaliers on splendid Persian horses, followed at a distance by three men, were in full trot along the flowery road which borders the river Hamadan. The city of Teheran was behind them, and they were on their way to the Kerdic archæological mission which was exploring on the supposed site of the ancient Ecbatana.

"Not so fast, my young friend, not so fast, if you please!" said the elder of the two suddenly in rather a breathless voice, "and just condescend to give a look round at this lovely landscape."

"I am rather tired of that sort of thing, after several months of it," said Lieutenant Guyon, with a slight shake to the reins of his horse, "and I can admire it very well as we trot, I assure you."

The animal, obedient to the order from the very slight indication of the practised rider, changed its pace almost without a break, while poor Doctor Hardy, mustering all his strength, had to use his voice before his recalcitrant steed would take any notice of his wishes.

Coming out of a thick wood, which seemed to have been placed as a sentinel to protect an enchanted retreat from the vulgar gaze, the two travellers could not but admire the valley that lay unrolled before them. On the east rose Mount Elvend, bold, steep, always white, where the dervishes went to gather their medicinal herbs. At their feet lay rich pasturages, golden vines, fruit-bearing trees; a scene of prosperity and well-being, with a singular profusion of clear sparkling streams, proclaiming the approach to the town of Hamadan, "the city of the sixteen hundred fountains."

"For my part, as I am not a centaur," said the doctor, "I admire it better at a walk. Well, what do you say to the sun of Hamadan?"

"I can scarcely believe my eyes. Here have I, for the last few months, been shivering in the cold north wind which awaits you without pity, and cuts you in two; and never would I have believed I should find myself in these sunny plains."

"You wondered what could make the kings of kings take up their summer residence in this inclement place?"

"Now I understand. This valley reminds one of Paradise."

"Who knows if it was not part of it?" said the doctor, laughing. "The site of Eden is said to have been near here."

"Have we far to go?" asked Guyon after a pause.

"We shall be there in a few minutes. You are impatient to see the diggings?"

"Or rather the diggers. I have had enough, I confess, of gibberish and Persian characters. I have had three months of trying to initiate myself into the mysteries of the Asylum of the Universe, and I shall not be sorry to vary my pleasures with a chat with sensible people."

"Have you ever seen Miss Kerdic?"

"No. All that I know of my hosts has been the invitation sent me by Mr. Kerdic to visit the works, and for which I am much indebted to you, as it is to you alone that I owe it. But before we arrive just give me in outline a sketch of your friends. It is always embarrassing to come suddenly among strangers. Is Mr. Kerdic here with his family?"

"Yes, with all his family, which consists of a sister."

"She is, of course, of a certain age?" said the officer. "How could a young woman stand the dangers and difficulties of such an enterprise?"

"Miss Kerdic is nineteen."

"Nineteen! And she is here with her brother? With no mother, no chaperon?"

"Miss Catherine is quite an Amazon."

"Good," thought Lieutenant Guyon. "Woman's rights and all that sort of thing! A nuisance! About as useful as a fly on a coach, and convinced that nothing can go on without her."

Louis Guyon had been in Algeria, and the habit of ordering about the natives had given a certain despotic twist to his character. Tall, slim, with a round head firmly set upon the neck of an athlete, grey eyes, and open, loyal look, and a somewhat imperious bearing tempered with courtesy, he was an excellent specimen of the French officer. But Lieutenant Guyon had his prejudices. Nothing in his opinion could be more out of place than a girl who left her native land to run about the world and expose herself to all the dangers of a scientific expedition. And so he made up his mind that Catherine Kerdic must be plain and disagreeable, and, though he had the good taste not to express his thoughts, the doctor was shrewd enough to divine them.

"Her brother is all her family," said he. "She is tenderly attached to him, and in spite of the difficulties of the road and the dealings with the natives, which must be seen to be appreciated, she is better here under the protection of Maurice Kerdic than she would be immured in Brittany with strange people."

"So be it! But you have not yet described my future hosts."

"Excuse me," said the doctor, "I am not good at portrait-painting. I will leave you to form your own impressions, and I will give you just the passport description of the people you will meet. First, — ladies first — Miss Catherine Kerdic, the above named. Nineteen years of age. In good health and with a brave heart. Second, Maurice Kerdic——"

"You are more laconic than a passport!" interrupted the officer.

"I have told you all that is essential; youth, health, courage. No talent for society, no elegance in a woman born with a silver spoon in her mouth, is worth as much as that. I continue, Maurice Kerdic, twenty-five, head pupil of the Normal School, head pupil at the Polytechnic——"

"No more than that?"

"Distinguished archæologist. Pupil of Dieulafoy. A good fellow——"

"What did I say?" thought the lieutenant. "He has said nothing about the sister's face. There is no doubt she is ugly——"

"To complete—of iron constitution and with a heart of gold."

"That is a family failing?"

"Just so. Third, Aristomenes Gargaridi, his servant, age uncertain."

"Oh!" said the officer, with a smile, "I should like a portrait of the servant if you can give it in more detail than that of his master."

"Gargaridi is worthy of special mention. He is not an ordinary domestic."

"Alas! my experience has taught me that in all latitudes that race is the same; thieves, liars, cringers——"

"That is rather personal," said the doctor. "Judge for yourself; Aristomenes is a descendant of the Messenian hero whose name he bears."

"Or rather he pretends to be."

"I have not seen his certificates. But I have seen his diplomas, which are perhaps worth more."

"His diplomas!"

"Yes, Gargaridi is a bachelor of science, a bachelor of arts, a licentiate of——"

"Is this a joke?"

"No, it is very serious."

"Licentiate, I suppose, of the faculty of the Piræus?"

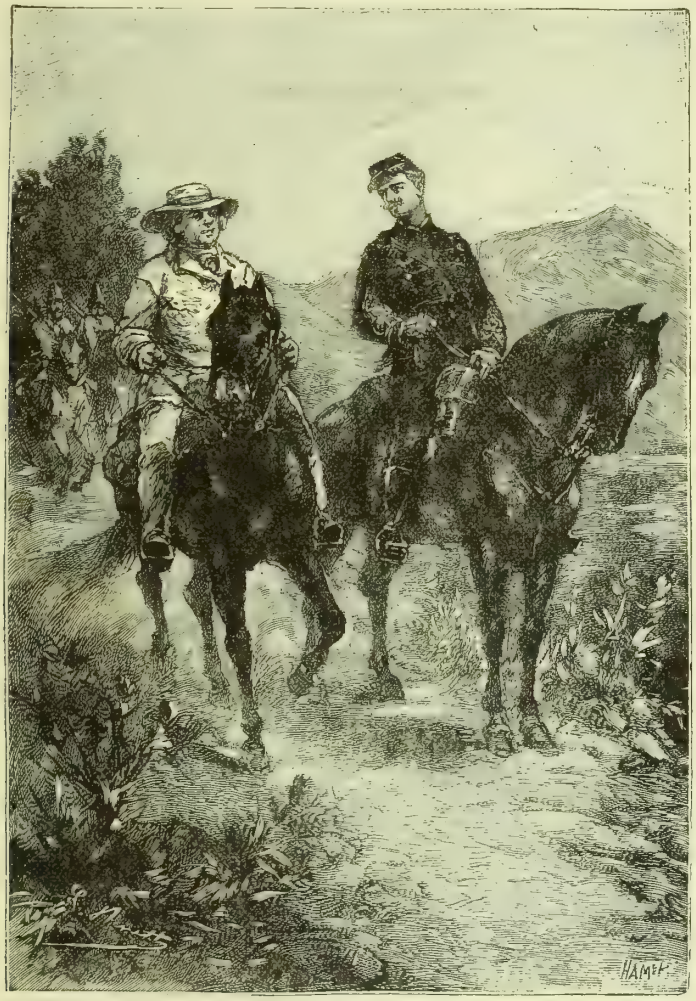
"No, Aristomenes was a student at Paris; and he has often maintained his theses at the Sorbonne in a most brilliant manner."

"His theses! Is he a doctor?"

"Yes, certainly."

"What does it all mean?"

"That I do not know. At first I was rather astonished. Now I am getting used to it."



"Is this a joke?"

"But there must be some mystery. Is he a conspirator in disguise?"

"Not the least in the world. Poor Aristomenes! He is the most inoffensive of men. He is not the only one of his compatriots who are in similar circumstances. They come to Paris on the chance of something; they spend their last halfpenny in getting their degrees, and then go home; and bachelors of arts are there as plentiful as pebbles on the road. What are they to do?"

"Anything, I should think, except be valets."

"So I should think. But that is not their notion. And if the position of valet does not shock their ideas of dignity——"

"It shows they have degenerated from their ancestor the great Aristomenes. But this is our destination, is it not?"

The camp, which had been hidden in a fold of the valley, suddenly came into view. Before the central *gourbi* a young man was walking in company with a young lady in travelling costume.

"Ah! there are our hosts!" said the doctor, exchanging a distant salute with them.

A few natives rushed up to take care of the horses, and as the visitors reached the ground the young people stood ready to receive them.

"My relative and friend, Lieutenant Guyon, who is doubly happy in making your acquaintance, and in finding himself in civilised society," said the doctor, acting as master of the ceremonies. "Miss Kerdic; Mr. Kerdic!"

"Miss Kerdic!"

The lieutenant required all his self-control to keep down an exclamation, and restrain the look of curiosity which he felt mounting into his eyes, while the malicious doctor quietly enjoyed his confusion and shook hands cordially with the brother and sister.

Nothing could be more unlike the lady he had figured to himself. Miss Kerdic was not a nuisance, neither was she ugly. She was of medium height, very slim, pale in complexion, with a quiet, pensive eye, and to a superficial observer would give an impression of weakness and fragility. But Doctor Hardy, who knew her, said that nothing could be stronger than that little hand and foot. She wielded the pickaxe as well as any one, she was as good a walker as any, and she could on occasion handle her Lebel rifle and revolver with coolness and skill. And all this she did without effort, without apparent fatigue, and without the least affectation. Her fair hair was waved, and she wore it plaited up under a helmet, so that she had the look of a young Minerva.

And so, frankly abandoning his prepossessions, the lieutenant thought only of the pleasant cordial welcome he met with.

The Kerdics were only too pleased to show the new arrivals over the works, although they rather demurred to doing so until refreshments had been partaken of.

"But," said the lieutenant, "if we have the time, I should really like to know a little where we are before we enter the sanctuary. I am afraid I might shock you, for I am quite an ignoramus at archæology."

"We are none of us much better so far as this place is concerned," said Kerdic, modestly. "We are merely investigating. Our theory is that we are digging down to the ruins of Ecbatana; but until we have proved we are right, there is not much to choose between us and those who call themselves ignoramuses."

"Then," said the doctor, "since I saw you there is nothing new? You have discovered nothing?"

"Nothing decisive."

"But we are getting warm," said Catherine.

"She has the faith which removes mountains and pierces rocks. Do you know that little hand wields the pickaxe, the rifle, the revolver; and that little head is full of Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit——"

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed Catherine in a tone of appeal which was not simulated. "Pray do not talk about me. But see what makes me think we are nearing the end."

And taking a little object from her pocket she held it out to him.

The doctor turned it over and over without appearing to see anything peculiar about it.

"It looks like a brick glazed in the cooking-stove," said he.

"Philistine!" said Catherine, laughing. "Can you look without respect on this venerable fragment, which has, perhaps, been gazed upon by long dynasties of autocrats—which has seen Alexander and Darius, and—who knows?—perhaps Cyrus——"

"And how can you prove to me that this little bit of brick saw all these fine things?"

"The colour, the grain, the characteristic design, speak for themselves. But that is not all; look in the corner!"

"Ah! Pardon me! I am not a good hand at cuneiform——"

"But that is not cuneiform; it is not writing at all. It is, if I am not mistaken, the end of a wing."

"And, therefore, we are on ancient Ecbatana? I do not quite see the connection of ideas——"

"Do not be in such a hurry. Do you not remember the portrait of Cyrus on the bas-relief of Parsagadæ?"

"Yes. The conqueror is shown wearing four wings."

"Well, the end of those feathers is exactly similar to that of the upper wing on the right-hand side."

"But how did you come into possession of this fetish, which seems to me rather incomplete, all the same?"

"This very morning I struck my foot against something hard which made me stumble. I felt sure I had a find, so I went and brought my tools, and after two or three picks, this appeared."

"And why, even admitting that your brick is two thousand years old and more, and that this wing belongs to the great Cyrus, why does it prove that we are on the site of a vanished city which no one else has been able to find? Could not this thing have been brought here from Parsagadæ?"

"Like the shells of Voltaire carried to the tops of mountains by pilgrims," said Kerdic, laughing, "the fragment might have been brought here instead of being made here. We want a few more reasons before we can form a chain of certainties; but there is nothing to show we are wrong. And after all, while we are here it does no harm to have a strong presumption in favour of our theory. If any proof comes to our support we need not reject it. But do not be alarmed; we shall not be satisfied with a fragment of the glazed brick. We want all the portrait, if the portrait is there. All the panel on which the face is. All the wall of which the panel forms part; every pillar that supports it; and the cornices, capitals, entablatures, and pediments. The ground must yield them up, and the palace of Dejoces, and the city that surrounded it, and the seven walls that defended it."

"Go on! go on!" said the doctor. "A word or two more, and I shall volunteer for a pickaxe, and enlist in your brigade."

"And I will not refuse you," said Kerdic. "A few intelligent, willing men would be of use to me. One of our great difficulties here is to understand and be understood. I don't mean in language, but in spirit. How can you get on with people who believe nothing, and despise you if they think you are stupid enough to tell them the truth!"

"What is that?" said the lieutenant. "My mission is just as difficult as yours, for I am sent, at the Shah's request, to teach the troops the French drill, and for three months have I been hammering at their stupid heads, and have got no further than I was on the first day."

"Bah!" said the doctor, "I understand them well enough. I have been practising in Persia for years, and I understand them beautifully. When they say 'white,' I know they mean 'black.' That is all."

"Well," said Kerdic, "I find them rather more complicated. They have not even enough rectitude of mind to firmly oppose the truth, and you have no idea how difficult it is to get on with such people."

"It is true," said the doctor, "that in the exercise of my profession I am always meeting men like that. But whether they be knaves or honest men, I am not at all anxious about you, Kerdic; you will always know how to manage them. You are a veteran; when one has been through the campaign of Susiana——"

"Ah!" said Kerdic, "that was a good time!"

(To be continued.)

SEA-SERPENTS.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, f.z.s., etc.

PART III.

In the gardens of the hotel on the mountain of Tijuca, above the lovely bay of Rio de Janeiro, the rocky bed of a deliciously cool stream is hollowed out and dammed at one part of its course so as to form a swimming-bath about twenty feet square. A notice is posted in the enclosure screening this bath, warning bathers against the serpents which come there to drink, especially during the dry season, and which may lurk about the recesses of the fence, so everybody makes a careful inspection of his shoes before putting them on. One morning an English gentleman was taking a header from the diving-rock at the corner, and was just at that interesting moment when he had lost his balance beyond recall, when he saw a large serpent, which he recognised as that same curucucu of which we have spoken, enter the bath at the opposite corner. In he had to go, however; you may depend it wasn't long before he was out again, but he always said he felt as if he was under water for about a week! As he jumped out on one side, he saw the snake disappear into the gully on the other, most likely just as frightened as he.

This bath has its overflow shoot on the side where it is built up, so that by standing in the ravine outside the wall one can enjoy the luxury of a shower-bath. A naval officer, who was so horribly afraid of reptiles that he could not for a long time be persuaded to use the bath at all, was standing, on the occasion of his first or second dip, under this spout when a venomous coral snake sailed out on his head! I was at breakfast in the hotel when he came into the *sala*, so white and trembling and ill that everybody was scared almost as badly as he, for yellow fever was raging not only in the city below, but at Boa Vista, not far down the mountain, and most of those present had come up to Tijuca to avoid it. But there was no yellow fever about him, and he was all right by dinner-time. At a village near Nagasaki in Japan, a mother was pouring some water from a pitcher over her baby when a very poisonous Blomhoff's snake, which had fallen into the vessel, rolled out on the child's naked body, without doing it any harm. The snake was killed, and I have it preserved in spirit.

There is an old story about a man who went to bathe in the sea and set a faithful bull-dog to watch his clothes: the tale goes that when he came out of the water his dog did not know him and refused to let him come near his garments, and he had to hide until somebody arrived on the scene and removed the too trusty guardian. Whether this yarn is true or not I don't know; but a most absurd parallel to it really happened within my knowledge down in Devonshire about five and twenty years ago. A gentleman had bathed from the beach between Dawlish and Starcross, just where the river Exe runs into the English Channel, a place about which there is a good deal of furze-grown warren-land backed by low cliffs. He was partly dressed when to his dismay he discovered a viper coiled up amongst his clothes. Starting back, he threw stones at it from a discreet distance, with the effect that it presently disappeared; but on lifting the next garment he found another writhing and hissing reptile underneath it—at least he thought so; probably it was the same, which had sought further shelter. Being now firmly persuaded that his apparel concealed a whole nest of adders, he supplemented his scanty attire with the large bathing-towel, placed around his shoulders Indian-blanket-wise, and remained in that lonely situation for some hours, until at length he managed to attract attention to his signals of distress from the driver of a passing train. A few miles further along the same coast, a common grass-snake rolled down the cliffs below the Ness Rock and fell into a picnic party.

Even sea-snakes turn up very unexpectedly sometimes. One was found firmly trapped by an oyster, and another twined itself around a submarine telegraph cable and was drawn up on board a steamer during certain operations for the repair of the wires. And the other day two were found in the stomach of a shark! Many creatures—I was going to say *most* creatures, and I don't think I should be far wrong—will eat snakes of all kinds, and the venom of the poisonous ones does not take any effect on them when swallowed; but it is quite possible that some of these cold-blooded animals may not be affected injuriously even when bitten. I don't know how it may be with a shark, but I could never see that ordinary fish showed any symptoms of yielding to poison when caught by a sea-snake, though some writers declare that they are paralysed and rendered incapable of struggling thereby. The sting of a wasp has no effect on a gold-fish, for instance, who will eat it as readily as a fly. Toads, again, are very fond of bees; they have been found inside or close to hives, literally packed full of them. I have noticed that my tree-frogs, who live principally on bluebottle flies, will always "go for" a wasp in preference when one finds its way into their case—perhaps there is a sort of hot curry flavour about him! Squashed ants, full of piquant formic acid, are used by savages in some parts of the world as a sauce with meat. I have seen a small green frog's lip speared through by the sting of a wasp, yet it appeared to suffer no inconvenience beyond the mere prick. On one occasion I was carrying two sea-serpents in a noose at the end of a stick—the safest way to catch venomous snakes—when one in its terror and rage bit the other, burying its distended jaws so deeply that I had some difficulty in disengaging the fangs from the flesh, yet nothing happened to the bitten one. It is a subject, however, which is not properly understood yet. Poisonous snakes are often seen to bite each other accidentally in confinement, when two or more seize the same food. Sometimes no harm ensues; at our own Zoological Gardens a large water-viper lost the sight of one eye from a fang-wound received from its companion, yet it lived and fed well for many years afterwards. Now and then, too, the great snake-eating snake, the hamadryad, would relinquish the relation it had caught

for its dinner, and the poor grass-snake, though it might appear uncomfortable and swollen, generally survived. On the other hand, a cobra bitten by its cage-mate never fed again, but pined away and died in a few months; and so did several young puff-adders born there, who had lacerated each other in their excitement at feeding-time. This is one of the great inconveniences of snake-keeping—the danger of one biting or swallowing its companion in disputed possession of an article of food. A ringhals (a very deadly African species) of my own not only bit but bolted at least half the length of another of the same kind, who had taken a fancy for the hind legs of the rat just disappearing down the throat of its lawful captor. I had to pull it back to daylight again by main force, and its body was scratched and fang-marked all along the back; yet not only did it get off scot-free as far as poisoning was concerned, but it ate the rat after all, having held on gamely to the legs in spite of its embarrassing position and violent restoration to liberty. But a sweet little *leptodeira*, a beautiful serpent found on the isthmus of Panama, was struck by a venomous coral snake which I had just placed in the same box—for as a rule poisonous and non-poisonous snakes live together in perfect peace—and the poor little thing curled up, turned on its back, and died almost instantly. So you will see from these incidents, and from a still more singular one which I will relate, that the point is wrapped in much doubt and mystery.

In the market-place of Bahia in Brazil, where animals of all kinds are brought down to the coast by Indians from the interior, for sale to the homeward-bound passengers on board the steamers which put in there for mails and coffee, I bought a big rattlesnake. It was an unusually large one, and so was the price—about £4, if I remember aright. Its cage was by no means commodious or secure, being simply a flat, dilapidated biscuit-box with one side broken away and the space covered with jagged wire netting, the lid proper being nailed down—I suppose for economy of wire. (One of the most deadly snakes I ever possessed was sent to me in an open bowl-shaped basket without any cover at all, being tied to the wicker-work with a thin stalk of grass around its neck.) I soon prepared a better lodging for my rattler, and proceeded to transfer him to it, but this was by no means an easy task. It's the simplest thing in the world to induce a snake to coil himself away in a box, bottle, or bag, which you would never have thought big enough to contain him, but it's a very different matter to get him out again. So, after ripping off the crazy and rotten scrap of wire and shaking the box in vain, trying to jerk or jar him through the narrow opening, I watched my chance, put my hand in quietly and softly amongst his folds, waited till his head came round, and then grabbed him safely by the neck (mind, I was brought up in the midst of serpents from my very cradle, and have been thrown amongst them all my life; handling reptiles of all kinds is—or used to be—daily work to me, but I don't advise any of you ever to try on any such game with a venomous or powerful snake). But even now the job was not finished. I held his head away with my left hand, and with my right tried to pull his thick sturdy body through the aperture, but as fast as I got one coil out another would slip back again, and I began to think that without assistance I should never accomplish what I wanted to do. Assistance is not always very readily procured when one is dealing with live rattlesnakes, a bite from which kills in half an hour. I made another desperate effort, *throwing away* fold after fold rapidly as I dragged them forth; the poor snake was naturally and justifiably indignant at such treatment, and showed his opinion of it by the crisp loud whirr of his rattle and by his widely distended jaws, displaying his erected fangs—for the rattlesnakes are *vipers*; that is, those which have movable or hinged fang-teeth. Just then, a portion of its body rolled across the mouth, and in an instant the jaws closed upon it in blind rage. The fangs were deeply inserted into the flesh and left two distinct holes when they were withdrawn, there being no doubt that the poison was fully and freely injected into the wounds. Yet nothing came of this but a little puffy swelling which went away in a day or two, although the scars were visible for years afterwards at each shedding of the skin.

You will not see any sea-snakes at the Zoological Gardens, because they are never brought alive to this country. As a rule they die almost directly they are taken out of the sea, nor will they live even if placed at once in tanks or in pits dug in the sand on their own shore. That one in the bottle of which I have spoken lived longer than any other that I have had under similar conditions, but it did not reach Europe. It fed, too, on bits of meat, a very rare occurrence with these creatures. I did, however, succeed in keeping a considerable number for some time (two months or more, I think) in a large pool amongst the rocks, which was covered at high water but left isolated when the tide went down. It was closely netted all round so that they could not escape, but the heavy surf during a hurricane at length swept away netting, snakes and all—myself very nearly included! Here I was able to see a good deal of them and learn something about their manners and customs, especially their peculiarities in feeding. And I am not sure about it, but I believe that these snakes sometimes do what no others do, and that is *bite* their food, in the same sense as we do, for the purpose of dividing it. Snakes' teeth are not used for chewing or breaking up what they eat, but are simply little forks for holding it. At any rate, I saw my sea-serpents more than once worrying at large dead fish floating on the surface, and when I examined these afterwards, I found fragments of the soft skin and flesh gone, so I am under the impression that these were bitten out and swallowed. Like all other kinds, they knew at once if the food was the least stale or tainted, and refused to touch it, however hungry they might be. Their mouths are unusually small for snakes; some species have curiously prolonged snouts which look almost like a parrot's beak. One finds them of various colours. Some of mine were very prettily striped with black, red, and yellow, and others had black interlaced rings on an orange ground, but they are not so brilliant as some of the land-snakes.

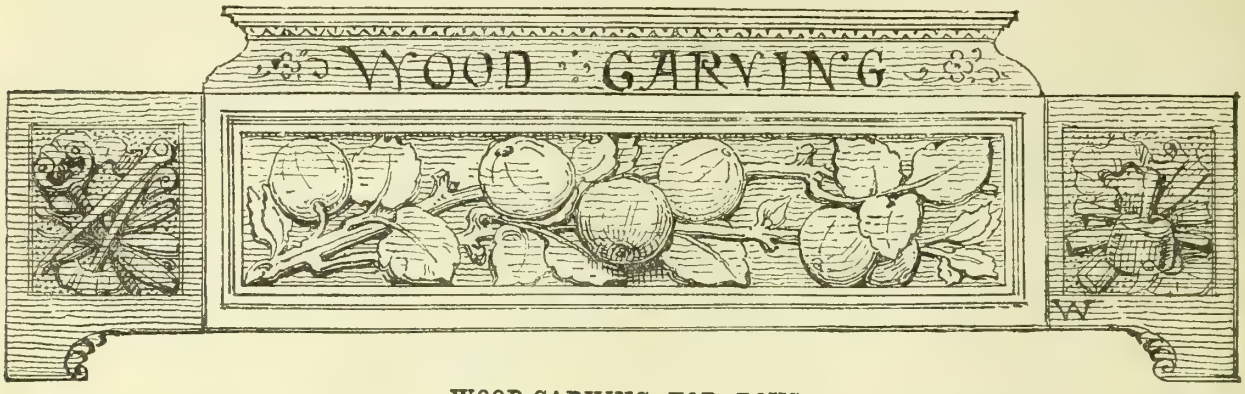
Although they had nearly a quarter of an acre of water, in some places seven or eight feet deep, they showed that unaccountable tendency which is manifested by many water animals in captivity to leave their native element and get on dry ground. We never hardly find the common newt out of water in its wild state, not even on the banks of the ditches and ponds where it lives; yet directly you "keep" it, it makes every effort to escape from your tank or aquarium. In the fernery where my toads live, there is a miniature pond into which I put newts sometimes, but they always scramble out at once and get under the plants. And if left there they starve, though if kept forcibly in the water they feed well enough. Even eels are guilty of the same unreasonable conduct. So it was with my sea-serpents; until I netted off the shallows, they would persist in wriggling out and baking to death in the burning sun. Occasionally, however, one is found coiled upon the beach at ebb tide, patiently waiting until the flood shall allow him to swim home to the depths again.

At Kensington, and in most Natural History Museums, you will find specimens of sea-snakes preserved in spirits of wine, or stuffed. Don't forget that every snake found in the sea is not necessarily a sea-snake; land-snakes are often carried down rivers, especially after heavy rains which have flooded the surrounding districts, and are washed far out into the ocean. They have been seen a long way from any shore, clinging to the roots or branches of torn-up trees or floating loose without any support. I caught a great green lizard which feeds on leaves and insects, and never of its own accord goes into water, more than a hundred miles from land; it was very exhausted, but recovered.

I can't help thinking that these sea-snakes once lived on land, but for some reason or other (probably in quest of food) took to the water, and there became *specialised* in their form and habits, to adapt themselves to their new mode of life. Of course, I don't mean that the actual specimens which we now catch were ever inhabitants of the forest or jungle, but that possibly their forefathers were. Animals do change and accommodate themselves to new surroundings in a very surprising manner when necessity compels them to vary their usual food, and we find many beautiful instances of the way in which Nature modifies their shape and structure to allow of their doing this without suffering harm. Look at cats. They are undoubtedly the descendants of creatures which were wild like the tiger and leopard, and which had the stomach and intestines of purely carnivorous feeders, those living on flesh alone. But since they have become tame, they have lived in great part on bread and things of that sort, and their internal arrangement has undergone a change which makes them more like animals which eat corn and grass; and it is found that this change is increasing, as they are brought more and more into domestication and depend less on mice, birds, and meat for their food.

As a sort of converse to this, a New Zealand parrot has taken to flesh eating since sheep were imported there. Certain bats in the caves of Trinidad, instead of going out at night to catch insects and eat fruit, now go fishing in the sea by daylight and sleep through the dark hours; and it is said that our own bees have become fruit devourers only during the last twenty years. In many places the deer which live in the low marshy or sandy districts are easily distinguished by their broad, sustaining feet from those of the same kind inhabiting the adjacent hills. A lizard lives in the Galapagos Islands which is the only one of its order (the *Lacertilia* or lizards) known to enter salt water; it swims out and dives freely to browse on the sea-weed covering the submerged rocks. Yet, in all probability, this is a recently acquired habit, because in times of danger it does not seem to be at all at home in the water. If you take one and throw it into the sea where it would certainly be safest—it is a very timid creature—it will paddle back to shore with all possible speed and crawl out at your very feet, although dreadfully alarmed at your presence. Many naturalists believe that whales once lived on land, too. However, all this is mere matter of speculation; but when you hear anybody laughing at the mention of the *Great* Sea Serpent, just put in a word for the *real* sea-serpents of which we have been talking, and very likely you will find that the fact of their existence will be just as astonishing to him as that of the monster itself.

(THE END.)



WOOD-CARVING FOR BOYS.

By Fred. Miller.

PART I.

I.—INTRODUCTORY HINTS.

Some time ago it was our privilege to contribute to the "B. O. P." some practical illustrated articles on Cabinet-making, suitable for beginners, and I now propose to follow these up with some hints and suggestions on wood-carving, *the* craft of all others that exhibits to the greatest advantage skill in the use of tools.

Good wood-carving always displays not only hand-cunning which comes of practice, but that delicate appreciation of an unyielding over a yielding material; in other words, of the value of each chisel stroke in relation to the complete work. Wood-carving would be a fine discipline for clumsy, awkward boys, and there can be no more enjoyable occupation for leisure hours, or as a relaxation from mental pursuits, than wood-carving. We should all be healthier if we had some hobby or occupation which brought into play those faculties which, in our ordinary lives, would lie dormant. Nearly every one has a mechanical turn, and why this should have been so long discouraged and kept in abeyance is more than I can tell. Happily all this is being changed now. Those boys who have dipped into Ruskin at all will know that he holds that man should develop and employ his mechanical faculties side by side with his mental ones; that we should, all of us, literally earn our bread by the sweat of our brow, and not, as in the present state of society, have a class of men whose whole time is spent in mechanical pursuits, and another class whose whole attention is given to mental occupations. The popularity of carpentering shows that men will, no matter how adverse the conditions may be, bring their mechanical genius into play. Now wood-carving requires great mechanical skill to produce the best work, and yet demands much more than this. It is work, too, that can be carried on with far fewer mechanical appliances than carpentry or cabinet-making, and therefore could be pursued at times and in places where the former occupations would be out of the question.

Wood-carving may be said to be a combination of sculpture and modelling. You have a more yielding material to manipulate than stone, and consequently the tools require a different method of handling; and a more unyielding material than clay, which is pressed rather than carved into shape: consequently the method adopted in either of the occupations of sculpture and modelling does not apply to wood-carving. But modelling so largely influences the sculptor and carver that in order to treat the latter subject in anything like a complete manner we cannot ignore modelling; nor do we wish to do so, for we hope to devote some of the space allotted to this subject to the method of modelling in clay or terra-cotta.

Cabinet work of all kinds is greatly enhanced by the introduction of a little carving, either in the way of panels or ornamental details; and those of our readers who have learnt to handle their tools with some certainty, and have overcome the clumsiness of the novice—an awkwardness that all beginners at carpentry and cabinet-making experience, and which is only surmounted by practice—have prepared their way for their career as amateur wood-carvers. There are countless ways of employing their skill, from the carving of a frame with some simple patterns to the handle of a fire-screen, and we feel our efforts will not be thrown away if we can be the means of making the readers of the "B. O. P." acquainted to some slight extent with the mystery of ye craft of wood-carving.

II.—TOOLS.

A boy does not require a large stock-in-trade to make his first attempts at wood-carving. He will require some sort of bench to work upon. An old deal table would do, but if he can get a small carver's bench so much the better. The block to be carved must be fixed firmly, for the hands should be quite free to use the tools. Accidents would rarely if ever happen if the hands were used to hold the tools. The best way of fixing the wood is to have a "carver's screw."

I give a drawing of a carver's screw in section showing how it is used (Fig. 1). A is the

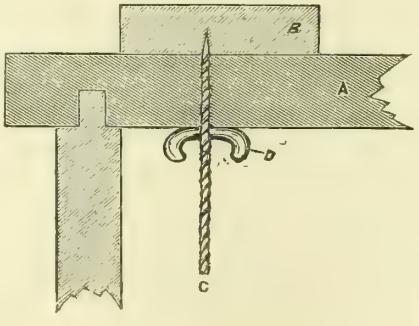


Fig. 1.

bench through which is passed the screw C. There must be a hole made in bench sufficiently large to allow the screw to be passed through easily. The screw is turned a little way into the block to be carved, B, and the fly D is then screwed up until tight. The block is thus firmly secured, the screw being under the bench is out of the way, and if the block has to be turned round all you have to do is to loosen the fly D. The bench screw is better for general work than cramps or holdfasts, which are often in the way.

It will be seen that it is necessary to make a hole through the table or bench, and therefore you must have, if you cannot get a bench, the use of a table that you are allowed to mutilate to a certain extent. A bench is of course in every way handier, as it is firmer and steadier, and it is very important to keep the wood rigid while it is being carved.

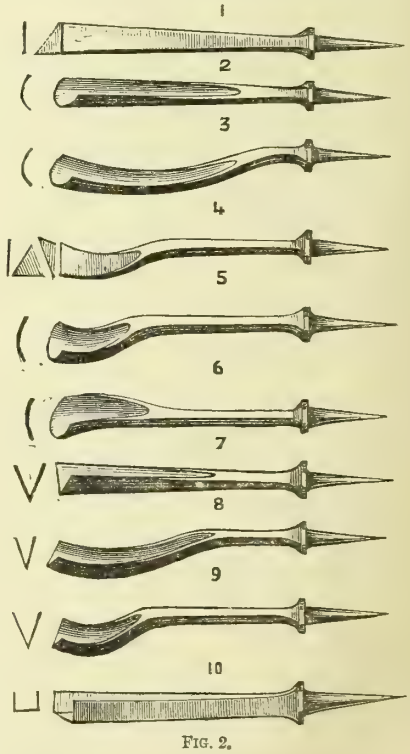


Fig. 2.

Now with regard to tools. Messrs. Addis & Sons are the noted makers of carvers' tools, and in their list are figured some 46 varieties, each variety being made in some nine or ten sizes. For the sake of future reference I give cuts of the various kinds of tools, so that as my readers advance in their work they can see the kind of tool they think they require to give a certain effect. My advice to beginners here, as in all other kinds of work, is not to have more tools than they absolutely want; and, until you feel your way, content yourself with the few I shall specify later on. (See Fig. 2.)

No. 1 is a *firmer*, and the other portion at the end of the blade is a corner firmer.

No. 2 is an example of a *straight gouge*. Gouges are made with various curves.

No. 3 is a curved gouge.

No. 4 is an example of a bent chisel. These are also made for right and left corners as indicated.

No. 5 a front-bent gouge.

No. 6 back-bent gouge.

No. 7 a V or parting tool.

No. 8 a curved parting tool, and No. 9 a bent parting tool.

No. 10 is a maccaroni tool.

With the exception of the last tool the other chisels are made the following widths, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{5}{8}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, 1, $1\frac{1}{8}$, $1\frac{1}{4}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{3}{4}$, and 2 inches. Some tools only run up to $1\frac{1}{2}$, but these widths are the general sizes of most of the chisels. The prices vary from about $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ to 3*s.* each, according to the kind of tool and the width of same.

The tools recommended by the School of Wood-carving, South Kensington, are $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch chisels or firmers, the same sizes in straight gouges with very flat curves, 2 or 3 small gouges with much sharper curves, and a $\frac{1}{4}$ bent chisel; but as we progress with the work I shall have something more to say about most of the tools, and it will then be the time to state the chief uses of the various implements.

I may say this with regard to tools, that the nature of our work often suggests to the worker the sort of tool he requires, for there can be no hard and fast rule as to which tool shall be used for doing a particular kind of work. Some wood-carvers set great store by one tool which another carver perhaps hardly uses, so that until we advance with our work only get just half a dozen generally useful tools, say a couple of firmers, $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 2 gouges, $\frac{1}{8}$ and $\frac{3}{8}$, a curved gouge, and a parting tool.

The impressions that the various tools make, if pressed into a piece of wood, are given at the end of each chisel. (See Fig. 2.)

Always keep your tools in good condition, and avoid doing what is too often done when work is ended for the day, throwing the tools pell mell down so that their edges rub against each other. A dent in a tool necessitates it being ground down, and every time this is done you lose so much of your steel.

Firmers are sharpened on both sides, and differ in this respect from carpenters' chisels, which are only sharpened on the back. It is necessary to have some oil stones or slips rounded on the edges to fit the insides of all the tools used, the flat sides of which will serve to rub the backs of the tools, but some good tool-makers like Buck will always put tools in working order for a small sum.

A piece of stout buff leather prepared with grease, flour emery, and crocus should be at hand to finish the sharpening. In rubbing your tools on the oil stones, see that you bring every part of the blade equally on to the stone. Particular attention must be paid to this in the case of gouges and firmers. The maccaroni tool is the most difficult to sharpen, as there is a danger of wearing away one side before the others.

Turkey stone does for ordinary tools, but Arkansas is better for the finer ones.

The advice given by an eminent wood-carver to beginners as to tools and bench is worth quoting. He says, about 3 dozen tools with gouges and firmers, the former ranging from a small letter U to a very flat sweep, should be sufficiently ample kit to start a beginner with. The bench or table should be made to suit the stature of the worker, as all carving should be done whilst standing up; 3 feet from the floor is a convenient height.

III.—PRELIMINARY WORK.

Pine is a good wood to begin work upon, as it is soft and yields easily to the tools and is not liable to splinter. Its softness may at times be a disadvantage, as unless one is careful the tools may penetrate further than is desirable. Your wood must be free from knots or "shakes" (a shake is caused by the grain of the wood separating), and must be fixed to your bench or table with the screw.

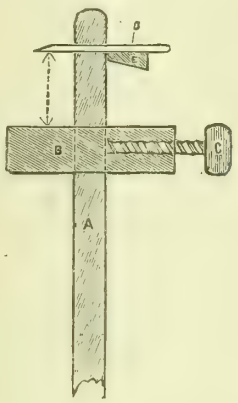


Fig. 3.

It often happens that the block to be carved is not thick enough to allow of the screw being turned in sufficiently far to hold it firmly. In such cases it is necessary to either glue another block of wood on to the bottom of that to be carved, or else screw it in with fine short screws. If you glue the piece on, be careful to put a piece of paper between the two blocks, so that they can be separated when the carving is finished.

See that your block of wood is squared up so that the sides are at right angles to each other, and the edges square with the top, and also that the surface is nicely planed up. Rub a little powdered chalk on the block so that your pencil lines tell upon it, for of course you must either draw or transfer your design.

Run a pencil line a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from the edge round the top of the block, and another round the edges also a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from the top. Now if you cut into the lines at top and sides you will be able to take out a slip of wood a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch square, and the block will be what is termed "rabbeted." In soft wood such as pine a cutting gauge might be useful. I give a cut of one (Fig. 3), as if you do not buy a cutting gauge, you might certainly invest in a marking gauge. A is a straight piece of wood having a small blade D in the case of cutting gauges, or just a point in the marking gauges. The blade can be adjusted by the wedge E. The piece B has a hole in it through which A works, and whatever width is required to be marked off is measured between the blade D and the movable piece B, which is kept in position by the wooden screw C. All you would have to do to rabbet the block D (Fig. 1), is to run your gauge a few times along the sides of the block from A to B, and then from top of block, and if your blade is a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch deep, you can take out a slip all round, so that your block would have the appearance of Fig. 4 when seen in section. The use of this will be obvious when you know that your carving will be above the imaginary line A B—in other words, the part of the wood you have to deal with is C between the rabbet line A B and top D. Your ground must only be taken out to the depth of your rabbet, and the use of the rabbet is to guide you in taking out your ground so that you do not go deeper into the wood than the rabbet. Your carving, therefore, will in no case be deeper than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, that being the depth of the rabbet.

When the rabbeting is done you proceed to transfer your design; for unless you have had some practice in drawing and carving, you had better transfer your design rather than trust yourself to draw it in freehand.

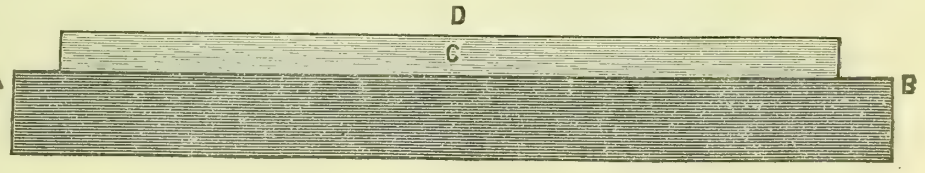


Fig. 4.

(To be continued.)



OUR "NOBLY DONE" COLUMN.

[The inquest was held before Dr. Macdonald, M.P., Coroner for North-East London, on Henry James Bristow, aged eight years. Mrs. Bristow, who lives at Walthamstow, had left this little boy alone in the room with a younger sister of only three years of age, in order to go on an errand, from which she returned before six o'clock to find that the little girl had climbed on a chair to reach a small paraffin lamp, and had upset it over her clothes, which, of course, caught fire at once. The boy immediately tore them off her, and laid her upon the bed; but in lifting her on to the bed, his own clothes caught fire, and it took the child a long time to tear them off, which, however, at last he succeeded in doing, but not till he was so seriously hurt that, though taken at once to a hospital, he died within the week from the result of the injuries. His little sister's life he had succeeded in saving at the cost of his own.]

HENRY JAMES BRISTOW.

A GALLANT little soul has just gone home
To God, from whence it came.
A little boy, a tiny lad of eight,
Yet *Hero* is his name.

He kept his trust, he saved his sister's life
From raging, deadly flame;
He feared not to oppose the angry fire,
Or fearing overcame.

But though he died the infant life to save,
He lives again;
Clasped closely in the bosom of the Man
Who died for men.

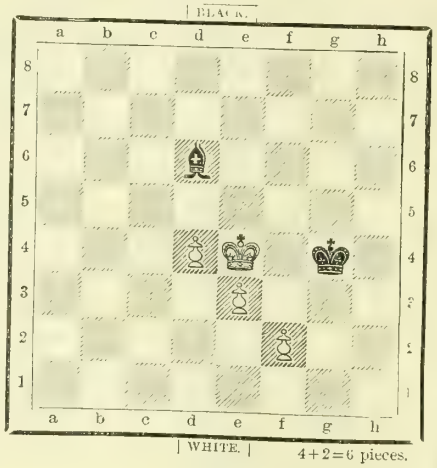
ALLAN M. TAYLOR.

LANDSLIP IN KENT—HEROISM OF A BOY.

A landslip occurred on January 21 at the foot of the range of hills that turn from Folkestone through a little village known as Harpinger. Immediately beneath the scene of the landslip was a cottage occupied by a labourer named Hayward, his wife, and four children. The slope at the rear and above the cottage is about 150 feet high, and is exceedingly steep. The land at the summit of the hill was, until the day before the landslip, covered thickly with snow. The rapid thaw which set in, and the heavy downpour of rain which fell for several hours, caused the fields to become swamped, and, as the snow melted, the water made its way to the ridge of the hill above the cottage, towards which the high ground inclines. At the top of the hill, just above the cottage, there is a deep indentation in the land, so that a large body of water accumulated there. This eventually forced out a great slice of the land from the side of the hill. The earth was carried out in a clean scoop, which extended down the entire depth of the slope to the place where the cottage stood. The cottage, which was a one storey dwelling, was isolated from any other house, the nearest being about a quarter of a mile distant. It abutted on to the side of a main road, beyond which is another slope about 30 feet deep, and a ploughed field. From the appearances it would seem that the avalanche struck the cottage, completely wrecking it and tearing it from its foundation. The *débris* of the cottage was hurled over the road and further down the slope into the ploughed field, where the remains of the cottage were scattered about. The brick portion of the building was completely shattered. The thatched roof was carried a distance of about 60 yards into the field. The whole occurrence, it is stated, was momentary. The thatched roof was, no doubt, partially carried by the heavy wind which prevailed at the time. The north side of the house was evidently struck first. It was in this part that three of the children—William, aged ten years, Jane, aged eight years, and Walter, aged one year and eight months—were sleeping. The thatched roof, it is supposed, fell upon these children, and was carried in a body into the field below. The rest of the building fell in upon the husband and wife, Alfred Hayward and Jane Hayward, crushing them and a child aged four months. The little lad William extricated himself, and with great presence of mind shouted for his sister. Hearing a cry, he states that he at once began to search among the ruins, and managed to rescue her. He then heard the cry of the other child, Walter, whom he also succeeded in finding and rescuing, but with much difficulty. It was a terrible night; the wind blew a hurricane, and it rained in torrents; but the little fellow, nearly naked as he was, succeeded in carrying Walter to a cottage occupied by a Mr. Mount, who took them in, and immediately went for assistance. Mount states that this was about one o'clock in the morning, and as soon as he obtained assistance they commenced to search amongst the ruins, but they were unable to find any traces of the missing persons until several persons with spades had removed tons of earth and material. The husband, wife, and baby were then found together, and so dreadfully crushed as to be almost beyond identification. Here is the story of the brave little lad, as told at the inquest: "I am ten years of age. Alfred and Sarah Hayward were my father and mother, and the little girl was my sister. I went to bed about seven on Tuesday night, and was sleeping in the same room as my sister Jane, aged eight, and my little brother, who is one year and eight months old. In the front of our house there was a roadway, and then a steep bank beyond. When I first awoke I felt the wind blowing very cold, and I found that I was lying in the open field. There was no covering over me at all. My little brother and sister were lying a short way from me. It was dark, and they were covered up by a large piece of the thatch from the roof of the house. I called out, and when I heard them crying I went to help them. I pulled the thatch off and got them out. My sister then went across the field in the direction of Mr. Mount's house, and I followed carrying my little brother. I had to carry my little brother the whole of the way, and lift him over the fence and the wattles." The coroner remarked that the lad had acted in a very heroic manner, and so, we feel sure, all our readers will agree.

CHESS.

Problem No. 262.



4+2=6 pieces.

White to move, and can only draw.

This position occurred in a game between H. F. L. Meyer (White), and J. Swyer (Black), and it was thought that the three Pawns would win; but the result, after playing the position over several times, was a draw. The second player then fancied he might more easily draw with a Knight, but was contradicted by the first player, and, although the play was more difficult, the result was certainly a draw. A statement on page 287 in J. Berger's book on "Endspiele," that three Pawns supported by their King regularly win against a Bishop or a Knight, is thus proved incorrect.

DUFRESNE'S BOOKS.

The indefatigable J. Dufresne, of Berlin, has issued another book on chess, entitled "Das Buch der Schachmeisterpartien. Sammlung lehrreicher, in den letzten Meisterturnieren gespielter Schachpartien." The pretty little book contains seventy-four games, each one illustrated by one or two diagrams. The publisher is P. Reclam, of Leipzig.

OBITUARY.

Two of our oldest and greatest composers have lately died—Grimshaw and Campbell. Walter Grimshaw was born at Dewsbury in Yorkshire on March 12, 1832, commenced chess with H. E. Kidson, at York, where he stayed from 1844 till 1855, and then moved to Whitby, where he died on December 27, 1890. Joseph Graham Campbell was born at Cookstown in Ireland, in May 1830, then established himself as a merchant in London, where he died on January 1, 1891. This reminds us of a statement made to us last year by Campbell concerning the origin of the celebrated Bristol problem. When Campbell showed his three-mover—White, K—K R 8, Q—Q 7, Rs—K 3 and K R 2; B—Q R 5; Kts—Q R 3 and K Kt 5; P—Q Kt 3; Black, K—Q B 4; R—Q Kt 8; Bs—Q 5 and K B 4; Kt—K Kt 2; Ps—Q B 3, K 3, K 4, and K Kt 3—to Frank Healey (born in London on November 19, 1828), the latter determined to play a fine move with the Rook also, and, in 1860 or 1861, composed his Bristol three-mover—White, K—K R 2; Q—K Kt 6; Rs—Q sq. and K B 3; B—Q R sq.; Kts—Q Kt 6 and K B 7; Ps—Q R 3, Q B 3, Q 2, Q 5, and K Kt 2; Black, K—Q B 4; B—Q Kt 4; Kt—Q Kt 2; Ps—Q R 5, Q B 5, K B 5, and K Kt 2. It has been truly said that Grimshaw was the first to play the Rook in order to clear the way for the Queen, but Campbell's statement proves the origin of Healey's stratagem, and shows that the latter did not take his idea from Grimshaw.



THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL.

[*Concluding List.*]

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	663	16	6½
H. Leader	0	3	0
Collected by Robert G. McInnes	0	4	6
J. H. Whitehouse	0	0	6
Posanne	0	1	0
Reader of "B. O. P."	0	0	6
Collected by Prof. Tuohy of Nottingham ...	3	0	0
" " Miss Hodgson	0	3	6
" " Master Lambert	0	1	0
" " M. J. Thornton	0	2	0
" " T. F. Martin	0	10	0
" " M. E. Handley	1	0	0
" " Hugh L. Nevill	0	9	3
J. F. Gansden	0	0	6
Collected by H. Holloway	0	1	0
" " G. L. Thompson	0	2	1
" " M. Nathan (Cape of Good Hope)	0	9	7
" " T. H. Howard	0	19	0
Collected by Editor B. O. P.:			
Messrs. Spicer Brothers, Limited ...	25	0	0
Mr. P. Naumann	20	0	0
Mr. Alfred Pearse	10	10	0
Messrs. R. K. Burt & Co.	30	0	0
	£756	13	11½

*** This Fund is now closed, and the entire amount, without any deduction for printing, postage, and other expenses, which have all been borne by the "B. O. P.," has been paid over to Dr. Barnardo to found the "Boy's Own" Gordon Memorial Ward in his Hospital, as already fully explained in these columns. We may, perhaps, be able to give sketches of the Hospital and Ward at some future date.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

A Canine Patient at St. Thomas's.—A short time ago a four-footed patient was brought to St. Thomas's Hospital. He was a collie dog named Mac, and his mistress related that while out walking he had been attacked by another dog, and during the fight was run over by a brougham. Examination showed that one foreleg was badly fractured and the other bruised, whereupon chloroform was administered, and the broken limb incased in plaster-of-Paris splinters. On Saturday, December 13, the splints were removed, and the dog was discharged cured. The patient was entered on the books as "Mac; occupation, pugilist."

A Vessel Saved by Oil.—The Red Cross Line steamer Miranda lately arrived in Halifax from St. John's, after a fearful passage. She left St. John's for New York while there was a heavy wind blowing. The gale increased to a hurricane, and steamers which had arrived fifty miles east of Canso were obliged to turn and run back sixty miles where they hove to. There was a panic on the Miranda among the passengers, and a number of them were injured. The seas washed over the ship, destroyed the bridge, and the water poured into the saloon and the second cabin. There was little hope of the vessel being able to weather the storm, when the captain ordered thirty gallons of oil to be thrown overboard and around the ship. The effect was magical. The immense seas passed harmlessly round the vessel, and this alone saved her from foundering.

The Anti-Gambling League.—"I hereby promise to abstain from all kinds of betting and gambling, and to do my utmost to develop a more healthy public opinion on the subject." Such is the form of pledge which the Attorney-General entreated a "mass meeting of men only" to take at Exeter Hall on January 15. The gathering, convened by the National Anti-Gambling League, was absolutely unanimous in denouncing practices which Sir Richard Webster characterised as not only reprehensible but immoral. It was useless, he urged, to seek a remedy in legislative enactments; the suppression of "dishonest, rash, and reckless speculation," whether in private, sporting, or commercial centres, could only be wrought by the force of an enlightened public opinion. It was, he said, in connection with the love of sport, in the truest and purest sense of the word, that he was first led to form a very strong opinion on the subject of gambling. It was supposed by many that it was impossible to enjoy athletic pursuits without becoming interested in a pecuniayr sense. He should therefore like to add, not for the purpose of holding himself up as an example, that during his entire interest in *sports of all kinds he had never made a bet.* In dealing with the grievous vice of betting he wished to address himself more particularly to young men holding minor situations, many of whom had been brought to misery, and some to crime, by yielding to the temptation of speculating. He desired all who could to do their utmost, by example and teaching, to turn young men away from such temptations. There were people who said, "It is all very well to attack betting as a system, but it is practised to a large extent by people who can well afford to pay." That had always occurred to him to be the most foolish and wicked argument that could be adduced. The practice of betting, whether exercised by the rich or poor, was reprehensible, and he did not hesitate to call it immoral in the highest degree. The Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton, well known in the cricket-field and now Master of Haileybury, was among the other speakers, and drew some harrowing pictures of gambling-life at Monaco.

The Downward Step.—The late Rev. James Hamilton, of Regent Square Church, was eminently useful to young men, especially to young Scotchmen, who came to London. In one of his sermons, when giving counsel not to forsake the house of God, he said: "We remember a fine youth who from the far north came up to be a clerk in the Post Office. For a long time he was constant in his attendance on the means of grace, and retained his amiable, hopeful disposition. By-and-by his visits to the house of God became desultory; and not only did he disappear from the church, but he became shy of our own society. Years passed without seeing him, and then we were asked to visit him at the Old Bailey. It turned out that he had met with careless acquaintances, who had drawn him away from his earliest friends, and led him to mis-spend the Sabbath. Eventually he had married a worldly-minded woman, with stylish notions, and in order to supply her expensive tastes he had ended by taking money out of letters. We asked him when he had been last in his old place of worship. He said that it was on the Sunday after his first offence had been committed, and when the sermon referred to an agitation then in progress for a Sunday delivery of letters in London. Bearing as it did on the circumstances of his own downfall, he still remembered an expression to the effect, 'The fear of detectives is a poor substitute for the fear of God.'"

Uppingham Set-Fights.—It is told of the late Edward Thring, the famous head-master of Uppingham School, who to the last took a very keen interest in the "B. O. P.," that if he had to rebuke some misdeed, he would sometimes say to his boys: "I don't know who the offenders are, and I don't want to know. *They would not have done it if the rest of you disliked it enough.* I hold that society can keep down any offences it disapproves of, and I mean to give you reasons for disapproving of this kind of thing." Mr. Thring's biographer ("A Memory of Edward Thring," by John Huntley Skrine. Macmillan, 1889) proceeds: "Against doubtful instances of the system's application let me place a triumphant example of its success—the suppression of 'set-fights.' It was a superstition that these fights supplied a felt want in schoolboy life. The sudden skirmish, fought out on the spot, perhaps does, but these deliberate affairs, mostly hatched by the friends of the fighters, and fought out before a critical crowd, long after the hot blood had cooled, in a secluded meadow, where the combatants pounded one another in a cautious and dummy-like fashion till one had had enough, satisfied no felt want, except that of schoolboy bloodthirst. Many of us attended who ought to have known better. . . . One term an epidemic set in, and one of the affairs came to the knowledge of masters. Next morning the head-master marched into school with the furrows of the mouth in deep shadow. He described the 'abomination' of a set-fight in his terse eloquence, and clinched his demonstration with the following:—'Now, the next fight that takes place, I will flog both the fighters, all the seconds, *and every one who was looking on.*' We did not doubt him, we knew he had the necessary endurance. The set-fight referred to is the latest known to have taken place."

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Amateur Photography.

[*Continued from p.* 350.]

Section III.—Landscapes.

Prizes—15*s. each.*

D. Dove, 27, Newark Drive, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

H. J. Redfern, 110, Pancras Square, Pancras Road, N.W.

Harry Wade, 3, East Bank Terrace, Stockton Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester.

CERTIFICATES.

[*The names are arranged in order of merit.*]

4 J. H. Pilling, 11, Rosslyn Terrace, Sunderland.
Samuel Mayle, 124, Parliament Street, Derby.

6 J. E. Murray, St. Fillans-by-Crieff, Perthshire.
M. O. Forster, 32, Binfield Road, Clapham, S.W.

8 F. H. F. Brauer, Myrtle Bank, Prestwich.
F. H. Davies, 265, Coventry Road, Birmingham.
F. H. Lewis, 35, Broad Street, Reading.
A. Forrest, 14, Market Street, Pontypridd.
Howard Martin, 3, Grove Road, New Southgate.

13 G. Emery, 142, Church Road, Hove, Brighton.
E. Winn, The Uplands, Selly Hill, Birmingham.
E. J. S. Alment, 47, Carysfort Avenue, Blackrock, Dublin.

16 J. Bowyer, 3, Camden Hill Road, Upper Norwood.
D. Leupold, Hillthorp, Grange Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.
H. J. Perrett, Fairfield, Farnham, Surrey.

19 H. H. Prime, Discount Villa, 16, Ladypool Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.
R. W. Hannington, Dorchester, New Brunswick, Canada.

21 A. E. Raper, Alston House, Bradford, Yorks.

22 John Edsforth, 53, Pitt Street, Accrington, Lancs.
Evelyn M. Whitehead, Deighton Grove, York.
Herbert Sandoe, 2, The Limes, Hornyold Road, Malvern.

25 R. F. McCracken, 20, Dorville Road, Lee.
Horace Nutter, 42, Regent's Park Road.
Alfred Scott, 41, Broadway, Stratford, E.

28 L. Price, Cambria, Solsbro' Road, Chelston, Torquay.
Cecil Michelmore, Broadstone House, Dartmouth.
R. H. Ramsay, Charlotte Street, Lerwick, Scotland.
E. C. Higgs, 44, Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.

32 G. W. Jenkins, 17, Land Street, Croydon.
Henry Leach, Elgin Villa, Stoke-on-Trent.
N. Elliott, South Sea Cottage, Coldstream, N.B.

35 A. R. Gough, 98, Hampton Road, Redland, Bristol.

36 R. L. Evans, 8, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead.
Fred Fenwick, 37, Northumberland Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Wilfred Hall, 9, Prior's Terrace, Tynemouth.
H. Levick, 76, Hampton Road, Birchfields, Birmingham.

40 W. Harrison, Moss Road, Urmston.
J. P. Hodge, 21, Cleveland Road, Canonbury, N.
A. O. Joynson, Church Street, Ellesmere, Salop.
Joseph Kershaw, Valley Cottage, Mossley, Manchester.
E. B. Owen, Fernbank, Oswestry.

45 Hugh C. Taylor, Bhowani, St. Stephen's Road, Hounslow.

46 C. W. A. Rosser, Landscove, Weston-super-Mare.

47 F. H. Carter, 23, Nelson Road, Southsea.
John L. Dennis, 24, Swarthmore Terrace, South Stockton, Yorkshire.

49 J. P. Jenkins, Hazlemere, St. John's Road, Clifton, Bristol.
G. P. Waters, Marlborough House, Lower Addiscombe Road, Croydon, Surrey.



Correspondence.

FROGGIE.—1. Our instructions on "How to make a Canvas Canoe" have been reprinted in "Indoor Games." 2. An American schooner of the past, and of romance, had a fixed bowsprit, a small foresail, and a large mainsail, and seldom carried square-headed gaff topsails. To-day American schooners are not to be distinguished from English ones, except that as a rule they are cleaner and smarter, owing to their not being used in such dirty trades. Of course this refers to traders and not to yachts.

JACK ASHORE.—There are Sailors' Homes in Ireland at Belfast, Cork, Dublin, Limerick, and Queenstown. In Scotland there are Sailors' Homes at Greenock, Glasgow, Dundee, Leith, and Stornoway. In foreign parts there are Homes at New York, Boston, San Francisco, Marseilles, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Callao, and Honolulu; and there are probably others, but these we have heard of.

FLORA T.—In the Greek Church, Elisha, the Hebrew prophet, is a Saint; that is the explanation. His "day" is the 14th of June; that gave the clue.

G. C. PELLS.—Plum jam is made in the same way "for a Blue-eyed Madien" as for any one else; and as to throw-down crackers "for a Blue-eyed Madien," we should say the practice was so extremely unladylike that we had rather not be responsible for the consequences. Had you asked for yourself we would have told you; but we can only refer the "Blue-eyed Madien" to the "G. O. P."

SCOTIA.—"The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's" was in our fourth volume, long since out of print; but it has been reprinted in our Bookshelf Series, and can be had from any bookseller, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 635.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER X.—HOW PERCY GOT BACK HIS FOOTBALL.

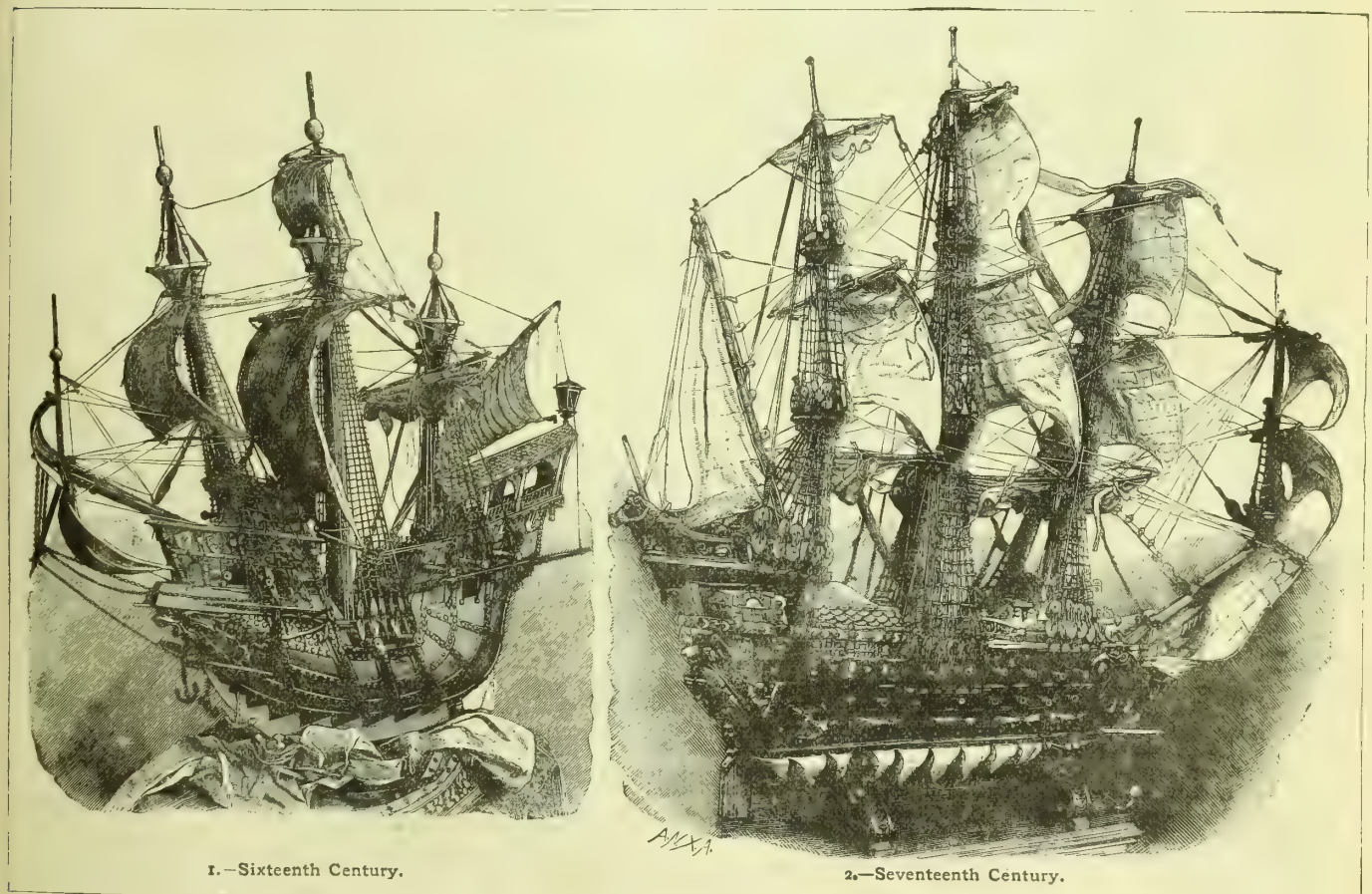
It was not to be expected that in the present state of party feeling at Fellsgarth the incident recorded in the last chapter would be confined to a personal quarrel between Dangle and Rollitt.

If it be true that it takes two to make a quarrel, there was not much to be feared in the latter respect. For Rollitt was apparently unaware that he had done anything calling for general remark, and went his ways with his customary indifference.

When Dangle, egged on by the indignation of his friends, had gone across to find him and demand satisfaction, Rollitt had told him to call again to-morrow, as he was busy.

Dangle therefore called again.

"I've come to ask if you mean to apologise for what you did the other day? If you don't——"



1.—Sixteenth Century.

2.—Seventeenth Century.

Our Wooden Walls of the Past.—(*See page* 378.)

"Get out!" said Rollitt, going on with his work.

"——If you don't," continued Dangle, "you'll have to take the consequences."

"Get out!"

"If you funk it, Rollitt, you'd better say so."

"Get out," said Rollitt, rising slowly to his feet.

Dangle reported when he got back to his house, that argument had been hopeless. Yet he meant to take it out of the workhouse cad some other way.

But if the principals in the quarrel were inactive, their adherents on either side took care to keep up the feud.

The Modern juniors especially, who felt very sore at the indignity put upon their house, took up the cudgels very fiercely. Secretly they admitted that Dangle had cut rather a poor figure, and that they could have made a much better job over the impounded football than he had by his interference. But that had nothing to do with the conduct of the enemy, whom they took every opportunity of defying and deriding.

"There go the sneaks," shouted Lickford, as the four Classic juniors paraded arm in arm across the green. "Who got licked by our chap and had to squeal for a prefect to come and help them? Oh my—waterspouts!"

"Ya—*how now—oh no, not me!*" Percy shouted for the special benefit of Fisher II.

"Look at them! They daren't come our side. Cowards!—daren't come on to our side of the path," chimed in Cash.

"Look at their short legs," called Ramshaw; "only useful for cutting away when they see a Modern."

"Who got licked on the hands for cheating at Elections, and blubbed like anything?" put in Cottle.

The four heroes walked on, hearing every word and trying to appear as if they did not. They spoke to one another with forced voices and mechanical smiles, and did their best not to be self-conscious in the matter of their legs.

But as the defiance grew bolder in proportion as they walked further, Wally said:

"I say, this is a drop too much. We can't stand this, eh?"

"No; the cads;" chimed in the other three.

"Tell you what," said Wally, "it wouldn't be a bad joke to have a punt about with their football right under their noses, would it?"

"How if they bag it?"

"Bother—we must chance that."

"I say," said Ashby, "if we could bag their boots first."

"Can't do that; but we might wait till they're in their class after breakfast in the morning. They go in half an hour before us. I know they all sit near the window, and are squinting out at everybody that passes. Won't they squirm?"

Next morning therefore at early school, as Percy and Company sat huddled at their desks in the Modern class-room, biting their paws, groaning over their sums, and gazing dismally from the window all at the same time, they had the unspeakable anguish of beholding Wally, D'Arcy, Ashby, and Fisher II, with *their* ball, having a dingdong game of punt-about on the sacred Modern grass, under their very eyes.

How these four enjoyed themselves and kicked about the ball, nodding and kissing their hands all the while at the mortified enemy, who sat like caged beasts glaring at them through their bars, and gnawing their fingers in impotent fury!

Sometimes, to add a little relish to the sport, they invited a passing prefect of their own house to give the ball a punt, and once a neat drop kick from D'Arcy left a muddy splotch on the face of the sundial above Forder's door.

This was too much; and when, a few minutes later, they caught sight of the marauders waving to them and calling attention by pantomimic gesture to the fact that they were carrying off the ball once more to their own quarters, Percy could contain himself no longer.

"Beasts!" he ejaculated.

"Wheatfield," said Mr. Forder, who was in charge of the class, "write me out fifty lines of the 'Paradise Lost,' and a letter of apology in Latin for using bad language in class."

Percy was conducted home by his friends that morning in a critical state. He felt it necessary to kick somebody and therefore kicked them; and they, entirely misunderstanding his motives, kicked back. Consequently, a good deal of time was occupied in arranging matters all round on a comfortable footing; by the end of which time the fraternity, though marred in visage, felt generally easier in its mind.

It was no use appealing to the Modern prefects. They had made a mess of it so far, and weren't to be trusted. Nor did the course of lodging a complaint with Yorke commend itself to the company. It might be mistaken for telling tales. How would it do to——

Here entered Robert, the school porter, with a letter addressed

"Wheatfield II, Mr. Forder's," in a scholarly hand.

"Wheatfield II," snarled Percy; "that's not me, Bob. What do you take me for? Here, take it over to Wakefield's, and look about for the dirtiest, ugliest, beastliest kid you can see. That's Wheatfield II."

"You'll be sure to know him by his likeness to Percy," added Cash by way of encouragement.

"But Wakefield's ain't Forder's," observed the sage Robert. "Look what the envelope says."

"True; it must be meant for Percy after all."

"You go and tell him it's like his howling cheek to call me II, whoever it is; and when I catch him I'll welt him. Do you hear?"

"Very good, sir, I'll tell him," said the porter with a grin.

Meanwhile Percy had opened the letter and caught sight of the signature.

He uttered a whistle of amazement.

"Hullo!" he cried, "it's from Stratton! What ever—— Oh, I say, Bob, it doesn't matter about that message; do you hear?"

"Won't be no trouble, sir," said the porter.

"If I want to give it I'll do it myself," said Percy.

"Whatever's it about?" said his friends.

"Dear Wheatfield II—(cheek!)" read Percy, "Mrs. Stratton and I will be glad to see you and three or four of your friends to tea this evening at six. I will arrange with Mr. Forder to give you exeats from preparation."

"Humph!" grunted Percy—"rather civil—I hear he gives rather good grub. I vote we go."

"May as well. It gets us off preparation too," said Cash.

"Who said *you* were in it?" replied Percy. "Catch me taking you unless you behave. I've a good mind to take Clapperton and Brinkman and Dangle and Fullerton."

This threat reduced the clan to obedience at once, and Percy sat down presently, and wrote in his most admired style——

"Wheatfield I" (the "I" was heavily underlined) "is much obliged to Mr. Stratton for his invitation to him to tea in his room, and he will be glad to bring the following of his friends, if he has no objection, with him; viz. Lickford, Ramshaw, Cash, and Cottle. With kind regards from P. W," and sent the note over by the hand of the youngest of the Modern juniors.

This diversion served for a time to heal the mental ravages of the morning, and to occupy the attention of the company most of the afternoon.

"Case of Sunday-go-to-meeting, isn't it?" said Lickford.

"Rather. Mind you tog up well, you chaps; I'm not going to take four louts out to tea with me, I promise you."

Whereupon ensued great searchings of hearts and wardrobes to see what could be done in the way of appropriate decoration. The invitation came at an awkward time, for it was Friday afternoon, and Mrs. Wisdom rarely sent home the washing before Saturday. Consequently it was a work of some difficulty to muster five clean collars among the party, still less as many shirt fronts.

Lickford spent at least an hour over his last Sunday's shirt with ink-eraser, trying to get it to look tidy; while Cottle, more ingenious, neatly gummed pieces of white paper over the dirty spots on his.

A great discussion took place as to chokers. Percy, who had one threatened to leave behind any one not similarly adorned. It was only by adroit cajolery, and persuading him that he, as personal conductor of the party, had a right to be sweller than the rest, that he could be induced to waive the point.

The same argument had to be urged with regard to boots, as none of the others had patent leathers, which Percy insisted was the first thing any one looked to see if you had on at a party. It was urged that as most of the time would be spent with the feet under the table, this, though sound in law, was not in the present case of such vital importance in equity. Objection waived once more.

Finally, when all was ready, Percy held a full-dress parade of his forces, and looked each of them up and down as minutely and critically as an officer of the Guards inspecting his company. He objected to Cash wearing white gloves, as he had none himself, and he nearly cashiered Cottle for having a coloured handkerchief, because he himself had a brand-new white one. At length, however, all these little details were arranged, and as the school clock began to chime

the hour the order to march was given, and the company proceeded at the double to Mr. Stratton's house.

Mr. Stratton was more or less of a favourite with both sides at Fellsgarth. He had a small house, in which were representatives of both factions, but most of them of the quieter sort, who, being obliged to live together under one roof, did not see so much to quarrel about out of doors. Mr. Stratton, too, took the juniors' divisions of each school, and so kept fairly well in touch with both. Add to this, that he was a good all round athlete, that he had a serene and cheerful temper, and, what is of scarcely less importance, a charming young wife, and you have several very good reasons why he was one of the most popular masters at Fellsgarth. The juniors, on the whole, appreciated him. When he was down on them they forgave him on account of his youth, and when he complained that he could not get them to understand his precepts, they asked one another whose fault was that? Occasionally he condoned all his offences by an act of hospitality, and for once in a way betrayed that he recognised the merits of a select few of his pupils by asking them to tea.

This was evidently the case now, and, as our five young Moderns trotted across the green, they wished their enemies in Wakefield's could only have looked out and witnessed their triumph.

Little they dreamed that at that moment Wally, Ashby, D'Arcy, and Fisher II, resplendent in shirts and collars fresh from the wash, with their eight hands encased in white kid and their eight feet in patent leather, were standing about in Mr. Stratton's drawing-room, wondering who on earth it was whose non-arrival was preventing the ringing of the tea-bell.

When presently Percy and his party were ushered in and discovered who were their fellow-guests, it did some credit to their breeding that they remembered to go up and shake hands with Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, and did not immediately fly at the enemy's throat. The enemy, however, were equally taken aback, and were fully entitled to half the credit for the self-control with which the discovery was received.

"There's no need to introduce you to one another, I'm sure," said Mr. Stratton. "By the way, Wheatfield—you I mean," pointing to Percy, "I must apologise for calling you II. It was very kind of you to put me right."

Wally glared up at this, and would have liked to put the matter right there and then, but Mrs. Stratton said—

"It isn't fair to number twins at all, is it?"

"Unless," suggested D'Arcy, blushing to find himself talking, "unless you reckon them half each."

This only mended matters to the extent of raising a laugh at the expense of the twins, who felt mutually uncomfortable.

The tea-bell, however, relieved the tension.

"Come," said the hostess. "You must take one another in. No, that won't do, all Mr. Wakefield's boys together. Two of you come this side—that's right; and Cottle and Ramshaw, you go over there. Now, you're beautifully sorted. Edward, dear, you mustn't talk till you've handed round the tea-cake to our guests. Lickford, do you take cream and sugar? And you too, twins? Oh really, dear, you don't call those slices, do you? Do let Ashby cut up the cake; I'm sure he knows better than you what a slice is; don't you, Ashby?"

Apparently Ashby did; and the party, thus genially thrown together and set to work, soon began to experience the balmy influences of a convivial high tea.

Very little was spoken at first except by Mr. Stratton, who gave a brief account of a University cricket match in which he had once played—a narrative which served as a most soothing refrain to the silent exercise in which his listeners were engaged. Presently a few questions were put in by the boys, followed by a few observations which gradually, by the adroit piloting of the host, loyally backed up by his wife, developed into a discussion on the use and abuse of "third man up" in modern cricket. After this knotty point was disposed of the talk grew more general, and Wally became aware that his brother was handing him the apricot jam.

The act, simple in itself, meant a great deal to Wally. He liked apricot jam and had not been able to get at it all the evening. As he now helped himself he admitted to himself that Percy was not quite such a lout as he had occasionally thought him.

"Thanks awfully, Percy. Did you like that toffee I gave you the other day?"

"Rather. It was spiffing," said Percy. "I say, I don't mind writing home this week if you like."

"Oh, don't you grind; I will."

"Really I don't mind."

"No more do I. I say, can you reach the butter?"

"Rather. Better nurse this dish up here between us. There's another down there."

Similar scenes of reconciliation were taking place elsewhere. Cottle was asking Ashby his riddle; D'Arcy was laying down the law in the admiring hearing of Ramshaw and Lickford as to the cooking of sprats on the shovel; while Fisher II was telling the sympathetic Mrs. Stratton all about the people at home. Mr. Stratton was wise enough not to disturb this state of affairs by talk of his own. When, however, the meal began to flag, and his guests one by one abandoned the attack, he proposed an adjournment to the drawing-room.

"I want the advice of you youngsters," said he presently, "about something I daresay you all know something about. I mean the old School shop."

The party looked guilty. *Didn't* they know the tuck shop?

"It seems to me," said Mr. Stratton, "it's rather in a bad way just now; don't you think so? Robert hasn't time to look after it, and wants to give it up. He says it doesn't pay; and really some of his things aren't particularly nice. I went and had a jam tart there this morning. It was like shoe leather; and the jam was almost invisible."

Wally laughed. He knew those tarts well.

"I think it would be a pity if it was given up; don't you? We all want a little grub now and then; besides, it's an old School institution."

"Robert charges three-halfpence apiece for those tarts," said D'Arcy.

"Yes—think of that. I've no doubt you could get them for half the price at Penchurch. What I was thinking was, why shouldn't some of us carry on the shop ourselves?"

The boys opened their eyes. The idea of carrying on a tuck shop on their own account opened a vista of such endless possibilities, that they were quite startled.

"It ought to be easy enough if we manage properly," said Mr. Stratton. "Suppose, now, we who are here were to form a committee and decide we'd run the shop, how should we begin?"

"It depends on what Robert left behind," said Percy.

"Oh, we wouldn't take over any of his stuff. No, the first thing would be to reckon up how much we should want to start with, and either club together or get some one to advance it. How many tarts do you suppose are sold a day?"

"Hundreds," said Ashby.

"Well, according to Robert, about eighty. But say one hundred. That at a penny each would be about 8*s.* for tarts. Then the ginger beer. Would twenty bottles do? That would be 3*s.* 4*d.*, supposing they cost 2*d.* each. That's 11*s.* 4*d.* What next? Apples? Suppose we put them down at 2*s.* 6*d.*—13*s.* 10*d.* Sweets? Well, say 2*s.* 6*d.* more—16*s.* 4*d.* Nuts 1*s.*—17*s.* 4*d.* It mounts up, you see. We ought at least to have 25*s.* or 30*s.* to start with. Well, I happen to know somebody who would lend that amount to the shareholders for a little time if we should want it. Now suppose we've got our money. We ought to send to some of the best shops and market people in the town to see what we could get our things for. As it happens, Mrs. Stratton when she was in Penchurch this morning did inquire, and this is her report. The tarts that we should sell for a penny we could get for three farthings each, so that on a hundred tarts we should make a profit of 2*s.* 1*d.* And the confectioner would send his cart up every day with fresh tarts of different kinds of jam, and take back yesterday's stale ones at half price. That would be a great improvement, wouldn't it?"

"Rather," said everybody.

"Then the ginger beer. Would you believe it, if we undertake to take not less than twelve bottles a day during the half we can get them for a penny each, and might sell them for three-halfpence. That would make a great increase in the demand I fancy, and every bottle we can sell, we make a clear halfpenny profit. The same with the sweets. You can get most sorts for 9*d.* or 10*d.* a pound, and if we sell at a penny an ounce, you see we get 7*d.* or 8*d.* profit. I should vote for only getting the best kind of sweets and making rather less profit than that. At any rate, you see, if we are careful, we ought pretty soon to be able to pay back what we owe, and after providing for the expense of a person to mind the shop and do the selling, put by a little week by week, which will go to the School clubs or anything else the fellows decide. What do you think of the plan?"

They all thought it would be magnificent.

"I see no reason why you youngsters should not manage it splendidly by yourselves as soon as you get once started.

You'll have to draw up strict rules, of course, for managing the shop, and make up the accounts; and look out sharp that you aren't selling anything at a loss. Remember, the cheaper you can sell (provided you get a fair profit), the more customers you'll have. And the better your stuff is, the more it will be liked. Mrs. Stratton says she will act as banker, and take care of the money at the end of each day and pay out what you want for stores. Don't say anything about it out of doors at present; talk it over among yourselves during the week, and if you think it will work, tell me, and we'll have a regular business meeting to settle preliminaries. Now suppose we have a game of crambo?"

When the party broke up, Moderns and Classics strolled affectionately across the green arm in arm, deep in confabulation as to the projected shop.

When they reached the door of Wakefield's, Wally said, "By the way, have any of you chaps lost a football? There's one kicking about in our room. Hang outside and I'll chuck it to you out of the window."

Which he did. And the ball proved to be the very one the Moderns had lost a week ago! How curious!

(To be continued.)

A DAY'S FIGHT ON A SOUTH AFRICAN FARM.

By Mrs. Carey-Hobson.

"Well, Cribbs, I think everything seems to be going on all right now; thanks to that good soaking rain that just saved us from another drought," said Tom Westwood to the only white man-servant on the farm.

"Certain sure, Mr. Tom, it be. I never see anything in this country look more promising than that strip of forage. I walked all round it last Sunday. It's a mile long if it's a foot, and I never saw a bit o' smut nor anything else as oughtn't to be among it. If all the rest of the pests and plagues that this blessed country produces will only keep out of the way, we can begin a reapin' of it in ten days from now."

"I should think we might," responded Tom. "Yes, you are right, that field of oats is just splendid, and I only hope, as you say, that nothing will happen to it, for it'll keep all the horses in forage for a good six months at least; and the wheat and the mealies look well too."

"They do, sir, and the garden stuff likewise. There ain't nothin' on the place that don't look nice and green now. If ye didn't look at yon great plains, and the mountains in the distance, one could a'most fancy hisself in Old England agin."

Tom smiled. He knew nothing of England himself, although he called it *home* as his parents had always done; but he smiled now, for it was a favourite saying among them when anything looked more green and beautiful than usual, "Old Cribbs will a'most fancy hisself in Old England agin!"

"And, Mr. Tom, sir, if so be as you're a-contemplatin' of a visit to the town, we're all fair just now, sir, and there ain't nothin' but what me and Master Ned can see to, but in ten days or so we had ought to be very busy."

"I was thinking of that, Cribbs," answered Tom, "and intended speaking to my mother to-night about going in to-morrow morning."

"And you'll please give my duty to the young lady, sir. We'll all be well pleased when she comes out to her new home."

Tom's visit was all arranged over the supper table that night, and various messages were duly given, so that Tom might start early and be well on his way before the great heat of the day set in. Accordingly, soon after four o'clock the next morning old Katchy, the Hottentot nurse, was busy making coffee for her young master, while in the stable Hendrick was grooming the horses till their coats shone like mirrors.

"Tom! Mind you give my love to Lottie," was called out from his sister's window as he and his after-rider Hendrick passed close to it.

"Oh! I say, Tom,"—this time from Bob, the ten-year-old brother - "kiss that girl of yours for my part, but tell her it's a shame she didn't wait for me as she promised."

"You young shaver! Get off to bed again, and mind you look after everything while I'm away."

At breakfast time the widow, Mrs. Westwood, surrounded by the remainder of her children, had just been discussing the probable progress that Tom had made in his journey, when one of the coloured maids came to the door.

"Well, Zàra?" asked her mistress.

"Please missis, Piet says, young Baas is coming back!"

"Coming back now!" exclaimed Ned, jumping up. "Nonsense! he's been gone three hours."

"Piet says he's sure it's Master Tom, and he's riding hard."

By this time all the breakfast party were either at the windows or on the stoep (raised verandah) in the front of the house.

Sure enough there was a cloud of dust clearly to be seen coming towards them at a rapid rate, but who or what was in the middle of the cloud it was not so easy to make out.

"What can be bringing the young master home again, Piet?" asked Mrs. Westwood, never doubting for a moment that the man was correct as to who the dust encompassed. "Do you think the river is up?"

"No, missis, can't be that; Mr. Tom couldn't have got to the river and back in this time."

"True, Piet. Well, we shall soon know. I trust," she said, turning anxiously to her daughter Lucy, the only one left by her side, "that there is no bad news in store for us."

Ned walked off with Piet, while Bob ran down the road to meet his brother.

"I am going to get the hatchets, Master Ned; perhaps we shall want some boughs chopped."

"What! do you think that it's——?"

"Locusts, boys—locusts! Myriads of them," called out Tom as he rode up. "No school to-day; you must all work hard at piling up fires. Get a lot of straw down, all along the wall of the forage land facing the road. Yes, mother," said the young man, as he alighted and threw the reins to Hendrick, "unless a strong breeze springs up from a contrary direction, which is not very likely fine this morning, we shall have the locusts down upon us in less than three hours. The wind is in this direction, and I reckoned that they would come straight on for our oat, hay, and mealies" (maize).

"I'm glad to see you've got the hatchets, Piet—I'll join you soon."

"You'll find us just below the garden," said Ned; "I am sorry, old man. It was awfully good of you to come back and tell us, though! Won't old Cribbs be savage when he hears about 'them there pests as this 'ere blessed country produces.'"

Tom was soon seated at the table in the lightest possible summer garments, enjoying some tea after the dusty gallop.

"I had ridden about an hour and a quarter," said he to his mother, "when I off-saddled at the spruit (small river) to let the horses roll—there was good grass among the mimosas—and we stayed there till nearly seven, and then went on. In less than five minutes we were right in a swarm of locusts; they were lying so thick upon the ground, even in the road, that the horses crushed dozens of them with every step they took, while on the bushes they hung like thousands of swarms of bees, the boughs bending down with their weight; they were all busy preparing to rise in a mass and fly off to their devastating work.

"'We have been coming right against the wind all the way,'" said Hendrick.

"I knew we had, and of course I knew what he meant by reminding me of it, and that was, that the whole swarm of them would come as straight as a crow flies for this farm. I can tell you, mother, I didn't hesitate many seconds what I had better do.

"I told Hendrick," continued Tom, "that we had the start of them, and would be here first. We couldn't see the end of them either way, and it made me feel sick to think of what all our beautiful green cultivated lands would look like to-night if they were allowed to come on unchecked."

"All along the foot of the mountains in the distance, there's a thick cloud," said Lucy, who had just been out to look if she could see anything of the locusts.

"That's the swarm coming on," said Tom. "They won't be here for another hour or more yet, so I hope we shall be well prepared for them."

Tom quickly joined the workers, taking with him a good supply of large towels and pieces of red cloth wherewith to make flags by tying them to the green boughs that Cribbs had already brought from the garden.

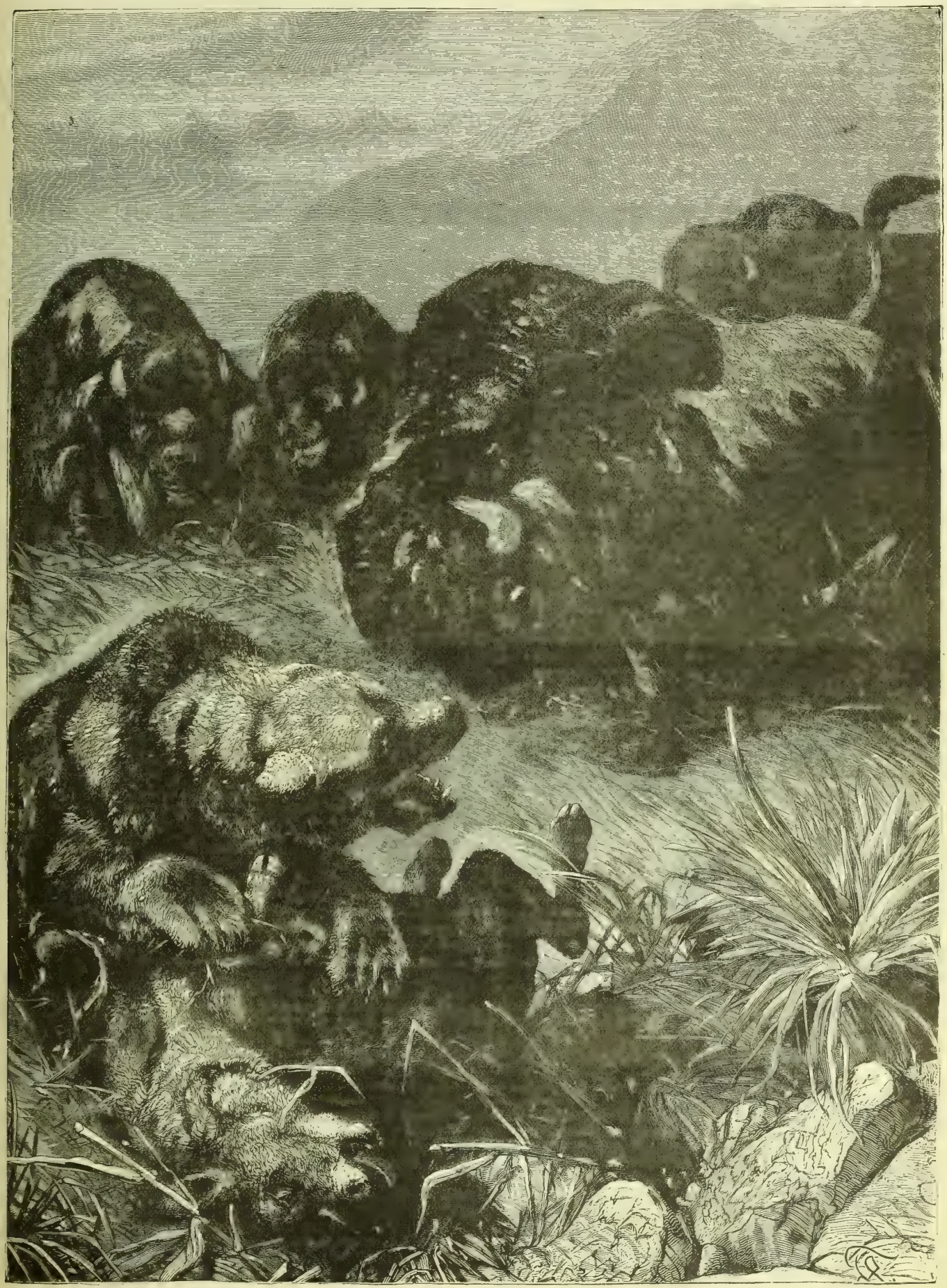
Poor Cribbs was in despair. "It's like this 'ere blessed country. I suppose it wouldn't be good for us to have everything all straight in this life; but, thank the Lord, there ain't no jumping locusts in Old England."

"Perhaps there are some drawbacks there that we have not here," said Tom, thoughtfully.

"That's true, sir, an' I hadn't ought to be murmurin' against Providence if He chooses to send them. Fortunately I've got my heaps of weeds in different parts of the garden all ready to be set a-smoking, and the men have been chopping a lot of green bushes and shrubbery stuff; there's nothin' like that sort of thing for makin' a good lot of smoke, an' we'll do our best to drive them off as fast as they come."

Tom smiled at Cribbs's doubtful resignation, and passed on to aid and encourage the rest of the men and boys.

"Remember that if the forage and the corn lands are saved, I'll give every one a



Charging the Enemy.

span of tobacco and an extra basinful of sugar, and the women shall each have a handful of tea and a bit of town-made snuff besides."

Tom knew there would be great rejoicings at this prospect, for Hottentots are always ready for more "*tabac*" and "*Zuiker*."

By this time the locusts were seen advancing like a great cloud coming to overshadow every bright and green thing. On they came, the great "flying" army.

"Now then, boys, make as much smoke as you can," cried Tom.

The dry stuff under each heap was soon lighted, and the green bushes kept the whole smouldering and smoking.

"Here's the vanguard," said Ned, as he excitedly leaped into the air and knocked down a locust that was so far in advance of his fellows, that it seemed as if he had been sent out on a reconnoitring expedition.

Up went the smoke from about a dozen of the fires; and the locusts were soon dropping about in every direction, though the main body had not yet come up.

"It minds me of a heavy snowstorm, it do," said Cribbs; "that is, I mean if you look up again the sky and don't see as they're not white."

Soon the battle raged fast and furious, the dense mass darkening the brilliant sunshine as if there were an eclipse.

There was a slight swerve as the wall of smoke rose in suffocating clouds, and though it seemed to make but little difference in the onward course of the myriads, still the combined effect of that, and the beating back with the large boughs and flags that each man, woman, and boy plied so vigorously, took effect at last, and great numbers certainly did bear off to the east.

"Hurrah!" cried Ned, parched though he was, "I believe we shall do it yet!" He was heard only by those close to him, for the noise of moving wings was like a rushing torrent.

It was frightfully hot work, but there was no time to think of stopping except to drink a mug of water or coffee now and then, sent down by the girls who were hard at work in the house.

"Bob, old man," said Tom to the child as they both met for a moment at the bucket; "are you getting tired?"

"Not a bit of it, Tom, and I've kept hundreds of the nasty things from getting into the land."

"Yes, I know you have, my boy; you've worked like a man, and I'm hoping that we shall save the crops, but there are a lot of them settling down in the vegetable garden, and I want you to run down and tell Cribbs that they won't touch French beans and peas, so he need not trouble about them, but to keep the weeds burning under the fruit trees so that the wretches don't settle there. And Bob, you know how fond mother is of that rose tree poor father planted the last time he was in the garden. I wish when you're down there you'd look after that and the little patch of violets."

"All right," said Bob, "I'll go at once. Won't eat peas! Stupid things they must be. I shall take my own flag; they shan't touch father's rose."

Tom had set the little fellow a piece of work in the coolest and most pleasant part of the garden under the shadow of some magnificent trees; he knew that the child would never give in, and so he sent him there out of the way of the hardest work.

Smoke rose in every direction, keeping the locusts as a body from remaining in such an uncomfortable atmosphere, but there were hundreds upon hundreds that constantly tried to settle down, and these were kept flying by the boughs and flags.

Five hours the swarm took to pass over their heads, stretching away for miles, one thick, dense, dark cloud. At last they were beginning to get thinner, the rays of the sun were again visible, and the tired workers knew that it was the rearguard of that great army that was passing.

All at once Hendrick, looking out toward the mountain, exclaimed, "Oh, Baas! Baas! I can see another great swarm coming on fast."

Tom looked back in despair, for there, sure enough, was the long black ominous cloud. What was he to do? All the people on the place had done their utmost, and he knew by his own feelings that a second swarm could not have the opposition to encounter that the first had had. Tom gazed as if fascinated. Ah! what was that? The whole mass glistened, just for a moment, white like silver!

With a sigh of relief and an ejaculated thanksgiving, Tom, smiling at Hendrick, threw his cap at Ned.

"What's up, old fellow? I thought you'd got beyond that sort of fun by this time."

"Look, Master Ned, and see," said Hendrick, pointing with Tom's straw hat to an immense flight of locust birds now clearly distinguishable as they rapidly advanced in pursuit of the locusts.

"Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! three cheers for the locust eaters!" And Ned, forgetting all about his stiffness, ran along the line, kicking the ashes of the now dying fires, and making no end of a commotion.

Of course the joy was contagious, the Hottentots shrieking at the locusts, "Ach, you rascals, you thought you were going to eat up everything, did you? Well, you'll be eaten instead, and that'll serve you right."

The birds were soon upon them in thousands. Then came showers of wings and legs nipped off by the birds with the sharp sides of their beaks as they swallowed the insects, for the number thus engulfed by these birds is incredible.

The party were soon at liberty to return to the house, where a very pleasant surprise awaited at least one of them.

Tom, after washing his begrimed visage, had thrown himself back on the old sofa in the dining-room and closed his eyes, still smarting from the effects of the smoke, when some one from behind came up on tiptoe and placed her two hands upon his eyelids.

"Which of them is it, Tom?" cried Bob; "I know you can't guess."

How deliciously cool and soothing to the eyes those two hands were. Tom supposed they belonged to one of his sisters; but suddenly it struck him that these fingers pressed down over his eyeballs were too slender for Lucy's—he caught them in his own broad palms.

"Lottie! How did you come?"

"Father brought me, Tom," said the laughing, blushing girl as she released herself from the stout pair of arms that Tom had thrown around her as he leaped to his feet.

"Anyhow, I had a kiss before you this time," said Master Bob merrily. "And, Tom, the rose tree is all right."

"You're a man, Bob, and I don't begrudge you the first kiss this once; but how about father's horses, Lottie? Did any one see to their being fed?"

"They had some forage this morning when we arrived," replied Lottie; "but since that they have been with yours in the enclosure, eating locusts as fast as they can. I have been much amused by seeing the fowls jumping about to catch locusts on the wing; the pigs and the dogs too have been feasting upon them, and even the fat old cat found out that they were good, and brought one in to her kitten."

"The Bushmen and Batlapins are fond of locust cake," said Tom; "and Piet tells us that lions, panthers, jackals, and all the other wild beasts eat locusts whenever they have a chance."

"In revenge for their eating the best of their food, I suppose," said Lottie.

"That supposition won't hold water, Sissy mine," said Ned, who had just come in to tell them tea was ready. "Lions and game of that ilk do not usually feed on grass."

"Nor are horses and cows habitually insectivorous," rejoined Lottie, trying to look wise.

"Oh! stop her, stop her, Tom! You'll have her as blue as old Katchy's blue bag!"

(THE END.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frezols," etc.

CHAPTER II.—THE KERDICS.

Maurice Kerdic, the head and soul of the expedition, had all the knowledge and experience needful for the management of so difficult an enterprise. A pupil of Dieulafoy, he had learnt from that past master all the thousand secrets of his craft; the art of methodical search; the sense to distinguish the precious discovery under the dust or rust of centuries; the patience to bear without complaint privations, maladies, and inconveniences of all kinds; the more heroic tenacity which resists discouragement, insubordination, stupidity, bad faith.

The young archæologist was a Breton, and largely endowed with the obstinacy of his fellow-countrymen. When he had fixed on a plan or imposed on himself a duty, there was no human power capable of turning him aside.

Left an orphan at sixteen, and the only protector of a tenderly loved sister, he had said to himself, "I will be to Catherine both father and mother. Why should not I, her brother, be as good a guide to her as any stranger? We can be what we determine to be."

And he devoted himself bravely to his task.

At the moment when an epidemic had suddenly carried off his father and mother, the lad had just finished his studies at Vannes, and his father, a distinguished professor, was about to obtain a scholarship for him at the Paris Lycée, that he might prepare for admission to one of the higher schools. Now the situation was changed. Should he adhere to the plan? Should he send Catherine to school until he was in a position to send for her? All

the family friends advised him to do so as being the wisest, and indeed the only practicable course. But the girl of ten, frail and pale, had clung to him in despair.

"Oh, Maurice! Take me with you to Paris! Do not leave me among strangers! It will kill me!"

Maurice, in great perplexity, took a whole day to think over it. His little sister's cry of anguish had wrung his heart. It was not the vain caprice of a spoilt child that had caused such a cry. Without being sickly, Catherine had always been a little delicate in health, and she had never been separated from her mother; never had she been to boarding-school; her father or her brother had been glad to be her first teachers. What would happen to her if she were suddenly deprived of these tender affections and thrown into quite a new kind of life? Would she not waste away and die, as she said, of despair? At the close of the day her brother's resolution was fixed; he would renounce the advantages of the scholarship and the boarding-school, and take Catherine with him. They were not rich; three thousand francs a year, that was all; but with economy they could make it do. Their faithful nurse, old Héloise, who was deeply attached to them, would go with them to Paris, all the more willingly as she had a sister married to a little shopkeeper at Passy; and in this way they could take the home with them.

And this was done. If the lad of sixteen found difficulties on his road, if he went through his school life before he had learnt how to make the best of his resources, we need not stop to say so. But he was never discouraged; and he carried out his programme. Catherine was installed with Héloise in a small apartment near the Luxembourg. She grew up happy and petted, and became good-looking and strong, as well as accomplished and charming, and, by her brother's care, suffered as little as possible from the disaster which had left her an orphan at so early an age.

The two young people had inherited the sincere friendships which their father had formed in the university, and met with a kindly welcome from the best masters. Several of them offered to complete Catherine's education, while Maurice, under their auspices, pursued his own studies without intermission; and as, besides the iron constitution which Doctor Hardy had attributed to him, he possessed unusual intelligence, he was sure of success. Having obtained, as has been said, the unusual honour of being first on the list at both the Polytechnic and the Normal schools, he had chosen the former, and left it as brilliantly as he had entered it. There had then occurred the great event which had decided his career; to his great joy he had been appointed to accompany the Dieulafoy expedition. But the question at once arose, how would Catherine take the separation; would she consent?

She had not been her brother's pupil for nothing. She had learnt abnegation in his school: she knew how to dissimulate the bitter disappointment she felt at seeing him leave her, and she had learnt how to appear delighted at the perilous distinction which would assure him a name amongst the leading men of his time.

The correspondence which followed, when the difficulties of the distance and communications allowed, kept her informed of the proceedings of the expedition. What fears, what hopes, did those letters bring! Every detail, every incident, was read and re-read and commented on by Catherine and old Héloise, who became very strong on archæological questions.

Then came the return; and the anxieties of absence were compensated for by the joy of reunion. Catherine never tired of hearing her brother tell of the glorious works which have enriched our museums, thrown a light into a corner of antiquity, and added a page to the history of art.

At last they would live quietly and happily together!

But soon it was clear to her that Maurice had other plans. Strange as it may appear, after having by turns suffered from cold and sun, from hunger, thirst, and fever; after having declared that he had bidden adieu for ever to the country in which he might have left his bones, he was again the victim of a severe attack of nostalgia for historic dust. He was now astonished that he had left the country in which there was so much to discover. Having worked upon the remains of the palace of Darius, he was seized with an ambition to look upon the monuments of Cyrus.

"Why," he would say to his sister, "should we not look for the city of the seven circles, the ancient Ecbatana, of which ancient authors say so much? France has made some sacrifices, why should she not complete them and claim the honour of being the first to read that page of history?"

The profoundest of study led him to the conviction that the ancient capital of Dejoces was situated exactly between the town of Hamadan and the river of the same name. From that time he had no hesitation, and he began an attack on the Government with a view of obtaining the authority and necessary funds for the search. We need not detail the difficulties that met him. But Maurice was persevering, and he made up his mind not to be rebuffed by a reluctant administration or insufficient subsidies. One fine day he returned in high glee.

"Victory! I am off to Hamadan! I shall soon send you a sample of my first discoveries."

"No," said Catherine, "you will not send it to me; I am going with you."

"You are joking," said Maurice, incredulously.

"Not the least in the world. I decided to go with you two months ago."

"But the expedition has only been decided on to-day!"

"No!" said she, laughing; "you were as firmly determined to go two months ago as you are to-day. You would have gone on foot and swum to Ecbatana if they had refused you the official mission you asked. Do you think I have been blind? I had my little plan just as you had. Two months ago, I tell you, I began my preparations. I am ready for the journey."

"Impossible!" said Maurice, now that he saw she was in earnest. "You do not know what you ask; you have no idea what a camp is like in these wild countries. I have not told you half the horrors you have to endure——"

"So I supposed. Do you think I did not read between the lines in your letters? But it is just for this, that I wish to go."

"Never will I consent to take you into a camp," said Maurice excitedly. "I would rather decline to go myself——"

"Listen to me," said Catherine. "You did not tell me all you had to put up with when you were away, neither did I tell you the weariness and anxiety which kept me fretting here. Do you think it is harder to eat a little mad cow than to live upon trouble day after day? Why have you taught me to walk, to shoot, and to row, if it was not to make a traveller of me? Why have you associated me with you in your studies and given me explorer's fever if you wished to drop me at the happiest moment. You want an assistant. What you were to your master in Susiana let me try to be to you now. Besides, you have no doctor, and you may want a nurse, and the few ideas I have of medicine and hygiene may be of use. There was a time, Maurice, when you took pity on a poor little forsaken girl; this time I do not say I shall die if you leave me here, but I shall be horribly disappointed."

In short, she persuaded him. Héloise was placed with her sister at Passy, and it was with a thousand exhortations and not without tears that she saw her young mistress embark, as the poor old woman said, "to go among savages."

For several days Maurice was uneasy and careworn, thinking he had made a mistake in giving in to his sister. But when he saw her at work, cheerful, capable, indefatigable, and recoiling at no difficulty, he gradually became easier in his mind. After a few weeks he was obliged to confess that he did not know what he should have done without her. He had found in Catherine an assistant as precious as she was incorruptible. She was treasurer, secretary, and physician. She had the charge of the cooking and the wardrobe, and these numerous cares did not prevent her from handling the pickaxe when occasion required.

There was nothing sumptuous about the residence of the young archæologists near Hamadan. Money was not abundant and the strictest economy was indispensable. The general view of the camp was picturesque. Maurice had placed it in a wide prairie dotted with clumps of trees and watered by a quick running stream. The site was charming, and, when the sun lighted up the white tents, the *gourbis* of green boughs, and the tricolour which floated from the centre, this open-air life seemed to be most attractive. Kerdic's intention was to build huts for all his men, for he knew by experience that nothing is more unhealthy than tent life. Suffocating in hot weather, tents are soon saturated with the rain, and have the additional disadvantage of retaining the damp for a long time.

The central gourbi, which was much larger than the others, served as the drawing-room and dining-room and audience-chamber. It was in it that the rainy days were spent, or the evenings after the departure of the labourers. A few carpets of the country, hangings of

no value but chosen with taste, a good many books, European and Persian weapons hung in trophies, and flowers constantly renewed by Catherine, gave an almost elegant and comfortable aspect to the rustic dwelling. Catherine's room, abutting against the wall on the right, contained only a camp bed and a toilet arrangement of the simplest. Maurice had built his room close to his sister's, so that night and day she was under his guard. The boxes, tools, and stores of provisions and ammunition were placed a little farther off under the guard of Gargaridi, the Greek servant, who had ingeniously built a cooking place in the open air at the bottom of a deep trench dug by his own hand. When it rained, he covered the trench with a wattled hurdle, and the fire was at once in shelter.

In the morning the large room was crowded with a long procession of natives who came to consult Catherine on all sorts of diseases. Every European passes for a Hakim (physician) in the eyes of the Persians, and her consultations were as much sought after as those of our most celebrated practitioners. Her large walnut medicine chest occupied an angle of the room, and the natives would gaze with open mouth as she handled the carefully labelled bottles and poured from one or the other the medicaments she thought suitable for "her patients." The women opened their big eyes and lifted their elbows with whispered exclamations. The medicine chest had on them the effect of a sorcerer's arsenal, and the young *Khanoum* (lady) no less astonished them when she ordered without hesitation some simple remedy to relieve a sore throat, or an unhappy baby cutting its teeth, or a fever. The reputation of the Khanoum Faranghi spread far and wide through the country, and from all sides people came to see her.

Speaking Persian fluently, she strove to teach the poor people a few elementary notions of hygiene and cleanliness; but it must be admitted her propaganda had little success, and the sons of Iran continued to show an attachment which appeared indestructible to the uncleanliness inherited from their ancestors.

While luncheon was preparing, the Kerdics did the honours of the camp to the visitors, who walked by the side of the stream, and admired the ingenious manner in which the site had been treated; and as Guyon, a true cavalier, expressed a wish to see the stables, they went to look at Maurice and Catherine's horses, then peacefully grazing on the prairie, separated by a palisade from the baggage mules, which were in their customary fashion exchanging kicks and bites in the other enclosure.

"Why, what is that?" exclaimed Doctor Hardy; "is it the muezzin calling the faithful to prayers?"

"No," said Catherine, "it is our chief steward calling us to luncheon. He has got hold of the bell which is used to call the labourers on and off duty—for we do everything in a regular way. If you please, gentlemen, we will obey the call at once. Our cook has a very good opinion of himself, and he will be in despair if we let his luncheon get cold."

They returned to the central gourbi. Carpets had been spread on the grass around some of the little low tables that are used in Persia. A man, napkin in hand, was waiting for the company, and walking up and down with every sign of agitation and impatience.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "it is the illustrious Gargaridi! He seems to me at this distance to be more ragged than ever!"

"What would you have, doctor?" said Catherine, laughing. "We have given up all hope of his keeping his clothes properly. If Maurice gives him a new fit out, it is in tatters before the end of the week."

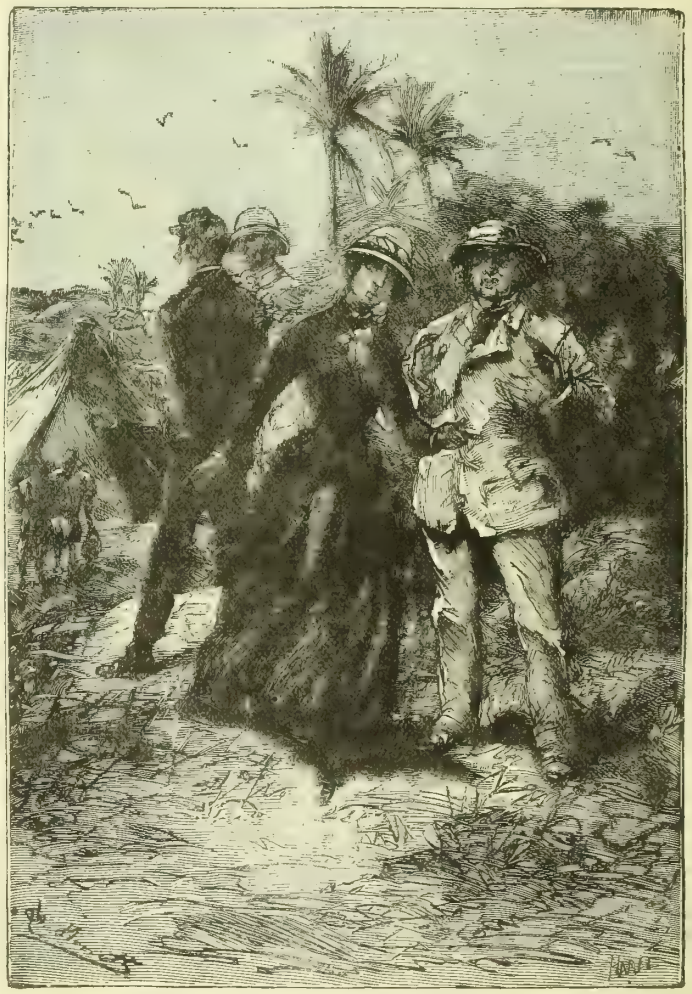
"And," said Maurice in an undertone, "I can never succeed in making him understand that a little less pomatum and a little more soap every morning would suit me much better."

Guyon, remembering what the doctor had told him, looked with curiosity on this learned individual whom unmerited misfortune had doubtless reduced to the position of a domestic.

Aristomenes Gargaridi was a middle-aged man, thin and emaciated, with eyes as black as ink. His hair shining with pomatum, and the worthless rings that glittered on his fingers, showed that misfortune had not tamed his pride nor destroyed his innate love of personal decoration. He wore an overcoat which once had been black and now was greenish and threadbare, and a pair of half-boots so full of holes that they could hardly be said to cover his feet. But, utterly oblivious of the dilapidated state of his costume, he advanced with an air of extreme elegance and made a deep bow to the doctor and then to the lieutenant; and then turning to the tables he said in a pompous voice—

"If mademoiselle and the gentlemen will be seated, I believe, without flattering myself, that they will have no fault to find with my pilau."

"I do not doubt it, Aristomenes," said Catherine good-naturedly. "You will be able to appreciate, gentlemen, the skill with which Aristomenes deals with the national dishes."



"Why, what is that?" exclaimed Doctor Hardy.

"Good as they are," said Kerdic, "they are rather fatiguing in the long run. Pilau in the morning, pilau in the evening, and pilau, for a change, next day. If ever we return to France, Catherine, I hope you will never give me rice except in the last extremity."

"Come, come," said the doctor, smiling, "pilau is an excellent thing; do not speak unkindly of it. You will see what a welcome I will give to that——"

"Ah, doctor!" exclaimed Aristomenes, unable to remain silent, "I am of the same opinion. I have seen it of all colours, and I warrant you they are as numerous as the people who gladly accept

the prospect of having pilau every day, and even several times a day. And a pilau like that——"

And he lifted the dish-cover with a flourish and revealed a mountain of saffron-coloured rice from which peeped the bodies of several fowls.

Aristomenes inhaled the perfume with the air of an epicure, and, smacking his lips, continued, with unction—

"Talk of that! Even at my friend Prince Cracaresco's—whom these gentlemen probably know—never did I see anything more appetising."

Doctor Hardy, who was much amused at the learned man's proceedings, assumed a look of great seriousness.

"Prince Cracaresco?" said he, seeming to be trying to remember. "And where is that prince to be found, my friend?"

"Wherever he finds himself at this moment, sir, I have no doubt. But when we were students together in Paris we were inseparable. And I am really astonished that gentlemen as distinguished as these gentlemen have never heard of him."

"We may not have belonged to the same set!" said the malicious doctor.

"My friend Cracaresco, sir," said Aristomenes, assuming a majestic attitude, "belonged to the élite of society, the quite-Parisian, sir. Who has not heard of the magnificence of his elegance, and his intellectual merit was in no way inferior to the more frivolous qualities with which nature had endowed him. Cracaresco and Gargaridi were known—yes, mademoiselle, yes, gentlemen—known from the Boulevard des Italiens to the waterfall in the Bois de Boulogne for the perfect taste of their dress and the correctness of their equipages——"

"You had an equipage?"

"Yes, sir," said Gargaridi, severely; "a team of thoroughbreds that cost me twenty thousand francs apiece."

"The last time I saw you, I remember they cost fifteen thousand francs a pair," said the doctor, laughing.

"Well, sir—detail, pure detail. My lieutenant (permit an old soldier to so address one who reminds him of the happy time when he wore the uniform), pray deign to accept a little of this pepper which I made myself. It will improve the taste of the meat, which is rather insipid if we do not season it——"

"Come, Aristomenes, let us have a little silence, please! We cannot hear each other speak," said Kerdic impatiently.

"I will be silent, sir. I am not one of those who want to be spoken to twice. Always ticklish on a point of honour, I know my place and never run the risk of being set down into it. My poor papa (who was as good as this bread) often observed to Prince Cracaresco, senior (his friend, as young Prince Cracaresco was mine), 'Aristomenes has the faults of his race, proud, impetuous, fiery; but his pride will keep him from less noble vices, and never will he expose himself to an offensive reproach!' One has dignity or one has not; is that not so, gentlemen?"

"We will help ourselves now," said Catherine, interrupting the untimely chatter of the domestic. "Go and get the coffee, Aristomenes. We will ring for it."

"Quite so, mademoiselle. But perhaps mademoiselle will allow me to observe that I should not have announced the luncheon if everything had not been ready. With my friend Prince Cracaresco——"

"Go!" said Kerdic, out of all patience. The Greek made an elaborate bow and retired with an air of great dignity. Lieutenant Guyon could not help laughing.

"What an original!" he exclaimed. "Where did you fish up that pearl, sir? Was it to the recommendation of Prince Cracaresco that you are indebted for him?"

"Alas!" said Kerdic, "it is entirely my fault that I brought this insupportable chatterer here. He hooked on to us at the moment we landed at Constantinople, and he enlarged so much on his qualities as guide, interpreter, musical director to the Khan of Astara, friend of Prince Cracaresco, and the rest of it, that I had the weakness to take him into my service."

"You have not told them the principal reason," said Catherine. "The poor man was dying with hunger, gentlemen, and my brother would not leave him in his misery, after he had not offered but imposed his services on us at Constantinople. After all, he has his faults, but he has his merits, and in the words of his 'poor papa' of happy memory, 'Aristomenes is not a fool,' that is to say he can turn his hand to everything."

"For my part," said Guyon, "I should say he was more amusing than the model domestic."

"Hum! you soon get tired of him," said Kerdic, with a sigh. "However, I am aware that he has valuable qualities for an expedition like ours, and if he would only keep his tongue still while it lasts, I should have nothing to complain of."

"What a tyrant you are!" said Catherine.

"We must not forget, while we are on the subject," said Maurice, "that the pains he has taken with the cooking today have not been in honour of you, doctor, nor of us, but solely of Lieutenant Guyon."

"Ah! Bah!" said the lieutenant.

"He confided to me," said Catherine, "that there was nothing he more appreciated than to have to wait on an officer of the French army, especially a cavalry officer. He himself, he told me, had served his time in Algeria."

"Where has he not served? What has he not done?" exclaimed Maurice. "It is a mania of his never to hear of any function he has not performed, nor of a personage he does not know, nor of an incident in which he was not to the fore."

"And what is most curious," said Catherine, "is that what he says is generally true."

"Even as regards the splendours of Prince Cracaresco?" said the lieutenant.

"Even there. But here he comes with the coffee. Come, Maurice, let the poor man talk a little if it makes him happy. We are not of the quite-Parisian here, and I am sure these gentlemen will excuse your factotum's familiarity."

"Above all, when you plead his cause," said the doctor, touched by her kindness and indulgence.

She smiled with the gracious air that was habitual to her; and Aristomenes, advancing with a look of outraged dignity, handed round the coffee, which was exquisite.

He was complimented on it, as he was on the whole entertainment, and then, suddenly unbending, he broke out into a new batch of anecdotes, not only about Prince Cracaresco, but about his student life, his regiment in Africa, etc. etc. In the course of his talk he revealed to his audience that he was descended in the direct line from Aristomenes, King of Messene, and he exhibited his diplomas, which he always carried about with him, and added that he once slept for an entire winter under the bridges in Paris.

"Ah! if poor papa had seen me then!" he exclaimed, as he cleared the tables.

Installing himself under a tree, he was soon seen to be doing honour to his own luncheon. Five minutes later, the empty dishes, and a few stray bones on a plate, bore witness to the excellent appetite of this descendant of an heroic race.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO MAKE A CASE FOR THE CURRENT NUMBERS OF THE "B. O. P."

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.

This will be a very short article. Nevertheless it will tell you how to make an addition to your study which will prove very useful as well as ornamental.

There must be numbers of boys who take in the "B. O. P." (all boys worth their salt take in the "B. O. P." !) and who, in consequence of insufficient accommodation for their library, are in the habit of leaving the current monthly or weekly numbers lying about pell-mell, wherever fate may cast them.

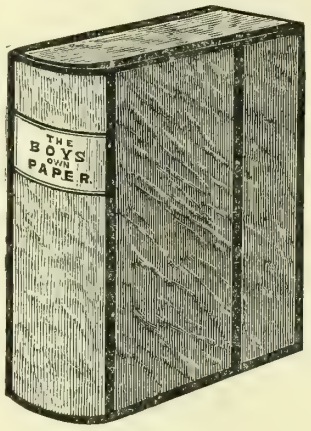
This is a course which is highly objectionable, being very untidy, and exposing the clean pages and gorgeous pictures to all sorts of mishaps before they get bound at the end of the year, and the volume therefore does not present that neat and tidy appearance which ought to characterise it. Now I don't like to think of my valuable and entertaining articles being hidden beneath dust and dirt, and perhaps splashes of ink, so I am about to tell you of a method I use myself for keeping all the numbers nice and clean, and ready to hand at a minute's notice.

Of course you can buy these things in the shops, but what you would have to put down for one will defray the cost of four or five if you make them yourself. The measurements I give are those required for this magazine. Of course, if altered, the same idea will do for any other, and you may thus have rows of cases standing on your shelves, instead of odd numbers scattered at intervals over the chairs and tables.

First we want a piece of good stout millboard, which you can get from any artist's repository, or a large stationer's. This will cost you 7*d.*, and will be large enough to make two cases at least, if you are economi-

cal and make no mistakes. Begin by cutting two pieces 1 foot ¾ inch by 9½ inches. These are for the sides. Now for the back you want a piece 4¼ inches by 1 foot ⅞ inch, and for top and bottom two pieces 9½ inches by 4¼ inches. The *exact* length of the back depends on the thickness of the millboard. You must so arrange that when the top and bottom are placed in position *on the top edge* of the sides the back will be the right length to cover over all the edges when glued down. You can easily do this with a little measuring. Now all the parts have to be glued together, the top and bottom to the top edges of the two sides and the back to the edges all round

You now have a good strong case, just large enough to hold 12 parts of "B. O. P." and the Christmas and summer numbers. However, it will not stand much knocking about, if merely glued at the edges; so to make it firmer you had better glue strips of tape about an inch wide over all the edges to bind them together. This will considerably strengthen the box. Now get some ornamental "leather paper," and, cutting strips about ¼ inch wider than the tape, fasten this down over the tape all round every join, and over the edges of the millboard in front. You will now have the sides, top and bottom, and back, ornamented with a red or other coloured rim round the edges, and brown millboard in the middle. At the stationer's or artist's repository you can get "marble paper" at a penny or twopence a sheet, according to quality. Cut pieces of this the



size to fit the vacant spaces of millboard, allowing a little to go over the edges of the leather paper. Gum it in its proper place, and the case is completed.

Get an old prospectus of the "B. O. P." and cut out the name; stick this neatly on the back, put the numbers inside when dry; stand it upon your shelf, and gaze in admiration at the result of your labours! If you like you can cover the sides with two front covers of the monthly part, instead of marble paper.

For convenience, in extracting from or inserting the numbers of the "B. O. P." in the case, a flap can be made by cutting through the side of the top cover three inches from the end, and a piece of wide tape (afterwards covered with leather paper to match the rest) glued over the joins to form a hinge, so that the flap can be opened and shut as required (see woodcut). Extra strength can be gained by using bookbinders' cloth instead of marble paper, and, if preferred, you can cover the whole of the outside of the case with this fabric. The way to attach it is to paint the boards with glue, rapidly work it to a froth with a brush, and then apply the cloth. This manipulation is necessary to preserve the glaze of the cloth. A cheaper material than millboard is strawboard, which will answer the purpose very well.

I may conclude by saying what I ought to have said at the beginning, that the millboard is best cut by means of a sharp knife on a long sheet of glass placed flat on a firm table. You can't cut it with scissors, and don't try to *bend* it, but draw lines where you are to go, and cut clean through to the glass all the way along them.

UNIFORMS OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

In view of the exhibition now in active preparation at Chelsea, our boys are sure to be keen on all matters appertaining to the Royal Navy. Our older readers at least will remember that in our fifth volume we devoted a large coloured plate to our British navy, showing not only our older wooden walls, but also the various types of ironclads afloat to date. Then, in our sixth volume, we gave two other designs in colours showing the rank-marks of the navy. Both these series of pictures, with the descriptive articles, may well be referred to now by all readers fortunate enough to possess our earlier volumes.

The following further notes on the subject of naval uniforms were recently contributed to the "New York Herald" by Commander C. Robinson, R.N.:—

It has been claimed for the colours of the naval uniform—blue and white—that they have been connected with the apparel of the sea from time immemorial, and there is, indeed, some ground for the conceit. As a famous worthy in a well-known naval work puts it:—"Old Ocean himself wore them, time out of mind. You have noted his Blue Jacket, I suppose, and seen his White Lapells when he puts on his full dress, and he always wears that, d'ye see, in a gale of wind."

Blue and white, however, were not always the colours of the English naval uniform; nor were they originally donned out of compliment to one of the male sex, like Father Ocean. Indeed, up to the time of the later Stuarts, there was little or no difference between the costume of naval and military men—at all events, on the quarter-deck; while the seamen were probably clothed, like the land-forces, in the colours of their captains. No better proof of the diversity which existed in naval attire up to about the middle of last century is to be found than in the collection of pictures at Greenwich, where, as Mr. Commissioner Locker said, "In the naval gallery of this institution I can show you every variety of cut and complexion of dress. Nottingham, Raleigh, and Torrington expand their dignities in courtly costume; Lawson, Harman, and Monk frown in buff belts and jerkins; Sandwich, Munden, and Benbow shine forth in armour; while Rooke, Russell, and Cloudesley Shovell, the heroes of a softer age, are clothed in crimson and Lincoln green, surmounted with the flowing wig which then distinguished alike the men of the robe and of the sword. Every man then dressed as seemed good in his own eyes. Some of the 'crack captains' even carried it so far as to have a special uniform for their own ships. My late gallant father, who went to sea in 1745, used to tell us that Captain Wyndham, and all the officers of the Kent, of 70 guns, in which he embarked, wore grey and silver, faced with scarlet."

For the first half of the eighteenth century scarlet appears to have been the colour chiefly worn by the superior officers. In an old print, of 1703, the coat of an "Englischer Admiral zur Zee" is scarlet, laced with gold, and Admiral Churchill, whose portrait hangs in the guard-room at Hampton Court, is similarly dressed. Gilbert Langley, who wrote his life in 1740, says that while he was at Barbadoes, H.M.S. Gosport came into the bay, and some of the officers came to his quarters, when one of them asked him if he "was not a commander of a vessel, for so he judged me by my apparel, which was scarlet, trimmed with silver." According to one authority the dress of the sailor of those days was decidedly peculiar. "A little low cocked hat, a pea-jacket (a sort of cumbrous Dutch-cut coat), a pair of petticoat trousers, not unlike a Scottish kilt, tight stockings, with pinchbeck buckles on his shoes, constituted his amphibious outfit." The pigtail was yet to come, but fancy a topman passing a weather earing in this attire. It must have been a sailor dressed like this that Pepys saw come back from a naval battle with a piece of rope-yarn stuck into the socket from which he had lost an eye. They were brave old fellows, in spite of their curious rig.

The first suggestion that uniformity in attire was desirable appears to have come from a club of naval officers, a kind of primitive sea-service union, which used to meet every Sunday evening, in 1745, at a coffee-house in Scotland Yard, for the purpose of watching over their rights and privileges. They passed a resolution to the effect "that a uniform dress is useful and necessary for the commissioned officers, agreeable to the practice of other nations," and sent a committee to lay the matter before the Admiralty. The idea was favourably received, for shortly afterwards Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. John Forbes was summoned to attend the Duke of Bedford, then First Lord, and, being introduced into an apartment in which a number of dresses were laid out, his opinion was asked as to the most appropriate. "Red and blue, or blue and red," replied the Admiral, "since they are our national colours." "No," said the Duke; "the King has determined otherwise; for, having seen my duchess riding in the park a few days ago in a habit of blue, faced with white, the dress took the fancy of his Majesty, who has appointed it for the uniform of the Royal Navy."

In an order dated April 13, 1748, and addressed to 21 flag officers and 132 officers in command of ships and vessels, the adoption of this uniform was notified to the fleet. Patterns were sealed at the Admiralty Office, and all commissioned officers and midshipmen were directed to wear no other than the uniform of their rank. Some of these patterns are still in existence at the Royal United Service Institution. The coats were blue, with white cuffs to the sleeves, which were purposely made short and large, to show the laced edges of the long sleeves of the waistcoat. There was no collar to the coat, lace and frills being worn round the neck and hanging down in front. The

waistcoat was of white kerseymere, but the colour of the breeches was left to the humour of each individual, some wearing black and some scarlet. For some time the officers were averse to giving up their more gaudy or fanciful rigs for this blue-and-white attire, and its general adoption was for long confined, or nearly so, to the principal officers. We read, however, of the military officers coming on board ship at Gibraltar and Malta to buy the cast-off uniforms—which were no longer uniform—of the naval officers. In 1767 this embroidered and frilled uniform was discontinued, and new regulations setting forth very fully the distinctions of uniform for all the grades of executive officers were issued. The coats were in all cases blue with white lappels, waistcoat and breeches white, or rather buff, and cocked hats black, edged with lace. Distinctions of rank were mainly shown by the distribution of the buttons and the device on the buttons, the rose, which had been used for all, being superseded by anchors surrounded by laurel for flag-officers, and anchors only for captains and commanders. The white patch on the middies' collars dates from about this period. About twenty years later blue breeches were allowed, and ten years later still epaulettes were introduced.

According to Mr. Lethbridge, the introduction of epaulettes was caused by an incident which occurred while some English naval officers were visiting France during the Peace. It was noticed that the sentinels did not carry arms to them, although they paid this compliment to the marine officers, who were wearing silver epaulettes. One of these English naval officers was Lord Hugh Seymour, grandfather of the present Admiral Lord Alcester, and when he became a Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Spencer he caused the epaulettes to be adopted as a part of naval uniform. Flag-officers and captains over three years' seniority wore two each; captains under three years' seniority one on the right shoulder, and masters and commanders one on the left shoulder. This was the uniform at the date of Trafalgar, and the clothes Nelson wore are still to be seen—the coat and waistcoat at Greenwich, and the hat, which was no longer three-cornered, but two-sided, and worn across the head—at the Royal United Service Institution. The man-o'-war's-man had now well-nigh discarded the petticoat breeches, although they had been common in 1799, and were still to be seen, being especially affected, however, by smugglers, fishermen, and the like. Jack's characteristic now was a pigtail, tightly marled and queued, hanging halfway down his back.

We must pass on very briefly the succeeding changes which have taken place. Uniforms for doctors, masters, and pursers were granted in 1805–7. In 1825 several important changes were made, white pantaloons and half boots being then allowed for the st time: the coloured plates may be seen in the Admiralty library. At this date some officers wore tall leather hats, and the men short jackets, shirts with wide-open necks and handkerchiefs tied loosely round them, bell-mouthed pantaloons, and little low-crowned hats of leather or straw, with the ship's name painted on them—in fact the dress in which William courted Black-eyed Susan. From 1833 to 1843 the facings of the uniforms were changed from white to red, and this was therefore the uniform when Victoria came to the throne. In 1833 also blue trousers with gold lace were first authorised. In 1837 engineers first had a uniform, the device on the button being a steam engine surmounted by a crown. Gold bands were worn round the caps until some time after the Crimean war, and it was not until 1857 that the uniform for the British bluejacket was first established, the regulations being practically those that are still in force. Before that date it was the custom of many captains to order a distinctive dress for their own ship's companies, and even afterwards it was for some time a habit of old officers to dress their barge's or galley's crew different from the rest of the men in the ship. Captain Rowley Lambart, in the Liverpool in 1864, had his galley's crew in scarlet frocks with light blue ribbons on their straw hats, and doubtless other instances could be named.

(THE END.)

WOOD-CARVING FOR BOYS.

By Fred. Miller.

PART II.

Fig. 5 is a simple design, and was drawn for a block $9\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, and this being a convenient size to deal with, you had better enlarge the design to these dimensions. It looks little like a piece of wood-carving as it is, but it merely gives you the general outline of the design, and shows you the ground that you have to remove. All the dark part in Fig. 5 has to be taken out to a depth of a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, as before explained; and you must be careful not to go deeper than this, as you must try and get your ground quite flat, and not deeper in some places than others. Another point to be observed is to get the edges of the leaves and various forms in the design at right angles to the top. Do not let your chisel run under the design; always keep your tools perpendicular. You require the firmers and gouges to take out the ground, and as the wood is soft the pressure of your hand will be enough to remove the ground without recourse to a mallet. By-the-bye, I did not enumerate this among a carver's necessities.

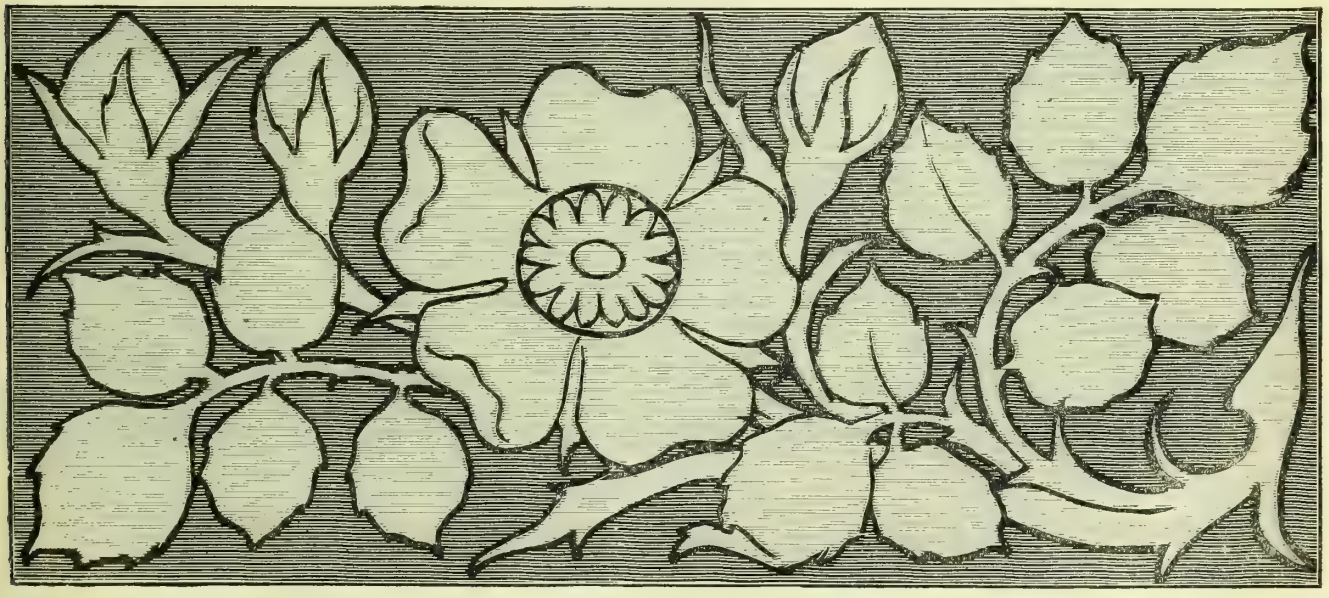


Fig. 5.

This part of the work, which is technically known as "grounding out," must be carefully done, and my readers must not be satisfied with themselves until they have taken out the ground flatly, so that all the forms are left sharp. This grounding out is to a great

extent a purely mechanical task, but, as it is the preliminary step to almost all the carving that one sees, my readers cannot attach too much importance to this part of the subject, for unless this grounding out be properly done much of the after work will be thrown away, as no amount of good finishing will make up for a bad beginning.

The handles of your tools should be about 5 inches long. Neatness of outline should characterise your work, for, unless you get each form clean and sharp, your carving will be clumsy and wanting in drawing. Follow the outline in all cases most carefully. In the case of stems it might be as well to keep them rather broader than they ultimately are to be, in case you cut too far in taking out your ground.

I will next give the same design which we have called Fig. 5, showing the block when carved, as we shall then deal with the "carving;" here we have been concerned with the marking on of the design or the "setting in," as it is termed, and the "grounding out" or removal of the ground. (Fig. 6).

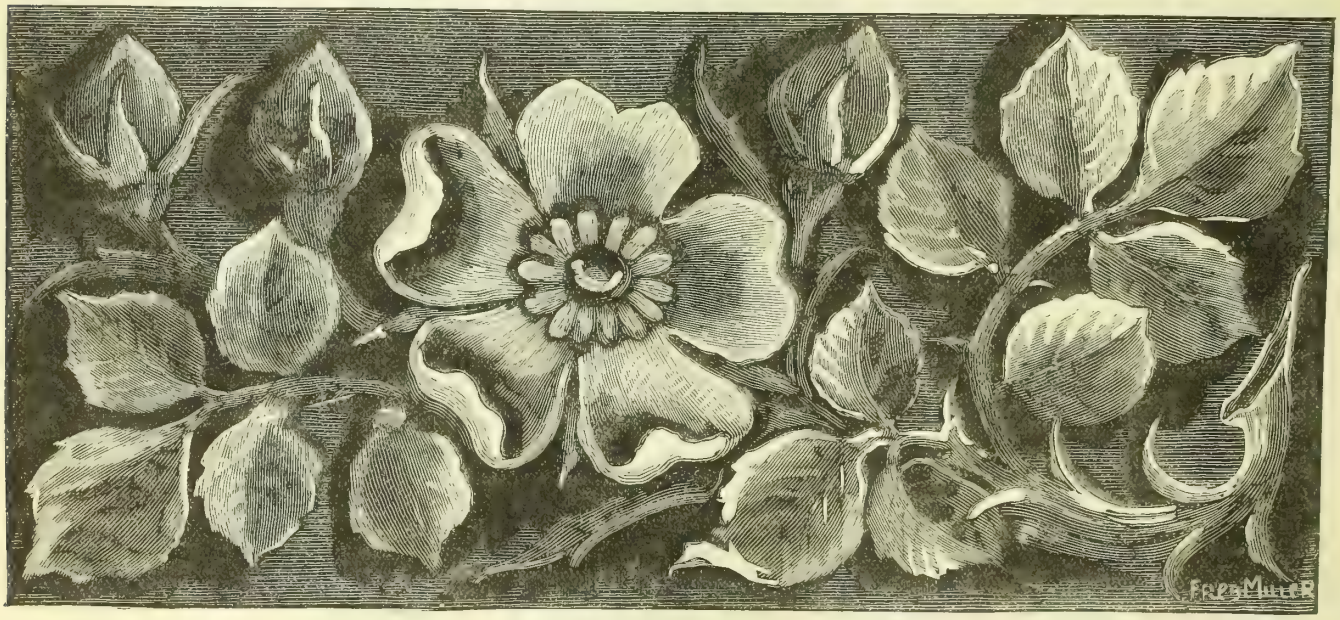


Fig. 6.

IV.—Finishing.

In the design accompanying our earlier hints, I merely gave the outline in order to show clearly the ground that had to be removed. I mentioned a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch as the depth the work should be taken to, and this will be quite deep enough as a first effort. The design will thus be similar to a fret-work pattern lying on a solid block, and I should advise my readers not to attempt to do much carving to the first block. Content yourself with hollowing out the flower and just giving the leaves a little relief. When you have done this I should advise you to put another block in hand with the same design, but in this case carry the carving say $\frac{3}{8}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch deep, *i.e.*, you will take out the ground to this depth. In this block you will attempt to get more relief by "throwing down" some of the forms almost level with the ground so that other forms may be in high relief. I give a finished view of the block in fig. 6, so as to show you which forms should be in high relief, and which should be "thrown back" or "laid down" as carvers say. Suppose the block were carved as shown in illustration accompanying this article, and we cut the block in two, lengthways, we shall have something of the effect of Fig. 7. I give this drawing of section to show you the depths of the various forms. Those parts in high light in illustration are those in highest relief, and the great thing to be observed in wood-carving is to get relief. If a form is prominent, a form near it should be less prominent. The rose, for instance, is the most important feature in the block, and the edges of the petals must be in high relief. You would not in such cases lower the surface of your block at all. Some forms, on the other hand, should be cut away until they only stand just above the ground. If you refer to the section of block you will notice that only a few forms are the whole depth of the part of the block that is carved. The dotted line represents the face of the wood, and by referring to it you can at once see the depth of any part of the design.

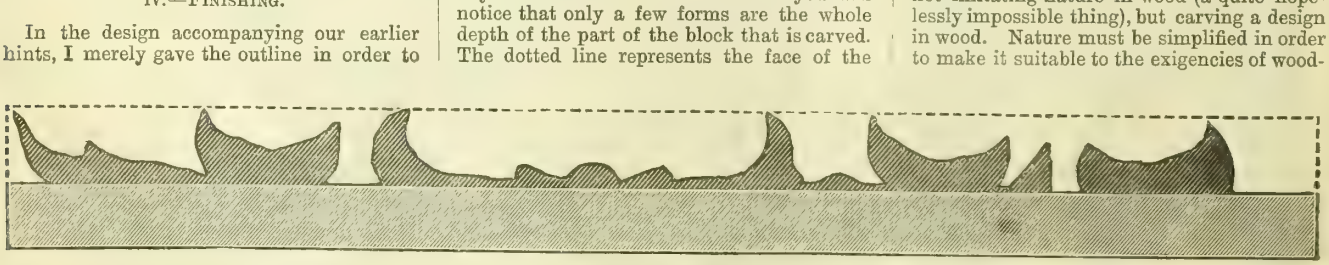


Fig. 7.

When you commence the carving be careful not to take off too much in any one place, for when once removed there is no putting back the wood. Some little difficulty may be experienced in knowing how to get the centre, for if you commence lowering the wood in the middle of flower it will be difficult to allow for the stamens. The better plan will be to compass a circle that will just include the stamens and take out the wood round it, as though it were part of the ground, though not quite to the depth of ground. By working your gouges from outside of flower to centre you can easily hollow out the petals, afterwards finishing the stamens as indicated in drawing. Always try and use your tools in the direction of the form you are carving. In the flower, for instance, by working your tools from outside towards centre, the tool marks give a certain effect which if rightly done helps the design materially. So too in leaves work your tools from either edge of leaf to the centre, and you will get the effect of veining, for if you examine a rose-bush you will see that the leaves in many cases hollow towards the centre where the principal vein is. In good wood-carving the tool marks are always left, as in the hands of a good carver these tool marks, apart from the laying down of the forms, give much of the effect. Those of my readers who can study a rose-tree before beginning the carving will find great benefit from so doing. I should caution them against attempting to finish their carving too highly. Do not, for instance, imitate veins and fibres in the leaves, for recollect you are not imitating nature in wood (a quite hopelessly impossible thing), but carving a design in wood. Nature must be simplified in order to make it suitable to the exigencies of wood-carving. We know for instance that there are a number of fine forms in the centre of a rose on the stamens, but we cannot carve these. The only plan is to represent them in a simple manner as is done in illustration. Then again there are numbers of small spines on the leaf stems, but these cannot be given, and so with the veins in a leaf. It were hopeless to try and vie with nature's sweet and cunning hand, for we are at best but clumsy artificers, so we must not attempt to rival nature's handiwork, for such rivalry will only show our own inferiority.

All good wood-carving is under-cut, *i.e.* the outsides of the forms are cut away so that only the edges are seen from the front. A glance at the section of block will explain what I mean. The sides of the leaves were left straight after the ground was taken out, but it would look very clumsy to leave it so, therefore the surplus wood is cut away from the block; but this under-cutting must not be commenced until the carving is pretty well advanced, and care must be taken not to make the edges of your wood too thin. Gouges are the principal tools you want in carving such a panel as the rose now given, as you can remove the surplus wood with greater ease and freedom, as only the centre part of the blade comes in contact with the wood, and consequently the tools leave no hard edges. You want to hollow out the forms, as it were. Your tools should take the direction of a curve, and not be taken straight along the surface of the wood. Use your tools easily and lightly, and remove your wood by successive efforts rather than by one or two forcible attempts, for there is great danger of running your tools too far into the wood or removing too much.

Another branch of carving I may briefly touch upon in another article is fretwork-carving. That is, you make a fret of your design first of all, and then carve it. This does away with the grounding out, and may simplify matters somewhat. Modelling in clay is also good practice.

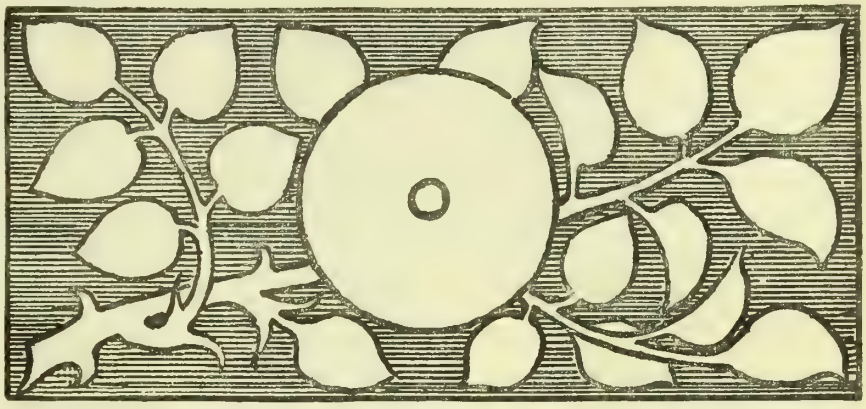


Fig. 8.

Fig. 8 shows the setting-in of another rose-panel. I leave it to my readers to supply the details for themselves.

THE FRESH-WATER AQUARIUM.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

In writing the following brief paper, and one, which is at present *in futuro*, on the sea-water aquarium, I can promise the reader very little save an introduction to a study which is not only a very pleasurable one in itself, but well calculated to expand the mind, and give the student higher notions of the nobility of the creation and the great Creator.



I must, however, say at the very outset that I should be sorry indeed if any writings of mine should induce a single reader to make and stock an aquarium, if he is at all likely to neglect it and its interesting inmates, or if he lacks the time to attend to their wants.

A well-stocked, well-managed aquarium is a thing of beauty and a joy for—for as long as you care to keep it. A neglected aquarium is a disgrace to its owner and a loathsome prison-house, filled with disease and death to the innocent creatures confined therein.

Now, a properly constructed aquarium should be to a great extent self-contained; it should be a little world all in itself, and independent even of constant change of water. The old, old plan of keeping a few pretty fishes was to put them into a huge glass globe and just leave them there, giving them little, if anything, to eat, and changing the water when it became semi-turbid.

Then some deep-thinking men began to consider the conditions of the life of the creatures that inhabit our waters, and a well-known fact led them to make experiments from which seeming wonders came to light. The fact I refer to is that vegetation gives off oxygen and absorbs carbonic acid gas; just the reverse of what animals do. In other words, the two kingdoms breathe differently; a fish inhales the oxygen of the water, and exhales it as carbonic acid gas; this would poison the water of ponds and ditches did not water plants absorb it, and having used up the carbon of the carbonic acid, set the oxygen free again for the fishes to breathe. I do not pretend to be talking with complete physiological accuracy, but sufficiently near it, I believe, to make my meaning plain.

Unless a boy knows something about the theory of successful aquarium-keeping, it is impossible for him to do well in practice. He will therefore benefit greatly by well considering the following brief extract from one of Mr. Lloyd's works:

"The speedy death of some gold-fish that I had in a large glass globe was caused, I found, by the want of oxygen gas, a fresh supply of which is constantly needed for their support; and also to the existence of a large quantity of carbonic acid gas given off during the respiration of the fish. What therefore was required was something from which a supply of oxygen could be got, and which would also consume carbonic acid. I found that aquatic plants were just what I required."

After he planted these all appeared to go on well for a time—please to note this—until a portion of the plant decaying "rendered the water turbid, and caused a growth of mucus, which adhered to the side of the glass, impeding the entrance of light into the interior, and with this stopped the supply of oxygen from the plants. I had therefore recourse to the services of the water-snail, two or three of which I introduced into the vessel. These scavengers soon cleared away the decomposed matter, and from that time all went on well.

"But there arose other difficulties to contend with, for if an aquarium be placed in a strong light, and subjected to the rays of the sun, it will be found that a thick coating, despite the efforts of the snails to consume

it, will appear and dim the glass. This confervoid appearance is attributed to the fact that the spores or latent germs of minute vegetation, with which water as well as air seems to be charged, are acted upon by the united influences of light and heat, and become developed in the manner stated."

The evil arises from the light being admitted to the water in an unnatural way; in nature the light is not admitted through the *sides of ponds*. To concentrate the light properly, therefore, this gentleman adopted the following plan, which he found to answer very well. On the side of the aquarium next to the light he affixed a piece of blue-tinted foreign post paper—green glass or ground glass would have done as well—and thus, though the passage of the light into the interior was not interfered with, its effects were neutralised.

And now, boys, if you cannot understand all this at one reading, pray read it over and over again till you do.

About building your own aquarium.—Do so by all means if you are handy enough and can find the material. Only it would be as well to practise building other things first. I may mention here that I have often seen good aquaria offered cheap through the paper called "The Exchange and Mart." Let me advise you anyhow carefully to consider the mechanism of an aquarium before attempting to make one. It is not, perhaps, so difficult as it looks. At the same time, if you can save enough money, buy one by all means. I don't like those glass-globe businesses at all, so I shall not speak about them. The fish look to me so miserable in them, and there they are so often starved and neglected—it won't bear thinking about. So have a good-sized plate-glass-and-slate affair about ten inches deep, two feet six long, and a foot-and-a-half across.

This may be arranged in a window with a ground glass frame over it to open behind, and may be made an aquarium and fernery combined. Some of those that I have seen are really very charming.

The window where the aquarium is placed may have a northern exposure, but this is not absolutely necessary, for, as has already been hinted, the light must be to some degree modified. It may be, in fact it is better to be, outside, so that the lower sash of the window forms the inside frame to it; when therefore you raise this right up, behold the aquarium forms part of the room. In a case of this sort, however, temperature would have to be considered, and during severe frosts artificial heat would be needed, but this can be conveniently and cheaply obtained by means of lamps and pipes.

The boy or girl either—for I want it to be distinctly remembered that I am writing these aquarium papers quite as much for Ada and Edith, as for Charlie and Jack. Boys should rather be pleased than otherwise to learn that it is becoming quite the fashion now for young ladies to take the "B. O. P." for themselves, instead of borrowing it from their brothers. This is a healthful sign, and it is a good thing for us boys too, because we can take a day's holiday, or even a week's, at any time, quite certain in our own minds that our pets, be they what they may, will not be neglected—he or she, I say, who really means going in for an aquarium should first make a point of seeing really artistic and pretty ones. This sight can be obtained at any good naturalist's shop in a large town. Do not be above asking questions about anything that may occur to you, and at the very first opportunity write the answers in your note-book.

Pray remember that, whatever be your hobby, or whatever kind of live stock you keep, a note-book in which to detail your experiences is of the greatest value.

As regards the aquarium, whether salt water or fresh, what a vast number of interesting notes you can make in a single year, about the plants and their growth, the inmates and their tricks and manners—for they all come to know and love you, down, I believe, even to the snails themselves.

Depth of water.—Do not err by having the water too deep; the shallower it is, the better will it be aërated, only there must be room for the plants to grow.

Choice of water plants.—I shall give the names of a few presently, but herein study is required, and a boy or girl who has a nice aquarium, will during walks abroad study the plants seen in ponds and ditches. Here is what you want, (1) nice sizeable ones, (2) pretty or artistic plants, (3) of a kind that will last and not throw off too much slime, (4) plants that will readily grow in the artificial as well as the natural state.

Number of plants.—This will depend on the size of the aquarium and number of its moving inmates, and no thumb-rules can be laid down. Herein you see study is required. The keeper of a fowl run or pigeon loft has to supply his pets with food, while proper ventilation and cleanliness secure purity of breath for them. But the aquarium manager has to supply not only food, but air to breathe for his favourites. So you must endeavour to obtain a happy proportion of plant and animal life, near enough to ensure clearness and purity of the water, and thus both will be happy. The creatures that live in our clear ponds, streams, and lakes, everywhere in woods and wilds, are just as happy as the day is long, and as frisky, most of them, as lambkins on the lea. So they ought to be happy in your aquarium, and if they mope at all or are sluggish in their actions, you may take it for granted there is something radically wrong.

Changing water.—When this is necessary in small aquariums, the animals are taken out with a hand-net and the water then run off by means of a syphon. If you are content only to take most but not all the water out, you can leave the fish at the bottom, but do not alarm them. When pouring in the fresh water, see it is exactly of the same temperature as that which remains in the tank; a sudden rise or fall shocks and injures the inmates. Do not pour it in in bulk, but gently through the rose of a watering-can.

The position of the aquarium.—Put it at once in the place that it is meant to occupy, before you either plant or fill it. Do not put it in the direct rays of the sun. I have said a north aspect is best, but repeat that if the light can be properly filtered and managed there is no reason why this thing of beauty should be relegated to a back room.

Cleanliness.—This is most essential. In nature creatures can change from one part of a pond or stream to the other, and so avoid contamination, but in your aquarium they cannot. Put nothing in therefore until you have washed it, even if it, should be but a worm.

Scavenger snails, beetles.—The snails must be those that feed on the slime itself thrown off by the plants, and not on the plants themselves. The beetles must be herbivorous not carnivorous, else they will kill other specimens. *To ensure purity of water.*—If the tank is not overcrowded, and if the light is well managed, a just proportion of plants and animals being maintained, the water will only become soiled from the introduction of filth from without. The chief danger is from dust and unused or decaying food. The aquarium is covered with glass in such a way that air can come in contact with the surface of the water without dust falling on it. Then bits of unused food are caught by means of a long glass tube. You have only to close one end with the finger, lower it gently till right over the morsel to be removed. Lift your finger a moment and it comes up, press the finger down again and withdraw.

In summer time the water may get low by evaporation; add to it therefore with the watering-can.

Ants' eggs, etc., should be kept handy, and in a box or open-mouthed bottle, with an inscription as to the proper quantity to give. This will convey the information to others during your absence.

Planting the aquarium.—The bottom must first and foremost be prepared. If cement has been used for the joints the tank should be filled with water and let stand for several days, and this process repeated twice at least. For the laying of the foundation I should advise you to take the advice of some skilled naturalist. The future health of the aquarium depends in a very great measure upon the purity of the bottom soil. I call it soil for want of a better word.

If you elect to do the job yourself, procure some nice sand from a clear stream, and riddle through a fine sieve; you thus separate the sand into rough and smooth, and both must be washed again and again with both hot and cold water.

It is washed by throwing it into a bucket of water, stirring up, and letting it settle a few minutes, then pouring off the stained water. Put the fine sand in the bottom to a depth of say three inches, and your layer of fine gravel over that, so that the specimens in moving about do not stir up the sand.

Whatever sort of rockwork you choose to place in should be most carefully washed and steeped beforehand, especially if the pieces had been joined together by means of cement. Pieces of looking-glass, the back covered with sealing-wax and cement, are used in forming caves, etc. But, indeed, ornamental work of all kinds is a matter of taste and study. You have only to see other peoples' aquaria, and try your skill in making similar things or improving on them. Only be careful that the rocks you use are not of a nature to give off poisons. I advise you rather to make your rockwork than to buy it ready made. It is necessary in an aquarium, for the purposes of giving shade and retirement. Now carefully put down your plants and carefully fill up with pure, clear water to within about six inches of the top.

You must not hurry in your fish, snails, and insects yet, however.

Indeed, you must not have even bought or collected these until their little aquecus home is all ready to receive them. And this will not be for ten or twelve days after you have planted the aquarium.

Patience, you see, is a virtue that you must study if you intend keeping an aquarium. Do not hurry in a lot all at once either. If you go on gradually and systematically you will be far more successful.

The question "What and how many plants and animals am I to put into a certain space?" will be constantly asked. In his book on Fresh-water Aquaria—published by Mr. Upcott Gill—the Rev. G. C. Bateman tells us that he has in a bell-glass aquarium nineteen inches in diameter, one gold-fish, one silver-fish, one carp, about a dozen snails, and at least about forty small minnows. The plants are vallisneria and Cape water-lily. I think about a gallon of water to each moderate-sized fish would do well, not counting a few snails and minnows.

Choice of plants.—I have but space to name a few of those most commonly used; the larger can only be placed in big aquaria.

The vallisneria spiralis, the water-soldier, and the frog-bit are very interesting and beautiful plants, and quite enough to make a

NOTABLE ATHLETIC FEATS.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF BRITISH AMATEURS RECORDED UP TO DECEMBER 31, 1890.

WALKING

Miles.	Name.	Time.
		hrs. min. sec.
1	H Whyatt	6 32½
2	H Curtis	14 14⅘
3	H. Webster	21 28
4	W H. Meek	29 10
5	H Curtis	37 17
6	"	44 57
7	"	52 28⅗
8	C. W. V Clarke	1 3 41
9	"	1 11 44
10	"	1 19 50
11	"	1 32 22
12	"	1 41 32
13	"	1 50 44
14	"	2 0 39
15	"	2 10 13
16	"	2 19 54
17	W. E. N Coston	2 29 39
18	"	2 39 50
19	"	2 50 10
20	"	3 0 9
21	"	3 10 13
22	"	3 19 54
23	"	3 31 55
24	"	3 42 35
25	"	3 55 35
26	"	4 4 8
27	"	4 15 25
28	"	4 25 56
29	"	4 35 55
30	"	4 46 52
35	A. W Sinclair	5 45 30
40	"	6 38 3
45	"	7 31 28
50	"	8 25 25½
55	"	10 13 40
60	"	11 11 10
65	"	12 10 35
70	"	13 11 15
75	"	14 10 0
80	"	15 9 16
85	"	16 34 57
90	"	17 37 51
95	"	18 39 23
100	"	19 41 50
105	"	20 44 20
110	"	21 46 5
115	"	22 48 16
120	"	23 53 3

GREATEST DISTANCE WALKED.

Hours.	Name.	Distance.
		miles yards
9	A. W. Sinclair	50 515
12	"	64 180
18	"	91 1,370
24	"	120 0

JUMPING

——	Kind of Jump	Name.
ft. in.		
4 10	High (standing)	F. Hargreaves
6 3¼	High (running)	W. Byrd-Page
11 8½	Pole (running)	T Ray
10 5	Wide (standing)	J. J. Tickle
23 2	Wide (running)	P. Davin
7 3⅗	Vaulting a fence	C H. Atkinson
48 3	Hop, step, and jump (running)	J. Purcell

SWIMMING.

Yards.	Name.	Time
		min. sec.
40	J. F. Finegan	24½
80	"	54⅘
100	J. Nuttall	1 6¼
120	"	1 27⅗
150	"	1 44½
200	W. Evans	2 30¼
220	"	2 51⅕
250	J. Nuttall	3 22
300	"	4 7½
400	"	5 44¼
440	"	6 16
500	"	7 19¼
880	"	12 8½
1 mile	H. Davenport	29 25¼

SKATING.

——	Name	Time.
		min. sec.
880 yards	V. Ro'ph	1 57⅖
1 mile	C. Crute	3 44⅖
1½ mile	F. Norman	5 23⅗

CYCLING. (Any Machine)

Miles.	Name.	Time.
		min. sec.
¼	R. J. Macredy	31⅘
½	W. C. Jones	1 8⅕
¾	"	1 46⅕
1	"	2 20⅖
2	"	4 59⅖
3	"	7 38⅕
4	"	10 18⅕
5	"	12 54⅖
6	H. Parsons	15 54⅕
7	"	18 37
8	"	21 20⅗
9	"	24 1⅖
10	"	26 41⅘
11	"	29 26⅘
12	"	32 13⅕
13	"	34 56⅖
14	"	37 36⅕
15	"	40 18⅖
16	"	43 0⅗
17	"	45 42⅗
18	"	48 22⅕
19	"	51 7⅖
20	"	53 45⅖
21	"	56 29⅕
22	"	59 6⅘
23	"	1 4 22⅕
24	"	1 7 15⅕
25	"	1 10 5⅖
26	"	1 12 54⅖
27	"	1 15 51⅕
28	"	1 18 46⅕
29	"	1 21 46⅕
30	"	1 24 43⅗
31	"	1 27 41⅖
32	"	1 30 43⅗
33	"	1 33 47⅖
34	"	1 36 48⅘
35	"	1 39 52⅕
36	"	1 42 51⅕
37	"	1 45 53⅘
38	"	1 48 54⅕
39	"	1 51 55⅗
40	"	1 54 54⅗
41	"	1 56 7⅖
42	"	2 0 59⅖
43	"	2 3 55
44	"	2 6 54⅖
45	"	2 9 52⅖
46	"	2 12 48⅘
47	"	2 15 51⅕
48	"	2 18 59⅗
49	"	2 22 10⅕
50	"	2 25 26⅗
51	"	2 28 36⅗
52	"	2 31 45⅘
53	"	2 35 6⅗
54	"	2 38 26⅕
55	"	2 41 48⅕
56	"	2 45 12⅕
57	"	2 48 29⅖
58	"	2 51 46⅖
59	"	2 54 55⅗
60	"	2 57 58⅕
65	F. R. Fry	3 45 55
70	"	4 3 17
75	"	4 21 12
80	"	4 38 32
85	"	4 56 31
90	"	5 15 2
95	"	5 32 28
100	"	5 50 5⅖

PUTTING THE WEIGHT.

	Name.	Distance.
		ft. in.
16 lb. with 7ft. run	J. D. O'Brien	43 9
56 lb. with fellow	J. Maxwell	21 9

CRICKET.

——	——	Name.
344	Highest score in first-class match	W. G. Grace
318 (not out)	Highest score in first class county match	"
400 (not out)	Highest score against odds	"
485	Highest score in any match	A. E Stoddart
698	Highest innings in first-class county match	Surrey
703	Highest innings in first-class match	Cambridge University
920	Highest innings total	Orleans Club
137 yards	Out and home best throw of the ball	G. Brown

RUNNING.

Yards.	Name.	Time.
		hrs. min. sec.
100	Many runners	10
120	W. P. Phillips	11⅘
150	C. G. Wood	14⅘
200	E. H. Pelling	19⅘
220	C. G. Wood	21⅗
250	E H Pelling	24⅘
300	C. G. Wood	31
400	H. C. L. Tindal	43⅕
440	"	48⅖
500	A. G. Le Maitre	59⅗
600	H. C. L. Tindal	1 12
880	F. J. K. Cross	1 54⅖
1000	W. Pollock Hill	2 15⅘
1500	W Snook	3 38⅕
Miles.		
¾	W. G. George	3 8⅗
1	"	4 18⅘
1¼	"	5 44
1½	"	6 57⅕
1¾	"	8 8⅕
2	"	9 17⅖
3	J. Kibblewhite	14 29⅗
4	W. G. George	19 58⅗
5	"	25 7⅗
6	"	30 51⅕
7	"	35 37
8	"	40 57⅖
9	"	46 12
10	"	51 20
11	"	57 9⅗
12	W. H. Morton	1 3 8⅗
13	G. A. Dunning	1 12 18
14	"	1 18 16
15	W H. Morton	1 23 49⅗
16	"	1 29 18⅖
17	"	1 34 58⅕
18	"	1 41
19	"	1 47 1⅗
20	"	1 52 51⅕
21	G. A. Dunning	2 6 0
22	"	2 12 48
23	"	2 19 50
24	"	2 27 5
25	"	2 33 44
26	J. A. Squires	2 47 14
27	"	2 54 26
28	"	3 2 11
29	"	3 9 51
30	"	3 17 36⅗
31	"	3 30 37⅖
32	"	3 38 56
33	"	3 48 29
34	"	3 56 39¼
35	"	4 4 50
36	"	4 13 24½
37	J. E. Dixon	4 21 12¾
38	"	4 20 18¾
39	"	4 37 20½
40	"	4 46 54
45	"	5 35 10
50	"	6 18 26½
55	W. C. Davis	7 39 10
60	"	8 23 30
65	"	9 20 51
70	"	10 9 25
75	"	10 57 33
80	"	11 45 40
85	A. W. Sinclair	13 45 20
90	"	15 0 0

GREATEST DISTANCE RUN.

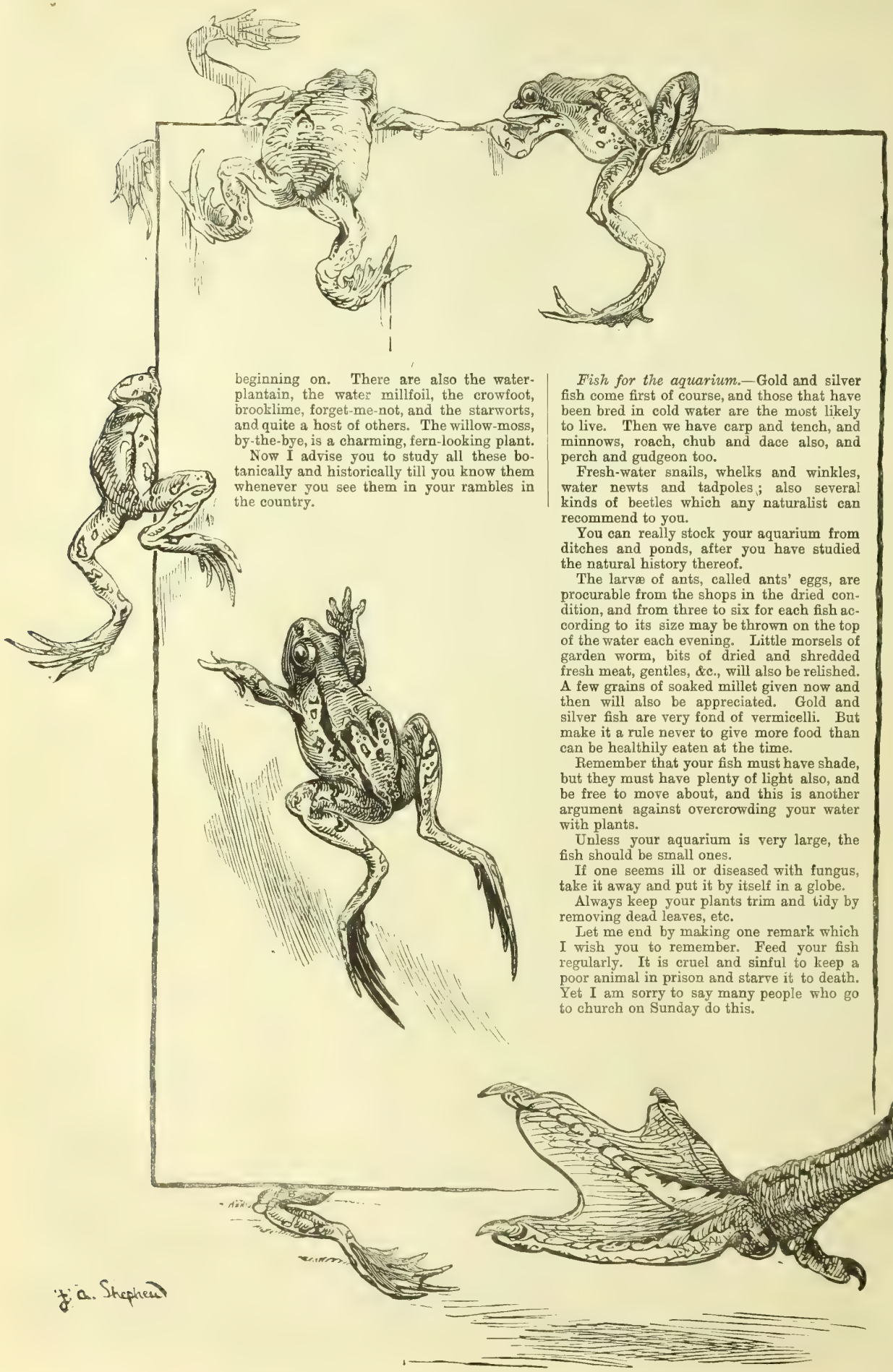
Time.	Name.	Distance
		miles yds.
hours.		
1	W. G. George	11 932
2	W H. Morton	20 440
8	W. C. Davis	57 770
10	"	68 1,705
12	"	81 0
14	A. W. Sinclair	86 0
15	"	90 0

HURDLES.

120 yards . Many runners..... 16 seconds

THROWING THE HAMMER.

——	Name.	Distance.
		ft. in.
Unlimited run	G H. Hales	138 3
From 7 ft. circle	J. S. Mitchell	119 5
From 9 ft. circle	W. J. M. Barry	130 0



beginning on. There are also the water-plantain, the water millfoil, the crowfoot, brooklime, forget-me-not, and the starworts, and quite a host of others. The willow-moss, by-the-bye, is a charming, fern-looking plant.

Now I advise you to study all these botanically and historically till you know them whenever you see them in your rambles in the country.

Fish for the aquarium.—Gold and silver fish come first of course, and those that have been bred in cold water are the most likely to live. Then we have carp and tench, and minnows, roach, chub and dace also, and perch and gudgeon too.

Fresh-water snails, whelks and winkles, water newts and tadpoles; also several kinds of beetles which any naturalist can recommend to you.

You can really stock your aquarium from ditches and ponds, after you have studied the natural history thereof.

The larvæ of ants, called ants' eggs, are procurable from the shops in the dried condition, and from three to six for each fish according to its size may be thrown on the top of the water each evening. Little morsels of garden worm, bits of dried and shredded fresh meat, gentles, &c., will also be relished. A few grains of soaked millet given now and then will also be appreciated. Gold and silver fish are very fond of vermicelli. But make it a rule never to give more food than can be healthily eaten at the time.

Remember that your fish must have shade, but they must have plenty of light also, and be free to move about, and this is another argument against overcrowding your water with plants.

Unless your aquarium is very large, the fish should be small ones.

If one seems ill or diseased with fungus, take it away and put it by itself in a globe.

Always keep your plants trim and tidy by removing dead leaves, etc.

Let me end by making one remark which I wish you to remember. Feed your fish regularly. It is cruel and sinful to keep a poor animal in prison and starve it to death. Yet I am sorry to say many people who go to church on Sunday do this.

A Hasty Departure.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* J. A. SHEPHERD.)

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 636.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

The Cock House at Fellsgarth

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

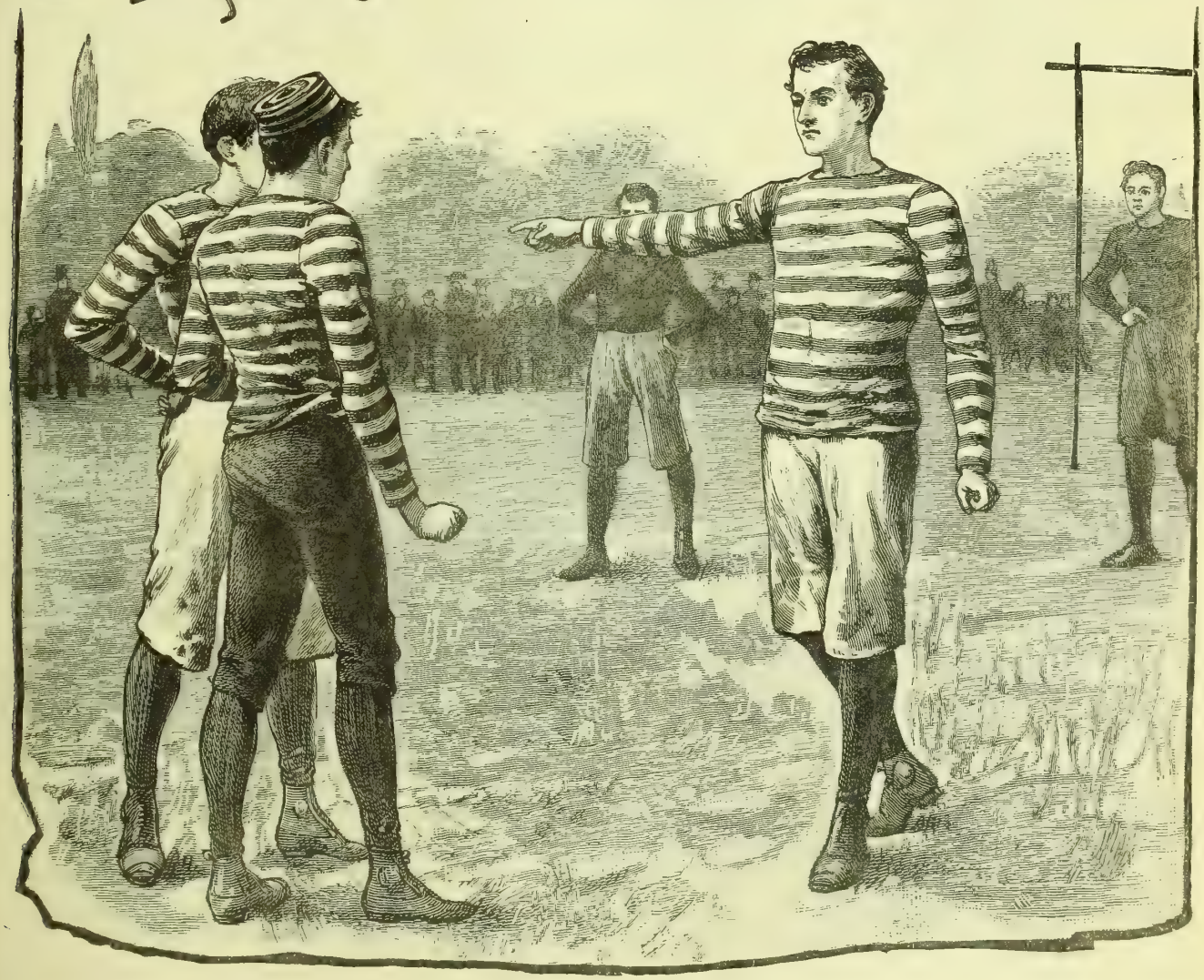
By Talbot Baines Reed.

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—FELLSGARTH *v.* RENDLESHAM.

How it came that Rollitt played, after all, in the Rendlesham match, no one could properly understand.

His name was not down on the original list. Yorke had given up



"Dangle, get off the field."

asking him to play, as he always either excused himself, or, what was worse, promised to come and failed at the last moment.

After the defeat of the Moderns at the second election, the question of the selection of the fifteen had been allowed to drop; and those who were keen on victory hoped no further difficulty would arise. Two days before the match, however, Brinkman was unlucky enough to hurt his foot, and to his great mortification was forbidden by the doctor to play. The news of his accident caused general consternation, as he was known to be a good forward and a useful man in a scrimmage. Clapperton increased the difficulty by coming over to say that as Brinkman was laid up, he had arranged for Corder to play instead.

Corder, as it happened, was a Modern senior, a small fellow, and an indifferent player.

"He wouldn't do at all," said Yorke, decisively.

"Why not? Surely we've got a right to find a substitute for our own man," said Clapperton, testily.

"What do you mean by your own man? Who cares twopence whose man he is, as long as he plays up. The fifteen are Fellsgarth men, and no more yours than they are mine."

"If they were as much mine as yours no one would complain."

"You mean to say that if you were captain of the fifteen you'd put Corder in the team for a first-class match?"

"Why not? There are plenty worse than he."

"There are so many better, that he is out of the question."

"That means only five of our men are to play against ten of yours."

"You're talking rot, Clapperton, and you know it. If I'm captain, I'll choose my own team. If you don't like it, or if the best fifteen men in the school aren't in it, you are welcome to complain. I hope you will."

"It strikes me pretty forcibly our fellows won't fancy being snubbed like this. It would be a bad job if they showed as much on the day of the match."

"It would be a bad job—for them," said the captain.

When Yorke repeated this disagreeable conversation to his friends later on, they pulled long faces.

"I suppose he means they don't intend to play up," said Dalton.

"If that's so," said Fisher I, "why not cut them all out and make up the fifteen of fellows you can depend on?"

"That wouldn't do," said Yorke. "I expect when the time comes they'll play up all right. After all, Clapperton and Fullerton are two of our best men."

"But what about the vacant place?"

"I've four or five names all better than Corder," said the captain, "but none of them as good as Brinkman."

The company generally, it is to be feared, did not lament as honestly as Yorke did, the accident to their rival. They did not profess to rejoice, of course; still they bore the blow with equanimity.

Next morning, to the astonishment of everybody, the notice board contained an abrupt announcement in the captain's hand that in consequence of Brinkman's inability to play, Rollitt would take his place in the fifteen.

Yorke himself could not account for this sudden act of patriotism. Rollitt, he said, had looked into his room last night at bedtime and said—

"I'll play on Saturday," and vanished.

Fisher II was perhaps, of all persons, better able to explain the mystery than any one else. He had overheard in Ranger's study a general lamentation about the prospects for Saturday, and a wish expressed by his brother that Rollitt were not so unsociable and undependable. Everybody agreed it was utterly useless to ask him to play, and that they would have to get a second-rate man to fill the empty place, and so most probably lose the match.

Fisher II heard all this, and when presently, on his way to his own den, he passed Rollitt's door, a tremendous resolution seized him to take upon himself the duty of ambassador extraordinary for the school. Rollitt appeared to owe him no grudge for throwing stones the other day, and had already come to his relief handsomely at the time of the second election and in the affair with Dangle. On the whole, Fisher II thought he might venture.

Rollitt was reading hard by the light of one small candle when he entered.

"Please, Rollitt," said the boy, "would you ever mind playing for the School on Saturday?"

Rollitt looked up in such evident alarm that Fisher II put his hand on the latch of the door, and made ready to bolt.

"I'll see—get out," said Rollitt.

And Fisher II did get out.

It was really too absurd to suppose that Rollitt was going to play in the fifteen to oblige Fisher II. So at least thought that young gentleman, and remained discreetly silent about his interview, hoping devoutly no one would hear of it.

The joy of the Classics was almost equal to the fury of the Moderns. The latter could not deny that Rollitt was a host in himself, and worth a dozen Corders. Yet it galled them to see him quietly put in the vacant place, and to hear the jubilation on every hand.

For Rollitt was the fellow who had publicly insulted the Moderns in the person of Dangle; and not only that, but—poor and shabby as he was—had shown himself utterly indifferent to their indignation and contemptuous of their threats.

"Why," Dangle said, "the fellow's a pauper! he can't even pay for his clubs! His father's a common fellow, I'm told."

"Yes, and I heard," said Brinkman, "his fees up here are paid for him. Why, we might just as well have Bob in the fifteen."

"A jolly sight better. Bob knows how to be civil."

"It is a crime to be poor," said Fullerton. "I hope I shall never commit it."

"Well," said Clapperton, ignoring this bit of sarcasm, "if he was well enough off to buy a cake of soap once a term, it wouldn't be so bad. I believe when he wants a wash he goes down to Mrs. Wisdom and borrows a bit of hers."

"By the way, that reminds me," said Dangle; "did you fellows ever hear about Mrs. Wisdom's boat? The lout had it out the other day in the rapids and let it go over the falls, and it got smashed up."

"What!" exclaimed everybody.

"Do you mean," said Brinkman, "poor Widow Wisdom has lost her boat owing to that cad? Why, she'll be ruined! However is she to get a new one?"

"That's the extraordinary thing," said Dangle. "It was she told me about it. She says that Rollitt went straight away to the lake and bought her a boat that was for sale there; and she's got it now down in the lower reach; and it's a better one than the other."

"What!" exclaimed Clapperton, incredulously; "Rollitt bought a new boat! Bosh!"

"It was a second-hand one for sale cheap. But it cost five pounds. She showed me the receipt."

"Stuff and nonsense. She was gammoning you," said Clapperton.

"All right," said Dangle, snappishly; "you're not obliged to believe it unless you like."

And there the conversation ended.

The day of the great match came at last. The Rendlesham men, who had to come from a distance, were not due till one o'clock, and, as may be imagined, the interval was peculiarly trying to some of the inhabitants of Fellsgarth. The farce of morning school was an ordeal alike to masters and boys. If gazing up at the clouds could bring down the rain a deluge should have fallen before 10 a.m. As the hour approached the impatience rose to fever heat. It was the first match of the season. For the last three years the two teams had met in deadly combat, and each time the match had ended in a draw, with not one goal kicked on either side. Victory or defeat to-day would be a crisis in the history of Fellsgarth. Woe betide the man who missed a point or blundered a kick!

Percy and his friends put on flannels in honour of the occasion and sallied out an hour before the time to look at the ground and inspect the new goal and flag posts which Fisher I, as the first act of his treasurership, had ordered for the school.

It disgusted them somewhat to find that Wally and his friends—also in flannels—were on the spot before them, and, having surveyed the new acquisitions, had calmly bagged the four front central seats in the pavilion reserved by courtesy for the head-master and his ladies.

Since the tea at Mr. Stratton's, the juniors had abated somewhat of their immemorial feud, although the relations were still occasionally subject to tension.

"Hullo, you kids," cried Wally, as his brother approached, "how do you do? Pretty well, this morning? That's right—so are we. Have a seat? Plenty of room in the second row."

Considering that no one had yet put in an appearance, this was strictly correct. Yet it did not please the Modern juniors.

"You'll get jolly well turned out when Ringwood comes," said Percy. "Come on, you chaps," added he to his own friends. "What's the use of sitting on a bench like schoolboys an hour before the time? Let's have a trot."

"Mind you don't dirty your white bags," cried D'Arcy.

"No, we might be mistaken for Classic kids if we did," shouted Cottle. "Ha, ha!"

Whereupon, and not before time, the friends parted for a while.

When Percy & Co. returned, they found the pavilion was filling up, and greatly to their delight, the front row was empty. The enemy had been cleared out; and serve them right.

"Come on, you chaps," said Lickford; "don't let's get stuck in there. Come over to the oak tree, and get up there. It's the best view in the field."

Alas! when they got to the oak tree, four friendly voices hailed them from among the leaves.

"How are you, Modern kids? There's a ripping view up here. Have an acorn? Mind your eye. Sorry we're full up. Plenty of room up the poplar tree."

The Moderns scorned to reply, and walked back sulkily to the pavilion, not without parting greetings from their friends up the oak tree, and squatted themselves on the steps.

The place was filling up now. Mrs. Stratton was there with some visitors. All the little Wakefields were there, of course—"minor, minimus, and minimissima," as they were called—uttering war whoops in honour of their house. And there was a knot of Rendlesham fellows talking among themselves and generally taking stock of the Fellsgarth form. Mr. Stratton, in civilian dress, as became the umpire, was the first representative of the school to show up on the grass. A distant cheer from the top of the oak tree hailed his arrival, and louder cheers still from the steps of the pavilion indicated that the popular master was not the private property of any faction in Fellsgarth.

To Fisher II it was amazing how Mr. Stratton could talk and laugh as pleasantly as he did with the umpire for the other side. He felt sure *he* could not have done it himself.

Suddenly it occurred to Fisher II, by what connection of ideas he could not tell, what an awful thing it would be if Rollitt were to forget about the match. The horror of the idea, which had all the weight of a presentiment, sent the colour from his cheeks, and without a word to anybody he slid down the tree and began to run with all his might towards the school.

"What's the row—collywobbles?" asked D'Arcy.

But no one was in a position to answer. A fusillade of acorns from the tree, and derisive compliments of "Well run!" "Bravo, Short-legs!" from the pavilion steps, greeted the runner as he passed that warm corner. He didn't care. Even the captain and his own brother, whom he met going down to the field of battle, did not divert him. He rushed panting up the stairs and into Rollitt's study.

Rollitt was sitting at the table taking observations of a crumb of bread through a microscope.

"Rollitt," gasped the boy, "the match! It's just beginning, and you promised to play. Do come, or we shall be licked!"

Rollitt took a further look at the crumb and then got up.

"I forgot," said he; "come on, Fisher II."

"Aren't you going to put on flannels?" asked the boy.

"Why?" said Rollitt roughly, stalking out.

Fisher II wondered if the reason was that he had none. But he was too full of his mission to trouble about that, and, keeping his prize well in sight for fear he should go astray, had the satisfaction of seeing him arrive on the field of battle just as the opposing forces were taking their places, and just as the Classic seniors were inwardly calling themselves fools for having depended for a moment on a hopeless fellow of this sort.

The Classic juniors felt a good deal compromised by the champion's shabby cloth trousers and flannel shirt, but they cheered lustily all the same, while the Moderns, having expressed their indignation to one another, relieved their feelings by laughing.

But a moment after, everybody forgot everything but the match.

The Rendlesham men looked very trim and dangerous in their black and white uniform; and when presently their captain led off with a magnificent place-kick which flew almost into the School lines, Classics and Moderns forgot their differences and squirmed with a common foreboding. Fullerton promptly returned the ball into *medias res* and the usual inaugural scrimmage ensued. To the knowing ones, who judged from little things, it seemed that the present match was likely to be as even as any of its predecessors. The forwards were about equally weighted, and the quarter and half-backs who hovered outside seemed equally alert and light-footed.

Presently the ball squeezed out on the School side and gave Ranger the first chance of a run. He used it well, and with Fisher I and Yorke on his flanks got well past the Rendlesham forwards amid loud cheers from the oak tree. But the enemy's quarter-back pinned him in a moment; yet not before he had passed the ball neatly to Fisher on his left. Fisher struggled on a few yards further with the captain and Dangle backing up, but had to relinquish the ball to the former before he could reach the half-backs. Yorke, always wary and cool-headed, had measured the forces against him, and as soon as he had the ball, ran back a step or two to break the ugly rush of two of the enemy who were nearest, and then with a sweep distanced them, and charging through their half-backs made a dash for the goal. For a moment friend and foe held their breath. He looked like doing it. But in his détour he had given time for Blackstone, the Rendlesham fast runner, to get under way and sweep down to meet him just as he reeled out of the clutches of the half-backs. Next moment Yorke was down and Dangle was not there to pick up the ball.

This rush served pretty well to exhibit the strong and weak points of either side. It was evident, for instance, that both Ranger and Yorke were men to be marked by the other side, and that Dangle, on the contrary, was playing slack.

A series of scrimmages followed, in the midst of which the ball gravitated back to the centre of the field. Runs were attempted on either side; once or twice the ball went out into touch, and once or twice a drop-kick sent it flying over the forwards' heads. But it came back inevitably, so that after twenty minutes' hard play, it lay in almost the identical spot from which it had first been kicked off.

The onlookers began to feel a little depressed. It was not to be a walk-over for the School at any rate. Indeed, it seemed doubtful whether from the last and toughest of these scrimmages the ball would ever emerge again to the light of day.

Suddenly, however, it became evident that the *status quo* was about to give way, and that the fortunes of either side were going to take a new turn. No one in the game, still less outside, could at first tell what had happened. Then it occurred to Yorke and one or two others that Rollitt, who had hitherto been playing listlessly and sleepily, was waking up. His head, high above his fellows, was seen violently agitated in the middle of the scrimmage, and presently it struggled forward till it came to where the ball lay. A moment later, the Rendlesham side of the scrimmage showed signs of breaking, and a moment after that, out burst Rollitt with the ball under his arm, trampling down friend and foe.

"Back up, Dangle! back up, Ranger!" shouted Yorke.

"Look out behind!" cried the Rendlesham captain.

Rollitt carried that ball pretty much as he had carried Dangle a day or two before, almost contemptuously, indifferent as to who opposed him or who got in his way. The only difference was that whereas he then walked, now he ran. And when Rollitt chose to run, as Fellsgarth knew, even Ranger, the swift-footed, was not in it.

The enemy's forwards were shaken off, and their quarter-backs distanced. The half-backs closed on him with a simultaneous charge that made him reel. But he kept his feet better than they, and staggered on with one of them hanging to his arm.

"Look out in goal!" shouted the Rendlesham men.

"Back up, you fellows!" cried Yorke.

In his struggle with the man on his arm, Rollitt lost pace enough to enable Blackstone to overtake and make a wild dash, not at the man but the ball. The onslaught was partly successful, for the ball fell. Dangle, who was close behind, made an attempt to pick it up, but before he could do so, Rollitt, like a hound momentarily checked, dashed back to recover it himself, knocking over, as he did so, both Dangle and Blackstone.

He had it again, and once more was off, this time with only the enemy's back to intercept him. The back did his best, and sacrificed himself nobly for his side, but he was no match for the Fellsgarth giant, who simply rode over him, and followed by a mighty roar of cheering from the onlookers, carried the ball behind the goals, touching it down with almost fastidious precision exactly half-way between the poles.

A minute later and Yorke, with one of his beautifully neat "places," had sent the ball spinning over the bar, as unmistakable a goal as the School had ever kicked.

The cheers which followed this exploit were completely lost on Rollitt, who having completed his run, dawdled back to his fellow forwards, and had not even the curiosity to watch the issue of the captain's kick.

As the sides changed ends, Dangle, with a black face, came up to him.

"You knocked me over on purpose then, you cad, I could see it," snarled he.

"Get out!" said Rollitt, shouldering the speaker aside.

This was too much for Dangle. Full of rage he went to Yorke.

"I don't mean to stand this, Yorke. Rollitt——"

"Shut up!" said the captain. "Spread out, you fellows, and be ready. Go to your place, Dangle."

Dangle sullenly obeyed.

"I'll let you see if I'm to be insulted and made a fool of before all the school," growled he. "Catch me bothering myself any more."

As if to give him an opportunity of enforcing his protest, the kick-off of the losing side fell close at his feet. He picked it up, and for a moment the sporting instinct prompted him to make a rush. But he caught sight of Yorke and Rollitt both looking his way, and the bad blood in him prevailed. He deliberately sent the ball with a little side kick into Blackstone's hands, who, running forward a step, sent it, with a mighty drop, right over the School line. It almost grazed the goal post as it passed, and it was all Fullerton could do to save the touch down before the whole advance guard of the enemy were upon him.

The whole thing had been so wilfully done that there was no mistaking its meaning.

"Hold the ball!" cried Yorke, as the side ranged out for the kick-off. "Dangle, get off the field."

"What do you mean?" said Dangle, very white.

"What I say. You'll either do that or be kicked off."

Here Clapperton interposed.

"Don't go, Dangle; he's no right to turn you off or talk to you like that before the field because of an accident. If you go, I'll go too."

"Go, both of you, then," said Yorke.

The two Modern boys looked for a moment as though they doubted their own ears. What could Yorke mean, in the middle of a critical match like this?

He evidently meant what he said.

"Are you going or not?" said he.

It was a choice of evils. To play now would be to surrender. To stay where they were would render them liable to a kicking in the presence of all Fellsgarth. They sullenly turned on their heels and walked behind the goals. Most of the spectators supposed it was a case of sprained ankle or some such damage received in the cause of the School. But the acute little birds who sat in the oak tree were not to be deceived, and took good care to point the moral of the incident for the public benefit.

"Whiroo! Cads! Kicked out! Serve 'em right! Good riddance! Play up, you chaps!"

The chaps needed no encouragement. With two men short it was next to impossible to add to their present advantage. But they contrived to stand their ground and save the School goal. And when at last the welcome "No side" was called, the cheers which greeted them proclaimed that the School had won that day one of the biggest victories on its record.

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frezols," etc.

CHAPTER III.—IN THE TRENCHES.

"Well," said the doctor, emptying his cup, "is it not time to go to the trenches? I see Guyon is dying with impatience, and as to you, we know that your soul is interred under tumulus No. 2."

"If Monsieur Guyon is of that opinion, we are all ready," replied Kerdic, smiling, and without denying Doctor Hardy's charge.

"I am quite ready," said the lieutenant. "The doctor does not exaggerate my wish to see the works."

"Unfortunately there is nothing yet to see, except the worst workmen in the world digging more or less badly, and chiefly more so," said Kerdic. "But come along all the same. If we have dug out nothing yet worth showing, the site is worth your admiration; and besides, our people are not of the sort that can be left long out of the master's sight."

"You are not satisfied with your workmen?" asked the lieutenant, who was walking with Kerdic, while Catherine and the doctor were a few steps on ahead.

"They are a bad lot, only manageable with a threat in your mouth or a stick in your hand, and looking upon it as a sacred right to fold their arms as soon as your back is turned. They put up one of themselves as a sentinel on such occasions, to signal the white helmets as soon as he sees them; and when he does they resume their pickaxes with the most virtuous air in the world."

"They must be a bad lot."

"And yet I am lucky to have them, for there are no others. Would you like to have a sample of the style of proclamation I issue to them every morning before they begin, and every evening when they knock off?—'Men of Dizfoul and other places! Loris Pasteurs!—wandering Arabs whose name is unknown to me! Know ye that there are guns here, and that the guns are loaded?'—I need not say we sleep only half undressed, with rifle and revolver close at hand. It would never do to let them catch us napping."

The camp was situated a little distance from the excavations; and the party soon arrived among the workmen.

Kerdic had mustered under his orders, at the cost of what efforts! about a hundred men belonging to three different races, who worked side by side without ever mixing.

The Dizfoulis, the worst gifted from a physical point of view, but the least stupid of the lot, were undersized, miserable-looking fellows, dirty black in colour, and frightfully ugly.

Catherine had stopped to wait for her brother and the officer, and she now accompanied them, explaining the different nationalities of the labourers to the lieutenant as they passed them.

"Their wives," she said, "rejoice in the peculiarity of never doing anything with their ten fingers."

"That is a rare privilege," said the doctor, "among barbarous people, where the woman is generally the servant, the slave, not to say the beast of burden, of the house."

"But admission to the camp is forbidden these ladies. At the same time we often see half-a-dozen of them prowling on the outskirts, or perched on some waste heap watching our least movements with a curious eye, and ready to lay their hands on anything they can take away."

"You should see them," said Kerdic, "hiding what they have stolen, with a monkey-like gesture, under their tchader, that padded garment in which they veil their ungraceful persons, and even denying their theft boldly at the very moment you catch them in the act."

"Those are fine-looking men next to them," said the officer.

"The Loris! They are worth less than the Dizfoulis; they are all outside show. They are tall, strong, well-built; their blue eyes and long beards make them readily recognisable as belonging to the pure Persian race of Fars. Nothing in the world would induce them to mix with the hideous Dizfoulis. Far from burrowing like them in the first hole they find, they make artistic little huts of woven rushes, and, while the others live on fragments, they eat lamb, and rice, and eggs. Their clothing is, as you see, superior to that of their miserable companions. But they are, if anything, more ignorant than the Dizfoulis, more easily alarmed at the civil authority, more slovenly at their work, and they have not that religious fanaticism which enables them to support the miseries of their existence."

"As to those," said the lieutenant, when they arrived opposite to the third group, "I have not got to ask you what they are. I know the Arbis for my sins. It is curious how much alike the race is in all places and at all times."

"Yes," replied Kerdic, "such were the wandering Arabs at the time of old Abraham, such were the impetuous horsemen of Mahomet; but if the race has kept the outward signs everywhere recognisable, the benefits supposed due to the influence of the Koran have almost disappeared from here. They are more unintelligent than the Loris, and worse liars and thieves than the Dizfoulis."

"But at the same time," said Catherine,

"it is only just to say that they have the art of stealing with dignity and lying with nobleness. In all their faults they show a certain greatness, and even when we are obliged to scold them on the inferior quality of their work, we cannot help thinking that nature intended them to command rather than to obey."

"Yes," said Guyon thoughtfully, "we must do them justice; they are very gentlemanly in their vices. Their ardour in pillage is tempered with liberality; their cruelty does not exclude a certain chivalrous generosity. They are nobly hospitable, and their sobriety is only equalled by their love of independence."

"Bravo!" said the doctor, "that is a panegyric of the proper sort. But I never thought I should hear you say such a thing."

"Miss Kerdic is to blame," said the lieutenant, a little confused; "she began it."

At this moment one of the leading men approached the group and announced that he wished to consult the *hakim bachy* (the doctor-in-chief). Doctor Hardy's arrival had indeed been quickly noticed, and every man in the trenches had been racking his brain to find something he wanted to consult him about.

"I will undertake to say the patient has four legs," said the doctor. "They bring me brute and human indiscriminately. What is the matter with you, Mirza Abdul Khan? Is it your son, your wife, your ox, your ass——"

"Pardon, hakim, it is my watch that does not go," said Mirza, producing an enormous turnip bought in some bazaar in Bassora and worth about five shillings.

"Let us look at the patient," said the doctor, showing no astonishment at this new kind of consultation. "What is the matter with your watch? Does it gain? Does it lose?"

"Oh! that would be nothing! But she has been silent for some time. A week ago I was winding her when suddenly she went crack, and I turned and turned without stopping, and nothing came of it. She will not tell me the time."

The doctor looking into the watch said, "I think the mainspring is broken."

"Is she dead?" sighed Mirza, quite overcome.

"We will resuscitate her. Miss Catherine will take charge of the operation, I have no doubt. But you must show your gratitude by working well."

"I promise you, hakim," said Mirza, much comforted, while several of the men around were heard to whisper with a mixture of terror and admiration—

"The Faranghis are great sorcerers."

"What!" said Guyon, scarcely less surprised than the innocent natives, "do you add to your numerous talents that of watchmaker, Miss Kerdic?"

"One must do a little of everything when one is in camp," said Catherine. "Besides, my knowledge of horology is limited to putting in a spring and pushing a regulator backwards or forwards. But that suffices, as you see, to get us classified as sorcerers. When Doctor Hardy arrives he supplants me in his position as hakim; but in his absence I am consulted, and I am expected to cure ailments to come as well as the present ailments of the people."

"And she gets through it as well as a second-year student," said the doctor. "Add to it the inexhaustible generosity of the chief of the mission in furnishing drugs, and you will understand why the Faranghis have such prestige."

"Very precarious prestige, I am afraid," said Kerdic. "It is easy to see that very little would be enough to raise the wind of revolt among these superstitious imbeciles."

"But could you not apply to the Shah," asked the lieutenant, "for a dozen regular soldiers?"

"Oh, it is not their fighting powers I am afraid of," said Kerdic; "my nightmare is the suspension of the works. Any moment they may refuse to continue the digging, and then we shall be reduced to two pairs of arms, those of the illustrious Gargaridi and my own—three pairs including Catherine's."

"Add my two, I pray," said the lieutenant, holding out his. "During the time I am here I shall be delighted to enlist under your orders."

"Before I accept so attractive an offer," said Kerdic, "you must promise to make a long stay with us, and then I assure you your services would be a welcome help. Ah! if I only had fifteen willing Europeans, I should soon see the backs of this lazy, incapable crowd."

"I shall be very happy to spend all my leave with you," said the lieutenant, "and these fourteen days will appear short in such pleasant company."

"The pleasure will be on our side," said Maurice, "and so will the profit. It is clear enough that Doctor Hardy made no mistake when he predicted we should thoroughly understand one another. That makes five, for the doctor is ours by right."

"Since your arrival in this country," said the doctor, smiling, "the King of kings and Asylum of the Universe has had his Faranghi hakim breaking bounds a



A traveller was approaching.

little too often. My word! All they see of me is on the road from Teheran to Hamadan, and the camp is as much my home as my house in the capital!"

"And you know how dull the camp is without you," said Catherine affectionately. "When you are here we can almost believe we are at home in the old house of our fathers."

"The fact is you used often to see me there too. Ah! if your dear parents were still in the world, they would be proud of you, my little archæologists."

He was still speaking when they saw against the sky the outline of a numerous caravan. There were camels and baggage mules and a few horsemen. It was evident that a traveller was approaching.

"Visitors!" said Kerdic; "that is a rare enough event in this country for us to be glad of it, and we never have cause to complain of being worried by the wearisome."

"You might perhaps suffer if your generous hospitality was more generally known," said the lieutenant. "Now that I know the way to your camp I expect that I at least will be found here pretty often."

"You will be always welcome," said Kerdic. "But what is the matter with Aristomenes?"

The noble Gargaridi came forward waddling like a turkey-cock, and holding between his thumb and fingers a visiting card of unusual size, which he presented to his master.

Kerdic took it and read aloud: "Herr Professor Hasselfratz, Oculist to his Most Serene Highness the Prince of Lützenbaützen, Privy Councillor, Physician to the Reigning Family, Member of many learned Societies, etc., etc."

"Ouf!" said Kerdic, after reading the list, which extended a long way down the card, "this is a gentleman of many titles! Is he there, Aristomenes?"

"Yes, Excellency, he is there in person on the boundary of the camp, soliciting the honour of presenting you his respects, and," said Gargaridi, suddenly abandoning his grand manner for his usual familiarity, "I cannot say I think very much of the individual in question."

"Never mind. I cannot avoid seeing him. Bring him here, Aristomenes—or rather, I suppose I had better go to him. Excuse me, gentlemen."

Kerdic went off, followed by his factotum, and in a few minutes returned escorting a personage of about fifty, exceedingly corpulent, and wearing black cloth clothes marvellously inappropriate for the climate and the way in which he was travelling. The visitor held his hat in his hand, and displayed a cranium as bald as an egg, which was dripping with perspiration, in compensation for which nature had given him a formidable beard which extended half way to his waist. The stranger's eyes were hidden behind blue spectacles, which disguised his look so well that none could tell if his eyes were or were not like those given to ordinary mortals. A terribly Teutonic accent and an affectation of minute politeness were the distinctive traits of Professor Hasselfratz, who appeared overcome with the heat and kept on dabbing his forehead with three or four pocket-handkerchiefs which he took one after the other from either his pockets or his hat.

The party returned to the gourbi to offer the Professor some refreshments, which Gargaridi set before him with anything but a welcome air, and as he greedily attacked them he informed his hosts of the purport of his voyage.

Hearing that his Majesty the Shah of Persia, like many of his subjects, was afflicted with weakness of the eyes, he had conceived the bold project of coming to offer his services, as he had already effected cures little short of miraculous in his own country. Unfortunately his state of fatigue would prevent his continuing his journey, and force him to wait for several days. As circumstances had thus compelled him to halt, he was at least delighted that they had forced him to do so at Hamadan, as it gave him an opportunity of knowing,—intimately he hoped—a young savant whose enterprise was daily praised to the skies by the European press. As to Miss Kerdic—and he bowed to her like a crockery monkey—he had heard of nothing but her courage and her beauty, and it was to him a precious privilege to be so near a young person who had attracted the admiration of the universe.

He would have continued for some time in this way if Kerdic had not abruptly stopped him.

"I see on your card that you belong to the Archæological Society of —— Probably our object here may have special interest for you in that respect?"

"You are not mistaken, and it will be a great honour for me to visit your works, although to tell you the truth, and speaking only from a scientific point of view, I am persuaded, convinced I may say, that you will find nothing."

And Professor Hasselfratz turned his shining blue spectacles to each of the party in succession, and displayed his large face enlivened by a smile of satisfaction as if he had just favoured them with a peculiarly agreeable idea.

"On what grounds do you base your opinion?" asked Kerdic. "If we are really on the site of Ecbatana——"

"Just so! That is the question! How do you prove you are on this site?"

"I have not, as you know, any positive proof. But I have inferences which seem clear enough to me."

"And what are they?" asked the German, assuming an attitude of attention.

"We are here," said Kerdic, pointing to the surrounding country, "on a plain which, as you see, is dotted with tumuli. These tumuli I can only explain in a natural way. There is no reason why this plain should have tumuli. Geologically it ought to be as flat as a mirror, but in place of that it bristles with a hundred little hills. On examining the matter of which these are formed, I find it consists of sand and vegetable mould mixed with fragments of stone and brick. To an archæologist these tumuli speak in a loud voice; they say: 'We cover ruins, old buildings, traces of palaces, of ramparts; scratch us, dig into us, turn us inside out, and you will find them!'"

"Oh! oh!" said the German, rubbing his hands at the perspective of a long discussion; "these are accommodating tumuli, they say what you wish them to say. And if all the hills covered ruins it would indeed be very convenient. What is to hinder me, for instance, from beginning researches in all the hills of my country under the pretext that I was going to find temples and palaces?"

"Allow me. I have something else."

"And what is that" said the oculist, with vivacity.

"Tradition."

"Tradition! And you, a savant, believe in that!"

"Yes, sir, I believe in it, and firmly. I hold that in a matter of archæology tradition is one of the safest guides you can follow. And when all antiquity talks of the marvels contained in the city of Ecbatana, when these marvels have disappeared without leaving any trace, when tradition says that the old city occupied a part of this plain up to the gates of Hamadan, I welcome it, and I set to work full of faith in the result of my work."

The German shook his massive head as if in doubt.

"However, sir," continued Kerdic, "you admit that the palaces, the temples, the seven walls described by historians existed?"

"I admit it."

"Where were these monuments, according to you? On what site?"

"Here, if you wish; I believe it possible after all."

"In that case, if we are agreed that we are now on the ruins of Ecbatana, it seems to me that the excavations are in their proper place——"

"But that is not the question! If we are on the site of Ecbatana" (the oculist pronounced it Egpadana), "we are in a place where so many invasions have passed, where so many nationalities have succeeded one another, that it would be very extraordinary, or rather radically impossible, for them to have left anything to be discovered."

"Allow me again, sir. Have you ever seen in any history, in any manuscript, any mention of excavations on the site of Ecbatana?"

"No, sir."

"Excavations generally yield results which compel attention. Look at those at Susa, at Mycenæ, at Pompeii. I need not remind you of the Trojan researches of your compatriot Schliemann. That being the case, how many excavations do you suppose have left no trace in the museums of Europe, in the local collections, or in the writings of learned men of all countries?"

"I don't speak, be it understood, of scientific researches."

"But a palace, a temple like that of Mithra, cannot be juggled away like a pea! And even if so, may I ask if you have any serious reason in support of the opinion you advance, or is it merely a personal feeling?"

Herr Hasselfratz shook his head profoundly, and hastened to protest that he had only given his opinion from an "objective" point of view.

"And I have to add, that I wish you all the good fortune possible; I am too much interested in archæology not to ardently desire your success, my good Mr. Kerdic," continued he in an unctuous tone. "It is only as a friend that I speak——"

"As a friend?" said Kerdic, with some surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Kerdic—for already I enter-

tain a sincere friendship for you, as well as for your beautiful and charming sister; and it is to me a real sorrow to see you engaged in an enterprise so perilous, and which I am afraid will bring you mortification. I even offer to do what I can for you with his Majesty the Shah, for to succeed here what is wanted is money, much money! Ach! what money it will want!" concluded the German, lifting his eyes to the sky.

"Nevertheless, Dieulafoy's researches at Susa had but feeble help from the Government, and the results were remarkable," said Kerdic, rather drily.

"True! true! But what fatigue, danger, and suffering did they not endure! Ah, Mr. Kerdic! it wrings my heart, I assure you, to see a young and beautiful person like your sister exposed to such dangers in such a desert."

Catherine saw that her brother had begun to look suspiciously at the illustrious Hasselfratz, who, however, did not seem to perceive it, and continued to make excessively long speeches to the effect that never to that day had he met with a young man, a young woman, a doctor, or a soldier with whom he could be on such friendly terms as those whose acquaintance he had had the honour of making that day.

It was obvious that the feeling was not reciprocated. The stranger's familiarity and pretensions, his boasting, added to his unattractive exterior, were not calculated to carry the good will of his hosts by storm. His ill-advised interference in Kerdic's personal affairs, and his persistency in giving advice which nobody asked for, ended in alienating the sympathy of all.

After absorbing an incalculable number of cups of coffee scowlingly handed him by Aristomenes, who seemed furious at having met some one who chattered faster than he did, he asked to be taken to the trenches. He was taken there. He began without delay to examine everything with the greatest attention, commenting on, approving, condemning with imperturbable freedom all that passed before his eyes, and exhibiting an amount of archæological knowledge at least equal to his want of tact and education.

Along the lines Kerdic had divided his crew, so as to try the ground at as many places as the limited number allowed. Long black scars furrowed the soil, showing here and there an abandoned trench; but all converged towards the same tumulus, for it was not without good reasons that the young savant had marked it out for researches, and although the results had been few as far as he had gone, yet he had resolved to continue till he was obliged to desist.

The illustrious professor did not fail to touch him on the delicate side which the uncertainty of commencement always offers, and indulged in a few Teutonic jokes punctuated by bursts of laughter which were not at all communicative.

At the end of an hour he had succeeded in making himself quite intolerable; but as in Persia it is enough to be a stranger, and above all a European, to have a claim to hospitality, it was impossible to avoid offering him a shelter and a seat at the table for as long as it pleased him to stay. All the same, every one was anxious for the time to come when the learned oculist would resume his march to Hamadan, which seemed to be the last thing he was thinking of.

He announced that when he did anything he was accustomed to do it thoroughly, and that he intended to look into every detail and make a note of every slight peculiarity he could observe in the excavations. This outlook made Catherine shudder, and she saw that if the trial lasted too long her brother's self-restraint would give way. But as they were absolutely obliged to accept the visitor's company as long as it pleased him to impose it on them, she could only resign herself to the inevitable and bear up as well as she could against their ill-luck.

(To be continued.)

A WARNING.

By Fred Edmonds,

Author of "Lays of School Life," etc., etc.

His name, we'll say, was Denny, he was moderately bright,
Very fairly plump in figure, and his hair was very light,
The nose was unobtrusive, both the eyes were bluish-grey—
Which is not at all essential to my story, by the way.

Now he had a special weakness—tell me, who of us has not?
But his was most deplorable. I don't know where he got
The overweening vanity which prompted him to pose
As capable of breaking any record if he chose.

He wasn't really wonderful—a fact that I've implied—
But greater skill or knowledge than his own upset his pride,
When anything remarkable was stated, he was prone
To cap the thing at once with information of his own.

His personal performance was so frequently a fraud,
It was palpably impossible for people to applaud,
So he'd often credit wonders to his absent kin and kith;
Say, a brother or a cousin who was more or less a myth.

"That drive for six is very well, but nothing superfine,
My brother hit a ball to leg and ran it out for nine."
"Ten seconds for the hundred yards? That isn't very great,
My cousin did the distance, sir, in either seven or eight."

"I don't see why the pace of Martyn's swim is so admired,
I've seen a fellow swim so fast he actually perspired!"

"At indoor games requiring skill am I proficient? Yes,
I fancy it was Zukertort I beat one day at chess."

Mind, it wasn't wilful wickedness that brought this sad result,
But folly, unresisted, till with influence occult
It produced hallucination in our hero, and behold
He believed in the veracity of every tale he told!

But his weakness, as per usual, brought confusion in its track,
And often metaphorically threw him on his back,
For some who were aware of it, to gain their private ends,
Would make an exhibition of poor Denny to their friends.

Said Brown to him one day, "I'm telling Charlie that old Dunn
Is just the biggest duffer that I know, excepting none;
He says he isn't quite so sure, and fancies you the lad
To beat the other all to fits, except that he's a cad.

Denny happened to be buried in an interesting book
(A volume rather out of date, "The Life of Captain Cook"),
Brown artfully appealed to him when thoroughly engrossed,
And knew his ruling passion would produce the usual boast.

Yes, sure enough, though half awake to what was said and why,
He raised his head and uttered this mechanical reply:
"*In the first thing that you mentioned he can never equal me,*
And I'm certain that my cousin is a bigger one than he"

THAT TOOTH!

By Fred Edmonds,

Author of "Lays of School Life," etc., etc.

Grasp the chair steadily,
There's a good lad.
Yield to me readily,
'Tisn't so bad.
Calmly resigned to it,
Brave at a pinch,
Make up your mind to it,
Try not to flinch!

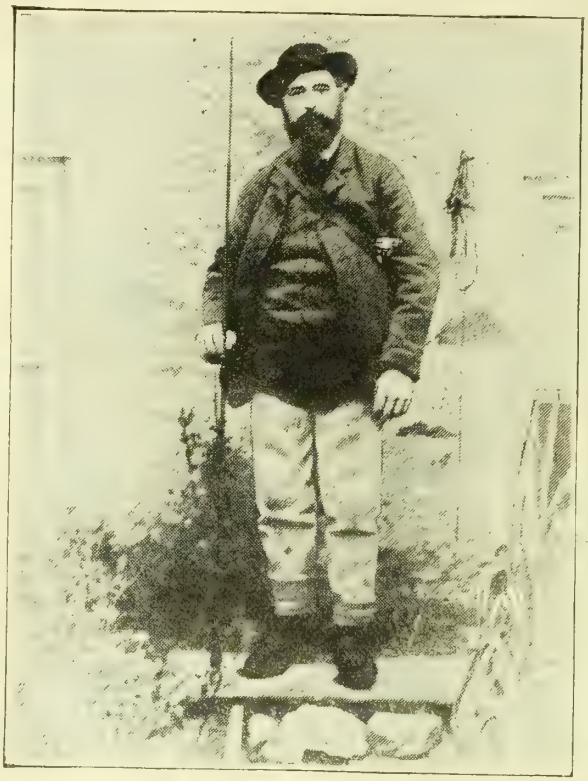
Keep your mouth very wide,
Ready to shout
If you are terrified.
Ha! the tooth's out!
Hail it with laughter, it
Went for your weal.
Rinse your mouth after it.
How do you feel?

"BOY'S OWN" AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

So many of our readers took part in our last photographic competition, and sent in, too, so much really excellent work, that we have thought it would prove of pretty general interest if we were to reproduce one or two of the more striking pictures in the several classes. They appear on this and the following page.

We have a double purpose to serve in this reproduction. We desire to encourage those who have already devoted attention to this most interesting art, through the incitement afforded in our pages, and also to induce many more to join the ever-growing ranks of our amateur photographers.

Since our last photographic competition several additional articles on various branches of the art have been offered in our columns, and careful readers should now, therefore, find themselves in possession of nearly all they need to know theoretically, to start working with good prospect of success; for the rest, practice, patience, and perseverance should suffice. We would refer any of our new-found friends to the articles that appeared in our last volume, and especially to the one on page 71 on "How to Start a 'Boy's Own' Postal Photographic Club."



A Portrait.—(*N. Elliott*)

And now, to still further stimulate healthy rivalry, we herewith start another

"BOY'S OWN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION."

Prizes—Ten Guineas.

We will give Prizes to the extent of TEN GUINEAS—*to be divided as the Adjudicators may deem most suitable, according to the merits of the work, etc. in the different classes—for the best set of six photographs that may reach us by September* 30, 1891, *from our readers, irrespective of sex or nationality, up to the age of* 24. Here are the very simple

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. *No article of any kind* sent in to us in competition *will be returned*, whether accompanied by stamps or not. *The result of each competition will be published in due course in our columns, and no questions on the subject can be answered through the post, the forwarding of stamped and addressed envelopes notwithstanding.*

2. In addition to the Prizes, handsome "Certificates of Merit," suitable for fram-



A Group.—(*D. Dove.*)

ing, signed by the Editor, will be awarded to all the more meritorious competitors who may fail to secure prizes.

3. Though the age is limited to 24 years, our usual "Consolation Prize" to those who are over the age will hold good, if the work of any such competitors justifies it. Prints sent in must be from untouched negatives, and be themselves untouched. Every print must be *the unaided work of the competitor himself*—exposure, development, printing, toning, and mounting. Small improvements done by the hand of the competitor—such as blocking out spots, etc.—are not included under the head of "retouching."

4. All prints must be accompanied by the *full name, address,* and *age* of sender, clearly and legibly written.

5. All contributions should be certified by parent, clergyman, minister, teacher, employer, or other responsible person, as genuine unaided work. By this certificate we simply mean a letter, or even an endorsement under the competitor's name, thus:—"I hereby certify that the accompanying photograph is the unaided work of ——."

Signed ——.

6. All letters or packets must be plainly marked *outside* "Photographic Prize Competition," and must be addressed to "The Editor, Boy's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London," *the carriage being, of course,* in all cases PREPAID.



"What is it?"—(*Harry Wade.*)

We would suggest the following simple general divisions, to each of which a distinct prize will go. Competitors are quite at liberty to try in all of them if they care to do so.

Class I. *Portraiture.*—To include single figures and groups, taken either indoors or in the open air.

Class II. *Architecture, i.e.,* photographs of private or public buildings, old or new, including of course, our colleges, abbeys, churches, etc.

Class III. *Pure Landscape,* which would embrace country scenery, forest and mountain views, etc., in which any figures or buildings that appear would be subsidiary.

Class IV. *Seascapes,* which would include photographs of breaking-waves, ships, etc.

Class V. *Animal Life,* including horses, dogs, cats, boys' pets, etc., etc.

We hope we have made these divisions sufficiently clear and comprehensive; but if any doubt *should* exist in the mind of a specially cautious reader, let us say at once that it is quite unnecessary to correspond on the subject. Our sole object in offering the prizes is to benefit our readers and promote the extension of a very valuable recreation. We should certainly not allow, therefore, any mere accidental misunderstanding to lose any one a prize otherwise gained.



A Devonshire Village.



A Comic Song.—(*F. H. Davies.*)

THE LAST OF A SEA-KING.

By Jessie M. E. Saxby.

The R.M.S. Vancouver, of the Dominion Line, has a story to tell as thrilling as any story of the sea which the imagination can invent; yet how little has been heard of it! How little do we hear of the deeds of heroism which are daily being enacted on the sea by our merchant navy!

If a great battle had been fought, and a great soldier had fallen in the front of the fight, the news would have been household talk wherever the English tongue is spoken. Shall we say little or nothing when a brave sailor, at the post of duty, meets an awful fate? Surely the loss of one of our gallant "Sea-kings," and a successful war with the elements waged by a noble ship, are events which appeal to the sympathies of our race as much as does the death of a warrior when leading his forces to a bloody victory.

The Vancouver is the queen ship of her line. She belongs to that Greater Britain across the North Atlantic, which is at once the most independent and the most loyal of all our colonies. She was built in Glasgow in 1884, and is officered—as a typical Canadian ship should be—by men of various nationalities.

The Dominion of Canada welcomes under its flag *all* races; and there men of every colour and creed work together in the bonds of brotherhood.

When the Vancouver was launched she was put under command of Captain Lindall, a Swede, who held that position until November last.

A son of the old sea-rovers of Scandinavia, he was the very beau ideal of a sea-king. A strong, handsome man, towering above the average size of men, with a will of iron, and a heart as tender as that of a woman; social, courteous; always ready to entertain his passengers, but never absent from the post of duty when there was the smallest call for vigilant supervision; boyish in his enjoyment of fun; full of enthusiasm for his profession; imbued with a deep religious sentiment—every one believed in Captain Lindall; and he was known as one of the most popular as well as the most capable of sailors.

In September last he brought the Vancouver in safety through a perilous voyage to Montreal. There were on board nearly seven hundred passengers, and these testified in the most emphatic manner to the energy and skill of the captain and officers.

I was at Montreal when the ship arrived on that occasion. She looked very weather-beaten indeed, and I got the story of that voyage from those on board. A head wind and heavy sea had met them shortly after leaving the Irish coast, and this storm continued until the Vancouver approached the Straits of Belle Isle. That is a locality dreaded by seamen, and with good reason; for at all seasons fogs, or icebergs, or hurricanes haunt the dangerous and desolate sea that lies between Newfoundland and Labrador. When winds and waves had tried to make wreck of the staunch Vancouver, but only managed to smash the greater part of her crockery, and give many of those on board a good drenching, the storm moderated. Then rain came on, and presently monster icebergs hove in sight. The rain soon gave place to fog, and then the ship lay to till it was found that there might be more danger in remaining stationary amid the plunging bergs than in moving onwards. So the order to proceed was given, and the ship went on at "dead-slow" speed.

The fog was dense and very deceptive—as often happens. "All at once," according to a passenger, "what was thought to be a dense fog bank was observed about three lengths of the vessel ahead; but in a moment more it was discovered to be a huge iceberg, extending to a great distance on either side of the course of the ship, and a collision was inevitable."

The captain's prompt order to reverse the engines was as promptly obeyed, and a terrible calamity was averted by that instant word and action. Even as it was, the collision was appalling enough to the landsfolk on board; for when the Vancouver crashed into the iceberg she raised herself out of the water a good way, and, sliding upon the ice, became so tightly wedged that it was nearly half an hour before she was able to break away from that horrible embrace. During that time quantities of ice fell upon the ship, adding to the consternation of the passengers, who rushed about for life-preservers, and clamouring for the boats to be launched. Nothing but the coolness of the officers and crew, with the captain's calm, determined action, prevented the panic from being as disastrous as it was foolish.

The chief officer, a smart and gallant Irishman, went over the bows to ascertain what mischief had been done. It was a hazardous thing to do, but Mr. Walsh did it, and was able to report the cheering news that only one of the iron plates had been injured, and that very slightly. Very soon the Vancouver was on her course again and reached port without further mishap. Fortunately little damage was done on that occasion—only what a few rivets and some paint could set right—and when her usual day for sailing came, the good ship was ready once more to dare the dangers of the sea.

I was on her deck, homeward-bound, when she slipped away from the quay at Montreal—that most beauteous sea-port—and took her stately way down the fair St. Lawrence.

What a glorious day it was! The rich tints of a Canadian autumn on land, and sea, and sky. Everybody on board smiling and happy. It was like a dream of delight sliding down the river which winds so beautifully through a lovely land; and when we dropped anchor, amid the silence and silvery shadows of twilight, not far from picturesque Quebec, I found myself in the regions of romance dreaming of

A painted ship upon a painted ocean.

Before we left harbour the Vancouver was "dressed" to receive Lady Stanley (the Governor-General's wife), whose boys were to sail with us under Captain Lindall's charge. He always appeared to great advantage when doing the honours of his ship; and he was well seconded by his smart staff of officers. Curiously enough there was not an Englishman among them. The Captain (as I said) hailed from Scandinavia, and was known by the pet-name of "The Swedish Boy." The "chief" was an Irishman. Second in command a Scot. Third a Welshman. Fourth an American. The chief engineer, doctor, and purser were Irish.

I shall not soon forget the pleasures of that voyage, even the storm we met in mid-ocean had its charms; though once a sea breaking overhead and swishing across the deck, with gruesome gurgle and angry hiss, made me jump from my berth in a fright!

But, notwithstanding, I found an eerie pleasure in lying through long dark hours listening to the hoarse voices of winds and waves, and hearing through those the ship's bells strike the hour, and the deep tones of the officer on watch calling "All's well."

We sighted plenty of icebergs, but they were floating in a sparkling blue sea, and the atmosphere was clear and sunny; so we could admire the wondrous beauty of those fantastic white islands without fearing their vicinity.

There were a number of schoolboys on board who made things lively, in spite of periodical bouts of *mal de mer*. One of them earned the name of the "Tipperary bruiser,"—his pugnacious instinct being as strong as his sense of fun, and both together leading him into all sorts of "pickles."

When those boys were tired of pulling each other about, and risking their bones in all sorts of places, they played deck games—notably a sort of deck-football. A glove was the ball and the two ends of the upper deck their goals. They had some tough tussles over this, and contrived to get a good deal of fun out of it, as well as some hard knocks.

No one enjoyed those school-boy pranks more than Captain Lindall, pacing the deck, or leaning over the rail of his bridge and smiling down on their frolic. After dusk the fun was transferred to the saloons, and there our gallant captain shone. He had pleasant words for all, and a fine sea-song for whenever he was called upon to help out the programme of amusements.

On our last evening together in the large saloon we had (as is usual) a concert for the benefit of a sailors' orphanage. Our Captain spoke earnestly and tenderly on behalf of this object. He told us simply of the perils of his profession, and of how thankful he always felt when he neared port; knowing well that the sailor—more than most men—carries his life in his hand.

When he spoke of the many children whom the sea had made orphans his eyes filled with tears; and our hearts were deeply stirred in sympathy as he, in his manly frank way, thanked God for bringing the good ship Vancouver once more to haven in safety.

He was proud of his ship, and loved to tell what dangers she had come through. So much did he vaunt of *her* prowess, and so little of his own, that one would have thought the Vancouver had a reasoning mind, and crossed the North Atlantic according to the dictates of her inner consciousness! How nobly she behaved later, when he was not there to tell it, you shall now hear.

The Vancouver left Liverpool on the last day of October with a storm brewing. She met it shortly after leaving our coasts;—head wind, heavy sea, driving snow; but the ship did not mind it and went bravely on her course. No alarm was felt by any but a few nervous or inexperienced voyagers, and the fears of these were lulled by Captain Lindall's good humour and high spirits. He inspired all with confidence.

But though not in the least apprehensive of serious danger, he never relaxed his vigilant watching of the storm, only leaving the bridge, or chart room, for brief moments when he thought it necessary to prevent anxiety from growing into panic among the passengers.

It was during one of his short welcome visits to the saloon, on the evening of Thursday, that he sang one of his favourite religious songs. It was a hymn, composed by a former passenger, in commemoration of a storm during which two of Captain Lindall's men were swept overboard.

The lines are simple and touching, and the Captain loved to sing them, for they echoed so truly the fervent trust and thankfulness of his own soul.

That was Captain Lindall's last "good-night."

He spent the greater part of that wild night on the bridge with his mates. At early morning he went down the ladder for a few minutes' rest, telling his "chief" to call him if required. He retired to the chart room which stood below the bridge, and in front of the lower wheel-house where a young quartermaster was steering.

Mr. Walsh and Mr. Davies (chief and third officers) were on the bridge, and the latter said in his thirty years' experience he had never known such heavy seas.

Presently there appeared a mountain of water reared high in front of the ship; and Mr. Walsh, apprehending that a calamity was likely, hurried down to consult the Captain, who he believed was in his lower cabin.

As the chief ran along the alleyway a great "tidal wave" swept down upon the Vancouver, and all was devastation and dismay on deck.

Officers, stewards, and crew were hurled here and there. Mr. Davies, on the bridge, seeing the mighty wall of water rise over the ship thought that his "time had come" and that all left him to do was to "consider the end."

"Quick as my thought," he said, "the wave was on us."

Away went the bridge—all but a fragment on the starboard side, which hung by a slender swaying post. That was the spot on which the officer stood! He instantly caught at the post, and slid from his perilous position to the deck, where he found that the chart room, and wheel-house, some of the boats and ventilators, had gone with the bridge;—carried overboard by that mighty wave as easily as a petulant child sweeps its toys from table to floor.

In the wheel house was the young quartermaster. In the chart room was the Captain.

These rooms were iron and wood structures bolted to the deck. The bolts were snapped like reeds, and the whole wreckage was engulfed in the ocean in one moment of time. So rapidly had the catastrophe taken place that probably neither of the hapless men realised what had happened.

As soon as the officers took in the situation, Mr. Walsh ran to the engine room to have the ship stopped if possible; but he was soon satisfied that no help could reach those who had gone overboard, and that the vessel herself must be the main object of his thoughts.

She was in utmost straits, having been thrown on her beam ends, and being in danger of falling into the trough of the sea, where she must have swamped.

Struggling and shivering, as if in mortal pain, the noble ship fought a desperate battle for life, and ere long she righted herself. Then, with the aid of her staunch and powerful engines, she right gallantly set her face to the foe and "fought it out" triumphantly.

In blinding snow and tearing gales, with raging waves on every side, with little besides the lead, and fitful gleams of light, to guide her on her course (for compass, steering-gear, and other nautical appliances had gone down with the Captain and quartermaster), through the dangerous straits, and between the barbarous shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Vancouver struggled on for three long days.

During that time of exceeding peril chief officer Walsh, on whom had devolved the Captain's duties, proved himself a worthy successor to poor Lindall, who had found

> the Sea-King's grave
> Where the Ocean's heroes lie.

At last, with bulwarks stove in, and fore-deck swept, with flags half-mast, and rigging awry—bearing all the signs of having come through a fierce conflict, the Vancouver slowly steamed up the river, and once more saluted the citadel of old Quebec—once more the souls she carried gave thanks for reaching the desired haven—once more did she prove herself an ocean queen—once more proclaimed to the world how stout of heart and staunch of build are the tars and ships who traverse the seas between our islands and Britain's young "Daughter of the West."

NOTES FROM MY LOG; OR, TRUE STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By Rear-Admiral W. R. Kennedy.

(*With Illustrations by the Author.*)

I.—NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE CUTTER-YACHT MELITA ON THE COAST OF ALBANIA.

On the night of December 31, 1867, the cutter-yacht Melita, of twenty-six tons, sailed from Malta Harbour for Corfu. The party of sportsmen on board consisted of Commanders H. Fairfax (now a Lord of the Admiralty) and J. O. Hopkins (now Controller of the Navy), Mr. Brown, and the writer, besides a couple of bluejackets and a Maltese servant.

The evening of the 31st had been spent at Admiralty House, where a ball had been given by the Admiral and Lady Clarence Paget, to see the old year out and the new year in; so it was really the morning of January 1, 1868, before we took our departure.

There had been a good deal of opposition, and consequent delay, regarding our expedition, some predicting that we should never reach our destination in so cranky a craft, and that if we did, we should certainly never return. Indeed, at the last moment the Maltese owner of the vessel came off and said we should not sail without a guarantee that in the event of loss we should pay him £200.

To this arrangement we eventually agreed, for we argued that if the vessel were lost, we should probably go with her, in which case the owner could only whistle for his money; and that if not lost, we should of course have nothing to pay. Events proved, however, that these calculations were not sound.

It is certainly true that the croakers had some reason in what they said, for the Melita was an old boat, only fitted for short expeditions in fine weather. She leaked a good deal, while her rigging was rotten and her anchors and chains far too light; but we had her thoroughly caulked, rove new gear, and took some spare sails with us, trusting to Providence for the rest.

Our commissariat department was well found, and we had a good supply of guns and ammunition, were blessed with sound health and good digestions, so it was with light hearts we tripped our anchor and ran out of the port, and when daylight broke had left the island far astern.

By sunset we had passed Cape Passaro, and were spinning along before a fine breeze from the southward, enabling us to make a good run during the night; so that at daylight Mount Etna was well abaft the beam. The breeze now freshened considerably, obliging us to shorten canvas till we were reduced to a square sail which we had borrowed before leaving Malta.

As night approached, the wind and sea had increased to such an extent that it became a question whether it was safe to run any longer or to lay the yacht to. After a consultation on this subject we decided to let her run and chance it; but in thus deciding we undoubtedly made a mistake, for before midnight it was blowing a whole gale, with a very heavy sea, so that it became most dangerous to run, and too late to heave-to, and indeed impossible under our only sail. The sea at this time was rolling up behind us so as to becalm the sail as the little craft fell into the hollows, and we momentarily expected that the next sea would be aboard us. Our safety now depended on keeping ahead of the sea. If anything happened to our sail it was all over with us.

We passed a most anxious night; one of the bluejackets who had been accustomed to small fore-and-aft vessels took the helm, and stuck to it well, all through the dreary hours, for there was considerable risk of her broaching to in the trough of the sea. To add to our troubles the craft sprung a leak, so we manned the pump till that became choked, when we had to clear away below, and throw overboard about a ton of ballast before we could get the pump to draw.

Towards morning the gale moderated, but left behind a nasty sea in which the yacht tumbled about most uncomfortably. We had had no sights since leaving Valetta, but by dead reckoning we made ourselves to be about twenty miles from the land, and at 10 A.M. we sighted the island of Faro to the northward of Corfu. That night we were becalmed off the island, and had to get the boat out to tow clear of the rocks.

The next morning it blew hard from the S.E. directly in our teeth, and the little craft, lightened as she was of her ballast, was nearly on her beam-ends, but at midnight the wind shifted to the N.W. in a heavy squall, before which we ran, and reached the anchorage off Corfu at 3 A.M., thoroughly worn out, as we had had no rest since we sailed from Malta. It was now blowing hard from the northward, and our anchors dragged till the vessel's stern was within ten yards of the rocks, in which most uncomfortable position we remained for the rest of the night.

About an hour before daylight we were informed that she was drifting ashore, but we had done all we could, and declined to move further in the matter. At daylight we were still in the same position, with the stern almost touching the rocks, when the captain of a Greek steamer sent us a warp, with which we hauled into a better berth.

After a run ashore at Corfu to stretch our legs and to get another anchor we started for the opposite coast of Albania, our party augmented by a Greek beater and his two dogs, and after a pleasant run across we anchored in the harbour of Catito in time to

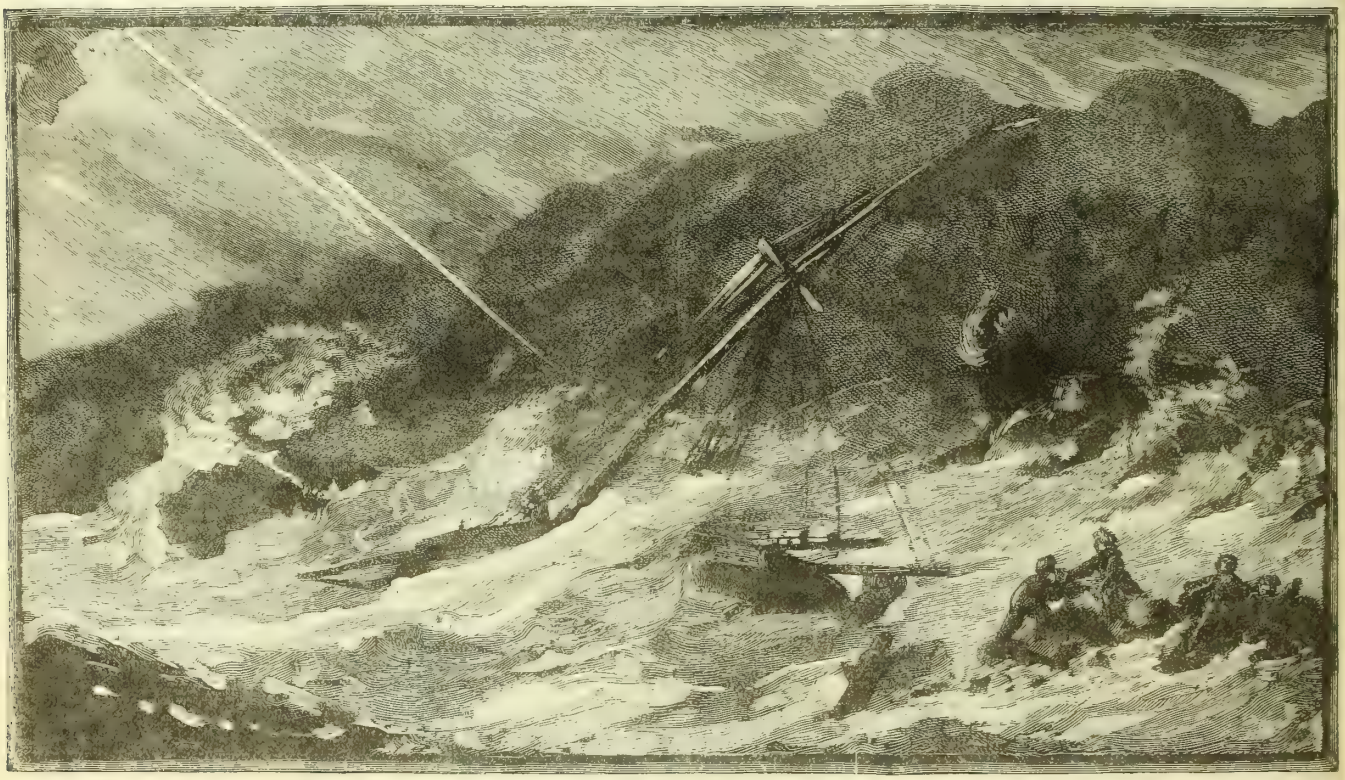
have a few hours' shooting before dark, returning on board with ten couple of woodcock, some snipe and a few duck.

After another day's shooting at this place we moved on to Butrinto, and then returned to Corfu to get further supplies and another beater, before proceeding to the Gulf of Arta, where we hoped to have some good sport. Having got what we wanted, we again started for the opposite shore. Our party now consisted of eleven men and five dogs. Our first beater had proved himself an invaluable man; he worked hard, and when beating made such an extraordinary noise, something like a horse shaking himself, that he scared every bird and beast out of the covert. With the other beater we were not so fortunate, as he proved to be a thorough rascal. Our usual bad luck attended us as regards weather, the S.E. wind blowing strongly in our teeth; so we put into the snug little harbour of Levitatsa, where we had a capital day's sport, bringing back twenty-two couple of cock.

The same evening we again put to sea, and the next day put into the harbour of Phanare, but finding the shooting very indifferent we only remained one day, starting again on the morning of January 15. The wind, still from the old quarter, was blowing a brisk gale, against which we made such slow progress that after hammering at it for some hours we reluctantly put back for Phanare. The harbour of Phanare is only open to the westward, and is therefore sheltered from the S.E., nevertheless the rollers set in so heavily that our craft rolled 25° each way, throwing our traps about and making us generally miserable.

Finding the elements so decidedly opposed to us, we determined to leave the yacht and proceed overland to the Louro the following morning, and made our preparations accordingly. The night of the 15th set in dark and lowering, both wind and sea had increased, and the scud flew fast before the S.E. gale, but secure in our port we anticipated no danger, though not a little discomfort, during the night. The wind now steadily increased, accompanied by heavy squalls of rain and hail. The yacht plunged and rolled so heavily that sleep was out of the question, and we all lay awake wishing for the return of day. At about three A.M. the wind shifted to the S.W., and the sea was breaking right across the harbour's mouth. The vessel lay broadside to the sea, rolling gunwale under. Everything broke adrift, and the dogs howled with fright as they were pitched about the cabin, the Greek beater joining in chorus from the forecastle. Our last anchor was now let go, but it was too late, the little craft could stand it no longer and she began to drag.

On our port side was a flat sandy beach, the heavy rollers breaking far from the shore, while right astern was a rocky coast, the sharp-pointed black rocks showing occasionally from amid the white foam which lashed them. Towards these we steadily drifted.



"In about ten minutes she went to pieces."

From this moment it was all up with us, and we knew it. We had not long to wait. At the first crash the yacht turned broadside to the sea and canted, happily with her deck towards the shore. The night was dark as pitch, but lighted up occasionally by forked lightning, making the scene if possible more awful. Rain was coming down in sheets, and the surf was roaring so that it was impossible to hear oneself speak. Another crash as the sea lifted the doomed craft, and the rocks were through her sides and the saloon filled with water.

There was no time to be lost. "Every man for himself and God for us all." Every one behaved coolly at this supreme moment except the wretched Greek, who after calling on all the saints to help him, jumped overboard with a loud yell, and was lost to sight. From this moment I can only relate my own adventures. Having hurriedly put on my boots to protect my feet against the rocks, I took my gun and cartridge-bag, and calling my dog, jumped overboard into the raging surf. The sea carried me high up on to the rocks which I clambered. Feeling something move under my hand I asked what it was, and found it was a bluejacket's head. The man had got ashore just before me and was trying to make fast a rope. "All right, my lad, we're all tarred with the same brush now." The others got ashore somehow, and in a short time we were all safe except the Greek beater before named, who it seems clung to a rock until the vessel bumped on it, crushing his leg and breaking some of his ribs. We heard his cries, but could not help him till daylight, when we found him lying insensible, and hauled him up.

The yacht bumped and crashed for a short time, during which we had to clamber higher up the rocks to avoid being struck by the mast, which beat about our heads as she lurched in the sea. In about ten minutes she went to pieces, and at daylight the sea was strewed with broken spars and a few planks, which was all that remained of the ill-fated Melita. We remained by the wreck for some time, in hopes of recovering some of our property, as we had saved nothing but our guns and the clothes we stood up in, but the few things which were washed ashore were utterly ruined for any practical purpose, so we made our way to the village of Phanare, carrying our wounded shipmate.

The first thing we did was to send for a doctor, who lived at a neighbouring village. He said the Greek must die; but the man eventually recovered. We remained at the village two nights and a day, during which it blew a heavy gale from the S.W., and we were all of opinion that nothing could have saved the vessel, and that had she gone ashore in any other place lives must have been lost. We endeavoured to procure horses to convey us to the town of Prevesa, situated forty miles to the southward, but the natives would not assist us in any way, suspecting as they did that we had some money with us, which they were determined to obtain by fair means or foul. Knowing the treacherous character of the Albanians, we were equally determined to defend our lives and property at any cost, so we kept a

sharp look-out, and finding it was useless to expect any assistance, we started on foot, and reached Prevesa on the second day.

Here we were hospitably entertained by Mr. Barker, our vice-consul, until the arrival of the French consul, who very kindly placed his yacht at our disposal, in which we returned to Corfu, and from thence by Greek steamer to Patras, where Mr. Wood, our consul and old friend, kept us till we were able to find a steamer going to Malta.

So ended a disastrous expedition, including the loss of the yacht and our property, but we had the consolation of knowing that no foresight could have averted the catastrophe, and that when it came upon us we met it as British sailors should.

(To be continued.)

THE SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

While travelling during summer and autumn in my caravan throughout the length and breadth of Britain, I manage to make some very pleasant acquaintances, or rather I should say—although it is rather an Irish way of putting it—these acquaintances manage to make me. It is, as a rule, as difficult to get me out of my camp and away from my caravan as it is to get a limpet off a rock, but then some folks have such a way with them.

For example, away up in the wilds of Northumbria I was asked to spend the evening at a manor house. It was only four miles away, and they would drive me over and back.

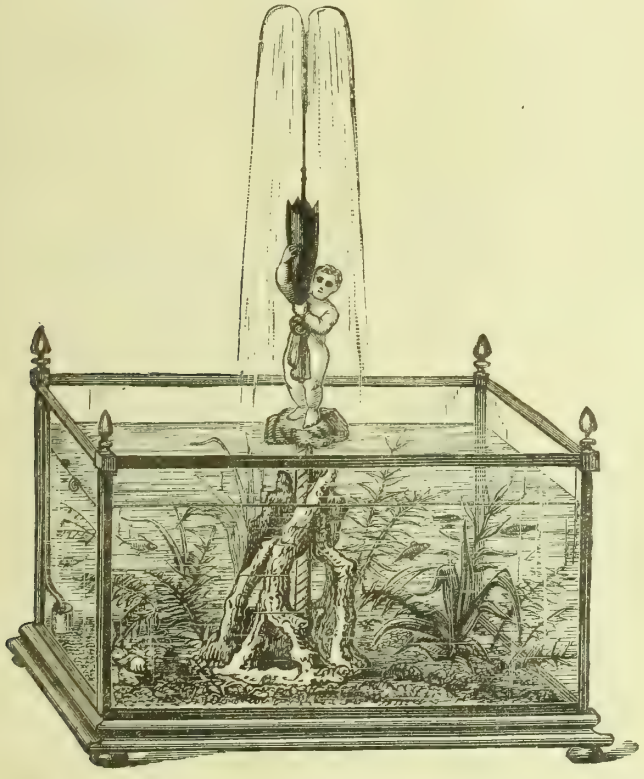
"It isn't the distance," I said. "I'm a cyclist, but I never care much to leave my wooden walls."

"We have a collie dog that isn't very well, and——"

"Eh, what?" I cried; "a dog ill? I'll go like a shot."

People seem to know I have a soft side. Sometimes it is a cat, or a canary, or a guinea-pig. Once I remember it was a nice little boa-constrictor who had suddenly developed a tumour. From the shape of the growth I think he must have swallowed a blacking-brush that was missing.

However, I went to see the collie. The collie, like Mother Hubbard's dog, met us laughing, and when I looked round the gentleman who had invited me was laughing also. So I rather suspect that—but never mind, the collie was a nice person, and so was my entertainer and his daughter. Poor girl! it is she I want to say a word about. She was a prisoner—confined to the house through spinal complaint—and had been so for years, and would be for years to come. Her rooms were very beautiful, and she had many pets. Nearly all the books she read spoke of green fields and babbling brooks, wild flowers, wild birds, and country life generally. Her earlier life had been spent by the sea.



"And oh, Dr. Gordon Stables," she said, "I do like everything that reminds me of it."

"I'd have a little seaside in my room, if I were you," I remarked.

"But how could I? How could I get sea water brought periodically so far inland?"

"No need," I told her.

Then I had a good long talk with her about aquarium life, and planned it all out for her, and she really was delighted. I know too that her marine aquarium is still doing well, and that it is one of the chief comforts of her saddened life.

If it were possible only for dwellers by the sea to have a salt-water aquarium, I should not bother writing this paper. But those who are fond of natural history and strange pets, and especially poor invalids confined to their rooms, can have—let me see what I should call it—why, a lovely little submarine garden and theatre combined, in which all day long a drama from real life is being acted, silently but charmingly, and so naturally that one can hardly ever tire looking at it.

And now I shall give a few hints about getting up such a garden as this.

The floor of the stage of this garden-theatre shall be the golden sand, not all flat and level, mind you, but with many a "hicht and howe" on it, and a wildery of fantastic rocks around, with openings into caves so



beautifully natural that you watch them expecting to view the exit therefrom of some wee mermaid or water baby, and you are not surprised when a droll-looking, semi-transparent shrimp ambles awkwardly forth and sets off across the stage, intent perhaps on business of the utmost importance. Perhaps in his march the little fellow comes upon a crab half buried in the sand, and stops to exchange courtesies, or simply says "Good morning, Mr. Nippers," and goes shambling on. He next finds himself alongside a pretty starfish who has lost one arm in the wars, or shaken it off in a fit of excitement. He says "good morning!" to the starfish also, for the water being singularly clear and translucent to-day, Mr. Shrimp is on extra good terms with himself.

But this starfish waves a hand or two at

him. "Oh, go away," he cries, "I'm too busy to waste time talking to the like of you."

The shrimp rubs his eye and laughs. "Busy indeed!" he says. "Doing what, eh?"

"Counting the sands."

"Well, count away, old Pentacles, I shan't hinder you."

"Hallo!" he cries next minute, "here's a periwinkle. Top o' the morning to you, Mr. Zebra-finch. Why, how prettily you've been and gone and got yourself up. Horns out and all. Now, shall we have a race? Just round the starfish and back. Very well, Mr. Slow-and-sure, I'll be off to look about me."

By-and-by he meets a small lobster walking backwards across the desert sands. The lobster is small *as* a lobster, but a giant compared to the shrimp. And besides, the shrimp doesn't like him. He is far too free with those claws of his, and walks about as if the whole ocean belonged to him. So the shrimp hides inside an empty mussel shell with one eye out. The lobster comes on, and rolls the shell over and over, and the shell closes, and lo! the shrimp is imprisoned.

"Awkward!" he shouts; "can't you see where you're going! Vulgar beast!"

The lobster looks round with one stalky eye. "I've just 'arf a mind," he says, with strong Billingsgate patois, "to round on you, and scrunch you up, shell and all."

After the lobster has gone, our little friend comes forth again, feeling for all the world like Jack the Giant-Killer coming out of Blunderbore's cellar. He walks on and away now towards the garden grounds, and climbs a hill to have a look around him. High up yonder, many a lovely fish is afloat in the ambient water. In a little island of fantastic rock that sticks right out of the water, three blennies lie fast asleep. All kinds of lovely plants and weeds are waving from the rocks; there are browns, and purples, and greens as well, with pieces of coral, red and white, lying on the sands and looking like the wrecks of fairy ships, while all over this garden, wherever rocks are, grow living flowers, the anemones. A streak of sunshine darts through the water, which is now so dazzling that our little friend the shrimp would have winked if his eyes had only been shaped for winking. But just now, I do assure you, those eyes of his are a sight to see. You never could believe that the sunlight was falling on them, but that coloured fire was coming straight from them. The shrimp now slides down hill, and goes away to explore a cave which is half hidden by brown-red waving weeds. The cave is occupied, and a great head lies right in the doorway, so grimly, comically ugly, that Mr. Shrimp springs back as if he had been stung. "Oh, dear oh dear," he cries, "you did frighten me, Grandfather Lasher, with your big mouth and your terrible eyes."

Just at this moment a being from ths other world—the world of air—is seen approaching the tank from the other side of the room. This is fair-haired Ethel Gray, coming to feed the aquarium. And now, indeed, the commotion begins. The blennies wake up and take the water with a splash, the gobies and mullets go slowly sailing skywards, a pipe fish stands upon its tail and opens its mouth, trying to captivate Ethel with its beautiful eyes; a big-mouthed, blubber-lipped, spikey old wrasse looks at the girl with one eye and at the bottom of the tank with the other. While old Father Lasher comes out of his cave with such a rush and a run that poor wee Mr. Shrimp finds himself next moment at the other side of the aquarium and makes sure the end of the world has come. Then Ethel feeds her pets, and they all love her, and I'm not sure that even the starfish wouldn't love her also if he hadn't the sands to count. But the secret of fair-haired Ethel's power over these finny and funny pets, is that she cares for them, sympathises with them, and feeds them regularly.

Now a good many of the hints I gave in my paper on the fresh-water aquarium hold good for the salt. In getting up the tank itself you must be equally careful as regards cleanliness. To chemicals of all kinds fish are most sensitive. I remember when a boy a quantity of lime was accidentally thrown into a trout stream that ran past my father's land. For many miles down this burn every fish was killed. So if instead of making your own sea water, you have it brought to you from the seaside, be most careful that the jars or casks are perfectly clean.

Again, if you make your own aquarium, leave it to steep for days and days before it is put in use. Make it of glass and slate. But really it will be better by far if you can save your pence and purchase. A large plate, glass tank on a stand, near a not too bright window, looks very pretty in a room. If this be bought at a naturalist's it will be all right, but if made by a carpenter he may use putty or red lead for cement, and you will speedily have all your precious pets poisoned. Ordinary water has not the same action on cement that sea-water has. The following cement is said to resist the action of sea-water, and may therefore be used for joining the sides of your aquarium,—premising of course that these sides are fitted into grooves in the uprights and not fastened together like panes in a window or in a lantern.

Take one part each by measure of plaster of Paris, fine sand, litharge, and powdered resin. Carefully mix and pass through a fine sieve. It must be stored dry, and when wanted a portion of it is made into putty with a little linseed oil and dryers. Take an ordinary putty knife to mix it with, and use soon.

Of course there are all shapes and sizes of tanks, and if you are artistic enough to have plenty of taste, you can go regularly in for landscape work, having not only rocks beneath the water and islands in the centre, but scenery in the air beyond and around the aquarium, with tree-like ferns growing, and pretty flowers as well; in fact a fairy-land of a window garden, with a salt-water lake or ocean in the centre.

But here again we meet with a difficulty generated by too much light. Beware of this, or you will have confervæ growing all over the side of your aquarium, and the water itself anything but clear and pure. Direct rays of the sun should never fall on the aquarium, nor too much light of any kind.

Before proceeding to fill your aquarium and stock it, it is absolutely necessary that you should see other aquariums, and thus acquire some taste in rockwork. I myself like the tanks whose two sides as well as back are formed of slate, the front of plate glass. You can thus build your rockwork very artistically all round it, and, if there be space enough, form arches, caves, etc., throwing a piece of looking-glass in here and there to add to the pretty effect.

By the way, why should not scenes from nature be depicted in our salt-water aquariums? Fancy a Fingal's Cave, for example! The idea is worth thinking about. The stones, etc., that form your rocks must be as natural as possible, and *clean*. Wash and brush and steep them. Clinkers from glass-works are not to be used, but artificial stones, made with cement, may be. There should be holes and crevices in them, and pieces of coral to represent fairy-like trees and give a bit of light to the dark greens and browns of the waving seaweed.

At the seaside you may pick up stones with seaweed growing from them, as well as many-coloured pebbles, shells, etc., all of which tell in the aquarium.

Before putting in your rockwork the sand and shingle is placed down, and these of course must really come from the sea-beach. Nothing else is admissible.

When your rockwork and sandy bottom are arranged, it will be time to get your seaweed put down. This is most important.

If you have read my paper on the Fresh-Water Aquarium you of course know why vegetation is placed to grow in the aquarium. But for the salt-water tank any sort of seaweed will not do. Some of the very prettiest—red for example—may die soon and turn to slime, polluting your tank.

The seaweed is got from the beach. It must be already growing on stones sizeable enough to use, and it is best to be content with the ordinary kinds first. Place them in the aquarium artistically, and have your sea water ready to put in. This should be filtered through a clean, big flower-pot, having a sponge in the hole thereof.

If you are living but a little way from the sea of course you will get natural water, but in all inland aquariums the water used is made with aquarium salt. Southell Bros., of Birmingham, I know make it, others may also. But Tidman's is not the same, this being only used for the bath. Get the salt through any chemist and get also specific gravity bulbs. Complete directions are given for mixing it, so you cannot go wrong.

The water is not mixed *in* the aquarium but in cans.

Collecting.—One of the chief pleasures of an aquarium-keeper's seaside holiday is collecting specimens for his tank. He is collecting health for himself at the same time. A straight sandy or shingly beach is not the place at which to gather specimens, but your rocky fantastic coasts, where the tide goes back from boulders and little sandy reaches, leaving pools in the rocks, etc. You will find everything here, seaweeds, fishes, crabs, crustacea, and pebbles. You will be able also to study the natural history of the seashore, a most charming recreation.

In your wanderings you must peep into every crevice and lift every mass of seaweed, for anemones often hide in darkish cracks. Find out where everything you desire to take inland with you is, and collect the day before you go back to the country. But this advice of course only refers to things stationary, not to little fishes. These must be secured at sight, and placed in jars of sea-water, half full.

Anemones will have to be lifted up with a blunt knife, and both these and crabs, etc., may be packed in wet seaweed. But the sooner anything is transferred to the aquarium at home the better.

The smaller kinds of seaweeds, lavers, mosses, sea grass, sea lettuce, etc., will be found most suitable for a small aquarium. But every aquarium keeper should have a supernumerary tank to put things into for a day or two. This will wash them anyhow, and you will see how they thrive.

What sort of fish are best for the salt water aquarium? This is to some extent a matter of taste. The creatures must of course be small and you must beware of overcrowding. Tiny flatfish, such as soles and plaice, the wee wee things that fishermen or shrimpers find in their nets, are very interesting, so are my old friends the blennies—the smooth—the somewhat silly-looking wrasse, the goby—the little freckled one—wee mullets and basses and Father Lasher. Well, these, with

a starfish or two, and of course periwinkles, the different kinds of tops or troches, and winkles, these and various other of the same kind serve to keep the glass from being dimmed by spores. Then there are various sorts of molluscs, crabs, prawns, and shrimps, with a few beautiful anemones.

Feeding.—When you have got your aquarium filled and inhabited, it will at once occur to you that your guests want board as well as bed. If your tank is filled with real sea-water, which it would be as a matter of course if you are living near the sea, the inhabitants of your tank will live on the minute things found afloat in it, and the supply is renewed by throwing a few pieces of seaweed into the aquarium and again removing them in an hour or two.

But supposing your water is artificial, then you must feed on shredded raw meat, mutton or beef. The dealers in aquarium necessaries sell a long wooden forceps for the purpose of feeding the anemone. The bits are either let drop in the centre or on the creature's tentacles. The bits must be very small.

Pieces of meat must not be left about to decay in the tank, or they cause turbidity and render the water unwholesome. So will a dead animal of any kind.

The inmates do not require feeding every day. The keeping of the water clear will be your greatest difficulty, and one that nothing but experience will enable you to get over. Keeping a salt-water aquarium ought to be an incentive to the study of the inhabitants of the seas that sweep our coasts. Than this study I really do not know one more fascinating.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

"George Freeborn."—Now that this strange story of adventure is concluded in our pages, we are receiving enquiries from several readers anxious to know whether it "is all true," whether there really ever "was a George Freeborn," and so on. Well, one correspondent at least has made a very good shot, forwarding us the following cutting from a standard periodical, dated 1885. Comment seems needless:—

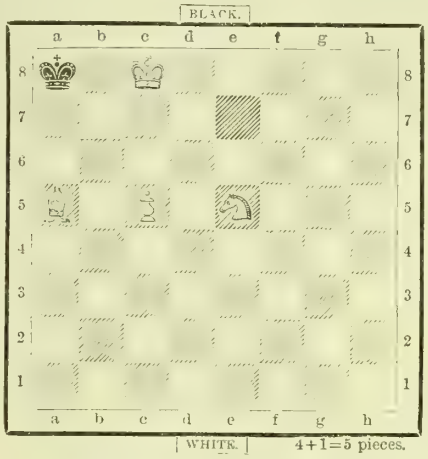
Death of the "Chaplain of Norfolk Island."

News reached England at the beginning of this year of the death, at the age of eighty-five, of the Rev. George H. Nobbs, who for fifty-six years acted as pastor and chaplain to the Pitcairn and Norfolk Islanders. The reverend gentleman in his early life had a romantic and adventurous career. As a sailor he took part in the South American wars during the early part of the century, and while serving under the famous Lord Cochrane gained the commendation of that distinguished naval commander for many of the exploits he performed. Often shipwrecked and sometimes taken captive, he had many narrow escapes. At the request of his mother he left the sea and went to Pitcairn, where, settling among the islanders and becoming their teacher, he married a granddaughter of Lieutenant Christian, of the Bounty, and accompanied the community in its migration to Tahiti, and subsequently to Norfolk Island. Some years after he first went to Pitcairn, Admiral Fairfax Moresby visited the island and procured him a passage to England, where he was ordained by Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London. He went back, and since that time Mr. Nobbs has faithfully laboured in that distant land, and gained the love and esteem of all the islanders, by whom his death is deeply regretted.

CHESS.

Problem No. 263.

By J. F. Saunders.



White to play, and mate in five (5) moves.

Chess Players' Names.

According to our promise given on pages 415 and 703 of last volume, we present our readers with a diagram of chess players' names, in which the King's move is used, and no letter employed twice in the same name. There are the names of at least eighty-three players of all nations and times known in books. Name them in alphabetical order, and mention only the square of the initial letter.

	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	
8	D	E	O	M	I	T	H	Y	8
7	N	R	S	L	R	E	A	S	7
6	B	O	P	E	G	L	B	A	6
5	W	N	H	R	E	A	Y	D	5
4	A	O	T	E	Y	W	O	O	4
3	S	T	M	P	U	L	S	L	3
2	B	O	L	A	B	L	E	N	2
1	A	B	C	D	E	F	I	D	1
	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	

Solutions.

Problem No. 252.—1, Q—K Kt sq., K—B 2 (if to K 2; 2, Q—Kt 7). 2, Q—R 7, K moves. 3, Q Kt—Q 6 mate. Solved by W. T. Hurley and J. D. Tucker.

Problem No. 253, page 127.—1, R—K 7, R × R (or *a*, *b*). 2, Q—K 4 (ch.), K moves. 3, B or Q × P mate. (*a*) K—B 5. 2, Q—K 4 (ch.), K—B 6. 3, Q—Q 4 mate. (*b*) P—K 4. 2, Q—B 7 (ch.), K—K 5. 3, R × P mate. Solved by W. T. Hurley. A second solution, sent by J. D. Tucker (Leeds), is, 1, Q—K 4 (ch.), K × Q. 2, R—B 4 (ch.), and 3, R mates.

Problem by Sturgis, page 127.—1, R × Q, B × R (or *a*, *b*). 2, B—Q 6 (ch.) or R—Kt 4, and 3, Q—Q 6 or B Kt 7 mate. (*a*) Kt—Kt 3. 2, R—R 5 (ch.), etc. (*b*) P—R 8, Q. 2, Q—Q 6 (ch.), etc.

Problem by St., page 127.—1, Q—Kt sq., K—K 4 (or *a*, *b*). 2, Kt—Q 6, and 3, Q mates. (*a*) K—K 3. 2, Q—K 4 (ch.), etc. (*b*) K or P moves. 2, Kt—B 5, etc.

Problem by Palmer, page 127.—1, Q Kt—K 5, R × Q (ch.). 2, Kt × R (ch.), K × B. 3, Kt—Kt 6 mate.

Problem No. 254, page 159.—1, K—Kt 3, Kt—B 2 (or *a*). 2, Kt—B 6, K × R. 3, B—B 8 mate. (*a*) K—B 2. 2, R—Q 7 (ch.), K moves. 3, Kt—B 6 mate. Solved by W. T. Hurley, and J. D. Tucker.

Problem No. 255, page 175.—1, Kt—Q 4 (ch.), K—B 3. 2, Q—K B 8 (ch.), K—K 4. 3, P—B 4 (ch.), K—Q 4 (or *a*). 4, B—Kt 2 (ch.), Kt—K 5. 5, K—B sq., Kt—Kt 6 mate. (*a*) K—K 5. 4, Kt—Kt 5 (dis. ch.), Kt × R. 5, Kt—B 3 (ch.), Kt × Kt mate.

To Chess Correspondents.

C. M. P.—The Giuoco Piano opening, or the Italian game, is this; 1, P—K 4, P—K 4. 2, Kt—K B 3, Kt—Q B 3. 3, B—B 4, B—B 4. The next move may be 4, P—B 3, or P—Q 3 or 4, or castling, etc.

W. T. H.—Your game of nine moves is so interesting that we may publish it. A similar game is this: 1, P—K 4, P—K 4. 2, Kt—K B 3, P—Q 3. 3, B—B 4, B—Kt 5. 4, Kt—B 3, P—K R 3. 5, Kt × P, B × Q. 6, B × P (ch.), and 7, Kt—Q 5 mate.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

A Pocket-Knife Competition.

This subject was announced on p. 61 of the present volume, thus:—

We offer a Prize of at least *One Guinea* (which we may increase if needs be) for the best article—to be judged alike as to workmanship and ingenuity—produced wholly by means of a pocket-knife and common pine or other soft-grained wood. Open equally to all readers up to 24 years of age.

Our Award is as follows:—

Prize—One Guinea.

David H. Smith (aged 16½), Infirmary Lodge, Downpatrick, Co. Down, Ireland.

Extra Prize—Half-a-Guinea.

Ernest Short (aged 18), 89, Mount Street, Reading.

Extra Prizes—5s. each.

Antony Howard Ingram (aged 12½), Ivington, Stow Park, Newport, Mon.

Arthur S. Burniston (aged 12), 2, Keyham Terrace, Devonport.

Allan Liversedge (aged 15), Cumberland House, St. George, Bristol.

Certificates.

[*The names appear in order of merit.*]

A. W. Norton, 181, Old Street, London, E.C.

William Bennett, Square Clonakilty.

Francis Samuel Welman, Oakdene, Godalming, Surrey.

John Jefferson, 78, St. Thomas Terrace, Blaydon-on-Tyne.

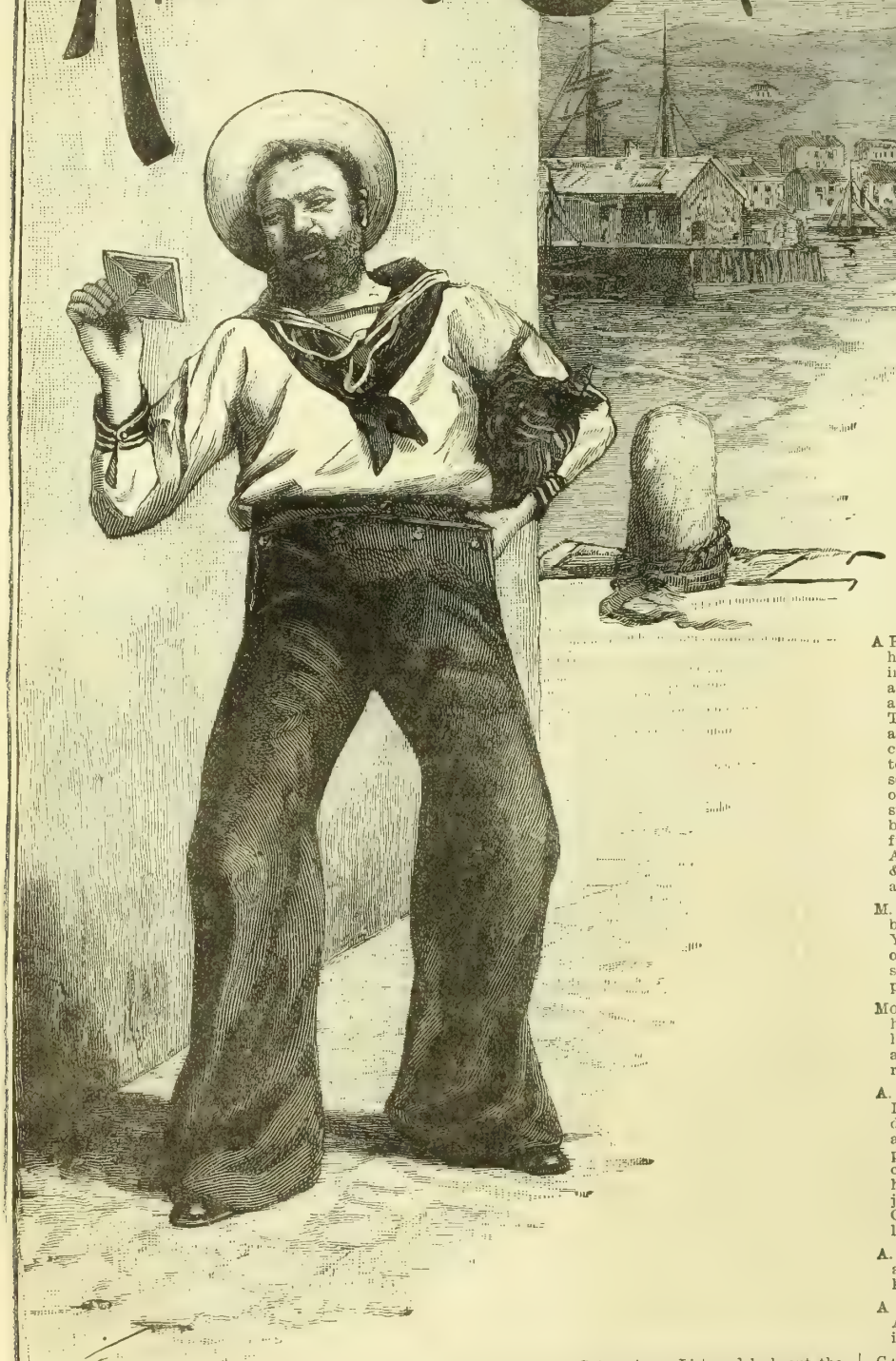
Leonard Sarre, 33, Ditchling Road, Brighton, Sussex.

Thomas George Rodgers, Charlemont Square, Bessbrook, Co. Armagh, Ireland.

William Grasby, Soutergate, Barton-on-Humber.

Although the number of competitors in this subject was not large, some very interesting work was submitted. The first prize is secured by a working model of a horizontal engine—a most excellent piece of construction; a second, by a carved handkerchief or trinket case, made entirely from the wood of a cigar box; while special 5*s.* prizes go to (1) a working model dog-cart, (2) a prettily rigged little vessel, and (3) a few links of chain, with hook, cut from one piece of wood. Then amongst the certificates are those secured by a model dingy, with two oars and a steering paddle; a carved model chair; an inkstand, a paper rack, etc. We heartily congratulate all who have secured a place in this competition, and may be tempted at no distant date to afford another similar opportunity for the display of ingenuity, skill, and patience.

Answers to Correspondents.



ANGUIS.—1. Grass-snakes will always eat frogs, and, as a rule, cannot be induced to take anything else; now and then one will accept slugs, earthworms, dead mice, or even raw meat. 2. They cost from ninepence (very small ones) to half-a-crown, dealers' prices. 3. In the winter they must either be allowed to *hybernate*—to pass into a state of torpidity—with about as much protection from direct frost, etc., as a bulb or root might require; or they must be kept in full feeding vigour by artificial heat. Half-and-half measures are fatal to them.

A PARENT.—The examinations for admission to Sandhurst are in December and July, and notice is given in the newspapers four months beforehand. There is an examination fee of £1. University candidates are allowed two trials; other candidates have three. There is a medical examination. The limits of age are from 17 to 20, with another year for University candidates, another for Colonial candidates, and up to 24 for the West India Regiment. The fees for sons of private gentlemen are £125 a year; sons of officers in the service pay reduced fees. The best summary of the various examinations that have to be passed, not only on admission, but on promotion from rank to rank throughout the army, is in "The Army and Navy Calendar," published by W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W., price half-a-crown.

M. MCK.—Shipbuilding is certainly a respectable trade, but there is not likely to be much of it at Manchester. You should be apprenticed to some firm on the Clyde or Tyne. There is a description of how a mail steamer is built in "Foundry, Forge, and Factory," published at 56 Paternoster Row, price 2*s*.

MOUSTACHE.—We regret the delay in informing you how "to grow a long silken moustache"; but we have written to a person who keeps Maltese terriers, as being likely to know, and when we receive his reply we will print it—if we have room!

A. S. R.—The reason is that the author is an American. In the American schools of to-day the "h" is never dropped. Such words as honest, heir, honour, etc., are all pronounced with the full "h," and the dropping of the "h" in them is discouraged as being cockneyish. At least so we have been told when we have been ill-advised enough to remark on the subject. There is an article on the English language in Chambers's "Encyclopædia," new edition now publishing, which gives a long list of authorities.

A. R. TAYLOR.—Write to the Editor of the "Exchange and Mart," or the Editor of the "Engineer." We know of no trustworthy book on the subject.

A B. O. P. L.—If you write to the Secretary, Royal Academy, Burlington House, W., he will send you the information and forms.

A. E. RIDSDALE.—Get an Army List, and look out the headquarters of the different volunteer regiments for yourself. If you cannot afford that, look in the London Directory.

LIVERPOOL COLLEGE.—There is no small book on modern Spanish coins. A copy of every coin book in the world is kept in the numismatic department of the British Museum.

UNIFORM.—All our coloured plates are out of print except those in the last volume. We have had several plates of uniforms, but the volumes containing them can only be had by advertising.

GALVANOMETER.—"Electrical Instrument Making for Amateurs," by S. R. Bottone, costs 3*s*., and is published by Whittaker & Co., 2 White Hart Street, Paternoster Square, E.C.

ASTER.—1. The star is Jupiter. Any almanac would have told you so; that is, a proper almanac, such as Whitaker's. 2. What next? Do you not think it is rather too absurd to write and ask us if a certain book is in a certain free library when you have the catalogue in the room? 3. Read "Stars of the Month" in our sixth volume. It gives all the best dodges and rhymes for identifying the stars and constellations.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 637.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—THE MODERNS ON STRIKE.

In the festivities with which the glorious victory of the School against Rendlesham was celebrated Yorke took no part.

The captain was very decidedly down in the mouth. This was the end of his endeavour to administer rule with a perfectly even hand and give no ground for a whisper of anything like unfair play to the opposition! This was what his popularity and authority were valued at!

For the first time in her annals, Fellsgarth fellows had mutinied on the field of battle and to their captain's face.

Had it been Dangle only, it would have mattered less. His feud with Rollitt was



"Caught!"—*(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* H. Walker.)

notorious, and would account for any ebullition of bad temper. But when Clapperton not only patronised the mutiny but joined in it, things were come to a crisis which it required all Yorke's courage and coolness to cope with.

It might have solaced him if he could have heard a discussion which was taking place in the rebels' quarters.

"It served them precious well right," said Clapperton, trying to justify what, to say the least of it, wanted some excuse. "We'd stood it long enough."

"It's bad enough," said Dangle, "to have the fifteen packed with Classic fellows; but when they take to attacking us before the whole field, it's time something was done. I'm as certain as possible that Rollitt deliberately knocked me over that time."

"It was rather warm measures, though," said Brinkman, "to walk off the field. We might have got licked."

"I'm not at all sure if it wouldn't have been a very good thing if we had," said Clapperton. "At any rate, it will be a lesson to them what it might come to."

"Nothing like scuttling a ship in mid-ocean if you want to be attended to. The only awkward thing is you are apt to go down with it," said Fullerton.

"Do shut up, and don't try to be funny," said Clapperton. "Of course no one wants to wreck the clubs. We shall play up hard next time, and then they'll see it's worth their while to be civil to us."

"Yes," said Brinkman, "it won't do to let them say we aren't the friends of the School."

"There's not the least fear of any one thinking that now," gibed Fullerton.

"Well," said Dangle, "as we are to play the return with Rendlesham this day week, we shall have a chance of letting them see what we can do. Only if that cad Rollitt plays, it won't be easy to be civil."

These patriotic young gentlemen were a good deal disconcerted next morning to find that they had been reckoning without their host. The captain had posted up the fifteen to play next week. The list contained the names of Fullerton, Brinkman, and two others on the Modern side, but omitted those of Clapperton and Dangle.

In their wildest dreams the malcontents had never reckoned on the captain taking such a step as this. They knew that they were necessary to the efficiency of any team, and that without them, especially against Rendlesham, it would be almost a farce to go into the field at all.

At first they were disposed to laugh and sneer: then to bluster. Then it dawned on them gradually that for once in their lives they had made a mistake. They had not even the credit of refusing to play, but had been ignominiously kicked out.

A council of war was held, in which mutual recriminations, assisted by Fullerton's candid reflections on the situation, occupied a considerable share of the time.

The result of their deliberations was that Clapperton and Dangle went over in no very amiable frame of mind to the captain.

Yorke, as it happened, was having an uneasy conference with his own side at the time. Delighted as the Classics were at the blow which had been struck at the mutineers, the prospect of almost certain defeat next Saturday made them anxious for compromise.

"If I were you," said Fisher I, "I'd give them a chance of explaining and apologising."

"There can be no apology," said Yorke.

"You are quite right in theory," said Denton; "but wouldn't it be rather a crow for them to see that we are licked without them?"

"We mustn't be licked," said the captain. "We held our own without them yesterday."

"Yes; but we were on our own ground, and had a goal to the good before they struck."

"I think old Yorke is quite right," said Ranger. "We may be licked, and if we are they'll crow. On the other hand, if we let them play now they'll crow worse. I think we'd better be beaten by Rendlesham than by traitors."

"Shan't you let them play at all this half?" said Fisher.

"That depends on themselves," said Yorke.

"Hullo! here they come," said Ranger.

The two Moderns were a little disconcerted to find themselves confronted with the body of Classic seniors.

"Oh, you're engaged," said Clapperton; "we'll come again."

"No, we were talking about the team; I suppose that's what you've come about."

"Yes," said Clapperton; "we want to know what it means?"

"Really I don't see how it could have been put plainer. It means that the fifteen men named are going to play on Saturday."

"Look here, Yorke," said Clapperton, "if you think I've come over here to beg you to put Dangle and me into the team, you're mistaken——"

"I don't think it. You know it's impossible."

"All I can say is, it's sheer spite and nothing else. Dangle was deliberately knocked over by that cad Rollitt——"

"Who is not present, and may therefore be called names with safety," said Ranger.

"Shut up, Ranger, there's a good fellow," said the captain.

"And Dangle had a right to object," continued Clapperton.

"He had no right to play into the hands of the other side," said Yorke.

"How do you know I did?" said Dangle.

"Do you mean to say you didn't?" said Yorke.

"I didn't come here to be catechised by you. Are you going to put Clapperton and me in the fifteen or not? That's what we came to know."

"No—certainly not," said the captain; "and as that's all, you may as well go."

"Very well," sneered Clapperton, who was in a high temper, "you'll be sorry for it. Come on, Dangle."

"There's only one thing to be done now," said he, when they had got back to their own side; "we must none of us play. That will bring them to reason."

Brinkman approved of the idea.

"There's more sense in that," said he, "than you two sticking out. That will reduce the team to a Classic fifteen, and if they get licked it won't matter."

"There's no possible chance of their making up a fifteen without us?" asked Dangle.

"None at all. They haven't the men," said Clapperton, brightening up. "The fact is, we have them at our mercy; and if they want us to play again they'll have to ask us properly."

"Meanwhile Fellsgarth will get on splendidly," said Fullerton.

"Shut up. Don't you see it will be all the better for everybody in the long run?"

"I can't say I do at present. It may come by-and-by."

"We must see that everybody backs up in this," said Brinkman. "One traitor would spoil everything."

"That's what Yorke said on Saturday, wasn't it?" asked Fullerton innocently. "At least, he said two traitors. Yorke *will* not see that what's right for one fellow is naughty for another."

"Look here, Fullerton," said Clapperton, who was sensitive enough to feel the sting of all this, "you don't suppose we're doing this for fun, do you? Will you promise not to play on Saturday, even if you are asked?"

"What if I don't?" said Fullerton.

"You won't find it particularly comfortable on this side of the school, that's all," said Brinkman.

Fullerton meditated and turned the matter over.

"I think, on the whole," said he, mimicking Clapperton, "that as this is for the highest good of the school, and as everybody is to be all the better in the long run, and as we're all going to be noble and sacrifice ourselves together, you may put me down as not playing on Saturday. *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ*—I beg pardon, I'm not on the Classic side yet."

The other players named on the list consented more or less reluctantly to follow the same example. After morning school, therefore, when the fellows looked at the notice board, they saw, to their bewilderment, the names of the four Modern fellows struck out and the following note appended to the captain's list:

"NOTICE.—The following players protest against the exclusion of two names from the above list, and decline to play on Saturday, viz., Brinkman, Fullerton Ramshaw I, and Smith."

Underneath this, a juvenile hand had carefully inscribed in bold characters:

"Jolly good riddance of bad rubbish." Signed, "Wheatfield, W., D'Arcy, Ashby, Fisher II."

Fisher II, who signed this latter manifesto by proxy, had hastened to carry the news of it to his brother.

"The cads!" said the junior. "We are sure to be beaten; I shall never dare to get Rollitt twice running."

"What do you mean?" asked the elder brother, turning round.

"Oh, don't tell," said Fisher II, "I didn't mean to say anything; you see, I thought he wouldn't fly out, so I asked him last time."

"You! What do you know of Rollitt? Why should he play to oblige you?"

Fisher II, wishing he had not mentioned Rollitt's name, related, somewhat apologetically, the story of the adventure on the Shayle.

"Why," said the elder brother, "you saved his life, young 'un. No wonder he's civil to you!"

"Oh, please don't tell him I told you."

"All right; but what about the boat? It must have been smashed to bits. What did Mrs. Wisdom say?"

"Oh, Rollitt was very honourable and bought her another. She told me so—and I've seen the new boat."

"Rollitt bought it! Why, he's as poor as a church mouse. How could he get the money, I'd like to know?"

"He got it the very next day," said Fisher II. "I suppose he had some; but promise you won't say anything."

"What's the use of making a secret of it? I won't say anything unless you like. But I must go to Yorke."

The captain was quite prepared for the action of the Moderns.

"They've struck," said he. "Now the question is, shall we play on Saturday, or scratch the match?"

The unanimous verdict was in favour of playing, whatever the result.

"Of course we are never sure of Rollitt until we've got him," said he, "so we may have to play without him."

"Would Stratton play for us?" asked some one.

"No, don't let's go outside and ask masters. We're in for a licking; but we'll make the best fight we can."

So yet another notice appeared on the board before nightfall.

"The School team on Saturday will consist of the following." (Here followed the names, all, of course, on the Classical side.)

"A meeting of the Clubs is summoned for October 3rd, at four p.m., in Hall."

Of these two announcements the first amused, the second perplexed the good young men of the Modern side. The new fifteen consisted half of raw outsiders who had never played in a first-class match before, and were utterly unknown to fame on the football field. But the summons for October 3 was puzzling. Did it mean a general row, or was the captain going to resign, or was an attempt to be made to expel the mutineers?

Clapperton did not like it. He had expected Yorke would have come to terms before now, and it disconcerted him to see that, on the contrary, the captain seemed determined to carry the thing through.

The only thing, of course, was for the Moderns to abstain in a body from the meeting. But could they depend on their forces to obey their leaders? It was all very well to compel four players to refuse to act; but to constrain 120 boys to do the same was a less easy task.

It seemed to Clapperton that he would do best to strike the iron while hot; and for that purpose he made a descent next morning into the quarters of his fag. If he could secure the juniors, it would be something.

He found Percy there alone, diligently working. That young gentleman had in fact been reminded in pretty forcible terms by Mr. Forder that he had not yet handed in his Latin letter of apology ordered a week ago. Percy had hoped if he forgot it long enough Mr. Forder would forget it too, and it had startled and grieved him very much to-day to receive notice that unless he brought his *pœna* in an hour he would be sent up to the Doctor.

Consequently, while his comrades were out enjoying themselves, he was here in a shocking bad temper, with a Latin Dictionary in front of him, trying to express his contrition for having used bad language in class a week ago.

He had got a little way. Latin prose for a Modern junior is a trifle thorny; but Percy had a rough and ready way with him which, if it did not emulate Cicero, at least made his meaning tolerably clear.

"Care Magistere Fordere, Ego sum excessivé tristis ut ego usebam malam linguam in classem alteram diem. Ego apologizo, et ego non facerebo illud iterum. Ego spero ut vos voluntas prodonnere (it took him some time to arrive at this classical term for 'you will forgive') me hanc tempus."

This was all very well, but it only took up about six lines out of ten, and he was in despair how to continue. His ideas, his temper, and his Latin had all evaporated. When Clapperton entered, he did not even look up.

"Cut, whoever you are, and hang yourself," said he.

"Hullo, Percy! What's the row with you?"

"Don't talk to me," said Percy. "It's that beast, Forder."

"Where are the others? I want to talk to you youngsters."

"How do I know where every ass in the place is? What do you want?"

The tone in which the inquiry was made was not encouraging.

"It's about the meeting next week. We don't mean to attend it."

"Don't you? Our lot does. We're going. Rather."

"It's a dodge of the other side. They're going to get the clubs into their own hands, and we've decided none of our fellows shall go. Then they can't do anything."

"Can't they? You don't know my young brother Wally as well as I do. He'll do something, bless you; but I rather fancy they won't have it all to themselves. *We'll* put a spoke in their wheels."

"Look here, young Wheatfield," said Clapperton, put out by the obtuseness of his fag, "the long and short of it is you're not to go. You know what's happened. Our side has been snubbed and cut out of the games by those fellows; and now they want to get us to come to their precious meeting to help them collar the clubs."

"That's just why I and my chaps are going to turn up," said Percy. "We'll let them know!"

"Do you hear what I say? You're not to go, you or any of them. If you can't understand the reason, I daresay you'll understand a thrashing. You'll get it unless you stand out like the rest of us."

"I say, what's the Latin for 'wrong,' Clapperton?"

"Do you hear what I say?"

"Yes, yes—is it 'malus,' or 'unrectus,' or what?"

"Are you going to do what I tell you?"

"How can I say what the chaps 'll do?"

"You must tell them; you're fags' captain. They must do what you tell them."

"I'd jolly well like to catch them not," said Percy, tossing his head; "I'd teach 'em. I say, do you think 'unrectus' will do?"

"Remember, you'll get it pretty hot if you disobey in this, I promise you."

"Perhaps 'malus' is better form," suggested the junior.

Clapperton left in despair.

"What a fearful ass I was," said Percy when he had gone, "not to make him write my impot. Just like me. Catch our lot not going to that meeting! We ain't going to skulk. Whew! there goes the quarter to! I shall never get done this brutal thing." "Id est malus non facere quad magister dicit. Vos voluntas lætus audire ut Fellsgarthus liquebat Rendleshamus ad pedemballum super Saturdaium durare (Saturday last). Nos obtenebanus unum goalum ad nil quod non erat malum. Ego debeo nunc concludere. Ego sum vestrum fideliter Perceius Granum agrum." (Percy flattered himself he knew the correct Latin for his own name.)

He had a rush to get this work of art over to Mr. Forder in time, and was considerably mortified to observe that the master did not seem at all gratified by the performance. Just like Forder! The more you laid yourself out to please him, the worse he was.

"Leave it, sir. I'll speak to you to-morrow!"

"That means a licking," said Percy to himself. "I can see it in his eye. All serene. That's his way of showing his gratitude."

And he went back in a very bad temper to his own room, where his comrades had arrived to greet him.

"Why ever can't you chaps be in the way when you're wanted?" growled Percy. "There was Clapperton in here just now talking rot about the meeting next week. What do you think? He says we're not to go to it."

"Why not?"

Percy in his lucid manner tried to explain.

"All gammon," said Lickford. "If we're to be stopped going to Hall, we shall be stopped grub next."

This was an argument that went home.

"If Clapperton had made it worth our while, you know," said Cottle, "it might have been different. I don't care much about the meeting; but if I stop away for him, I'll get something for it."

This mercenary view of the subject was new to Percy, but he frankly accepted it.

"I tell you what," said he; "here, give us a pen; we'll just draw up a few conditions. If he accepts them we'll stay away; if he don't, he may hang himself before we sit out."

After much deliberation, the following charter of six points was drawn up and laid on Clapperton's table.

"On the following conditions the

undersigned will stop out of Hall on October 3rd,—namely, to wit, viz. i.e.:—

"1. No more fagging.

"2. Don't go to bed till 9.30.

"3. A study apiece.

"4. The prefects shall be abolished. Any prefect reporting to Forder to be kicked.

"5. Except between 9.30 p.m. and 7.30 a.m. we do as we like.

"6. That the four following Modern cads get their noses pulled; namely Wakefield, W. (a lout); D'Arcy (a pig); Ashby (a pudding-head); and Fisher II (a cow).

(*To be continued.*)

"If these are agreed to, we won't go to the meeting." (Signed by)

WHEATFIELD, P., M.P.
COTTLE, Major General.
LICKFORD, D.D.
RAMSHAW II, F.S.A.
CASH, LL.D., etc. etc.

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. LAURIE,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frezols," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—THE LITTLE GUEBRE.

SUDDENLY there was an uproar in one of the neighbouring trenches—that in which the Arabs were working. There was a sound of imprecations and of a struggle; then there was the piercing cry of a child, and then all was silent. Catherine, who was always quick and prompt in her movements, ran to see what was the matter, and her companions followed her. Professor Hasselfratz replaced in one of his capacious pockets the little hammer with which he had been tapping the soil here and there, and advanced with measured steps in the same direction.

On reaching the Arab trench Catherine saw at first but a confused crowd, but she soon discovered the cause of the disturbance. Five or six of the labourers were gathered excitedly around a boy of about twelve years old, who, pulled about from one to the other, bullied and beaten by them, was standing, pale, and with compressed lips, clasping to his chest some object which his persecutors were trying to get away from him.

Catherine indignantly ran towards the group, and with an imperious gesture laying a little switch she carried in her hand on the arm of one of the men who was about to pull the boy's ear—

"What is all this?" she said. "Why are you abusing this boy?"

"Eh?" said the man, with some embarrassment, "the lady need not be alarmed. You bad lot! You son of a dog! You son of a burnt father!"

And he spat on the ground in sign of his contempt.

"I asked you for an explanation," said Catherine. "Are you not ashamed to lose your tempers in this way at such a child? It is unworthy of you! What has he done? What do you accuse him of? Has he stolen anything?"

"Oh! no doubt of it! Son of a dog! Son of a thief!" clamoured the men in chorus in a tone of supreme indignation.

"As to that," said Catherine, "if he is a thief he is not the only one here, and you can, I think, show him as many as you like. Now, be off to your pickaxes, all of you! I will take care of the boy. And now then, you, what is this all about?"

The excavators shambled away murmuring, but they dare not disobey the orders of the Khanoum, and they went away to their trench after spitting on the ground round the boy in expression of their reprobation.

Catherine then had leisure to examine him more in detail. His garments of white linen had been torn in the struggle, and a slight wound, caused apparently by a stone which had been thrown at him, was bleeding just over the left eyebrow. She could not help noticing the beauty of the lad, his slender elegant limbs, set off like those of a little golden bronze antique by the tatters of white linen. His head, covered with black curly hair, was of uncommon grace, and the white of his large velvety eyes shone like enamel on his brown face. The treatment to which he had been subjected had in no way altered his calm, proud expression. Except when a flash of indignation had fired his look when he had been charged with theft he had remained impassible, his hands crossed on his chest, guarding with jealous care whatever it was they wished to take away from him.

"Poor little fellow!" said Catherine compassionately. "He has been hurt. Come here and I will wash the cut."

The boy went to her without a word. She bathed his forehead; after which she covered the wound with a piece of oiled silk, and placing her hand on his head—

"There you are," she said, "properly looked after. And now will you tell me what has happened? What did those men want with you?"

"Hum!" said Doctor Hardy, "I am afraid he has taken something of theirs. Let us see what you have got there, my boy. I'll wager that it does not belong to you legally."

"No!" said Catherine, "I am persuaded the boy is no thief! I have some experience of faces when people are caught in the act, and I do not see anything of the sort here. Look," she said in a gentle voice, "the boy has dignity, and seems to receive an accusation with contempt."

"That is true enough," said Maurice laughing. "He looks at us from the height of his grandeur. Come," said he in Persian, "show me what it is, and then go! You are not one of our labourers, are you?"

The boy shook his head. Suddenly Professor Hasselfratz stepped to the front, and laid his heavy hand on the boy's shoulder and gave him a shake.

"Show what you have there, you naughty rascal!" he said in a loud angry voice.

"Leave him alone, sir, if you please," said Catherine. "I don't believe the boy is a thief, and I will take upon myself to send him away without pursuing our inquiries farther. Go, my boy, you are free!" she said.

She had scarcely uttered the words when the boy's expression changed. His closed lips separated in a smile, and half-opening his hands he showed a dove with a velvety collar and rosy beak and feet hiding against his chest.

"Look!" said Catherine joyously, "I knew he had stolen nothing! Why did those men attack you, my boy?"

"I was going home along the road, holding the dove so that it should not fly away, when the men saw me and shouted that I had stolen something from your camp. They tried to take it from me, and I did not want them to see what it was—and they did not see!" said he, triumphantly.

"And you got that wound on your forehead, stupid!" said Professor Hasselfratz. "If you had given in they would have left you alone."

"But I did not give in," said the boy, "and they did not see what I was hiding."

"What is your name?" asked Catherine.

"Hassan"

"Do your relatives live in the neighbourhood?"

"I have no relatives."

"You spoke of going home," said Kerdic. "Do you live alone?"

"Oh, no. I live with Goucha Nichin and Leila."

"Goucha Nichin!" repeated Herr Hasselfratz, with a shout of laughter.

"Unless I am mistaken," said Catherine, "this name of Goucha Nichin means literally, He-who-keeps-in-his-corner!"

"A fine name, is it not?" said the professor.

"It is at least that of a man who does not make himself obtrusive," said Catherine, smiling.

"And that cannot be said of everybody," said the lieutenant with a look at the German, who took no notice of the remark, but adjusted his spectacles and attentively examined little Hassan.

"From the fashion of this boy's clothes," he said at length, "I am inclined to think he belongs to the sect of Guebres."

"Guebres!" repeated Catherine, astonished. "I did not know that they still existed!"

"On the contrary, mademoiselle, they exist, and although they are a sect justly despised——"

"Why so?" said Catherine, quickly. "What is there in the sect to despise?"

"Their adoration of fire as the vivifying principle of the world has nothing specially degrading in it that I can see," said the

lieutenant, who was not sorry to be able at one and the same time to support the opinion of Miss Kerdic and withstand that of the learned professor, to whom he had taken an antipathy at first sight.

"Very good!" said the oculist. "If mademoiselle considers the sect admirable, I will admire it as well. Anyway, the Persians are not of that opinion, and they have nothing but insults to give the Guebres."

"Is that the reason the men attacked this boy?" asked Catherine.

"Nothing is more likely," said the professor, nodding his big head.

"Poor boy! Is it true, Hassan, that you are a Guebre?" she asked.

"Yes, Khanoum," said Hassan, boldly, and drawing himself up proudly and somewhat sorrowfully, as if he expected to find a sudden change in the tone and behaviour of his questioner.

"We can believe what he says in this case," said Kerdic. "Hated though they be as idolaters, the Guebres have the reputation of never telling a lie."

"Enviable peculiarity!" said the lieutenant. "What a pity they cannot communicate a little of it to our dear negroes, Arabs, Tunisians, Persians, and such like!"

"And do these Guebres still practise to-day the religion of Zoroaster?" asked Catherine.

"A little changed, of course," said her brother; "but I believe there exists among them a small group of sectaries desirous of bringing back the primitive form. Do they not call them the ancient Guebres?"

"Exactly," said the doctor.

Little Hassan's eyes had brightened at the words.

"Your friends belong to that sect," said Catherine, who had noticed this.

"Yes, Khanoum."

"And where do they live?"

"Over there!" said he, extending his arm to the north. "Near the tomb of Esther and Mordecai."

"Is there a village over there?"

Hassan shook his head.

"Goucha Nichin does not live among men," said he. "He stays in his corner. He guards the Tower of Silence."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That," said Doctor Hardy, "is a tower that would not please you, my dear girl. The Guebres do not bury their dead; they pollute neither fire, earth, nor water with human dust; they expose their dead on elevated towers, and leave the birds of the air to give them burial. In other words, vultures and crows are their gravediggers."

"Horrible!" said Catherine, shuddering. "Hassan, does Goucha Nichin live in one of these towers?"

"No one is in the *dackme*," he said solemnly, "but those who are silent for ever."

"Then what do you mean?"

"Goucha Nichin lives among the rocks; he guards the Tower of Silence—that is to say, he keeps the profane away from it. No one can approach it, not even a beast or a bird of the air, unless Goucha Nichin permits."

"Oh! oh!" said Hasselfratz, incredulously.

"You could not go near there yourself, fat Sahib, if Goucha Nichin forbade you," said Hassan, without a sign of fear.

"That we will see, young stupid," said the oculist, annoyed at the epithet the boy had applied to him.

"Goucha Nichin is a relative of yours, I suppose?" said Catherine.

"No, Goucha Nichin is nothing to me. When I was very little he found me on the road; no one knows where I came from, or of what family I am. Goucha Nichin took me in and took care of me during my childhood. He treated me as the equal of Leila, and I have become his devoted slave. He taught me his religion without insisting I should adopt it. If I liked I could be a Mussulman like your labourers, but I chose to be a Guebre like my master and Leila."

"And who is Leila? Your master's wife!"

"No. Goucha Nichin is old and has no wife. He is as old as the world, and his beard is venerable. Leila is his granddaughter."

"As old as the world!" said the lieutenant, much amused at the description; "that signifies he is far from his early youth. With their hyperboles one never knows where these jokers will go."

"Goucha Nichin is as old as the world," said Hassan. "He has seen generations of men born and die. He knows everything. His power is as boundless as his knowledge. Men and animals obey him. The *pelhvi** has no secrets for him, and instead of repeating formulas without understanding them, like the common *mobeds*, you would think he had received them from the very mouth of the prophet Zoroaster."

"The boy is mad," said the professor.

"This Goucha Nichin must be a very astonishing personage," said Catherine, "and I confess that I am very curious to see him. Tell me, Hassan, do you think he would let me come to him?" she asked in her gentlest voice.



"Son of a dog! Son of a thief!"

"He will let you come if your heart is pure and your intentions are honourable," said Hassan without emotion.

"Young rascal!" said the lieutenant; "your Goucha Nichin has forgotten to teach you the most elementary notions of politeness! He ought to be too much honoured that mademoiselle deigns to visit his retreat!"

"If the Faranghi Khanoum has a pure heart, Goucha Nichin will receive her with honour," said Hassan in the same tone of gravity.

"Leave the boy alone," said Catherine. "I think his manners leave nothing to be desired, and if Goucha Nichin taught him them, he is a very good master."

* The ancient language of the Guebres.

Hassan smiled with an air of gratitude at this praise.

"Rest yourself a little before you go," said she; "you have need to cool down after the unjust attack of our ferocious labourers. Come to our camp and I will give you some refreshing drink."

"I thank you, Khanoum, but I must not let the sun go down before I get back. I am eager to offer this pigeon to Leila."

"It is for her that you caught it?"

"Yes. Leila loves all animals, and the animals come to her of themselves. I have seen bees rest on her hair or on her lips when she called them, without wounding her with their sting; the birds fly around her head and the timid antelopes fear not to eat out of her hand."

"Well, I will not keep you, Hassan. You have made me most anxious to know your friends. Tell them so, and offer this rose to Leila on my behalf."

And gathering a flower from a neighbouring bush she gave it to the boy, who received it gladly and pressed it to his forehead and his lips.

"Leila will have your flower this evening, Khanoum," he said, "and if ever you come to our rocks I am sure you will be welcome."

"How shall I find you?" asked Catherine. "Among the rocks is hardly an address!"

"I have spoken to you of the tomb of Esther and Mordecai; go there, and if Goucha Nichin wishes to receive you he will be warned of your approach and he will come to meet you. Thank you for what you have done for me, and thank you again for the flower for Leila. The sun protect you."

The boy bowed low with profound oriental courtesy, and then, rising, he set off at a run, light as a sylph.

The afternoon was passing, and the sunset bell was giving the signal for the departure of the workers, who hastened to leave the trenches and go home. Kerdic and his companions took the road to the camp, and installed themselves on the carpet before the central gourbi, to have their tea.

"Tell me, Maurice," said Catherine, "who are these modern Guebres? I blush for my ignorance, but I confess I thought they had gone like Zoroaster."

"But you are not unaware that there are Parsees in India?"

"Hum! for me India is peopled with Buddhists and Mussulmans, including a few pariahs. But these Parsees, as you call them, and the Guebres, are they the same thing?"

"Quite so; and it is the Parsees of India who support by their example and subsidies their co-religionists in Iran. They are very numerous in India, but in Persia there are only a few thousands."

"About eight thousand, I think," said Doctor Hardy.

"As many as that? See what it is to travel! One learns something new every day. And do these Guebres or Parsees worship the sun?"

"They do," said the doctor, "and it is from the fire of the sun that they have lighted the sacred fire they have religiously kept up thousands of years. It is a curious thing that the Persians profess to hate and despise these Guebres as idolaters, and at the same time there are found among them many and numerous traces of their old religion. In Khorassan, for instance, when visitors arrive in a village, and it is desired to receive them with honour, a deputation is sent to meet them bearing a vase with a glowing fire, and that in summer as well as in winter. A Guebre ceremony, undoubtedly."

"It is the same with the feast of Neurouz, or the renewal of the sun, which they celebrate with such pomp all over Persia in the month of March," said Kerdic.

"Whence, then, comes this contempt for the Guebres?"

"Who can say? It is a religion which is not official. They do not bury their dead, they marry among themselves, and they refuse to recognise Mahomet. That is the inexpiable crime; and so life is not made easy for them. To-day the richest Guebre merchants—and there are some who possess immense fortunes—must only ride on asses; and they are obliged to dismount when they see a Mussulman afar off, and to wear distinguishing colours—white in this district—so that the crowd can insult them without risk of getting into trouble by insulting the true believers. I can assure you that the good Persians yield to none in intolerance. And the Guebres return their hate a hundredfold: for nothing in the world would they be mistaken for followers of Mahomet. You saw that little Hassan wore all his hair?"

"I noticed," said Catherine, "that he did not wear it in *Kharkoul*,* like the children of the district."

"They make themselves differ from their oppressors in every way; and to their praise be it said, they differ most in their honesty and loyalty in business, which have here become proverbial."

"An interesting people," said Catherine, "take them all together. Frankness and good faith are not usually the distinctive traits of an oppressed race. They must have great force of character for such precious qualities not to have been stifled."

"That is evident," said Kerdic; "and if we have time, Catherine, I will take you one of these days in search of this old Goucha Nichin. He ought to be a very peculiar personage."

"Bah! Some impostor!" growled Professor Hasselfratz, heaping the pieces of sugar into his cup and drinking his tea with a noise. "All these people are liars. You never can believe a word they say."

* Mussulmans have the head shaven except the Kharkoul or Mahomet, which is a little lock at the top of the cranium, by which, after their death, the Prophet will draw them up into the abode of the blest.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES FROM MY LOG; OR, TRUE STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By Rear-Admiral W. R. Kennedy.

(*With Illustrations by the Author.*)

II.—DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF SAN SALVADOR BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

On March 20, 1873, Her Majesty's ship Reindeer was lying at anchor in Fonseca Bay, one of the most beautiful and also one of the hottest ports on the west coast of Central America.

The ship had been actively employed on the coast of Mexico for some months during a revolution, and was on her way to Panama, when a rumour reached us that the city of San Salvador, the capital of the State of the same name, had been totally destroyed by an earthquake on the night of March 19. It was difficult to procure any reliable information on the subject, and the authorities with whom I consulted were inclined to discredit the story. Whilst I was endeavouring to arrive at the truth, and uncertain how to act, an American mail steamer came into the harbour, and her captain told me he had met with very bad weather outside, and on leaving the port of Realajo the sea was so confused that his ship was almost unmanageable.

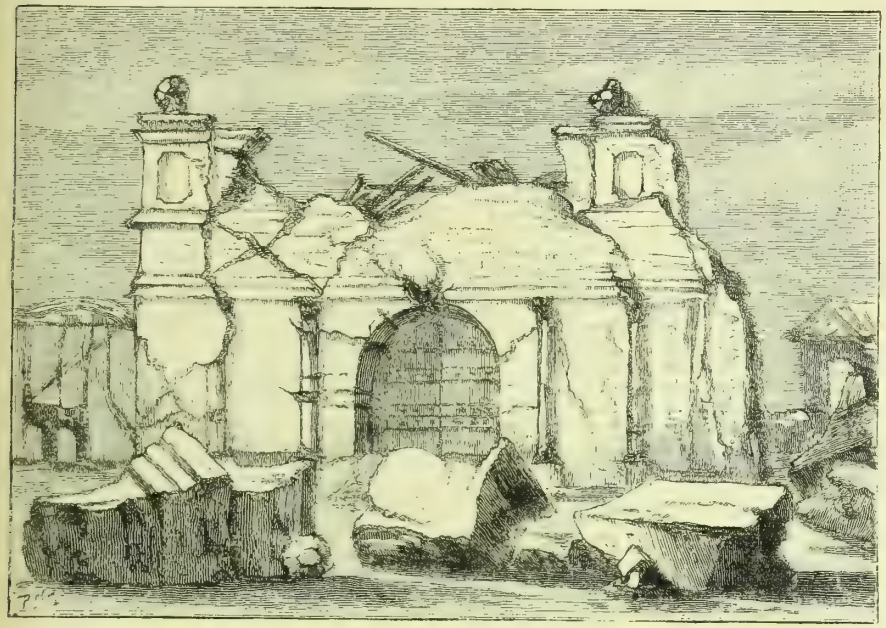
This convinced me that some great convulsion of nature had taken place, and I determined to proceed at once to La Libertad, the seaport of San Salvador, to see for myself what had happened, and to render any service in our power. The same night I left for La Libertad, and arrived there the following morning. On landing I inquired of the captain of the port as to the truth and nature of the disaster, and learnt from him that rumour was only too true, and that, as he expressed himself in Spanish, the city no longer existed. I accordingly hired a coach and six mules, and accompanied by the surgeon of the ship and my clerk, started for the capital.

The distance from La Libertad to Salvador is but thirty-six miles, but the roads were heavy and the hills steep, so our progress was slow, and by nightfall we had only covered half the distance and reached a village where we put up. Here we obtained the first authentic news of the catastrophe. A family flying from San Salvador had just taken up their quarters at the inn, but very generously gave up the only beds in the house to us whilst they insisted on sleeping outside under the canopy of heaven. In the morning we thanked them for their kindness, when they explained that they preferred the open air, especially *as they expected that the house, which had been much shaken and cracked by the earthquake, would fall during the night!*

Refreshed by a cup of excellent coffee, we made an early start and reached Santa Tecla, a town three leagues distant from the capital, by 8 A.M. This place showed signs of having been severely shaken. Many houses were cracked, though none were actually thrown down, but the town and all the roads leading to it were crowded with poor families leaving San Salvador, carrying their worldly goods with them, and the bullock-drivers were driving a roaring trade.

As we approached the capital the signs of destruction were very apparent. A massive aqueduct which had spanned the road, and by which the city was mainly supplied, was broken down, its ruins so blocking up the road that we had some difficulty in passing. From here to the suburbs of the city our progress was constantly interrupted by the

débris of houses, and our driver declined to go any further, but by threats and persuasion we got him to drive to the Plaza, where we found the President and many of the inhabitants encamped. The President, a fine old soldier, received us with much cordiality, and expressed in the warmest terms his gratitude for our proffered assistance in offering to transport any of his people to places of safety along the coast. The surgeon also placed his services at his Excellency's disposal, but there was not much for him to do, as those who had not already escaped were buried beneath the ruins and were beyond the help of man.



Church of San Domingo after the Earthquake.

Having paid our respects to the President, we made our way, not without difficulty, to what had once been the British Consulate, but was now a heap of ruins, with the English flag floating proudly over them. Here we found Mr. Blair, the English consul, who, assisted by some other Englishmen, was trying to save what he could from the wreck. From the consul and his friends we received a hearty welcome, and we took up our quarters with them in a rude kind of tent pitched in the courtyard of the Consulate. We then proceeded to make an inspection of the place. It was indeed a sad scene of desolation. The once fine city, containing 40,000 inhabitants, was completely destroyed. As the captain of the port had truly said, "It no longer existed."

Curiously enough, the only two houses left standing were built of wood, showing clearly the advantage of that material over stone for withstanding earthquake shocks. One of these had been an hotel and the other a clerical institution; both were completely gutted.

The palace, built partly of wood and partly of stone, was completely destroyed. The wooded part remained, but the stone had fallen, leaving huge gaps in the building. All the substantially built buildings, including the cathedral and several churches, the walls of which were of immense thickness, were in ruins. The spire of the former remained in a slanting position at an angle of 45°, while one of the bells had swung completely round and remained mouth up.

It appeared that the first shock took place on March 4, destroying many houses. The quaking of the earth continued at intervals till the 19th, when at 2 a.m. there were two slight shocks followed by a very violent one which completed the destruction of the city. Fortunately, many of the inhabitants had been warned by the first shocks, and had left the city, and others had camped out in the Plaza or in the courtyards of their houses, so that the loss of life, though considerable, was not nearly so great as it might have been.

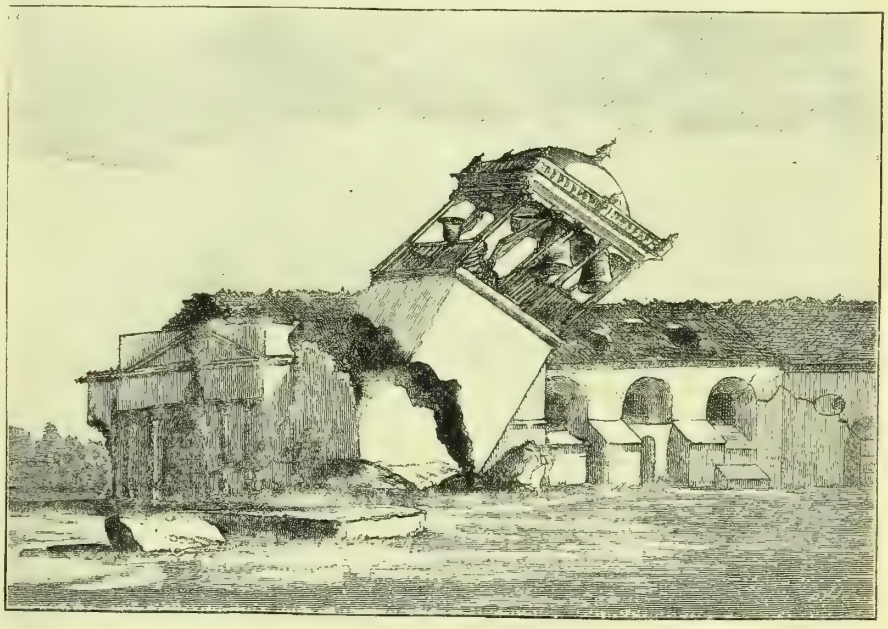
The American minister had a very narrow escape. His house had been shaken like the rest, and he had barely time to save himself and his five little children before the walls came down. An English lady also had a miraculous escape. She was sleeping in the Consulate when the great shock took place. The walls fell, and the room she was in was completely wrecked, and she must have been killed but for some beams which lodged diagonally across the room, and thus prevented the walls from crushing her.

Accounts differed as to the number of persons killed and wounded, and the truth could never be clearly ascertained, as many bodies lay buried under the ruins. In the hospital many poor creatures were unable to escape owing to their infirmities, and were killed by the falling walls, and some prisoners were killed in gaol in the same way. In places the earth had opened, leaving great yawning fissures, and graves had been rent asunder, and the bodies exposed, in consequence of which an epidemic was apprehended, to add to the other horrors.

The action of the Government during this terrible time was most praiseworthy. The President, having removed his family to a place of safety, established himself under canvas in the Plaza, and by his example and admirable regulations, combined with strict discipline, maintained order. The city was placed under martial law, and by a decree, citizens were authorised to shoot any one interfering with their property, or even being found with goods in their possession of which they could give no satisfactory account. These may seem severe measures, but any one acquainted with the lawless condition of such countries can understand the necessity of them. Sentries were placed at the corners of the streets, with orders to fire at any one lurking about after dark, and judging by the way the rifle bullets were flying about during the night, they seemed to be keeping a good look-out.

We remained forty-eight hours in the place, during which we experienced seven or eight shocks of earthquake of more or less severity. They generally came on about sunset, and again at daybreak; but did no further damage, as indeed they could not unless the earth opened and swallowed us up, and with this we were actually threatened, some of the fissures being of alarming extent.

The city of San Salvador had already been destroyed by earthquakes no less than eight times within 150 years, besides being partially so every ninth year, the ground on which it is built being a mere shell, producing a hollow sound when struck, and it is said that the Indians would never build on that site. Notwithstanding which, the President issued a decree the day following the disaster,



Church of San Salvador after the Earthquake.

to say that the city would be rebuilt upon its old site.

San Salvador has no less than seven active volcanoes within a radius of thirty miles of it, the mountain of Ysalco was in full blast at the time of our visit, but the suppressed volcano of St. Thomas was credited with doing the mischief on the present occasion.

The effect produced upon the nervous

system by these constant shocks was such that several persons became insane, and upon animals and birds it was remarkable. Many horses and mules were rendered useless from fright, and trembled at the slightest sound. At every shock the cocks crowed and pigeons left their resting places and wheeled wildly in the air.

During these terrible times much sympathy was shown for the poor Salvadorians from all parts of the country, one city contributing 100 cartloads of provisions and 3,000 dollars in cash. It was not much that we could do in this way, as we were already running short of provisions, but we landed all that we could spare, reserving for ourselves barely sufficient to carry us to Panama.

As there was no object in remaining any longer we prepared to take our departure, and having said adieu to the gallant old President and our friends, we mounted our horses and rode clear of the city and reached La Libertad the same evening.

During our absence the sea had risen considerably, and we found the ship rolling heavily at her anchor, warning us that it was time to leave. So the same day, having embarked a few Indian families who wished a passage to Amapala, we sailed for the South.

Earthquakes are often accompanied by a tidal wave which causes immense damage both ashore and afloat. On the occasion of an earthquake at Arica, a port in Peru, the sea receded from the bay, leaving the ships dry. A huge bore or tidal wave then appeared from seaward and swept into the bay, driving everything before it. All the ships in the port were driven on shore or foundered at their anchors, and one of them, an American man-of-war named the Wateree, was carried half a mile in shore and there deposited uninjured.

(*To be continued.*)

PHOTOGRAPHING THE DUTCHMAN.

By Rev. A. H. Malan, M.A.

Why the Dutchman, more than the Flying Scotsman, or the Wild Irishman? Well, simply because the broad gauge has certain elements about it which seem to deserve photographic attention on its own merits; to which must be added the consideration that in the spring, '92, it will be ousted from the land by the more economical and universal narrow gauge, so that future generations will be no more cognisant of what its lordly engines and roomy coaches were like, than one who had only seen, say, a kestrel or sparrowhawk, could realise the greater power and speed, and undoubtedly exceed, that of any of the newer narrow-gauge models.

Two classes of engines are at present running fast broad-gauge trains on the main line between London and Newton*:—

(1) Those of the "2001" class (*vide* Fig. 1), with 8-feet single driving-wheels, bogie-wheels in front, built on a rigid framing. These are, in fact, old Bristol and Exeter engines, which have been altered, originally being tank-engines, with bogie-wheels on either side of the single 9-feet driving-wheels, over the cover of which driving-wheels (*vide* Fig. 2) the unlucky driver had to climb to reach the

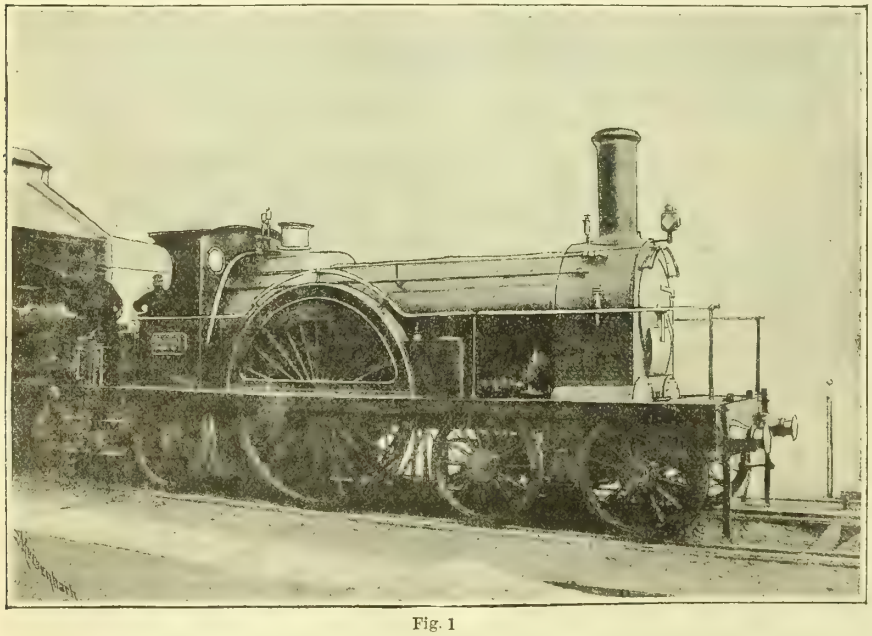


Fig. 1

the finer proportions of the nobler peregrine.

While the tendency of modern locomotive construction has been directed towards lessening wear and tear, and towards augmenting the boiler capacity for the purpose of long-distance steaming, so that narrow-gauge engines have been growing longer and longer, if not higher and higher—the broad-gauge, on the contrary, having long ago reached the zenith of excellence, has been content to stand still; for we see engines which left the shops over forty years ago still running with ease and without distress, as an everyday thing, at a speed which can certainly equal, and (so far as safety is concerned) could fore-part of his engine—a truly terrible feat on a dark night, in a gale of wind, when running down the Wellington incline! Those were days when there was no shelter or "cab," and when human life was so cheap, or oil was so dear, that trains went unprovided with tail-lights, and the "crew and the captain bold" of a wayside station (*i.e.* the official who was station-master, porter, and signal-man in turns) had pretty well to carry his life in his hand, when he had occasion to run round the back of a goods-train getting out of the way of the mail, and

* This was written in October 1889; since then this class has been withdrawn.—A. H. M.

having only a few minutes to do it in. It was one of these engines, as originally constructed, that once ran at the rate of eighty miles an hour (a record, however, which appears to have been beaten; for in January 1890 the N. E. R. Engine, No. 1518, was reported to have run at 86 miles an hour); and, even as we see them now (Fig. 1), they attain equal speed with the other class, and steam well; but they do not run so smoothly or evenly, and the springs of their bogie-wheels require frequent attention and repairs.

(2) "The Lord of the Isles" class (*vide* Fig. 3), so called from an engine of that name which was exhibited in the exhibition of 1851, and subsequently ran 789,000 miles—the embodiment of majestic power; the best of their kind; perfect creatures nobly planned; a worthy type of British pluck, valour, and endurance. Designed with a view to running at high speed with the least amount of jerking, shaking, and injury to the permanent way, they have admirably fulfilled the most sanguine expectations of their constructor, the late Sir Daniel Gooch. They have 8-feet single driving-wheels, no bogie-wheels, the bearing-surface on the *rails* is 19 feet—the largest bearing-surface of any locomotives without bogie-wheels—and they stand from the level of the rail to the top of the boiler, 10 feet high. The framework, composed as it is of two skins of iron-plating, riveted one on either side of a lining of oak or ash, is not, nor is intended to be, absolutely rigid; but gives and plays laterally, and adjusts itself readily to the inequalities of the line. The springs also increase this give and play, alike by the accurate adjustment of their securing-nuts, and also by the interposition of a circular cushion of india-rubber between such nuts and the framing; a fair share of pressure being thus borne by each individual wheel, and the requisite proportion of weight sustained by the driving-wheels being regulated to the utmost nicety. All this conduces to freedom in running; and when there is borne in mind the ample width of support consequent upon breadth of gauge, and the arrangement of the rails being laid on *longitudinal* sleepers, with the top of the transoms flush with the ballast, it is not difficult to feel, as one sits behind the "Sebastopol," "Courier," "Lightning," "Dragon," etc., that even if such an undesirable event should occur as the engine leaving the rails, it would merely run along parallel with the track, and die gloriously, standing erect; whereas what might be expected from a narrow-gauge engine under such circumstances, encountering a series of *transverse* exposed sleepers, would be that it

would turn an ignoble somersault, and lie kicking on its side.*

Suppose we have a look in at the yard at Newton, and expose a plate quietly on one of these monarchs of the line, just to get our hand in. Here we see all sorts and conditions of locomotives, chief among them

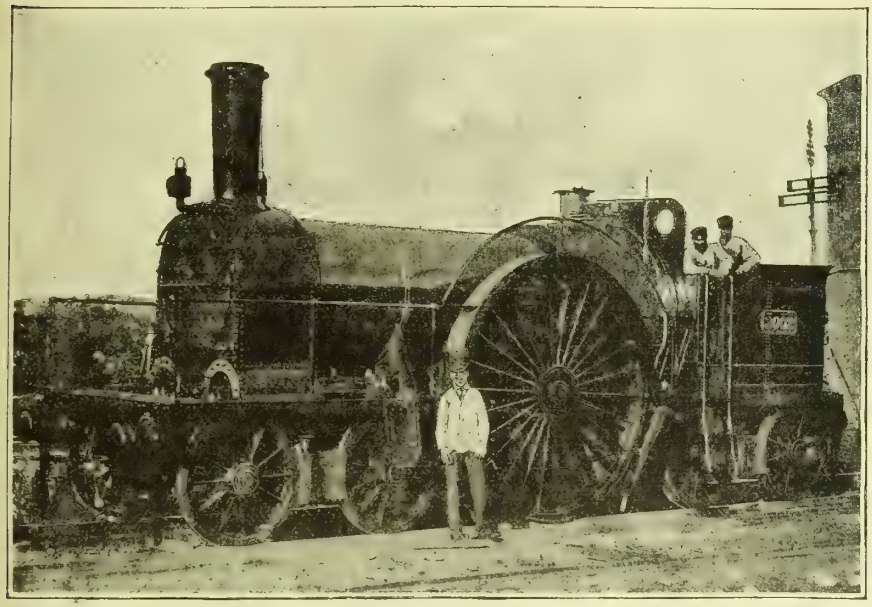


Fig. 2.

a number of unwieldy things rejoicing in such unpoetical names as "Camel," "Dromedary," etc.; not, like those animals, carrying their supply of water for future use in their stomachs, but on their backs—hence called saddle-tanks. These, being for service below Newton, where the physical geography of Devonshire and Cornwall necessitates sharper curves and steeper gradients, are short and compact, with low coupled wheels, built with the intention that every available ounce of weight may bear on the rails, to insure enough pulling power for the banks, and sufficient stability to prevent them jumping off, when rounding a curve. Here, too, are a few side-tank engines, which, as coming events cast their shadows before, are really new narrow-gauge engines fitted with temporary broad-gauge frames. And here is the genial Mr. Tunstall, who controls all their movements when they hook off, superintends where they are to stand and when to coal, and generally keeps things shipshape in the running-shed and about the yard. An old driver himself, once in charge of the "Lance," he knows how an engine should be cleaned; and a keen eye he has for any caked dust lurking between the spokes or elsewhere, and for any other manifestation of deficient elbowgrease on the part of the cleaners; a ready assistant he always proves in our photographic ventures.

"Well, Mr. Tunstall, got any high-wheelers in?"

"Only 2003; but Milman † will be in with the down Dutchman in a few minutes, on the 'Tornado'" (Fig. 3).

It does not take long to arrange the camera outside the station; and when the Dutchman makes her appearance, the "Tornado" leaves her, goes to the turntable, presently comes back, and draws up opposite the lens.

"Keep still one second, Milman. All right, thank you! And when you get back to Bristol, please ask the drivers to show up some steam when passing the Warren to-morrow."

For though it is advantageous to take up a position within view of a signalbox, so that the signalman can wave his flag, or one can see the distant signal drop, when an express is off the next station, yet the advantage is oftener than not counterbalanced by the shunting of trucks, or the unexpected advent of a goods train coming to a stand in a siding, and obscuring the view at the last moment. And, therefore, on the whole, the open country is the best, away from the dust and racket of any station; and since the line runs beside the estuary for some distance between Starcross and Dawlish—where the reflected light from the water may possibly be helpful—and as both up and down trains have ample time to get well into their stride before reaching this open ground, we will handle our traps and betake ourselves thither.

A fine day, noon. The tripod is set up about a yard from the up rail, and two or three old iron bolts, superannuated from the sleepers, are suspended just clear of the ground by a string attached to the middle of the tripod head, to keep the light camera steady, and get the centre of gravity near the base of support. The next thing is, how shall we take the train? It is easy enough, under favourable conditions, with a shutter working up to, say, $\frac{1}{150}$ of a second, to catch a train as much broadside as the plate will permit, showing every stud in the engine, and the spokes apparently at rest—no doubt a pretty good test of quick work; yet, barring the steam, which likely enough would not appear in the print, the result would give no idea of motion, and the train might as well be stationary. Is it not even whispered that such a print was once exhibited affecting to be a train "going sixty miles an hour," which passed muster for some time with the usual remarks, "Why, it looks as if it were standing still!" until some one happened to remark that the signal being against the train, it might very well look as if it were standing still, because that was precisely what it was doing. Therefore we try to hide the spokes by getting the train as foreshortened as possible; and since any faint conception of motion which it may be possible to secure must be wholly and solely due to the steam, we will turn our attention especially in that direction. A whole-plate lens is used at full aperture for a half-plate picture, partly to get a larger image, and partly to obtain a greater volume of light; a point is focussed in the centre of the field about thirty to forty yards off; a piece of white paper, secured by a stone, is laid close to the rail at the spot where we wish the driving-wheel to appear on the negative; and, when everything is ready, we await events.

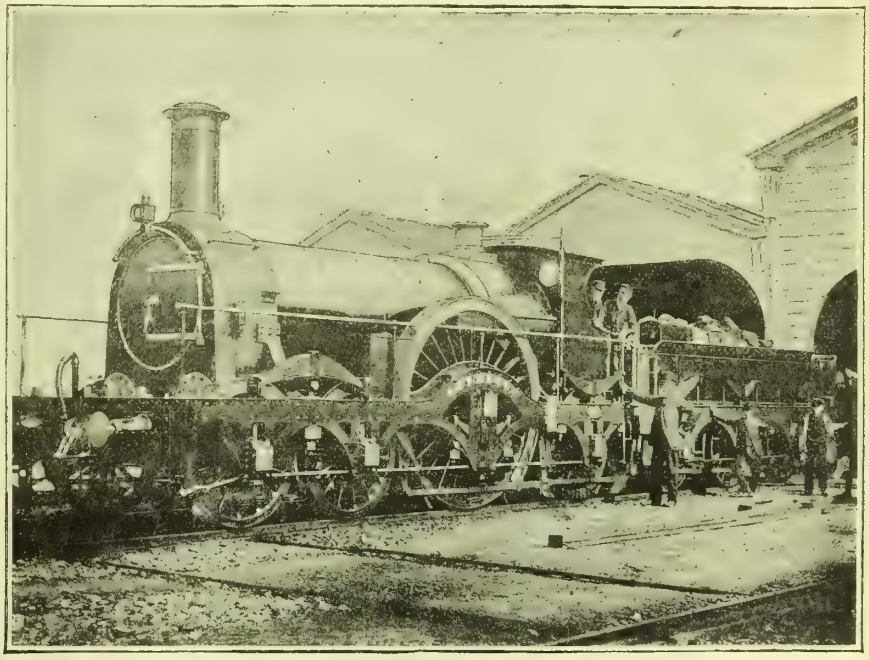


Fig. 3.

* Two recent instances, showing the stability of these broad-gauge engines, may be given. (1) On November 11, 1890, the "Ocean Express," rushing down the "Wellington Bank," crashed into a stationary goods train at Norton. The engine of the former did not even leave the metals! (2) On November 15, 1890, the engine of the down "Zulu" broke its crank-shaft, when running at full speed near Collumpton. The driver of the "Swallow," Mr. G. Eggar, thus writes:—"When the crank-shaft was broken, I really thought it was going to be a bad job for us; but I thank God, He kept us from all harm; we had a good vacuum brake on, and I was soon able to pull the train up."—A. H. M.

† Since deceased.

A lovely sunny morning—too sunny by half; for, while we want sun for the train, and the more the better, we want an obscured sky for the steam; or, at least, should like to have, what beginners in landscape-painting often appear to meet with, *two suns*, concentrating their forces on different parts of a given scene. Cuckoos seem plentiful just here, but, being July, have lost their notes; some moorhens are calling in the marshy ground on our right, and a party of whinchats are hopping about on the fence on our left; the distant murmur of the sea is echoed by the quiet lap of the tide in the creek; and the only other sound borne on the peaceful air is due to the donkey-engine of a steamer over towards Exmouth, busily discharging cargo into a lighter. Presently another sound, a faint rumble, meets the expectant ear, and behold! round yonder cutting comes the up express due at Exeter at 12.50 (ten to one if you catch it, is the standard joke), with the white steam trailing away in a thin stream. But stand by, and watch; you will soon see a change. The thin stream gives place to dense white clouds, driven far above the chimney, in distinct beats, and in such profusion as is never seen under ordinary circumstances; and a second later the white clouds assume a brownish tinge, and then become darker and darker, as the monster thunders along, adapting its movements to the requirements of the camera. Meanwhile the pneumatic ball of the shutter is held in one hand, the cap kept in place till the last moment with the other, lest this outburst of belching smoke should dash sundry greasy drops and grits on the lens; and then just when the driving-wheel reaches the white mark, the cap is removed, shutter discharged, cap replaced; while both hands grip the camera and hold tight, for fear the suction should remorselessly hurl 25*l.* worth of kit into the vortex of whirling wheels.

The last van safely passed, we can now venture to turn round and acknowledge the driver's outstretched arm of salutation, observing how the steam is gradually becoming white again, and the engine once more settling down into her usual gait. Well done, 2001!



Fig. 4.

(Fig. 4). You deserve a print; let us hope it will be worth sending you! And now, while the smoke-laden atmosphere clears itself, and while waiting for the next train, let us answer the question, why that tremendous display of black smoke, and how was it produced?

When an express engine is running a long distance without stoppages—keeping time, not overloaded, fair weather—it is usually worked expansively; *i.e.*, the steam is cut off when the piston has done a certain part of the stroke, the remainder being performed by the steam already shut up in the cylinder; coal is thereby saved, to the mutual benefit of the company and driver.

But such steam is always white, (for a smoky fire is an abomination, not to be tolerated by the crack men on these flyers), and so, besides not being pronounced enough for a good pictorial effect—more especially on a hot summer day like this, when the atmosphere is highly rarified—it is sure to come out far too dense on the negative *compared with* the dark green, red, and yellow (all bad photographic colours) of the engine; and, moreover, should the sun shine, it will be increasingly overexposed in comparison with the probably underexposed remainder of the plate; most of its detail will be lost; and no amount of careful printing will produce the brilliant effect the eye saw. In other words, such a subject shows an unworkable contrast; and this contrast it becomes our object somehow to reduce.

Accordingly, we put the camera, if possible, so that the sun shall be on the train's "quarter"—*i.e.*, rather behind the train, but not actually shining into the lens—in this way getting the steam as much as may be in shadow; and then when we proceed to develop the latent image, we try to flatten the contrast still further by the judicious use of carbonate of potash and a minimum of pyro.

Of course a sky-shutter, giving an increased exposure to the foreground, would be the right thing to use, if such an exposer, working at a very high rate, *without jar*, could be met with. But unfortunately those we have handled do not fulfil these conditions; and, though we happen to be using just now a high-priced one, opening from and closing towards the centre, yet, if the tailboard of our camera did not project, we should certainly use an ordinary cheap drop-shutter, accelerated by elastic bands, because, though theoretically wrong, it is practically the best, because the quickest, for the purpose. Failing, then, an ideal shutter, we have to depend largely on the driver's good nature. And when he saw us just now, what he did—to judge by the effect produced—was, to give the lever another notch or two, thereby increasing the pressure on the pistons; while the fireman threw in some small dusty coal, poked the fire, and closed the firedoor. The increased draught at once drew up the smoke and steam, and "threw the fire" well clear of the brass flange of the chimney; and though all the rush and roar and palpitating commotion must needs be absent in any photograph, yet we are far more likely to obtain a general sketch of the appearance, than would have been the case if the engine had been working expansively. In fact, it is to be predicted that if ever a really harmonious picture is produced of an express—giving due value to train and also to steam—it will be due to the smoke being driven by the wind in such a manner as to back up the driver's efforts, and while itself in shadow, to permit the train to be in relief. At least out of many dozens of negatives of these broad gauge trains taken at various times, at Yatton, Durston, Tiverton, Collumpton, etc.—one of which managed to secure a medal in the early days of quick work—none has yet given satisfaction to the writer, neither has he seen any one else's work that was more pleasing than his own.

But the up "Jubilee" is about due, and we must put in another dark slide. And when she makes her appearance, there is a fine enough show of steam, though by the look of it the lever is "notched up;" only the sun, having gone round, is now shining full upon it and we can tell beforehand that, though the train will be good, the picture cannot be otherwise than spiritless.

"Always something!" we think, as we go down the line, leaving the camera in the packer's shed by the footbridge, and pocketing the doorkey, on our way to the Mount Pleasant Inn for lunch. A pleasant place it proves; well worth the climb if only for the view.

An hour later return is made for the 2·40 p.m. down express, which generally has a big engine on. The train and steam will at all events be in shade this time, and even if the shaded side of the train is not desirable, it will come all in the way of practice. Probably there will not be much smoke, for the fire will be getting low, and the driver will want to eke out his steam so as to last to Newton. But with the perversity of all things photographic a certain bobbing up and down in the region of the front wheels conveys the intelligence that a coupled engine is pulling it to-day—decidedly not worthy to be operated on.

Gradually the afternoon wears away, bringing us the up "Zulu," 3·30, which comes along at a crashing pace, doing all she knows, showing how a Bristol and Exeter engine can travel when she chooses, and presenting a capital effect—good enough for anything. But, alas! when she has come and gone, the horrid thought strikes us, that for such terrific speed we allowed her to draw too near, and that in all probability the image will be blurred and indistinct, even beyond the latitude of that modern artistic school of photographers which prefers fuzziness to definition. For while, to make the perspective more imposing, the engine might safely be allowed to come to close quarters without any danger of blurring, through movement of the subject during the very brief exposure, yet with these ponderous high-wheelers, when putting on a spurt, the vibration of the *ground* is so tremendous, especially if the subsoil be at all loose, that it is unadvisable to let them approach much within 50 yards, owing to the likelihood of the camera being all in a quiver.

Over to the other side once more, for the down Dutchman (4·30), trying a fresh position farther up the line, and endeavouring to bear in mind some few of the multitude of mistakes that have to be avoided. A capital place this, if it happened to be high-water—which of course it is not; there would then be an abundance of diffused light from the tide. True to time, the Dutchman appears round the wooded point of Starcross, thickening up the steam as she sees us; and this time, mindful of the grievous vibration, we resolve to be cautious, and expose when she is at a respectful distance, thereby securing a very small image, which will certainly need, if it will bear, enlarging. The up mail, with the "Swallow," is also due; and by swinging round the camera, without unshipping it, we shall just manage to catch it; but, after the deed is done, it is but poor comfort to reflect that, at all events, that would have been all right, if we only had had time to cross over and take it on the inside of the curve instead of the outside.

Such is a fair sample of a day at this kind of work. There are, indeed, so many "ifs and buts," that the whole array of circumstances needful for complete success cannot reasonably be expected to meet together, as to time and place, just on those one or two days in the summer when opportunity brings us in reach of these Great Western expresses. If we happened to be situated like the vener-

able and talented station-master of Silverton* who reckons so many scientific pursuits among the studies occupying those spare moments when his duties do not compel him to be serving out tickets ; if we could keep a camera always loaded on the platform, and fire a shot any day in the year, we could well afford to wait until the atmospheric conditions were just the thing ; and when, in winter, good luck should send us a fall of snow, we should be on the spot to utilise that reflected light from the white ground which would so wonderfully light up a train, and be worth more than all the sunshine of summer. But though these facilities are not at our command, at least we have the satisfaction of feeling that a day spent like this, taking the weather as it chances, and endeavouring to make the best of it, is by no means time wasted. For it is a capital study in photographic problems, if nothing else ; and if we can so far tackle the Dutchman as to be fairly sure of producing a passable photograph—except when the weather is too bad for words ! —then when we turn to other instantaneous subjects, such as racing yachts rounding a committee boat, animals in motion, and ordinary street scenes, we shall, happily, find them infinitely easier, more satisfactory, and less exasperatingly impracticable.

(THE END.)

* Mr. R. Langdon. An account of his astronomical work, in constructing his own telescope, etc., was recently published in one of the weekly periodicals. He also constructed his harmonium, and built his own camera—bellows, dark slides, and all ; and he has taken the best photograph of the Dutchman which the writer has seen. To his infinite credit he has acquired his accomplishments from such a small beginning as that of a plough-boy.—A. H. M.

MODEL YACHTING IN 1890 AND 1891.

MODEL yachting is now so firmly established and widely extended that we feel sure if a Model Yachtsman's Almanac were published, it would have an encouraging sale. What is wanted is a small book costing twopence, or threepence, or even sixpence, but not more, giving a full list of clubs and their secretaries and stations; illustrations, with diagrams, of the different modes of measurement; and a model set of rules and sailing regulations, with particulars of the different ways in which matches are managed. Almost every week model yachting queries reach us from distant parts of the world. During the last year several letters have come from the Australian Colonies, New Zealand, British Columbia, New Brunswick, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, Uruguay, Hungary, Turkey, Armenia, Malta, Germany, France, and even Japan, asking for information such as the little annual we have suggested would supply. For eight years now we have reviewed the doings of the year, and in our reviews we have given the information asked for, but we cannot be saying the same things over and over again in this paper, as to do so would be unfair to our constant readers, and hence the opening which some enterprising individual may perhaps take advantage of. All that we can do for Model Yachting we will, but we cannot, for instance, spare space for a full list of the clubs, when the clubs in this country alone number over fifty.

"I do not want a racer," says one correspondent from a place whose name we are unable to decipher, though it seems to be made up of an unusual number of j's and l's. "I want a cruiser!" A cruiser! How delightful! Let us hope that when he gets his cruiser, he will practise on a pond of his own!

It is evident, however, that he has failed to grasp the undoubted fact that the best cruiser is a second-hand racer. It is by the improvement of the racer that the improvement of the cruiser comes about. We have said many hard things concerning toyshop boats. Let any one look in the toyshops now, and compare the boys' boats therein with the boys' boats of a dozen years ago, before the "boom" in model yachting. We do not, of course, mean the green things or the yellow ones—there must always be survivals—but the larger boats that are sold as "warranted to sail." The improvement, which is unmistakable, has been entirely brought about by pitting boat against boat, until the constantly beaten boat becomes a cruiser which the toyshop boat must beat. And now, having put ourselves right with our correspondents, made a suggestion in which there may, or more probably may not, be a fortune, and cleared the cruiser off the course, we will turn our attention to our particular business.

One of the pleasantest experiences of the year was the increased recognition model yachting is receiving from those who have charge of our parks and pleasure grounds. We hear of ponds being made more open to the winds, of weeds and slime removed, of margins improved, and even—in the case of Wandsworth Common—of an island being cleared away, so as to make a course possible. But in all cases it is as well to note that this recognition has been gained by united action. The Councillor — County or otherwise — knows nothing of the individual growler, but he must, in the nature of things, take note of associated petitioners. There is many a pond that would be improved if only a petition for its being done were presented in the proper manner; particularly as boat sailers have the advantage of being able to show that the pond which suits them best is the healthiest pond—not the picturesque pool "o'er which miasma floats," but the open lake that cools and freshens the air and adds to the general well-being.

Some years ago—it was in our Summer Number of 1886, which immediately ran out of print—we published the lines of several model winners, one of them with the tumble-home sides, concerning which there is now a discussion; some day we may publish more, for we still think that the lines of tried and successful boats are of more value than mere designs. Designs are to be found in several books, and occasionally in one or two periodicals, but it is seldom that we get the record of the boats built from them. Last year model yachtsmen had a competition in designs, the judge being Mr. Dixon Kemp, who is one of the greatest living authorities on yacht architecture. Such of our readers who are thinking of building their own boat could not do better than look at the two prize drawings which were issued with the Model Yachtsman for last April, Mr. Kemp's remarks on them having appeared in the preceding month. But they would, we are sure, be much more interested to know if any boats built exactly after those designs had had a creditable career. Exactly, be it noted, not "nearly," for in the exactly lies the pith of the problem. It is easy enough to design, but what is wanted is a design which will always carry the luck with it.

This truth was forcibly brought home to the Scarborough Club in their match with the Albert at the Chalk Lane Pond, Hull, last September, when the Hull men carried all before them. At the first match in May, Scarborough won on their own water with their tens, but lost with their twenties. At Hull, with neither tens nor twenties did the northern club have a chance. The Alberts did thoroughly well during the year; and in Thistle, Spider, and Freda among the ten-tonners, and Irex, Neptune, and Rose among the twenty-tonners, have evidently a good half-dozen.

Bradford had a busy season on their capital course at Frizinghall, but did not show to much advantage in the inter-club match at Hull on Whit Monday; in fact, Inglemire Lane proved a puzzler to them. The year was a notable one for the Clapham Club. By the introduction of Tuesday sailings they added to their match list; they went far afield for a race to Southsea; and by taking possession of their new club room they established themselves for the first time on the banks of their pond. At Southsea they did what should always be done; they timed their boats ; and it is interesting to note that their winning six-tonner, the Sorais, travelled her two hundred yards in 3½ minutes. This was the third year of their sail area measurement, which has brought about so marked an improvement in the speed and handiness of all their three classes, nines, sixes, and threes. The other club at Clapham, the Corinthians, was as vigorous as usual, and had a long batch of matches with their much larger boats. The great discovery of their season—that a fifteen-tonner could beat a ten—was, however, known before.

Dundee has arranged matches this year for fives, tens, fifteens, twenties, twenty-fives, and thirties, so that the strength of the fleet, and its varied nature, are sufficiently obvious. In this club the prizes—cups and medals—are given to the owners and not the boats, on the ground apparently that a man's name is more interesting than a boat's. We doubt it; but if so, surely the builder's name should be given as well as the owner's? If both were given, the report could be made much longer, and that seems to be an important consideration with not a few secretaries. Edgbaston had some good sailing on their reservoir, but evidently model yachting has not yet caught the fancy of the Birmingham lads. What a pity it is that Mr. Chamberlain cannot be got to take an interest in it?

The Exe has also a longer course than usual, that at Turf, in which the boats start from the north end of the Basin to a mark-boat four hundred yards up the canal, and sail two rounds. This year a challenge cup is to be given, open to the world, in order that model yachtsmen generally may make themselves acquainted with this really fine piece of water.

Gateshead is another very flourishing club, financially and otherwise. In August, Gateshead, Jarrow and Hebburn, and South Shields journeyed to Hexham to sail for a silver cup on a neutral course. Gateshead won, the winner being the Falcon, which had also won the Dance cup. The Falcon is evidently a good boat; her designer was Mr. Phelps, of Dublin University, who was the originator of the designs competition we have already noticed. Guernsey, after some correspondence with Clapham, went in for sail area last year, and with their new boats were busy on their excellent pond, which it will be remem-

bered was specially made for them by the powers that be.

The event of the Kingston season was the winning of the East Coast Challenge Shield. There were seven clubs in the competition; Boston, Bradford, Kingston, and Leeds with six boats each, the Albert and Scarborough with four boats each, and East Hull with two—thirty-six boats in all, sailing off the match in heats, the winner being Flying Cloud, which just managed to head the Albert Spider a few feet from home. Later on, Kingston won the Yorkshire Challenge Shield with Susie, the match being sailed on the Bradford water at Frizinghall. These triumphs, with visits to Londesborough Park and Bridlington Quay, and the usual full programme, made 1890 a year to be remembered among the Hull folk. Liverpool and Southport had also an inter-club contest for their challenge cup. The Hull and Bradford matches were for tens, the Southport matches were for twenties, and the Liverpool boat Advance won the cup on both occasions.

The London flourishes like the proverbial bay tree. It is now anxious to spread itself into the neighbouring club's boathouse, so as to give more room in "the cabin," which has become a social centre for model yachtsmen. The London boats have a reputation for finish and completeness—and cost—excelled by none; and a visit to the Round Pond on a Thursday, and the boathouse, if possible, will open the eyes of those accustomed only to the somewhat rough craft of the north and east.

Lowestoft is another of those clubs proud in the possession of a special pond which has done much for the club's prosperity. Manchester, though regretting the railway bridge that has come to blanket one end of their pond, finished their regular season in a roaring gale, through which only two boats came safely. Steamer racing, which was once the pride of Levenshulme, was under a cloud in 1890, owing to the robbery of the steamer and engines from the boathouse in the September of the year before, the perpetrators of which were afterwards discovered. The Medway seems to have a course with many hazards. We hear of boats ramming barges, of another being *horse-de-combat*!—this was not the Invicta—owing to another river casualty, and of other interludes far more exciting than the miserable fouls which pond-sailers meet with. On the great day of the year in September when the Medway met the Serpentine, the damages appear to have been rather fewer than usual, and the beamy 30-tonner Buttercup saved the local pride by passing the post a full minute in advance of the visiting 15-tonner Lizzie. Another curious course in these parts—but of a different kind—is that at Sheerness, which is thought a good deal of by the lads of Sheppey who have not as yet gone very far from home. In both cases, it is true, the course is the best that can be had in the neighbourhood, but in neither case is it "the best in England."

The Serpentine members have always a good account to give of themselves. Although they did not beat the Medway craft—and they had another try later on, Lorna against Buttercup, boat to boat—they had plenty of sport on their own water, and during the season introduced a novelty in a couple of matches for 15-tonners twice round the lake, by which means they secured a course of 4,000 yards. The advantages of this were not so much appreciated on the second occasion, when the row-boats had to follow in half a gale of wind. It is doubtful, in fact, if these long courses are desirable. In a full-sized yacht the crew can alter the helm or trim instantly if anything is wrong; a model goes off with all mistakes irrevocable until she comes ashore. The longer the course, the longer that interval will be; and the result is the encouragement of seamanship at the start, and not during the race.

The Serpentine is one of our oldest clubs; the Sunderland is one of our newest. It is only two years old, and yet last year it had a fleet of 150, and a membership of 140. With that astonishing growth we cannot do better than close these notes. Many of the clubs we have omitted would have been mentioned had space allowed: some of them sprang up only in 1890, and were frozen off in the past hard winter. And here we may give our younger readers a caution. Of the making of clubs there is no end; but the club that originates in a split from another club rarely succeeds, and does no good to the sport. What is wanted is a new club in a new locality, not to oppose, but to work with those that exist.

We were going to say something about the M. Y. R. A. and measurement; but—well!—perhaps we had better leave that till next year!

(THE END.)

GISLI THE OUTLAW.

(See Coloured Frontispiece to Monthly Part.)

PART I.

I.

In the days of Harold Fairhair, the lordship of Surnadall was held by Thorkel Goldhelm, who had three sons, Ari, Gisli, and Thorbjorn; and over the Fjardarfolk ruled Isi, whose daughter Ingibjorga was the fairest of women. In course of time Ari married Ingibjorga, and she brought with her to Surnadall as part of her dower a thrall named Kol, a man of high degree who had been taken captive in war.

Ari lived on a rich farm up in the dale, and thither came a roving bully, Bjorn the Black, skilled in magic and bewitched so that no steel, it was said, could cut his skin. It was eventide when Bjorn arrived, and at once he told the master of the house that he had come to treat Ingibjorga as he had treated many more, and have her at his beck and call. At this frank statement of his intentions Ari answered him that he had mistaken his man.

"Then," said Bjorn, "I challenge thee to battle three days from this on the island, and we will try whose Ingibjorga shall be. And he who wins the day shall take all the other's goods. I will neither ransom myself with money, nor will I suffer another to ransom himself. One shall conquer and the other die."

And Ari and Bjorn met on the island; and it was Bjorn that conquered, and Ari that died.

Then Bjorn would have gone to Ari's house, but Gisli the second brother stood in the way.

"It will soon be all over with me and mine," said Gisli, "if this ruffian is allowed to trample us under foot. But it shall never be! I challenge thee to battle to-morrow morning. I would rather die on the island than bear this disgrace!"

"Good!" said Bjorn. "Thou and thy kindred shall fall one after the other if ye dare to fight with me."

And Gisli went to see Ingibjorga.

"I was not so very fond of Ari," said she, "that I would not rather have had thee. There is a man who might help thee."

"Who is that?" said Gisli.

"Kol, my foster father. He has a sword that is better than most, though he seems to set little store by it, for he calls it his chopper; but whoever wields that sword wins the day!"

So Kol was sent for.

"My sword," said he, "is no great treasure. But there are many things in the churl's cot which are not in the king's grange!"

"Wilt thou lend me thy sword for my fight with Bjorn?"

"Ah!" said Kol, "then there will happen what always happens with things that are treasures. Thou wilt never care to give it up. But I tell thee my sword will bite whatever it strikes, be it iron, be it aught else; nor can its edge be dulled by spells, for it was forged by the dwarfs and its name is Graysteel. And now remember I shall take it ill if I do not get back my sword when I claim it."

To which answered Gisli:

"'Twere most unfair were I not to give back thy sword after I have used it in my need."

And Kol gave Gisli Graysteel.

Figure, then, the small low island in the early morning light; Gisli and Bjorn face to face; behind Bjorn twelve Bearsarks like himself; behind Gisli twelve other men; all busked for the battle, all eager to have this matter over; Bjorn, the hitherto invincible, Gisli the peaceable, with the terrible Graysteel which always bit when it struck. Spae man to spae blade, which will win?

"Strike first!" said Gisli.

"No man ever made that offer to me before," said Bjorn; "indeed no man ever challenged me but thou!"

"Strike!" said Gisli.

And Bjorn struck, and hewed off from Gisli's shield all that it smote from below the handle.

Then Gisli struck in turn at Bjorn. The stroke cut off the tail of the shield and continuing its sweep shore off Bjorn's leg below the knee. As Bjorn fell, instantly Gisli struck another stroke and shore off his head. There was a short sharp fight between the followers; and some of the Bearsarks were killed while the rest fled. Bjorn had fought his last battle—to the joy of all men.

But Gisli did not give up Graysteel, and Kol did not ask for it.

There came a day, however, when Gisli and Kol met in the sunshine; Gisli with Graysteel, Kol with an axe.

"Did the sword stand thee in good stead?" asked Kol.

And Gisli was full of its praises.

"Then now I should like it back!"

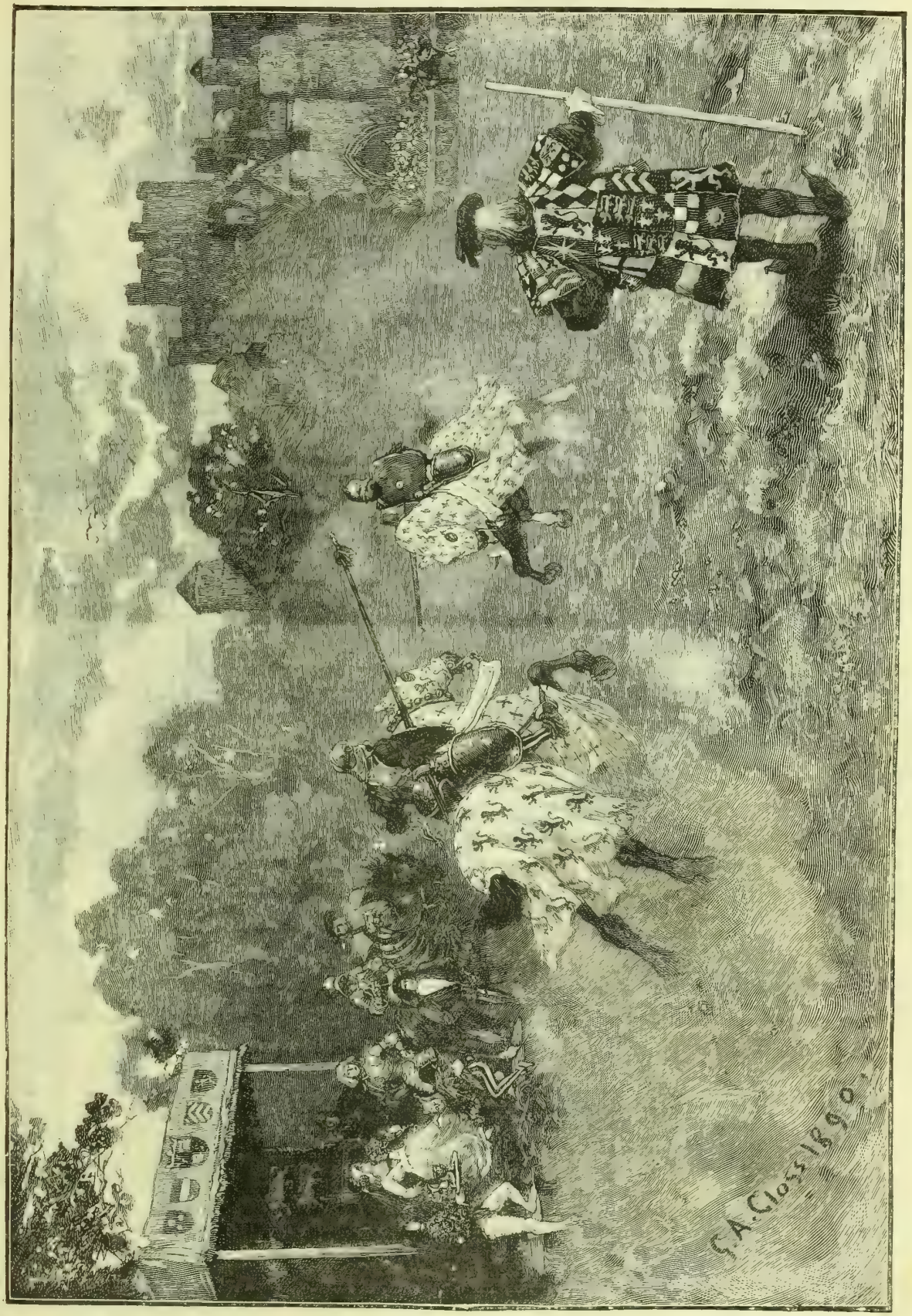
"Wilt thou sell it?"

"No."

"I will give thee thy freedom and goods so that thou mayest fare whither thou wilt."

"I will not sell it."

"Then I will give thee thy freedom, and



A Tournament. *By G. A. Closs.*

land, and sheep, and cattle, and goods as much as thou needest."

"I will not sell it a whit more for that."

Again Gisli increased his offers.

"There is no use talking so!" said Kol, "I will not sell it whatsoever thou offerest. It comes as I feared when I said thou wouldest not give up the sword if thou knewest what virtue was in it."

"And I too," said Gisli, "see what will happen. Good will befall neither of us. I have not the heart to give up the sword, and it shall never come into another man's hand if I may have my will."

And then Kol swung his axe and Gisli brandished Graysteel. And Kol's axe sank into Gisli's brain, and Graysteel fell on Kol's head and did not bite, but the skull was shattered, and the sword broke asunder. And Gisli died and so did Kol; and as Kol was dying he said:

"It had been better that I had got back my sword when I asked for it. And yet this is but the beginning of the misfortune that Graysteel will bring on thy kith and kin."

And that was the spaedom that withered the life of Gisli's nephew, Gisli the Outlaw.

II.

When Thorkel Goldhelm died, Thorbjorn his third son succeeded to all his wealth. He lived at Stock, in Surnadall, and married Isgerda, a woman of Fressey. He also had three sons—Thorkel, a fair-haired giant lazy and a dandy; Gisli, tall and swarthy, mild in temper, always at work, a man who could turn his hand to anything; and Ari, of whom, as not concerning our story, we need say nothing. Thorkel had a daughter, too, Thordisa, a beauty with a good opinion of herself, and the cause of much trouble.

When Hacon, Athelstane's foster-child, was King of Norway, that is in 950, when Gisli the younger was about sixteen, one Kolbein, a young man of Surnadall, grew very fond of coming to Thorbjorn's house and talking to Thordisa. And this set other people talking. Whereupon Thorbjorn told his sons to see about the matter, and Gisli taking the lead from the lazy Thorkel, promised to interfere. When Kolbein came again to Stock, Gisli spoke to him as he went away.

"My father liketh not thy visits. Folks say thou beguilest my sister Thordisa, and that is not at all to my father's mind. As for me I will do all I can, if thou dost as I wish, to bring happiness to thy house."

But Kolbein did not take the hint, and soon his visits became as frequent as ever. And the old man said to Gisli that his begging and praying had not done much.

"'Tis hard to learn when one is old that one has sons who have no more manly thoughts than women had in olden times, and ye two are quite unlike my brothers, Gisli and Ari."

"No one can say how a man will behave till he is tried," said Gisli.

And with that he went out. At the moment Thorkel and Kolbein were going through the gateway, and Thordisa had turned back for the hall. Gisli, Thorkel, and Kolbein walked along together.

Then Gisli spoke as to his wishes being disregarded, and Kolbein replied with indifference. And Gisli cautioned him.

"One of two things must happen; either thou settest some store by my words, or, if thou dost not, then I will forsake all the friendship that has been between us."

"Thou must settle that as thou pleasest," says Kolbein, "but for all that I cannot find it in my heart to cease my visits."

And Gisli settled it. He drew his sword and smote at him; and that one stroke was more than enough for Kolbein.

Then Thordisa had another lover, one Skeggi, who was also not approved of; and this led to a fight between Skeggi and Gisli in which Skeggi lost a leg, so that he had a wooden one ever afterwards. And one winter's night the wooden-legged hero burnt down Thorbjorn's house, for which Gisli retaliated by burning down Skeggi's, and then in a ship of Gisli's building Thorbjorn and his family left Norway, and after a hundred days passage landed in Iceland, where, at Sœbol in Hawkdale, Gisli built them a house.

Soon Thorbjorn and Isgerda died, and the two brothers were married. Thorkel's wife was Asgerda, the daughter of Thorbjorn Sealnip; Gisli's wife was Auda, the sister of Vestein. And Thordisa was married to Thorgrim, who had the priesthood and was a great stay to the brothers. Then, after a while, Gisli and Vestein went a voyage together to Norway, as Thorgrim and Thorkel had done. And they were wrecked on the coast of Hordaland in a great fog and storm, but saved their men and goods. Then they bought a half share in a Danish ship and sailed to Viborg. Christianity had reached Denmark, and Gisli and his companions were marked with the cross, as was the custom in those days with all who went on trading voyages, owing to Christians refusing to deal with those who were not so marked. And after this cross-marking or *primsigning*, Gisli left off all heathen sacrifices. And at last Vestein and Gisli came home to Hawkdale.

But Vestein had a partner who was then away west in England who wished to cease partnership, so that Vestein must needs go to arrange the business, and hereupon said Gisli:

"Pledge me thy word never to leave Iceland again, if thou comest safe back, unless I give thee leave."

Vestein agreed to this, and next morning early Gisli went to the smithy, and taking a silver coin he broke it in two and forged it with twenty teeth, ten on one half and ten on the other, so that they fitted together. And he gave one half to Vestein and kept the other himself.

"We will only send these coins between us," said Gisli, "if our life is at stake; and in truth my heart tells me we shall need to send them though we do not see each other face to face."

Then Vestein went to England and Gisli to Norway; and the day that Gisli returned into the Hawkdale river, Thorkel sailed into it after him.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

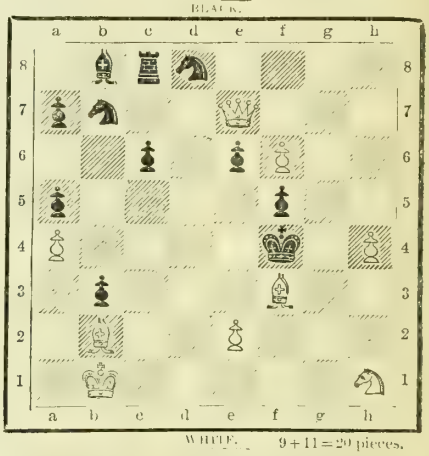
Anniversary of General Gordon's Death. January 26 was the sixth anniversary of the hero's death, and a small crowd was pressing all day long round the statue of General Gordon in Trafalgar Square. The floral gifts, which were as beautiful and as numerous as ever, testify to the fact that the memory of the hero of Khartoum is fresh in all parts of the country. There were flowers from Scotland, and humble little ivy wreaths from Ireland, and many other more showy tributes, round Mr. Thornycroft's beautiful statue. One large wreath was labelled, "From the Boys of the Gordon Home"; "Three Friends from Jerusalem" sent another floral souvenir, and the warm sunlight played over a number of daintiest white spring flowers whose perfumes scented the air all round.

CHESS.

Problem No. 264.

By H. F. L. Meyer.

Adapted from one by Joh. Berger.



9+11=20 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

Bilguer's Handbuch.

The seventh edition of this book, the greatest treatise on the game, is now ready, and contains 852 pages. The second edition appeared in 1852, and consisted of 494 pages. The fifth edition of 1874 contained xiv + 644 pages, and was written by von der Lasa. It is now edited by E. Schallopp, assisted by Joh. Berger and others. The publishers are Veit & Co., of Leipzig. The games are recorded thus:—

Mayet.	Hanst.
1. e 2—e 4	e 7—e 5
2. S g 1 - f 3	f 7—f 5
3. S f 3—e 5:	D d 8—f 6

which in the international notation is 1, P e 4, P e 5. 2, O f 3, P f 5. 3, O e 5, L f 6, and in English this:—

White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. Kt—K B 3	P—K B 4
3. Kt × P	Q—B 3
4. P—Q 4	P—Q 3
5. Kt—B 4	P × P
6. Kt—B 3	Kt—K 2
7. P—Q 5	Q - Kt 3
8. B B 4	B—B 4
9. P—K R 3	P—K R 4
10. Q Q 4	P—R 3
11. P—Q R 4	Kt—Q 2
12. Castles	Kt—K B 3
13. B × Q P	P × B
14. Kt × Q P (ch)	K—Q 2
15. Kt × Kt P	Kt—Q B sq
16. P—Q 6	K—K sq
17. Q K 5 (ch)	K—Q 2
18. B—Kt 5 (ch)	P × B
19. Q × Kt P (ch)	K—K 3
20. Kt—Q 8 mate	

Some historical notes, and a game between Bilguer and Lasa, will appear in our next chess column.

To Chess Correspondents.

W. T. H.—Your solutions are carefully worked out. No. 256, by Grimshaw, appeared about twenty-five years ago with four more pieces. Notice Kt to Q 6 in No. 258. You will like Nos. 261 and 264.

J. B.—No. 34 of your book, which is somewhat awkwardly constructed, appears in an improved form on the above diagram. It would have appeared as a joint composition, if you had so agreed, as did Pierce, Hertzsprung, Blathy, and others.

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

APRIL.

I.—In Poultry-Run, Pigeon-Loft, Aviary, Rabbitry, Caviary, etc.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

The Poultry-Run.—If your feathered favourites were not all scared to death during the long-continued frosts and snows of good old-fashioned January last, you will have chickens to look after ere now. As to the feeding of the fowl-run generally, I gave some good advice in "Doings" for March. But chickens require special care. It may be some comfort for you to know that although March chickens—pullet-chickens—are valuable, inasmuch as they begin to lay late in autumn, those hatched in April are not a long way behind them, and they are, as a rule, stronger birds. There is very often, as I have had occasion to remark before, considerable mismanagement in the rearing of chickens from the shell. Remember that for the first twenty-four hours they require no food at all. Over-anxious hen-wives begin to cram them even before they are thoroughly aware they are in the world. Well, if you give them this twenty to twenty-four hours' rest, they will be bold and perky and eat as much food as is necessary to their development. The first food is newly boiled egg and bread-crumb. Some boil the egg rather soft and mix it with stale bread-crumb in the proportion of egg one part, bread two. The food is mixed into a crumbly consistency with fresh milk. I fear that with most breads in the market we are thus treating our chicks to a small dose of alum, and I don't see why we should not give fine oatmeal instead of bread. I know this, that in Scotland chicks thrive well on oatmeal. Feed every two hours, and after a week every three hours. A little shredded meat in the food will do well now, and Spratt's food draggled with milk will be a change, and by-and-by bruised grains, etc.

But you may now coop the hen out on the fresh grass, and the chicks will eat flies and beetles and many other insects, etc., that will materially assist their growth.

A word about the lonest Dorking who has sat so well and given you this nice brood. Before you feed the chicks the first two or three times feed her. Let her have some of the chickens' food. Remember she is weak and hungry. And don't forget that she must have exercise for an hour or two every day, she must not be kept cooped up all day long. That would indeed be cruel. Moreover, the coop ought to be bigger than people generally make them. I've seen coops so small the poor hen had to lie down or crouch nearly all day. Rather than this, I would let the hen free with her chicks to range where she pleased and let the garden take its chance.

Of course you will continue to set hens, but sometimes you may want to do so and unable to find a broody hen. You may see every week plenty advertised in the usual Stock papers, but if a clucking hen has a long way to come by train, it is just as likely as not that she may have changed her mind before getting to your place. It is a better plan to have a range round among your neighbours for the fowl you want, and just as well to get two when you are about it.

There is always the incubator to fall back upon. There is a fortune yet in store for some clever young fellow who can incubate wholesale, as they have done in Egypt since the days of the Pharaohs. They have no fine new-fangled "plant" there, but a place more like a brick-kiln than anything else. A man and a boy will manage to bring about 100,000 chicks a month out.

The Pigeon-Loft. Read last month's "Doings" about mating, etc. I trust that some of my readers will be more successful this season than they were last. It is really a pity to mate old or weakly birds. All sorts of troubles follow if you do. Let the pairs you continue to mate be young, bold, and healthy, and see they have the best of grains to eat, not hard, dusty, old, maggot-eaten stuff, but newer, fresher stuff. Variety does good. Mind to fill the hoppers last thing at night, as the pigeons will be up long before you, and they must not be permitted to become faint from hunger.

Once more I say, see to the cleanliness of your loft and everything in it. I have seen droppings left in lofts for three years running, and, although careless people of this sort may seem to thrive for a time, I do not believe they ever breed a pure-blooded healthily constituted bird, and by-and-by disease finds them out; going light, and canker, diarrhœa, and all kinds of troubles. Then they get sick of the fancy, and give it up. I have been in other pigeonries, or the anterooms thereto, in which it really was a treat to take a chair and have a sensible chat with the owner.

You must beware of damp and dust as well. Take away droppings every day, and see that there is plenty of clean gravel about, and be very particular as to the purity of the water.

We still keep receiving letters from the thoughtless class of boys, who say "I have recently bought a pair of pigeons" (or it may be other birds or beasts), "please tell me how I shall feed them." Pray, boys, learn all about the creatures you are to make pets of, and have every convenience ready for their home-coming. They cannot talk and tell you what they ought to eat and drink.

See now that there are no nasty draughts blowing through the loft, else your birds will suffer from colds, and this may quite disarrange all mating arrangements.

The Aviary.—I hope that all is going on in this branch as well as could be expected. If you have sitting hens I trust they look bright-eyed and happy, and the cocks full of business, bold and perky. See you do not forget the egg and biscuit-crumb food daily, nor the fresh water changed every morning; take the glass or fountain down and rinse it well out before you pour in the soft filtered water. I am convinced that illness oftentimes accrues through the birds drinking bad water or water that has been poured into a slime-polluted fountain. This slime that sticks to the sides of the glass, although it only looks at times a simple dimness, may contain the spores of deadly disease.

Are you giving clean sand now and then, and the cleanest of black and white seeds? I do not suppose you forget the green food. It is most cooling and appetising to the sitting hen. The cock's eyes dance with joy when he sees it. "Oh! look here, my dear," he says to his little wife, "a nice supply of the greenest of green food. Now for a delicious salad to cheer you up."

Read back numbers for the plan of breeding. I advocate in the German way. Or have a nursing cage or two to put the youngsters in before they can feed themselves. It is hung, you know, on the outside, so that the cock can feed both his youngsters and his little "missus," who is on a fresh nest. Never miss a chance of having a look through a naturalist's shop and taking wrinkles about breeding.

The Rabbitry.—You will have your hutches out of doors now. You are happy indeed if you have a little rabbit court, with bucks and does apart and the youngsters very much by themselves, a place where your pets can come out and romp in the glad sunshine and pick a bit of growing green stuff of their own choosing. Rabbits, you know, as I've often told you, really pay well if they have proper attention and correct food—plenty of variety. A boy who owns a rabbit court has on his shoulders a responsibility that he should never forget. But it really is a darling one if he only does well by his pets.

The Caviary. *Re* this fancy, I may only say read my recent article, and if there be anything I have omitted to say, please remind me.

The Kennel.—You know by this time that dogs want good food, and enough of it, given regularly, and that their beds at night should be very dry and free from draughts. Feed very young puppies five times a day till they are four months old, then four times.

Kitchen and Flower Garden.—The main crops of green stuff should be sown this month. Rake the ground very finely before you sow. Let the drills be carefully lined out and the seeds covered not more than two inches up. Annuals may be sown now where they are to grow. If you have seeds of any kind up, weed them and even thin them as soon as they get their roughened leaves. Put down fresh gravel, but trim borders first. Stir up the old gravel, you know, and put the new on top, then roll.

Window Gardening. Your boxes will now be a-bloom with spring bulbs, but sow canary creepers or dwarf crimson tropæolum for trailing over the front or climbing. Later on plant blue lobelia, and it will be in bloom by the time it is ready to put in the geraniums, etc.

II.—Entomology.

By Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.

With the opening days of April the entomologist may fairly consider that the winter of his discontent is at an end. And, though easterly winds will no doubt sometimes prevent him from collecting, he may look forward to a considerable amount of outdoor work in the course of the month.

The sallows will now be in their prime. The male bushes are by far the more productive; and you can always know these by the greater size and the deep golden yellow of the catkins. For the best method of working them, see our "Doings" for last month. The March visitors, however, may very likely be reinforced by two day-flyers, namely, the Light and the Dark Orange Underwings (*Brephos notha* and *B. parthenias*). These have an awkward trick of circling round the tops of the bushes, quite out of reach of the net; and you must therefore either wait patiently until they vouchsafe to come down, or lengthen your net-handle by fastening to it a long and strong rod. Both insects are fond of the sunshine; and it is useless to look for them when the wind is in the east.

By about the second week in April the sallows will lose their attractiveness, and the treacle-pot may be employed for a few nights, in order to allure the later *Tæniocampæ* (*T. gracilis* and *T. opima*). A number of hibernated *Noctuæ* will probably bear them company. The simplest sugaring mixture is merely a pound of "green" treacle into which have been thoroughly stirred a wine-glassful of beer and the same amount of coarse rum. Do not add the rum until just before use, or the potency of its odour will be greatly weakened. Apply the mixture to rough-barked trees only, in long, narrow streaks, working it well into the bark by means of a stout painter's brush; and do not postpone the operation until darkness has set in. Some moths will visit the baits even before it is necessary to light the lantern.

Of course you will have a large pocket filled with "nested" willow-chip boxes. You can purchase these of any chemist or natural history dealer for about 9*d.* a dozen nests. Only, *don't* be persuaded to buy flat ones. If you can obtain "shouldered" boxes, so much the better. They are a little more expensive than the others, but will last three or four times as long. Of course you will always keep the empty boxes in one pocket, and the full in another; and *never* put more than one moth in a box.

Look out on oak trunks for *Cymatophora ridens*, and on palings for *Biston hirtaria*. The handsome "Emperor" (*Saturnia carpini*) flies in the sunshine over heather, and the Kentish Glory (*Endromis versicolor*) among birch. But the latter is exceedingly local. In a forward season, one or two of the "thorns" may be found upon gas-lamps at night.

As soon as the herbage is sufficiently thick, the coleopterist should bring his sweeping-net into play. This implement *must* be strong. The sweeping-nets usually sold by dealers are rubbish, and are sure to come to grief before very long. Get a blacksmith to make you a ring of ⅜ inch iron *bar*, welding (not soldering) it into a socket some six inches in length, of the same internal diameter throughout, and with a screw-hole upon either side, but *not* opposite to one another. Bind the ring with stout leather, with a projecting flap, and *to the flap* fasten a bag, not too deep, of strong, closely-woven canvas. Brown holland will do at a pinch, but soon wears out. Have the bag rounded at the corners. A good ash handle can be obtained for a few pence from any seller of garden tools, and you will then have a net far better and more serviceable than any which you can buy. And by half an hour's work with this in a productive locality on a favourable day, you will obtain many more beetles than you will care to take home and set.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

Modelling and Carving.

In announcing this subject (*vide p.* 61), we wrote:

> We offer Three Prizes of *Two Guineas* each, for (1) the best *Model in Clay or Plaster* of the "Old-Time Dominie" issued with our November part; (2) the best *Model in Wood* of the same object; and (3) the best *Bracket, either carved or modelled, suitable for holding the bust.* This competition is open to all readers equally up to 24 years of age.

In this competition the work was wholly confined to one section—modelling; and even in that but comparatively few took part.

Our Award is as follows:—

Prize. Two Guineas.

George Harold Galbraith (aged 20½), 65, Barry Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

CERTIFICATES.

[*The names appear in order of merit.*]

James Alfred Swan, Ravenswood, Albert Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

Arthur Mills, 23, Jeffreys Street, Camden Town.

James Hall, Ivanhoe Place, Stircheley Street, King's Norton, near Birmingham.

Percy John Henry Wildman, 35, Camberwell Grove, S.E.

Tom Pursglove, St. John's Road, Whittington Moor, near Chesterfield.

Harvey E. Carr, 51, Spooner Road, Broomhill, Sheffield.

Daniel Barwell, 8, Freelands Road, Bromley, Kent.

We need only add that either the packing must have been at fault, or else the carriers treated the packages very badly, for in every case, with one solitary exception, the models arrived more or less broken—mostly more—and some were all to pieces.



Correspondence.

DYER.—Go to the Patent Office Library in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. There are books on Dyeing, by Crookes, O'Neill and others, all touching on the branch in which you are interested; and there is a "Textile Manufacturer's Journal," which you could see at the library, which devotes attention to the matter.

R. GREGSON.—In all the trades you mention you would find the fact of your not having served an apprenticeship a very great drawback in the large colonial towns. In the bush it would not so much matter. Speaking generally, the best trade would be that of a carpenter, and you would find it good practice to get some such book as "Every Man his Own Mechanic" (price 7*s.* 6*d.*, published by Ward, Lock & Co.), and make some of the things therein described. It is not so easy to get employment as you seem to imagine, and you should have some money to stand by. It is often forgotten that the cost of the voyage is by no means the only expense you will have. To land in a colony without a few pounds in your pocket is to begin almost hopelessly. You hear of the successes; the failures are too numerous to be worth mentioning.

T. CAMERON.—We should say stay where you are. The highest wisdom of life is often said to be choosing the work you are specially fitted to do. You may be specially fitted to be a private secretary, but we doubt it. Such appointments are usually accepted by young university men with a view to an introduction to something better.

F. O. B.—The "Nautical Almanac" costs half-a-crown. It is now sold by Eyre & Spottiswoode, East Harding Street, Fetter Lane, E.C. Any bookseller can get it for you.

ALBERT.—Ordinary collodion is solution of gun-cotton. Put in a bottle 450 grains of gun-cotton, 25 ounces of ether and 7 ounces of spirits of wine; shake them well together and leave them to settle for several days. Keep the mixture well corked. As a beginner you would find it far better to buy your chemicals ready made; and be particular in calling things by their right names.

PEARL BROOCH.—Mother-of-pearl articles are polished with powdered pumice stone and water, and then rubbed with putty powder and water. The putty powder treatment would probably be sufficient.

E. W. D.—If the screw is to come out again, oil it before you put it in. If it is to be a fixture, put some glue in the hole before you drive in the screw; if you have no glue, put a little powdered rosin in the hole and warm the screw before you drive it. In hard wood you do not want anything of this sort, but for soft wood and hard work some such treatment is advisable.

ROBERT & CO.—The articles on making a model steam engine are out of print in the numbers and parts, but they have been reprinted in our "Indoor Games."

A. BURLING.—Apply at the Marine Society's Office in Gracechurch Street; if it is a case of poverty go to Dr. Barnardo in Stepney Causeway.

EDINBURGH.—The "paper" cuffs are probably "celluloid" or "xylonite." They are sold at the indiarubber shops.

A. LONG (U. S. A.).—1. To make clear varnish for drawings and prints that have first been sized, and for oil paintings that are hard and dry, dissolve 5 ounces of shellac in a quart of spirits of wine and boil it for a few minutes with 10 ounces of well burnt and recently heated animal charcoal. For a less quantity use the same proportions, but be careful what you are about, as the operation is dangerous and should be performed out of doors. Filter a small portion of the solution, and if it is not colourless add a little more charcoal. When all the colour is gone, press the liquor through a piece of silk and filter it through blotting paper. The varnish dries in a few minutes and will neither chill nor bloom; but, as we said before, be careful, and if you can, buy it ready made. Though how you are going to find it on a Texas ranche we do not know. 2. For a good general book on Natural History there are not many better than Cassell's; but there must be some American publications more suited for your district.

A. WIN. F.—In a Bunsen's battery strong nitric acid is put into the carbon cell and acidulated water into the zinc cell. The fumes are poisonous, and the battery, when at work, should be placed in a draught.

PETER THE WHALER.—The compass needle points north and south because the earth itself is a great magnet; but why the earth is a magnet we cannot tell you, as there are several theories, none of which is generally accepted.

F. G. J. D.—We had a series of articles on building, sparring, and canvassing model yachts in Nos. 73, 77, and 82 in our second volume. In our third volume we had "Practical Hints on Model Yacht Sailing" in No. 116. In our fourth volume we had "Yacht, Canoe, and Boat Building," from Nos. 183 to 191 inclusive; and articles on the general principles of designing, by Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, late Chief Constructor of the Navy, in Nos. 192, 193, 194. In our fifth volume we had "Model Yachting," by Mr. T. E. Biddle, with a coloured plate of "Cruising on the Round Pond." In the sixth volume we had "Model Yacht Clubs, and how to manage them," and in that began the series of reviews of the model yachting year which has been continued in every subsequent volume. In the Summer Number for 1886 we had an article on building, illustrated with working diagrams of well-known prize-winners. Since then we have had much correspondence on the matter.

W. H. T.—Look at the advertisements in the "Engineer," "Engineering," or some such paper. You can see them in the reading-room at the free library.

J. MARTIN.—The "Bishop and the Caterpillar" was first published in the BOY'S OWN PAPER, Summer Number, 1888. We intend reprinting the verses.

GAMMA (Stirlingshire).—You can get the information as to the Indian Civil Service and Forest Service in the latest edition of Cassell's "Guide to the Civil Service"; but before taking any steps it would be wise to write direct to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, for the latest regulations.

W. JONES.—The full pay of a midshipman on active service in the navy is 1*s.* 9*d.* a day, and out of this he has to pay certain sums for receiving instruction, etc., besides finding himself in uniform, etc.

A BREEDER.—There is no special book on Peafowls, but there are chapters about them in the higher priced Poultry Books, such as Wright's.

INQUIRER.—Put a layer of soap in a saucepan, then a layer of single leaves, then a thin layer of soap, say an eighth of an inch thick, and so build up a huge sandwich of soap and leaves. Then fill in with water and simmer for some hours, adding water to make up the waste. Then clear out the leaves, skeletonise them, put them in chloride of lime to bleach, and dry them. If the pulp of the leaf does not come away readily it is because you have not boiled it long enough.

COLONIAL PROFESSIONS (Sam).—Write to the Chief Clerk, Emigrants' Information Office, 31 Broadway, Westminster, S.W., and enclose threepence for the "Professional Handbook." It gives all the necessary qualifications in the Colonies for barristers, solicitors, chemists, civil engineers, civil servants, dentists, doctors, mounted riflemen, police, railway servants, surveyors, teachers, etc. The ordinary handbooks, costing a penny for each colony, give a good deal of information on other matters. You must name the colony for which the information is required.

KETTERING.—The Great Western Railway is the longest in this country; it is 2,477 miles long. The Milford Haven Railway is the shortest; it is one mile long.

NUNQUAM.—1. The Old Pretender was born on June 10, 1688. The Young Pretender was born on November 30, 1720; he had a brother, Cardinal York, who was born five years afterwards, and died in 1807. 2. Queen Anne was born at Twickenham; she was one of eight children, her mother being Anne Hyde.

ARMY.—The most recent is always the most wonderful. William Pitt had a public funeral at which the crowd was very great in proportion to the population.

H. J. MOXON.—There are several chapters on the Magic Lantern in our "Indoor Games," a new edition of which is just ready.

J. STRIDE.—Surely the most natural course for a boy at Southsea would be to enquire at Portsmouth Dockyard.

PEN AND INK.—Get a lithographic pen, either Gillott's or Mitchell's. That is one of the most finely pointed pens in the market.

EVERLINE (M. P.).—1. You should not generalise so hastily. "All hotels which are temperance are *not* called Waverley," only a very few of them. There was one Waverley Hotel, and it was so successful that the proprietor started another and another, and then other men thought it a pity he should have such a good name to himself and so copied him, and hence the few dozen Waverleys out of the hundreds of other temperance hotels. 2. As to the origin of the name, did you never hear of Sir Walter Scott? or do you mean that you are unaware that he took the name from Waverley Abbey, near Farnham, whose Annals were printed a few years before "Waverley" was written?

MAJOR.—1. No. 2. All our extra numbers are out of print. They invariably run out both at Christmas and Midsummer—and if you do not get them then you must perforce do without them.



THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER"] Grover & Co., Nottingham. [56, *Paternoster Row.*

"WIT & WISDOM."

Painted by ARTHUR DODD.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, 1888.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 638.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," etc.



"Wriggle and dodge, and twist and turn."

CHAPTER XIII.—CORDER TO THE FRONT.

THE morning of the return match with Rendlesham was damp and muggy, and so assorted well with the spirits of Fellsgarth generally.

The juniors of course were cheerful—everything came in the day's work for them—but among the seniors on either side gloom prevailed. Even Ranger, the light-hearted, was snappish, as his fag discovered; and Denton, the amiable, hoped he would not, for his temper's sake, meet too many Moderns between morning and evening. The captain, though he kept up his usual show of serenity, was evidently worried. But he had no notion of giving in. No! If the school was to be thrashed, let them take their thrashing like men, and not whine about like the "other boys."

"After all," said he to Ranger, "we may not get glory, but we needn't lose it. Only, for honour's sake, let us keep our rows to ourselves, and not talk about them out of doors."

"Right you are!" said his friend. "I wish I had your temper. The cads! And after the way you've treated them, too. Why, some of us thought you went out of your way to favour them."

The captain grunted, and began to throw his flannels into his bag.

"What about Rollitt?" he asked.

"No go. He's gone off for a day's fishing."

The captain whistled dismally. "Then we must play a man short. There's no one else worth putting in. It's like marching to one's execution," he said; "I wish it was all over. But it's only just beginning."

The Moderns were gloomy too. They had taken their course, and they must stand by it now. When they came to reflect, it was not a particularly glorious one, nor did it seem to promise much by way of compensation. They were done out of football for the rest of the term; they were reduced to a faction in Fellsgarth, and what was worse, they were secretly doubtful whether they were quite as much in the right as they tried to persuade themselves.

They had taken their course, however, and must go on.

"I suppose none of our side will go on the omnibus," said Brinkman.

"Why not?" said Clapperton. "It will do them good to have spectators. I shall go; not that I care about it, but just to assert my rights."

"Hurrah for self-sacrifice!" said Fullerton. "If your principles will allow you to take chicken and tongue sandwiches with you, I'll go too."

"It's ten to one they'll try to prevent our going," said Dangle; "I hope they'll try."

When the two coaches drove up to carry the fifteen and the prefects and other privileged boys to the scene of conflict, a good deal of surprise was evinced at the appearance of Clapperton, Brinkman, Dangle, and Fullerton, in ordinary costume, and without bags, ready to accompany the party.

Contrary to their expectations and hopes, no protest was made, and as far as the Classic seniors were concerned, no notice was vouchsafed them. This was annoying, particularly as the juniors present took care to call attention to their presence.

"Look at 'em," cried Wally; "don't they look clever?"

"Kicked out of the team—serve 'em right," shouted Ashby.

"Who's kicked out?" retorted the Modern fags. "It would take better chaps than you to kick them out."

"Don't you wish you could get 'em to play? They know better," retorted Percy and Co.

Amid such embarrassing comments, the four Modern heroes mounted to their places.

The cheers of their adherents hardly made up for the chilly welcome of their travelling companions. Yorke, seeing Clapperton looking for a place, politely moved up to make room, and then turned his back and talked to Ranger. The other three were similarly cut off, Dangle finding himself in between Fisher I and Denton, who talked across him. Brinkman, on another coach, was tucked in among some rowdy Classic middle boys who were discussing the "strike" very vigorously among themselves. As for Fullerton, he was lucky enough to get the seat beside the driver, where, at any rate, he could count on one sympathetic soul into whose ears to pour his occasional words of wisdom.

Just as the first coach was starting, a shout was heard from across the Green, and Corder, the Modern boy whose services were declined on the previous occasion, equipped in an ulster and with his bag in his hand, appeared signalling for the cortège to wait.

"Well! what is it?" demanded Dangle.

"Is Yorke there? Yorke, can I play to-day?"

"No, you can't," said Dangle in a menacing undertone. "None of us are playing; you know that."

"I don't see why I mayn't play if I have the chance," said Corder. "I awfully want to play in the fifteen."

"We're a man short," said Yorke. "You can play, Corder."

"If you dare to come and play," said Dangle, still in a whisper, "you'll find it so precious hot for yourself afterwards that you'll be sorry for it."

"Yorke says I may play," persisted Corder; "I don't see why I shouldn't."

"Cad! traitor! blackleg!" yelled Percy and Co., as they saw their man mount the coach.

"Ha, ha! got one man among you who isn't a coward and a sneak, and—and a howling kid!" retorted Wally. "Gee up!" Whereat the whips cracked and the happy party drove off.

Corder was one of those obtuse youths who can never take in more than one idea at a time. His present idea was football. He had come up this term with a consuming ambition to get into the fifteen, and had played hard and desperately to secure his end. Last week, when Brinkman was obliged to retire, he thought his chance was come, and great was his mortification when he found that his nomination was not accepted by the captain. Still he didn't despair. When he saw the vacancies caused in the team by the defection of the Moderns, his hopes rose again: but once more they were dashed by the captain's announcement of a fifteen made up wholly of Classics.

To-day he had not had the heart to come out and see the coaches start, and was moping in his own room, when some one brought in word that Rollitt was not going to play after all, and that the team was setting out a man short.

Whereupon Corder dashed into his ulster, flung his flannels into his bag, and tore out of his house just in time to secure for himself the long-coveted honour, and find himself in the glorious position of "playing for the School."

How was such a fellow likely to trouble his head about strikes, and protests, and organised desertion?

Fortunately for the comfort of his journey he had to pack himself away on the floor between the feet of Ridgway and another of the team, who, if they kicked him at all, only did it by accident or by way of encouragement, and not as Dangle or Brinkman might have done, in spite.

The rain was coming down pretty steadily by the time the party got to their destination, and the gloom on the brows of the four Modern prefects deepened as they looked up and speculated on the delights of standing for an hour on the wet grass, watching their rivals play.

"Dangle," said Clapperton, "we must stop that cad Corder's playing at all cost. It will upset everything. Come and talk to him."

But Corder, perhaps with an inkling of what was in store for him, had entrenched himself behind a number of other players, and in close proximity to Ranger, who had evidently told himself off to see that the last recruit of the fifteen was not tampered with.

The signals of the two seniors were studiously not observed, and when Dangle, getting desperate, said:

"Corder, half a minute; Clapperton wants you," Ranger interposed with:

"Come on, you fellows, it's time we got into our flannels," and effectually checkmated the manœuvre.

"If he doesn't get paid out for this," growled Clapperton, "I'm precious mistaken."

"Yes; and the other fellows must see that he is. If this sort of thing spreads, we may as well cave in at once."

The Rendlesham fellows hovered about under shelter till the last moment, grumbling at the weather, the grass, and the clock. At length the Fellsgarth boys put in an appearance; sides were solemnly tossed for, and the order to "spread out" was given.

"Hullo!" said one of the Rendlesham men as he passed Clapperton and Dangle, "why aren't you playing? Afraid of the cold?"

"No, we scratched because——"

"Have you got that big man down who was so hot in the scrimmages? I forget his name. *He's* not one of the delicate ones, I fancy."

"No more are we; we're not playing because——"

"Hullo! they're waiting," said the player, and went off, leaving the explanation still unfinished.

One of the last to run out was Corder.

"You young cad," growled Clapperton as he passed; "take my advice and don't play, unless——"

"Come on, Corder—waiting," shouted Yorke.

Corder obeyed like lightning.

The match began disastrously for Fellsgarth. Within five minutes of the kick off, a run up by one of the Rendlesham quarter-backs carried the ball right into the School lines, and a touch down resulted. On a fine day like last Saturday a goal would have been certain, but on the wet grass the try did not come off. But five minutes later, a drop kick from the middle of the field by the Rendlesham captain secured a magnificent goal for the home team.

Clapperton sneered.

"What I expected," said he. "They'll be lucky if they don't lose a dozen."

Yorke, on the contrary, was cheering up. Bad as these opening ten minutes had been, he fancied his team was not going to do so badly after all. The new players were working like mad in the scrimmage. Ranger was as quick on his feet in the wet as in the dry; and Corder at half-back had been surprisingly steady.

Before kicking off again he made one or two changes. He moved Ridgway, who was a heavy weight, up into the forwards. Corder, greatly to his delight, was entrusted with the goal, and Fisher I moved up to half-back. The forwards were ordered on no account to break loose, but if necessary keep the ball among them till time was called.

Then, with his well-known "On you go!" he kicked off.

The ball was almost immediately locked up in a tight, fierce scrimmage. The boys took the captain's advice with a vengeance, and held the ball among their feet doggedly, neither letting it through on their side, nor forcing it out on the side of the enemy.

At length, however, it could be seen filtering out sideways, just where the captain was hovering outside the scrimmage.

"Let it come!" he whispered. "Look out, Ranger!"

Next moment the ball was under his arm, and before any one realised that the scrimmage was up, he was off with it and among the enemy's half-backs. The half-backs knew Yorke of old, and closed upon him before he could double or get round them.

"Pass!" shouted Ranger.

It was beautifully done, while Yorke was falling and Ranger brushing past. The enemy's half-backs were not in it with the fleet Fellsgarth runner, nor was their back; and to their own utter amazement, three minutes later the School placed to their credit an easy goal.

Then did Clapperton and Dangle and Brinkman gnash their teeth till they ached, and Fullerton standing near had his gibe.

"It was worth coming here in the rain to see that, wasn't it?"

The match was not yet over. The Rendlesham men, startled into attention by this unexpected rebuff, took care that such a misadventure should not happen again, and making all the use they could of their superior weight, bore down the scrimmages and forced the ball into the open. Once they carried it through with a splendid rush, and their captain picking it up under the very feet of the boys, ran it forward a few yards, and lifted it with a neat drop kick right behind the lines.

Now was Corder's chance. He had lived all the term for this moment. If he was taken back to Fellsgarth on a shutter he would not care, so long as he did himself credit now.

He had a clear field to start with, and was well out of touch before the advance guard of the enemy bore down on him. Then it was a sight to see him wriggle and dodge, and twist and turn in and out among them, threading them like a needle through a string of beads, and slipping through their hands like an eel.

"Well played indeed, Corder!" cried Yorke.

Oh, what music was in the sound! What would he not dare now!

On he went, now diving under an arm, now staggering round a leg; now down and up again, now jumping like a kangaroo against an opponent. The very sight of his evolutions seemed to demoralise the Rendlesham men. They floundered and slid on the slippery grass, and made wild grabs without ever reaching him. It was really too ridiculous to be eluded by a raw hand like this—and yet he eluded them.

Halfway down the field he ran with a roar of applause at his back, and only a handful of the enemy left ahead. How splendid if he could only pass them, and make his record with a run from one goal to the other!

Alas! a swoop from behind greeted the proud thought; two hands clawed at his shoulders, and from his shoulders slipped to his waist, and from his waist slid down to his ankles, where for a moment they held, and sent the runner tripping over on his nose in the mud, with the ball spinning away a yard ahead.

It was all up. No! Fisher was on the spot, and at Fisher's heels Ridgway. The Rendlesham backs flung themselves in the way, but only to divert, not to stop their career. When Corder picked himself up and rubbed the mud out of his eyes, the first thing he saw was Ridgway sitting behind the enemy's line with the ball comfortably resting on his knee! It was another touch down for the school—perhaps a goal.

Alas! on that ground the long side-kick was too much even for Yorke. It shot wide, and Rendlesham breathed again.

But the long and short of it was that the match was a tie; a goal and a try to each side; and that to Corder belonged the credit of a big hand in the lesser point.

"Awfully well run, Corder," said the captain, as, time having been called, the two walked off the field together. "You must play for us again."

After that, who should say life was not worth living?

The very weather seemed to change for Corder. The sun came out, flowers sprang up at his feet, birds started singing in the trees overhead. What a letter he would have to write home to-morrow! The captain's pat on the back sent a glow all through him. Who wouldn't be a Fellsgarth chap after all?

It scarcely damped his joy to perceive that neither Clapperton, Dangle, nor Brinkman shared in the general congratulations, but looked more black and threatening than ever as he passed. Pooh! what did he care for that!

How he enjoyed the glorious Rendlesham high tea, and the drive home in the rain with everybody talking and laughing and rejoicing, singing songs and shouting war cries. He was quite sorry when it came to an end, and he had to dismount and go over alone to his own house.

He could hear the shouts and huzzas of the Classics across the Green as Wakefield's turned out in a body to welcome their men. No one at Forder's turned out to welcome him. The four prefects themselves had not even waited for him.

For the first time that day Corder felt himself wishing he had a little sympathy in his jubilation. It was dull, when everybody over on the other side was shouting himself hoarse, to hear not a "cheep" of congratulation from his own fellows.

However, it didn't matter much. He went to his room and changed, and hoped his messmate Wilson would not be long in coming for supper and a gossip.

Wilson came presently, but his face was glum and his manner frigid.

"Oh, here you are, old chap; I'm peckish. Did you hear about the match, we——"

"Shut up," said Wilson; "you're a cad. I don't want to talk to you."

Corder put down his knife and fork, and looked up in amazement. This from Wilson! He knew Clapperton was sore about it, but Wilson——

He went on eating while thinking it out, and Wilson ate too in silence, and then rose to go.

"Are you not going to prepare to-night?"

"Yes, in Dangle's room."

And Corder was left alone.

This was too bad of Wilson—to-night of all nights. He would go and look up Selby. Selby, he knew, would be interested in the day's news, for had they not practised drop kicks together for an hour a day all this term?

Selby was in, but not at all glad to see him.

"Are you busy, old man?" asked Corder.

"I don't want you here," said Selby.

"Why, what's the row?"

"Row? You're a sneak, that's the row. Cut!"

Surely Selby must be out of sorts to talk like that.

Corder stood in the door for a moment on the off chance that his friend might be joking. But no. Selby turned his back and began to read a book.

This was getting monotonous. Corder returned to his study to think it out a little more.

His fag, Cash, was there looking for a paper.

"Hullo, youngster! that you? We didn't get beaten after all to-day, I suppose you heard."

Cash's reply was laconic, to say the least of it. He turned round and put out his tongue.

"None of your cheek, I say," said Corder, "or I'll——"

"How *dare* you speak to me!" said the junior. "You're a cad—I'm not going to fag for a cad. Yah, booh!"

And he vanished.

Corder went to bed that night sorely perplexed. And his perplexity was not relieved when he rose next morning and found a paper on his table with the following genial notice:—

"Any boy in Forder's found speaking to Corder the sneak will be cut by the house. By order."

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frèzols," etc.

CHAPTER V.—THE STRIKE.

Lieutenant Guyon was easily persuaded to spend a few days at the camp. Not only had he been won from the first by the hearty welcome and simple grace of his hosts, but he found himself being gradually converted by their enthusiasm.

He who had never thought of the ancient kings of Persia, unless it had been a long time before, when he was on the school benches, and had anathematised all ancient history; he for whom the least button on his uniform had been more interesting than the entire wardrobe of the Achemenides, the Sassanides, and all the other dynasties, had caught the archæological fever in his turn. He also would like to dig from the ground the secret of the vanished race, and resolved that in the morning he would set to work seriously with the pickaxe, and show Catherine the difference between his arm and that of this unbearable Hasselfratz.

The night had come. This evening there was to be an eclipse of the moon, and Kerdic, who had an excellent telescope among his scientific baggage, ordered Gargaridi to set it up on the grass. Hasselfratz immediately seized the opportunity to do the honours of the telescope, of which you would have thought he was the proprietor, and he improvised an astronomical conference in which he showed a fair amount of genuine knowledge, and lost no chance of wearying every one about him. In short, he appropriated the moon and the eclipse as he apparently did every subject that came in his way.

At nine o'clock the moon entered into the cone of shadow, and while the company passed in turn before the telescope to observe the phenomenon a confused noise was heard from the gourbis of the workmen. At the same time Aristomenes came running up.

"What is the matter?" asked Kerdic. "More quarrelling?"

"No, sir, it is not a quarrel," said the servant, panting, out of breath.

"What do they want, then?"

"They want—the moon! neither more nor less. Did you ever see such ignorance? In vain I strove to explain to them the very simple phenomenon of the eclipse (and I flatter myself I explained the theory most scientifically), when they began angrily to ask me for nothing less than their moon."

"What!" said the lieutenant, "did they think you had stolen it?"

"You could not have expressed it better," said Kerdic. "That is certainly what they did think. They are quite capable of imagining that I had confiscated it with the aid of my telescope. A week ago they came to ask me to make it rain; and when I sent them about their business, as they deserved, I heard them growl among themselves, 'Oh, yes, we know the Faranghi keeps the rain spirit in his big box, for every morning and evening he goes to look at it!'"

"Whatever did they mean?"

"My aneroid barometer: nothing else."

"Stupid ones!" said the doctor.

"Poor people," interrupted Hasselfratz, with an unctuous air; "the light of science has not yet shone for them! Will you allow me, Monsieur Kerdic, to say a few words to them. I possess, I may say, the gift of addressing the masses, and I think I am able to bring them to reason."

"But, sir, I can hardly consent to give you so ungracious a task."

"Particularly as I have already tried my eloquence on them," said Gargaridi, joining in the conversation, "and when I have failed, I don't see where another could succeed—however great a pedant he may be!" added he between his teeth, with a look of defiance at the professor.

Turning his back to the servant, Hasselfratz answered:

"The task will not be an ungrateful one to me, my dear sir! All these men are our brothers! Yes, these hideous Dizfoulis, these degraded beings and liars, are my brothers, and the heart of Hasselfratz is large enough to hold them all!" And the professor struck his hand on his huge chest and raised his spectacles to the skies. "Allow me to speak to them, Monsieur Kerdic; I will soon settle them!"

Kerdic, glad to get rid of his voluble visitor for a few minutes, consented to his request.

The German, who already showed a perfect knowledge of the ins and outs of the camp, soon disappeared among the tents, and his companions immediately forgot all about the absurd superstition of the natives to resume the subject which all had at heart—the chances, the difficulties, the still uncertain success of the mission.

About eleven o'clock the moon emerged from the shadow more brilliant and beautiful than ever, and Professor Hasselfratz appeared with the news that his eloquence had dissipated the abject terror which reigned among the natives. And thereupon all retired to rest.

"That was a capital idea of Hardy's to bring me to this camp!" said Guyon to himself before he went to sleep, wrapped in his mantle and flanked by his revolver. "Kerdic is as good as he is distinguished. He ought to be on the right track, for he does not look like a visionary. And this charming Catherine! She is not much like the model young lady, the silent damsel with her eyes cast down, that I have imagined whenever an idea of the future Madame Guyon has crossed my mind. But for true modesty she is second to none. She is not by any means the style I dreamt of, however."

Guyon held in absolute horror the sort of girl that has begun to flourish amongst us during the last twenty years, the young blue-stocking, running from the Sorbonne to the College of France, portfolio under arm, free and easy, knowing everything, arguing everything, denying everything, and flying from one excess to the other, until it seems as though she knew nothing at all.

Why, then, did his prejudices grow weak and his cherished theory disappear in the presence of a specimen of the detested genus? Catherine Kerdic had most certainly attended her lectures with her portfolio under her arm. Often amongst her fellow students she must have discussed the comparative merits of the synthetic and the analytic, the subjective and the objective (what harm it must have done her!) She had—horror!—gained certificates in everything. The doctor had told him she knew Arabic, Turkish, Persian! Cuneiform had no mysteries for her. She shouldered her gun with the skill of a soldier; she was an excellent horsewoman; she had all the objectionable drawbacks in fact. And he could not help it—how could he help it?

"The reason is," he said, "that she is young and charming; and I would forgive her at first sight all that I would severely condemn in a spectacled fright. There is no justice in the heart of man!"

In which Guyon made a mistake. He did not class Catherine Kerdic among the pedants, because she simply was not a pedant; if he pardoned her masculine qualities it was because he was too just at heart to consider as a crime what circumstances had necessitated.

He recognised that she did not seek to make herself peculiar. Her brother had discovered in her great aptitudes for science, and did not trouble himself about knowing that in giving her the education of a boy he had made her his disciple, his inseparable companion, and, as we have seen, his assistant in these researches.

On account of the discovery that Catherine had made of the piece of pottery, it was intended next morning to attack tumulus No. 4 where she had so fortunately stumbled on it, and she herself would give the first dig with the pickaxe to open the trench.

At seven o'clock all were afoot, and after a substantial breakfast,

"Come," said Kerdic, giving a look round to see that every one was ready; "we have splendid weather, neither too hot nor too cold. Our idle fellows will have no excuse."

In a moment all the Europeans were under arms, with revolvers at belt and picks on shoulder. The doctor carried, slung over his shoulder, his entomological box and his case of instruments, which never left him. Catherine always carried a little medicine chest in case of accident.

They soon arrived at the tumulus decided on. In front marched the bronzed troupe of workmen; Kerdic, his sister, Doctor Hardy, Guyon, and Professor Hasselfratz formed the rearguard.

Gargaridi watched the procession depart, his hands on his hips. He shook his head. All during breakfast time he had, if any one had noticed it, been casting furious looks at the oculist. If Catherine had not looked after her guest, the unfortunate professor would have had

no breakfast at all. Gargaridi had systematically omitted to offer him anything. Catherine had tried to call him to order without being perceived; but the disobedient servant had affected not to see the signs his mistress was making, and had appeared afflicted with deafness each time the professor had asked for bread, or something to drink, or any of the condiments. Now he followed him with a furious look, and with his arms stretched towards the professor's wide back he declaimed in a threatening voice:

"This hollow prig tells naught I want to know!"

After which Aristomenes set to work to demolish his own breakfast, seated in the place his master had just left. This was the most important business of the day for him, and, although he often declared, calling his "poor papa" to witness, that he was a regular little bird, his formidable appetite was not his least curious feature, for although he ate as much as four people, he remained after all of the most astonishing leanness.

However, the party arrived at tumulus No. 4. Lines carefully marked along the ground showed the limits of the proposed trench.

With a firm hand, at a signal from her brother, Catherine gave the first stroke of the pickaxe, and everybody followed her example. Soon a long black furrow was cut in the soil. A few whitened bones suddenly appeared among the brown-coloured earth; then a vessel of terra cotta about twenty-six inches high, closed with a round stone. The stone was lifted off; a human skull and shin bones appeared. Kerdic's eyes sparkled.

No doubt these were the remains of some personage of distinction, and they would not have been buried without some inscription—a date, a name!

But at the moment he was plunging his hand boldly into these human remains to discover the hidden secret, a great shout arose among the workmen.

"Scorpions! scorpions!"

Kerdic left the vase, and ran towards the crowd, who were shouting and running away.

It was a repulsive sight. The spade and pickaxe had unearthed a veritable army of these ugly animals. Green, yellow, white, black, little, big, stretched out or gathered together in a ball, but all equally threatening, the horrible creatures so justly feared by the natives were twisting and rolling about in confusion, ready to stick their venomous sting into the first hand that dared approach them.

"Ah! the magnificent monsters!" exclaimed Doctor Hardy, and armed with his forceps he seized half-a-dozen of the most remarkable and slipped them into his zinc box, where they at once began a Homeric battle.

"See this great green fellow! In his fury at being captured he is attacking all who come in his way, even his best friends! Look, Herr Hasselfratz; to what family does he belong? But what has become of the dear professor?"

A deafening yell interrupted the doctor.

"Help! help! Hakim Bachy! I am wounded, bitten, lost!"

The doctor shut up his box in all haste, and ran like the others towards the left. A young man was writhing on the ground, shaking furiously his naked foot on which one of these horrible animals seemed to have taken root, while a group, gloomy, discontented, frightened, but inactive, surrounded the wounded man.

"Move!" said the doctor with authority. "Let me look at the foot. Do not yell so, my lad; shouts can do no good, and I am going to deliver you from your enemy. But we must have the knife," he said, taking it from his case after a rapid examination. "He holds tight enough, this vagabond of a scorpion! Mademoiselle, will you get the phenic acid ready?"

In a few minutes the operation was over, the foot bandaged, and the patient laid under a tent. Kerdic ordered the men to resume work. To his extreme displeasure the men remained motionless. They had formed in groups during the incident; they spoke in a subdued but agitated tone; their brows were thick with cloud and their eyes gleamed. There was to be a storm evidently.

"What is this now?" asked Maurice in a loud, sharp voice. "And what has happened that you dare to disobey me."

But the labourers, gloomy and discontented, refused to reply.

At this moment Hasselfratz was seen coming from one of the groups, and one of the men advanced from it with an arrogant air, as if he had learnt his lesson, and spoke as follows:—

"We have had enough of being exploited by the Faranghis," he said. "We have given them our time and our sweat for a miserable wage. And they wish to take away our treasures, to violate the tombs of our ancestors, forgetting that the Prophet has forbidden any one to touch the tombs of the faithful. They have disobeyed him, and he has sent among us these scorpions just as Moses formerly sent a shower of locusts on the impious Pharaoh. We will not defy heaven. We refuse to work for you any longer, sons of Faranghistan!"

And a hundred discordant voices joined in, "We will work for you no longer, sons of Faranghistan."



"We will work for you no longer, sons of Faranghistan!"

"What have you come to do here?" said another orator in antistrophe. "Allah is against you! The river rolls its troubled waters. Chitan himself could not pass it. There is every sign of a drought followed by a famine. And to whom is due these signs, if not to the evil spirit that lives in the machine of misfortune which the Faranghis look at when they wish to change the weather?"

"Always the barometer!" growled Doctor Hardy in his beard.

"Why did you hide the moon last night, Sahib?" yelled the orator, "if you did not wish us evil? All the Faranghis are sorcerers. *In ch' Allah*, from this day we will not work for you."

"And if they were not sorcerers, how

could they find under the earth things of which we, who have lived here all our lives, have never suspected the existence?" shouted another frantic individual.

At this unanswerable argument the excitement reached its height. Every face was convulsed, some were in a fury, some in a superstitious fear, accompanied by grotesque shaking; apparently they were waiting for the Faranghi sorceress to accomplish some terrifying prodigy before their eyes.

"We will no more work for the Faranghis. Down with the sorcerers!" said the miserable crowd.

What Kerdic had been in much fear of had happened. Notwithstanding the idleness, incapacity, and ill-will of his workmen, he had kept them at all sacrifices, for at least they were there, enrolled, brigaded, not without trouble. And where would he find others? Although he was fully aware of the uselessness of a contest with these fanatics, yet he could not resolve, without a last effort, to see his enterprise collapse in so disheartening a way. He made a vigorous effort to reclaim the irresolute ones. In a voice which he knew from experience would carry conviction among the ranks, in a few words, distinctly and briefly he explained the phenomena which were troubling their dull brains, showed that it was impossible to command the elements, pointed out what folly it was to abandon regular wages for imaginary terrors, recalled the good treatment they had always had from him, the regular pay, the attentions and medicines for the sick and wounded. The last argument would have had its effect on a few, but the leaders would not allow the favourable movement time to develop; their deep passions had been excited, their superstitions had been skilfully worked upon, and it was in vain that Kerdic exhausted his eloquence in endeavouring to reason with the strikers. On their low, stupid foreheads invincible obstinacy could be read.

"There is nothing to be done," said Kerdic, discouraged. "I know them: they do not often get an idea into their heads, but when they do it is difficult to get it out."

"Well," said the doctor, boiling over with anger, "if they refuse to work, let us clear the ground!"

"If you want help in the fighting line," said Guyon, "I need not say I am ready to second the motion."

But already, before the resolute attitude of the Faranghis, the strikers had quieted down, and without further hostile demonstration hastened to beat a retreat. In a few minutes they had disappeared.

"Come," said Kerdic, after a short silence, "here we are, reduced to the five pairs of hands I spoke of yesterday morning."

"What do you intend to do?" asked the doctor.

"Search! Search all the time!" said Kerdic, resolutely; "and if I find nothing more, turn over the whole valley with my nails, rather than give up the game."

"And I too!" said Catherine.

"Bravo!" said the lieutenant; "with courage like that one is never beaten. You can count me among the workmen as long as my leave lasts."

"That is all very nice," said Doctor Hardy; "but it has one drawback, it is not practicable. In the first place, Guyon, you can only stay here a few days. For my part, even if my engagements permitted me to remain, and did not call me back soon to Teheran, I should be, I am afraid, a very poor workman. And as for Miss Catherine, she is full of valour and goodwill, but to see her as an excavator! No, that is beyond a joke. There remains but you, Kerdic. 'I said I, and that is enough!' you may tell me. And I believe you capable of persisting when the whole world would have abandoned you. Only, my poor friend, to carry out your plan you would want more lives than one."

"Oh, doctor! Do not be so pessimistic, I pray you," said Catherine.

"Luckily," said the lieutenant, "your brother does not seem to care very much for the bucket of cold water our dear doctor has showered so liberally on our heads."

"The works shall go on!" said Kerdic emerging from his reverie; "they must be finished. I have not tried all round yet. There are Kurds, Loutis, the Tsiganes of Persia, the——"

"And if they imitate these rascals, if after you have taken a thousand pains to secure them, at the first alarm, or the first wind that blows, they give you notice to quit?"

"Wait and see."

"And if you do not find them?"

"I will find them."

"Maurice!" said Catherine, suddenly, "I have an idea!"

"See!" said Kerdic, in a tone of confidence which showed that his sister was not accustomed to speak at random; "let us have your idea."

"Why should we not go to Goucha Nichin, whose influence and power little Hassan boasted of so much!"

"Tell that to the marines!" exclaimed the doctor. "My dear child, are you going to believe the tale of an ignorant brat who sees everything through the prism of his imagination, and who after all may not have told you the truth?"

"He had neither the eye nor the voice of a liar," protested the lieutenant.

"Anyhow," said Kerdic, "we will not lose the chance. Let us go to the Guebre! This very afternoon I will begin the search for He-who-keeps-in-his-corner. Who will come with me?"

"I will!" said Catherine.

"All right," said the doctor; "what I propose to do is this. While you go in search of Goucha Nichin, Guyon and I will be off to Hamadan. While my cousin visits the town I will see if I cannot pick up a few men for you. I have an old acquaintance there, the Jew Sedecias, who keeps a bazaar, and whose pride it is never to say 'Not in stock!' to a customer. He may have a few excavators in a corner of his shop. What do you think, Guyon?"

"I approve in every way."

At this moment Professor Hasselfratz, whom every one had forgotten, appeared at the end of the trench, looking quite pleased through his glittering spectacles.

"Hush!" said Catherine sharply, urged by some instinct; "do not speak of our plans before him!"

"Hallo!" shouted the German as he approached. "You are in a fix, Monsieur Kerdic! What did I tell you? Sad affair about these workmen! Bad workmen, murderous climate, difficulties everywhere, and nothing to find!"

"Sir," said Kerdic, very drily, "my sister and I regret that we have to be away this afternoon. You will excuse us if we have to dispense with the usual duties of hospitality."

"And my friend Guyon is going with me to Hamadan," added the doctor.

"That will suit me excellently!" said Hasselfratz, beaming; "I am also going to Hamadan. We will go together."

"Delighted!" said the doctor, making a grimace.

"It only remains for me," said Hasselfratz in a solemn tone, "to thank my hosts for their gracious hospitality. Never, I may say, have I been more cordially welcomed. Never has sympathy more spontaneous, more reciprocal, arisen in so short a time between people who were previously unknown to one another. But that is the way of the world," said the professor, philosophising. "Yesterday strangers; to-day friends; intimate friends, I dare assure you."

"May he never meet more enthusiastic ones than he has met here!" murmured Hardy to himself.

"Permit me to hope, mademoiselle, that I shall have the ineffable pleasure of seeing you again," continued the German, still more complimentarily. "When one has once seen you, who could forget you! I will bear away the remembrance of you in my heart, and the hope that I may be able to return and lay my homage at your feet!"

An hour later the mules and camels of the illustrious professor took the road to Hamadan, their master bringing up the rear with the doctor and Guyon. The learned oculist had been rather put out in the majesty of his departure by an untimely thump that Gargaridi had given to the horse's crupper with a thorny stick, which caused the steed to execute a few very unexpected capers.

The procession had not moved out of sight when Aristomenes brought up the horses for Maurice and Catherine.

"All right!" he growled, as he followed the professor's progress among the trees with a very contemptuous look. "All right! You will never make me believe but what that payer of compliments was at the bottom of the strike of these rascals. Mademoiselle will hardly believe it, but that personage, after being welcomed here as he was, has gone off without even thinking of the slightest remuneration to the servants of the house. The man is capable of anything!"

"But," said Catherine, repressing her inclination to laugh, "it would have been no good for him to have offered it, Aristomenes. An educated, well-born man like you would have refused it, I am sure."

"Bah! bah!" said the Greek, peevishly. "He might have offered it, all the same. My poor papa would have ruined himself, would have sold his shirt, rather than leave a hospitable house under such mean conditions. But he shall pay for it, I'll take care of that; that is, for the strike I mean—the other is beneath me."

"What are you thinking of?" said Kerdic, mounting his horse. "We have enough trouble with real difficulties without making imaginary ones."

"But," said Catherine, as they rode off, "I confess that I had exactly the same notion as Aristomenes."

(*To be continued.*)

GISLI, THE OUTLAW.

(*Continued from page* 414.)

III.

A lazy man was Thorkel, and one day while his brother and all the men were out hay-making he lay down to sleep after breakfast. The hall was thirty feet wide and one hundred and eighty feet long, and away from it, to the south, was the bower where Auda and Asgerda sat sewing. When Thorkel woke he went towards the bower, and overheard his wife talking with Auda. And she told her how she loved Vestein more than Thorkel. And Auda said she had long known it, but begged her to say no more. "Pray stop this idle talk!" And stopped it was, but too late, for Thorkel had heard all, and let them know that he had heard it by singing at the window.

Auda told her husband what had happened and asked for his advice. Advice Gisli had none, but said he:

"I throw no blame on thee for this. When things are once doomed some one must utter the words that seem to bring them about."

And when the flitting days came, notwithstanding all Gisli could do, his brother claimed his share of the goods and chattels and went away to Thorgrim, leaving Gisli alone at his good house at Hol.

As part of the heritage Thorkel took with him the fragments of Graysteel, and these Thorgrim, the priest of Frey, forged into a great spearhead which had runes on it and was fitted to a haft a span long.

And while this was being done news came to Gisli that Vestein had landed. Then Gisli called his two house-carles and sent them off to Vestein with a purse containing the silver coin, and a message that he should stay where he was at Hest. He mounted his carles on the Pair of Gloves, the fleetest horses in all the firths, that they might be in time to stop Vestein, but as fate would have it, they took the upper road while he took the lower, and they missed each other. The carles reached Hest and turned back hoping still to catch him in time. At Arnkelsbrink their horses foundered, but continuing the pursuit on foot, they came up with Vestein at Gamaldale heath. They showed him the token and he grieved, but, said he, "I would have turned back had ye found me before, but now all the streams fall towards Dyrafirth and I will ride thither, for I am eager to see my brother-in-law and my sister."

On then he went. Luta, his kinswoman in Lambdale, as she had him ferried over the firth, told him to "Beware!" Thorhall, who ferried him over to Thingere, told him at Sandmouth to "Beware!" Geirmund at Sœbol told him to go on to Gisli and "Beware!" Never was there a man so well warned as Vestein.

The third night there was a storm. A whirlwind fell on the house and tore away the roof, and the rain came in. And Gisli calling his men to save the haystacks left Auda and Vestein and the thrall Hareheart alone in the house. Just before dawn some one stole into the hall and stood over Vestein and thrust a spear into his chest right through his body. The spear was Graysteel.

So they took Vestein to his howe on the sandhill looking down on the tarn just above Sœbol. And as they were going to lay the body in the howe Thorgrim the priest went to Gisli and said:

"It is the custom, brother-in-law, to bind the hellshoon on men that they may walk on them to Valhalla; and I will now do that by Vestein."

And when he had done it he said:

"I know nothing about binding on hellshoon if these loosen."

Then Thorkel asked how Auda bore her brother's death.

"She shows it little and feels it much," said Gisli. "I dreamed a dream the night before last, and last night too, but I will not tell it nor say who did this slaying."

And yet he told his dreams, one of an adder that came out of a house he knew, and another of a wolf that came out of the same house to kill Vestein. And then he chanted a song.

Again Thorkel asked how Auda bore her brother's death.

"Oft askest thou the same thing, kinsman," said Gisli, and he chanted another song; and then another:

> She, the goddess, ring bestowing,
> Sets the waves of sorrow flowing;
> From her golden eyebrows pressed,
> Down they dash upon her breast.
> Vestein's voice no longer singeth,
> Pearl on pearl his sister stringeth;
> Gems that round her dark eyes glisten:
> My song is sung—no longer listen.

And winter came and there were games on the frozen tarn, and Gisli ran to catch the ball when Thorgrim the priest collared him; and Gisli hacked him so that he fell on the slippery ice and grazed the skin off his knuckles and knees. And as the priest got up he looked maliciously at Vestein's howe and chanted:

> Why should I worry?
> 'Twas well worth this warming.

And Gisli hurled the ball between Thorgrim's shoulders knocking him down again, and singing as he did so:

> Why should I worry?
> 'Twas I gave the warming.

In short the priest had let the secret out; and a few months afterwards Gisli lifted Graysteel from the box where he had thrown it when he plucked it from Vestein's body—and thus took upon himself the task of avenging him—and in the night, when all were asleep, he stabbed Thorgrim as Thorgrim had stabbed Vestein.

And Thorgrim the priest was buried in his howe, and as the earth was being heaped over the ship Gisli took up a big stone like a rock and dashed it on to the vessel so that she creaked and groaned. And as he did it he said:

"I know nothing of making a ship fast if any weather moves this."

And some were there who said this looked very like what Thorgrim had done to Vestein when he spoke about the hellshoon.

Then winter came again and there was more ball play on the ice which Thordisa and other women came to see. And on Thorgrim's howe the snow had melted, and Gisli could not help breaking into song at the sight:

> Few have the wit to understand
> The riddle of this mound of land.
> I harm him? No; I harmed him not,
> A mansion bright is here his lot.

Which Thordisa overheard and remembered to such good effect that Gisli at Thorsness Thing was outlawed for slaying the priest, although it was the priest who had slain Vestein. In each case, be it noted, the weapon was Graysteel.

Henceforth every man's hand was against Gisli, Bork, who married Thordisa, especially charging himself with the task of killing him. For fourteen years did he outwit his pursuers, helped by the faithful Auda, who never swerved in her attachment to him. Bork sought out Eyjolf the Gray, and offered him three hundreds in silver for Gisli's life—and Eyjolf took the money and did his best to earn it. Many were Gisli's escapes. Once in water among the reeds he stood desperate, and yet when all seemed lost he evaded his pursuers.

At last came the very last night of summer in 978. The weather was still and the rime-frost had fallen, and in the house neither Gisli nor Auda nor the maid Gudrida could sleep. And Gisli said he would go out to his hiding place among the crags, there to get rest. And as they went along the skirts of the women's kirtles left a track in the dew and rime.

Soon the voices of men were heard, the voices of Eyjolf and fourteen men who had been to the house and traced the fugitives here by the track in the grass. Gisli, armed with axe and sword and shield, had no thought of retreating.

"Come on like men," he said, "I am not going to fare farther away."

And first Eyjolf sent up Spy-Helgi. Gisli rushed to meet him, and with one slash of his sword cut him in two at the waist so that one half fell down one side of the crags, the other down the other.

At the same time Eyjolf climbed up in another place, where Auda met him with a club and knocked him toppling down.

"Thou hast yielded me less help than thou thoughtest, though thy meaning was good, for had I got at him they would both have gone the same way."

Then the fourteen came up the crags with a rush, one to seize Auda, one to seize Gudrida, twelve to deal with Gisli. And he defended himself both with weapons and stones, and kept them at bay.

"Lay down thy good arms that thou bearest, and give up at the same time Auda thy wife."

"Come and take them like a man, for neither the arms I bear nor the wife I love are fit for any one else."

The man thrusts at Gisli with a spear, and Gisli shears off its head with his axe so that the axe loses its horn as it strikes the rock. And he hurls the axe away and fights with sword and shield.

Two more men are down, making four as yet.

Then Gisli suddenly slips away and scrambles to the top of Oneman's Crag. Sweyn follows him and is cleft to the chin.

And now two seek to climb the crag, Thorir on one side, Thord on the other, both great swordsmen; and their onslaught is hard and hot. And the others press up and stab with their spears, and Gisli smites Thord on the head and cleaves him to the belt and then dies on him.

On the seashore the sixth man died; the same night the seventh man died; the eighth was bedridden a year and died. Six only survived that terrible fight of fifteen against one.

. . . . . .

Such is the story of Gisli, the Outlaw, which we have condensed chiefly from Sir

G. W. Dasent's translation from the Icelandic. Told at length in what is now a rare book it is one of the most interesting of Norse stories. It is the most poetical of the minor sagas, written say some by Gisli himself, though due most of it to Ari the Learned, who had it from Thurida the Wise, who had it from her father the great Snorro, who was the son of Thorgrim the priest and Thordisa.

Our coloured plate is of peculiar interest. In some accounts Gisli is said to have come to England during his outlawry, and it was within a mile or two of the still named Gisli's Marsh that the picture was painted.

A word as to Graysteel. The terrible spear was actually in use 275 years after it was forged by Thorgrim the priest; Gunnlaug used it at the battle of Breidabolstad in 1221, and Sturla Sighvatson had it at the battle of Orlygstad in 1238. How long it existed before Kol had it from the dwarfs no man can say.

(THE END.)

IN THE GUNNER'S CABIN.

By George Andrew Patterson, R.N.,

Author of "Jottings in a Man-o'-War's Boat," "An After-dinner Incident," etc.

"Come, old chap, spin us a yarn; it's our all-night in, you know, and we've been grinding away for a good spell, enough for to-night anyhow. So spin us a yarn, there's a good fellow."

So spake one of a brace of youngsters seated in the gunner's cabin of an old forty-gun, or "jackass" frigate, just arrived, at the time our story opens, upon her station at the Antipodes. A stuffy little hole of a cabin it was, away down in the gloom of the steerage, whose duskiness was only partially relieved during the daytime by a few rays that struggled through the bull's-eye of a tiny scuttle overhead; but in the evening, under the illumination of a couple of purser's dips, the place looked cheerful enough. By ship's time it had just gone two bells (9 p.m.), and the reefers had come over early in the evening to escape the bustle and distraction of the gun-room opposite, all alive as it was with the sallies of a score more or less boisterous subs and middies. I seem to hear their laughter as I write, though not a few have joined the majority, whilst the survivors all are now grave as judges; the cleverest scamp of the lot, a veritable Admirable Crichton, who could paint, shoot, fence, take your photo, or fight you if you preferred it, in fact do any mortal thing except the very duty for which he was paid his dollars, subsequently threw up his commission upon taking to himself a wife, set up in the coal trade, and twenty years after, often did business with his quondam messmate by filling up his bunkers with fuel.

But like many a garrulous old man I am prone to wander from the point; let me return to the youngsters in the cabin, who ever since the hammocks were piped down had been poring over their books, priming themselves for a forthcoming exam., until the advent of the gunner on his return from "going the rounds," prompted the desire in one of them for something more lively.



The Gunner's Cabin.

"Yes, that's it," chimed in his companion, shutting up his manual with a vicious bang; "spin us a yarn, and I'll stand Sam, my extra bill is good for five shillings yet. I'll run over and see what the steward has got for supper."

Presently he returned, tumbling in with a tin of salmon and a bottle of pickles, whereupon the gunner, not to be outdone, reaching out his hand, drew forth from a drawer under his bunk a dumpy black favourite with a strong suspicion of navy rum about it. A peculiar bottle it was, you could never see how much it contained, but practically it seemed inexhaustible; during a long commission no one ever remembered it to run short. The owner called it his spirit magazine, and declared that a gunner was bound to keep a shot in the locker for a friend in need.

A pleasant chit-chat soon accompanied the clatter of the forks, and when empty platters were stowed away, and the gunner passing his hairy hand across his lips had squared himself on his camp-stool, the middies again ventured to press their demand for a yarn.

"Spin you a yarn? Well, I can't just think of one to tell. I'm afraid I've run out of spunyarn."

The suggestion was at once pooh-poohed, inasmuch as the speaker had an established reputation and was accounted second to none wearing the uniform for drawing the long bow.

The reefers, I say, laughed to scorn any suggestion of the worthy gunner's failing powers. "Nonsense," exclaimed they; "tell us something. You've been here before, I dare say; tell us something about the Maories."

"No," returned the gunner, "I've been on almost every other station except this, so I can't say much about the natives; but I expect we shall know more about them before long. There has been a bother about the land for some time, and it appears things are coming to a crisis. The commander told me just now while going the rounds to give the small-arms a sharp overhaul, as a naval brigade would most likely be called for. General Cameron has given the commodore a hint to that effect, and they say the outlying settlers are flocking in every day; there's trouble ahead, I fear, let's hope we pull through safe and sound." I may add, in passing, that within a month one of his listeners was found lying on the plain outside Rangiriri Stockade with a bullet through his brain—poor lad!

After a short pause the gunner continued, "Did I ever tell you how one of my line was served in the gunboat?"

"No," replied his hearers almost simultaneously.

"I thought not. Well, I'll tell you now, it won't take long. The Waterwitch was as smart and saucy-looking a craft for a man-of-war as you could wish to see—more like a yacht than anything else. From her keel to the trucks of her tall raking masts, from stern rail to flying boom, I don't think it was possible to point out a flaw. Every one on board was proud of her, even the crew didn't grumble much, considering they had to put as much elbow-grease into the wood and

brasswork as would have kept a three-decker going. Next time the commander asks you into the ward-room to take a glass of wine, draw him on to talk of her; he was her mate, and we've been shipmates off and on ever since. But beauty though she was the Waterwitch was badly cramped for room, and found it a tight fit to berth her crew in any sort of fashion, let alone comfortably.

"Well, that was the sort of craft I was drafted to from the Excellent, for I was a gunner's mate then. We stowed thick on the mess deck, at the after part of which was the gunner's cabin on the starboard side, and opposite a mess-berth for the two junior engineers. The ship's complement allowed only two flunkeys on the books for all three officers, so that it fell to the warrant officer's servant to do duty as cook for both parties, and a miserable life the poor wretch led, take my word for it; for the gunner, alias 'Giblets,' I must tell you, was a big feeder, with a capacious paunch—I remember a couple of ordinary seamen getting inside his sword-belt one day for fun—who was not at all particular whose larder the cook ransacked for a snack; Giblets just swallowed the titbit and asked no questions. Being the only warrant officer he was allowed a pretty free hand, and could make it hot for those against whom he took a spite. He kept his servant well under his thumb, for being classed among the idlers, besides being the gunner's personal servant, the cook was under his orders at general quarters, and was responsible for the cleanliness of certain gun gear, including some priming wires. And thereby hangs my tale, for when supplies for the gunner's midriff fell off, he was never long in finding a pretext for putting the cook in the report, the rusty, trumpery little skewers of priming wires as often as not furnishing the occasion. Seeing that when the cook was thus 'planked' the engineers were deprived of his services for the time being, you may easily fancy there was no love lost between them and the gunner, while the cook on his part roundly asserted it was all a dirty trick of that officer's, in substituting, on the sly, a spare rusty wire for one that had been properly cleaned. And the engineers believed him.

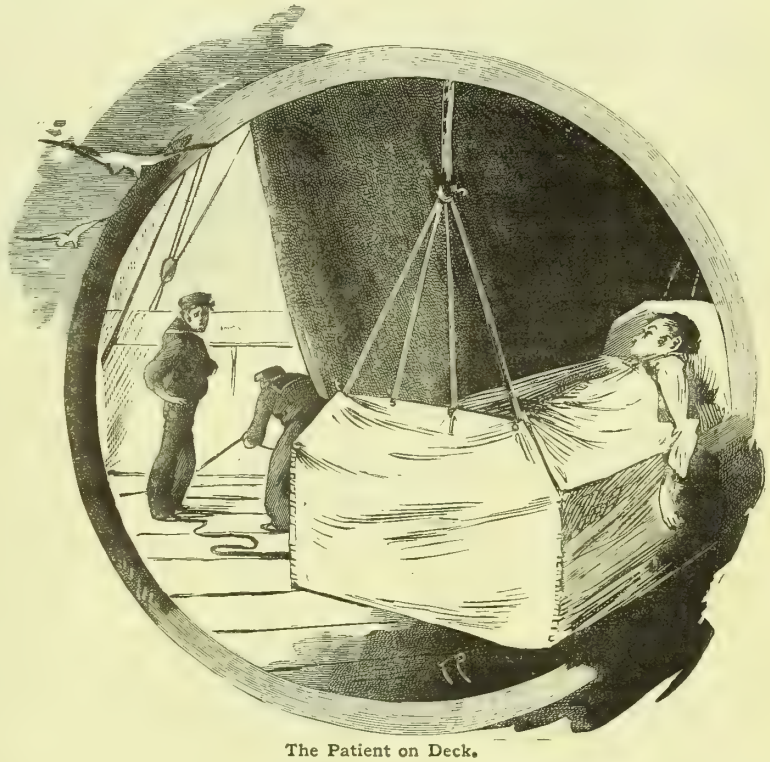
"Well, things went on until one afternoon the gunner was suddenly taken ill. It was in this way. The day's ration of soup and bouilli had been duly drawn for the officers and cooked in one stockpot. The gunner's portion was taken down to his cabin, where it soon went the way of all things eatable, as nothing came amiss in that quarter, while the remainder was placed upon the engineers' mess table. Upon lifting the cover, and just as the caterer was about to serve, he sniffed, then sniffed again, as though not liking the odour, and finally, declaring that the tin must have been a bad one, ordered the steward at his elbow to turn the whole tureen at once into the slop-pail, which stood outside the berth door, and to get some sardines dished up while they went on deck for a smoke. It was mortifying enough, certainly; but a bad tin of meat was no very uncommon thing, and the incident would soon have been forgotten but for the gunner's illness.

"At evening quarters the skipper sent for me, and remarking that Mr. —— was on the sick-list, told me to do his duty till further orders. 'You will find the key of the powder magazine hanging here,' said he, pointing to a recess overhead, 'in case we beat to quarters.'

"So having no sick bay, a cot was slung and screened off on deck for the patient, whose case was serious, almost critical, for several days, when he gradually began to mend, and in three weeks he got about again as usual. I, of course, fell back to my mate's duties, but the occasion served my turn; the commander complimented me on the way I had carried on, and promised to look out for me. When the commission was up and I returned to the Excellent he was as good as his word, for as soon as I had gone through the gunnery course and written my book, down came my warrant and appointment to a sloop fitting out for the China station, where I afterwards saw some service among the pigtails.

"It must have been—let me see—yes, it must have been eight years or more after leaving the Waterwitch, that one day I landed at the dockyard on my way to the gunwharf about some stores, when whom should I fall across on the jetty but one of my former shipmates the engineers. Naturally enough, we fell to talking of old times; said he:

"'I see old Giblets was superannuated.'



The Patient on Deck.

"'Yes; I hear he's gone out to his son in Canada.'

"'Ah, I thought at one time he'd never want a pension.'

"'You mean when he so nearly lost the number of his mess in us?'

"'Just so;' after a pause my companion resumed:

"'Strange nobody ever got to the bottom of that affair. Did you never smell a rat?'

"'Smell a rat? No! Why, everybody said it was the bad tin of soup and bouilli!'

"'So it was, in a measure; but there, I'll tell you all about it; only mum's the word, you know. It's all blown over long ago, but I wouldn't make a song about it. I dare say you noticed at times how Giblets was down on the cook. Well, it always occurred when the cook was unable to keep him going in little dainties from the various dishes in the galley, including our own. So long as snacks were forthcoming all went well, but directly the commissariat failed, as sure as fate into the black list went the cook. There was a good deal of bad blood between us over the business, and R., my messmate—you remember, don't you, what a cool hand he was—determined to be even with the old fellow. It was a long while before he got a chance, but he was not the sort to be choked off; he laid his plans and waited, and at last his opportunity came. On the eventful morning there was sail-drill, you mind, and being shorthanded it was the routine for every soul to be driven on deck to clap on the ropes and pull his pound. Even the cooks were bound to drop pots and pans like a hot potato, and leave the dinner to take care of itself. This was the moment R. had anticipated. On the principle of looking out for Number One, we had each of us in our turn of caterership been wont at such times to go into the galley and give the pot a stir, but on this occasion R. introduced therein a small dose, and that did the business. His disgust at the mess-table of the pretended bad tin of bouilli was so well put on that I, like everybody else, made sure that was the cause of the gunner's illness, but months afterwards, when R. had quite got over his funk, he confided to me how he did the trick, and I could see nothing for it but to keep it dark.'

"'Ho! ho! That accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut!' I said.

"'Yes; that's how old Giblets was dished.'

"'Well, it was a close shave for him; but I must vamose. So long!'

"'So long! See you again some day.'

"And that's how my eyes were opened about my topmate."

Here *my* gunner, having finished his story, straightway assumed an air of impatience, and broke forth with, "There you are, young gentlemen; that's domino, my last dying speech and confession. You'll get no more yarns out of me to-night; so out you go! It's time you were turned in: I'm going to put out the lights and say my prayers."

"But, gunner," chirped the youngsters, "you didn't tell us what the dose was."

"Didn't I? Well, *it was croton oil!*"

(THE END.)

THE BOY'S OWN ANGLER.

By the First Hon. Sec. "Fly-Fishers' Club."

I.—TROUT FISHING.

The regular fishing season does not begin till June 16, but there is a very important exception to this rule, for *trout*-fishing is in full swing from April 1, and in May is in its prime. The trout therefore may well take his natural place at the head of the following brief series of papers.

The usual methods of taking this glorious fish are worm, minnow, and fly-fishing.

Beginning with the easiest—the "dirty" worm. In thick water this branch of the art is so simple that a child may be almost as successful as a veteran. After heavy rain a motley collection of ragged boys come out from every village near a trout stream. The tackle used is as queer as the crowd itself, and would be looked upon as rubbish by most anglers, and yet many of these boys bring home some good trout for the evening meal.

Briefly, then, all that is essential for this sort of fishing is a strong rod, line and hook, a few shot, and a plentiful supply of worms.

Local knowledge is very useful, but of angling skill little is required.

In worm-fishing in *clear* water, on the contrary, much judgment and caution, and some manual dexterity, are necessary.

Instead of adopting the rough and ready style suitable for thick water, you must now select a *small* red worm, and thread it on two tiny hooks, whipped on fine gut, at about an inch apart; and with one or two small shot added, if necessary. This bait is to be swung, by a steady underhand throw, some ten yards *up* stream, and a skilled hand will take in this way some of the best trout in the stream, while the beginner gets nothing but samlets and little eels.

But this method cannot be successfully followed with the heavy rod used for thick-water fishing. The rod should be light and supple, though not quite so delicate as a fly-rod. The length must depend on the nature of the stream to be fished.

A small winch with about twenty yards of line is usually sufficient, and the gut cast should be very fine near the hook. If the stream is rapid one or two small shot are useful, but in shallow, gentle streams the bait is better without any weight.

The next branch of the art is minnow-fishing. This may be practised either with the living minnow, hooked through the lip or back fin, and dropped gently into pools or eddies, or by the more artistic plan of spinning the minnow.

This can be done by fixing a dead minnow on a flight of hooks, which can be bought ready prepared, but when minnows are difficult to get the artificial minnow is generally used. This worked by an adept in coloured water will bring to bank many large trout. The rod used for worm-fishing will answer for this sport, though a light spinning rod with upright rings is better.

But of all methods of taking trout the most charming is fly-fishing, natural and artificial.

Beginning with the natural—"first catch your fly," or rather flies—for it is well to be provided with a supply in a perforated zinc flask, or in a bottle with holes in the cork. Common house flies are useful, but there are various flies in the fields (such as the daddy-long-legs, the cow-dung fly, the oak fly, and the May fly) which can easily be caught, and kept for a few hours if necessary. Bits of fern or leaves should be put in the bottle to keep the flies alive.

The rod for the natural fly should be a long cane one, but the ordinary worm or fly-rod can be used.

First prepare your tackle by fixing one or two flies, according to size, on a small hook tied on fine gut (or on your artificial fly), and then shorten your running line till you have only two or three yards of gut hanging from the end of the rod. If the trout are shy it will be best to crawl to the edge on your hands and knees.

Arrived within two or three feet of the bank, behind a bush, peep very cautiously into the water.

If the spot is suitable (deepish water with a gentle stream) you will very likely see a good trout on the prowl for food.

Now move your rod very slowly till it is in the required position, and drop your fly gradually till it alights gently on the water, about six inches in front of his troutship. If shy he will look at it superciliously, and then turn tail and glide slowly away; but do not despair, he may wheel round, and after several refusals take at last.

Then wait about a second, and when the fish has turned, or has closed his mouth, strike sharply, and look out for squalls, for the biggest trout are hooked in this way, and the locality is often a dangerous one, giving him many a chance to jump into a tree, or otherwise to make himself troublesome.

Keep your line as short as possible, and whenever you are obliged to yield to his violence do so by stretching out your arm and leaning over the water, rather than by letting line run out, for a large old trout will be sure to try to slacken your line by running suddenly back under your feet, and you cannot keep him out with a long line. If you have a net you may land him within two or three minutes, but if not he must be completely exhausted before you can venture to grasp him and lift him out. This should not be attempted till you have rubbed your hand on some sand or grit. If the fish is under half a pound it may be safer to lift him out with the rod. For this sort of fishing a landing-net is certainly a great help, but for ordinary brook-fishing it can well be dispensed with.

Having secured your big trout it is best to seek for another suitable spot, but if you have only lifted out a little one, the place may be sufficiently undisturbed to yield another fish.

This method is chiefly successful in hot sunshine, when the artificial fly is nearly useless. Many anglers, therefore, whose chief delight is the artificial fly, take a turn with the natural in the middle of hot days, and thereby often transform a light basket into a heavy one.

Only one style of trout fishing now remains, but it is by far the most interesting and artistic, and on many rivers, those of Hampshire for instance, it is the *only* method ever allowed.

Here a word of warning may be useful to the inexperienced. If, on permission being given you to fish a preserved stream, the proviso "fly-fishing only" is added, this must always be taken to mean "artificial fly"; and to use any other bait is an act of ingratitude worse than ordinary poaching.

In treating of this, the highest branch of the art, more details must be given.

First as to the rod. The best possible is perhaps a first-class split-cane, but this is very expensive and easily damaged.

Then do not, at present, buy a glued-up (or split cane) rod, and if one is given you, take great care of it.

Perhaps the most useful rod to buy is a greenheart, of 10 feet long, in three joints; and this costs from 15*s.* to 25*s.*; but if money is an object, a hickory rod of similar make can be had for 7*s.* or 8*s.*, and this will answer every purpose for some years.

If satisfied with a modest outfit, a lad can obtain all he requires for his first season for less than £1 5*s.*

To be businesslike, we will jot down the cost of each *necessary* item. Rod, 7*s.* 6*d.* Winch (plain), 3*s.* Tapered dressed fly-line (twenty yards), 3*s.* 4*d.* Half a dozen gut casts (two yards each), 3*s.* Three dozen flies, 4*s.* 6*d.* A waterproof satchel, say 2*s.*, and a little fly-book (1*s.*) will complete the outfit.

If the nature of the water and the banks is such that a landing-net is really necessary, do not buy one of the cumbrous and expensive affairs offered for sale, but get a nine-foot length of the cane used for cleaning out water pipes, *and* for *other* purposes too well known to schoolboys. This can be bought for a few pence at an oil shop, and by binding the two ends together, after bending it in the form of a tennis racket, you can make a most handy landing-net. Of course you must buy or make a net to place in the oval hoop thus formed, but the whole need not cost 1*s.* 6*d.*

To return to our fishing-rods, etc., the list does not profess to give all that is desirable, but only what is *necessary* for ordinary fly-fishing.

If money is more plentiful choose a 20*s.* greenheart rod, which should feel light and handy when held just above the winch (to be fixed on for the purpose). See that your winch is the size to suit it best. A three-inch check winch, in bronze, costing 7*s.* to 15*s.*, will probably do for a ten or eleven foot rod; and it will comfortably hold thirty or forty yards of line. The latter is best.

This should be tapered at each end (so that you can reverse it when worn) and smoothly dressed with waterproof dressing. Its cost is about 2*d.* a yard.

Next see to the gut casts. It is most important that these should be of good quality, that is, fairly fine and quite round. Two yards is a better length than three, because in landing a large fish it is often necessary to reel up the line within less than three yards of the fly, and the knots in the casting line will then pass through the rings of your top joint. If the fish makes a last effort, and runs out a few inches of line, a knot may scrape against a ring, and the slight check may part the gut and lose your fish.

Get two yard lengths, then, tapered, and as fine as you can, but not *drawn*. The question of flies now remains; and to treat it thoroughly would occupy all the rest of our space. A few hints must be enough, and boys who wish to know more can read the books published on the subject.

To begin with, lay in a stock (say a dozen each) of March browns, red palmers, quill gnats, olive duns, and blue uprights. These are sure to be useful. Get some on eyed hooks and some on gut, and begin by using the former sort, as the latter are easily whipped off by your first frantic efforts to throw a fly.

Don't forget some evening flies, if you expect to fish late. The "coachman," a white-winged fly with peacock-herl body, is

very useful about dusk. If you are about to fish Hampshire waters an assortment of "floating" flies is necessary.

These are small winged flies, of the olive dun and quill gnat sort. The Wickham fancy and the hare's ear are very good, as also the iron blue, but the subject is too complicated to deal with here.

We will next suppose you have arrived at the stream. Don't walk up to the edge and peer into the water, but sit down and put your tackle together twenty yards off.

Begin with the rod, and first fix the top into the middle joint, and then attach the butt, and don't forget to screw in the spike. This being done, fix the winch and pass the line through each ring. Then draw out a dozen yards and grease it with a bit of fat. This is to make the line float, and is unnecessary if the water is very rough. Next attach your gut, which should have been kept moist, and fasten your fly. Don't use two at first: you may as well lose them singly as in pairs.

If the water is clear try a blue dun, but if at all coloured a red palmer is best.

Approach the stream in a stooping position, with the fly and two or three yards of line gathered in the left hand, so that you have five yards or so of line out, which is easier to throw than a very short length.

Then cast as lightly as possible *up stream* near your own bank, drawing the fly gently outwards *if* there is a ripple. If not let it come down towards you quite undisturbed. It will float naturally for the first cast or two, and during these you have your best chance of a fish, for it can hardly be expected that you will dry your fly effectually after it is once soaked, though a veteran will do so easily by three or four false casts in the air.

We must next suppose a most improbable circumstance, namely that a silly trout absolutely rises at your fly. Strike as quickly as you can; this will not be too quickly in your case, though such a thing is possible sometimes.

You miss him, of course. But cast once more, and let the fly pass over the spot again after a few seconds, and if not a large fish, he will perhaps have it. Profiting by experience, your stroke is quicker and you hook your victim.

If a lively fish he will leap into the air, and then rush wildly about, taxing all your skill to keep a tight line, and in the end probably escaping by reason of its slackening. This may happen either by the hook dropping out, or by the slack line getting twisted round a stone, and then being broken by the dead pull the fish will get.

This having happened, don't cry over spilt milk, but let another fly be on the water with all speed.

This time perhaps you hook a baby trout. Flick him out at once, and if it were not your first, I should say put him back quickly, but you will probably wish to keep him as a specimen!

If, however, you are on preserved waters, be particular to return *all* fish under the prescribed length, which is usually from 10 to 12 inches.

But we are supposed to be fishing a moorland brook, and on such water it is usual to bag any fish over 2 oz.

As you fish up the river, watch carefully for rises in smooth bits, and cast with special care just above them. If you do happen to make a clean and light cast on the right spot, you may get a good fish. If so, treat him as directed in the remarks on the natural fly (except that you *may* give him line).

But 'tis very seldom that you will chance upon a large fish when fly-fishing in a moorland stream, even after you have acquired some skill. Indeed, nowadays most fly-fishers have to be satisfied with two or three dozen fish of from 2 to 6 oz. each; mostly of the former size.

A word of warning as to your route when fishing among the moors, and we have done.

In marshy neighbourhoods be careful not to tread on very bright green spots along the banks, for the morasses which these indicate are sometimes so soft as to engulf the incautious, especially on the Welsh and Cornish hills.

Also, if you fish till dusk, as is best in hot weather, do not try a short cut over the hills home, unless you know the way *by night*. Keep to the stream, if it runs through the town, as it usually does. If not it will be necessary to make careful inquiries as to route before starting.

Always arrange, if possible, to begin fishing at the lowest point, and work upwards.

In conclusion let me advise you always to be willing to help a fellow-angler, even to the extent of giving him the favourite fly, and above all to keep your temper, however provoking the trout may be, and to remember that the weather, though it may not suit you, is sent by God.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM MY LOG; OR, TRUE STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By Rear-Admiral W. R. Kennedy.

(With Illustrations by the Author.)

III.—VOYAGE OF H.M.S. LIFFEY (THE LAST SAILING FRIGATE) ROUND CAPE HORN, AND RESCUE OF THE CREW OF THE GERMAN BARQUE ANITA, BURNT AT SEA.

On May 26, 1878, H.M.S. Liffey left Plymouth Sound bound for Coquimbo, a seaport on the coast of Chili, where she was to be stationed as a store ship. The Liffey in her day had been one of our finest screw frigates, mounting 50 guns, but on this occasion she represented a sailing ship, her engines having been taken out of her and only a few guns left upon the upper deck, more for the purpose of signalling or saluting than for offensive or defensive operations.

Her departure had been delayed several weeks owing to the possibility of a war with Russia with which we were threatened at the time, and in which case the Liffey's officers and ship's company would have been turned over to a fighting ship.

As nothing came of this scare we were allowed to depart; but light airs and head winds delayed us greatly, so that it was not till the middle of June that we reached Madeira and enjoyed a few days at this lovely island.

Sailing again on the 16th, we fell in with the north-east trade-wind, and were making fair progress towards the south when on the afternoon of the 18th we espied a smart little barque coming up astern. As the Liffey was only jury-rigged we were not surprised to find ourselves passed by a merchant ship, and in due time she was abreast of us. She proved to be the German barque Anita of Hamburg, bound for the West Coast of Africa. Having exchanged colours (the nautical term for dipping our ensigns), and made complimentary signals, she passed on, and was soon lost to sight ahead.

About 9 o'clock the same night, as I was sitting in my cabin, the officer of the watch reported a light on the starboard bow, and added that he thought he saw a rocket, or what looked like one, in the same direction. Giving orders to alter course for the stranger we soon made out a sail, and running close under his lee, hailed him to know what was the matter.

The answer came back, "Ship on fire!" We at once hove to on the weather side, and sent a boat on board. She proved to be our little friend the Anita, with cargo on fire. We then sent another boat with fire engine, buckets, etc., and a party of men. The captain told me that the fire had broken out in the cargo, a most combustible one, consisting mainly of demijohns of a fiery spirit made out of rotten potatoes, expressly manufactured for the West African negroes. Besides this vile compound were several barrels of petroleum, and to complete the assortment an iron chest full of gunpowder in the captain's cabin under the poop!

As we stepped over the side the flames burst out from the cabin, in which was the captain's dog, howling for assistance. We had on board the Liffey a patent smoke helmet, with which a man was supposed to be able to see and breathe in the midst of flame, and a man now tried the experiment, in hopes of saving the poor animal, but was speedily overcome by the fumes, and dragged forth by the heels in an asphyxiated condition, the dog being of necessity left to his fate.

Meantime all the available pumps were rigged and a body of water poured upon the flaming cargo. For nearly two hours we worked hard at this, but without avail, the flames having got too firm a hold on the cargo. It was evident the ship was doomed, and as the powder might be expected to explode at any moment we made arrangements for saving the lives of those on board and leaving the ship to her fate. The crew were therefore transferred to the boats and by them to the Liffey; all the live stock, consisting of pigs, rabbits, fowls, and fancy pigeons, being also saved. Arrived on board the Liffey the boats were hoisted up, and we remained at hand witnessing the destruction of the gallant little barque.

The flames, no longer subdued by water, now flared up the masts and rigging, setting fire to the sails on the main and mizen masts, making a grand spectacle. Presently an explosion took place, blowing up the poop and taking the mizen mast by the board. And now a curious sight presented itself; the barque, deprived of her aftersail, fell off before the wind, and scudded along under her sail on the foremast, but as the braces burnt and the yards swung forward she would luff up in the wind till the head sails filled and payed her off, when again she ran before the



"The scene was grand in the extreme."

breeze, in this way performing various evolutions, like a phantom ship, without a soul on board her.

The scene at this time was grand in the extreme, as the flames leapt from spar to spar, catching each sail in succession and illuminating the deep for miles around. The Liffey kept hovering on her weather quarter, watching the movements of the barque, luffing as she luffed, and keeping away with her, but always keeping to windward to avoid the sparks which fell in showers to leeward. Presently the mainmast, divested of its rigging, began to rock with the rolling of the vessel, and then fell overboard with a crash, throwing a shower of sparks and burning débris into the hissing sea. Still the poor little craft sailed on under her foremast, until at last that also went over the side, and the Anita lay a helpless log upon the water, rolling gunwale under, the sea washing over her deck and pouring out of her scuppers.

By this time it was nearly daylight, so, leading the weeping skipper below, we filled away on our course, leaving the Anita to the mercy of the waves, which soon overwhelmed her. We now shaped course for St. Vincent, one of the Cape de Verde islands, where we arrived on the 25th and landed the crew of the Anita, and the same day we sailed for the neighbouring island of St. Jago, and anchored in the harbour of Porto Praya.

St. Jago is one of the largest, and is certainly the most fruitful, of the group, and here we remained a few days, revelling in tropical fruits, and enjoying some excellent shooting, quail being plentiful besides some guinea-fowl. On the 30th we once more started on our voyage. Head winds and vexatious calms again delayed us, and it was not till July 25 that we reached Bahia, one of the finest harbours on the coast of Brazil, where we replenished with water and provisions. On leaving Bahia we had to contend with the SW. monsoon, so that we did not reach Monte Video till August 20.

Whilst refitting at this place preparatory to rounding Cape Horn I paid a visit to Mr. Shennan's beautiful estancia near Buenos Ayres in the Argentine republic, and enjoyed some capital sport with my hospitable host, making large bags of duck, snipe, partridges, and swans. On September 1 we weighed anchor for the last time.

The voyage round the Horn from east to west in a sailing ship is never a pleasant operation, especially in an undermasted ship only half manned. We met with the usual south-westerly gales, sighted the Falklands in a snow-storm, and ran through the Straits of Le Maire, rounding the Horn the same night. Here we met with a succession of gales from south-west to north-west accompanied with blinding snowstorms, against which we thrashed the old ship under reduced canvas, and we thought we had not done badly when we found ourselves becalmed off Cape Pillar, the western entrance to the Straits of Magellan, on the 9th day after rounding Cape Horn.

But little more remains to relate. Having taken in a cargo of old guns and obsolete stores, we left with the squadron for Coquimbo.

On the way round to that port, the admiral ordered the ships to try rate of sailing, in other words, an ocean race. The poor old Liffey was heavily handicapped with such a cargo of rubbish in her hold, added to which the grass had grown upon her copper a foot long, which greatly impeded her progress. We were staggering along after the flagship, when a man fell overboard. The ship was promptly rounded to and a boat lowered, but by this time the man was at least a mile astern. There was a fresh breeze blowing, and the ship was going eight knots at the time. All eyes were directed to the poor fellow in the water, when to our astonishment we saw a huge albatross swoop down on him. The man waved his arm to frighten away the bird, which sailed away, and presently returned. After swooping three times the albatross sat down on the water close to the man, with the evident intention of picking his eyes out as soon as he was dead or too exhausted to defend himself. Happily the boat reached the spot in time and the man was saved, and all that could be got out of him for some time afterwards was, "Oh that beastly bird!"

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

By Lady William Lennox.

Just now, when the rising of the American Indians has attracted universal attention, it may be interesting to read a few words about the tribes. Bravery and vanity are two of their greatest characteristics. In the matter of personal adornment, which they call *matacher*, no pains are spared, and the painting of their bodies occupies therefore a good deal of time. Two lines are drawn upon the eyelids as fine as the smallest thread; the same upon the lips, the openings of the nostrils, the eyebrows and ears. Bright spots of vermilion decorate the cheeks, and the throat has its ornament of colour also, while the rest of the body is painted more or less in proportion to the exploits performed by the individual. The extent of surface covered by the paint forms thus a book of heraldry for the Indians, who can at once distinguish a great brave by its means. For additional finery they have plumes of feathers on their heads, arms, and ankles, and these are likewise tokens of valour.

Their extraordinary insensibility to pain may perhaps be accounted for by the thickness of skin and hardness of fibre which is peculiar to the Indians, and the skulls that have been taken up from their burying places are much thicker than ordinary skulls are found to be, showing that their physical system is of great toughness. Before going to war all the young men who are disposed to go to the battle give a piece of wood to the chief in token of their determination to accompany him, and the chief himself fasts several days, and is very careful to observe his dreams, for (like all savages) they are very superstitious, and when the day comes for them to start, they put on their war dress and march silently, the chief only singing the war song.

Their heads are painted red down to the eyebrows, and shaved, all but the scalp-lock, and the faces are frightful with the colours daubed on so as to make them look as awful as possible. On their breasts is a medal of copper or brass, and the horrible scalping knife hangs by a string from their neck.

The dulness of the Indians' nervous system makes them brave to endure, and also cruel to their enemies, as they cannot understand the tortures they inflict being so unbearable; and moreover every man among them must go through such a fearful ordeal before he is allowed to bear arms, that nothing he may meet with afterwards can be beyond his power to stand. Blows, fire, insults, are all tried to see whether the young would-be brave can bear them without flinching. One trial among others is that of passing a cord through the large muscles of the chest, and then tying the man to a tree, no way being left for him to free himself except by a violent tearing away of the cord, which, after a certain time, the action of the cord upon the flesh renders possible to be done. The consequence of enduring such torments without a sigh or groan is a complete recklessness to pain either in themselves or others, in comparison to any glory to be thereby acquired.

ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various Representative Artists.



VII.—A Seascape.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* Charles W. Wilkinson.)

OUR CANINE FRIENDS AND FAVOURITES.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., R.N.

A good many years have elapsed since I wrote a series of papers in these columns entitled "Boys' Dogs." A good many of those who were our readers then have grown up into big swinging men with big swinging dogs, who read the daily papers and shave every morning, the men I mean, not the dogs, for clever and all though bow-wows be, they have not as yet subscribed to any paper, not even to the "B.O.P." They are content to lie under the table and hear it read, well knowing that their interests are looked after by its writers.

Now in this article I am not going to give the points or properties of any breed, but just a few useful hints about dogs in general and their treatment, well or ill.

Well, about your coming dog. You had better first make up your mind as to what he shall be. I wouldn't advise a very large dog, Newfoundlands, St. Bernards, and Great Danes are glorious fellows, but you'll hardly get one worth his collar cheap. Dachshunds, fox-terriers, and mostly all terriers, make capital boys' dogs; so do spaniels, collies, and retrievers. Collies are the wisest; a collie two years old is far wiser than any boy four times his age, and capable even of improving the moral character of most lads at that larky time of life.

But having made up your mind to invest, endeavour to smooth the way for his happiness at home. Try and arrange to have him a house dog. Tell your relatives that you will, by gentleness and firmness, teach your favourite to be clean in the house, and kind and good mannered in every way.

If you get a copy of the "Exchange and Mart," or "Stock-keeper," say, you will see all kinds of puppies advertised. But be very careful with whom you deal. Pedigrees are all registered nowadays, but if you purchase through an advertisment, you might get a mangy or sickly pup, or one with navel rupture. So take the Scotch advice, and "gang warily."

Meanwhile, if your good pater or mater deems it wise not to have your friend in the house, you must do the best you can for him out of doors.

It will be best to have a kennel with a big rim round it, because you must not *chain* a puppy up, else you'll have a bandy-legged, broken-hearted beast, that you'll be ashamed to be seen with in the street. Have everything ready, therefore, before your friend the dog comes home.

Now let us see what that word "everything" includes. A whip and a chain and a muzzle, eh? Not likely. This is the year 1891. First then, get your kennel built. A large dry barrel might do, if the front were so arranged that it could be swung away from the weather, and be always dry, clean, and free from draughts. You might have it, too, under a kind of shelter shed. The water-pan would stand under the shelter also, as well as a dry board, to keep the dog off the ground when he chose to lie out of doors. There must be the capability of cleaning out this kennel.

The bedding is best to be clean wheaten straw, or dry pine shavings, and whatever it is, it should be kept dry.

The dog's dishes, one for water and one for food, must be washed every day of your life or the dog's. These dishes should be earthenware, with very broad flat bottoms, so that it is all but impossible to capsize them.

The run should be gravel or asphalt or, what is far the best, hard cement. The fence around it may be high wire mesh nailed on strong posts, with a strong door and a fastening outside, else the dog will soon find out how to *nose* it up. But mind you, the kennel and fence are more for night than day, for by day the dog will want to be with his master most of the time. He will soon get to love you very much and enter into all your sports with zest.

The puppy's age. Get one about three months old. Never mind about that bugbear Distemper. I have had kennels for sixteen years. Sometimes I have had as many as twenty canine pets at a time, not including puppies, and during all that time I have never had a young dog down with distemper. It is all in the feeding and management. Now that I go hundreds of miles, moving about in my caravan every summer, and do a deal of book-writing in winter, I only keep a few dogs.

Well, feed this puppy of yours four times a day till he is six months old; then give three good meals till he is a year old; after which an early breakfast and five o'clock dinner will about suit, though snacks and snaps betweenwhiles if he is hungry won't hurt.

Give boiled Spratt cake, table scraps, green well-mashed vegetables—not too much of this, but enough to keep the blood cool and bowels easy—and boiled lights with now and then a morsel of boiled liver.

When you ask for Spratt's biscuits, see you get them. And get them fresh and crisp. It is cheaper to get a bag from the firm. Say you must have the same as they send Gordon Stables. Also a bag of bone-meal, and give a handful or two of this in every meal. This makes the dog's framework.

Give the puppy *big* bones that he can gnaw and so amuse himself. Give him old boots for toys. No small bones. If your puppy hasn't plenty of fun and amusement all day long, and lots of running and exercise, he won't thrive.

Never tire him out.

Never run him behind a trap.

Never be cross with him for anything he cannot help: if he sees that you are vexed about it, *he* will be miserable enough. A cowed or brow-beaten dog develops into a thorough cur; and mind you, there is truth in the old Scotch proverb, "Sic mannie, sic horsie."

Dogs are often kept where nice gardens are, and to keep to the walks is a most important part of a young dog's education, and not so difficult to teach either. Show him his foot-prints on the soft ground and scold him gently. A dog very soon comes to know what his master says and means. As regards a dog's education, I may say for once and all, that it ought to be useful—more than mere show. Any cur can be taught to jump over a stick, to "down dead, sir," to "trust and paid for," to snap a morsel off his nose, etc. These are mere canine antics. But give me the dog for a companion who will walk to heel when told, who will fetch and carry, go back for anything left on the road, watch my coat if I throw it off while gardening, guard me by night or day, and in fact, as advertisements for valets put it, "make himself generally useful."

My present Newfoundland favourite, Queen Bolina, has one very taking accomplishment. She asks a blessing before every meal. This is done by stretching her forelegs in front of her, bending down her head to touch them, and saying "Oh-h-h!" Poor thing, her off hind leg is at times stiff with rheumatism. Then she can't stretch out both paws without pain, but she compromises matters by sitting down and lowering her head to one outstretched paw and muttering "Oh-h-h!"

I do assure you, boys, that if you once make your dog love you and understand your language and gesture and looks—for in all three dogs study you—it is surprising what you can teach them. If I had space I could tell you much more, only I haven't. However, I hope to be on the road once more this summer in my well-known caravan, "Wanderer," and Queen is almost sure to be with me. If you see me, hail me, tell me you are "B.O.P." boys, and I'll show you Queen's pretty ways, and you will open your eyes with wonder. I hope to wander in Ireland this year, and the "B.O.P." has many readers there.

It just occurs to me that you may want to know which is the trickiest or most easily taught dog. The poodle is the sharpest and most easily taught. The collie is the greatest genius, but not very easily taught tricks. He is apt to imagine himself wiser than his master, as indeed he often is. The Great Dane and Newfoundland and St. Bernard learn slowly but very surely; they are the best students, and take time to do their work, but never *never* forget; Pomeranians come next, I think, then spaniels and retrievers.

If you keep your dog indoors, he ought to have one particular corner where his mat is spread at night, and he should be told to "go to bed" at a regular time. *Don't* tell him to "watch." If you do he'll lie awake all night, thinking there is something up. Anyhow he will not get sound sleep, and he may wake you unnecessarily.

The schiperke (pronounce *Shipperkey*) is a wee black tailless dog getting very fashionable in this country now, and is probably the best of all guard or anti-burglar dogs.

In feeding, if a dog leaves any portion, and the food has been really nice, it is because you have given him rather much. It is better a dog should be rather under-fed than over-fed. But the food should be squeezed through the fingers, no lumps left; the bits of meat should be small and the boiled greens well mashed.

Grass.—Dogs won't thrive without access to this. It is to them a vomit, an aperient, or an anti-scorbutic, according to the amount they eat.

Give no food uncooked. Steep the biscuit in cold water till thoroughly soft. Never give food left from a former meal. Give *soft*, clean, tasteless water, not hard.

If out for a long walk, whenever you yourself get hungry, buy a biscuit for yourself and two for the dog.

It is the rule in many parts of the country to give two biscuits a penny for a man, and *three* if for the dog. Encourage this custom wherever you go.

Make it a rule never to deal at shops where a dish of clean water is not kept at the door for dogs. I never do. Only before withdrawing my custom I give the tradesman a chance. If the dog's dish is forthcoming I continue it, if not—I don't.

Butchers will sometimes have the impudence to send you stale meat if they know it is for the dog, but they charge the fresh meat price. No butcher ever served me twice in this fashion.

Exercise.—So long as this is not over-fatiguing, nor taken in the hot sun, a dog can hardly have too much of it. Neither can you boys. But two hours a day is the minimum. If the dog gets wet, rub him well down with one of his own towels before he

gets into his kennel. My dogs have two or three towels each. The straw in the kennel should always be dry. In winter clip the long hair off from between the toes, else the snow will ball and lame him. In summer, examine the feet every week, and carefully cut out matted hair or mud balls from between the toes. The feet are very tender.

If a dog gets a thorn in his foot in the road he will of course let you know; and you must extract it without breaking it and leaving a portion in.

Be careful with his teeth; don't let him carry stones nor run after them, and don't try to force a stick out of his mouth. I have a young Newfoundland who carries letters, newspapers, parcels, etc., and hands them to me at my gate, but only if I say "Thank you, Mona," and hold out my hand. Of course she thinks the words "thank you" mean "give it up." Anyhow it is a prettier way of asking her, and I believe in being polite even to a dog.

You cannot be too particular in keeping your dog, also his dishes and kennel, clean, nor in giving oceans of clean dry bedding. The kennel should be washed out with Sanitas soap and hot water once a week. Don't put the bedding in till it is dry.

Wash the dog once a fortnight in summer with lukewarm water and the best soap. Then swill well down with cold water, and take him for a run at once, but give him a bite of food first.

Here is a wrinkle worth remembering. After you have washed the dog, stand nimbly off for a little way, and say "Shake yourself." He would do so anyhow, but he thus learns the meaning of the words, so in time he will shake himself when told, and this is very handy if he has got damp in a shower, and you want to take him indoors, or if he is all covered with snow, or grey and ancient-looking with hoar frost.

So you see, for the dog in health, I advocate good and proper feeding at regular hours, pure water, abundant exercise, cleanliness of all his surroundings, kindness, gentleness in your bearing towards him, and above all a dry, well-bedded kennel, free from draughts and exposure to sun or cold.

In very stormy nights lock up your outdoor dog in a clean out-house on a truss of straw.

In illness a poor dog requires far more care and the very best of nursing. Prevention is better than cure, and a stitch in time saves nine.

In all severe illnesses, you must call in the aid of a clever vet. I am very sorry to say, however, that few give much attention to a dog's troubles.

However, you can do a deal yourself, and I shall now tell you how.

First you want to know when a dog really is ill. To begin with, there is a lack of his usual briskness about him. He does not meet you so joyously of a morning. Perhaps you find him shivering, with a dry nose and injected eye. If so, send for a skilled vet., and the sooner the better, for it may be incipient inflammation of the bowels, liver, or lungs.

Meanwhile make up the softest of soft beds for him in a dry, clean outhouse. You can hardly give him too much bedding, and you must place clean water within his reach.

Nursing is half the battle.

Diarrhœa or looseness is a complaint that nearly all young dogs suffer from at times. It is generally caused by damp and cold and injudicious diet. It will soon wear a puppy to skin and bone. Put him in a warm dry place; give a clean bed, rice and milk or arrowroot and milk to eat, with eggs if you can afford it. Give one dose of castor oil to begin with, getting the chemist to put a few drops of laudanum in it. This last is poison, mind. After the castor oil get chalk mixture and give three times a day, or ten drops of chlorodyne to a puppy collie-size thrice a day. Drop the chlorodyne on a little raw arrowroot, and then make a bolus of it. Then roll it in tissue paper, wet this in your mouth, and pop it far back in the throat. If very weak he may want brandy and water now and then, or port wine.

Distemper.—The chief signs are running at eyes and nose, first of clear water, then mucus, dry nose, injected eyes; loss of appetite and extreme heat, and emaciation coming rapidly on. There is no cure, only watch and combat symptoms, and nurse dog through it. Give the cleanest of dry beds. Keep him in a warm, well-ventilated room. If he coughs much, get a nice soothing cough mixture. If diarrhœa comes on, treat for that. If in much pain, hot fomentations. Roll the body in a flannel band. Give lots of clean water and milk, rice or arrowroot, eggs, beef-tea and milk. A sip of milk now and then given with a spoon is more easily digested than a lot swallowed all at once. Lime-water, a spoonful or two to half a pint, makes the milk more digestible. When all fever has gone and the dog is weak, tonics will be needed. For colds and coughs, at first while the dog is still feverish, get your chemist to make you a mixture containing Mindererus's spirit, sweet nitre, and chlorate of potash, and give this in proportion to the dog's size as a cooling remedy. Do not be persuaded to try quack remedies. Give the dog a very warm bed and feed on nourishing diet. If the appetite is rather feeble, a dose of Friedrichshall water early in the morning will help to restore it. From a quarter of a teaspoonful to two or three spoonfuls of paregoric according to the dog's size should be given at night, beginning after the first three days. Give gentle exercise. No running to distress the lungs.

Fits.—A dog sometimes has a fit through excitement, especially a young one about teething time. He goes out of a morning to go for a walk, say, barking for joy, wheels round and round sometimes, then suddenly falls in an alarming fit. Do nothing unless putting the end of a stick in his mouth to prevent him from biting his tongue. The cause may be worms, indigestion, or teething. Extract very loose teeth. Give only gentle exercise, move the bowels thrice a week with castor oil, and give from a grain to five grains of sulphate of zinc, according to size of dog, in a few grains of extract of dandelion twice or thrice daily.

Canker in the ear.—Wash twice a day with lukewarm water, no soap, and then pour in and hold in for a minute a lotion containing five grains of alum or sulphate of zinc to the ounce. Give a dose of oil every week, and plain food with plenty of well-mashed vegetables.

Mange.—The diet must be plain but substantial, and unbounded exercise given. Wash twice a week, and afterwards anoint with sulphur ointment one part, lano-areolin two parts. If this simple but often effective treatment does not succeed, you must call in a good vet.

Worms.—Spratt's cure, given according to directions in the shilling boxes, will cure any form of worms. The remedies sold by this firm are each and all compounded from the prescriptions of well-known medical men and vets.

Let me just repeat two *memos*. 1. Kindly and thoughtful care of your dog will prevent illness. 2. No medicines are of much avail in the cure of illness without judicious dieting, pure water *ad lib.*, and *warmth*.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

Living Chess.—In the Royal Concert Hall, St. Leonards, two games of chess with living pieces have recently been played, in aid of the Men's Help Society. Proceedings commenced with a grand procession of pieces on to the chess-board, during which the Ladies' Band and organ performed Lachner's "Festival March." Six pawns of each side were the first to take up their positions, after saluting each other in the centre of the board. The rooks, knights, and bishops then marched to the centre of the board, and having paid a visit to the kings' and queens' squares, took their places, the pawns saluting each piece as they passed them. After a pause the kings marched on from their sides, attended by their respective pawns, and met the queens (their trains being carried by their pawns) in the centre of the board. A flourish of trumpets was then sounded by the heralds, and the pawns knelt on one knee, and the remainder of the pieces saluted their king and queen as they moved to their squares. When a pawn was taken, he fell on one knee, and on rising was led off captive by the ushers. On a similar fate befalling a knight, he delivered up his sword, and was led off. On a queen being taken, she was escorted by two ushers and guarded by two pawns and a knight. On the king being checkmated, he bowed, delivered up his sword and crown, and between two knights and the remainder of the pieces, headed a procession off the board, to the strains of Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette."

The following were the games played by the Hon. Regd. Capell and Mr. W. Shadforth Boger:—

Game I.

Red.	White.
1. K P—K 4	K P—K 4
2. K B P—K B 4	K P×K B P
3. K Kt—K B 3	K Kt P—K Kt 4
4. K R P—K R 4	K Kt P—K Kt 5
5. K Kt—K 5	K Kt—K B 3
6. K B—Q B 4	Q—K 2
7. K B×K B P	K—Q sq
8. Q P—Q 4	Q P—Q 3
9. Q B×K P	Q P×K Kt
10. Q P×Q P	Q B—Q 2
11. Castles	Q×K B
12. Q P×K Kt	K B—Q B 4
13. K—R sq	K R—K sq
14. Q Kt—Q B 3	Q B P—Q B 3
15. K P—K 5	Q Kt—Q R 3
16. Q Kt—K 4	Q - Q 4
17. Q P—K B 7	K R—K B sq
18. Q—K 2	K B—K 2
19. Q R—Q sq	Q×Q R P
20. Q Kt P—Q Kt 3	K—B sq
21. Q Kt—Q B 3	Q - R 4
22. K P—K 6	Q×Q Kt
23. Q R×Q B	Q—Q B 4
24. Q×Q Kt	Q Kt P×Q
25. R—Q B 7	K—Q sq
26. K R—Q sq	K B—Q 3
27. Q R—Q 7	K B sq
28. Q B×K B	Q—K R 4
29. Q B—K Kt 3	Q—K B 4
30. Q R—Q B 7	K—Kt sq
31. K P—K 7	Q×K B P
32. K R—Q 8	K R—K R
33. K P×K R and wins.	

Game II.

Red.	White.
1. K P—K 4	K P—K 4
2. K Kt—K B 3	Q P—Q 3
3. Q B P—Q B 3	K B P—K B 4
4. K B—Q B 4	K Kt—K B 3
5. Q P—Q 4	K B P×K P
6. Q P×K P	K B P×K Kt
7. Q P×K Kt	Q×Q P
8. K Kt P×K B P	Q Kt—B 3
9. K Kt P—K B 4	Q B -Q 2
10. Q B—K 3	Castles
11. Q Kt—Q 2	Q R—K sq
12. Q—K B 3	Q B—K B 4
13. Castles Q R	Q P—Q 4
14. K B×Q P	Q×Q B P
15. Q Kt P×Q	K B—Q R 6
	And wins.

Two unfortunate pieces—the king's rook's pawn and the queen's rook's pawn, of the white side—did not move in either game.

Correspondence.

A Would-be Artist.—Messrs. Reeves & Son of Cheapside have several books in the window on drawing and painting. Messrs. Rowney of Oxford Street, and Winsor & Newton of Rathbone Place, also publish such books at various prices.

Manxman.—1. If the body continues of the same size it must go deeper in the water when totally immersed than when only partly immersed. The idea is probably that the body weighs more in air than water, and therefore would weigh heavier when half in air than when wholly out of it; but let the querist express himself more clearly. 2. An old dollar is worth about six shillings. 3. Get a new one; the mending of the small hole in a football bladder is so rarely satisfactory that we cannot recommend it.

Patent.—You will have to search the file at the Patent Office in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, to see if you have been anticipated, and then you will have to pay five shillings and apply for provisional protection. Although we have not seen exactly the same sort of thing before, we have seen so many things very like it, that it is probable the ground is already covered.

A Lover of Daring Deeds.—You are very much mistaken in supposing that Charles II. only granted pensions to those who were of good moral character. Colonel Blood was as big a scoundrel as we hear of in English history, and the less you trouble yourself about him the better.

Hermes.—Mount the leaves in an album by means of thin strips of the waste round sheets of postage stamps. Your strips need not exceed an eighth of an inch in width nor half an inch in length, and fix them over the stems of the leaves.

TAKE NOTICE!

Our Special Extra

SUMMER NUMBER

of the Boy's Own Paper *will be issued with the ordinary* June Part, *and will cost* **6d.**

Our readers should order this Special Extra **early**, *as it cannot be reprinted, and will* **not** *be included in the bound volume.*

The "B. O. P." at the University Boat Race!

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 639.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"He besought D'Arcy to hang on to the end."

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Adventures of a Three Guinea Watch," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," etc.

CHAPTER XIV. THE SHOP OPENS.

Robert—no one knew his surname—was a regular institution at Fellsgarth. Pluralist and jack-of-all-trades as he was, he seemed unable to make much of a hand at anything he took up. He was school porter, owner of the school shop, keeper of the club properties, and occasional school policeman; and he dis-

charged none of his functions well. The masters did not regard him with much confidence, the boys, for the most part, did not care for him, the other men about the place disliked him. And yet, as part and parcel of Fellsgarth, every one put up with him.

As has already been hinted, his management of the school shop had been a conspicuous failure—both for himself and the young innocents who squandered their substance on his tarts. He complained that he could make no profit; and as his method for recouping himself was to supply the worst possible article at the highest possible price, his young customers neglected him and aggravated his loss.

It was rumoured that another more questionable method of replenishing his exchequer was by laying odds on the school games, which (as in the case of the second Rendlesham match) did not always turn out in the way he expected. This, however, was only rumour, and was not to be reckoned among Bob's known transgressions, which were general stupidity, surliness, unsteadiness, and an inveterate distaste for veracity.

Such being his reputation, it astonished no one on the Monday following the events recorded in the last chapter to see the shutters of the shop at the Watch Tower Gate up, and a rudely scrawled announcement, "This shop is cloasd."

But what did cause astonishment was a subsequent announcement inscribed in print letters:—

"This establishment will re-open on Wednesday under entirely new management. Superior grub at greatly reduced prices. No more shoe-leather or flat swipes! Best tarts 1*d.* each; do. Ginger beer 1½*d.* a bottle. Fresh fruit and pastry daily. Rally round the old shop!

"By order."

Speculation ran high as to who the enterprising new tradesman could be. Some said it was Mrs. Wisdom. Others said one of the Penchurch shops was going to run it as a branch. Others suggested that some of the seniors had a hand in it. But the truth never once leaked out.

Our nine juniors played an artful part in that day's business. They mingled with the crowd in front of the notice and freely bandied about wild conjectures as to who the new manager or managers could be, at the same time hinting broadly that *they* intended to patronise the new concern.

"Tell you what," said D'Arcy, "perhaps it's the Doctor wants to turn an honest penny. Don't blame him either."

"Perhaps it's Rollitt," suggested Cash, amid laughter. "What a game! He'll go selling tarts by the pint and ginger beer by the ounce. Whew! think of Rollitt's ginger beer."

"I asked Bob if he knew who it was," said Wally, "and he said, 'No, he wished he did; he'd get something out of him for good-will.'"

"What's that?" asked Ashby. "If he'd said bad temper, there might have been some of that going about."

"Anyhow," said Wally, "I rather fancy the thing myself. The things can't be worse than they have been, and if they're fresh every day, they're bound to be better, and the tarts are a halfpenny less, and so's the ginger pop."

"Hooroo!" said Cottle; "you can get half as much again for the same money. I wish they'd open to-day."

After which, one by one they tailed off, leaving a general impression behind them that whoever else was in the secret, these nine young innocent lambs were not.

Matters had not advanced to this stage without considerable deliberation. Several committee meetings had been held, some of which, under Mr. Stratton's presidency, had been of a practical nature, others, without his controlling presence, had ended in dust. On the whole, however, the young merchant adventurers had exhibited a reasonable grasp of their responsibilities and an aptitude for dealing with the necessary details.

One point discussed was whether the shop should be open all day, or only at certain times. Mr. Stratton was in favour of the latter. He urged that during the off hours between eleven and twelve, and in the afternoon between four and six, would be ample.

The committee argued, from personal experience, that there were other hours of the day when a fellow felt in the humour for a "blow out." To this Mr. Stratton replied, "Let him 'blow out' by all means, but not on the company's premises. He could do his shopping during shop hours, and 'blow out' with his purchases at any hour of the day or night the school rules permitted. They couldn't undertake to provide a banqueting hall for their customers." "But," urged the committee, "if you have a shopman, why not get your money's worth out of him?" "Why waste our money on a shopman at all?" propounded Mr. Stratton to his astounded fellow directors. "Why not take turns behind the counter ourselves; say one of the Wheatfields and Cash one week, and Cottle and Ashby the next, and so on? The hours proposed were not school hours; and though the persons on duty might occasionally be done out of a game, still it would fall on all alike, and would be a little sacrifice for the common good."

"But," said Percy, whose hair was on end at this tremendous proposition, "suppose Wally—that is, I mean, wouldn't it be necessary to count the tarts before each chap went on duty and see how many there were at the end?"

"It might with you and your lot," retorted Wally, very red in the face. "It'd be best to have a weighing machine handy and charge you 6*d.* a pound for every pound extra you weighed at the end of the day!"

"We'll neither count nor weigh," said Mr. Stratton; "we'll trust to every fellow's honour. Why, if we couldn't do that, do you suppose the shop would keep open a week?"

This impressed the meeting vastly, and the discussion was changed to the question of profits.

The boys were in favour of screwing all they could out of their customers. They didn't see why, if Bob sold bad tarts for three-halfpence, they shouldn't sell good ones at least for the same price.

"It's giving it to 'em both ends," said they.

"Why not?" said the master. "We want the fellows to get the benefit. We don't want all the profit. As it is, we shall make a farthing on every tart we sell. We ought to sell four times as many as Bob did, oughtn't we?"

"Quite that," said they.

"Very well; see how that works out."

And Mr. Stratton took his chalk and worked out this sum on the blackboard:

12 bad tarts at 1½*d.* = 1*s.* 6*d.*, cost 9*d.*, profit 9*d.*

48 good tarts at 1*d.* = 4*s.*, cost 3*s.*, profit 1*s.*

"You see," said he, "if we can only increase the demand, we shall easily make Bob's profit, and more. Having good tarts will increase it in one way, and selling cheap will increase it another. It's worth trying, anyhow."

And so the deliberations went on, and the boys' minds gradually took on the new idea.

The thirty shillings, Mr. Stratton reported, had been advanced, and Mrs. Stratton was appointed a sub-committee to lay it out. A method of accounts was arranged. The first day's stock was to be charged at the selling price to the shopman for the day. At the end of the day he was to hand over to the treasurer the money he had taken and what was left of the stock, which two items together ought to make up the sum of his responsibility. It was felt that in a very few days the committee would ascertain pretty nearly what quantity of each article was consumed, and would be able to order accordingly. Any deficiency was to be set down to bad management, and no other reason; and any shopman deficient three days running was to forfeit his right to officiate again during that term.

Lots were solemnly drawn for the distinction of opening the shop, and the choice fell on D'Arcy and Lickford, who for the next day or two went about shaking in their shoes. As the day drew near, the venture seemed a tremendous one, and Mr. Stratton had to use all his powers of encouragement to keep his colleagues from not taking fright at the last moment.

"It will all go swimmingly, you see," said he. "I will hold myself in readiness to come down and back you up if there's the least hitch, but I shall be greatly disappointed if you need me."

The last act of the committee before commencing proceedings was to draw up a manifesto, which was copied out and duly affixed to the notice boards and the shop-shutters on the morning of the opening.

Under the distinguished patronage of Mr. and Mrs. Stratton.

THE FELLSGARTH SHOP
WILL BE OPENED THIS DAY FROM 11 TO 12, AND 4 TO 6,
AND DAILY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED) TILL FURTHER NOTICE.
THE FOLLOWING PRIME GOODS, AT THE CHEAP PRICES AFFIXED.

[Here followed a list of the stores.]

READY MONEY. NO TICK. CHANGE GIVEN.
NO MORE STOMACH-ACHE!!
REAL JAM! RIPE FRUIT! FRESH PASTRY!
ALL THE SEASON'S NOVELTIES. NOTHING STALE.
BOYS OF FELLSGARTH—COME IN YOUR THOUSANDS!
NO RISK TO MAN OR BOY. NO FAVOUR.

MASTERS AND FAGS TREATED ALIKE.
ALL THE PROFITS FOR THE CLUBS.
TREASURER, MRS. STRATTON.
MANAGING DIRECTORS, NINE GENTLEMEN, CAREFULLY SELECTED;
PRESIDENT, MR. STRATTON.
PLENTY FOR ALL. NO QUESTIONS ASKED
ALL ARE WELCOME.
COME EARLY AND STAY LATE.
By Order.

This soul-stirring manifesto, which had the hearty approval both of the President and Treasurer (who carefully revised the spelling), threw some satisfactory light on the mystery. Who were the "carefully selected gentlemen" was still obscure, although it was generally held that Fellsgarth only contained nine individuals answering to that particular description. What was more important was that Mr. and Mrs. Stratton were at the back of the venture. If so, it was not a swindle, and the grub was pretty sure to be right. The new price list, moreover, was very satisfactory, and on the whole the hours were approved of.

When the eleven o'clock bell sounded, on the Wednesday morning, a general movement was made for the Water Tower Gate, where, firmly entrenched behind a clean counter piled up with the good things a schoolboy holds dear, demurely stood D'Arcy and Lickford, looking very anxious and scared.

At judiciously selected points among the crowd their friends looked on sympathetically.

After the laughter which had greeted the discovery had died away, an awkward pause ensued. No one exactly liked to start. The seniors present felt their dignity would be compromised. The middle boys did not like to do what the seniors were too shy to do. The juniors were afraid some one might laugh if they led off. Consequently for a minute or two every one stared at the two shopmen, who cast down their eyes, and blushed and simpered.

At length, however, the ice was broken in a very pretty way. For Mrs. Stratton on her way out of the School looked in, and taking in the situation, advanced to the counter and said:

"A bottle of ginger-beer, if you please, Lickford."

Lickford, who to use his own polite phrase, was "bossing the drinks and fruit" for the day, nearly tumbled down with the shock of this sudden challenge, and made a wild grab at the nearest bottle within reach. The eyes of Fellsgarth were upon him; he lost his head entirely, and made herculean efforts to draw the cork without loosing the wire. His contortions were terrible. When he could not hold the bottle firm enough between his knees, he tried gripping it between his feet. Then in a hot whisper he besought D'Arcy to hang on to the end, and for a time the bottle was invisible under the two. Then he took another, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the spectators, and was proceeding to release the corkscrew from the refractory vessel, when Mrs. Stratton said in her pleasant way:

"I see you keep the new kind of bottles that have the corks wired down. They are much better than the old, and it's very little trouble undoing the wire."

This saved Lickford. In a moment the wire was removed, and the cork burst out triumphantly, even before it was pulled, showering a grateful froth of fizz into the waistcoat of the operator.

"It's beautifully well up. Thank you, Lickford, how much?" said Mrs. Stratton.

"They're a shilling a dozen. I mean three-halfpence each," said D'Arcy. "We can give you change."

"Here's twopence. I'll take a halfpenny apple. That will make it right, won't it?"

And amid loud cheers she departed.

The ice thus broken, a rush took place. As Ridgway, who was poetical, said—

"Fellows may step in where angels didn't fear to tread."

Then did D'Arcy and Lickford pant and perspire, and wish they had never been born. Hands reached in from all sides, and helped themselves to cakes and tarts, and coppers showered in on them from nobody could tell where.

They found themselves handing change out into space, and sowing sweets broadcast among the crowd.

The other directors meanwhile, as in duty bound, nobly rallied round them, and added to their embarrassment.

"Walk up, walk up!" shouted Wally. "Try our brandy-balls, eight a penny. Eight brandy-balls for Dalton; you chaps, look sharp. Change for a sov for Clapperton; beg pardon, sixpence (didn't know he kept such small coins). Hullo, hullo! stand by for my young brother Percy! He's just a-going to begin. Fifteen jam tarts, half a pound of peppermints, half a dozen ginger beer. Bite his money hard, D'Arcy; see there are no bad 'uns. I know the chap!"

"Bah! I hope they've got better toffee here than that muck you make," said Percy.

"Come, wake up, you louts," cried Cash. "I've been waiting five minutes for my cake."

"Can't have 'em; we're run out," said D'Arcy.

"Well, you must be a green one only to get such a few," said a middle boy, who had also built his hopes on the same delicacy.

"Very sorry," said Percy to the company generally. "You must excuse these chaps—raw hands—they don't know how to manage at present. Give 'em time. They'll do better; won't you, Lickford? Takes some time to get a notion into Lickford's head, but when it gets there, my word, it sticks. Get in a double lot of cakes to-morrow, do you hear, or I shall give you the sack."

Despite these pleasant recriminations the business went on merrily. The "tuck" was pronounced a great advance on anything Robert had provided, and rumours of its excellence penetrated into quarters which had never contributed customers to the old shop.

In the afternoon the crowd was less, but the business more steady. Mr. Stratton dropped in for a slice of cake, and Mrs. Wakefield and the three little Wakefields came to patronise the undertaking. One or two fellows, too, sent their fags to secure "extras" for tea, and one or two left orders for another day. Inquiries were made, moreover, for certain articles, such as lemons, tea-cakes, etc., which the shopmen took a note of as worth laying in a stock of. And the lack of demand for a few of the things they had, suggested to the same astute young merchants that they might be dispensed with in future.

Of course, a few boys tried to interfere with the regulations by demanding "tick," and wanting to make bargains. But they were promptly met by a *non possumus* from the directors present, and finally brought to reason by being referred to Mr. Stratton.

The day passed without the necessity of any appeal to the president. An anxious consultation was, however, held in his room after closing time. Naturally, owing to the exceptional rush, the accounts were a little out, but as they happened to be on the right side this was a matter for congratulation rather than distress. Nearly two pounds had been taken, and the stock left on hand was valued at five shillings, so that actually it was possible to repay half of the thirty shillings lent, after the very first day. Mr. Stratton, however, advised that only ten shillings should be repaid this time, and the other five shillings put into a reserve fund, in case of need.

"Of course, you can't expect to do as big a business as this every day," said he. "It will settle down to a regular jog-trot in a few days, and then we shall be able to judge much better how we stand. I shall be very well satisfied if we make about five shillings clear a day."

"I think you boys have started very well," began the treasurer, but her husband held up his finger admonishingly.

"I should have been very disappointed with them if they had not," said he. "It's easy enough to start, the thing will be to keep it up."

"Remember," he added, "it will be better not to brag out of doors about our profits or that sort of thing. It will be time enough to talk about that when we are able to hand over a good lump sum to the clubs. Now it's time you went to preparation. Good night all."

"I tell you what," said Lickford to his fellow shopman as they walked across the Green, "we shall have to be pretty smart to-morrow if we're to get to the club meeting."

"Why," said D'Arcy, "I thought none of you Modern cads were going to show up?"

"We heard you'd all funked it," said Wally.

"I don't blame them," said Ashby; "they've not much to be proud of, those Modern chaps."

"Never mind," said Fisher II, "Fellsgarth can get on well enough without them."

The party came to a halt and regarded one another seriously, and Percy said:

"Whoever told you we weren't going to turn up, told crams. We're coming. We'll see you don't have it all to yourselves, rather—pigs!"

"My eye, won't you get licked for it! Nice to belong to a house where you mayn't sneeze unless your senior lets you."

"Go on! Shut up! See if you can't canvass a bit. That's what you're best at—that, and getting it hot on the hands for cheating." Whereupon the troop separated.

The taunts of the Classics made their

rivals wince, despite their affected contempt. To-morrow was the day of the meeting; and between now and then they must decide whether or not they would obey their own seniors and stay away, or revolt and take the consequences.

The unanimous opinion was in favour of revolt, unless Clapperton made it uncommonly worth their while to obey.

They were not destined to remain long in doubt, for the senior invaded their quarters that very evening.

"Just remember, you youngsters," said he, "no one is going to the meeting to-morrow from our side."

"Oh!"

"Any fellow who goes will get it hot, I promise him."

"Ah! What about our conditions? What have you done about them?"

"Put them in the coalscuttle; and I've a good mind to put all five of you there, too, for your impudence."

"Ah!"

The captain turned on his heel, with a final warning.

"That settles it, you chaps," said Percy, when he had gone. "We go."

"Rather," replied everybody.

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frèzols," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—THE GUEBRE'S HOME.

The sun was already high on the horizon when Maurice and Catherine, on their good little Persian horses, arrived in view of what bears the name of the "Tomb of Esther and Mordecai." Tradition tells that the beautiful Jewess was here buried, and that her foster father lies at her feet. As with the "Tomb of Daniel," this sepulchre is held in great honour by Jewish pilgrims, who come in crowds from all parts of Persia, and even from the Levant, to prostrate themselves on the tomb of their protectress.

The young people, knowing the reputation of this tomb, might have expected to see some magnificent monument. The renown of the luxury and pomp acquired by Ahasuerus might have led them to hope that he had raised a monument worthy of that renown, but they were not unaware that the monument is held to be apocryphal, and were not much surprised to find it so simple and so poverty-stricken.

The two tombs are placed side by side under a little dome of wood, almost entirely covered with Hebrew inscriptions on parchment placed there by the pilgrims. These are either prayers or else acknowledgments for favours received. There was nothing in the sanctuary to excite the cupidity of the Persians, and hence, in spite of the continual persecutions to which the Jews are subjected in Iran, the humble chapel is left in peace. The walls are of red brick, but large daubs of mud almost hide the original colour. A little cupola covered with blue overlapping tiles forms the roof of the *gabre*, which does not stand more than forty feet above the ground.

As the brother and sister rode close to the tomb, groups of Jewish pilgrims cautiously and timidly approached, crawling on their knees, and casting looks of alarm around them. The condition of the Jews in Persia is most precarious, and seeing the two persons on horseback approaching, they expected to receive some ill-treatment.

In fact, while all the other religions, Christian, Armenian, Nestorian, even Guebre, are protected by different European nations, the Jews are placed under no protectorate, and are the usual butt of the Mahomedans. The governors of the provinces consider them as their natural prey, and oppress them with the same ardour as, and probably with more success than, the barons of the middle ages. The condition of the Israelites in Persia at the present time is the exact reproduction of what it was in Europe in the worst period of barbarism and ignorance.

The smallest street boy has the right to spit at the Jew, to strike him, and to molest him as much as he pleases. There still exists a custom observed on every festival day, and even in the Shah's palace; in the days of public rejoicing the Jews are seized in as large a number as possible, and thrown head-first into the *hauz* or basins full of water which are found in all the courts and on all the squares. The efforts of the unfortunate people to lift themselves over the sticky edge of the basin are considered to be very amusing, and when the Jews escape, dripping and covered with stinking mud, they are pursued with hootings, occasionally accompanied by a shower of pebbles. Lucky for them if they escape without losing an eye or a tooth. This ceremony is repeated at the installation of every governor of the province, to the great joy of the populace; the *panem et circenses* of ancient Rome being replaced in Persia by the cry of *Fireworks and Jews*. We need hardly say that Jews are held responsible for all public calamities, such as epidemics, famines, fires, bad harvests, and cattle diseases. A child is frightened at them by telling him that the Jews will take him to sacrifice him to their God! If any one misses a sheep, a cow, an ass, or a dog, the Jews have stolen it! Out upon them!

They live in each town penned up in a ghetto, in which they spend an abject and perilous existence. When a Jewish marriage is celebrated the Mahomedan mob invites itself to the ceremony and begins by pillaging the banquet prepared for the newly married couple, insulting the women and the girls, and, as often happens, leaving many of the men for dead on the floor. The Mahomedan schools and colleges are, it is unnecessary to say, closed to the Jews. A very small number of trades are open to them; the most repugnant, such as cleaning out the sewers, being always theirs. As in all countries, they are artistic workmen in the precious metals, they make excellent embroidery in gold and silver, and certain branches of trade are allowed them, such as that of travelling hawkers and sellers of leeches, for which there is an extraordinarily large demand in Persia. Singing, music, dancing, considered in the East as the lowest of professions, are theirs exclusively, and to them incontestably belongs the right of manufacturing imitation old coins.

Notwithstanding their unenviable position, their talent for business is so innate that they often succeed in amassing a fortune. Unfortunately for them they are then squeezed almost till the last penny is exhausted. It may be asked why they do not abandon a country in which they are so maltreated; the reason is very simple, they are officially forbidden to set foot outside the district in which they live without the express permission of the governor. They rejoice in a solitary privilege, they are not liable to military service.

One need not then be astonished at the humility of their attitude when they saw the two riders. Kerdic stopped his horse and asked the way to the Tower of Silence; having paid for this information with the gift of a few pieces of money, the young Gentiles were the recipients of many a hyperbolic benediction chanted in a drawling nasal tone. Catherine could not conceal the feeling of sorrow with which the abasement of these miserable people inspired her. To a young and generous mind there is nothing more painful than the sight of oppression and injustice, and the degradation of these unhappy Jews touched her to the heart.

The brother and sister passed the tombs of Esther and Mordecai, and entered a labyrinth of huge stones through which they could find no path. It was a wild and barren spot, with heaps of towering rocks, hilly and desolate; every few minutes the riders were obliged to dismount and lead their horses amid the maze. Occasionally they could distinguish in the distance a sort of bare white pillar. This the Jews had said was the Tower of Silence, and the travellers knew from little Hassan that old Goucha Nichin dwelt not far from the tower. And so, as they advanced among the rocks and opened a way through the thorny bushes, they took care not to lose sight of this landmark.

But it was farther off than they estimated, for it seemed to remain all the time at the same distance away.

Catherine said at last in her astonishment, "One would think we were bewitched," and she lifted the front of her white helmet which began to feel heavy on her. "Did they not truly say that this old magician, Goucha Nichin, hides himself and his house in some impenetrable corner? We are, however, in the

condition stipulated for by little Hassan," she added with a laugh, "for our intentions are, in his own words, distinctly honourable."

"And thy heart is pure, young Faranghi!" said a voice behind her as if in echo, a grave, musical voice, like that which comes from the heart of those one would willingly receive with cordiality. "And, young people, you are welcome!"

The Kerdics turned back in surprise. Behind them, standing at the door of a sort of excavation half hidden by climbing plants which fell in graceful draperies, stood an old man of lofty stature, whose eyes burnt like live coals under his thick eyebrows. He was clothed in long garments of startling whiteness; the masses of his snowy patriarchal beard descended to his waist, his head being wrapped in a turban of the purest white muslin. The old man's features were majestic, his skin of a dead white ivory hue, and his beautiful hands, almost transparent in their delicacy, were indistinguishable amid the dazzling folds of his vesture. The man had a most commanding look, and the young people experienced an involuntary feeling of respect when they saw him. They recognised in him the priest of fire, and the same thought occurred to both of them; the sacred flame seemed to have transfigured him and raised him to an immeasurable height above men.

"Welcome!" said Goucha Nichin; "I await you."

The travellers dismounted in silence, still overcome with surprise.

The old man drew aside the curtain of plants which hid the opening to the cave and motioned them to enter.

"Leave your horses," said he. "They run no risk; I forbid them to stray."

And he stretched his two hands over the horses; and it seemed as though they obeyed him, for they bent their knees and lay themselves gently down on the ground. Catherine, who knew the restive disposition of her mare, *Gourret-oul-Ain*, could not restrain her surprise. But Maurice smiled and said to her in an undertone—

"Do you think they are bewitched. They are tired, that is all!"

It seemed as though Goucha Nichin understood without hearing what was said.

"They are not tired, young man," said he, in a serious voice. "But I have forbidden them to stray, and they will not move from there except at my orders, even if they have to wait for the last trumpet."

"Suggestion, then?" said Maurice, with a smile. "The horses are, it is true, quite nervous enough to be easily suggestible. It would be a convenient way to manage them when they are restive."

Without a word in reply, the old man again pointed to the entrance to the cave, and the brother and sister, obedient to this mute invitation, led the way in.

They found themselves in a cavern of unusual size, particularly towards the end, where the vault in the hill flank was a hundred yards high. A large copper brazier burnt in the centre of the grotto and emitted a gentle heat into the atmosphere. A few carpets were thrown on the ground, and piles of cushions seemed to be ready for the visitors. Vases in tin or copper, which the beautiful metalwork made more precious than silver or gold, lamps of antique shape, a little furniture of strange design, and a complete outfit of astrological instruments, retorts, astrolabes, magic prisms, skulls, and stuffed bats, in a dark corner, showed the Kerdics that they were the visitors of one who had a certain acquaintance with the ancient science. Enormous volumes of papyrus, rolled up like old manuscripts, were thrown in disorder near a pile of cushions which the old man had evidently risen from, and bore witness to abstruse and profound studies. But what most struck Catherine in penetrating the semi-darkness of the cave was to see on the ground two greenish moving lights which she could not at first make out. While she was trying to understand what they could be, a light supple bound brought to Goucha Nichin's feet a magnificent panther, whose white coat was striped with streaks of velvety black. Catherine could not help a step backwards, but the old Guebre turning towards her, said:

"Fear nothing. The animal knows those who are pure in heart, and my panther will do you no harm. Kiss her on the forehead, my child, and peace will be signed between you."

Catherine, a little nervous, held out her hand to the beautiful creature, which came fawning to her feet, and then suddenly rising on its hind legs with the grace of an ostrich feather, laid its head on her shoulder. The animal's movements were so supple and caressing that Catherine ceased to feel the least fear, and heartily kissed the wide forehead the graceful creature held out to her. Then, satisfied, the panther dropped noiselessly to the ground, and in a friendly way rubbed herself against Maurice's legs and Goucha Nichin's robe, and returned to crouch near the brazier, purring like a gigantic cat.

Maurice, who had put his hand to his revolver ready to shoot the animal if it showed a sign of hurting Catherine, was not very pleased at this.

"This old man is a good deal of the charlatan," he thought to himself; "I hope his panther will do us no evil trick. Did one ever see such a thing! To make Catherine kiss that horrible beast! I have a good mind to leave the place at once. I must have been mad to come here, and to have brought my sister here. Down with all Guebres and their mummeries, say I!"



"Nothing could be nobler or more graceful."

The old Parsee appeared to divine the young man's thoughts.

"Be not impatient, young Faranghi," he said with severe courtesy. "The business which brings you here will be dealt with when you have refreshed yourselves and rested. Allow a poor Guebre to exercise the noblest right he has inherited from his fathers, that of doing the duties of hospitality towards travellers."

Kerdic bowed, and the old man making a sign to his guests to sit down on the cushions, clapped his hands. Immediately a curtain which masked the entrance to an interior cavern was lifted and gave passage to little Hassan. He preceded a young woman of such striking beauty that Maurice and Catherine were simply astounded.

She was of tall stature, as lissome as a liana, wearing a long, soft white tunic of a thousand folds. Her arms were encircled at the wrist and above the elbow by copper bracelets of exquisite workmanship. Her silky hair, to which henna had given a golden tint, fell to her heels in heavy tresses braided with silver sequins. She wore no veil, contrary to the custom of Persian ladies, and this allowed of admiration of a face of clear regular features and two glorious blue eyes—an ethnographic distinction common to her and her grandfather which characterises the purest race of Farsistan. Nothing could be nobler or more graceful than the gait and bearing of the youthful Guebre. She held a large bowl of that rainbow glass apparently encrusted with precious stones which is made in Persia, containing a snowy perfumed sherbet. Little Hassan carried a ewer of limpid water which he presented to the travellers for them to dip their hands in. Then Leila offered to the brother and sister one of those beautiful spoons of wood with carved handles which are used in Iran, and it was with pleasure after their long ride that the visitors accepted the delicious mixture of pomegranate, orange, and lemon cooled with the purest snow of Elvend. Generally the same spoon is used by all, but with the old Guebre every one had one, an innovation much approved of by the Kerdics.

These spoons are worth describing, as they are becoming rarer every day in Iran, where they are being replaced by something much commoner. The artist usually carves them out of pear wood having a grain as fine and smooth as marble (the Persians never put metal into their mouths); the handle, about seven inches long, is of elegant shape, and hollowed out and pierced like lacework; the bowl of the spoon, which will hold about as much as a wineglass, is deep and of oval form and as transparent as eggshell; but on this thin milky basis the most capricious arabesques, letters, and mottoes in Persian characters are cut in high relief so as to give the effect of vellum lace. Every part of the spoon is crowded with ornamentation delicate enough to have been traced by the feet of a fly, and it is wonderful how human hands could have produced such marvellous delicacy. Maurice and his sister had heard much of the skill of the Persian wood-carvers, but never had they seen such perfect specimens of their art. We need not say that two sherbet spoons are never alike, and that they show much fancy in design.

While the young people refreshed themselves, the beautiful Leila sat down by Catherine's side and looked at her with naïve curiosity. They immediately entered into friendly conversation, and little Hassan came and sat at their feet with the panther which had bounded towards Leila as she entered.

The two girls, the handsome boy, and the animal doubtless formed the most graceful group. But the old Guebre and Maurice soon came to speak of the matter that interested the young archæologist.

"I know what brings thee here," said Goucha Nichin, as soon as Kerdic began to explain why he had visited him. "Thy workmen refuse to work. There are sinister rumours about as to the Faranghi mission; the drought which is threatening and the eclipse of the moon are attributed to thee. It is said that since thy impious pick was driven into the entrails of the earth the curse of the heavens menaces Iran."

"That is it," said Maurice, "and I am not astonished that their rumours have reached you, for every one is talking about them."

The old man smiled enigmatically.

"Yes," he continued slowly, "every one is talking about them. How comes it, however, that you formed the plan of visiting the old Guebre to get labourers in the place of those that left you, and that he was warned of it? Did you tell that to every one? Be frank."

"No, I certainly did not. But——"

"Seek not to explain what thou dost not understand, and let it content thee to have confidence in one who reads thy heart. But tell me why thou beganst thy diggings on that side of Ecbatana?"

"Because I expected to discover that which I sought for," said Kerdic.

"Thou art wrong. The ruins thou hast begun to discover are not those of the septuple wall of seven colours, nor the citadel, nor the temple of Mithra. Thou art mistaken, young Faranghi. Where thou art digging thou wilt find only the ruins of the bath of the wives of Seleucus, mere modern buildings not far from those thou seekest."

"Who can say that?" said Maurice with irritation. "No one has excavated here before. You cannot know what the earth hides in that spot or in any other."

"I tell thee that *I know*, young man. Show me thyself where thou art digging, and I will show thee where your mistake is."

It would not have required much to make Maurice refuse; but reflecting that after all he had come to ask help from the old Guebre, and it would be puerile to offend him, he took out his notebook and sketched in a few pencil strokes the plan of the diggings he had begun.

When the drawing was complete, the Guebre placed it in front of him, and leaning on his elbows, with his eyes fixed on the paper, he held his beard in his hand and became absorbed in deep reflection. Treating his reverie with respect Kerdic waited in silence for the magus to deliver the oracle. Long minutes elapsed. At length the Guebre raised his head and pointed with his finger to the map.

"I see here," he said, in a tone full of confidence, "that thy diggings run from north to south. Thou art on the wrong track Dost thou know the lion which stands at the gates of Hamadan?"

"Yes. You speak of the mutilated lion in sonorous stone which is reported to protect the town against cold and hunger?"

"Exactly. Well, if thou wishest to succeed, place thyself before that lion with thy head in the same direction as that of the animal. Project in thought, or if thou prefer it, in reality, a straight line from the lion's left eye; project a second line parallel to the first from the lion's right eye; at five hundred yards from the lion cut the first line by a third, forming with it an angle of twenty-five degrees, and from where it cuts the second line produce it indefinitely. Place thyself at the point of junction of the first and third, satisfy thyself as to the exact position of the vanishing point of that line; at that point, which a trusty friend, thy sister for example, can mark for thee, boldly begin thy search; and may I lose my beard if thy pickaxe does not soon come in contact with the stones of the septuple wall!"

The old Guebre spoke with such authority that Maurice could not but believe him. He made a rapid sketch according to the indications of the old man.

"And the citadel?" he said smiling. "As you know the buried city so well, you can perhaps show me where that is."

"Young man," replied the Guebre, "seek not to know too much at a time. When thy eyes behold the seven colours enriched with gold of the walls of Herodotus, that will I think be success enough to begin with. When the Guebre has proved thou canst trust him, come and consult him again without fear. He will reveal that which his knowledge has taught him."

"Assuredly," said Kerdic, "I shall be most thankful to find what I am seeking, and in proof that I believe you, I would as soon as I return begin my works on the spot you have indicated, if I were not in want of the very thing that is indispensable for me to do so."

"What?" said the Guebre sharply.

"Labourers!"

"Return home. It is growing late and the young Faranghi should not be exposed to the hurtful influences of the night. Fear the darkness, the enemy of man. To-morrow, in the blessed rays of the sun, thy workmen will be at their post."

"Thanks to you?"

"Thanks to me."

"In truth I do not know how to thank you if it is so—and if I do not appear ungrateful, may I ask for what reason you take such interest in a stranger?"

"I read hearts!" said the Guebre solemnly. "Ask me no more. Return home. To-morrow at dawn thy workmen will be at work."

The old man rose in token that the conference was over, and Maurice and Catherine having said farewell to Leila, followed him from the cave.

The horses outside had not moved. The Guebre ordered little Hassan to give them some water and barley, but for some reason or other the animals, motionless as statues, refused to touch it. With his enigmatic smile, the old man stepped forward and gently patted the neck of the two beasts, pronouncing a few words in an unknown tongue. Immediately, with a joyous neigh, the horses rose and began to drink long draughts of the clear water and eat the fine barley given them by Hassan.

"Thus," said the Guebre, "animals reputed to be stupid recognise their true friends and understand hidden things. The fire of the skies protect you and the sun be with you!"

He returned into his cave, and the two young people, resuming their saddles, rode rapidly back to the camp.

(To be continued.)

SAVED!

"What name shall I say?"

"Wilson. Mr. Frederick Wilson. Mr. Butt expects me. He told me to call at eleven."

"Yes, sir," and the office boy, giving a preliminary rap with his knuckles, disappeared through the baize-covered door into his principal's room.

Hat and gloves in hand the caller waited, looking curiously about him, stealing a furtive peep at the two clerks busy on the other side of the wooden partition.

He was a young man of perhaps four or five and twenty, very ordinary looking, just such a one as you may see hundreds of, in and about the city, any day of the week. Perhaps his face was a trifle paler and more pinched, his black coat a little more shiny, his hat and gloves older, than those of the majority of his fellows; but otherwise he looked what he was—an average City clerk.

He had had bad luck of late. Dismissed from his former employment through no fault of his own, for three months he had been out of a berth, and had to live as best he could while seeking another situation. For three whole months he had been assiduously endeavouring to find something to do, had spent day after day, week after week, in going about searching in all likely quarters, had still further curtailed his meagre expenditure in buying stamps to answer the advertisements he hunted for in the papers.

At last, when hope had almost expired, and the keen pinch of poverty was gradually depriving him of all energy to continue the struggle, he came across an advertisement in a daily paper for a clerk in the well-known firm of John Butt. He knew the merchant by name, and that any one who obtained a situation in his office might consider himself settled for life, and so, although he at once answered the advertisement, he hardly dared to hope that he should be so fortunate as to secure the vacant place. What then was his delight when the following evening's post brought him a letter asking him to call at the merchant's office at twelve o'clock next day?

"Walk in, please," said the office boy, emerging from the merchant's room, and holding the door open behind him.

The young man gave a little nervous cough, put his fingers to his faded necktie, and stepped into the presence of the merchant himself, a short, rather stout, grey-bearded gentleman, who, raising his head, pushed aside a mass of papers that were before him, and looking keenly through his gold-rimmed glasses, said briskly—

"Good morning. Take a chair."

"Good morning. Thank you," said the young man, sitting down upon the edge of one placed near at hand.

Mr. Butt leant back, laid down his pen, and crossed his legs comfortably.

"I see you received my note, Mr. Wilson," he began, "and have called at the time I appointed. I picked out your letter from amongst all the others on account of the neatness of the handwriting, and then, seeing that you could fulfil my requirements, wrote to you to call."

The young man shifted upon his seat, and a pleased expression lighted up his face. After so long a period of wretchedness, these words, so cheering and so hopeful, sank, full of comfort, into his very soul.

"But, Mr. Wilson," the merchant continued in an altered tone, "I am sorry to say that only half an hour ago a young gentleman called upon me, who, in addition to being able to fully satisfy all my requirements, informed me that he was able to conduct Spanish correspondence, which, although I did not mention it in my advertisement, would be of the very greatest convenience to me. I told him that I had already written some one else to call, but, in view of this fact, that he could assist with our foreign correspondence, I am afraid, Mr. Wilson, if his references are satisfactory, I must engage him. I suppose, as you did not mention it, you are unacquainted with Spanish?"

"I know a little French, that is all," the young man managed to reply as he struggled to keep down all traces of his bitter disappointment.

The merchant shook his head. French would be of no use. "I am sorry," he said, "very sorry to have brought you here only to tell you this. There was no time, or I would have sent you a wire. Of course, if this gentleman's references should not prove quite satisfactory, I would at once communicate with you."

"Thank you," said the young man in a spiritless voice, as he gathered himself up ready to depart.

There was a tap at the door. A clerk entered, a letter in his hand.

"Can you look at this, sir, before it goes?" he asked of the merchant.

"Excuse me one minute, Mr. Wilson," said Mr. Butt, as he rose up and went towards the window.

As he passed the corner of the table his coat tails caught the mass of papers piled upon it, and several documents fluttered to the ground. The young man stooped mechanically and replaced them.

"Thank you," said the merchant from the window, as he listened to the contents of the letter read to him in an undertone by his clerk.

Their backs were turned; they could not see him. The young man heaved a deep sigh and his head sank upon his breast. Fate was against him; try as he would it was of no use. How he wished his wretched life was ended!

"Ah!" He started. At his feet lay a piece of paper, a piece of paper bearing a bright red stamp—a cheque. He leaned forward. "London and Provincial Bank. Pay T. H. Wilde, Esq., or bearer, sixty-eight pounds seven shillings and five pence." The ink was still wet, the cheque unsigned. It was not even crossed, or marked "or order." The merchant had evidently been interrupted as he was drawing it.

An instant before he had been cast down, despondent. His eyes flashed, a sudden fire heated the blood in his veins as he looked upon that blank space on the cheque and thought of the signature "John Butt" on the letter he had in his pocket.

Sixty-eight pounds! He thought of his wretched fireless room; the empty cupboard; his breakfast of bread and scrape; the few pence hoarded to pay for dinner; the threat of his landlady to turn him out the following Saturday unless he could pay his bill; of all the wearying troubles that made him sick of life.

The temptation was too great. He could fight against adversity no longer. He stooped, picked up the cheque, and, covering the rustling of the paper by a sudden cough, placed it securely in his pocket.

"That will do, Williams. Send it off immediately," said the merchant, as the clerk finished reading the letter. "Well, Mr. Wilson, I will write you at once if the other does not suit, and will, in any event, keep your name before me. I repeat, I deeply regret having caused you this disappointment. Can I offer you something just to cover your expenses and loss of time?"

And he held out a sovereign towards the young man, who, nervously refusing to take it, turned towards the door.

"I have incurred no expense, sir. Good morning," he said.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilson," returned the merchant, quite sadly.

Late that afternoon Frederick Wilson made his way back to his lodgings. All day long he had wandered about the streets, thinking. Full well he knew the wickedness of what he had done, the sin of what he contemplated doing; yet, even when he quietly reasoned with his better conscience, he did not draw back; he had only to picture all the comforts, food, fire, clothes, that would be his, to become strengthened in his resolution of forging the merchant's name. And by the time he turned the familiar corner of the dismal street wherein he lodged, the final details of his plan of action were all arranged. He was a facile penman, and it would be an easy task to copy so plain a signature as that of John Butt from the letter on to the cheque. Next morning early he would cash it at the bank.

So intent was he in again going over the details of his scheme, that, as he went along, he did not notice a young girl, who, as he passed, looked sharply at him, and when he had gone a pace or two beyond, called, in a thin, piping voice, after him: "Good evening, Mr. Fred."

He turned quickly round as he heard his name pronounced, and the scared expression faded from his face as he saw it was only little Mary Cole, his landlady's niece.

"Good evening, Mary," he returned, waiting for her. She was an odd-looking child; a child who bore upon her shrivelled-up face the evidence of a life of woe. For little Mary Cole was sadly misshapen and deformed, her back was bent and her narrow shoulders came up almost to her ears, fixing her small head rigidly, so that she had to elevate her eyebrows to look up to your face. And, alas! for her, this deformity, which should have opened towards her the hearts of those amongst whom she lived, was the very excuse that they employed for heaping upon the unhappy cripple the most menial tasks that lodging-house keeping required to be performed, for denying her the rights that other human beings enjoyed. Left, on the death of her father, to the care of Mrs. Cole, his sister, who had always detested her brother's wife, Mary had ever since been the drudge and slave of the lodging-house keeper and her daughter; who visited their long bottled-up dislike of the mother upon the head of the hapless orphan.

"I wanted to see you, Mr. Fred," said the poor girl, when she had caught up to him. "I wanted to tell you that I am going away."

"Oh," returned the young man rather absently, as they walked along together. "Where are you going?" His own troubles monopolised him too completely to allow of his entering into anybody else's.

"I don't know where I am going," she answered concernedly. "They haven't told me, but Aunt says she can't afford to keep me any longer, and so she has found me a place. I think, though, it is to look after some children, and I know it is in the country, and," she added hopefully, glancing up to him, "if it's in the country it can't be a worse place than this, can it?"

"When do you go?" he asked.

The child shook her head. "They haven't told me," she repeated.

Something in the tone of her answers aroused him. He looked down at her as she walked beside him, marvelling, in his own hopeless despondency, at the courage of this luckless little sufferer, who, on the eve of leaving one place of trial for another, where strangers might treat her still worse, spoke with this ring of sturdy, trusting hope. He looked at her, and for a moment felt as if he too would rise up from where he had thrown himself down, and plunge again into the fight. It was but for a moment, a mere passing flicker; his fortitude had fled.

They reached the house. The child, clutching in one hand the parcels she had been sent to fetch, opened the door with a key, and, awed into silence, disappeared along the dark passage.

Late that night, when all was quiet, in his little, meagrely furnished room at the back of the house, by the light of a smoking lamp, Frederick Wilson, seated at the rickety table, covered whole sheets of paper, copying the signature from the letter. And a grim smile came over his face as he saw how completely he could imitate it; his eyes burned with a feverish light as he thought of the gold that would be his on the morrow; the gold that would buy him all that he had so long been denied.

He looked around; at the wretched furniture of the poor bare room, the empty grate, the plate upon the table containing his supper—a slice of bread of which he had taken one mouthful. Then he took the merchant's cheque from his pocket, and, with unshaking hand, wrote upon it "John Butt." It was perfect!

A sound outside the door. He gave a startled cry, and leapt to his feet, covering the cheque as he did so. Some one was tapping gently.

"Hullo! Who is there?" he cried, his heart beating wildly.

The door was cautiously opened, and the head of the little cripple appeared, her brows contracted, her finger upon her lips. "Hush," she whispered; "hush, or she will catch me," and then she stopped, staring in surprise at his white, affrighted face.

"What is it?" he gasped.

She came nearer, looking anxiously at him.

"I am going away to-morrow morning, very, very early," she said softly. "And so I came to-night to say good-bye."

He sank back on the chair; this sudden terror had robbed him of his strength. A shiver ran through his every limb.

She stood beside him and placed her hand gently upon his arm.

"Mr. Fred, tell me what is the matter? You are in trouble!"

He started up, shaking her away. "No, no," he cried, "I am all right. There is nothing the matter with me."

"Hush!" she implored, glancing in dismay towards the door; "she will hear you. She thinks I am downstairs clearing up before I go to bed. Please be quiet, or she will find me out."

For a moment they were silent, listening to hear if any one stirred. Then she turned towards him.

"Mr. Fred, you *are* in trouble, or you are ill. You looked so pale and wild when I came in. I must not stay or she will come down. Won't you tell me before I go what is the matter with you? You have been so kind to me I cannot bear to leave you like this."

Heated by the rage and despair that boiled within him, strung up to the highest pitch by this silent midnight preparation for the attempt of to-morrow, these words, whispered by that piteous, plaintive little voice, came to his tortured soul so pure and true that their very sweetness unmanned him.

In spite of himself, "Yes," he burst out, "I am in trouble. For months I have tried and tried in vain to obtain something to do, have fought against all odds without success, until at last I own I am beaten. I can go on no longer. I have done. To preserve my very existence I——" he stopped.

She glanced again towards the door, pausing for a second to listen. Then she laid her bony finger upon his hand, and a faint blush tinged her thin pale cheeks as she asked:

"Have you prayed to God to help you?"

With a gesture of sudden impatience, "Prayed?" he cried passionately. "Yes, often! Have gone down on my knees night after night and beseeched and implored Him to help me."

She shrank from him, clasping her hands together, shocked at his manner and the fierce words he uttered. In that moment of silence a sound came to them from above as of the opening of a door.

She leapt towards him and seized his hands in her

"You have been so good to me. For my sake, pray again to-night."

He shook his head. "It is of no use," he answered bitterly. "He does not——"

"I will pray for you, Mr. Fred," she whispered earnestly, and was gone.

What was this? A sudden light seemed to break upon him, a sudden soothing tenderness settle upon his soul; the words to which he listened seemed to bring to his mind and body a sudden invigoration that raised his whole being up. What? This cripple, this poor, deformed little child, ill treated, badly fed, going away to-morrow she knew not whither, she yet had faith! whilst he, a man, healthy, strong, perfect in every limb, had given up in despair. He stood erect, his jaws set, his chest expanded. No! no! he, too, would believe; he, too, would continue the fight; would scorn to be a rogue, and if at last he fell, would fall fighting bravely and still an honest man.

He seized the cheque from which but a few minutes before he had hoped so much, and, holding it to the flame of the lamp, in a few seconds had reduced it to ashes. Then, carried away by the violence of this reaction, he cast himself, sobbing, upon his bed.

Next morning, before he arose, a letter, delivered at the house, was pushed under his bedroom door. The initials "J. B." on the back of the envelope he knew stood for "John Butt." The letter ran:—

"Not being at all satisfied with the references of the applicant of whom I spoke to you yesterday, I am to-day communicating with the gentlemen to whom your letter refers me, and if all goes well will write you to commence your duties here on Monday next."

B. Hayward.

THE GREATEST THING IN BIRD SHOWS.

By W. T. Greene, M.D., M.A.,

Author of "Cage Birds and their Treatment," etc., etc.

PART I.

Do boys take any interest in Bird Shows? One might almost as well ask if they take any interest in birds? Of course they do; but a good many of them do not know how to set about showing, and still more are absolutely ignorant of the first principles of the art, or I might say science, for such it has become, of getting a bird ready for a show, owing to the many that are now held all over the country, and at almost every season of the year: so in the present paper I propose to give the readers of the "B.O.P." a few hints for their guidance in the important matter of becoming exhibitors and prize winners in due course.

Every small town in Great Britain, not to speak of Ireland and Scotland, can now boast of its bird show, but the greatest thing of the kind is that held annually at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in the month of February, although the weather often deters fanciers from sending their best birds, which they are naturally unwilling to expose to the dangers of a double journey, and in some cases of accidents either before or after they have arrived at their destination.

I have heard shows run down, even denounced as immoral and so forth! Dear me, what dreadful things ignorance makes some people say! A bird show cruel! a bird show immoral! What next I wonder! Let us look into the matter a little and ask ourselves what are the principal objects of this modern institution.

Not to win prizes; of course, prizes will follow if birds are well kept and treated according to a correct knowledge of their requirements, and are simply a reward for well-doing. No bird that is neglected will, or can, look well, and consequently will stand a very poor chance of being placed among the winners, so that bird shows may be said to lead up to kindness and care and study, all very desirable qualities, even if the motive that prompts them is not in itself always quite above suspicion. I prefer, however, to think that my friends the boys are actuated by less sordid motives than a mere craving for distinction, and that when they do win a prize at a bird show, it is because their exhibit is a living proof of the attention and care they have bestowed upon it, and of their intelligent study of its habits and requirements.

Well, the 28th Bird Show at the Crystal Palace has begun and ended, and was the largest ever held even there, the entries numbering no fewer than 2,614 all told, of which 1,289 were canaries. Now I do not want to say a word against our old yellow-coated friends in their several varieties, but their breeding and treatment have now been reduced to a mere business, and exhibitors who are not initiated into the tricks of the trade have but a small chance of winning a prize in the canary classes: however, there are some exceptions, and I was glad to see the names of six boys (described in the catalogue as Masters So-and-so) among the exhibitors, five of whom were fortunate enough to have their birds commended, and not always in the "amateur" class.

Many more boys would doubtless send



(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* A. F. LYDON.)

their feathered favourites to a show, but are ignorant how to set about it. Well, in the first place, let them look through the list of forthcoming shows that are always to be seen in such papers as the "Bazaar," "Poultry," the "Feathered World," and so forth, and they have fixed upon one not too far away when from their respective homes, let them write to the secretary for a schedule and rules, on receipt of which they must forward the entrance fee, to be followed in due course by the bird or birds, in nice clean comfortable cage or cages, the railways usually affording special facilities for transmission.

The cages must of course be carefully protected from the weather by a cover, which a boy with elder sisters will have no difficulty in getting manufactured for him, even supposing the mater has other and more pressing claims upon her time. The sender's name and address should be neatly marked on the inside of the cover, but there should be no mark on the cage to give any clue to its owner. The secretary undertakes the care of the birds during the continuance of the show, and the responsibility of returning them to their owners at its close.

Very often a visitor takes a fancy to a bird and buys it, so the exhibitor must affix a price that will be remunerative if he wishes to part with his bird, and prohibitive if he desires that it shall not be sold. Thus we often see favourite birds priced 100*l.* and upwards, which is merely another way of saying that they are not for sale.

To return to the Crystal Palace Show. In addition to canaries, there was a large number of mules exhibited, mules or hybrids, as most boys know, being birds whose parents belong to two different species. Goldfinch and canary, or linnet and canary, are those most frequently shown, but of late years I have seen a great many bullfinch and goldfinch, and bullfinch and linnet mules, some of which are pretty enough, but not as nice, I think, as pure-bred birds; nevertheless many people are very fond of them and never try to rear anything else. There was one bullfinch and canary mule, a cross that has often been talked about, but has been very seldom seen; in fact, I believe the bird of which I am now writing is the first of the kind that has been publicly shown, at least it is the first I have seen, and I am not surprised its owner should value it at 30*l.*

British birds, from a golden-crested wren to a raven, figured on the show benches at the Palace, and were most of them fine specimens of their respective families, and, strangely enough, considering the several dimensions of the two named, they were fed in much the same way, that is, raw meat formed the principal portion of their dietary; this, however, is not to be wondered at when we recollect that the raven is carnivorous and the golden-crested wren insectivorous in its habits.

The Cornish choughs were a fine pair, and seemed quite comfortable, as were the magpies and an extremely saucy jackdaw; the jays, however, were all more or less dishevelled in appearance and seemed rather ashamed of themselves, which was also the case with a solitary kingfisher, that looked as if it was always taking a bath, and never had time to dry itself properly; two woodpeckers were in a somewhat similar plight, except that their coats were dry. A swallow was tidy enough as to plumage, but seemed unhappy at being obliged to sit all day on a perch, and I cannot advise the boys to follow the example of that bird's owner, for it is bad enough to keep a lark, but a swallow ought to be an impossible cage-bird, seeing that its very conformation as well as all its habits utterly unfit it for fulfilling such a rôle.

Blackbirds and thrushes are generally favourites with boys, and formed a numerous class, or rather two numerous classes at the Palace, where many of them looked as unconcerned and were singing as lustily as if they had been in their native woods instead of being exposed to the scrutinising gaze of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of human eyes.

Curiously enough, there was an albino or purely white specimen of each shown. The white blackbird was an uncommonly fine fellow, but was entered in the catalogue as a "white meadow pipit," which was decidedly funny; the thrush, however, was soiled as to his coat, and had broken off his tail, which detracted considerably from his personal appearance. There was also a white hedge-accentor which had been given only canary seed to eat, a diet that for an insectivorous bird was not appetising, consequently its appearance was anything but suggestive of happiness. A nearly white linnet was enjoying himself on the same diet, but a sparrow had evidently not become quite used to cage life, for it was decidedly wild and somewhat frayed as to wings and tail. Cinnamon larks, greenfinches, and starlings there were, too, some of them really fine specimens, and one goldfinch canary mule was almost entirely black.

There were some funny mistakes in the catalogue in addition to the white blackbird miscalled a meadow pipit, for a grey wagtail was described as a chiff-chaff, a bird scarcely half its size, and a bramblefinch was named a reed sparrow and the latter a bramblefinch, but this may have been a mere transposition of cards, and must not be insisted on.

There seemed to have been some doubt in the minds of exhibitors as to the size of the woodlark, for in the class appropriated to birds not larger than that incomparable songster were shorelarks, snow buntings, and a kingfisher, the latter taking second prize in spite of its broken tail, while in the class for birds larger than the woodlark were also shorelarks and snow buntings. It was curious that the two last should have been also shown and have gained various distinctions in the class for migratory birds other than nightingales and blackcaps, so that their exhibitors had an unfair advantage over the owners of other birds, having the choice of no less than three different classes in which to exhibit their specimens.

The missel thrush, a remarkably fine species, was well represented, no less than six of them being shown, three of which were the offspring, or at least the foster-children of a grand old female of the same species that has made her appearance for several years at the Palace, and on the last occasion looked as well and as handsome as ever, notwithstanding her motherly cares extended to blackbirds and thrushes, as well as to numerous members of her own species.

Several redwings and one ring ouzel were the remaining representatives of the thrush family at the show, but presented no features worthy of note except that the last was voted in the "wrong class" among British birds larger than a woodlark, where he certainly had at least as good a right to be placed as a shore lark or a snow bunting, or even as a hawfinch or a crossbill.

The nuthatch, of which one example was shown, is almost as unsuitable for cage life as a swallow or a woodpecker, but the bullfinch, goldfinch, linnet, siskin, redpoll (not redpole, good people at the Palace) are typical house-birds, and it seemed strange to see many examples of the two first staged in the classes devoted to foreign birds; though they were for the most part larger and brighter in colour than their congeners of these islands.

The robins were a numerous class and looked well and contented for the most part, as they proved by their lusty singing, and the same can be said for at least one nightingale and several blackcaps, not such very difficult birds to keep in confinement as might at first be supposed.

Some of the starlings, described in one instance as "the farmer's friend," were very handsome, tame, and cheerful-looking fellows, and seemed perfectly at home, rooting in their food-pans for their favourite morsels, which they selected and ate first, like a boy picking out the plums from his cake before he makes up his mind to swallow the rest of it.

The chaffinches were not very remarkable either as to number or quality, though the first prize winner was an exception and well worthy of the honour he was awarded.

I think that pretty well exhausts the list of British birds, with the exception of a Royston, or hooded crow, which obtained the third prize notwithstanding its painfully rough and ragged appearance and decided wildness, which showed that it had not long been caged, but was probably trapped during the late severe weather.

It will be gathered from the foregoing remarks that any boy desirous of exhibiting at the Palace has a considerable field in which to exercise his hobby, no less than 73 classes being provided for the exhibition of canaries and canary mules, 16 for British and 2 for migratory birds, a wealth of classification that by no means exhausts the possibilities for distinction set before him, for in addition there were 22 classes for foreign birds, affording almost unlimited scope for competition.

I do not exactly know how it is, but a foreign bird, no matter whether it be a giant cockatoo or a diminutive avadavat, seems to me to be always more at home in, and a more appropriate inmate for, a cage than any of our British species, but possibly it may be because I am more accustomed to see the latter wild, for I recollect thinking in Australia that a rosella parrakeet and a pair of tree swallows were very unsuitable birds to put in a cage. Circumstances alter cases, it is said, and no doubt it may be so.

Cockatoos, parrots, and parrakeets naturally formed the bulk of the exhibits in these classes, but presented less variety of species than might have been expected. A well-known giant Moluccan took the first prize as usual, and was described in the catalogue as a "salmon crested cock," which seemed somewhat of a contradiction to the bird's marvellous imitation of the triumphant cackle of a hen that has just laid an egg. He was not in as good plumage as usual, and had begun, I fancy, to nibble his plumage, a sad habit into which most of these fine birds sooner or later fall.

Goffin's cockatoo is one of the most talented and beautiful members of its family, and was doubly represented at the Palace, one of the two being charmingly tame and gentle, but the other somewhat wild and shy; I did not hear either attempt to speak, and fancy they were hens.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BIRTH OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

By T. C. Heath.

(*For Illustrations see page* 444.)

"The gross exaggeration of the powers of the locomotive steam-engine may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off by one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum."

If any periodical were to talk in this fashion nowadays, its editor would be set down for a lunatic of the deepest dye, and yet these are the words of the grave and learned "Quarterly Review," when discussing the subject of the railway which it was, at that time, proposed to make between London and Woolwich.

But, accustomed as we of the present generation are to the thundering expresses which tear along, often at the rate of a mile and more a minute, we must not forget that, when the "Quarterly" ventured upon its prophecy, the locomotive, or, at any rate, the practical locomotive, was quite in its infancy, and there were few who had any notion of what a giant it would become as it developed, as it were, into manhood.

The first actual locomotive was undoubtedly that of Cugnot, a French officer, who, in 1769, built a machine which was to be used for the traction of artillery. Its career was, however, but short-lived, for, after butting down a wall or two, it toppled over on its side, and the Government, under whose orders it had been constructed, thereupon took the dangerous toy, as they considered it, away from its inventor, and placed it in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, Paris, where it is to-day. They gave him a small—a very small—pension to make up for its loss. Small as it was, he did not enjoy it long, for the French Revolution put an end to it in the general turning upside down of everything which resulted.

Cugnot's machine had either never been heard of in England, or it had been altogether forgotten. And, though Watt took out a patent for a locomotive engine in 1784, he stopped there, and never carried his notions into practice. His friend and assistant, Murdoch, went a little farther, for he made a small model of a locomotive which ran about at a good speed (albeit in a curious zig-zag fashion, for the driving power was applied to one side only of the machine), but nothing practical ever came of the invention, and all he got for his pains was a severe hauling over the coals from Watt for thus "throwing away his time."

Next, Richard Trevithick, the talented Cornish captain of a tin mine in his own county, appears upon the scene. And Trevithick, if he could only have settled down to one object, would have acquired for himself the honours and wealth which afterwards came to George Stephenson. But Trevithick was a man with far too many irons in the fire. He left his locomotive to devise a Thames Tunnel, the building of which was commenced and never completed, a marine engine, iron ships, and no end of other ingenuities, among them being a "golden" tower which would have out-Eiffeled Eiffel by sixty feet or more, and with which was to be embodied a steam lift, an invention hitherto undreamt of.

There can be no doubt, however, that Trevithick did more for the locomotive than any one else. It was he who introduced high-pressure steam, in spite of the prognostications of everybody that his engines and everything within reach would be blown to atoms. Watt even went so far as to say he ought to have been hanged for it. He also was the first to place the furnace within the boiler, instead of outside, and he very nearly hit upon the great device of the steam blast (afterwards discovered by Timothy Hackworth), without which the locomotive, as we know it, could not have being, for he turned the exhaust steam into the chimney of his engine, principally, no doubt, with the intention of getting rid of the noise caused by the escaping vapour.

Trevithick likewise made the first practical steam coach, which seems to have answered very well—when there was enough steam. But there seldom was enough steam, for want of the aforesaid blast-pipe, and the coach had to stop every now and then to take breath. Nevertheless, it came up from Cornwall, and ran about the streets of London for several weeks.

And, in 1802, Trevithick actually had a locomotive at work upon a railway, dragging ten tons after it at the rate of five miles an hour. It was a crude affair certainly, with but one cylinder, and a big fly wheel to secure the rotatory motion in the crank at the end of each stroke. Encouraged by its success, he built another and better, which he christened "Catch-me-who-can." This he exhibited upon a circular track upon ground at the back of Euston Square—then open fields. A shilling was charged for admission to the enclosure, and any who were brave enough could have a ride into the bargain. The engine, with the carriage attached, did its 15 miles an hour; but, one of the rails breaking, it turned over on its side, and then Trevithick, unfortunately for himself and for humanity in general, gave up the locomotive in a huff.

Now there came upon the scene a host of inventors, among whom William Hedley, Timothy Hackworth, and George Stephenson are the most conspicuous, each of whom had seen the locomotive which Trevithick had made for a firm of colliery proprietors at Newcastle. Nor must John Blenkinsop be forgotten, who, in 1811, patented his rack or toothed rail, into which a cogged wheel worked. With this appliance his engine was equal to hauling a very heavy load, and to climbing gradients quite beyond Trevithick's locomotive. But the power in Blenkinsop's engine was all on one side, the twisting strain continually broke the cogs and occasionally even tore up the rails, and the expense was so great that its use had to be abandoned.

In 1813, William Brunton made an entire departure from anything yet brought forward. Taking the hind legs of a horse as his model, he constructed a very ingenious arrangement, by which a couple of long levers pressed alternately upon the ground behind the locomotive, and so drove it forward. Unluckily, the driver of Brunton's engine, anxious to prove its powers, loaded the safety valve with the object of getting plenty of steam, and the result was that the engine, its driver, and several unfortunate spectators were blown to pieces.

Many other strange devices were tried, in which, for the most part, cog wheels and endless chains were mixed up after an amazingly intricate fashion; and all this time every inventor was under the extraordinary delusion that something was needed beyond its own weight to give the engine sufficient grip upon the rails to drag a load after it. Even that universal mechanical genius, Trevithick, roughened the driving wheels of his engine with this object.

But it occurred to Hedley, as it ought to have occurred to anyone who had anything to do with the locomotive, to try an experiment. He constructed a truck, the wheels of which could be turned by manual power. A couple of men were placed at each wheel, the truck was loaded with weights, and, to his delight, despite its smooth wheels, he saw it drag behind it a load of many tons. Here was one of the great, though imaginary, difficulties of locomotive traction got rid of once and for ever, as the far-famed "Puffing Billy," which he presently constructed, abundantly proved.

Then Stephenson set to work and built his first engine, which turned out a dead failure. However, he built others with a better result, until he produced the world-celebrated "Rocket" which made his fortune.

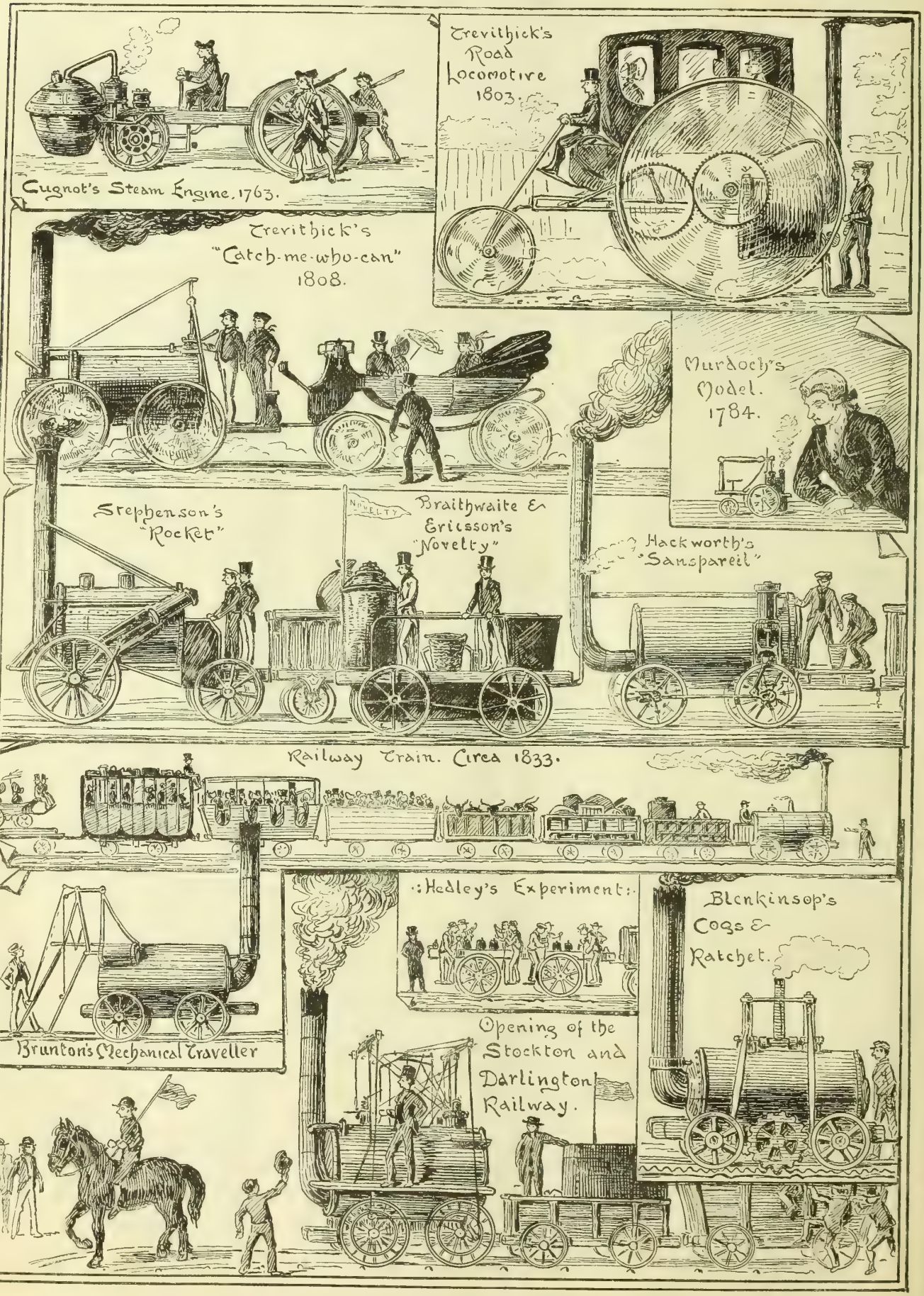
This brings us to the famous trial of locomotives at Rainhill on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1829, when a reward of £500 was offered for the engine which should consume its own smoke, draw three times its own weight, and attain a speed of ten miles an hour. Four engines entered for the competition, Stephenson's "Rocket," Hackworth's "Sanspareil," Braithwaite and Ericsson's "Novelty," and Burstall's "Perseverance." The "Perseverance," having met with an accident, withdrew from the competition.

The "Novelty" was first favourite on account of its neat appearance. It had no blast pipe, and it dispensed with the overwhelming deformity of the early locomotive, the chimney, a pair of bellows being used to create a blast. The "Sanspareil" had the blast pipe, and it is a question whether Hackworth did not a little overdo it, for the blast was so powerful that the burning coke was thrown out of the top of the chimney, causing a tremendous consumption of fuel. His engine, however, did its twenty-three miles an hour, until something went wrong with the boiler, putting an end to its performance. The "Novelty" also broke down, and the "Rocket" was the only competitor which survived the trial.

This accomplished a speed of over twenty-four miles an hour. Its success was due principally to its twenty-five copper tubes, running from the furnace through the boiler, a suggestion of Mr. Henry Booth, the treasurer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, and to Hackworth's blast pipe, hurriedly added to the engine the evening before the trial.

The other great event in connection with the early days of the railway, was the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Line in 1825, when, such was the general ignorance with regard to the powers of the locomotive, that a man on horseback went ahead with a red flag to clear the track, but he disappeared very shortly as the engine ("Locomotive No. 1") developed a dangerous speed. The opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the greatest undertaking up to that date—1830—was marred by an unfortunate accident, Mr. Huskisson, the then Home Secretary, being knocked down and run over by the "Rocket." He was placed on board the "Northumbrian," and driven by George Stephenson at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour—a marvellous speed it was considered—to Eccles parsonage, fifteen miles away, where he died the same evening.

Our remaining illustration gives us an early railway train, in which goods and passengers are mixed, as was the case on some lines. The first-class carriages, it will be noticed, are exactly on the model of the stage-coach, guard and all. In fact, until wisdom had been learnt by sad disaster, the railways were treated like common roads, and the trains like ordinary stage coaches.



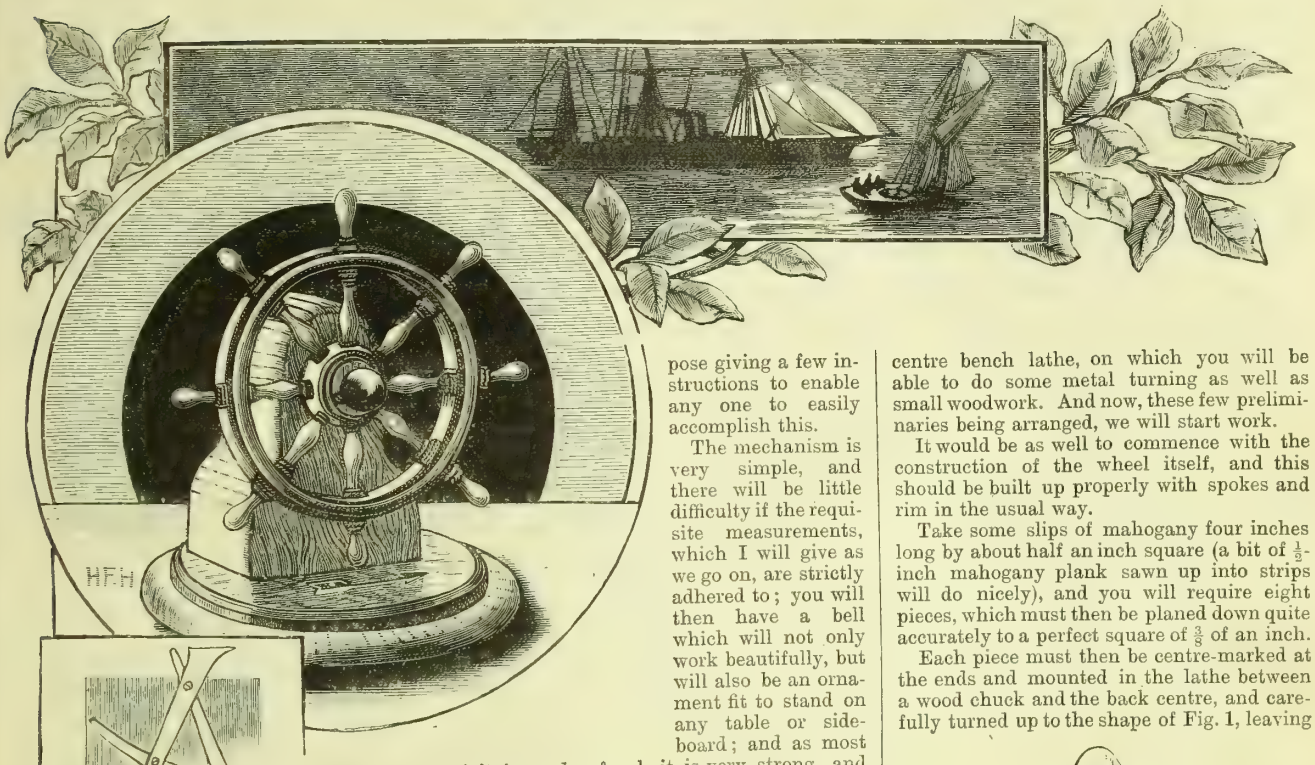
BIRTH OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.—(See page 443.)

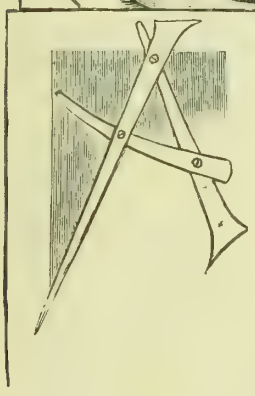
THE "BOY'S OWN" DINNER-GONG, OR CALL-BELL: AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

By H. F. Hobden,

Author of "How to Build a Rowing Punt," "Boy's Own Model Locomotive," etc.

PART I.





Among the many ornaments and nick-nacks with which it is the fashion to decorate the table, the dinner-gong, or call-bell, holds a useful and often a prominent place, and I think its general usefulness is the real reason of its being manufactured in so many different shapes and forms, as, being something more than a simple ornament, it finds a ready sale both at home and abroad.

Bells are a very ancient invention for producing a melodious sound, and although the tone of our modern bells may be no improvement on, or perhaps not equal to, that of the earlier ones, still we have improved the system of striking or ringing them by mechanical, pneumatic, and electrical means.

In many old-fashioned country houses built a hundred years or so ago, it is no uncommon thing to find that, even up to the present time, they have never been fitted up with bells of any description. How the people managed in days gone by without house-bells it is difficult to imagine, surrounded as we now are by electrical, pneumatic, and wire bells, handbells, bicycle, muffin, and patent bells of all descriptions.

Well, living in one of those old-fashioned houses myself, I had occasion for a call-bell, and preferring to make things for myself when practicable, I designed and built one which I have shown at the commencement of this paper, and thinking that there are many boys who would take an interest in making such a thing for themselves, I propose giving a few instructions to enable any one to easily accomplish this.

The mechanism is very simple, and there will be little difficulty if the requisite measurements, which I will give as we go on, are strictly adhered to; you will then have a bell which will not only work beautifully, but will also be an ornament fit to stand on any table or sideboard; and as most of it is made of oak it is very strong, and with ordinary care will last for many years.

You will see from the drawing that it is intended to represent a "ship's steering wheel," supported as usual by the chain-case or cover, which, in this instance, is used as a case for the bell or gong to be struck, and completely hides it, so that there is nothing visible to take away from the idea of a ship's wheel.

The whole is mounted on a base of oak, with four small round feet to raise it from the table cover and enable the bell to sound clearly.

The actual cost of materials will amount to very little, as the quantity required is so small, and simply consists of some pieces of oak plank costing about 1*s.*, mahogany ditto, 6*d.*, one small piece of boxwood, 3*d.*, some odd pieces of iron and brass, value about 1*s.*, and a small bell or gong costing 6*d.*

I have put down approximate prices, which may vary slightly in different places, but the whole of the materials should not cost more than 5*s.*; it is the time which must necessarily be spent in working the raw material up to shape which gives the value to small articles of this kind.

Most of the diagrams of the various parts I have drawn to the "exact size" of the pieces required, so that they may therefore be easily traced over to get the correct shape; but in some few instances, where the drawings would have taken up too much space if kept the exact size, I have given the correct measurements, so that they may be easily enlarged. A few of the parts require to be turned, which you must get done if you have no lathe; but now there are so many small and cheap lathes on the market, it is a pity that any boy with a mechanical bent should be without such a generally useful tool, and I shall therefore take it for granted that you are the happy possessor of one, say a 2½-inch centre bench lathe, on which you will be able to do some metal turning as well as small woodwork. And now, these few preliminaries being arranged, we will start work.

It would be as well to commence with the construction of the wheel itself, and this should be built up properly with spokes and rim in the usual way.

Take some slips of mahogany four inches long by about half an inch square (a bit of ½-inch mahogany plank sawn up into strips will do nicely), and you will require eight pieces, which must then be planed down quite accurately to a perfect square of ⅜ of an inch.

Each piece must then be centre-marked at the ends and mounted in the lathe between a wood chuck and the back centre, and carefully turned up to the shape of Fig. 1, leaving



Fig. 1.

the part marked A ⅜ square, as it must fit the rim of the wheel, while B forms one of the handles.

The portion C, which is intended to fit into the hub of the wheel, should be left a good ⅛ in diameter and a base ¼-inch deep.

When you have turned one, finish it off with sand-paper, or glass-cloth, and then proceed with the next, taking great care to make it the same length, and that the squared portion A is the proper distance from C, or you will have the wheel not a true circle when you put it together, which will give endless annoyance and bother.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CRICKET SEASONS OF 1890 AND 1891.

PART I.

A GLANCE at our usual table of cricket fixtures for the coming season will show that for the first time for many years there will be out and home matches between Middlesex and Sussex. The season of 1891 will thus see a complete series between the eight first-class counties, and with the complete record we shall have a much fairer test of their relative merit. Each county will play fourteen matches, and the position will be fixed in the way that proved so satisfactory last year, by which the draws were ignored and the losses deducted from the wins.

Another interesting feature of the new season will be a visit from the Americans, for whom a long programme has been arranged, beginning at Birmingham on May 11, and ending at Scarborough on August 24. Between these dates the Americans will meet most of the first-class counties, many of the second-class counties, both the Universities, and the M.C.C., so that the trial will be rather a high one. How the Americans will shape is doubtful. Some day we shall have a team from across the Atlantic that will do as well as the Australians of the past have done, but that may not be for some time, and even if the Americans meet with the fortune of the Australians of 1890 they will do better than any of their Philadelphian predecessors.

NAMES.	GLOUCESTER.	KENT.	LANCASHIRE.	MIDDLESEX.	NOTTINGHAM.	SURREY.	SUSSEX.	YORKSHIRE.
GLOUCESTERSHIRE		Bristol, May 18. Canterbury, August 3.	Bristol, July 13. Manchester, July 23.	Lord's, June 18. Cheltenham, August 20.	Nottingham, July 30. Clifton, August 24.	Oval, June 4. Clifton, August 10.	Brighton, June 8. Clifton, August 6.	Bristol, June 25. Sheffield, July 27.
KENT	Bristol, May 18. Canterbury, August 3.		Liverpool, June 4. Gravesend, August 17.	Lord's, May 21. Beckenham, June 25.	Tonbridge, July 23. Nottingham, August 20.	Canterbury, August 6. Oval, August 27.	Tonbridge, July 2. Brighton, August 10.	Maidstone, August 13. Leeds, August 24.
LANCASHIRE	Bristol, July 13. Manchester, July 23.	Liverpool, June 4. Gravesend, August 17.		Lord's, June 11. Manchester, July 16.	Nottingham, June 25. Manchester, August 13.	Manchester, May 21. Oval, August 20.	Manchester, May 28. Brighton, August 24.	Bradford, June 15. Manchester, July 30.
MIDDLESEX	Lord's, June 18. Cheltenham, August 20.	Lord's, May 21. Beckenham, June 25.	Lord's, June 11. Manchester, July 16.		Lord's, June 8. Nottingham, August 27.	Oval, June 15. Lord's, August 17.	Brighton, July 20. Lord's, August 13.	Lord's, June 4. Sheffield, August 10.
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE	Nottingham, July 30. Clifton, August 24.	Tonbridge, July 23. Nottingham, August 20.	Nottingham, June 25. Manchester, August 13.	Lord's, June 8. Nottingham, August 27.		Nottingham, May 18. Oval, August 3.	Brighton, July 9. Nottingham, July 16.	Nottingham, June 11. Sheffield, July 13.
SURREY	Oval, June 4. Clifton, August 10.	Canterbury, August 6. Oval, August 27.	Manchester, May 21. Oval, August 20.	Oval, June 15. Lord's, August 17.	Nottingham, May 18. Oval, August 3.		Brighton, July 13. Oval, July 27.	Sheffield, June 22. Oval, July 16.
SUSSEX	Brighton, June 8. Clifton, August 6.	Tonbridge, July 2. Brighton, August 10.	Manchester, May 28. Brighton, August 24.	Brighton, July 20. Lord's, August 13.	Brighton, July 9. Nottingham, July 16.	Brighton, July 13. Oval, July 27.		Dewsbury, June 1. Brighton, August 17.
YORKSHIRE	Bristol, June 25. Sheffield, July 27.	Maidstone, August 13. Leeds, August 24.	Bradford, June 15. Manchester, July 30.	Lord's, June 4. Sheffield, August 10.	Nottingham, June 11. Sheffield, July 13.	Sheffield, June 22. Oval, July 16.	Dewsbury, June 1. Brighton, August 17.	

Last year's Australian team was the weakest and most unsuccessful we have yet had. It lost more matches than it won, and its few wins were with two exceptions either over second-class elevens whose defeat was predicted beforehand, or they were due to pure good fortune. Out of the thirty-eight matches played nine were drawn, and the thirteen wins were over Warwickshire, Oxford University, Staffordshire's eleven, Leicestershire, Staffordshire, a North of England eleven, Sussex, Lord Sheffield's eleven, Surrey, Lancashire, Kent, Gloucestershire, and Lord Londesborough's eleven at Scarborough. Of these wins the only two in which the wicket played true throughout were those at the Oval and Scarborough, and at both the visitors were much above their usual form. At the Oval match in particular their play was as good as Australian play has ever been, and it was worth going miles to see how thoroughly well the eleven worked together and overmatched Surrey at all points. Of course, the "going miles to see" is a delicate innuendo that those who did not go the miles, namely the South Londoners, were not quite as pleased at the performance as the rest of the spectators. That the Australians would at last be defeated by a Surrey eleven was confidently anticipated, and few expected that a team which normally consisted of one bat, a wicket keep and two bowlers, would work up so well.

The bat was W. L. Murdoch, who, though not so good as of old, was, both to look at and on results, the best man of the team. This was Murdoch's fifth appearance. In 1878 his average was 13, in 1880 it was 25, in 1882 it was 30, in 1884 it was 30, in 1890 it was 23. As in all these Australian visits, the averages look very small when compared with those of the other side. There were fifteen in the team—Lyons, Murdoch, Trott, Blackham, Walters, Jones, Turner, Barrett, Ferris, Gregory, Charlton, Burn, Trumble, Pope, and Boyle; and their averages were in order, 23, 22, 19, 17, 15, 15, 15, 14, 12, 12, 10, 10, 8, 1, 3. The averages of the first fifteen Englishmen who played against them were 57, 46, 43, 38, 29, 26, 25, 25, 24, 22, 21, 21, 19, 19, 18, being a general average to Australia of 19, to England of 29. As with the batting so with the bowling. The Australian averages were—Turner 12, Ferris 13, Charlton 19, Trumble 21, Lyons 23, Trott 26; the English averages of the first six were—9, 10, 10, 11, 12, 12; being a general average to Australia of 19 and to England of 11. These figures are from all matches; dealing with representative matches alone, the results would tell still more unfavourably against Australia.

Blackham was of course superb at the wicket; he always is. In thirty-eight matches he stumped thirty-one and caught forty-two. In Turner and Ferris the team had two really fine bowlers, and in Trott and Barrett two

rather good bats. And the rest were pure disappointing tail. Financially the trip was a success, so it was socially, but in a cricket sense it seemed a pity that the men should have come so far to do so little.

Some of them came to stay. Murdoch is reported to be qualifying for Sussex, Ferris is qualifying for Gloucestershire, Barrett has also remained here; and these will probably appear in the county elevens of a year hence just as Spofforth now does for Derbyshire.

And this brings us to the classification of the counties arrived at on August 11 last at the meeting at the Oval. It was then proposed that there should be eight first-class counties, those we have given in our table; eight second-class, being Warwickshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Somersetshire, Hampshire, Essex, Staffordshire, and Cheshire; and eight third-class, being Hertford, Northampton, Norfolk, Lincoln, Northumberland, Devon, Durham, and Glamorgan. These groups were to play amongst themselves during the coming year, and in 1892 and subsequent years the lowest in the first-class was to play the highest in the second, and the lowest in the second the highest in the third, so as to afford a means of ascent and descent among the classes. This was a very pretty scheme, but it was voted much too slow by the enterprising second-class counties, more especially as one of them, Somersetshire, happened to carry everything before it last year; and at the meeting of the Cricket Council in December the dispute grew so hot that the Council suspended itself *sine die*, and practically dissolved. For the time, therefore, the classification scheme is in abeyance. It is clear, however, that something will be done, probably on the lines suggested in August, although there are a good many who will appreciate the sound sense of Dr. W. G. Grace's advice to those wishing to become first-class: "Want to become a first-class county? Then do as Gloucestershire did and win all your matches, and then first-class elevens will be glad to play with you, and if you beat them you will be recognised as first-class whether they like it or not!" It is obvious that, ring or no ring, nothing will save Sussex from the fate of Derbyshire, if the team is to lose match after match every year in the way it has been doing. Old as a county may be, and glorious as may have been its successes, it cannot exist for ever on its past reputation.

(To be continued.)

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

POOR FELLOW, POOR FELLOW!

OR, THE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY.

[*Being a fragment of the unpublished opera of the* WORKARDO, *with apologies to* W. S. GILBERT, Esq.]

BY A HIGHGATE GRAMMAR SCHOOL MASTER.

At his desk sat a schoolboy, dejected and sad,
Poor fellow,
For his choice Latin Verse was atrociously bad,
Poor fellow:
Was it weakness of intellect, sore though he tried,
Or a bagful of nuts in his little inside?
Oh, I cannot tell which—but I know that he sighed—
Poor fellow!

He scored it all out, and began it once more,
Poor fellow,
But the verses turned out to be worse than before,
Poor fellow,
For the lines wouldn't scan and false concords arose,
And he only achieved untranslatable prose,
So the boy fell asleep,—and forgot all his woes,
Poor fellow!

And now in his dream a queer vision ensued,
Poor fellow:
For the verbs all assume a saltatory mood,
Poor fellow;
And the nouns and the adjectives join in the dance,
And the consonants bow, as the vowels advance,
But of partners the vocative * hadn't a chance,
Poor fellow!

Then the supper-bell rang, and they left him by pairs,
Poor fellow,
Save a stout interjection, shut out on the stairs,
Poor fellow.
And the verb gave her arm to the nominative case,
And a neat little sentence was made to say grace,
And a small preposition got pushed from his place,
Poor fellow!

Then he woke—for that summons was ringing for school,
Poor fellow,
And he felt he'd be punished for breaking the rule,
Poor fellow;
So he hurriedly picked up his books and his slate,
And ran off to school at a marvellous rate,
And he got impositioned for coming in late,
Poor fellow!

Now I'll give you a moral for any one here,
Poor fellow,
Who's a little alarmed when a verse-night is near,
Poor fellow;
Just take my advice, for you'll find it is best,
If you want to succeed, or in slumber to rest,
Never eat any grub that you cannot digest,
Poor fellow!

* "The vocative standeth outside the sentence."

HOW A FORTUNE WAS MADE.

A Scotch relative tells me of the origin of his inheritance, dating from Tudor times; it was so unique, possibly the record may find admittance in the pages of the "Boy's Own Paper."

David Kinloch was the name of the hero of this paper, a close, calculating, if scientific surgeon, of days when travelling was a closed book to the majority of youthful men. This, however, proved no bar to the ambitious longings of young David, who took passage in a sailing ship as soon as his medical education was accomplished. Driven by contrary winds, his ship laboured heavily in mid-ocean and was finally driven in the teeth of a gale to take refuge in Catholic Spain. Here for some months he wandered, viewing foreign cities with a stranger's eye, making inquiries, joining foreign gatherings, picking up new treatments and wonderful remedies. In due time David Kinloch was haled before the all-powerful Inquisition, just then at the very acme of its strength and importance. Condemnation followed, and David Kinloch found himself thrown into prison, where he remained for months and years, forgotten altogether, even by his accusers.

His exercise was limited to the prison yard, his conversation was *nil*, for neither he nor his gaolers could converse through the little hole on a level with his prison floor, through which his food was daily thrust. One day, however, being at exercise, he overheard an animated conversation outside his prison wall in French, between some high officials who were discussing the critical illness of the head of the Inquisition in the capital of Spain. From the symptoms described, David felt sure that the malady was an obscure one, with which he, however, was very fully acquainted. How could he, being a prisoner and a foreigner, make petition to be allowed to exercise his skill. He shouted out, he called to the gentlemen whose voices he had overheard to give him a hearing, but at that moment had the misfortune to hear their footsteps dying away in the distance.

That night, as he sat brooding over his confinement, disconsolate within his lonely cell, a soft purring sound made him look up; a black cat, the prison cat, was rubbing its sleek sides against his legs. The thought struck him in a minute, as it has done thousands of other men before and since; he knew his fortune was made. On a bit of white rag he wrote in Latin that *he*, David Kinloch, being at present in the prison of the Holy Inquisition, had a cure for the illness of the Inquisitor-General. Might the reader of the label send for him, he could cure that mortal illness. Tying the label round the cat's neck he chased her over his garden wall. He had struck oil; in the course of the following day the cat was observed, the label was read. David was sent for out of the prison; yet more, he cured the Holy Inquisitor-General. He was set at liberty, greatly enriched; he returned quickly *vid* France, to Scotland, making still more wonderful cures. In Perthshire they say his wealth was so great he purchased many valuable lands, married an heiress, and from an obscure surgeon became a very great landholder. He laid the origin of a Baronetcy which was involved in the confiscations of the "'45," but has now again resumed its title and its acres.

To this day I believe there has always been a *David* Kinloch.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE WORLD'S NAVIES IN 1891.—Lloyd's "War-ships of the World" contains tables showing the value and extent of the merchant shipping and commerce of the principal countries, in relation to their respective war-navies. The British Empire possesses 6,403 merchant steamers, of a gross tonnage of 8,235,854, and 5,668 merchant sailing-vessels, of a net tonnage of 3,361,252. The approximate value of this merchant-navy is £110,000,000. There are also 523 war-vessels of all kinds. The United States have 416 steamers, of 517,394 tons, and 2,856 sailing-vessels, of 1,306,488 tons, worth £8,400,000; the war-fleet consists of 71 vessels. France has 526 steamers, of 809,598 tons, and 854 sailing-vessels, of 235,504 tons, worth £9,700,000; the ships of war number 226. Germany has 741 steamers of 928,911 tons, and 1,135 sailing-vessels, of 640,400 tons, worth £12,700,000; the ships of war number 109. Italy has 212 steamers, of 300,625 tons, and 1,343 sailing-vessels, of 515,942 tons, worth £4,400,000; its war-fleet is 137 vessels. Russia has 236 steamers, of 156,070 tons, and 945 sailing-vessels of 271,265 tons, worth £2,300,000; her war-navy numbers 102 ships. These figures for merchant-steamers and sailing-vessels do not include craft of less than 100 tons.

A BAND OF INDIANS ATTACKED BY WOLVES.—What a winter this has been to be sure, all over the world! Towards the end of January a band of Indians, encamped on the shore of Lake Winnipeg, were attacked by a pack of two hundred ravenous wolves. Eighteen men, women, and children were devoured by the animals, only two men escaping to tell the awful fate of their companions.

AND WHAT THEN?—A story has come down to us of Philip de Neri, a worthy of the sixteenth century. A young man, a student in a famous Italian University, came running to him one day with joyful face, to tell him of his hopes and aims for life. He had entered the law school because of its wide reputation, and would spare no pains to get through his studies as soon as possible. "Well," answered the saint, "when you have got through with your course of study, what do you mean to do?" "Then I shall take my doctor's degree," answered the young man. "And then?" asked Philip. "And then I shall have a number of difficult questions to manage, and shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my learning, and my acuteness, and gain great reputation." "And then?" repeated Philip. "And then, why there can be no question but that I shall be promoted to some high office, and shall make money and shall grow rich." "And then!" repeated Philip. "And then, then, I shall be comfortably situated with wealth and dignity." "And then?" persisted Philip. "And then, then—then I shall die." Here Philip raised his voice, "And what *then*?" Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his eyes and went away. Right enough, surely, all such high ambition and looking forward. Pity the young before whose face there flames and flashes no high ideal, even for this passing life. But if it stop there, if the ideal for this life be not of such sort that it can be the ideal for the other too; if to the inevitable question, "And what then?" for that other life, there be no other answer than that of careless, ambitious thoughtfulness—then is the folly as great as the sin.

Correspondence.



BOOK ON FALCONRY (P. L. Baker).—Write to office of "Field," Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane.

BOOK ON CANARIES (F. Knight).—Cassell's "Cage Birds," 31*s.* 6*d.*, or a book published by Mr. Upcott Gill, 3*s.* 6*d.*

BOOK ON PIGEON AILMENTS (A. R. L.).—Try so to treat your pigeons as not to have them ill. They are the most unsatisfactory of patients.

TOOTHACHE (A Puppy).—Bunter's Nervine or a dentist.

GROWING FAT, GETTING LEAN, BOW LEGS, GROWING TALL (Many boys).—It won't do, lads. We may tackle these subjects again in next volume, but till then you must look back Correspondence, where you'll get all information.

STARLINGS (J. R. B.).—They must never be caged if you want to have them tame. But the young fledglings must be fed all day long on paste and worms, egg food, etc. At three in the morning they want their first breakfast, at four their second, and so on all day long till they can fly. They will follow you out into the garden or go to church with you. Only don't forget this, they will join in the service, and this will not be convenient for you.

CYCLING (Cyclist).—We will think about your proposal to give cycling notes in the "Doings." 2. Yes; a fairly good small safety for about £8. 3. No one can ride like a monkey after long time without seriously injuring himself. 4. We saw a creature on a safety the other day that we felt sure was a baboon. It looked like this (?), only more so. It was smoking a pipe, too. Riding to [illegible].

FICKLENESS, LOVE AFFAIRS, ETC.—1. We don't understand you. Anybody been fickle to you? So young, too! 2. Tumblers are pretty in the air. 3. Bathe the eye with warm milk and water thrice daily.

DOG'S CLAWS LONG (Snider).—Yes; cut them *blunt*. Give more exercise.

GOLDSMITH AND BUFFON (Q. X. L.).—Goldsmith, and Buffon, too, have made many mistakes. These mistakes are copied by the book-making naturalists of the day. People have eyes and ears, and the page of Nature is all before them. Let them study.

CAT (French).—It is very cruel indeed to toss up a cat to make her fall on her feet. It sprains the back.

SHORT BREATH (Frank).—You may be slightly asthmatical. Better see a doctor, Frank.

COLD BATH (A Reader).—Certainly not, if your heart is wrong. Consult a doctor.

SCURVY (Guillaume).—You mistake the nature of your complaint. Sorry we cannot advise you otherwise than to consult a surgeon.

SQUIRRELS (H. G. C.).—"Exchange and Mart" or any naturalist's shop. About 5*s.*, cage and all. Keep in a big cage with no wheel.

ELECTRIC LAMP (A. G. Searle).—It is difficult to see why you came to grief; there must be some mistake somewhere. Perhaps your solutions were not strong enough. Your cast zinc rods at 2½*d.* must be Leclanché zincs, and not the size used for the chloride battery. Where did you get the zincs and carbons so cheap? The resistance of Edison-Swan lamps is high, you had better get one from Mr. S. R. Bottone, Wallington, Carshalton, Surrey, and see if that lights up better. Your lamp *may* be exhausted, though it is not very likely. Of course the wires are joined up properly? On the whole the only advice to be given is, try a stronger solution of bichromate of potash, and more acid. Take care there is no short circuit anywhere—from damp walls, etc.—which might take away some of the current, but not all.

ELECTRICITY (Michael).—1. The size of wire for electromotor is not a matter of very great importance, but it should not be too thick. No. 24 is a good size. 2. Failing the regulator to the coil you can vary the strength of the current by using one or two cells of the battery, as you want less or more current. The rapidity with which the armature moves makes a slight difference, and you can control this by screwing the contact-breaker in or out. You might make a "water regulator." 3. If possible you shall have an article on electric bells in a future number.

SEALS AND SEAL-SKIN (J. E. Haylock).—The description which you quote is perfectly correct; it all turns on the popular application of a name. The hide of the true seals (*Phoca*) is almost useless, though one is seen now and then, framed in scarlet cloth, as a trophy, and serving as an ornamental mat or stiff rug. It is the *eared* seals (*Otaria*), the sea-lions or bears, which furnish the beautiful product commercially known as seal-skin; and this is obtained by splitting or thinning the skin itself, a process which causes the deeply-rooted, long, coarse hairs to drop out, but leaves the soft fur uninjured. This is afterwards dressed and dyed. "Seal-skin," after all, is not such a misnomer as "seal-fishery." You read of nothing but "seals" in the present Behring Sea controversy, and "seals" they will probably remain to the end of the chapter. We need hardly remind you that true seals are common enough on our own coasts.

PHOTOGRAPHY (F. G. S.).—1. Bromide paper can be got any size to suit the negative you want to print. It is generally 6*d.* for a dozen pieces ¼-plate size, and 1*s.* 1*d.* for a dozen ½-plate size. 2. If you mean to expose the paper to sunlight under the negative, it will answer, of course, but you will have to be very quick about it, and it is not nearly so convenient as a candle. If you mean can you *develop* by sunlight, instead of the ruby light, you have not got a very brilliant conception of the details of photography.

ELECTRIC CRANK (Vineland).—We rejoice greatly that you and your American friends so much appreciate the "B. O. P." You certainly could not sing its praises more loudly than you do! 1. Eight shillings a year. 2. Both this and the following question depend on the intensity of the current, and the wire used in the latter case. It may be anything, say from four to twelve. You can't practically judge of the effect of resistances in that way without intricate mathematical calculation, which even involves trigonometry in many cases. 3. It is rather like asking how many wheels there are in an eight-day clock, or how many currants in a pound of plum cake! If we must make a shot, we should say on an average between fifty and seventy volts, made on the Griscom plan. 4. "How to Make an Induction Coil," Nos. 534 and 535 (May Part, 1889); "Electrical Machine, and Experiments to be performed with it" (November Part, 1889); "Electric Lamps and how to work them" (February and March Parts, 1889); "Electro-motors" (July Part, 1889); "How to Make a Condenser for an Induction Coil" (September Part, 1890); "How to Make a Small Dynamo" (March Part, 1891); this we suppose you have. Mr. R. A. R. Bennett says that he is very glad you take so much interest in the Electrical articles, and hopes that, if you try to make the machines described, success will attend your efforts.

W. COLWELL.—Concave and convex mirrors can be bought or hired from Messrs. Cadman & Son, Show Case Makers, Holborn, W.C.

F. PRINCE.—If you are a zinc-worker you might make a presentable boat composite fashion, that is, of wooden frames and zinc plating, but if you are to cover an ordinary boat with zinc you will have to modify your design so as to allow of the greater weight. Add at least three inches on to the freeboard; and instead of eighteen inches deep, make her four and twenty.

QUAGA.—Over and over again we have told you in this column that used penny postage stamps are worthless, and that the statements about orphanages and hospitals requiring them are simply untrue. If in defiance of our warnings you persist in collecting them, we fail to see the "pity" of it. The best thing for you to do is to put your "collection" in the fire.

H. SECKER.—From Mr. Bottone, whose address was given in the article, you can get castings *in the rough* for a 10 c.p. dynamo (Siemens' pattern) for 5*s.*, or for a 20 c.p. dynamo for 5*s.* 6*d.* But unless you are good at fitting castings you had better get them fitted together ready for winding on the wire, in which case the 10 c.p. machine will be 15*s.*, and the 20 c.p. one 25*s.* You can get instructions how to fit them up from the maker.

HARRY.—See answer to Quaga. Yours is an analogous case. Once again let it be said that there is no gold whatever in 1864 pennies, and that pennies of that year are worth the twelfth of a shilling and no more.

STUDIOUS and DISCOUNT.—There is a "Guide to Chartered Accountancy," published at the Accountant Office, Moorgate Street, E.C.

PERPLEXED.—The best plan would be for you to obtain employment in a German office; you would learn far more of business there than in any school. What you want is special acquaintance with commercial forms, and no school would teach you that; added to which you would find boarding-school life irksome after having been in an office.

K. BROWNE.—We know of no firm that buys silk from amateur silkworm fanciers; but if you find one please let us know.

T. B. THOMAS.—Thanks for photograph of King Ja Ja's brother, which we are unable to use. By the way, "medicine man" does not mean the chemist and druggist of his country, but the priest and doctor. We are pleased to hear our articles sent you out with a camera, and we hope you will soon produce even a better sample than that of "Waltah Be Khur."

A SOLDIER (Y. E.).—Recruits for the London Scottish Volunteers may be of London birth if of Scotch parentage.

E. M. SATCHWELL.—It is not "our" table of Schools at all, and we have not omitted anything. Just look at the article again, and then send your information to the person to whom you should complain. We have no responsibility whatever in the matter. If you will send us the results for next year we will insert them.

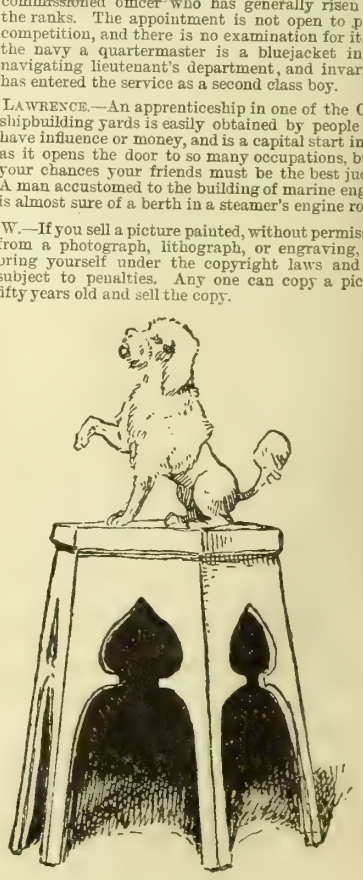
F. HAMILTON.—The coin is a Charles the Second shilling and it says so on it. The XII is for 12 pence. It is worth about five shillings. The "Fred, Duke of York" piece is a Token, and, like the rest, is worth about double its face value.

ASPIRANT.—The offices of the Imperial East Africa Company are in Pall Mall, S.W.; you had better call and see, but do not be too sanguine.

H. H. HARRISON.—A quartermaster in the army is a commissioned officer who has generally risen from the ranks. The appointment is not open to public competition, and there is no examination for it. In the navy a quartermaster is a bluejacket in the navigating lieutenant's department, and invariably has entered the service as a second class boy.

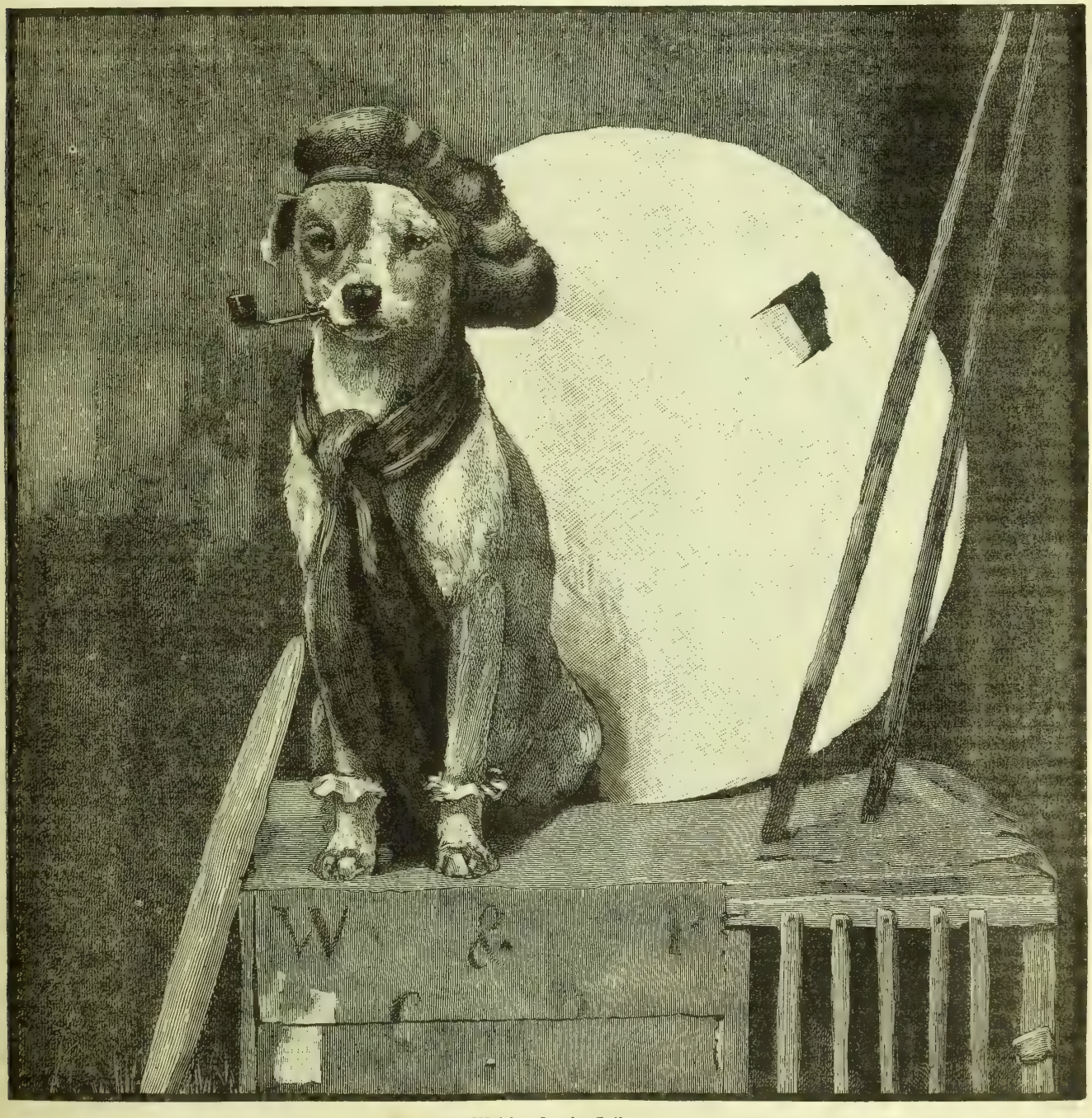
J. LAWRENCE.—An apprenticeship in one of the Clyde shipbuilding yards is easily obtained by people who have influence or money, and is a capital start in life, as it opens the door to so many occupations, but of your chances your friends must be the best judges. A man accustomed to the building of marine engines is almost sure of a berth in a steamer's engine room.

G. W.—If you sell a picture painted, without permission, from a photograph, lithograph, or engraving, you bring yourself under the copyright laws and are subject to penalties. Any one can copy a picture fifty years old and sell the copy.



THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 640.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



Waiting for the Call.

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER XV.—SOMETHING WRONG IN THE ACCOUNTS.

Fisher I sat in his study after morning class, next morning, the picture of boredom and perplexity. Lists of names, receipt-books, cash-box, bills, and account-books, were littered on the table before him. Between these and a cobweb on the ceiling his troubled looks travelled, as he gnawed the end of his pen, and passed his fingers aimlessly through his hair.

There was something wrong; and what it was he could not for the life of him make out. To any one familiar with Fisher I's business—or, rather, unbusiness—habits, there was nothing wonderful in that. He was happy-go-lucky in all his dealings. He would receive a subscription one day, and only remember, in a panic, to enter it a week after. His money he kept all over the place; some in his desk, some in the cash-box, some in the drawer of his inkstand. He had a vague idea that he had a special reason for dividing it thus—that one lot may have belonged to the School Clubs, another to the House Clubs, and another to something else. But which was which it passed his wit to remember.

He had had his doubts of the business all along. His friends had urged him to take the office, and with their help he had persuaded himself its duties were simple and easily discharged. He had determined he would do the thing thoroughly well. He had bought these account-books out of his own private purse, and spent an evening in beautifully ruling them in red ink, with one column for the date, one for the name, and three for pounds, shillings, and pence. He had procured two letter-files, labelled respectively "Club" and "House," into which to put his receipts. And he had provided himself with a dozen elastic bands and an equal number of paper-fasteners. What more could at reasurer desire?

Alas! the beautiful account-books got mixed up with one another, the letter-files remained empty, and the elastic bands somehow did duty as football garters. The Club accounts were scrawled, for the most part, in pencil on the backs of envelopes, awaiting a grand transcription into the books; and the receipts, pending a similar fortunate time, were huddled away in the drawer with Greek verses and letters from the people at home.

Things had now come to a pass. The Captain had yesterday suggested that, in view of the meeting to-day, it would be well to have the accounts made up, so as to be able, if called upon, to state exactly how they stood financially.

"All serene," said Fisher; "I'll let you have the lot in ten minutes."

It was now considerably more than ten hours since the rash undertaking had been given, and the accounts were considerably more confused than they had been when Fisher sat down to square them.

The Club and House accounts were hopelessly mixed. Some fellows appeared to have paid several times over to both funds, and others not once to either. Worse than that, Fisher could not find his memorandum of what he had paid out in small disbursements since term began. Still worse, when he did come in desperation to lump both funds together, and deduct the total amount he had spent, he found himself between £4 and £5 out of pocket!

That was the serious discovery which, on this particular morning, was preying on his spirits and making him look a picture of bewilderment.

"I'm bothered if I can make it out," said he to himself. "Everybody's marked down as paid—I remember noticing that weeks ago. At that rate I ought to have £25 for the Clubs, and £9 12*s.* for the House. Yes, that's right—I had that; there's a note of it: three lots—£15 7*s.* 6*d.* on September 1, £7 2*s.* 6*d.* on September 13, and £12 2*s.* on another day—that makes the total. There you are. Why on earth did I put them away in separate lots? Then I paid £5 for the new goals, and something else—what was it? Oh, that was for the House balls—oh, but we are lumping the two together. What was it? I know, 17*s.* 6*d.*—that's £5 17*s.* 6*d.*; and something else, I know, came to a pound—£6 17*s.* 6*d.* Take that from £34 12*s.*, leaves £27 14*s.* 6*d.*—and I've only got £22 18*s.* 6*d.*! Where, in the name of wonder, has the rest gone?"

And once more the dismal operation of adding up, counting, and subtracting began again, with the same, or almost the same, result—there was a mistake of something like £4 10*s.*, whichever way you looked at it.

Dalton, who came in presently, could throw no further light on the problem. He added up the columns, counted the money, subtracted the payments, and arrived at the same result.

Had the difference been smaller, it might have been accounted for by a few subscriptions omitted or a few payments not entered. But £4 10*s.* was too big a sum to leak away by accident; and, with the exception of the new goals, Fisher I was confident nothing had been spent approaching the figure.

Dalton then proposed a fresh hunt through the study, in case the missing sum might be hidden for safety in some corner. So the room was turned upside down; the bed-clothes were shaken out, pockets searched, books turned over, tea-pots peered into; but all to no purpose.

The Captain looked in while the search was proceeding.

"Have you got the——Hullo, what's up?"

"Why," said Fisher I, "there's a discrepancy. We ought to have £27 14*s.* 6*d.*, and there's about £4 10*s.* short."

"Do you mean that's missing in the Club accounts?"

"Well, either in that or the House Clubs, or in both lumped together. I say, I wish you'd add that up, there's a good fellow. The addition may be wrong."

But no; the captain made it the same as Dalton.

Ranger and Ridgway dropped in while the audit was in progress, and were promptly pounced upon to add the columns too. Evidently the mistake was not there. They made the total precisely the same.

"It must be in the payments, then," said Fisher. So the whole party sat down, and scrutinised the hapless treasurer's bills and vouchers, and, after allowing him the benefit of every imaginable doubt, still brought the deficit out at the same uncompromising figure.

"Let's have another look round," suggested Fisher. So once more the study was turned topsy-turvy, and every nook and cranny searched. But no money was there, nor any sign of it.

The Captain looked grave.

"It's precious awkward," said he.

"It's sure to turn up," said Fisher. "I'll go over the whole thing again, and have the room searched."

"Meanwhile," said Ranger, "it's to be hoped no questions are asked by the fellows opposite."

"Not much chance; I hear they are none of them going to turn up," said Dalton.

"That's their look-out," responded the Captain.

Much to their disgust, Ashby and Fisher II were summoned from the vicinity of the shop that morning to assist the treasurer in his hopeless search. They did not mind turning a study upside down on their own account, but they strongly objected to have to do it for any one else.

Fisher I did not at first vouchsafe much information with regard to the missing object.

"Look round everywhere," said he, "and see if you see anything."

Ashby looked, and said he saw a lot of things.

"I mean money, of course," said the treasurer.

Whereupon the two simultaneously made a grab at the loose cash on the table, declaring they had found it first go off.

"No—not that. It's some that's missing."

"How much?" asked Ashby.

"Never mind—a pound or two."

"Are you sure it's about in the room?"

"That's what I want you to look and see, you young donkey!"

"Two pounds," said Ashby, "was it all in silver?"

"No—it was three or four pounds—about £4 10*s.* I don't know what it was in."

"Four pound ten—that's a lot," said the young brother. "I thought you said you were hard up?"

"So I did. It's not my money, but the Club's. What's that to do with it? I want you to see if you can find it while I'm down in class."

Whereupon they set to work. They emptied the contents of every drawer in a glorious heap on the floor. They shook out his socks, and turned the pockets of all his coats inside out. They pulled his bed about the room, and shook out all his sheets. They raked out his fire, and prised up a loose board in the floor. They emptied his basins into his bath, and investigated the works of his eight-day clock. But high or low they could find no money.

Fisher's study did not get over that morning's quest in a hurry. When the owner returned, he wished devoutly he had never been ass enough to confide the task to a couple of raw Goths like these. Whatever chance there may have been before of discovering any mislaid article, it was now hopelessly and irredeemably gone.

He dismissed the two youngsters with a kick, which they felt to be very ungrateful after all the trouble they had taken.

Limp in spirits and grimy in personal appearance, they crawled away to the shop to console themselves with ginger-beer and a cheese-cake.

"Hullo," said Lickford, as they arrived, "what have you been up to? Sweeping the chimneys? I heard they wanted it on your side. What'll you have? We've been doing prime. Where have you been?"

"We've been hunting about in my senior's study for some Club money that's lost; about four po——"

"Shut up!" said Ashby, nudging his companion. "What do you want to blab all over the place about it for?"

"How much?—four pounds?" said a voice near; and looking round, to their horror they saw Dangle.

"All right," said Ashby, trying to save the situation, "it's bound to turn up. He stuck it in a specially safe place, and can't remember where. Look sharp with the ginger-beer, young Lickford."

"Money down first," said Lickford. "Catch me trusting any of you Classic chaps with tick! You've got no tin generally, to begin with, and then you go and lose it."

"That's better than stealing it," retorted Ashby.

"The thing is," said Dangle, breaking in on these pleasant recriminations, "it wouldn't matter if it was Fisher's own money that was lost. But it belongs to all of us."

"I tell you he's found it by now," said Ashby. Then, turning to Fisher II, he whispered, "You howling young ass, you've done it. Now there'll be a regular row, and your brother will have you to thank for it!"

"Don't blame him," said Dangle. "It's quite right of him to tell the truth."

With which highly moral pronouncement the Modern senior strolled away.

Lickford was too much engrossed by a sudden influx of customers to improve the occasion; and Fisher II, who never enjoyed ginger-beer less in his life, was allowed to depart in peace to meditate on the evil of his ways, and the possible hot water he had been preparing for his brother.

He had sense enough to reflect that he had better make a clean breast of it to his brother at once.

To his surprise, the latter took the news that Dangle had heard of the deficiency in the accounts more quietly than he had expected.

"I do wish you'd hold your tongue out of doors about things that don't concern you," said he.

"Will Dangle get you into a row?" asked Fisher II.

"Dangle? I'm not responsible to him more than to anyone else. The money's lost; and unless I can find it or make out where the mistake comes in, I shall have to stump up—that's all."

"But, I say, you haven't got money enough?" said the boy.

"I know that, you young duffer."

"Whatever will you do?"

Fisher I laughed.

"I shan't steal it, if that's any comfort to you; and I shan't cook the accounts."

"I say, I wonder if Rollitt could lend it you. He must have some money, for he paid for Widow Wisdom's new boat, you know."

"I heard of that. I wish I saw my way to paying my debts as well as he did."

"I say, shall I ask him?"

"Certainly not. The best thing you can do is to shut up."

Fisher II felt very grateful to his brother for not thrashing him, and went in to afternoon school meekly, though out of spirits.

"Well," said D'Arcy, as he took his place, "what's the latest? Who are you going to get into a mess now? Has Yorke been swindling anybody lately, or Ranger been getting tight? You're bound to have some story about somebody."

"I didn't mean—— It's not wicked to lose money," pleaded Fisher II. "I never thought——"

"That's just it," said Wally. "You couldn't if you tried. Dangle will make a nice thing out of it, thanks to you. Classic treasurer been and collared Modern boys' money—that sort of thing—and they'll kick him out and stick in one of their own lot, and call it triumph of honesty. Oh, you beauty; you *can* do things nicely when you try!"

"I wish I'd never come up here at all," moaned Fisher II.

"Humph. That would have been a bad go for Fellsgarth," said D'Arcy. "Shut up—Forder's looking. If we're lagged we shan't get in to the meeting."

The dreaded misadventure did not occur; and punctually at the hour our four young gentlemen trooped into Hall. Everything was very quiet there. The place was only half full. The Classics had turned up in force, but the mutineering House was so far unrepresented. Presently, however, five juvenile figures might be seen marching arm-in-arm across the Green, keeping a sharp look-out on every side.

Before they arrived in Hall, a solitary figure wearing the Modern colours had made his way up to the seniors' end. It was Corder, looking very limp and haggard and with a savage flash of the eyes which told how ill "Coventry" was agreeing with his spirits. The cheers with which he was greeted, due quite as much to his pluck in coming to-day as to his exploit at the match last Saturday, appeared to disconcert rather than please him, and he took a corner seat as far as possible from the Classic seniors present.

When, however, Percy and Co. entered the Hall, a much livelier demonstration ensued. Cheers and compliments and pats on the back showered fast on the youthful "blacklegs" and tended greatly to exaggerate in their own eyes the importance of their action.

"We shall get jolly well welted and flayed alive for it, you fellows," said Percy, with all the swagger of a popular martyr. "Never mind; we aren't going to be done out of Hall for anybody."

"At any rate, they won't hurt *you* for it," cried Wally, disparaging. "Kids like you won't hurt."

"We've come to see you cads don't get it all your own way," said Cash. "That's what we've come for!"

"Ho, ho! Hope you've brought your lunch. You'll be kept here a day or two, if you're going to wait for that!"

When Yorke and the other prefects arrived on the scene, there were, of course, loud cheers; but as the opposition was not there to make any counter-demonstration, it was not quite as noisy as on former occasions.

Percy did, indeed, attempt to get up a little opposition at this stage by calling for "three cheers for the Moderns"; but as he was left to give them by himself—even his own adherents declining to be drawn into cheers for Clapperton—the display fell rather flat.

The Captain's speech was short and to the point. Of course they knew why the meeting was called. There had been mutiny at Fellsgarth. Fellows had deliberately set themselves against his authority as Captain, which was a minor thing, and against the success of Fellsgarth in sports, which was a low and shabby thing. (Cheers.) He wasn't going to mention names; but he meant to say this, that they had much better dissolve the Club right away—(no, no)—than not all pull together. Last Saturday, as every one knew, they had been left utterly in the lurch; and but for good luck, and the good play of some of the fifteen—amongst whom, he was glad to say, was one fellow who had had the pluck to act on his own judgment of what was due to the school—(loud and prolonged cheers, in the midst of which Corder perked up, and looked pleased)—they had held their own with a very scratch team. They couldn't expect to do as much again—(why not?)—and it was not fair to the school to play matches without all their best men in the team. The proposal he had to make was that unless the fellows now standing out chose to return to their allegiance to the school within a week, all future matches for the half should be scratched, and the Club dissolved.

The Captain's proposal caused considerable consternation. Ridgway rose, and said he considered the motion dealt far too leniently with the mutineers. He would say, drum them out of the Club, and reorganise without them.

Denton asked if it would not be more honest and straightforward to summon them to the next match, and if they didn't turn up give them the thrashing they deserved?

Fisher I said he supported the Captain's proposal. It was nonsense their playing with scratch teams, and letting it be

supposed that was the best the school could do. Some of the fellows on strike were no doubt good players, and that made it all the more discreditable of them to try to damage the school record by crippling the team. They no doubt hoped that they would be begged to rejoin on their own terms. Rather than that, he was in favour of disbanding the Club, and letting the fellows devote their energy to running and jumping, and other sports, where each fellow could distinguish himself independently of what any others chose to do. (Hear, hear.)

Ranger also supported Yorke's motion. Very likely the mutineers would crow, and say the Club couldn't get on without them. No more they could, in a sense. But he, for one, was not going to ask them to come back, and would sooner break up the Club, and let them have the satisfaction of knowing they had injured Fellsgarth.

Amid loud cheers Corder followed. He was sorry, he said, there was to be no more football, but supposed there was nothing else they could do. He was glad to see some Moderns present, even though they were only juniors. (Laughter.) It showed that there were some fellows on the Modern side that stuck by the school. He fancied these youngsters could take care of themselves. He was glad to hear a human voice again. (Laughter.) It might be fun to some present, but he could assure them it was none to him. No one had spoken to him for four days. He was cut by his house, and had to thank even some of the juniors present for assisting to make his life in Forder's miserable. He didn't care much, so far. They might make him cave in, in the long run. (No! Stick out!) Let the fellow who cried "stick out," come and try it. His only offence had been that he had played for the school. To do anything for the school was now considered a crime on the Modern side. (Shame.) Anyhow, he should vote for the Captain's motion; and though he wasn't particularly sweet on the Classics as a body, he was beginning to think they weren't quite as bad as his own side.

Percy hereupon rose, amid derisive cheers. He didn't know why the names of him and his lot had been brought in; but he just wanted to say that they were here to-day because they had a right to come, and weren't going to be kept out by anybody—not if they knew it. (Rather not!) He and his lot thought there wasn't much to choose between anybody, especially the juniors of the Classic side, who thought they were jolly clever, but were about the biggest stuck-uppest louts he—— (Order. Kick him out.) He hoped the meeting would rally round the school shop, where every one was treated alike, and got the best grub for the money of any school going. They were going to get some Ribston—— (Order. Time.) All right. They shouldn't hear what he was going to say now. (Loud cheers.)

Yorke said they all seemed to be pretty much of the same mind; and he would put his motion to the vote.

This accordingly was done, and carried without a dissentient voice.

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frèzols," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—THE VANISHING POINT.

The camp was all silent when Maurice and Catherine arrived there in the twilight. The strike of the workmen had left it gloomy and dull, and the empty trenches, with the tools thrown about, made a painful impression on the young archæologist. After nightfall Doctor Hardy and Lieutenant Guyon came back from their expedition, which had been fruitless. The Jew Sedecias had been obliged to confess that he had no labourers to offer his friend the Hakim Faranghi, and what was more, he had added that he did not believe Kerdic could get them at any price, so intense was the feeling against him in Hamadan and the neighbourhood.

"And you?" asked the doctor. "Have you been more successful?"

In a few words Kerdic told them of the Guebre's promises, and the new information he had received as to his excavations.

"Hum!" said the doctor, shaking his head. "And you think there is something in that, Kerdic?"

"I think so, until to-morrow morning; that is to say, that as it is too late now to do anything, I will trust to his promise; and if at dawn, as he said, the men are not here, I will go round the country and see if, by persuasion or otherwise, I can make these brutes resume work."

"Or otherwise?" said the lieutenant.

"Certainly. Three resolute Europeans—four, counting Catherine, who is worth as much—ought, I think, to be capable of bringing this mob of miscreants to reason."

"Hum!" said the doctor. "A very difficult enterprise, my dear friend. You have no legitimate authority over these people, and if they refuse to work for money I don't see how you can compel them to do so."

"We will see!" said Kerdic, clenching his teeth.

"Well, for my part," said Catherine, making an effort to appear gay, so as to dissipate her brother's melancholy thoughts, "I have faith in the promises of Goucha Nichin, and I shall be the most astonished archæologist in the world, if at dawn to-morrow we are not greeted by a crew worth a hundred times more than the first!"

"Inch 'allah!" said Maurice, piously. "And now, sister, as head of the expedition, I order you to have something to eat at once, and then go to bed. Our excursion to-day must have tired you."

"Come along quickly, my girl," said the doctor, entering the gourbi, "and, to judge by the odour, Gargaridi has surpassed himself to-night, and prepared quite a feast for us."

"He has done his best, sir!" modestly said the Greek, who was busy putting the finishing touch to the table. "I know that mademoiselle does not care much for meat or stews, and I have been running about the valley all day like a hunted rat to find some fruit which I hope will please her."

In fact there were several piles in the centre of the table of those luscious fruits for which Persia is famous—pears, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots, and pomegranates, all arranged on green leaves. Catherine thanked the poor fellow with a smile, to which he replied with a bow worthy of D'Orsay.

"I am more than sufficiently rewarded by mademoiselle's approval!"

And they sat down to table.

It must be confessed that Catherine neglected, not without a secret pleasure, the immense dish of pilau prepared by Aristomenes, to do justice to the lovely fruit. The thought that neither the fingers of the unhappy cook with the nails cut to a point, but alas! of doubtful cleanliness, nor those of any negro, had flavoured the perfumed pulp, made them all the more agreeable. Cleanliness is the condiment most appreciated when one is exposed, like this courageous girl, to suffer daily from its absence.

After the meal they all retired, and soon the camp was plunged in darkness and silence.

The sun had not risen next morning before the Faranghis came out of their tents and looked anxiously around the horizon. The sky was tinted with pale mauve, which gradually changed to a vivid rose colour; and as the sun shot up from behind the mountain they saw in the distance a dense crowd of men approaching, pick and shovel on shoulder, solemn, thoughtful, and silent.

They were the labourers come to offer their services. Having been sent by Goucha Nichin they were all Guebres, and the Europeans were not a little surprised at the facility with which it had all been arranged. In place of the falsehoods, deceptions, and artfulness to which their former crew had accustomed them, here were men of good faith who accepted without recrimination or pretence the very liberal conditions offered them by Kerdic. Work could be started at once.

"But not here, Maurice?" said Catherine sharply, as her brother turned to lead the way to the trenches.

"Well thought of! that is true!" said he, stopping short. "You are thinking of that good man the Guebre. Do you think it is really necessary to follow his advice?"

"Certainly! He has kept his word with

regard to the men. It would be to slight him, I think, were we not to follow his instructions as to the diggings."

"But these are so well in hand," said Maurice in a tone of regret.

"Nothing prevents our returning to them if the others have no result."

"That is your way, is it? And the time? And the *gash*?—as the excellent Hasselfratz would say."

"Maurice!" said Catherine, "do please do what Goucha Nichin told you. I have a presentiment that we shall find where he said——"

"Though an archæologist," said the doctor, "one is none the less a woman! When presentiments come into the game, Kerdic, all you can do is to capitulate, I think."

"To the voices!" said the lieutenant, laughing. "Miss Kerdic is for a new start; I, in all humility, take her side."

"For my part," said the doctor slyly, "I am on Goucha Nichin's side! That, my dear lieutenant, rests on rather a firmer basis than that of our young and charming friend. It is possible that this venerable personage has knowledge of some ancient tradition as to the position of the palace."

"But why did he not say so?" objected Maurice, still undecided. "He has no reason to wish me well."

"Then why did he send you the men?" asked Catherine.

"Come, then," said Maurice after a moment's silence, "the lot is cast! Let us be off to that blissful Sounding Lion, and begin our juggleries. Until the mystic vanishing point is found you will not object to the men working here?" added he, turning with a smile to his sister.

"Not at all," said Catherine, "and thank you for granting my request. Come on! Come on! I am in a hurry to see the lion, and begin the search for the marvels he consents to show us."

The workmen were placed in the trenches in charge of Gargaridi, and the four Faranghis mounted their horses and set off on their expedition, furnished with the necessary measuring instruments.

They were not long in arriving at the Sounding Lion, a block of stone, half shapeless, resting on the ground outside the town of Hamadan. The natives attributed magical properties to this colossus. They said that as protector of the city it kept away famine and excessive cold. Its beneficent shadow cured fevers, and refreshed the traveller exhausted with fatigue and thirst. When the four friends came near the lion, a sonorous murmur seemed to make the worn stone vibrate. Was it an eagle or a vulture that had swept it with his wing as he passed? Had some child thrown a pebble at it, awaking by the shock the wrath of the king of the desert, asleep for centuries under this rude shell? They could not say. But the murmur, sweet, solemn, and mysterious, appeared to the girl an omen of success.

"See, Maurice," she exclaimed; "the lion is glad you have come to him!" And jumping from her horse she ran towards the colossus. "Do you not admire, gentlemen, the splendid look the beast still has? Ah! the ancients are our masters in everything."

"As animal sculptors especially," said Kerdic, "you must admit that these old Asiatic artists are inimitable. Let us hope the lion will keep the promises made in his name. To work! That is the left eye of this gentleman. Good! Now that is the right eye. 'Tention! Draw your lines now, and don't get out of the perpendicular! Are we there yet, lieutenant?"

"Yes. At five hundred yards you cut the first line—is that it?"

"Yes; five hundred yards."

"That is here, I believe. Doctor, will you verify it?"

The spot was carefully verified; then the third line at an angle of twenty-five degrees was carefully set out, and the three men posted themselves at the point of junction.

"Now march away, Catherine," said Kerdic, "and stick in that stick when we signal you to stop."

The girl went off along the line indicated, turning back at every step to look at her companions. At length Maurice made a signal. She stopped and stuck the stick in the ground at the vanishing point, that is at the place where the line seemed to end to the eyes of the spectators placed at the junction of the third and first lines.

The three men were at her side in a minute, and Catherine gave the first stroke with the pickaxe. She felt sure she was on the right track; and, excited with excessive joy, she laughed and talked and chattered with extraordinary spirit.

"I believe this wretched lion has bewitched her!" said Kerdic, making fun of her. "Doctor, feel her pulse, please. Has she not got the fever?"

"If she has, it is the good fever," said the doctor, "I recommend to all my patients. Its name is the fever of enthusiasm, and happy are they who have it!"

"Go and bring the men," said Catherine, "instead of teasing me; and at the same time make them bring the tents and the baggage. I am not going to leave the lion. I instal myself here. I refuse to give a single pick, and even to take any interest whatever in what goes on elsewhere, and if you take the workmen away, I warn you, I will get up an agitation against them, and take them away from you!"



"Turning back at every step."

"Well, let us hope you will not be mistaken, little sister. I will go and see about shifting the quarters," said Maurice, not with too much conviction.

He mounted his horse and galloped off to the trenches, soon to reappear with a dozen men, whom he set to work. The others came up gradually, and with the last, Gargaridi arrived with the baggage. Some of the men were then set to work

pitching the tents and building the new gourbis; towards evening the camp was formed, and every moment the incessant strokes of the pickaxe awoke a sleeping echo in the lion of stone.

There was nothing surprising in Catherine wishing to again visit her friends the Guebres. On the fifth day, when they had found nothing but a few medals half effaced by the rubbing of ages, she was talking about going to see them, when little Hassan suddenly rose in front of her.

"Talk of the devil!" said the lieutenant, with a laugh.

"Talk of the angels, and you will hear their wings," said Catherine, gaily. "How is Leila? How is your master, little Hassan? I hope you have come to say they are on the road to visit us, good messenger?"

"Yes, Khanoum; the master and Leila are on their way here and have sent me on in front to see if they will be welcome."

"Certainly! But I will go and meet them. Come with me so that I do not lose my way."

Catherine went off with the boy and soon met the old magus and girl, who were leisurely approaching on two splendid white asses richly caparisoned. They dismounted as soon as they saw their hostess, who kissed the lovely Leila and warmly welcomed the visitors. From under his thick white eyebrows the old man benevolently contemplated the young stranger, and showed that he was deeply impressed with the grace and gaiety of the young foreigner. By the side of the gigantic old man in his ample white draperies Catherine looked like a little bird, and the ease and spirit of her movements and behaviour astonished the old man and his granddaughter.

Catherine led the girl to her tent, observing that she was rather embarrassed in the company of her brother, the doctor, and the lieutenant, who had now come up. Persian women do not appear at all, or very rarely, in the society of men. Then they had a long chat, which lasted till Hassan came to announce that Goucha Nichin was ready to go, and was asking for Leila.

When the visitors had departed Catherine asked what the Guebre had said and done in the trenches. They told her that he had walked along the lines with a mysterious air, holding his beard in his hand and muttering strange words in an unknown tongue.

"Did he seem satisfied?" she asked.

"He did not condescend to tell us," said the lieutenant. "On the strength of what you told us, I had thought the old man was genuine, but from what I have seen of him, I should say he was a quack."

"Oh! do not think that of my old magician! Such a beautiful beard!"

"The beard is superb, undoubtedly; but, take my word for it, the man has got more than one string to his bow in this matter."

"I confess," said Kerdic, "that dear old Goucha Nichin did not quite please me to-day. I thought there was something sinister about him—a double sort of look. I have a good mind to stop these diggings and return to my original plan."

"Oh! not yet, Maurice, I beg!" said the girl, suddenly looking grave. "We might at least assure ourselves that there is nothing to be found here. Look! Promise me ten days of hard work. If at the end of that time we have discovered nothing, I give in, and we return to our first trenches."

As Catherine was still speaking they suddenly saw the doctor running up, gesticulating like one possessed.

"Victory!" he shouted. "Come here! Come quick! Run!"

The young people flew to the spot indicated and jumped into the trench at a bound. There could be no doubt this time. The pick had struck against a very hard block, made by the hand of man, built up of bricks closely joined together; a few strokes of the pick soon cleared away the surface. It was a wall—a wall of defence. Were they in the presence of the highest of the seven girdles which surrounded ancient Ecbatana? Were they to see in the sunshine the seven primitive colours untarnished by the dust of ages?

A cloud passed over Maurice's eyes. His heart beat violently, and he was obliged to rest against the side of the trench to save himself from falling. None the less excited was Catherine, who had seized a tool, and, eyes sparkling and cheeks red as fire, was carefully rubbing away the soil and stony conglomerate which covered the old wall. Soon she had so cleaned the solid block as to feel the tool slide over a smooth surface. Then with a sponge she washed the brick with water.

A line of pale citron at first appeared above a green palm leaf of exquisite freshness of colouring. Catherine again washed the wall; there appeared a beautiful white daisy picked out with pure vermilion, a heart of gold spreading over a background of neuter blue. The four explorers uttered a shout of joy. For a moment there was at the bottom of the trench a concert of joyous exclamations, of felicitations, and exchange of hearty hand-claspings. That moment paid for all past fatigues, all dangers surmounted and to come.

"It is there! It is there!" said Catherine, with her eyes wet; "there they are, the walls described by Herodotus which astonished all antiquity! We see them with our eyes, and thanks to you, my dear brother, thousands of men will admire them again. Ah! the earth has hidden her marvels well, but France has produced a savant bold enough to come and wrench them from her! Vive la France!"

"And Vive Maurice and Catherine Kerdic!" said the lieutenant, enthusiastically.

"And Vive Lieutenant Guyon and Hakim Bachy!" said Maurice, laughing and crying at the same time.

"And Vive poor calumniated Goucha Nichin!" said Catherine. "Let us to work again. I see no more till we have cleared away a bit of wall. Is it a fountain? Is it a wall? I tremble to think of it."

Work was resumed with new ardour. Most careful precautions were taken to clear the bricks without spoiling the varnish. They were obliged to break a cement as hard as adamant to get them apart, and the workmen were nearly doing damage by their clumsy strokes of the pickaxe. The Faranghis had to be in all places at once to see that matters went properly; at last everything seemed to be going well, and after six hours' assiduous labour they had unearthed, and labelled, and numbered, and stowed away in large baskets the materials of about three square yards of the wall.

A frieze representing a lion hunt ran along the surface thus brought to light. The attitude of the archers, admirably true to nature, the movement of the animals, furiously leaping, turning against the hunters, or running painfully with an arrow in their loins, the mouth open in agony, was superb. The free and supple design, the brilliant colouring, delightfully fanciful, showed that the uncovered work belonged to the best period of Persian art. Along the frieze ran a fine pattern of palm leaves and daisies, set in graceful arabesques.

The very first day Catherine sent off a messenger to Goucha Nichin, informing him of the success of the search.

The old Guebre did not delay to come in person, and contemplate the discoveries of his new friends; and soon all took to watching the old man slowly pacing up and down the trenches, speaking but little, lost in his deep reveries, and gazing enigmatically at the open ground. Doctor Hardy, the Hakim Bachy as he was called, studied him closely, seeing in him an interesting "subject"; but the almost absolute silence of the old Guebre was well calculated to puzzle the most careful observation. Occasionally his look would seem to pierce the entrails of the earth so deeply and fiercely, that Catherine, who had at first taken a great liking to the old man, became half frightened of him.

That was not the case with Leila, who often accompanied her grandfather to the camp. A close friendship had sprung up between her and Catherine. Unlike other Oriental women, she had received from the magus an education as genuine as it was varied. Strange and occult were many of the things the young Guebre knew, and between these two girls, of race and destiny so different, there was a curious exchange of ideas and impressions. Usually a light veil of melancholy dwelt on Leila's lovely face, but with her friend the Faranghi her sadness vanished, and she was never tired of asking about that distant land where the women are free and no religion is persecuted.

(To be continued.)

A UNITED STATES' TRAINING SHIP FOR BOYS.

A LIFE on the ocean wave has hitherto had an irresistible attraction for high-souled British youths. Many a fond mother ere now has shuddered at the stormy sea. Many a wilful son, impelled by love of adventure or the potent influence of salt sea surroundings, has bounded over every obstacle placed in his seaward path, and wooed wanton fortune on blue water. Not infrequently a boy has fled from home without word of farewell to his parents, and sought some sailing ship bound for far-off climes.

Runaways now find that shipowners and shipmasters decline to have anything to do with them. Should one hide away on board he would assuredly be driven forth by thirst and hunger. He would probably be handed to the police at the nearest port, and suffer seclusion in a gaol for his pains. Times have changed, and the lines of a runaway are not cast in pleasant places. Danger lurks wherever one's station in life's battle may be, but the sea is not always vexed with storms. A toilworn mariner will angrily ask, "Who'd sell a farm and go to sea?" Fine weather and favourable breezes put to flight reckless repining, and who so gay as he? Wild winds whistle a plaintive melody across the rigging's æolian harp-strings, and Poor Jack's breast thrills with an exquisite pity for folk on shore.

> When you and I, Bill, on the deck
> Are comfortably lying,
> My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots
> About their heads are flying.

A mermaid of the Poet Laureate's verse warns a boy that old ocean's waters would soon close over his devoted head should he dare set sail.

> Fool! he answered, death is sure
> To those that stay and those that roam.

And upper form boys are aware how beautifully Horace expresses the same truth. "Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, regumque turres." A sailor's life is neither more nor less dangerous than any other. British sailors there must always be if our sea-girt isle is to remain mistress of the seas. Hence a hardy, courageous boy, having his parents' consent, might do far worse than go to sea as an apprentice to some shipowner of repute.

Every one is not born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, but should a young reader yearn to become an officer in the British mercantile marine, he will do well to prevail upon his parents or guardians to permit him to become a cadet in, say, either the Conway or the Worcester. These ships lie at anchor in the Mersey and the Thames respectively for the purpose of training youngsters in the rudiments of seamanship and navigation. About £60 per annum covers the fees for each boy in these school ships, which receive youths between the ages of 13 and 15. Lord Brassey, of "Sunbeam" renown, has not been slow to perceive that these youths practically finish their education on leaving their *alma mater* on the completion of two years' training. Shipmasters are not always scholars, teaching is irksome to many and impossible to a few, so that after a four years' apprenticeship a youth has forgotten much that he knew. More's the pity, Science and Art classes have no existence on salt water. Junior clerks on shore can attend night classes by payment of a nominal fee. Government grants provide for payment of teachers and distribution of prizes to students who take first-class certificates at the annual examinations. Nothing is done to further the education of boys at sea, and the result is disastrous.

Lord Brassey has now arranged with Messrs. Devitt and Moore to accommodate 24 midshipmen on each of their clipper ships Harbinger and Hesperus. Each class is coached by a naval instructor who will initiate the aspirants into the mysteries of navigation and nautical astronomy. Practical seamanship will also be thoroughly taught. Boys should become trustworthy navigators and educated men under this nautical public school system. Who shall say there is no royal road to success in the merchant service, provided the necessary funds be forthcoming to pave it with gold? Each of these youths would cost £500 before becoming eligible to pass his examination and receive a Board of Trade certificate entitling him to obtain an officer's post in a British merchantman. Pay barely furnishes necessaries at first, and promotion is sometimes terribly slow, for the impious toast of "A bloody war and a sickly season," avails nothing in peaceful cargo carriers. The terms are prohibitive to the sons of poor gentlemen whom the system is supposed to benefit.

A similar but less costly course of tuition would be a boon to many well-bred sea-loving boys. Technical schools are coming to the front, but no better opening can be desired for a truly technical school than on a ship at sea. The Admiralty lend to societies about 18 old men-of-war hulks, which serve as reformatories and training ships for boys destined to serve before the mast. Seamanship, however, can only be practically learnt in a sea-going sailing ship, and serious objections are not wanting to the plausible pretext that the sea is the proper place for taming vicious or unruly boys. Good character is as essential at sea as on shore, and boys from these ships are often held in disfavour.

America acts upon the true principle that a sailor's attributes are best found in a fearless but law-abiding boy. Local authorities at an American seaport desirous of training boys for the merchant service can obtain from the United States' Naval Department the loan of a sea-going sailing man-of-war in which none but boys over 15 years of age may be received for training. Each boy must possess the written consent of his parents, must be of unblemished character, and physically fit. Moreover, an elementary educational test is enforced. An accepted lad is fed and taught free of charge, but suitable clothing must be supplied by his parents. The outfit consists of one blue, and two white uniform suits, one blue pea jacket, one pair of india-rubber boots, two pairs of leather boots or shoes, three pairs of socks and drawers, three undershirts and pocket handkerchiefs, one each of scrubbing, tooth, hair, clothes, and blacking brushes, a box of blacking, and sufficient needles, thread, wax, tape, and buttons. He is given a mattress, a pair of warm blankets, a hammock, a set of mess utensils, a clothes bag, and a ditty box. The United States' roomy sailing warship, Saratoga, whose name recalls the stirring times of the War of Independence, is the floating home of the Pennsylvania Nautical School. Her guns have been removed, and she is rigged now like a modern merchant ship.

She recently crossed the stormy Atlantic from America to England, under the command of Captain F. M. Green, U.S.N., with 110 boys in training. All her officers, inclusive of the surgeon, are gentlemen specially selected from the United States' Navy. They carry out the usual ship's duties, and also act as instructors to the boys under the supervision of the commander, who is, as it were, the head master. Students enjoy shore school advantages, with the manifold pleasures of a sea life in its most poetic aspect. Petty officers and skilled seamen assist in working the ship.

We accepted an invitation from Captain Green, and spent a happy holiday on board the Saratoga, mixing freely with all. The captain's gig, in charge of his son, awaited our arrival at Southampton. We gauged the staying power and precision of stroke of the youthful boat's crew as they bent to their oars, for the ship lay far from the pier. They were a credit to their officers and their nation, and, if afloat in years to come, should each be in command of one of Uncle Sam's fleetest merchant craft. They were evidently picked youths, but their fellow students ran them hard. Her Majesty was expected from the Isle of Wight to open a new dock at Southampton, and the Saratoga lay draped with flags that fluttered famously. High aloft flew the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze in courteous greeting with the star-spangled banner. Blood is thicker than water, and the Americans are our near kindred. Comely and dignified the old ship always will be, but this rainbow-hued adornment made her look almost young again, as the sunlit waters lovingly caressed her trim hull. Captain Green kindly piloted us all over the ship, and we could but admire her perfect cleanliness and comfort. A glass window filled up each porthole, and the summer sun left little to be desired. The boys dined on excellent fare at faultlessly clean tables. Each takes his turn to lay the table, bring the food for his mess from the cook's galley forward, and keep the mess utensils clean. A lazy boy would have a bad quarter of an hour with the master-at-arms. Not a speck of dirt or irregularity of conduct seems to escape the keen eyes of that official, who is responsible for the behaviour of the boys when below.

The command "Lay aloft" was given just before the Royal Yacht, with Her Majesty on board, passed under the Saratoga's stern. Instantaneously the boys in blue bounded aloft, and on receiving the order "Lay out," every yard of the Saratoga swarmed with them. No prettier sight could be wished for by a seaman, except perhaps that of a clipper beating down Channel under all plain sail in a fresh breeze. Not a sound was heard aloft. Sailors are as polite as court dames when necessary, and immediately the yacht had crossed came the order "Face about," and the boys swung gracefully round so as to keep their cheery countenances directed towards Her Majesty. A similar manœuvre was carried out when the yacht returned. The Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, on the Royal Yacht, in answer to the salutation of Captain Green, raised their cocked hats as she swept proudly by within speaking distance.

When old Sol sank below the horizon, the Saratoga was undressed, the boats hoisted up, and all made snug for the night. The boys betook themselves to various delights. Some wrote to friends at home, some read of deeds of daring or more solid literature, some were skylarking on the upper deck. Her well stocked library of carefully chosen books would gladden the heart of any boy. Every English author that boys love was represented, and American writers were not wanting. Penny-dreadful literature was rigidly excluded. She has also a piano and a harmonium for the boys to discourse sweet music to soothe the savage if any there be on board. Kind friends in Philadelphia had given the books and musical instruments for the use of the students.

At 9 o'clock a bugle's stirring notes awaken the echoes. Ere they cease every boy is snug in his hammock, just previously brought below and hung up by a ring at each end to stout hooks in the beams overhead. The busy hum of boyish voices ceased as

though in obedience to a magician's wand, and perfect silence reigned. We soon retired to rest in the captain's snug berth, and the steady tramp of the watch on deck recalled old time memories. Rising early next morning we reached the deck as soon as possible. The boys stand bareheaded as the American flag runs up to the peak and the strains of the national anthem break the stillness of the morning. Our human hive had been awakened by the bugle call. Hammocks were unslung, taken on deck, and stowed in the nettings. Then, in the open air, every boy strips to his waist, rolls up his trousers above the knees and washes himself. This done they toe a line along the deck with exposed chests and lower limbs, and undergo the critical inspection of the master-at-arms. No love is lost between that petty officer and a dirty boy. Muster finished, the pumps are started and the decks cleansed. The barefooted youngsters seem amphibious, and water splashes about us on every side. Then the brass work is polished. Soon all is done, and the boys enjoy a hearty breakfast. Boys will be boys, and many a practical joke was played for our benefit whenever authority turned his back. Would that all boys could be as happy as they!

Breakfast over, white working suits are exchanged for natty blue suits fashioned man-of-war wise, except that the trousers were pleasantly without those terrible bell bottoms. Each mess, class, or form, as schoolboys may term it, mustered in double line on either side of the ship facing amidships, and the commander inspected them. One boy had refused to carry out a just order and had been sequestered in the ship's lock-up. A short course of bread and water changed all that. He was brought up after inspection was over and Captain Green gave him some fatherly advice. Soon after we saw the repentant youngster romping as heartily as any. Corporal punishment is unknown on board the Saratoga, and the iron hand of discipline is concealed by the silken glove of sympathy.

In the classes practical seamanship alternates with the usual school subjects. The boys are carefully taught how to make the many nautical knots and splices; to set, reef, and shorten sail; to heave the lead; to use the palm and needle; to swim; and to handle boats under sail. Merchant seamen rarely know anything of the latter accomplishment. Should steamships supersede sailing craft there is always the possibility that it might one day become imperatively necessary to abandon a disabled or burning steamship, and skill in handling a boat in a seaway might be the means of saving many valuable lives. The three R's, reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic, English grammar, geography, the use of logarithms, and the elements of navigation and nautical astronomy, are included in the Saratoga's school studies. A goodly number shoot the sun at noon, and deduce the latitude by calculation from the sun's altitude thus obtained. The longitude problem is difficult, but the more advanced grasp the details, and we saw an interesting example clearly worked out on the blackboard. As a consequence of the survival of the fittest, those boys who unduly prefer biceps to brains will become seamen before the mast, whereas those who have attended to their studies will, on leaving the Saratoga in possession of the School's certificate of graduation, readily obtain junior officers' positions in the American mercantile marine.



U.S.S. Saratoga.

A plain, wholesome diet is provided, and the bill of fare is interesting enough to give the items.

Day	Breakfast	Dinner
M.	Oatmeal and syrup.	Beef, potatoes, pickles.
T.	Hash.	Pork and beans, pickles.
W.	Pork and beans.	Beef, potatoes, rice pudding.
Th.	Hash.	Beef, potatoes, plum duff.
F.	Oatmeal and syrup.	Pork and beans, pickles.
Sat.	Pork and beans.	Beef, potatoes, pickles, rice pudding.
Sun.	Hash.	Bouilli soup, potatoes, plum duff.

First-class biscuits, similar to those known as captains' over here, are supplied without stint, with coffee and milk for breakfast and tea for the evening meal. Many of the boys entertain an unfortunate prejudice against salt meat, which they will not eat. We agree with the surgeon that this is simply because they are not hungry. Suppers are not served, probably lest the youngsters should suffer from indigestion or nightmare. The cooks were trained men of colour, so that good food is not spoiled by cooking, as is too often the case in our merchantmen, where the cooks can't boil salt water without burning it. The captain's coloured steward, who waited on us at table, was a master of his craft, and on shore a deacon of his church.

The boys in training come from many grades of society, though all belong to the State of Pennsylvania, and their nasal twang is a little peculiar to Englishmen. Good conduct is the rule. We carefully examined the black list book. Slight breaches of discipline occasionally occur, due to the wayward spirit common to boyhood's days. You all know that the traces are sometimes kicked over at school on shore, or at least they were in our time. About 80 per cent. wear an anchor arm-badge, signifying that they have not given any cause for complaint. If we remember rightly, the youth acting as librarian was a city banker's son. Another strapping young fellow, one of his best boys, Captain Green informed us, was the son of poor but honest parents who could not afford to purchase his outfit. A charitable institution came to the rescue, as the boy was passionately fond of the sea, and lent him sufficient capital, which he will doubtless repay after having completed the necessary two years' training on board the Saratoga, and made a voyage or two.

Captain Green opens an account for boys whose parents provide pocket money. On arrival in port a boy can thus draw sufficient cash to make excursions on shore possible. Some of them came up to London for a week, and were taken by a commissionaire to the Abbey, the Tower, and the principal objects of interest. Others hired bicycles and made pleasant trips to Salisbury and the New Forest. They were loud in praise of the kindness bestowed upon them by the English people. Love for the old country, whence their forefathers came, will not be lessened by their short sojourn.

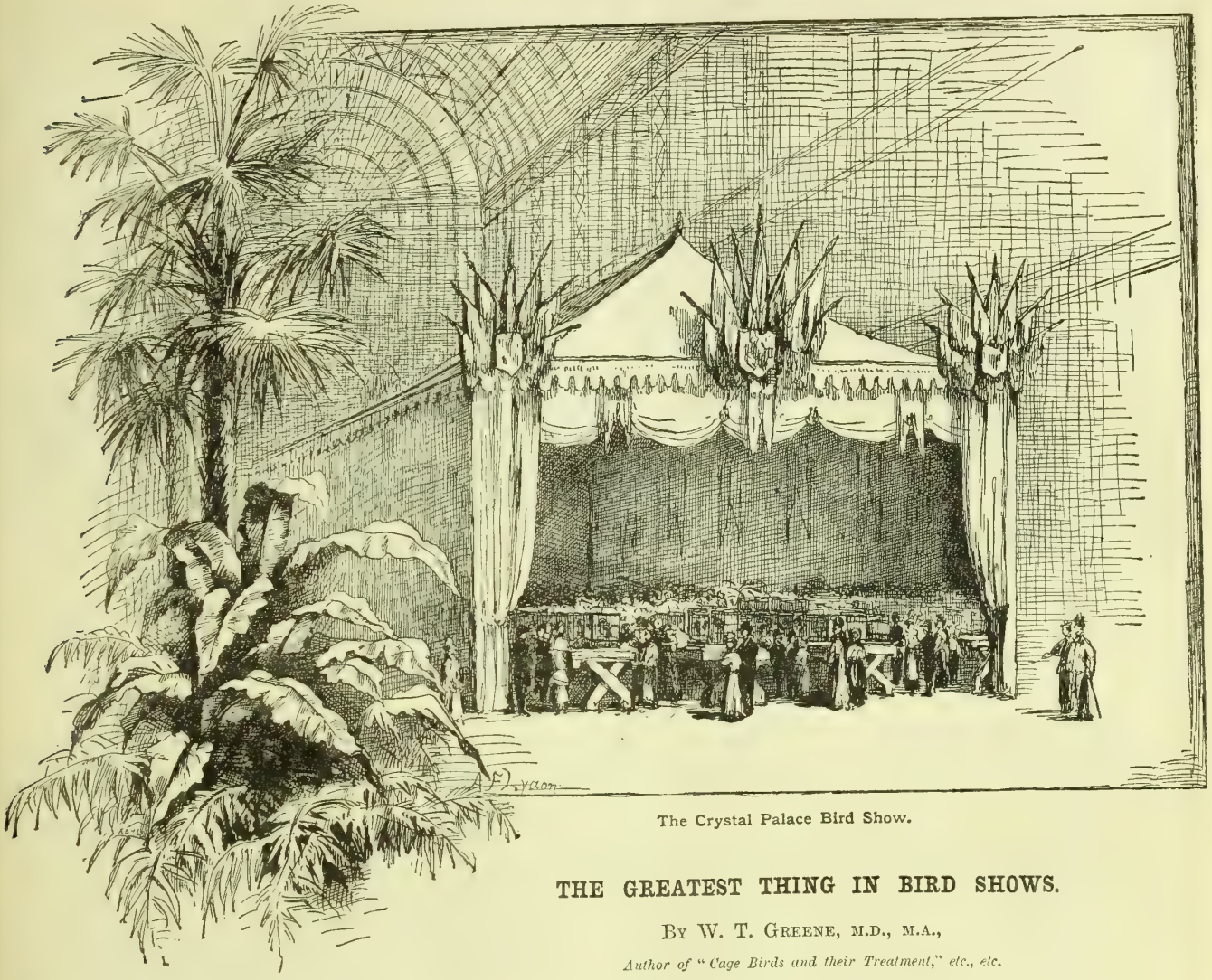
We cannot but regret that there is no such ship afloat under the British flag, for Lord Brassey's scheme is too expensive for general utility. And now we bid farewell to our readers, as we did to their young American cousins, trusting that they will each and all remember

> Through winds and tides one compass guides,
> To that, and your own selves, be true,

and that youth is the precious time for action, for

> The fruit of dreamy hoping
> Is, waking, blank despair.

Our pretty picture of the Saratoga is from an admirable photograph by Messrs. Symonds & Co., High Street, Portsmouth, England. It represents the good ship standing down Southampton Water under full sail bound for Philadelphia, which port she reached after a pleasant passage.



The Crystal Palace Bird Show.

THE GREATEST THING IN BIRD SHOWS.

By W. T. Greene, M.D., M.A.,

Author of "Cage Birds and their Treatment," etc., etc.

PART II.

The rosy breasted cockatoos were an indifferent lot, ragged and poor in colour, but one of the Leadbeaters was very fine, although not very steady, from which I conclude that he was usually kept in a large aviary, perhaps out of doors, and was not used to being in a cage. I may mention here that both these birds and the rosy and slender billed cockatoos are natives of Australia and perfectly hardy in this country, where they might very readily be acclimatised but for the invincible propensity implanted in the breast of the average Briton to immediately kill every strange bird that, unhappily for itself, chances to cross his path.

The slender billed or rosy cockatoos are not pretty, but as a rule they are good, by which I mean they get very tame, which a Leadbeater seldom does, and generally make excellent talkers. The lemon crests, which are the next biggest to the Moluccan, which rivals the raven in size, were not largely represented at the show, from which I infer that they are not as numerously kept as they were some years ago, which, considering the noise they make, their partiality for wrecking the furniture whenever they chance to get loose, and their very inferior powers of conversation, is not so much to be wondered at.

One poor macaw alone represented his section of the family, and was left unnoticed by the judge. Several nice amazon parrots, including a bodinus, a Guatemalan, and a blue fronted, talked and chattered away, mewed and barked as cheerfully as if they had been at home, and held down their heads to be scratched as confidingly, so that had their owners not put a prohibitive price upon them I should in all probability have taken one or more of them away with me at the close of the show.

The greys, that well-known bird with the pearl-grey body and the crimson tail, that was formerly the most common but is now one of the least frequently seen of cage birds, were represented by five examples, which were all in good feather and condition at the opening of the show, which is more than can be said for one or two of them at its close, when they seemed fagged out or fatigued, not to say ill.

Among the other short-tailed parrots were noticeable several eclecti, or eclectuses, the male of which is a bright green bird, with red sides and an ivory coloured bill, while his female is gaudily attired in several shades of purple and red, and has a jet black bill, quite contrary to the rule that obtains among birds, of which the male is generally much more brilliantly coloured than his partner.

A little sordid parrot, called purple parrot by some authorities, and a very fine Cuban, or red-throated, white-fronted amazon, complete the entries in the short-tailed parrot classes, and were all, but especially the last, extremely nice birds and apparently in the best of health.

The Old World or Asiatic parrots had a class all to themselves, and were represented by several ring-necked parrakeets, some of which were handsome birds in very good condition; the great billed alexandrine (so called because it is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be the species brought to Europe by the Macedonian conqueror whose name has been imposed upon it) and the delicate-looking, pretty little plumhead were also present, as were several moustache parrakeets, so called in consequence of the broad streak of a deep black colour that extends from each side of the beak to the side of the face; but the most remarkable member of the family was a Hodgson's parrakeet, rather a rare bird, intermediate in size between the alexandrine and the ring-necked. It has a collar like the latter and a black head, and is the first of its kind I have ever seen in this country.

There were many other species of parrots and parrakeets present, including a jendaya conure, which was much noticed on account of its bright yellow colour, and a Patagonian conure; also a small macaw-parrot, a blue mountain lory, and others, including a rare many-coloured parrakeet.

Among the smaller species were a pair entered as "turquoisines," but erroneously so, as, in all probability, they were hybrids between that species and an allied one, namely the elegant, which I happen to know were last year bred in some numbers in a London aviary.

One pale yellow budgerigar was also an object of much curiosity on the part of visitors, and contrasted remarkably with its companion dressed in the usual green and yellow livery natural to the species. There was also another pair of these birds, of a very pale yellowish green colour, in which the peculiar wavy markings on the head and neck that have procured for the budgerigar its French name of perruche zebrée, were almost imperceptible. They were on the road to becoming yellow, and were strong and healthy, but ticketed so high that to become their possessor was out of the question unless one happened to be a millionaire.

Among the love-birds were two very nice peach-faced, which I think were both hens, several Madagascar or grey-heads, and red-faced of course, a pair of which took the first prize, and a very rare pair of passerine parrakeets; but the most noteworthy was a pair of Ceylon hanging parrakeets, perfect acrobats, to whom it appeared to be a matter of complete indifference whether they sat on the perch or hung by their claws head downwards from the roof of their domicile; they were not very pretty perhaps, but their rarity, at least in this country, and their peculiar mode of resting themselves, attracted a good deal of attention.

Many people seem to have a preference for the smaller birds, and of these a great variety were on exhibition, the most beautiful being perhaps the Gouldian finches, named after the great explorer and naturalist, the late John Gould, who discovered them in Australia, and bestowed on them the appropriate appellation of painted finch, which they well deserve, for they carry red, black, mauve, green, yellow, and blue on their small persons, not barred and mottled and running into each other, as in the case of the seven-coloured tanager for instance, but each shade marked off by a sharp line of division from the others, so as at first sight to cause the whole to resemble the botched work of a bungling artist rather than the perfect handiwork of nature, which these beautiful birds most certainly are.

Lavender finches, melodious finches, saffron finches, and many more met the gaze of the visitor on the show benches, and java sparrows, ribbon sparrows, also called cut-throats and coral finches, rivalled them in point of attractiveness. A very handsome green bulbul formed a conspicuous object in the any other variety class, and contrasted in a marked manner with crimson tanagers, crimson grossbeaks, and crimson crested cardinals.

The favourite and recently abundant zebra finch was not numerously represented, and I think there was but one pair of parson finches and one of diamond sparrows, both of which were quite common at shows and in the bird shops a few years since. Can it be that the demand for these charming birds has fallen off, or that the supply has ceased? It is somewhat difficult to say, but I would fain hope that the former supposition, from whatever cause arising, is the true one, and that the three species have not been extirpated from their native haunts by the exertions of over-zealous and inconsiderate trappers.

Avadavats and such small fry only mustered in moderate numbers, and on the whole I thought the show decidedly deficient in the smaller species of foreign cage birds.

I cannot recall anything more of importance, and will conclude by observing that the practice of showing birds conduces to the study of the birds themselves, their ways and habits, and is so far beneficial that it leads to greater care and attention being paid by youthful and other owners to their captives, than, without the stimulus of possible prize or prizes, the latter would in some cases at least obtain.

(THE END.)

THE CRICKET SEASONS OF 1890 AND 1891.

PART II.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE with this year attains its majority. It began in a blaze of glory; then it went down in the world; now it is rising again. Last year it was sixth on the list, and its points were minus 1. Surrey had 6 points, Lancashire 4, Kent and Yorkshire 3 each, Nottingham 0, Middlesex minus 5, and Sussex minus 10; the points being arrived at by deducting the losses from the wins. Gloucestershire had 5 wins, 2 over Notts, and 1 each over Yorkshire, Sussex, and Middlesex. Up to July 28, the Gloucestershire men had not won a match; after then they did not lose a match except the Australian one, which does not count in county cricket. This was a curious record, and it goes a long way to show how much the team is dependent on two men. In the early part of the season Dr. W. G. Grace had a bad knee; on July 28, the holidays had begun at Cheltenham, and Woof was able to join the eleven and give it the needful bowling strength. During August the eleven were undoubtedly the most powerful side in England, and their defeat by the Australians was entirely a matter of weather. The weather was not propitious to the Westerners in 1890. At Gloucester the rain stopped the match against Kent when only 12 runs, with 6 wickets to fall, were required to win; at Manchester rain stopped the Lancashire match when only 69 runs were required, and the whole side was available to get them. As usual Dr. W. G. Grace headed the batting averages, this time with 36, Mr. Cranston coming next with 34, Painter being third with 28. Woof headed the bowling averages with 13, Dr. W. G. Grace being second with 19, and Roberts, who did the heavy work of the season, being third with 22. He took 65 wickets in 14 matches; Woof took 55 in 7 matches.

Kent did well in 1890, winning six matches and losing but three. For the first time for six years Kent beat Surrey, and that was the most remarkable achievement of the year. In Martin and Wright the team had two excellent left-handed bowlers, and in Messrs. Daffen and Hamilton two new and promising batsmen. The batting averages were curiously level. Putting aside Mr. Patterson, the captain for the latter part of the season, who only played in five matches, and owed his average of 50 chiefly to his not-out innings of 123 against Notts, there were Mr. Leslie Wilson, Mr. Daffen, G. G. Hearne, A. Hearne, Mr. C. J. M. Fox, and Mr. W. M. Torrens, all with averages from 20 to 22. Two members of the team met with accidents. Mr. Fox at Gloucester, in trying to stop a hard cut at point dislocated his shoulder; and Walter Wright at the Oval, in trying to stop a hard return from Lohmann, dislocated his left thumb. It is not often that two accidents in a year happen to one eleven. Another noteworthy fact, and a pleasanter one, was the first appearance of the Surrey men at Canterbury. Considering the years that the Canterbury week has been going, it seems almost incredible that a Surrey eleven had never found its way there before. This year Surrey is to go again; the first match of the week being Kent against Gloucestershire.

The last season of Lancashire was marked by the absence of Pilling, the great wicket keeper, and the introduction of Mr. A. C. MacLaren, being the first time that the captain of the Harrow eleven has been tried at once for his county, and a very good first appearance it was. To score 108 at the first trial in first-class company is a remarkable achievement, even though the subsequent appearances result but in units. Lancashire had nine batsmen averaging over 20, the best being F. Ward with 29. Briggs, who was suffering from an injured thigh in the early part of the season, ranking next with 27. Curiously enough, Briggs's aggregate of 436 was the highest in the team, and there were three besides him who exceeded 400. As usual he was the best bowler, his average being 11, Watson's being 13, and Mold's 14; but Mold took the most wickets. Lancashire's record for 1890 was a curious one. There was hardly a match which could be said to have been either lost, drawn, or won, without some intervention on the part of the weather. At Lord's, Middlesex had to follow on with 127 in arrear, and yet managed to win. At Manchester, Lancashire put in only 4 men, who got 246, and then declaring the innings closed, cleared off Sussex for 35 in the first innings and 24 in the second!

Just as Lancashire went down in the scale in 1890, so did Middlesex. Middlesex beat Notts, Gloucestershire, and Lancashire, and this with what was declared to be its weakest eleven, and when the stronger eleven appeared not a match did it win. If Middlesex does not do better than it does, it is not because of a dearth of counsel, good or otherwise. Never was there a county team that received so many suggestions for its improvement. It certainly does seem absurd that a county with a population of over four millions cannot provide its cricket club with a fast bowler, and we suppose it is only natural that people should try and solve the problem. May their efforts be crowned with success! Mr. Webbe did very well at the beginning of the last Middlesex season, but fell off greatly; Mr. Stoddart and Mr. O'Brien were both out of form, and both had averages under 20. The worst item in the record was the defeat by Somersetshire at Lord's. Not for long had Middlesex been beaten on its own ground by a second class county. This year the two counties are to meet at the same ground on Whit Monday, when the metropolitans may be trusted to do their best to win.

Nottinghamshire beat the Australians twice—the last time after a very tough fight on a peculiar wicket; and of county matches lost 5, won 5, and drew 4. In the first half of the season it seemed that Notts and Surrey had the championship at their mercy, but in the latter half Notts dropped away woefully. Shrewsbury failed, Gunn failed, the bowling wore off, and Mr. Dixon must have been very glad when the programme was over. During May and June Shrewsbury was in wonderful form. He made 267 against Sussex, 117 and 76 not out against Lancashire, and reached an aggregate for his county of 1,082 with an average of 49, being far and away the best of the year. In the same match in which Shrewsbury made his 267 against the weak Sussex bowling, Gunn

made 196, and though he made no other hundreds for his county against county, yet he scored so consistently that his aggregate reached 693 and his average 33. In the other Sussex match, that at Brighton, it was Butler who punished the bowling, and his score of 171 helped him to finish with a good average of 26. Mr. Dixon, too, made his first century for his county and that against Lancashire in the home match at Trent Bridge, when he put together 109. In bowling Attewell was a long way the best, though Shacklock and Barnes did a fair share of the work. In the Sussex match at Nottingham, Shrewsbury and Gunn scored 398 runs between them before they were separated; this being the most profitable partnership on record.

Sussex won a match and lost eleven; this year it has enlarged its programme, and will have the opportunity of losing thirteen, or rather fourteen. The match that was won was that against Gloucestershire at Brighton. Sussex went in first, and on the hard wicket Quaife especially and Mr. Newham played havoc with the Gloucestershire bowling. The innings closed for 307. Gloucestershire made 227. Then Quaife set to work again, and when he had scored 156 and a total of 295 for seven wickets had been gained, Mr. Smith declared the innings closed, and Gloucestershire only managing 148, lost the match by 221 runs. This was the best thing Sussex did, and indeed the only thing worth mentioning. The bowling averages for the year were appalling; they ranged from 22 to 67. The batting averages ranged from 26 down to 2. Sussex has now been under a cloud for some years. It has been reported that "its prospects are about to brighten," but there seems to be a joke hidden somewhere here, and the record is too miserable for joking.

Surrey was unmistakably champion county in 1890, and by an unintentional transposition we have put Sussex up a step and left ourselves a tale of victory with which to all but finish our county notes. Surrey played fourteen matches, won nine, and lost three. The eleven was a strong one and did well, but it was not as strong as it used to be, and the loss of the Kent and Yorkshire matches showed that a little new blood is desirable if Surrey is to remain at the top of the willow tree. Mr. Read was not what he was, neither was Mr. Roller nor Mr. Key. Lohmann was one of the best all-round men in England, and Sharpe one of the best bowlers, but Lohmann and Sharpe cannot go on for ever. Maurice Read was good as usual, so was Abel, on the whole, and Lockwood was always to the fore, especially when Notts were on the ground, but some of the others were not what they were. It was a wet miserable season, and not one to generalise upon, but the introduction of Mr. Douglas and Mr. Streatfeild was none too soon, and the two professionals in addition, which we shall probably see this year, would have done no harm. The team as it stood was, however, strong enough to retain the championship, and that is a sufficient answer to the would-be critical. The average table is healthy enough. Seven batsmen over twenty, and five between ten and twenty, make a brave show, and five bowlers under twenty are not disquieting, although the sharing of the work was most unequal. Lohmann took 113 wickets for twelve, Sharpe took 102 for twelve, and as third man comes Mr. Streatfeild with sixteen wickets for nine. From 113 and 102 to sixteen is a drop indeed; and no other Surrey bowler took more than eight wickets.

The team began badly. The first class county match, that against Notts, was lost by 108 runs; the second, that against Gloucestershire, was won, and began a long run of success. Surrey made 464, out of which Maurice Read claimed 135; then the rain fell and Gloucestershire's first innings realised but 238, the second 74: result, a victory in one innings and 152 runs. Then Lancashire was beaten by sixty-one runs; then Gloucestershire suffered a second defeat by an innings and sixty-two runs; then Middlesex was beaten by an innings and two runs. The first Yorkshire match proved a draw chiefly owing to the bad weather. Then Sussex was beaten at Brighton by an innings and 91 runs, and then again at the Oval by an innings and 165 runs. Then came the splendid match against Notts which was won by seven wickets. The first Surrey innings realised 253, towards which Lockwood contributed sixty-six. The Notts innings produced but eighty-three, towards which Flowers made thirty-three. In the follow on Notts did better and made 240, of which Shrewsbury's fifty-three was top score; then Surrey's three wickets yielded the needful seventy-one, towards which Lockwood contributed twenty-eight. Sharpe's bowling was magnificent, and it can almost be claimed that he and Lockwood, both former Nottinghamshire colts, won the match against their old county. Then came the draw against Kent at Canterbury, the defeat of Middlesex by an innings and 162 runs at Lord's, and the defeat of Lancashire by an innings and seventy-six runs at the Oval. Abel was then in splendid form. At the end of the previous week he had made 151 not out against Middlesex, and in the Lancashire match he made 146. So far all had gone well. Then came a defeat at the hands of Yorkshire by fifteen runs, and then the defeat by Kent by eight wickets, the first of which can be explained by both Wood and Henderson having bad hands, the second being inexplicable and seemingly due to simple loss of form.

If Surrey merely held its own, Yorkshire decidedly improved, and had indeed the best season since 1885, a result due in no slight measure to the return to his old ways of George Ulyett. The curiosity of the season was the double defeat by Warwickshire; the triumphs, the defeat of Surrey for the first time since 1885, and the double defeat of the Australians.

The premier match of 1891 will take place at the Oval on July 2, the Lord's fixture being for the 6th. Last year the Players won the Oval match, and the Lord's match was drawn. At the Oval the most notable event was the appearance of Mr. Spofforth among the Gentlemen of England. The University match was won by Cambridge, with the strongest eleven that had worn the light blue for the last twelve years. This year the match will take place on June 29, and according to all accounts it is likely to end in a 29th victory for Cambridge.

In 1890 there were 34 individual scores of over 100 in first-class matches. Of these Gunn made 3, Shrewsbury, Abel, and Mr. Cranston 2 each, and Dr. W. G. Grace and two dozen others the remaining singles. The highest score of the year was Shrewsbury's 267 against Sussex. In bowling no one had less than 10 runs per wicket, though there were 25 professionals with under 20, and 13 amateurs. The best of the amateurs was Mr. Nepean of Middlesex; the best of the professionals was Harrison of Yorkshire, but neither of them did much work. Mr. Streatfeild took 64 wickets, Dr. W. G. Grace 61, Mr. S. M. J. Woods 59; but Lohmann took 220 wickets, Martin 190, Peel 172, Briggs 158, Attewell 151, Sharpe 139, and Mold 118.

The highest aggregate of the year was Gunn's 1621, the next Shrewsbury's 1568, the next Dr. W. G. Grace's 1476, the next Mr. W. W. Read's 1169, the next George Ulyett's 1093. The best average of the year was Mr. Hewitt's 43, Shrewsbury's 41 being next. Gunn and Mr. Patterson both averaged 34, Abel 30, and Dr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Cranston, Mr. Webbe, and Mr. Douglas 28.

In the second-class counties the most brilliant record of the season was that of Somersetshire. Every match was won. The other counties, with the exception of Derbyshire did but little. And just as Somersetshire owed much of its success to its bowlers Tyler and Nicholls, so Derbyshire owed a good deal to Mr. Spofforth, who, when he played, captained the team.

(THE END.)

THE "BOY'S OWN" DINNER-GONG, OR CALL-BELL: AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

By H. F. Hobden,

Author of "How to Build a Rowing Punt," "Boy's Own Model Locomotive," etc.

PART II.

A good method to insure accuracy is to mark with lead pencil the places where the grooves are to come, as soon as it is mounted in the lathe and before touching it with the chisel or gouge.

When the eight are finished you can make the hub of the wheel, and this, for strength and to prevent splitting, should be of boxwood.

Take a piece $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick by about $1\frac{1}{2}$-inch square; chuck it in the lathe and turn it down to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in diameter, as shown in section at Fig. 2; then mark the central dotted line with a lead pencil, and, leaving $\frac{1}{2}$ on each side of that line quite flat, turn a couple of grooves as shown, slightly rounding the extreme outside edges, and before removing it from the lathe drill a $\frac{1}{8}$ hole centrally right through, as at A B.

Then on any odd piece of deal about four inches square, draw a circle with the compasses and divide the circumference into eight parts, and from each of the marks draw a line to the centre.

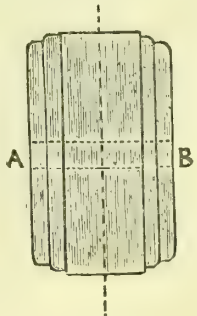


Fig. 2.

Now take your boxwood hub, and with a fine screw secure it tightly to the centre of

the circle, so that it cannot easily be moved. This is shown on a small scale at Fig. 3.

Then mount a $\frac{1}{8}$ drill in the lathe, or hand-brace, and keeping the drill exactly in a line with one of the radial marks as shown at A, introduce the point of drill carefully on

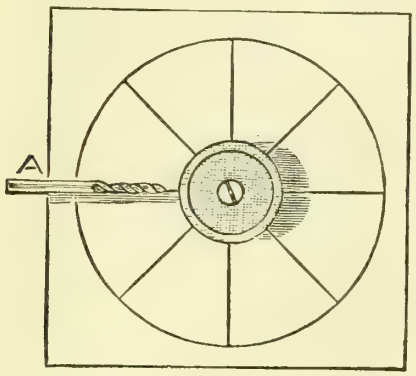


FIG. 3.

the centre dotted line, Fig. 2, and drill a hole $\frac{1}{4}$ inch deep; then withdraw the drill, and proceed to the next radial mark, and so on all round.

It is a good plan to chalk the drill beyond the distance you wish it to enter, which will act as a guide and prevent your drilling too deep.

You will next require eight segments or pieces of a circle slightly over $2\frac{6}{10}$ radius, from a piece of mahogany planed down to $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick.

Fig. 4 gives the exact size of the pieces



FIG. 4.

required. These are to be placed between the squared portions of the spokes, and form the rim of the wheel. A shows section of same. Try them, and if they fit accurately you may secure them in place with glue. Great care is necessary when glueing up, to keep the wheel true.

One method of doing this, and I think it is the best, is to take a piece of deal board about eight or ten inches square and fasten a piece of cartridge paper on it by means of four tacks or drawing-pins at the corners; then from the centre describe a circle the full size of the wheel, outside measurement, which will be $6\frac{8}{10}$ diameter; this will be a guide for the ends of the handles, and two inner circles, drawn respectively $5\frac{1}{5}$ and $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches diameter, will give the position for the segments. Then divide the outer circle into eight equal parts as you previously did the smaller one, Fig. 3, and draw the lines for the spokes.

Have some thoroughly good glue ready, and while it is getting hot take a centre-bit and drill a hole into the board at the centre of circle, half an inch deep, and large enough to allow the hub of the wheel to rest in: this will of course cut away the paper at that part—but that does not matter.

Now glue each of the spoke-pins into the hub, and place it in the central hole, then see that the squared portions of each spoke come within the two inner circles while the outer circle touches the ends of all handles. Then, if they are all correct, glue in the segments and leave it for a day or so to dry hard before touching it again.

The hub partly recessed in the central

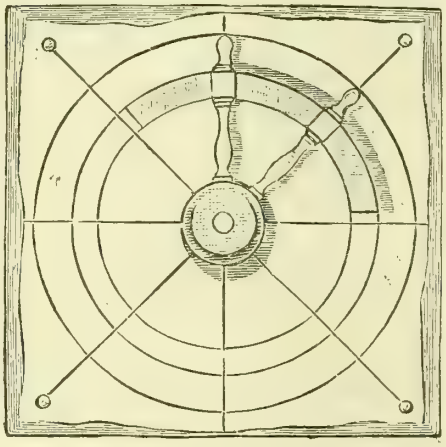


FIG. 5.

hole, with two of the spokes in position, is shown at Fig. 5.

My object in using a sheet of paper, instead of drawing the circles directly on to the wood, is that you are almost sure to glue the wheel to the surface you are working on, which, in the case of the board, would have given you considerable trouble to release, and most likely you would break the wheel in getting it off, but with the sheet of paper interposed it may be easily removed, then the paper torn off and the surplus glue, etc., cut away with a sharp chisel and then smoothed down with sandpaper. While the wheel is drying, you can be cutting out the strengthening bands which are to be placed on either side of the rim, and help to bind the wheel firmly together.

These should be about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, and slightly over the same width, with an outside diameter of five inches. These two circles of wood may be cut out with a fret-saw if your lathe is not large enough to turn them in. They may then be glued on in position, and, when dry, the edges trimmed off round, with a penknife and sandpaper, to the section, as shown in the shaded portion at A A, Fig. 6.

The wheel should be finally sand-papered all over and some weak mahogany stain applied with a small brush; this will give a nice tone or colour to it; and the hub, being of box-wood and much lighter, will require two or three coats to make it look the same as the rest of the wheel.

(*To be continued.*)

As soon as the stain is thoroughly dry, mount the wheel on a string or skewer

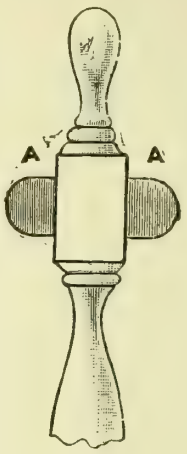


FIG. 6.

through the central hole, and and give it a coat of good varnish. It will require three coats to finish it properly, and do not apply the second before the first is quite hard.

While the varnish is drying you can be making the stand. This consists of a circular disk of oak 6 inches in diameter by $\frac{3}{10}$ of an inch thick, the upper edge of which is bevelled off all round, as shown at A, Fig. 7, which is drawn full size and shows thickness of board and amount of bevel by dotted line. This is to be glued on to the top of a circular ring of oak, as at B, $\frac{6}{10}$ inch thick and $6\frac{7}{8}$ inches outside diameter by $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide. This, like the upper disk, can be cut out with the fret-saw, and when the glue has set firm and hard, round off the upper outer edge as shown by the dotted line.

This forms a neat moulding and leaves a

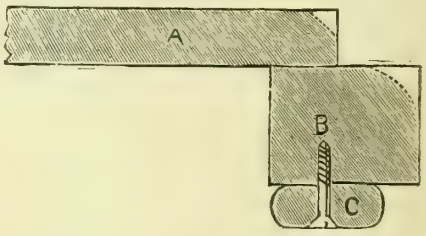


FIG. 7.

space underneath the board A for a portion of the bell to project below, which is necessary for the sake of compactness, and to keep the standards or case as low as possible.

Four small oak buttons or feet must now be turned, and should be $\frac{1}{4}$ inch deep and $\frac{6}{10}$ in diameter, with a central hole drilled in each, and attached at equal distances apart by small screws to the underneath part of B, as shown at C.

These are necessary to raise the stand clear from the table, as, without them, the bell being covered in would sound smothered and feeble.

Now comes the job of marking the top plate A for the position of the standards which support the wheel.

This diagram would be too large full-sized, so I must give it to you reduced, and you must draw it carefully on the wood with a soft pencil to the dimensions I will now give.

BRITISH BIRDS, AND THEIR TREATMENT IN DOMESTICITY

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.

If I were King of Great Britain and Little Britain—I suppose that means Ireland—for a month, and had full kingly power, the same as monarchs of the good old times used to have, you know, what a lot of improvements I should make, and what a lot of things I should do that never will be done as long as the House of Commons remains what Carlyle called it, in his rough, drastic style. "A stable wherein 600 donkeys bray!"

I'm not at all sure I wouldn't begin by cutting a few heads off, because that would prove I meant business.

I could not tell my readers one tenth of the good I should do in that month. But this is a paper on birds, and as regards these it would not be difficult to legislate. First and foremost I'd commit to the flames the Act called, by way of a grim joke, "The Wild Birds Protection Act." I should burn it and make a fresh one that really would protect our wild birds. One clause of it should refer to the wholesale destruction of birds' eggs by wantonly cruel, or at least thoughtless boys of all classes. The arrant stupidity of a Bill that pretends to protect a wild bird, but makes no provision for the safety of its eggs, must be apparent to the veriest child. And yet in a town so important as Yarmouth, where I spend a month or two every year, in the breeding season you see exposed for sale in the quaint old market-place nests and eggs of even our sweetest songsters, such as the thrush; while larger wild birds' eggs are sold as a matter of course. My Bill then should protect the birds as vigilantly as the beautiful trees in parks are guarded. The birdcatchers should be banished—every one of them—to the Cannibal Islands of the South Pacific, and along with these professional destroyers of the songsters of the grove, should sail the boy who writes to the "B. O. P." about once a month, asking for a receipt for making bird-lime.

But I'd do something more. I would open every cage door in my dominions and let the birds go free, *if they wanted to go*. Note those words in italics, please. Only the cruelly treated birds would care to leave a beloved master or mistress.

"What!" the others would say, or seem to say, "you want me to fly away and away out into the darkling forest, where all would be strange to me, and where every creature would persecute me and try to kill me. I have never known aught save kindness and friendship from you, dear master and mistress; I never was a wild bird, and you have fed me daily and well; you never forget my drop of water nor my sand, and you keep my cage so clean that no bad odour offends me; and, greatest blessing to me of all, you let me out every day to stretch my legs and wings by flying about the room or pattering about on the floor. No, I'm not going away, I'll stay with you and love you and sing to you; so there!"

Well, boys, it is in the cause of the really tame and domestic birds I am this day sitting here pen in hand.

It is a somewhat strange thing that just this moment as I opened my wigwam door to let Queen, my Newfoundland, come in, a sparrow also entered and flew round my head. Cock Robin comes here every day, and the starlings build above my head in a tiny ornamental loft, but sparrows do not often come actually inside, though they roost in dozens all about the wigwam. Well, I suppose this sparrow wanted to tell me to say a good word for its class. I'll do so now and be done with it. I am firmly convinced then, that these birds do good in the garden. I therefore encourage them. There are at least twenty nests built every February and March in my Wistaria tree; then every poplar tree has probably ten, and pine trees, yews, and many other trees sustain their quota; so at the very lowest calculation one thousand sparrows are hatched in my little wildery of a place every season; all other birds in scores, from the bonnie wee golden-crested wren to the turtle-dove and wild pigeon.

Well now, I want to tell you what birds in captivity really need, not only to keep them in good health, but to keep them happy. And you may rest assured they won't be happy unless they are healthy.

I hope those of my readers who have birds will keep this number of the "B. O. P." It will be so handy to refer to at any time, and in some measure decrease the number of letters the Editor receives anent birds and their troubles.

1. *Cages.*—These have been described in the "B. O. P." before, I can only say here that different kinds of birds require differently shaped cages. So before you get a bird, get a suitable home for it. Go and see cages at the *soi-disant* "naturalists'" shops, and get the biggest you can get. The poky little traps that linnets, for instance, are kept in are worse than prisons to them. Besides, a tiny cage is difficult to keep clean.

2. *Exercise.*—No matter how big the cage is, your pet should be allowed liberty to fly about the room. If trained to come out and go back to its cage every day, he would no more think of flying away—unless suddenly frightened—than a pet pig would, and, as you know, pigs are not very clever at flying.

3. *Bath.*—Of course there is no occasion to force a bird to take a bath, but if during his exercise hour, you place a saucer with water in it on the floor, he will very likely use it, and then go and sit in the sunshine to arrange his feathers and get himself thoroughly dried. A pet starling of mine used to sit on the fender for this purpose, and a ragged sight he looked for a time, but then this dear bird could do what he liked and go where he pleased—out with me, for example, when I went for a walk with my favourite dogs and a cat; or he would come to church with me, or rather after me. I did not encourage his church-going, because the remarks he passed aloud were sometimes hardly complimentary. Not that he ever said bad words; but Dick looked upon the word "rascal" as a term of endearment, though everybody did not know that. Besides, "The Sprig of Shillelah" is not a hymn tune, and that was Dick's favourite.

4. *Gravel or sand.*—Birds, you know, have no teeth, but a gizzard or exceedingly strong muscular stomach, in which the food is ground up with the aid of gravel. If therefore you do not keep the bottom of the cage constantly covered with sand and gravel—as clean as possible—the bird will suffer from indigestion, and will pine, mope, and die. Well-washed sea-sand is perhaps best for small birds, but the larger sort of birds want a crumb of something bigger, so we call it gravel, and if you mix the two together—being sure the mixture is clean—you cannot go far wrong.

5. *Dainties.*—It is a bad thing to accustom any bird to these. I do not object to tiny morsels of sweets now and then, but be sparing. Some birds again are allowed too much meat, and this causes heat of the blood and surfeit, so the bird picks its feathers out and is in every way uncomfortable.

6. *Regularity in feeding.* — Carelessness as to this is a prime cause of disease, so make it a rule to attend to your pet every morning, before breakfast or immediately after. For my own part I could not eat if a hungry pair of eyes were watching me, whether they belonged to bird or beast.

By the way, just a word for the wild birds in winter. During the last winter's terrible frost, we breakfasted and gave luncheon to about a hundred birds daily, and a good many came back to tea. These were sparrows, a robin or two,* thrushes, blackbirds, tits, chaffinches, etc., and sometimes a rook. Now our birds have plenty of tree-shelter; besides, there are the wigwam, the kennels, sheds, stables, etc.; but kindly hearted boys should in winter rig up a rough kind of a feeding-place on the top of a pole—guarded below from cats—and put the grain and soft food up there. Mind this: give two kinds, soft and hard food, else some kinds will starve. It doesn't matter how rough or rustic looking the shelter is so long as it is there. On the next page we offer a suggestion.

It is really high time that we people who love animals should take the wild bird question up. Why, in some parts of the country larks even are unknown, and goldfinches and other bright-winged songsters are becoming very scarce. You have only to ask a bird dealer about this matter to find out all the sad truth.

Country newspapers often do me the honour of quoting from my writings. I do wish they would give my opinions on the Wild Birds Act, and on wild bird ventilation. So may they flourish—the newspaper proprietors and the birds as well. I may state here that I never have a single caterpillar on my gooseberry bushes or greens, and suffer very little from rose-blight. A family of sparrows will devour 4,000 caterpillars a week. If each family contain seven members, any boy can compute the number of caterpillars required to feed my thousand sparrows.

7. *Unwholesome food.* Another cause of illness in cage birds.—The tins should always be cleaned out every day and well dusted, and the seed should be free from dust and grit. If soaked bread and milk is used as a sop, it should be invariably sweet and pure, the bread stale, not new. Bread frequently contains alum, so it should be soaked for an hour before the sop is made, and the water drained thoroughly off.

8. *Fresh air and draughts, etc.*—The apartments in which birds are kept are usually the living rooms belonging to the house. It might be said therefore that what is good enough for the master is good enough for the bird, but a badly ventilated room half poisons the human being, making him sickly and weak and sleepless, and it kills a bird—sooner even. A bird that does not have fresh air is never so well as it ought to be, and is subject to husk and loss of voice, diarrhœa and many other ailments. Beware of sudden changes of temperature. A bird's cage should be covered up at night in winter, and partially so in summer.

Never permit the cage to hang high up in a room where gas or petroleum is burning, and beware of steam and the odours of burning wood.

* Robins attach themselves to houses, one or two at a time.

9. *Sunshine.*—A bird should have a sunshine bath every day. Some birds may be hung out of doors nearly all day, but be sure to have part of the cage in shade, therefore hang a thick green cloth over a portion of it.

10. *Pure water.*—Give only filtered water, and it should be soft, not hard. Hard water kills many a pet bird.

11. *Cleanliness.*—This is another essential of health and happiness. Everything pertaining to the bird should be the pink of perfection as regards cleanliness. The food should never be left about, especially the green food or sop. The cage should be washed periodically with hot water and soap—Sanitas—but the bird must not be allowed to enter it again until it is thoroughly dry.

12. *About the perches.*—These are far too seldom considered, but as the poor birds have to stand on them often, alas! all the weary day through, they are matters of very considerable importance. 1. They should be suitable in size to the bird's foot, neither too big nor too small. If too big the bird has no proper rest, if too small it is liable to cramp. 2. They should be strong, and thick enough, and of good solid wood, rather rough than otherwise. 3. They should be always clean, so scrape them, but not with a sharp knife, else you may leave a sharp prickle.

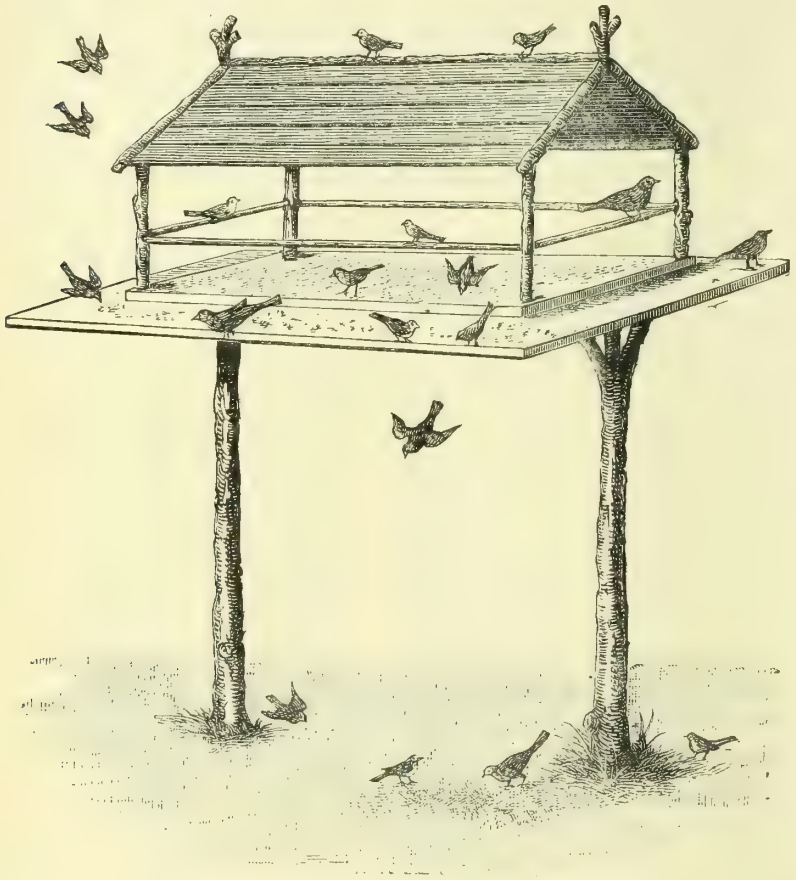
Now, as regards the food, of course there are the hard-billed birds, such as the seed eaters, and the soft-billed; and others that eat both hard and soft.

One thing they all want, and that is *green food.* They should have a little of it fresh every morning, for it keeps the blood pure and it also aids digestion. The usual green foods are, groundsel, chickweed, lettuce, watercress, and dandelion.

German paste.—I really think you shouldn't bother making this. You may buy it really good. I recommend Soddy's simply because I happen to know all about it. There may be other sorts as good. Here is my own receipt if you will make it yourself.

Pea flour . . .	4 ounces
Oatmeal flour . .	
Stale bread . . .	2 ounces
Honey	
Powdered loaf sugar .	1 ounce

Mix, and pound well, and add a few drops of pure olive oil to form a paste. Pass through a colander and divide into morsels, then bake in a clean pipkin over a clear fire till of a light brown colour, frequently stirring. Keep it in well-corked pickle bottles. For young birds it should be made into a paste with a drop of water.



A rustic bird shelter.

I am often asked about *ants' eggs* for birds and gold fish. You can buy them in any bird shop. They are the larvæ of the ant. The "B. O. P." gave the other day a receipt for breeding meal worms, and I shall not repeat here.

Hempseed is too often given to birds. It is useful sometimes, but remember it is a dangerous stimulant. There are many other seeds, such as niger, poppy, flax, etc., that birds may have for a change at times, only it should never be forgotten that the more plainly we feed our birds the better.

I shall now briefly mention the food required by the more common among our caged songsters.

The Blackbird. Worms, slugs, insects, *German paste*, ripe fruit.

Black Cap. Same as Nightingale.

Bullfinch and Goldfinch; Chaffinch. Canary and rape principally, oat grits, lettuce seed, a little hemp, German paste.

Buntings, also seed birds.

Crossbill and Siskin. Canary, maw, flax, hemp.

Crow, Rook, Raven, Magpie, Jay, and Jackdaw. None of these are dainty birds. They should have their liberty and not be confined in cages, although these should be placed where they can enter them when they want a retiring room. Food: A paste of pea-meal or oatmeal, bread and milk sop, snails, slugs, garden worms, scraps of butcher meat, and table scraps.

Fieldfare. Feed as Thrush.

Hedge-sparrow. Seeds of the smallest sorts.

Hawfinch. Same as Bullfinch.

Kingfishers. Fish, chopped meat mixed with fish, hard boiled egg and meat minced; garden mould and gravel in bottom of cage.

Larks and Pippets. German paste, stale buns broken small, garden worms, gentles, meal worms, bruised oats, scraped meat, etc. A large fresh turf in the cage.

N.B. I think it a pity to cage soaring birds.

Linnets. Canary, flax, and rape, with now and then a little bruised hemp.

Nightingale. A paste of scraped raw meat with bread crumbs, and hard boiled egg. Meal worms, gentles, German paste, mixed with a little raw meat.

Nuthatch. German paste, soaked bread and milk, scraped meat, nuts.

Redpoll. Same as Siskin.

Redwink. Same as Thrush.

Redstart. Same as Nightingale.

Robin. Another bird that should never be caged, though they sing well in confinement. German paste, a little bruised hemp, shredded meat, and worms of all kinds, beetles, etc.

Starling. A good paste of any sort. They want plenty of liberty, and will eat anything they can get.

Thrush or Mavis. A paste of pea-meal and milk, raw minced meat, fruit, snails, and a stone to break them on.

Tits. German paste, beef and egg, seeds of various kinds—they are very fond of poppy seed hemp bruised.

Wagtails. Plenty of insects, German paste, etc.

Yellow Hammer. Canary and other seeds.

A word to girls. I believe all girls love birds. But is it not better and more natural to hear them trilling their songs in the wild woods, than to see them pining in cages? Pray think of that. And think of this too; owing to the absurd and cruel fashion of wearing birds as a head-dress.

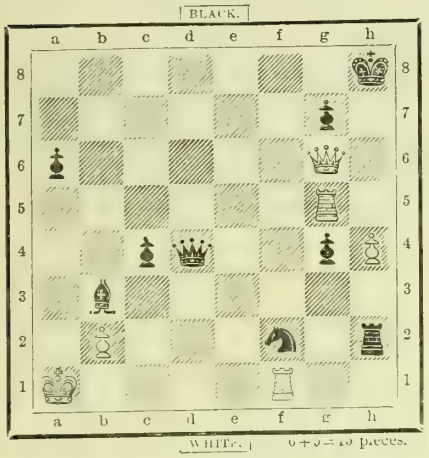
No young girl, I feel sure, would set a trap for a beautiful bird in a wood or copse, and having caught it, wrench its neck and pluck the wings off to put in her bonnet. No, she would not do so herself, but thousands and thousands encourage far greater cruelty than this by wearing birds' skins as ornaments.

In a few years there will not be a single bright-winged bird left in the woods and forests of England, and it is foolish fashion that is to blame for this wanton destruction. I wish girls could only see the ragged ferocious wretches that go bird-hunting on their account.

CHESS.

Problem No. 265.

End-game between an AMATEUR (White) and J. SWYER (Black).



Black to play and draw.

BILGUER.

(See our last chess column.)

Bilguer planned his "Handbuch" in 1839, and the seven editions appeared in 1843, 1852, 1858, 1864, 1874, 1879, and 1891. Paul Rudolph von Bilguer was born at Ludwigslust on September 21, 1815, and died at Berlin on September 16, 1840. His ancient family name is said to be Bilger, the "u" being inserted in Switzerland in order to make the pronunciation of the "g" suitable to the French and Italian languages. His friend, Baron Tassilo von Heydebrand und der Lasa, attended to the publication of the first five editions. Lasa was born on October 17, 1818, and is now living at Wiesbaden. (See our Vol. X. p. 559, May 26, 1888.) From about 1830 to 1850 there was an assembly of players known as the "Seven Stars" of Berlin, which consisted of L. Bledow, C. Schorn, B. Horwitz, C. Mayet, W. Hanstein, P. R. von Bilguer, and von der Lasa, and of which the latter is now the only survivor. A game between the two first editors of the "Handbuch" is this:—

BILGUER. White.	LASA. Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. Kt—K B 3	P—K B 4
3. Kt × P	Q—B 3
4. P—Q 4	P—Q 3
5. Kt—B 4	P × P
6. Kt—B 3	P—B 3
7. Kt × K P (*a*)	Q—K 3
8. Q—K 2	P—Q 4
9. K Kt—Q 6 (ch) (*b*)	K—Q sq
10. Kt—K Kt 5	Q × Q (ch)
11. B × Q	B × Kt
12. Kt—B 7 (ch)	K—K 2
13. Kt × R	Kt—B 3
14. B—K Kt 5	B—K 3
15. B—Q 3	Q Kt—Q 2
16. Kt—Kt 6 (ch)	P × Kt
17. B × P	Kt—B sq
18. B—Q 3	K—B 2
19. Castles, Q R	Kt—Kt 5 (*c*)
20. P—K R 3	Kt—B 3
21. P—K Kt 4	Kt—K 5
22. B—K 3	Kt—Kt 3
23. P—K B 3	Kt—B 3
24. B × Kt (ch)	K × B
25. P—K B 4	B—K Kt sq
26. P—B 5 (ch)	K—R 2
27. P—Kt 5	R—K sq
28. K—Q 2	Kt—K 5 (ch)
29. K—Q 3	Kt—Kt 6
30. P—Kt 6 (ch)	K—R sq
31. K R—B sq (*d*)	R—K B sq
32. B—B 4	B × B
33. R × B	R × P
34. Q R—K B sq	B—K 3
35. Q R—B 2	R × R
36. R × R	B—B 4 (ch)
37. K—Q 2	B × Kt P
38. R—B 8 (ch)	K—R 2
39. R—Q Kt 8	Kt—K 5 (ch)
40. K—B sq	B—B 4
41. R × P	B × P
42. R × R P	K—R 3
43. R—Q B 7	P—Kt 4
44. R × P (ch)	K—R 4
45. P—R 4	P—Kt 5
46. R—B 8	P—Kt 6 (*e*) And wins.

(*a*) P—Q 5 would also have been an advantageous move.

(*b*) Check with the other Kt would have been stronger.

(*c*) A useless move, for after Kt × B P follows R—B sq.

(*d*) If the R be taken, then the B remains imprisoned at Kt sq.

(*e*) 47, R—K Kt 8, Kt—Kt 4. 48, R—K 8, P—Kt 7. 49, R—K sq, Kt—B 6. 50, R—Q sq, Kt × P, etc.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

GARDEN PEAS.

(A SCHOOL EPISODE.)

YOUNG Briggins minor's wistful eye
Had oft, when he was passing by,
  Glanced o'er the hateful fence;
For there, a bounteous show to please,
Were rows on rows of garden peas,
A sight his hungry mind to tease
  With longing most intense.

Forbidden sweets, so near, so far,
That broken fence—a single bar—
  Too weak to make resistance.
'Twould take no time to lay it low,
But then, suppose some cunning foe
  Were watching in the distance?

One fateful day, and Briggins bold,
Like Remus of the legend old,
With no one near him to behold—
  In quite a daring fashion—
Despised the barrier, crossed the line,
And soon the pods, so full and fine,
  Were victims to his passion.

The morning hours of work expired,
He thought the gardener had retired
  To eat his usual dinner;
But, ah! the ever-crafty Will,
Suspicious, from behind the mill,
Like foeman in an ambush still,
  Watched close our schoolboy sinner.

And Briggins minor's youthful heart,
With such an unexpected start,
  Beat ninety to the minute,
When loud and sudden at his side,
A well-known voice in triumph cried,
"Now, you young scamp, I'll sell my hide,
  If you're not fairly in it."

Vain, prayers, entreaties, even tears,
Will's eyes were blind to *them*, his ears
Heard not sweet Mercy, it appears,
  Or with grim silence mocked her.
For, Briggins' collar holding fast,
He dragged him from his green repast,
  And haled him 'fore the Doctor.

The Doctor's eye was stern and cold,
His look was awful to behold,
  A dreadful aspect bore he:
But stay! 'tis hardly fair, you know,
To tell of that half-hour or so,
Of pain and anguish, shriek and blow,
  That followed William's story.

The Doctor's wrath was great, excuse
('Twas Briggins after told the news)
  Could really not *appease* it.
But calisthenic exercise,
To tune of helpless howls and cries,
  Did much, at last, to ease it.

And Briggins, sir, felt far from gay
E'en when the cane was cast away
  And exercise concluded;
For Doctor then remarked, "The school
Shall hesitate to break a rule
  In just the way that *you* did.

"And so, that you may not forget,
What certain punishments beset
  E'en vegetarian crimes, sir;
You'll bear in mind my just decree,
And neatly write the letter 'P,'
  Just twenty thousand times, sir."

W. E. CULE.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

A DESPERADO COWED. (An incident in the life of Fletcher of Madeley.)—"Uncle de Gons, if you do not give me a cheque on your banker for 500 crowns, I will shoot you." So spoke a young Swiss officer of vile character, as he presented a loaded pistol at the head of his uncle, a general of position. The General was a brave man, but being unable to cope with this desperado, whom he knew to be as unprincipled as he was violent, he promised to give him the cheque if the pistol were withdrawn. "Mind, uncle, I shall not be satisfied with the cheque alone. You must promise me, on your honour, to use no means to recover the draft, or to bring me to justice." The General pledged his word, and the youth rode off triumphant. In the evening, passing the door of another uncle—the Rev. J. W. Fletcher, vicar of Madeley—who was then visiting Switzerland, the fancy took him to call and pay him a visit. "Do you see," he remarked, "how generously Uncle de Gons has treated me? He has given me 500 crowns." "I shall have some difficulty," said Mr. Fletcher, "in believing the last part of your story." "Well," was the reply, "look here. Is not that my uncle's cheque?" "Let me look at it?" said Mr. Fletcher. And when it was handed to him, he examined it carefully, and then said: "It strikes me, young man, that you have possessed yourself of this cheque by no fair means. I cannot return it without my brother's consent." "You shall give it to me, or I will shoot you dead," replied the youth, in a furious rage, as he drew out the loaded pistol, and presented it at Mr. Fletcher's head. "My life" (was the gentle reply) "is secure in the protection of that Almighty Power who guards it. He will not suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity and of your rashness." The wild youth was indeed surprised, and stated his wonder that his Uncle Fletcher was less afraid of death than the General. "Afraid of death?" interrupted Mr. Fletcher. "Do you think I have been twenty-five years the minister of the Lord of life, to be afraid of death now? No, sir, thanks be to God who giveth me the victory. It is for you, the gamester and cheat, the duellist and murderer, who call yourself a man of honour, to fear death. Look there, sir; look there: the broad eye of Heaven is fixed upon us! Tremble in the presence of your Maker, who can in a moment kill your body, and for ever punish your soul in hell!" The unhappy youth trembled, alternately with fear and passion, and seemed at times just about to kill his uncle, who sought no earthly help, but continued to

talk calmly with his nephew, until he had fairly disarmed and subdued him. Mr. Fletcher would not return the cheque, but obtained contributions from members of the family to help the wretched youth out of his present difficulties. He then prayed with him and for him. The young man was deeply touched, and made many promises to lead a new life. Mr. Fletcher returned to his work in England, and we have no record of their meeting again in this world.



MUSICIAN.—Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., of Berners Street, W., print music; send to them for an estimate. At the same time it would cost as much to print the number you mention as to print a hundred times as many. Why not copy the piece in manuscript?

OVID.—We know of no Government reward for Perpetual Motion, but if you have discovered it, and live long enough, you may be sure of a reward far exceeding that any Government could afford.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—Photographs of men-of-war can be obtained from West & Son of Gosport, Wilkins of Queen Street, Portsea, etc. For general photographs you could not do much better than try Sloper of the Strand (corner of Southampton Street). Models of men-of-war are sold by Bateman, the Model Dockyard, Fleet Street, E.C.

BARTON.—All we can say is go to the nearest Free Library and make a list of the names from one of the district directories. We cannot give a long list of addresses, such as you want, in these columns.

NOSES (Oswald and Inquisitive).—What a pity it is you did not give your addresses; we might then have arranged a nose exchange. What one considers an affliction the other desires; but that is the way of the world, people are never satisfied to remain as they are. Seriously, if there is anything painful about your noses you should take them to a doctor; and if there is not you should leave them alone. This answers half-a-dozen more queries on the nose.

S. T. WADSWORTH.—1. The coloured plates of "Our Leading Cricketers," "Our Leading Football Players," and "Our Leading Athletes," can only be obtained by purchasing either the parts or the packet of the volume plates, for price of which see the last page of the last number for September. You can obtain them either by post from us or through a bookseller. 2. The Summer and Christmas Numbers for 1889 are out of print, so is the Summer Number for 1890. The cases used to bind the volume are not large enough in the back to hold the Summer and Christmas Numbers.

N. ONSLOW.—We are glad to hear from the "trackless" and thank you for the verses, but we like your prose best.

H. A. H.—You will find the official account of the open scholarships at the universities in the university calendars, which can be seen at most libraries.

SEA (T. B. Faulds, and some twenty others).—Get "How to Send a Boy to Sea," by Captain Franklin Fox, price 1*s.*, publishers, Warne & Co., 15 Bedford Street, Covent Garden. We cannot fill our space by answering every boy individually, and that book answers all the questions that have been asked.

SUNBEAM.—Let your hook hang about four inches off the bottom, bait with gentles, paste, or redworm, and be thankful for any fish that comes along. When you have got beyond that stage get Martin's "Float Fishing," price 2*s.*, of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

MRS. FARR.—The offices of the "Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen" are at Blackfriars Bridge, E.C.

W. H. WYATT.—Buy a "Model Yachtsman," price 3½*d.* including postage, of Mr. Grassam, High Street, Hull; refer to the list of club secretaries, and write to each for a copy of his club's rules. In that way you will obtain exactly the information you want, and far more of it than we can give here. Some years ago we had an article on "Model Yacht Clubs, and How to Manage Them," but it is now out of print. It was in the sixth volume.

AJAX.—See "Everyday Life on the Railroad" in the "Leisure Hour." There is no one "fastest engine" in England; but if you want to have particulars of the fastest service out of London, buy a Great Northern Time Table; and if you want to see one of the trains start go to King's Cross. If you want to travel fast, *and feel you are travelling*, come from Nottingham to St. Pancras by the Scotch Day Mail.

SIR LUDAR.—You have to rise from the ranks to obtain a regimental clerkship. There are only two regiments of Life Guards, and the standard is the same for each. They would not take you under 5 feet 10 inches.

APPRENTICE.—We did draughts so thoroughly in the past that it is really difficult to say anything new about it; however, we will consider.

A FRET-WORKER.—1. Go to Melhuish & Sons in Fetter Lane and see what they have. 2. If you have a fountain in your garden the water company will increase your rate. They can even make you pay extra for the water used in watering your plants, but this is a power they do not always exercise.

H. F. S.—There were more bones in the body than there are pence in the pound; at least, we used to hear that there were 246, the 6 being in the ears. This leaves exactly 240, made up of 8 in the head, 14 in the face, 26 in the back, 26 in the chest, 64 in the arms and hands, 62 in the legs and feet, and 8 small ones, movable. But this makes 32 short; where are they? Answer, the teeth; but the teeth are not bones, and therefore the pence in the pound theory collapses.

SANDFORD.—The stars twinkle because their light reaches us through moving currents of air of different temperatures and therefore of different refractive qualities. The more the currents the more the twinkling, and hence, as currents of different temperatures and densities produce atmospheric disturbances, the greater the twinkling the more likelihood there is of bad weather. At the same time, the twinkling depends so much on your own state of health that it is as well not to be too weatherwise on the strength of a twinkle.

YELLOW HAMMER (Highland Laddie).—The bird does not sing except one monotonous chick-chick, chick-chick, chee—ee.

J. MANDUCA (Malta).—1. The order of the plays, according to the most recent opinion, is (short titles) "Titus," "Henry VI.," "Richard II.," "Two Gentlemen," "Love's Labour," "Comedy of Errors," "Taming of Shrew," "Midsummer Night," "Richard III.," "Romeo," "John," "Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado," "Henry IV.," "Merry Wives," "All's Well," "Henry V.," "Measure for Measure," "As You Like It," "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "Twelfth Night," "Troilus," "Timon," "Lear," "Othello," "Antony," "Coriolanus," "Macbeth," "Henry VIII.," "Pericles," "Tempest," "Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline." Henry V. is the "ideal man," Imogen the "ideal woman," and the "Tempest" the "perfect play." Twenty-one years elapsed between the writing of "Titus Andronicus" and "Cymbeline." 2. Ph.D. = Doctor of Philosophy. 3. "Oxford and Cambridge Boat Races," published by Macmillan & Co.

MISSIONARY.—Complete your present apprenticeship and then apply, with the recommendation of your minister, to one of the Missionary Societies. There is an account of such societies published by the Religious Tract Society in the "Missionary Year Book."

SECONDARY COIL (Three in a fix).—Pleased to answer your question, as it shows that you have really tried to grasp the principle of the coil's working. This depends on the fact, discovered by Faraday, that a current produced in a coil of insulated wire *induces* a current in *another* coil of insulated wire near it. This current, however, only takes place *at the instant that it starts or ceases* in the first coil. Now, by the arrangement of the parts in the induction coil, you get a continual succession of currents started and stopped, thousands of times per minute, by means of the contact-breaker, which is buzzing backwards and forwards. Consequently, you get a continuous current in the secondary coil, which is just over the first but insulated from it, and this secondary wire being very long, compared with the first, we get a correspondingly more powerful current, which is capable of giving a severe shock when the ends of the secondary wire are held in the hands.

SNAKES (A. Watson).—1. We know of no book which will tell you how to keep foreign serpents. A series of articles on the subject, by Dr. Arthur Stradling, appeared in the "Zoologist," in 1882–83. 2. Cross of Liverpool, and Jamrack and Hamlyn of London, are the dealers in this country who are most likely to have foreign snakes for sale; but in Hamburg, Amsterdam, Antwerp, and several other continental cities, there is a larger import of these creatures. 3. The auditory apparatus is either wanting or present in a merely rudimentary state in snakes. Being therefore deaf, it is impossible that they can be susceptible to the charms of music, nor is there the slightest real evidence in support of this popular delusion.

NERVOUSNESS (Westminster).—You are sure to be nervous for months to come. As you value your future welfare here and hereafter keep a pure mind and body. Yes; do all Dr. Gordon Stables advises in his Health Papers. A teaspoonful, twice a day after meals, of Fellows' Syrup will help you.

SHORTNESS OF BREATH (Thistle).—This is always a somewhat serious symptom. Consult your own doctor. You give us no clue to go by, and the causes are very numerous.

CAT WITH OFFENSIVE BREATH (F. D. H.).—Hard to advise. It might be from worms. Spratt's Cure would then do. Or from bad teeth. These would have to be extracted.

ILL HEALTH (Invercargilite).—Sorry indeed, but your case is not one for self-treatment, and we earnestly advise you to consult your own doctor.

STUFFING FISH (C. W. R.).—Too long a subject for Correspondence Columns. Get back Nos. of "B. O. P." on "Taxidermy," or a book on the subject published at 120 Strand, London.

CAT AND GOLDFINCH (A. E. Kimbell).—You give us no clue for prescribing for the bird. To simply say a bird pants is not enough. Do you give green food, clean sand, and fresh soft water? We doubt it. Don't pamper. The cat's ear should be examined. If sore, try a little of the Calvert Carbolic Ointment, or damp twice a day with Hazeline.

MOLES (Inquirer B.).—"Moles," not "molds." We cannot advise you to touch them yourself, but as they are small, any surgeon could disperse them.

PIGEONS (B. Pritchard).—If you want show birds you must pay pedigree price. But that needn't alarm you. See Shows advertised in "Live Stock Journal" or "Feathered World," and when they take place, write to the Secretary, enclosing sixpence for Prize Catalogue. You can thus get into communication with prize winners and breeders, whose addresses you will find in the catalogue.

CORNS (A. O. R.).—If you are a great sufferer, you should see a surgeon, or when older you will be lame entirely. Meanwhile keep them pared.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.—In answer to one or two correspondents who secured honourable mention in our last photographic competition in more than one of the divisions, and who therefore appear to look for more than one certificate, we would here mention that the certificate was awarded to them in the *division in which they secured the highest place*, and no other will be sent.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 641.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

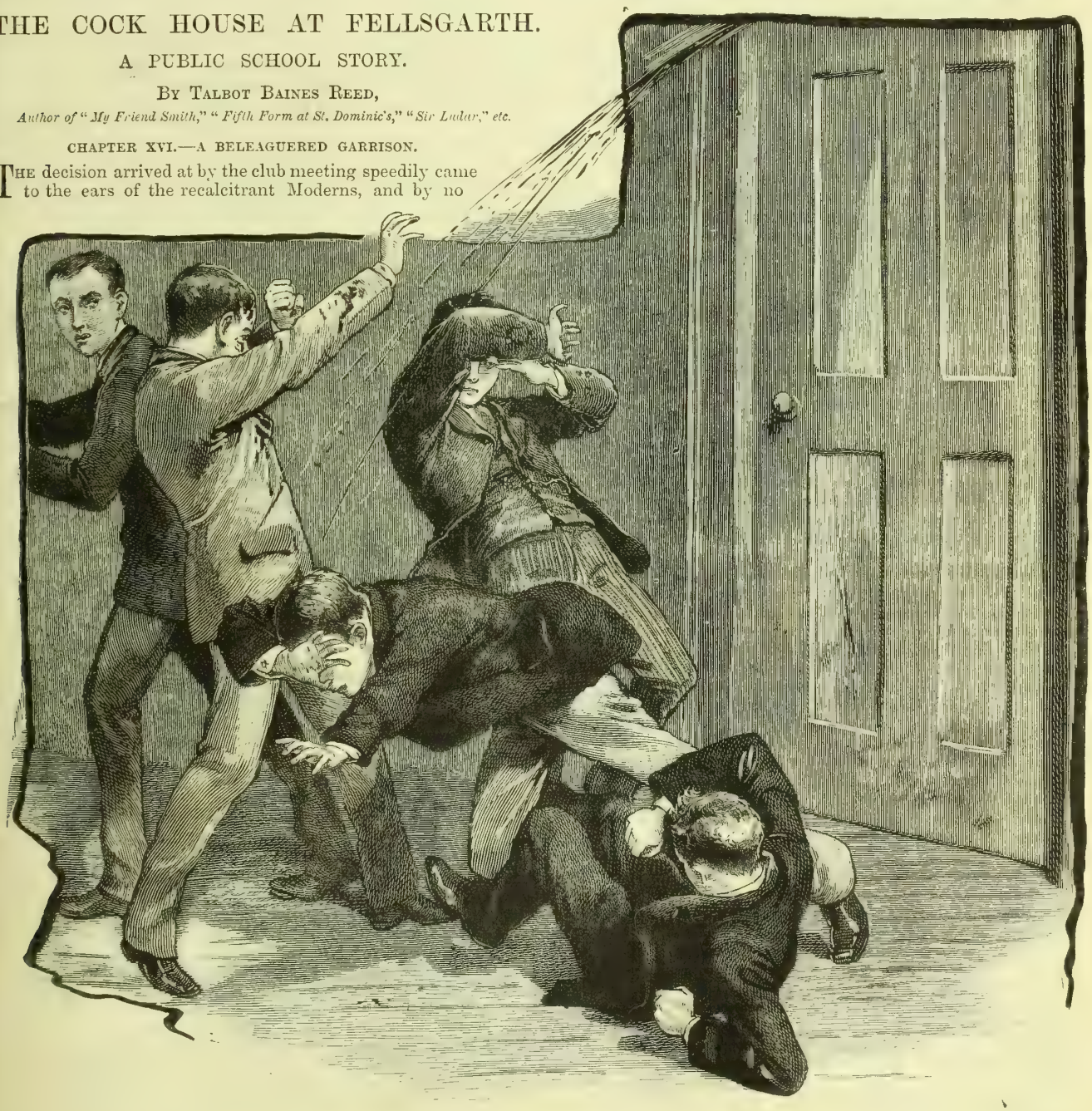
A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—A BELEAGUERED GARRISON.

The decision arrived at by the club meeting speedily came to the ears of the recalcitrant Moderns, and by no



"The four-footed kick did not come off."

means pleased them. They had expected at least that some one would propose that they should be met half way, and appealed to, for the sake of the School, to abandon their attitude. That would have given them an opportunity of figuring in an heroic light before Fellsgarth, and showing how, for the general good, they could afford even to overlook the slight which had been put upon them.

But now, so far from that, they figured as the party who had wrecked the school clubs for the sake of a petty pique, and in their absence had been quietly deposed along with every one else from office and privilege, and left looking uncommonly foolish and uncommonly ridiculous.

Yorke himself hardly realised, when he made his downright motion, that he was dealing the hardest blow possible at the mutiny. A mutiny is all very well as long as there is some one to mutiny against. But now, even this luxury was denied them.

Naturally their wrath fell on the traitors in their own camp, whose presence at the meeting had made it impossible to discredit it as entirely one-sided in its composition.

That Corder would go, every one was prepared for. He had laid up for himself yet one more rod in pickle, and should punctually taste its quality.

But the mutiny of the juniors was a surprise. No one imagined that their threats at revolt were anything more than the ordinary bluster in which these young bravos notoriously dealt. Had they sinned in ignorance it would have mattered less. But they had gone to the meeting in deliberate defiance of their captain's order, and in the face of his warning as to what the consequences of disobedience would be.

The discipline of the house was at an end if a flagrant act of insubordination like this was to be allowed to pass unnoticed. Besides, if allowed to spread, other fellows would go over to the enemy, and the "moral" effect of the strike would be at an end.

A peremptory summons was therefore despatched to Percy and his friends to appear before the prefects of their house that same evening.

"That all?" inquired Percy of the middle boy who brought the message. "We hear you. You needn't stop."

"I'll tell him you'll come?" said the messenger.

"I don't mind what you tell him. Cut out of our room, that's all. We aren't particular, me and my chaps; but we draw the line at louts."

"He says if you don't come——"

"What's to prevent him saying anything he likes? Look here, young Gamble" (Gamble was at least two years the senior of any boy present), "if you don't cut your sticks, they'll be cut for you. So there."

Gamble gave a general invitation to the party to come and try to tamper with his sticks; and departed with a final caution as to the desirability of obeying their captain.

"Lick," said Percy, when he had gone, "how much grub have we got in the room?"

"What are you talking about? You aren't hungry surely, after that go-in at the shop."

"Have we got enough for two days?"

The party opened their eyes, and began to suspect the drift of the inquiry.

"No; but Maynard owes us a loaf, and Spanker some butter, and those kids in Reynolds's study half a tongue."

"All right; go out and get it all in, sharp. Scrape up all you can."

"What, are we going to have a blockade?"

"Rather. You don't suppose we're going to cave in to that lout Clapperton, do you?"

"But we shan't want enough for two days, shall we?"

"Shan't we, that's all? To-morrow's exeat day, and no school. Next day's Sunday, and next day exeat doesn't end till twelve. We may have to stick out three days."

"Whew! we *shall* want a lot of grub," said Cash.

"You young pig; that's all you think about. You'll have to go on jolly short rations, I can promise you. Do you know what we're going to do?"

No one had an idea what they were going to do.

"Do you know those four Classic kids," said Percy, "my young brother and his lot? They've not been quite such cads lately as they used to be, have they?"

"They've been a bit more civil," said Cottle. "I suppose that's because of the shop."

"What about them?" asked Ramshaw.

"Why, I fancy if we asked them, they might come over and back us up. Of course they'd have to bring their own grub; and we'd kick them out if they weren't civil. What do you say?"

"Rather a lark," said Lickford.

"All serene. I'll go and see about it. Keep it dark, whatever you do, and mind you scrape up all the grub that's owing us. There's no time to lose, I say; Clapperton expects us in half an hour. Wire in!"

By the end of half an hour the larder had been fairly well replenished. Lickford and Cash had gone round on a general raid; recovering by force, where persuasion failed, their outstanding loans, and in other cases borrowing additional supplies in the same genial manner. Among other booty, they secured a tin of pressed beef from Spanker, who had to be clouted on the head before he would "lend it," and some sardines from another boy, who was thankful to find any one to take them off his hands at any price.

Cottle and Ramshaw, acting on sealed orders from their leader, had been round borrowing a screw-driver and screws, a few yards of rope, and other material of war, among which was a squirt belonging to Reynolds, who had been pleased to "swap" it for a couple of Greek stamps which Cottle had to dispose of.

Many were the fears lest not only should Percy fail to secure the services of the Classic juniors, but should himself be too late to take part in the siege. However, much to their relief, this was not so; as presently he came over arm-in-arm with Wally (who carried a parcel under his arm), followed at a respectful distance by D'Arcy, Ashby, and Fisher II, the bulkiness of whose pockets gave promise of a further addition to the sinews of war.

By general consent the visitors slipped in, not in a body, but casually one by one, and so escaped special observation. As soon as they were all assembled, Percy gave the order to screw up, and pile on the barricades.

Wally, who was disposed to be patronising, snuffed up somewhat at his brother's calm assumption of the command.

"Why didn't you say you wanted screws?" said he; "we've got one or two long ones. That's not the way to stick it in, young Lickford; make the hole more sideways. Here, I'll do it for you."

"I tell you what," said D'Arcy, "you chaps had better begin to move up the bed against the door, in case they come before we're fast in. Fire away. Stick it close up, and young Lickford can stand on it to put in the screw."

"Come on, Cash; stick these parcels out of the way," said Ashby, handing out the provender; "they'll be better in the cupboard. Mind how you put them in."

"You've got a knife, Cottle," said Fisher II. "Cut these bits of wood into wedges to go under the door. They'll make it pretty secure."

In this manner the Classic auxiliaries coolly took charge of the arrangements before ever their hosts had time to realise that they had been relegated to a back seat.

However, just now there was no time for arguing questions of precedence and authority. The enemy might be upon them at any moment, and they had a lot to do before their outworks could be said to be in a proper state of defence.

The screws in the door were driven hard home into the wainscot; the wedges underneath were tightly fixed. The bed, with bedding complete, was drawn against the entry. A second line of defence was thrown up of chairs, chest of drawers, book-case, and washstand. Beyond that were stacked against the wall cricket bats, stumps, boxing-gloves, and other dangerous-looking implements, for use in a last emergency. At Percy's suggestion, and under Wally's direction, an additional loophole was bored in the panel of the door (in flagrant forgetfulness of the rights of school property), through which, as well as through the ventilating holes above, the enemy might be reconnoitred and operated on.

These preliminaries being complete, and Fisher II having been perched on the table (which was on the bed), with his eye to the loophole, the company, to pass the time, resolved itself into a committee on the school shop, and waited anxiously for the attack.

Percy was specially anxious, for he had enlisted his four recruits on the distinct understanding there would be a row, and all the blame would fall on his head if by any ill-luck the evening passed off quietly.

Already the Classic juniors were beginning to get impatient, and hinting that they saw no fun in the proceeding so far, when Fisher II scrambled down from his perch and cried:

"Sh!—here comes somebody."

"About time," said Wally, taking possession of the squirt.

As he spoke, the footsteps halted at the door, and the handle turned.

"Lie low, you chaps," whispered Percy. "Don't let them know you're here to begin with. Hullo! who's that?"

"Let me in!" cried Gamble, outside.

"Can't; we're busy," replied Lickford.

"We've got a committee meeting, and you'd better cut," cried Percy.

"Do you hear?" replied the ambassador; "let me in."

"There's plenty of room in your own study, ain't there? Why don't you go there? We don't want you here."

"Cut your sticks, and learn your rotten Modern lessons," shouted Wally, who began to be tired of being a listener.

Luckily, Cottle knocked over one of the chairs at this juncture, which served to conceal the voice of the speaker from the ears outside.

"All right," said Gamble; "you'll catch it. Clapperton sent me to tell you if you don't come to his room directly, he'll come and fetch you himself. There!"

"Good evening," cried Ramshaw. "Our love to them all at home."

D'Arcy, meanwhile, had mounted the bed, and by means of a peashooter materially assisted in the departure of the discomfited envoy.

"Now we're getting lively," said Wally, proceeding to load his squirt out of the jug. "Better light the candle, one of you, and have some light on the subject."

A terrible discovery ensued. Neither candle nor matches could be found! In a quarter of an hour daylight would depart, and after that—well, the prospect was not brilliant, at any rate. However, there was no time to do anything but recriminate, which the company industriously did until the sentinel again gave the signal to stand by.

"Look here," said Percy, "we'd better keep him jawing as long as he'll stand it, and not let fly till he begins to get violent—eh?"

"All serene," said Wally; "that won't be long."

"No; and he'll bring the whole kit of prefects with him. What a high old time there'll be!" chuckled D'Arcy.

"There's one lucky thing," said Cash. "Forder and his dame have gone out for the evening; so we shan't hurt *their* feelings."

"Look out—it's Clapperton," whispered the sentinel.

Clapperton tried the door, and on finding it fast, gave it a kick.

"Hello! who's there?"

"Open the door; let me in!"

"Who is it? that young cad Gamble again?" cried Percy, with a wink at the company generally.

"No. Do you hear? Let me in!"

"Say what your name is. How do we know you aren't a Classic cad? Oh! ow!"

This last interjection was in answer to a fraternal kick from behind.

"You know who I am," replied Clapperton. "Let me in!"

"Very sorry, Corder, we can't let you in. Clapperton says we're to cut you, because you played a jolly sight too well last week."

"It's not Corder, it's me—Clapperton."

"Go on! no larks whoever you are. Clapperton's got something better to do than go to tea parties in fags' rooms. Go and tell that to the Clas—— Oh, ow! I mean, try it on next door!"

"I tell you what," said Clapperton, whose temper, none of the best, was rapidly evaporating, "if you young cads don't open the door instantly, I'll break it open."

"If you do, we'll tell Clapperton. He'll welt you for it. *He* won't let you spoil our new paint, not if he knows it. Good old Clappy!"

A thundering kick was the only reply, which shook the plaster of the walls, and nearly sent Fisher II headlong, with terror off his perch.

This was getting serious. But in Percy's judgment the time was not even yet ripe for extreme measures. The assailant might be given a little rope yet.

He took it, and worked himself into a childish passion against the refractory door, encouraged by the friendly gibes of the besieged. "Go it!" "Two to one on his boots!" "Keep your temper!" "Come in!" "Stick to it!" "One more and you'll do it!" and so on.

It was hardly likely that the spectacle of the captain of the house in a towering rage, trying to kick his way into a fag's room, would long be allowed to continue unheeded by the rest of the inhabitants of Forder's, and in a very short time new voices without apprised the beleaguered garrison that the enemy was sitting down in force.

Brinkman's voice could be heard demanding admission, and presently Dangle's; while a posse of mercenary middle boys relieved Clapperton of the kicking. The stout old door held out bravely and defied all their efforts.

Presently a pause was made, and Dangle's voice outside was heard demanding a parley.

"Young Wheatfield," he said, "it will be wiser for you to open the door at once. If you don't it will be broken open, and you needn't expect to get off easy then. Take my advice, and don't be a fool."

"Thanks awfully," said Percy. "I and my chaps are just going to sit down to tea. Wish you could join us, whoever you are. We've got as much right to have tea in our study as you have in yours. That's right! Kick away! Never mind the varnish! Somebody tapping at the study door!"

"It's no good wasting time over young asses like them," Brinkman was heard to say.

"I don't mean to go now," said Clapperton. "They shall have such a hiding, all of them, as they won't forget in a hurry."

"It's funny how when we seniors strike against the school it's so noble, and when these juniors strike against us it's so inexcusable," said Fullerton. "Strikes always did puzzle me."

"If, instead of talking rubbish, you'd go and fetch Robert with a crowbar to smash open the door," said Clapperton, "you'd be more use."

It was getting quite dark in the room by this time, but Wally could be heard refilling his squirt at the jug.

"I mean to start now," said he.

Percy came beside him.

"All serene!" said he; "but why use water when there's ink?"

"My eye! I never thought of that. Rather! I say, old man, while I remember it, I'll write home this week. Don't you fag, good old Percy."

"Oh no, it's my turn."

"Oh, let me. Is that the ink-pot? Hold it tight while I get a good go at it."

"Suppose we tickle them up with the peashooter first," suggested Lickford.

"Mind how you go over the chairs, Cash," added he, as that hero in the dark got entangled in the second line of fortifications.

"All serene—wire away! Young Ashby, you'd better mix up some soap and coal-dust in the water for use when the ink's done."

By this time the attack without had redoubled, and Cash, mounting up to the loophole, began to operate on the besiegers with his peashooter. He had to guess where to shoot, for though the gas was alight in the passage, he was unable for anatomical reasons to look and shoot through the same hole at the same time. However, he had the satisfaction of feeling sure his fire was taking effect, by the aggravated exclamations of the besiegers, who vowed terrific vengeance for this fresh insult. In due time the marksman fell short of ammunition and was carefully helped down from his post in the dark, while Wally and Percy, gingerly carrying the squirt, ascended in his place.

"Hand up the basin," said Wally, "and get another lot of water ready."

"I say," said Fisher II, who was always being seized by heroic impulses, "if you could let me down out of the window by the rope, I'd be able to get a candle."

"Good old 'How now!'; awfully good notion," said Wally. "You chaps see to that, while my young brother and I work the squirt. Don't tell anybody what's up, young Fisher, and get back as soon as ever you can."

So, while the squirt was carefully being levelled in the face of the enemy, Fisher II, with the end of the rope round his waist, was swinging precariously in mid-air out of the window, heartily repenting, until his feet touched *terra firma*, of his rash and desperate undertaking.

Before he was safe, the great attack had been delivered through the loophole. The kickers had receded from the door a pace or two in order to get up impetus for a combined onslaught, and Clapperton with a poker in his hand was advancing to annihilate the lock, when Percy, who was reconnoitring from the ventilating holes, gave the signal to have at them.

Whereupon Wally let fly with all his might, and converted half of the enemy, their captain included, into Ethiopians.

The effect was instantaneous. The four-footed kick did not come off. Clapperton's poker fell with a clatter on the floor, and a howl went up which electrified both besiegers and besieged.

"Look alive now!" said Wally. "Let 'em have the water! Keep it up!"

For five minutes an almost uninterrupted flow of coloured water poured through the loophole and kept the enemy at bay. But even a jugful will not last for ever, and presently the squirt gave a dismal groan on the bottom of the basin.

Almost at the same moment an ominous crack proclaimed that the good old door was giving way by degrees under the now renewed attack of the besiegers.

"They'll have it, after all," said Percy.

"Tell you what! Suppose we slip out by the window and you chaps come and have supper in our room. Rather a lark, eh? It's getting a bit slow here. Nice sell for them too. Besides, they can't get at you over on our side."

This hospitable invitation fitted in with the humour of the company generally,

particularly as every moment the door gave a more doubtful sound than before.

In three minutes the whole party was on the grass below, where Fisher II, returning breathless, with a candle and matches, encountered them.

"Come on, you chaps," said Wally. "I'd give sixpence to see how they look when they find we've gone—ha! ha!"

They salved their honour with a keen sense of the humour of the situation, and followed their host across the Green in the dark, not at all sorry to have a harbour of refuge in sight, though very loth to admit that this rearward movement was a retreat.

At the door of Wakefield's, to their consternation, they met Ranger.

"What on earth are all you youngsters up to at this hour?"

"It's all right," said Wally. "The shop committee, you know. We're going to talk things over in my room. Come on, you Modern kids. We'll make an exception for you this once, and let you into Wakefield's; won't we, Ranger? But it mustn't occur again."

Yet another peril awaited them before they were safe in port. This time it was Mr. Stratton on the stairs.

"Ah, here you are—all of you," said he. "I came to look for you. I want to hear how the shop is doing."

"Very well, thank you, sir. I say, Mr. Stratton," said Wally, with a presence of mind which moved the admiration of his friends, "would you mind coming to a committee meeting in my and my chaps' room? We can show you the things we want ordered next week, if you don't mind."

"Certainly; I'll come. I'm delighted to find you're sticking so well to the business."

And so it happened that when at last Percy's door succumbed, and the besiegers rushed in, vowing vengeance and slaughter, to find the room empty, the nine innocents were sitting prettily round the table in Wally's room with Mr. Stratton in the chair, deciding that until November was out it would be premature to order oranges for the Fellsgarth shop.

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frèzols," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FAMILY TRADITION.

By lifting a curtain, one passed from the cave where Maurice and his sister had been received by the old Guebre, into a second cave, which served as the working room.

At first sight the large apartment gave an impression of a sort of chaos; but an attentive glance soon showed that there was method in the disorder, and that under apparent confusion the chain of human wisdom lay unrolled.

There was no luxury, except perhaps in the carpets, in which the Orient displayed that magnificent fancy, that admirable harmony of colour and sense of ornament, which are the distinctive privileges of races we call barbarous. At wide intervals rose on a pedestal an antique torso, a head with a mysterious expression, and a few vases of simple pottery, severe and pure in design.

The old Guebre and his granddaughter worked at a long stone table laden with strange objects; amulets with cabalistic signs, symbolical rings, manuscripts on yellow paper charged with inscriptions in cuneiform characters. In the granite walls a few shelves had been cut, on which were crowded retorts, alembics, crucibles, compasses, squares, and all the arsenal of science, mathematical and even magical, used by the two Guebres in their studies. Then there was a human skull, with a crocodile, a monkey, a stuffed boa, instruments of death, daggers, poniards, arrows, scimitars. Each country seemed to have sent some fragment of its science, some sample of its art.

Under this mass of things, without shape and apparently without value, there was gradually discoverable a system, a master thought. These fragments of pottery, these broken ends of all kinds, these weapons, these bones, represented the long chain of human life, one end of which touched the origin of the world, and the other held on the hand of the magus.

Goucha Nichin had put down his book, and with pensive brow and abstracted look was deep in a reverie. In all this dust, in the half light of the lamp, he seemed to see rise in front of him a multitude of faces, in masses, in myriads, in generations. An idol with long eyes of agate called up populous India with its thousand religions. Enigmatic Egypt lifted on the sand her head of the Sphinx. The Pharaohs employed whole nations to build them a tomb. Moses, leading a believing people, cleft the waters and spoke face to face with the Divinity. Cool and graceful, a marble statuette summoned the charming myths, the noble genius of Greece; and close by a Chinese ape, grotesque in visage and tortured in its limbs, gave cause for meditation on the fecundity of ugliness in that mysterious branch of art. A bust of a noble patrician lady recalled Imperial Rome, the triumphs, and the consuls preceded by the lictors. A head of a virgin martyr, the persecutions and the catacombs. Then the invasions passed by. In old damascened armour, a panoply soon useless, the horsemen formed up for review. With what gems of Cellini did he see the long night of the middle ages disappear, and the Renascence hold out her hand to the modern world!

Leila, bending over a parchment manuscript, was busy transcribing some learned fragment. She did not notice that for a moment the old man had rested his eyes on her.

"Leila!" he said at last, in a solemn tone.

The girl raised her head.

"Father?"

"Put down your writing, my daughter. I have something to say to you."

Leila went and sat down at the feet of her grandfather, and with a look of affection and respect, waited for him to speak.

"Leila," said Goucha Nichin, "you have been seized with an affection for these strangers, these Faranghis?"

"Oh!" said Leila, her eyes sparkling, her cheek blushing, "I love Catherine with all my heart! And do you know, she also loves me! She deigns to call me her friend."

"What is this talk?" said the old Guebre with hauteur. "Learn, my child, that it is thou who honourest the stranger in giving her thy friendship."

"Oh, father! you are venerable for your learning, your great age, and your virtues. But how can I dare to be as proud as that? Remember the disdain with which the women of Iran treat us. I thought the young Faranghi was noble and generous to treat me as an equal. You must admit, grandfather, that these strangers are kind and courteous, and do not say I honour Catherine Kerdic in loving her. I do not understand your words, and they trouble me."

"My child," said the Guebre, in a more solemn voice than usual, "the time has come for me to entrust thee with grave family secrets. Thou hast reached the age of discretion, and I have sought to strengthen by solid instruction that reason which Nature gives thy sex with so sparing a hand. As to this feebleness of heart inherent in feminine nature, if thou sharest in it, it is not thy fault, and it would be unjust to reproach thee for it."

"Father," said Leila, "have I not always striven with all my strength to take the place of the son for whom you so mourned?"

"Striven!" said the old man, with difficulty keeping calm. "What hast thou striven? Thou couldst not replace him, and thou hast not done so. Is the weak head of a girl able to contain the lofty designs, the abstract calculations, the occult science, and the crushing weight of the sacred burden which a man's head can hardly contain? No! thou art made to watch at the fireside and cradle thy children on thy knees. Do not aspire, feeble creatures, to a destiny too elevated for you!"

"My only ambition is to please you, and I am always bound to obey you," said Leila, with humility.

"I have not to complain of thee," said the old man, relenting somewhat. "For a girl, thou art neither stupid, nor ignorant, nor vain. It is not thee I accuse,

but the cruel fate. Why, after permitting our race to be perpetuated from male to male for centuries, why has the Master of life permitted it to perish miserably on the head of a young girl! Mithra, thy decrees are in truth mysterious, insoluble."

The old Guebre, with an air of exhaustion, bowed his white head and sank into a deep meditation. The girl respected his grief and sat silent.

"Let us submit to the inevitable," he said at last, "and do our duty to the end."

"Leila," he continued, "it is time thou shouldst know the responsibilities that rest on thy feeble shoulders. Learn that thou art the last of the most illustrious race that ever lived under the Sun. I have said it well: under the Sun; our noble Father, our god, source of all wealth, all welfare, life itself! Chosen among thousands for the most noble priesthood, our family has for centuries been trusted to bear to the feet of the divine Mithra the adorations of the faithful, and at the same time has been the depository of the sciences reserved to the elect. Astronomers, philosophers, magicians, profound politicians, historians, men of letters, the magi have been in possession of universal knowledge from the origin of things, and they have lived accumulating the treasure and piously transmitting it to their descendants. For long the followers of Zoroaster lived honoured, powerful, thrice sanctified. Then came the evil days of decadence and persecution. Ruin followed. And now, my child, thou seest what is the fate of the last representatives of a noble family. Hated, scorned by all, struck with unjust ostracism, thrust into caverns, we appear conquered, and our enemies believe they have reduced to powerlessness these formerly superb magi. They do not know, the ignoramuses, that we hold in a firm hand our two treasures; the one that of science, transmitted unchangeably from father to son; the other that of riches, perishable, but necessary to those who make and unmake empires."

"What is that, father?" said Leila, with surprise. "You who live almost in poverty, which would deprive you of the necessaries of life if I did not watch over you—you are rich?"

"That is what I am about to explain to thee. I am the sole depository of an immense treasure, but I cannot do with it as I would. At the time when that scourge of destiny, Alexander, son of Jupiter, swept through the world and conquered all armies, Ecbatana, the queen of Asia, was the boast of the universe for its riches, its lights, its arts, its luxury. Among all the monuments that witnessed to its splendours, the Temple of the Sun shone in the first rank, and we—my ancestors and thine—were its priests. The conqueror presented himself and insultingly claimed the tribute. Fire and massacre attended his footsteps; it was necessary to submit. With humbled brow and eyes bathed with tears they held out to the haughty victor the keys of the subterranean chamber in which the treasure of the Temple of Mithra was hidden. Precious stones, jewels beyond value, rich vestments of purple and silk, precious vases, unguents, perfumes, rare spices, gold and silver coined and in ingots, all were given over to a soldiery drunk with wine and conquest. The handsome Hephæstion, his master's idol, received the lion's share, to throw it in his turn among his favourites. Soon afterwards Ecbatana saw his funeral, which was worthy to have been that of a demigod. The priests of the Sun veiled their faces, and the stranger planted himself in our country."

"Sad! sad!" sighed Leila.

"They did not take all!" said the old Guebre in a tone of restrained triumph. "It was not for nothing that the magi had for years cherished wisdom and prudence. In reality that which the conquerors took was nothing—nothing to what was concealed from their insatiable avarice."

"Praise to Mithra! But how did they hide such treasures from the eager eye of the victors? You have taught me, father, that paper, letters of exchange, easy means of transporting valuables, did not exist in those distant times."

"Below the subterranean vaults open to the invader, there existed—there still exists—a palace, vaster, better built, richer than ever was the famous Temple of Mithra. These crypts contained the treasure offered for centuries by the generous faithful. The magi, with their profound knowledge of the past which taught them the future, had long foreseen the temptation which this gathering of riches would offer to human cupidity, and as clever as they were wise, they had thought out the best means for deceiving that cupidity; a sham treasure, rich enough to deceive, and below it in a subterranean palace built by workmen bound on oath, the incalculable riches of our order."

"Admirable foresight!" said Leila.

"Yes; but one which, as often happens in human affairs, an excess of precaution might nullify. The secret transmitted from generation to generation remained intact for centuries. Of all the descendants of the magi, only the chief, the high priest, the direct male representative of the first mobed of Mithra, was the possessor of the secret. When the heir, carefully instructed in all the sciences, had arrived at his majority, and was judged worthy of initiation, he received the priesthood, and at the same time the secret was partially communicated to him. At the moment of death the father revealed to his son the very place where the treasure was hidden, and gave him the means of obtaining it. For long years the tradition was kept with no suspicion of it known to outsiders. Dynasties passed. The ancient heritage, the immense empire of Cyrus, divided, torn to shreds, passed from hand to hand. To the Seleucids succeeded the Parthians, the Arabs, the Mongols, the Turks. Asia Minor, the chosen land, the cradle of the human race, in which Eden was placed, in which man for the first time bowed before the eye of the world, the divine Mithra, this land, which had seen flourish Troy and Tyre, Homer and Thales, all the elegance and



"Thy decrees are in truth mysterious."

all the strength of the ancient world, ravaged, sacked by barbarian hordes, became covered with ruins, and finally the prey of the Turk. Here, where the primitive name remained, in Farsistan itself, cities formerly flourishing fell one by one, and where the joyful sounds of human life had been heard there was nothing but the mournful cries of the owl and the jackal. By water, wind, and fire, the walls were destroyed, the roofs fell in, the sand came to fill every opening, gathered in heaps, and covered with one wide veil that which was but a proud monument. Such was the fate of our royal Ecbatana. A few tumuli are all that is left to mark the site of what was once the queen of cities."

"One can hardly believe such changes possible," murmured Leila.

"Islamism replaced in Iran the worship of the Sun. Deprived of his rank, his honours, and his goods, the Guebre stood apart, watching the fate of empires; strong in his faith, confident in his high destiny, he awaited the moment when it would please Mithra to restore to his faithful their ancient splendour. Can it be believed, that after so many centuries of possession, our secret one day escaped from our hands?"

"Mithra protect us! What is it you say?"

"At the beginning of the reign of Feti Ali Shah, now a good many years ago, when I was on a journey, an urgent message called me to my father's death-bed. Before yielding up his spirit, the old man desired, according to the universal custom of the family, to entrust me with the clue, the precise indication, which would permit me to enter the mysterious palace of which I was to become the keeper. From the depths of Chaldea, where I had gone at my parents' command to seek a wife, I returned in all haste. It was too late! My father had yielded up his spirit, taking with him to the kingdom of the dead the secret so long kept among the living!"

"And nothing could yield it to you?"

"All my life I have sought it, but in vain. On the track of this disaster came others. 'Misfortunes,' says the popular wisdom, 'never come alone.' One by one I saw my sons die in their youth. The last, your father, came to man's estate; but he died, as thou knowest, before thou, his only child, hadst opened thine eyes to the light of the divine Mithra. With what anguish thy coming into the world was attended! What bitter disappointment we had prepared for ourselves! What lamentations were those of thy mother! Soon she was borne away to the land of shades at grief for having brought forth only a daughter!"

"Father, forgive me!"

"Blessed be the will of Mithra! We must bow before his secrets without understanding them, and march on resolutely even with a broken heart. The direct line is at an end; we must graft the frail branch that remains on another branch of the family tree. Soon I will marry thee to one of thy cousins; at my death thou wilt receive from my mouth the last of what I know, and in thy turn thou wilt transmit to thy eldest son the secret which has been confided to thee."

"But this secret, father, has it not become useless, now that the guiding clue has escaped you?"

"I have never renounced the hope of recovering it," said the old Guebre, with ferocious energy. "I know sufficiently well the site of the great subterranean temple; the only difficulty, the impossibility up to now, has been to discover the entrance; and that is exactly the supreme revelation our ancestors reserved for the hour of death. Now (and this, my daughter, is the object of my talk with thee), the arrival of the Faranghis, the knowledge of the young man, his resources, his penetration, his indomitable energy, have awakened a new hope within me. All these forces I have resolved to make use of in order to reach the subterranean treasure!"

"What, father!" said Leila, in astonishment. "You would entrust the secret to him?"

"Mithra preserve me! what art thou dreaming of, child? He is the arm, I am the head! He shall make the road; I will enter the sanctuary!"

"But," said Leila, hesitatingly, "would not that be to deceive him?"

"Not at all. Has the young stranger any right to learn our secrets? I will say more, is it not audacious of these Faranghis, and worthy of punishment, that they should seek to lay hands on the ruins of our sacred city? But I leave them to him. His be the seven walls, painted in the colours of the prism, symbol of the fountain of all light! Let him bear away stone by stone the palace which sheltered Dejoces, Astyages, Cyaxares, Cambyses, Mandanes, Cyrus; the hall of the feast in which the grandfather heard the lesson of temperance from the lips of the sublime child! For myself I reserve the entrance to the subterranean palace. At thy death thou wilt indicate the entrance to thy son; thy husband must never know it. Thou seest now, my daughter, what high destinies are ours, what responsibilities are thine, and that I was right in telling you that the distance between thee and the Faranghis is impassable. Circumstances compel us to make the young stranger our instrument—our equal never!"

"Father," said Leila, after a short silence, "I find my destiny burdensome, and your words bitter."

(To be continued.)

THE CIVIL SERVICE AS A PROFESSION.*

By a Civil Servant.

In these days of competitive examinations, and days in which competition is keenly felt in almost every department of life, it behoves all who are about to enter the world with a view to earning their livelihood to carefully consider what profession they shall choose. The tendency of the times is to overcrowd almost all the avenues which may ultimately lead to success, to overcrowd them to such an extent that the success of the few is only obtained after long years of hard and anxious labour, while the careers of the great majority are dragged out in a weary round of harrowing attempts to attain the apparently unattainable. Besides all which, the changes in our fast moving days are so great, that years of unceasing toil may end in defeat or in total loss of position, and that through no fault of our own, but merely as the result of disproportion between demand and supply.

It will thus be seen that in choosing a profession the points which we must consider are, how far we can secure a position in one which bears favourable comparison with others in respect of its relation to the demand upon its workers and the chances of success and permanency which it holds out to them.

Now, looked at from these points of view, the Civil Service of our country has two distinct advantages, inasmuch as it can never be overcrowded in the ordinary sense of the word, whilst it holds forth the inducement of permanency of position to all who enter. In the great departments of State the staff employed is always carefully regulated to the amount of work to be performed, and is certainly never in excess; whilst permanence of tenure is assured to all during good behaviour. Here then are two good features in the service. But it becomes us to see what other inducements to aspire to its posts are advanced.

Ere, however, we pass on to these, let us first take note of the means of entry. Such means are strictly limited now to examination, under the auspices of the Civil Service Commission, and limited, moreover, to *competitive* examination. The subjects vary for the different classes, since the departments of labour are numerous. Some indeed are such that nothing short of a college education would justify a man in seeking to pass the standard laid down, but others fall within the compass of any who care to compete. Among the posts open to the bulk of the middle class are the Telegraph, Excise, and Customs Departments; but the grade which now makes the largest demand upon the Civil Service Commission is the Second Division, formerly designated the "Lower Division," of the Service. This division has quite recently been spoken of by one of Her Majesty's Ministers as "the great Second Division," whilst another authority has dubbed it the "backbone" of the service. It now numbers in its ranks about 3,000 clerks, and since it is by far the most commonly sought for position now available to the great bulk of young men, we will here treat of it specially, and follow an imaginary aspirant to its ranks through his career from first to last.

The subjects which will engage his attention at the examination are such† as any fairly educated youth might be expected to tackle in a manner which would qualify him, with a little application, in any or all of them. But to reach a qualifying standard is one thing; to reach the pitch of excellence

* This is but one of several articles, by different writers, that have been prepared for our columns. The higher grades, with the Indian Civil Service, have already received special attention.

† The subjects of examination are Handwriting, Orthography, Arithmetic, Copying Manuscript (to test accuracy), English Composition, Geography, Indexing or Docketing, Digesting Returns into Summaries, English History, and Book-keeping. Regulations respecting the examinations can be obtained upon application personally at the office of the Civil Service Commission, Cannon Row, Westminster, or by letter addressed to the Secretary.

requisite to successfully *compete* is another, and a totally distinct matter. The competition in the examinations has now become so great that *excellence in each of the several subjects is absolutely requisite*, and undoubtedly but few candidates present themselves before the Commission who have not had some special tutoring preparatory to the struggle. "Cramming" has notoriously become an element in the matter, and in London especially schools have sprung into existence having for their sole object the preparation of candidates for Civil Service clerkships. Let it, however, comfort would-be aspirants to know that steady application on their part, with the practice of self-denial during their course of special study under an efficient tutor whose wish it is that they should bring him credit by their triumph, will generally ultimately win reward, even though the lesson may have been learnt that

Many failures go to make success.

Assuming now that our imaginary young friend has successfully passed the ordeal, and has also been pronounced physically fit for the duties of his office, let us next see what are his prospects. Since the ages of candidates must be seventeen years and over to twenty years, he will be, as an average competitor, not less than eighteen years old when he takes up his post. He will receive remuneration at the rate of £70 per annum, and for this he will have to give seven hours of his time to official work each day. He will rise by annual increments of £5 until a salary of £100 is reached, and he will have attained the age of twenty-four years when he begins to draw a salary at that rate. After a year the clerk will, if he receive from his chief a certificate of "competence, character, and diligence," go on by annual rises of £7 10s. —which will give him a salary of £145 by the time he is thirty years old—until at the age of thirty-six, he reaches £190 yearly.

The progress of the clerk will now depend upon his obtaining at the hands of his official superiors a further certificate stating that "he is thoroughly competent to perform efficiently work of a superior and more advanced character in the future." It will, of course, be the aim of all to so perform their allotted tasks, that this certificate cannot truthfully be withheld. But it will not avail to treat it as a mere matter of form, or to imagine that the certificate will be given without regard to past work. The Treasury are determined that no clerk shall pass the barrier who does not possess the ability requisite to the fulfilment of "superior" duties. We may, however, take it as granted that the certificate has been obtained, and then the clerk will be raised by £10 annually to a salary of £250, which will be reached when he is forty-two years old.

He has now before him the fair prospect of promotion to a higher (First) grade of the Second Division, which, commencing at £250 per annum, rises another £100 by annual increments of £10. The Treasury have laid down a rule that "*a promotion* to the said higher grade shall be made *whenever any* clerk . . . shall reach a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds." The italics are our own, and point to the fact that the promotion will not, of necessity, be that of the clerk who reaches the salary in question. The attainment by him of that salary creates a vacancy in the higher grade, but enables the Treasury to sanction the promotion of any of his juniors who is held to be better fitted for the grade. It will thus be seen how essential it is that every man should be on the alert to so perform his duties as to leave no room for doubting that *he* is the one for whom promotion to the higher grade is only a fitting reward for his past industry and integrity. And the vital importance of this action is accentuated by the further Treasury rule that "promotion to the higher grade . . . shall be made according to positive merit, and not according to seniority." Having obtained this further certificate, the clerk will enter upon his maximum salary of £350 when he has reached the age of fifty-two years.

This then is the goal which all Second Division clerks may reasonably hope to attain, and is indeed the point where the great bulk of the division will end their careers, drawing the annual remuneration of £350 until they retire from the service. But although it is not probable that many will pass this maximum, it is not impossible that some will make further progress, whilst others will no doubt receive, at a period prior to that above indicated, the position of First Grade officer. Dealing first with this latter possibility, we find that the Treasury have laid it down that "the Head of a department *may* recommend, and the Commissioners of the Treasury *may* sanction, *as a very exceptional case*, the promotion to the higher grade of a specially meritorious clerk, who is in receipt of a salary less than two hundred and fifty pounds." The italics are again our own, and serve to indicate how very sparingly the authorities will exercise the power which they have reserved to themselves. In the twelve months that have passed since the Order quoted was promulgated, no such promotion has received the "sanction" necessary, although many "recommendations" have been made. My Lords of the Treasury would seem to have the matter under their consideration, but the hopes of the present officers of the Second Division seem none too sanguine respecting the results of the consideration.

In respect of possible promotion to the First (Upper) Division of the Service, the Treasury have stated that a clerk of the Second Division shall be eligible for such promotion after not less than eight years' service. If, however, the experience of the past is a fair criterion of future practice in this matter, such promotions will be few and far between. It may be said that the Treasury recognise that in certain cases it will be advisable to promote officers, but that such recognition will be limited to the fewest possible instances. Under the old Order of 1876, the eight years' service had to be ten at the least, so that unless the Treasury intend to grant promotion in some cases, the lowering of the minimum of ten to eight would be a mere blind. To look for promotion, however, even after ten years' holding of office, would in most persons be to expect an immediate jump in salary of £70, that is from £130 to £200, the latter being a fair representative of the minimum attaching to *Upper* Division junior clerkships under the new régime. Once, however, such promotion was gained, the way would be open to a man of exceptional ability to rise in time to a salary of £800 or £1000; in fact, the highest clerical posts would be open to him.

To dream of such fortune would, nevertheless, be folly on the part of young aspirants. It should certainly be the ambition of all to go in and win, but while striving for the few possible prizes, it would be well to free the mind from hopes that may prove delusive. Rather let work well done be its own reward if nought else shall come of its faithful performance. At the same time it should be said that true worth will always manifest itself in time, and patience in the Civil Service is indeed a virtue.

Let us now touch upon the question of pensions, and first of all consider the case of a clerk who has stopped at the salary of £350. He *may retire* at the age of sixty years; he *must* retire five years later, unless his services are so valuable to the State that they are retained until the age of three score years and ten. At sixty years of age our imaginary clerk will have served forty-two years, and will thus be eligible for the highest possible pension, namely, one-sixtieth of his salary for every year he has given up to forty; in other words two-thirds of £350, or a pension of £233 6*s*. 8*d*. Thus, in the matter of pension, as well as of present increase of pay, promotion to higher salary is of infinite importance, since each additional £3 held during the last three years of official life adds two pounds to the clerk's retiring allowance.

In the matter of sick-leave the Treasury Regulations are very liberal, whilst in regard of holidays we may again quote the Order which states that in addition to half-holidays on alternate Saturdays, "the ordinary annual holidays allowed to clerks shall not exceed fourteen week-days during each of their first five years of service, and twenty-one week-days thereafter, *exclusive in both cases of* Christmas-day, Good Friday, the Queen's Birthday, and . . . the four Bank Holidays." In other words twenty-one and twenty-eight working-days respectively, according to the length of service. But in this again promotion to the Upper Division confers advantages.

Here, then, are the broad facts of the case as they present themselves to the general public. But questions may not unnaturally arise concerning the nature of the duties to be performed by clerks of the Second Division. To such questions only a very general answer can here be given. The work in different Offices of necessity differs in many points. As a rule each office is split up into several small sections or departments, each with its six, or a dozen, or a score of clerks. The departments are in large measure self-contained, though in some of their work they are dovetailed into other sections. Some sections act as pioneers for allied branches, turning over to a sister department work which has been brought to a certain stage, in order that it may be carried to completion. But in great degree the duties within any department are personal to it. A clerk upon entering, unless he find in his section any "boy clerks" or "writers" (neither of which classes consists of permanent officers), will have to do the junior work until a new importation arrives. This work is often of a kind more trying for the body than the mind, entailing much running about after papers and the like, and is of a routine character. The Civil Service has a way of dealing with its cases whereby every paper passes through many upward stages until it is finally submitted to the responsible chief of the office for decision as to the course of action to be taken. Thus, as a clerk gradually leaves the junior posts behind him, his work gets in like manner removed from the purely mechanical order which at first characterised it.

If such an element as chance anywhere had existence, one would be sorely tempted to say it had place in the Civil Service. A man's whole future seems to no inconsiderable degree to depend upon the position in which he finds himself on the day of his first entry upon official life. Not only the office to which he is allotted, but even the section of that office, has an important bearing on his future, and largely determines the rate of progress which he will make. It is true that he is open to transference from office to office, and from section to section, but as matter of practice he moves in a narrow circle, and often along a monotonous groove, for many years. It might happen that so-called "staff appointments" (*i.e.*, positions allotted to Second Division clerks at salaries of some £300 to £400, but few in number) might lead to internal office movements, or that one of these might fall to a competent junior. But in all cases, it is well to remember that there are already a large number of excellent clerks in the ser-

e ages are still under thirty years, and who will, in the ordinary course of nature, hold all the prize posts for many years to come. Still much must always depend upon the action of the Secretarial or Presidential chiefs of a department as to the number of "staff" and first grade posts which shall be established.

It only remains to be added that many youths have found it advantageous to enter the Service in the first instance in the capacity of boy clerks. They must be between the ages of fifteen and seventeen years, and must secure the post by competitive examination.* The remuneration attaching to the appointment commences at fourteen shillings a week, rising one shilling a week each year so long as the clerks are employed, which will not be beyond their twentieth year. But in the meantime they will have had a double opportunity of securing a second division clerkship, first by competition with the general public, and secondly by *limited* competition among members of their own body for places which are specially reserved by the Civil Service Commission. In addition, boy clerks will be gaining an insight into official work, they will have a fair amount of pocket money at their disposal, and they will have their evenings in which to study for the higher and permanent clerkship. It may indeed be that such of them as are possessed of special talent will be able in after years to devote their evenings, at any rate in part, to lucrative employment, with a view to supplementing their official income.

* The subjects of examination are Handwriting, Orthography, Arithmetic (including Vulgar and Decimal Fractions), Copying Manuscript (to test accuracy), English Composition, and Geography. The official regulations respecting these clerkships can also be obtained on application to the Civil Service Commission.

MODELLING IN CLAY.

By Fred Miller.

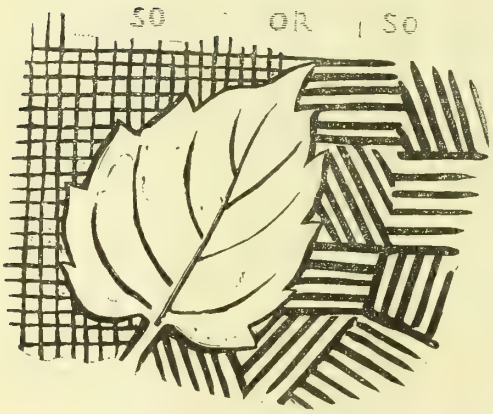


Fig. 1.

Modelling in clay is an art that is easily followed, and involves one in very little expense. Wooden modelling tools can be purchased at many artist's colourmen, and some tool shops, such as Buck's. Three or four of different shapes, with chisel ends, and two or three with rounded or spoon-shaped ends, will suffice a beginner. It will be better to buy only two or three at first, and as you progress with your work you will find out the sort of tools most likely to suit your requirements.

Never buy a lot of materials until you have gained some little knowledge, by practice, of your necessities in that way, and then only purchase those things that are *absolutely essential*. I must confess, like a great many other people, to having wasted a good deal of money in the purchase of materials that practice told me were not required.

The first occasion I did any amount of modelling in clay was during a stay in a village in Cambridgeshire, where a good deal of brick and tile making was carried on. I went to the pottery and bought for a few pence some drain pipes just as they came out of the press, and were consequently in a 'green state,' that is in plastic or soft condition, so that one could press them into any shape. Drain tiles are made in various sizes, but you want the larger ones, say six to eight or nine inches in diameter. When I got them home, I sprinkled a little water over the clay, and then gradually enlarged one end by taking the clay between my fingers, which I constantly dipped in a bowl of water by my side, and pressing it to make it thinner, at the same time stretching it outwards until it had a lip, as shown in the sketch (fig. 3). The edge became quite thin as I gradually tapered it off, and it makes a much more presentable shape than if the drain pipe just ended as it came from the press. I then rolled out a flat slab of clay about half an inch in thickness, and after thoroughly moistening the bottom of the would-be vase, I stuck this slab of clay on to the pipe, and with one of the modelling tools pressed the bottom edge of the pipe into the slab, so that the two were thoroughly united. I now trimmed off the surplus clay to the circumference of the pipe, and I then had a vase flat at the bottom and lipped at the top. Three round balls of clay made feet, and the appearance was that in the sketch, minus the decoration.

In sticking clay on clay, see that both surfaces are very moist, so that adhesion is *very thorough*; otherwise, when the work is baked in the kiln some of the added portions are likely to be found at the bottom of the kiln, having fallen off in the drying. Never let clay while it is being worked or modelled get dry, as it is impossible to wet it up again.

Always cover your work when you leave it with a damp cloth, and many modellers fill their mouths with water and blow a spray over the work each time before touching it, to ensure the clay keeping moist.

The next thing is to set about putting the decoration on the vase. I have chosen the bramble as the *motif* because it is familiar to everyone, and is in itself highly decorative. Now the decoration has to lie upon the surface of the vase in low relief, so that the various portions that form the design can be prepared and afterwards stuck on to the vase and then finished (see fig. 3).

The first thing is to model the main stem. Roll out some clay into a slab, and then cut some strips the width of the stem and stick



Fig. 2.—Design for 6-inch tile, modelled in relief.—Subject, the Apple.

these round the vase. A bramble stem is angular and square rather than round, and you cannot do better than procure a specimen of bramble and model your decoration largely from nature. You will see then how to "tool" up the work when you have stuck it on to the vase. But there is this to be said, that nature requires selecting and adapting, so that the lines of your decoration run gracefully around the vase and occupy it more or less regularly. The bramble flowers and fruits at the same time, and this feature should be taken advantage of, as I have shown in sketch, as you thereby get variety of form, always so desirable in decoration. Then again, do not attempt to imitate nature like wax modellers do. You cannot press clay into the delicate shapes that you can wax, nor is it desirable to attempt to do so. Boldness, vigour, and simplicity are qualities you should strive to get into your work. As you have only to make your decoration in low relief, the flowers should have the outer edges of the petals in relief and the centre of each petal might be slightly scooped out of the pipe itself, leaving a rounded boss in the middle to serve for the stamens, which are best rendered by sticking a sharp pencil or knitting needle a number of times until the surface is punctured all over. This is one instance of what I mean by adaptation—the relation of means to end. It is evident that you cannot imitate the stamens. Therefore you must *render* them or approximate them. The same with the spines on the stem. You can only suggest that there are spines by sticking small irregular pieces on, and tooling them up.

For the fruit, stick on round lumps of clay, and then stick on to these small beads of clay to do duty for the drupes or berries. These must be flattened into their place, as the drupes should not be too prominent.

An easy way of getting the shapes of the leaves is to take an actual leaflet, and having rolled out a thin slab of clay, put the leaflet on to the clay, pressing it well in, and then with a crochet needle follow the contour of each leaf, cutting through the clay at the same time. The veins of the leaves (you press the back of the leaves on to the clay) will give you the veins on the clay, and then you can press the leaf into any desirable curve when you stick it on to the side of the vase. For instance, in a leaflet falling over the main stem, just allow the clay leaf to fall into its place, which it will do if your clay is as moist as it should be.

Don't attempt to do too much "finishing" to your work. A certain rudeness has a charm, and gives character to decorations in clay which is much more effective than smoothness and tameness. But a good deal that is advisable may be accomplished when the clay gets firmer, as the excessive moisture dries out of it. A steel modelling tool is very useful at this stage of your work. The edges of leaves can be thinned (some by paring away the clay at the back) and a sharpness can be given the various forms. I do not advise much to be done to the work when the clay is hard and dry. The best clay modelling has a freedom and ease about it which only comes of a free use of the material when it is quite plastic. Good clay modelling should never look smooth like a plaster-of-Paris cast.

When your decoration is finished, stand the vase on a shelf in a warm room and leave it there for two or three weeks, to dry thoroughly but not too quickly. If clay is dried too quickly, it is apt to split and break up. When thoroughly dry you can get the people at the kiln to bake it for you and turn it into an imperishable work in terra cotta; and I shall be astonished if you are not only very anxious to see your first vase after it has been fired, but at the same time very proud of it when you do see it.

Another plan that can be adopted for decorating the surface is, instead of making the ornamentation in relief, to incise it by means of lance-headed modelling tools, taking out the clay quite an eighth of an inch in depth. The same design as that given in fig. 3 could be employed, but this incised decoration must be bold and on a largish scale to look effective, as small intricate forms only appear confused. To give variety to the surface, the background might be cross-lined all over, as shown in fig. 1.

This incised decoration can be made most effective, and is perhaps easier than modelling.



Fig. 3.—A common drain-pipe artistically treated.

The design for a tile (fig. 2) requires little comment. You can get flat roofing tiles at a pottery before they are dried, and model your decoration on them as in the case of your vase, or if the tile is thick enough the background can be taken out (similar to the grounding out in wood-carving) and forms left tooled up as desirable. Where the background is taken out you must not attempt too much relief, relying more upon marking in the veins of leaves, rounding the apples, and

putting the markings on the stems, than in getting depth of form.

I should think it would be quite possible to stick four tiles together, with one at the bottom, so as to form a square box to hold a flower-pot. Four knobs at the four corners would improve the appearance. To strengthen the box the four angles might be filled in with extra clay, pressing it well into the tiles. Be careful to get the edges well moistened and see that the adhesion is very thorough. Incised decorations would look well here.

At potteries where flower-pots and chimney-pots are made, and there is a potter's wheel in use, you might get the potter to "throw" you some simple vases. Those who have not seen a potter at work will be greatly interested to see him evolve from a lump of clay by means of his wheel the most elegant shapes that fancy can conceive.

THE "BOY'S OWN" ANGLER.

By the First Hon. Sec. "Fly-Fishers' Club."

II.—COARSE FISH.

In the Thames, and in many other English rivers, angling begins on June 16 and lasts till March 14, excepting as to trout-fishing, which was the subject of my last paper.

With regard, then, to the "coarse fish," as they are called, let us begin at the lowest rung of the (fish) ladder, and call to mind our earliest efforts, when we went out fishing for gudgeons, or even smaller fry, with a little can in which to carry home our victims.

Even such humble attempts as these may be made in two ways—the right and the wrong, and we will try to point out the right.

1.—*Fishing for small fry.*

Under this head may be placed the bleak, the gudgeon, and a variety of still smaller fish, such as minnows, loach, miller's-thumbs, etc.

A light rod of ten or twelve feet long will be the most useful weapon for the beginner, and it is by no means necessary that this rod should be bought at a shop. Such of our readers as live in the country will hardly require to be told that a willow wand is easily cut, and will answer every purpose when only small fish are expected.

If it is inconvenient to carry this to and fro it can be made of two pieces, and spliced each time of using.

For this purpose a yard of whipcord is better than a lot of fine stuff, and it can be used many times over.

This plan is actually adopted by many fly-fishers in preference to using ferules, as a spliced rod is lighter and plays more evenly than the ordinary kind.

The line should be a fine plaited one, as the twisted lines are apt to kink. If you do not use a winch the line should be about the length of the rod. The two yards next the hook should be of moderately fine gut (not drawn), and the hook-link a little finer.

The best shaped hook, except for worm-fishing, is the round bend in small sizes, and the barb should be small. The point should not turn outwards, as it does in many hooks, but slightly the reverse way. If you stick the hook into a piece of cork, and pull, you will see the reason. The pull is much more direct and the hold firmer with the inbent hook. The other make may scratch more fish, but your object is to catch them.

If you can get hooks with a notch cut in the shank, so that the bait does not slip down, you will find them very good. They are called the "Marston" hooks. For worm-fishing a larger and coarser sort of hook than those described will do as well, or perhaps better.

With regard to floats, most anglers use them always when bottom-fishing, but, as "John Bickerdyke" (C. H. Cook) says, I think they are to be looked upon as necessary evils, and in some cases may be dispensed with.

This would only be in shallow streams as a rule, but experience alone will teach you when to do without a float.

When you must use one let it be as small as is consistent with effectiveness, the object of course being to enable you to place and keep your bait near the nose of the fish.

The same remarks apply to shot, which must be proportioned to your float. If you use a small porcupine quill float (which is best and cheapest, as a rule), two or three small shot will be enough.

The most useful baits are gentles, worms, and bread-paste, but there are many others which are as good, or occasionally even better. Among these are wasp-grubs, grasshoppers, green caterpillars, and flies of various kinds. In some rivers, the Bedfordshire Ouse, for instance, boiled wheat is much used for roach-fishing, and is very effective.

Perhaps, of all the baits mentioned, gentles (which are bluebottle-flies in their grub state) are of most general use, as almost all fish will take them.

They can be bred in summer from any piece of stale meat; but the process is not a pleasant one, and it is better to apply at a butcher's shop—not too publicly—for the butcher may have a larger supply of the delicacies required than he wishes to be generally known. If you are near a tackle-shop you can of course buy your gentles there, and they will have been cleansed by being kept in bran or sand, and may not stain your nails quite so badly as fresh ones.

Worms, which are the best baits for gudgeon or small perch, can be dug from any sort of rich ground, and require keeping a few hours in moss before using. Numbers of large lob worms may be secured after dark on a dewy night, by taking a lantern, and searching the lawn. They can also be bought at a tackle shop. In dry weather, and when you only want a few, turn up any large stones you can find: very often a worm or two will be concealed under each.

The best place for small red worms is a dunghill.

Bread-paste, which is by far the pleasantest bait to use, is made by soaking a lump of crumby bread (one day old) in water for two or three seconds, and squeezing it nearly dry in a cloth. It can then easily be kneaded to the required toughness.

Wasp-grubs are perhaps the very best baits, but they can only be had occasionally, and at some risk, which, however, boys will enjoy.

If you use grasshoppers, which are particularly good for chub, kill them, before using, by pinching their heads. Caterpillars are seldom used except when they are noticed to be dropping from the oak trees. They are then very attractive, and are taken by the fish before they sink.

But enough of baits. We will suppose you provided with the necessary tackle, and to go out on a fine summer morning prepared to wage war upon the small fry.

It will be well to take a can, for two reasons—your spoils will be much more useful alive than dead (for plenty of anglers are glad to get a few live bait), and if you should see any large perch about you may get some of them yourself by putting on a big hook, and baiting with a gudgeon.

In approaching the stream, if clear, be careful to do so below the point at which you intend to begin, for the fish will usually have their heads up stream (always if it is fast), and you can only thus get near them unperceived. Remember also to step gently, to avoid shaking the banks.

If you can see the bottom do not scare the fish by plumbing the depth, but guess as nearly as you can, and place your float so that the bait may be within a few inches of the bottom.

If the bottom be not visible you must find the depth by attaching a roll of lead, called a plummet, to the line, just above the hook; and dropping it very gently into the water at various points. Having found a swim of a fair and tolerably even depth, see that the shot on your line are enough to sink the float nearly, but not quite, under water (about a quarter of an inch should project), put on a small bait, and let the float go down the swim.

If you find that the swim is fairly clear of weeds, then throw in a little chewed bread some yards above you, and put in your bait so that it appears to be part of the ground-bait.

If there are fish there, and they are at all on the feed, you will have a bite within a few minutes. If there is not at least a nibble, go on further, till you find feeding fish.

This being done try patiently, time after time, till a better nibble than usual pulls your float nearly under. Then give a quick (but not violent) jerk, and you will probably hook a little fish, which had better be tossed gently out at once, with as little disturbance as possible.

Frequently you can get numbers out of one swim, especially if you have found a shoal of gudgeon, but if the water is shallow or clear, it is best to shift your quarters often. In clear and shallow water it is very seldom that fish will remain and continue to feed long in one spot. You must then rove, and this is a very interesting manner of fishing, though condemned by some orthodox anglers. It is necessary to be very careful not to scare your quarry, and also not to interfere unduly with other anglers who may be fishing in a more patient way, each on his own camp-stool.

To return to the actual fishing. When you strike at a bite and miss it, do not take the bait out of the water (unless it is paste, and you think it is off), but drop it gently down again, and resume your watch. You will find that for an hour or two, at uncertain intervals during each day, the fish will feed well. While this lasts be careful not to lose a moment, for a minute of feeding time is worth an hour when the fish are "off."

You will sometimes see shoals of bleak and other little fish near the top of the water, and they will often refuse even so good a bait as a single gentle, however carefully thrown. But if you impale a fly on your hook, and put a small gentle on the

point, a little fish, or even a large one, may be tempted.

Though you may go out for small fry it is possible that the chance of a good perch may present itself, and it is well to be prepared. If you see one or two of these striped beauties lurking about over a bit of gravel at the tail of some weeds, close to the bank, step back that you may not scare them. Then change your hook for a large one, and taking a small fish of any kind, except perch, from your can, put the hook under the cartilage of the back-fin and drop the bait well in front of the fish of prey. He will probably, if not scared, seize it boldly: strike at once, and keep a tight line on your quarry, or he will get into weeds, and break you. You must give him a few seconds to exhaust his strength, but keep him in subjection, and don't let him *play you*. Lift him, when exhausted, out with your hands, if you have no net, and try for another.

If there is a shelving bank, you can of course take advantage of it by running your fish, when tired, up the shallows to the edge. Before using your hands to lift him, rub them on some sand or grit at the edge, and your hold will be secure.

You have thus gone out for small fry and come back with big fish, but this is much better than the reverse, which is the usual fate of anglers!

Before entirely quitting the subject of "small fry" a few words on Thames gudgeon-fishing must be added.

The usual plan is to select a gravelly shallow haunted by the gudgeon, and to rake the upper part of it with a large long-handled rake. This disturbs the bottom and sets free various sorts of food, such as little worms, etc.

The gudgeon will collect sometimes in large numbers, and many dozens are often taken by ladies or children fishing from a moored punt, and using light rods and fine tackle, and baiting with half a red worm.

It is lively fun enough, and sometimes made more exciting by a shoal of large perch following the gudgeon.

One of these perch will occasionally take your little worm or the gudgeon you have just hooked, and though his chance of escape by breakage is good, a capture is not uncommon, and is much rejoiced over when it does occur.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS.

By W. J. Gordon.

We hear a good deal of talk about the sights of London. To those accustomed to cricket on a quiet village green we doubt if any sight of London is likely to be more striking than that of one of our playgrounds, say Regent's Park or Clapham Common, on a Saturday afternoon in July. How the crowds can play without accident will be a mystery to strangers. They will see wickets pitched side by side at a few feet distance, wickets end on to other wickets, wickets at right angles and at every imaginable angle, and hundreds of hurrying shirt-sleeves and flannels threading the maze in all directions amid such a chorus of "Thank you!" as to make a countryman's hair stand on end. Frequently will he see a wicket sent flying with a ball from another match; occasionally he may see a wicket put down by one out of three or four balls flying past the wicket-keeper at the same time; and once, at least, he would have seen, as we did, a batsman hit a skyer, point try at another skyer in the air from another match at the same time, and cover pick up a third ball from a third match and with it throw the batsman out.

For a place in this state the official phrase is "congested." We commend a congested playground to the attention of all who are interested in the people's health. The people increase, the playgrounds do not increase, but become more congested every year; and a serious question is opened up as to where the young, and old for that matter, are to obtain their recreation. Even if the Royal Parks were opened they would soon be filled, and the question would be merely postponed.

Of late the County Council has introduced some order in the matter, and done what it could to afford some relief. In many of the open spaces under the council's control proper cricket-match grounds are now laid out and kept in fairly good order. Such match grounds exist at Battersea Park, Blackheath, Clapham Common, Clissold Park, Dulwich Park, Eel Brook Common, Finsbury Park, Hackney Downs, Hampstead Heath, Highbury Fields, Ladywell, London Fields, the Mill Fields at Hackney, Parliament Hill, Peckham Rye, Plumstead Common, Southwark Park, Tooting Common, Victoria Park, Wandsworth Common, Well Street Common, and Wormwood Scrubs.

As a rule these pitches are only open for men's matches; but at Battersea Park, Blackheath, Dulwich Park, Hackney Downs, Highbury Fields, London Fields, Mill Fields, Peckham Rye, Plumstead, Tooting Common, and Well Street Common, boy clubs are recognised and pitches provided for them. And Highbury Fields, London Fields, and Well Street Common are devoted entirely to boys' use—that is for recognised matches.

To obtain permission to play upon one of these match grounds, written application has to be made by the secretary of the club to the Parks and Open Spaces Committee, London County Council, Spring Gardens, S.W. This application has to be on a printed form, which can be obtained either by writing to Spring Gardens, or from the senior keeper on duty on the open space on which it is desired to play. In it the name of the club has to be given, the number of members, and ages or whatever may be necessary to classify it as a men's club or boys' club, the headquarters, the names of the chief officers, and the secretary's name and address.

The cricket season is held to begin on the first Saturday in May and to end on the last Saturday in September, and the allotments of the pitches are made on or before April 1 for all dates up to July 23, and on or before June 1 for all dates in the following months. On every ground a map is kept at the head-keeper's lodge, which can be inspected free by the secretaries of clubs desirous of permission to play.

Should the application be entertained by the parks committee, the club secretary receives a permit card which has to be produced and afterwards given up to the keeper in charge of the ground. The keeper assigns the pitch and can alter it whenever he thinks necessary, and stumps have invariably to be drawn a quarter of an hour after sunset. No club can have more than one pitch on any one ground on one day, and only one application from one of the clubs playing the match is to be made, so that the secretaries have to arrange who is to write for permission at the time the challenge is accepted. The pitch is only kept vacant up to four o'clock in the afternoon; if no play has then taken place the keeper can hand over the pitch for the day to any club he chooses. If a tent is required, permission to erect it must be given on the permit card, and it has to be cleared away within half an hour of sunset, and any damage done by it or in any other way has to be made good by the club to whom the permission is granted. When matches are not being played, practice is allowed on the match grounds at the discretion of the head-keeper.

Of course this does not refer to the whole of the space on these different parks and commons. Round the match pitches there are larger areas for practice purposes, to which the special rules drawn up by the council do not apply. In some cases, however, as on Clapham Common, a certain portion is reserved exclusively for children under twelve years of age, so that accidents due to a general mixture of the ages are avoided. For match purposes, however, the limit of age between a boy and a man is taken at sixteen, which is quite a new period for coming of age.

Very much the same regulations exist for the playing of football, the season for which begins on October 1 and ends on March 31, the allotment of grounds taking place on July 1 or soon afterwards. Application has to be made to the same authority, and the local arrangements are also under the charge of the head-keeper on duty, the only difference being that all football posts and belongings have to be cleared away by sunset owing to the shortness of the winter twilight. In Battersea Park there are seven fields of play available, on Blackheath there are eleven, on Clapham Common six, but when the improvements are finished there will be more; in Clissold Park there is one, in Dulwich Park there are two, on Eel Brook Common there is one, in Finsbury Park there are four, on Hackney Downs there are three, on Hampstead Heath there are five, in the Mill Fields there are seven, on Parliament Hill there are five, on Peckham Rye six, on Plumstead Common four, in Southwark Park four, on Streatham Common there were three, but that is not the case at present; on Tooting Common there are five, in Victoria Park five, and on Wandsworth Common four. Totalling this up, we find that about eighty football matches can take place every weekday of the season on the London County Council match grounds, to say nothing of the matches on the rougher grounds around.

On certain of the open spaces mentioned above, special grounds are set apart for the playing of lawn tennis, the season for which extends from May 1 to the end of September, and application to use these courts, which are marked out by the keepers, has to be made in the same way as for cricket. Neither at lawn tennis nor any other game is play permitted on Sundays. No net can be erected until the players are ready to begin the game, and as soon as the play ceases down must come the net, so as to allow the public to cross unhindered. No club or party can have more than one net at a time, and before the game begins a book has to be signed in which the time is noted at which the signature is made, so that the keeper

in charge of the ground can clear off any of the parties after they have been playing two hours, in order to make room for others who may be waiting to follow on. In all cases the decision rests with the keeper in charge or his superintendent, and in the event of any of our readers wishing to secure a court we should advise them in the first instance to inquire of this superintendent how to set about it. In the winter time, when lawn tennis is out of season, the ground left vacant is in a few instances occupied by lacrosse clubs, and these again obtain their permission in a similar manner.

But all the open spaces of London are not under the wing of the County Council. Regent's Park for instance is one of the most popular playgrounds, and is Crown property. On Primrose Hill, close by, there is also a thickly-crowded playground. In Hyde Park, great open space as it is, no games are allowed; once upon a time there were rounders at the trees near the magazine, but that state of affairs has long since been done away with. Neither in St. James's Park nor the Green Park are games permitted. And Greenwich Park, Richmond Park, and Bushy Park are also closed for such purposes, though an occasional glimpse of white flannels would appear to show that a favoured few, probably by securing the ear of the ranger, can obtain occasional permission. There are a few other odd places we need not particularise. At Lambeth Palace, for instance, there is a field, permission to use which for matches is, we believe, readily granted on application to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, however, reserves his favours for the clubs in the immediate neighbourhood.

Of regular cricket grounds there are, of course, Lord's and the Oval, and there are a few running grounds like Stamford Bridge, Paddington, and Balham; but these can hardly be called public in the sense of being open to all. There are a few cricket grounds, too, in the suburbs, mere temporary affairs, existing at the mercy of the builder, who at any moment may claim the land for the inevitable two-storey terrace, some of these grounds being, like Prince's, crowded off by the builders from one spot, to appear again in another and be crowded off again. And there may be a few small patches of common or green which we have not mentioned. Practically, however, the public playgrounds of London are Regent's Park, Primrose Hill, and the parks and spaces under the control of the County Council; all the rest are really private fields, the use of which must be paid for, often at a price far beyond the means of an ordinary school or club; and these fields, in the nature of things, are always on the outer ring of ever-growing London, and consequently get farther and farther from those living in the thick of the houses.

About a year ago there was started the London Playing Fields Committee, to help in securing additional playground accommodation. A sub-committee was appointed for every postal district, these sub-committees very soon becoming amalgamated owing to the difficulty in finding any accommodation at all in the central districts. One of these amalgamated committees, the Eastern, has this year got to work. On Chingford Plain and Wanstead Flats, by permission of the Conservators of Epping Forest, and through the liberality of the public, several cricket pitches have been laid down, and are kept in condition; and as the cost of keeping in repair, including mowing and rolling, is about £5 per pitch, that sum is charged to the club making use of it for the season. In the majority of cases, two clubs occupy the same pitch and share the expense between them. Further particulars of this excellent work can, we believe, be obtained from the Secretary of this Committee, Mr. H. W. Peters, of Corrie Lyn, Wood Green, N.; and other committees are getting to work, or hope to get to work, in other parts of London, particulars of which could doubtless be obtained at the Polytechnic in Regent Street, W. But it is obvious that a well-kept cricket pitch can only be obtained for £5 a year on a ground that pays but little rent, and what is wanted is a sufficient fund supported by outside sources to meet the inevitable deficit—and this at once exposes the scheme to criticism. In short, we are left with the consolation that if we want play we must pay for it, if not through our children, through ourselves; if not through the subscription list, then through the demand note of the rate collector!

Why, it may be asked, is it so necessary that such games as cricket and football should be encouraged? Why not take a walk or lounge about generally, and do nothing but rest? The answer is that in an organised game the recreation obtained is greater as giving a completer change; the mind is then so intent on doing well, according to certain methods or rules, that it has no time to think of the past or future, and in healthy excitement forgets its troubles and difficulties, childish though they may be.

THE "BOY'S OWN" DINNER-GONG, OR CALL-BELL: AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

By H. F. Hobden,

Author of "How to Build a Rowing Punt," "Boy's Own Model Locomotive," etc.

PART III.

Fig. 8 shows a top view of stand. Commence by drawing the two diameters AB and CD at right angles to each other; then draw another line, EF, parallel with AB at a distance of $2\frac{1}{5}$ inches; then inside these lines draw another two, GH and KL, $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch from EF and AB respectively; then with the

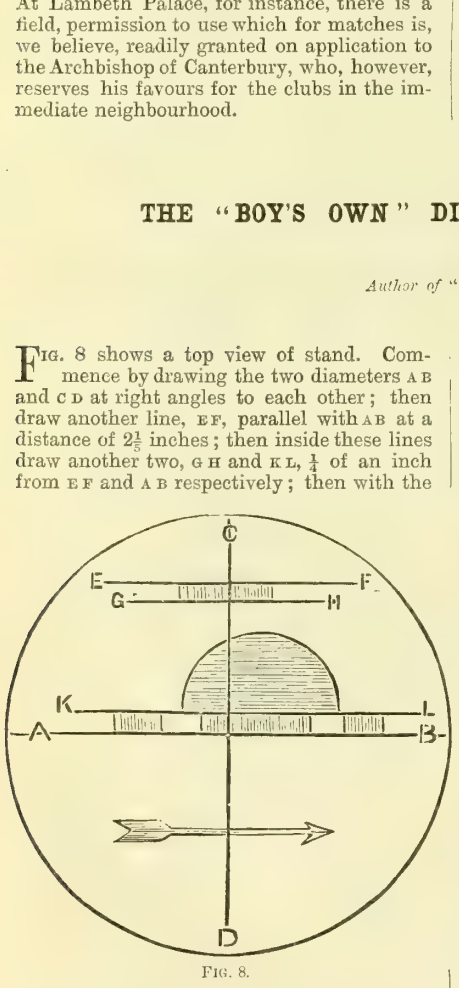


Fig. 8.

compasses on the line CD mark off $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch on each side of EF, as shown by the shaded portion, which has to be drilled and cut out with the fret-saw.

Then $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to the right of CD on line KL as centre, with a radius of $1\frac{3}{8}$ inch, strike the curve, and cut out the shaded portion as shown—this is to allow a portion of the bell to project through.

The squared holes between the lines AB

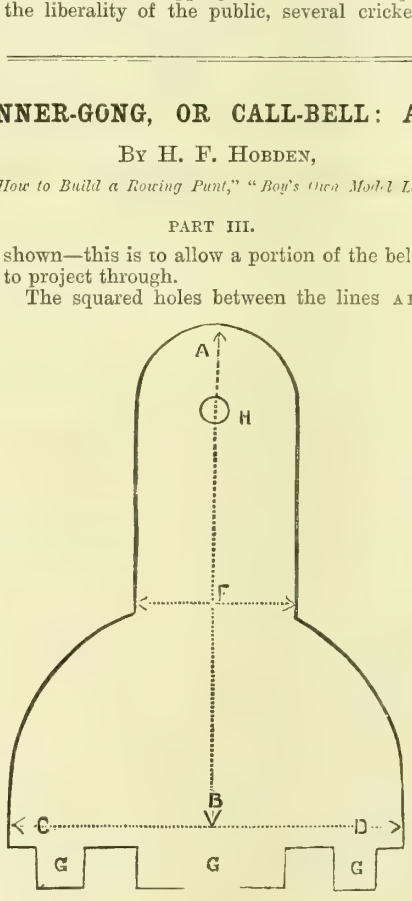


Fig. 9.

and KL must also be cut out to admit the feet of the standards, which will now be the next thing to make.

They should also be of oak $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and $5\frac{3}{16}$ high from A to B, Fig. 9, which shows in reduced size the front standard. It is $3\frac{1}{10}$ across CD, $2\frac{1}{10}$ across F, which is 3 inches from the top A.

The feet G should be rather over $\frac{1}{4}$ inch

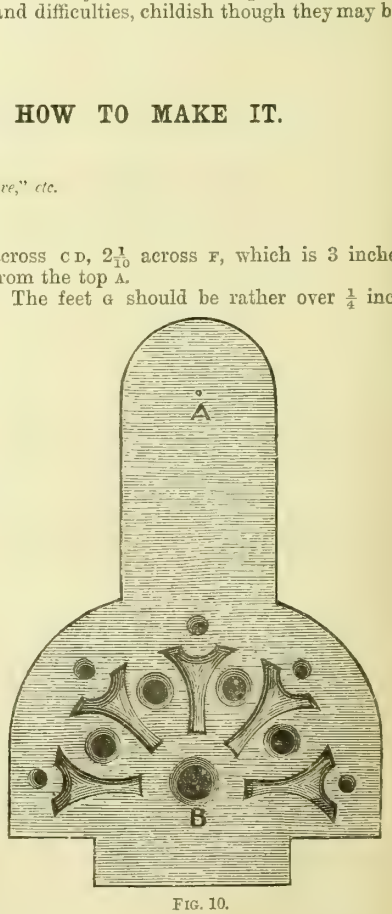


Fig. 10.

deep, and cut to fit the holes in the stand on line AB, Fig. 8.

The semicircular top A, Fig. 9, should be struck with the compasses, and the centre must be carefully marked, as that will be the position for the wheel-shaft or axle.

The back standard is shown at Fig 10, and should be cut exactly the same size and shape, with the exception that it has only one foot to fit the square hole on the line E F, Fig. 8.

Some $\frac{1}{4}$-inch holes should be drilled right through this standard to allow the sound to pass, and if arranged in a pattern with a little carved work between them, as shown at B, it forms an ornamentation to the back and takes off the plain look.

When the carving and sand-papering is finished, a small steel screw $\frac{1}{16}$ thick should be screwed into the centre A from the inside, as in Fig. 11, which is a full-size side-view

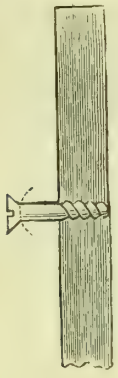


Fig. 11.

(mind you get it quite square with the wood), and when in position saw or file off the head and round off the sharp edges as at the dotted line. This forms a steel pin securely fastened to the oak, and is intended to carry the rear end of the wheel-shaft.

We will now turn our attention to a little metal work, and may commence by making the axle with its accessories, of which Fig. 12 is a full-size drawing.

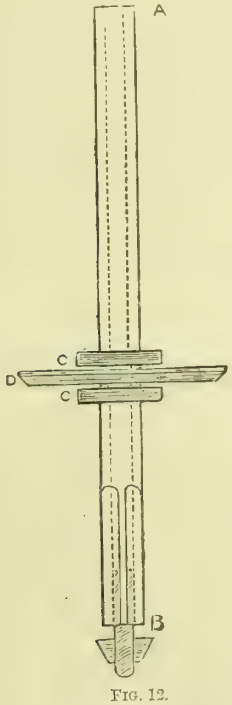


Fig. 12.

This must be small in diameter, and therefore it is better for the sake of strength to use a hollow shaft, as in a solid one there might be a flaw you could not detect until it gave way, which it might do at any moment and cause a good deal of trouble, so I advise you to use a piece of stout brass tubing $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long from A to B by $\frac{1}{5}$ outside diameter.

Chuck it firmly in the lathe and turn up the ends true and square; then make or procure a small screw not so large in diameter as the brass rod, and fitted with a nut; and it should have a short piece left to just fit the inside of tube: these you may easily make for yourself if you have a screw-plate.

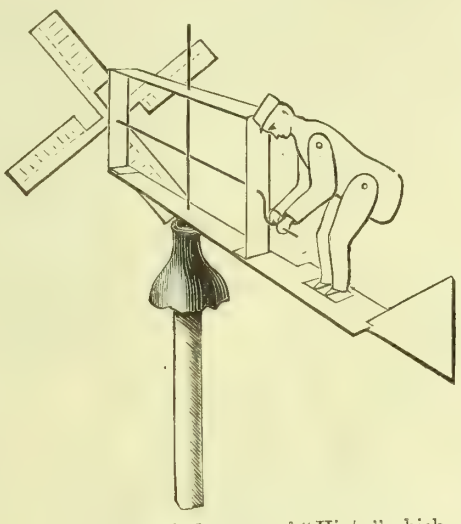
Then solder it into the tube at B, as shown by the dotted lines; the shaft must also be filled up to a square section from that end for a distance of $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch, to take the wheel.

Two small steel washers, C C, must then be turned to fit the shaft tightly, and are to be soldered securely to it close up to and on either side of the brass plate D, in which the shaft revolves as in a bearing.

(To be continued.)

WINDMILL TOYS.

By Somerville Gibney.



After the capital papers of "Hints" which have lately been appearing in the "B.O.P." there should be few ordinary matters in the way of "tinkering" beyond the powers of a handy boy, and his probable anxiety will now be to find something to mend or make. All the water-cans in the establishment will be trustworthy and secure, and the gardener will be able to arrive at the distant lettuce-bed with his full complement of water, and without leaving a glistening line behind him to mark his progress. But mending is one thing, and making is another; and there is more satisfaction in turning out something entirely your own handiwork than patching up that of somebody else.

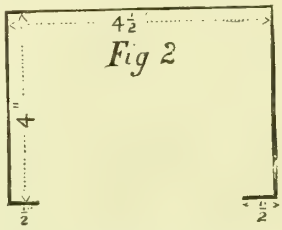
The little toy, a sketch of which (*not* drawn to scale) heads this article, will provide the handy boy with a goal for his ambition, and, without being very difficult of construction,



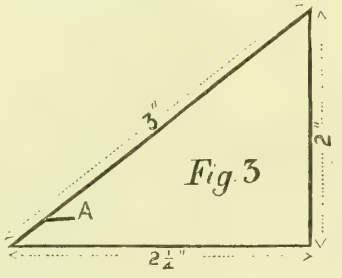
will be found to be amusing in action, and effective as a bird-scare in the garden.

The materials you will require are only some pieces of tin (old biscuit-boxes and such-like will provide them), two or three feet of copper wire, an old champagne bottle, and a pole. And now, having got your shears and soldering tools ready, you may commence.

To begin, cut out a strip of tin 7 inches in length, five of which inches are to be 1 inch wide, and the remaining two inches 2 inches in width, as in Fig. 1. This will form your foundation. Next, cut out another strip 1 inch in width and $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Bend this to the shape given in Fig. 2. Solder



the $\frac{1}{2}$-inch ends securely on to the foundation, making an almost square figure, with one side produced, as we say in Euclid. The side produced will be that end of the foundation which is 2 inches broad. A glance at the sketch at the commencement of this paper will make my meaning clear. Now cut out a third piece of tin of the shape and approximate dimensions given in Fig. 3. Cut a short slit in this at the point



marked A. Open the slit a little, and press the piece on to the centre of the wide end of the foundation. Another glance at the first sketch will make you understand. Apply a little solder to the four angles these two pieces form together, and the joint will be a very strong one. For your sails take two pieces of tin 5 inches long by $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide, and from each cut a piece of size and dimensions given in Fig. 4. Lay one of these over the other, exactly at right angles, and solder them thus securely. You have now only to give the broad parts the necessary cant by bending, and they will be ready. Through the centre point of their juncture make a hole, and fasten in it with a little solder a piece of the copper wire about $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long; and through the two upright supports make two holes exactly in a line, to carry the axle of your sails. These holes should be rather more than half-way up the supports. When the axle has passed the second hole, bend it so as to form a handle such as is used on a windlass.

Your next proceeding will be to cut out

your workman, and this you must do in five pieces. First, the body and head; secondly, the two arms; and, thirdly, the two legs. It will be the best plan to cut out an arm and

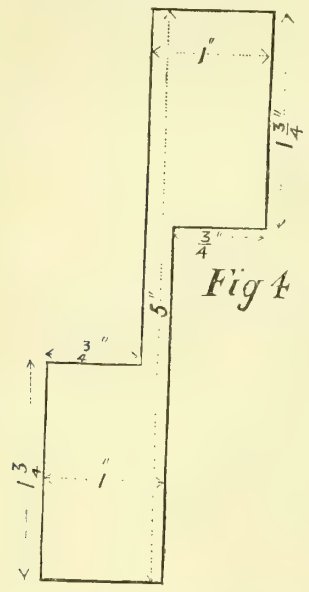
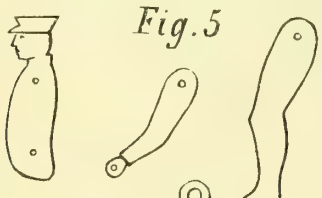


Fig 4

a leg, and then cut the second of each from these, as they should be exactly alike. The legs should have square pieces projecting under the feet, which you must bend at right angles, and they will then form supports to solder on to the foundation piece. But before you can do this, you must join the different parts together. Punch or drill holes in the limbs and trunk at the points marked in Fig. 5 by dots, and clear off any burr that


Fig.5

may remain with a file. Cut out four little tin washers, also shown in Fig. 5. Then with $\frac{1}{4}$-inch pieces of copper wire rivet the arms on to the trunk, having a washer on either side between them and the trunk. Mind you do not strike too hard; you don't want them tight, or anything like it. The arms must move perfectly freely. Treat the legs the same way. When your figure is put together, it should move so freely that it won't stand upright of itself. The hands of the figure should have holes in them through which to pass the handle. When you have done this, you may fix the figure by soldering the bent portion beneath each foot on to the extended side, at such a point that when the handle is furthest from the figure the latter bends forward in a natural manner, and when the handle comes round it clears the legs and body, and at its highest point causes the figure to stand straight up. The point and the height of the figure you will find out by experiment. It would be no fun for you if all dimensions were given, and you had nothing to find out for yourself. You will not find it a bad plan to make a figure in cardboard first, and, when you have discovered the right size, cut the tin one out from that.

There is one point you must be careful about, and that is the way you fix your sails; if they point the wrong way, the figure will move in a very unworkmanlike manner, dragging the handle towards him instead of turning it away from him. To avoid this you must have the broad part of the sails pointing towards the side on which your figure stands, as in the sketch.

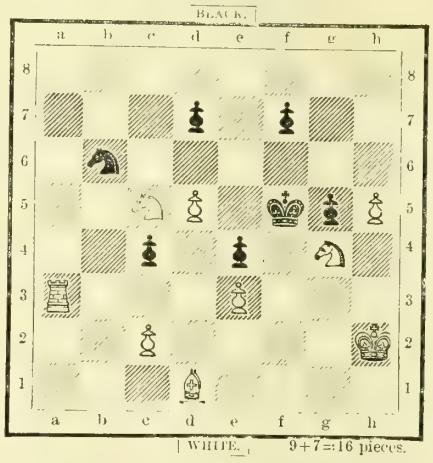
Now as to setting it up. Get a pole 6 or 7 feet high, or even more, and in the centre of the top of it thrust a piece of copper wire 7 or 8 inches in length, to be firm, and perfectly upright. Break off the top of a champagne bottle to a length of 3 or 4 inches, and place it over the wire, when it will form a kind of glass cap to the pole, on which your windmill can revolve easily. Next, through the foundation piece and the top piece make two holes exactly opposite, just at the balancing point of the mill, which you can roughly ascertain by experiment, but so that the pivot wire to pass through them shall be clear of the sail-axle. All that now remains to be done is to set up the pole firmly and perpendicularly in some open position, and whistle for the wind. As soon as this arrives you will see the tail-piece will bring the sails into the right direction—*i.e.*, the wind's eye—when they will commence spinning round, and the little man will wind away in the most energetic fashion, having all the appearance of turning the sails, and not being turned by them.

I have in this paper only given the very simplest form of the toy made in tin (but it may just as well be made in wood), and any ingenious boy will easily improve on it, by adding various other models which can be moved by the same set of sails. I have seen a *quasi* steam-engine hard at work, with fly-wheel spinning round, and piston-rod dashing backwards and forwards; and also three figures hammering away at an anvil. In fact, there is no end to what a clever boy, with a set of sails and a friend in the wind, may not turn out, if he will only give his mind to it.

CHESS.

Problem No. 266.

By M. Ehrenstein.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

King's Bishop's Game.

This opening, 1, P—K 4, P—K 4; 2, B—B 4, is a very safe one, and often played by great masters. A fine specimen of it, played between McDonnell (White) and Boden (Black), is this:—

White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. B—B 4	B—B 4
3. P—Q Kt 4	B × Kt P
4. P—Q B 3	B—B 4
5. P—Q 4	P × P
6. P × P	B—Kt 5 (ch)
7. K—B sq	B—R 4
8. Q—R 5	P—Q 4
9. B × P	Q—K 2
10. B—R 3	Kt—K B 3
11. B × P (ch)	Q × B
12. Q × B	Kt—B 3
13. Q—R 4	Kt × P
14. Kt—K B 3	B—Q 2
15. Q Kt—Q 2	Kt × Kt (ch)
16. Kt × Kt	Castles
17. R—Q Kt sq	Q—Q 4
18. Kt—B 3	B—B 4
19. R—Q sq	K R—K sq
20. B—B 5	Q × Kt
21. P × Q	B—R 6 (ch)
22. K—Kt sq	R—K 3
23. Q—B 2	R × P
24. B × R	Kt × B

and after White's next move (Q × P, ch.), Black will give mate in four moves.

Solutions.

Problem 256, page 239.—1, K—Kt 2, B × R (ch.) (or *a*, *b*, *c*). 2, K—Kt 3, B × Q. 3, B—R 7 mate. (*a*) K × R. 2, K—Kt 3 (dis. ch.), K—Q 6. 3, Q—Q sq. mate. (*b*) R × R. 2, Q R 5 (ch.), K × P. 3, Kt K 5 mate. (*c*) B × Kt or R—Q 4. 2, Q—R 7 (ch.), K—Kt 5. 3, Q—R 3 mate. Solved by W. T. Hurley and J. Swyer.

Problem No. 257, page 255. 1, K × P, P—R 8 Q (ch.). 2, B × Q, R moves. 3, R to one of 10 squares accordingly, discover check and mate. Solved by W. T. Hurley and J. D. Tucker.

Problem No. 258.- 1, P—B 5, P—K 7 (or *a*, *b*). 2, Q × P, P × Q. 3, B—Kt 2 mate. (*a*) B—Kt 3. 2, R—B 5 (ch.), any. 3, Q mates. (*b*) Kt—Q 6. 2, R—B 4, K × R or Kt—B 4. 3, Q—B 6 or R—Q 4 mate. Solved by W. T. Hurley and J. D. Tucker.

Problem No. 259, page 271.—1, Q—R 6, and 2, Q or B mates. Solved by W. T. Hurley.

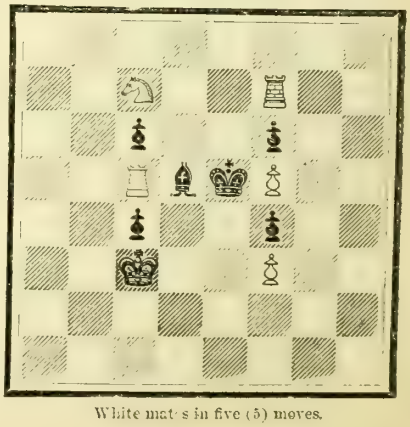
Problem No. 260, page 303.—1, Q × P, and 2, Q, P, or R mates. Solved by Jessie and Winnie Tucker.

H

in honour of our esteemed Editor,

G. A. Hutchison,

By H. F. L. Meyer.


White mates in five (5) moves.



MAY.

I.—In Poultry-Run, Pigeon-Loft, Aviary, Rabbitry, Caviary, etc.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

Fancy Mice.—Some boys have asked me rather pleadingly to say a word about these. Now, I do not want a whole thousand or two of our readers to start mice-breeding, but I must say it is a delightful and instructive little fancy for lads. A boy who gains experience in breeding mice may become a great stock-keeper when a man, and go in for thoroughbred horses or polled cattle, rivalling even Her Most Gracious Majesty in winning prizes at big shows.

Now, you can buy fancy mice from sixpence each and upwards, and the food costs but little; while, as your stock increases, you may make the cages. Some fancy mice of strange colours will sell for half-a-guinea each. 1. The cages must be roomy and strong; four or five doe mice may be kept in one. 2. They must be kept very clean. 3. Best disinfectant is Sanitas, but it must not take the place of cleanliness. 4. *Food:* luncheon biscuit steeped in a little milk thrice a week, or *stale* bread or Spratt biscuit. Crushed oats and canary seed, a little bran now and then, and any nut that does not contain oil. 5. Dishes for the food. 6. Soft food best in the morning, grains by day. 7. No cheese or dainties, no strong green food. 8. Sawdust slightly moistened with Sanitas. 9. Don't breed with mice till they are three months old. 10. They go in kindling from twelve to fourteen days. 11. Young are born naked, and want cotton wool in nesting apartment. 12. They are weaned at the age of two weeks, and in two weeks after the doe may be mated again. N.B. Mate two of different colours to get fancy colours. Tortoiseshell are valuable, so are fawns and piebald. If you could breed some marked like Dutch rabbits you would bring down the house. Books on Mice: They are fully treated of in a wee book published by Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, cost 6*d*. Also in Warne & Co.'s book called "Hints about Home and Farm Favourites," and in "Minor Pets," published by Swan Sonnenschein.

The Poultry-Run.—We shall, I believe, have a fine May and a rather dry summer. You will continue to set hens when you have the chance. Some fowls really give one the chance too often, but you must have few of that kind about. And you will attend well to your chickens. I told you all about them in my last, and about cooping. I do not remember if I said the coop ought to be big and roomy. I have seen coops so small that the hen had to squat all day. Now, it is just as cruel to keep a hen all day long in a coop as it is to keep a poor dog constantly on the chain.

I hope you have a nice grass run for your fowls. It is really very difficult to keep them in good health unless you have, for the simple reasons that they neither get exercise nor the kind of food they ought to have a portion of, and which they always find for themselves on the grass. Well, if you really have not got a grass run, you must try to do the best you can without. Struggle, therefore, to keep the run dry and sweet. Diarrhœa and debility are so often found among fowls that are huddled together in a small, wet run, to say nothing of liver complaint, cramp, bumble foot, etc. Some kind of garden refuse ought to be thrown in to them about once in two days, even if this be only the mowings from the grass plot. Scatter oats, barley, or rice among this so that they may have to search to find it, and keep the dust bath in the driest and most excellent order, not forgetting the sulphur and the lime from old walls, for fowls will not do well without this.

Fatten fowls and ducks by penning them and feeding rationally. I cannot approve of the cramming plan. It seems to me but next in cruelty to the *paté de fois gras* system with geese.

The Pigeon-Loft.—Boy correspondents frequently ask me about "canker" in the pigeon. I say woe be to you if you get this horrible disease in your pigeonry; it will completely spoil your season, attacking every young bird, perhaps killing nearly all. It is, in my opinion, entirely a disorder produced by overcrowding, foul water, and dirty food; but once started it is, of course, most infectious, or, at any rate, contagious. The best way of curing it is to prevent it. That may sound Irish, but it is common sense. Canker may attack the throat or the head. Take the bird away at once, and go in for cleaning and disinfection. Gather up your loins and set to work like a man. You needn't dabble with cures much; you will only give the bird pain and do little good. The safest application, perhaps, is equal parts of glycerine and tincture of iron put on twice or thrice a day with a camel's hair brush.

Let the food now be the best grey peas, dari, wheat, rice, maize, etc. See to its cleanness. Give clean water in a well-rinsed fountain every morning. If you find the hopper empty of a morning, it is a sign you did not put enough in the night before. See to the comfort of your pets before you get your own breakfast. A boy that can sit down and tuck in his own morning meal slowly and lazily, as some boys do, will never be a great man or worth his salt. Salt cat you will not forget, nor gravel and old lime, nor some green food, such as lettuce-leaves.

The Aviary.—Read last month's "Doings." I hope that everything is going well with you, and that you have eggs or perhaps young birds. Take care that the egg and bread-crumb is always nice and sweet. No shop eggs, please, nor French. Irish will do at present; it is when eggs are dear that Irish eggs are stale.

Ventilation in a room where birds are kept is most important both for the birds and the human bipeds. So always have the window open a couple of hours a day or more. Not a little way, mind you, because that means a dangerous draught, but right up or right down, as the case may be. You may protect the breeding cage, however.

Don't forget clean food.

This is the bird-nesting season. How little do boys think of the amount of misery they cause to our innocent songsters by robbing their nests! Indeed, what with boys robbing nests and women wearing birds in their hats, before long we shall hardly have a British songster left in England. There are three people in this world I thoroughly detest. 1. The boy who wantonly destroys young birds and their nests. A boy of this sort should never aspire to anything higher than being a billiard-marker or a poulterer's clerk. 2. The man who devours a lark on toast. I don't care if he be an earl or a duke, he is but a soulless "coof." 3. The young lady who wears birds in her bonnet or hat. I do not wish her any harm, but birds worn thus always bring bad luck to the wearer—so, at least, I have been told. So, ladies, beware!

The Rabbitry.—Just continue to feed as well as you know how to, on roots, oats, and green food, not damp, with now and then a nice mash. As the summer wears on and gets warmer, be most careful to keep your rabbits clean, and as now you will have them out of doors, beware of leakage through the roof. No matter how much bedding you put in, it will soon be useless if the hutches leak.

Leave no roots or green food about to decay.

The Kitchen Garden.—Put in more peas for rotation of crops. Plant greens to come on in autumn. Keep down weeds. Thin out beds, and keep everything in the pink of beauty and cleanliness.

The Flower Garden.—About the middle of this month will be soon enough to bed down, but of course all will depend on the weather. Though we are to have a nice May, a night's frost *may* come. Do not forget to plant dwarf asters; they make such a charming show in autumn.

The Window Garden.—Keep your boxes well watered and free from weeds. A little liquid manure does much good now and then. Canary creepers and tropæolum speciosum should not be forgotten. Study window gardening wherever you see it. A glance is often better than a whole lecture on this subject.

II.—Entomology.

By the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.

In May the entomologist will find himself pretty well overwhelmed with work. Butterflies and moths are coming out fast; caterpillars are appearing in multitudes; beetles are more numerous than in almost any other month of the year: and every hour that the collector can spare for his favourite pursuit will be fully occupied.

First as to butterflies. Look out for the two Pearl-bordered Fritillaries (*Argynnis Euphrosyne* and *Selene*) in the open parts of woods. The Glanville Fritillary (*M. Cinxia*) also appears, but is exceedingly local. Look for it in rough, broken ground, where the narrow-leaved plantain is abundant. The Wood White (*Leucophasia sinapis*), slow of flight and easy to catch, is on the wing, and affects woodland clearings. The Black-veined White (*Aporia crataegi*) *used* to appear, but seems now to be almost extinct. The Grizzled Skipper (*Hesperia alveolus*) is usually plentiful on slopes and railway banks; but, as it only remains on the wing for a very short time, specimens should be taken at once.

For moths the beating-stick will be invaluable. The term, however, is rather a misnomer; "shaking-stick" would be a more suitable title. Cut a hazel rod about four feet long, with a fork at one end, and with this *shake* the bushes. "Beating" is less effectual, and results in a good deal of injury to foliage. Remember that the moths almost invariably fly out on the *leeward* side; and be ready with the net. Many moths take some little time in making up their minds to fly, so do not be in too great a hurry to pass on. Nearly all the moths taken in this manner will be *Geometræ*.

Palings and tree-trunks should be carefully and regularly examined. This should be done *early*, for when the sun begins to shine upon a fence the moths leave it. Searching the palings is quite a knack, which comes only by practice. Some moths are very hard to see, owing to their resemblance to bits of stick, dead leaves, or splashes of mud. Others creep into a convenient crevice, and cannot be ejected without great difficulty. In such cases a little gentle persuasion with a grass-stem will often be found very useful. Moths on tree-trunks are still more inconspicuous, and the keenest eye will often fail to detect them. They seldom rest at more than five feet from the ground, however, and usually select either the northern or western side of the trunk.

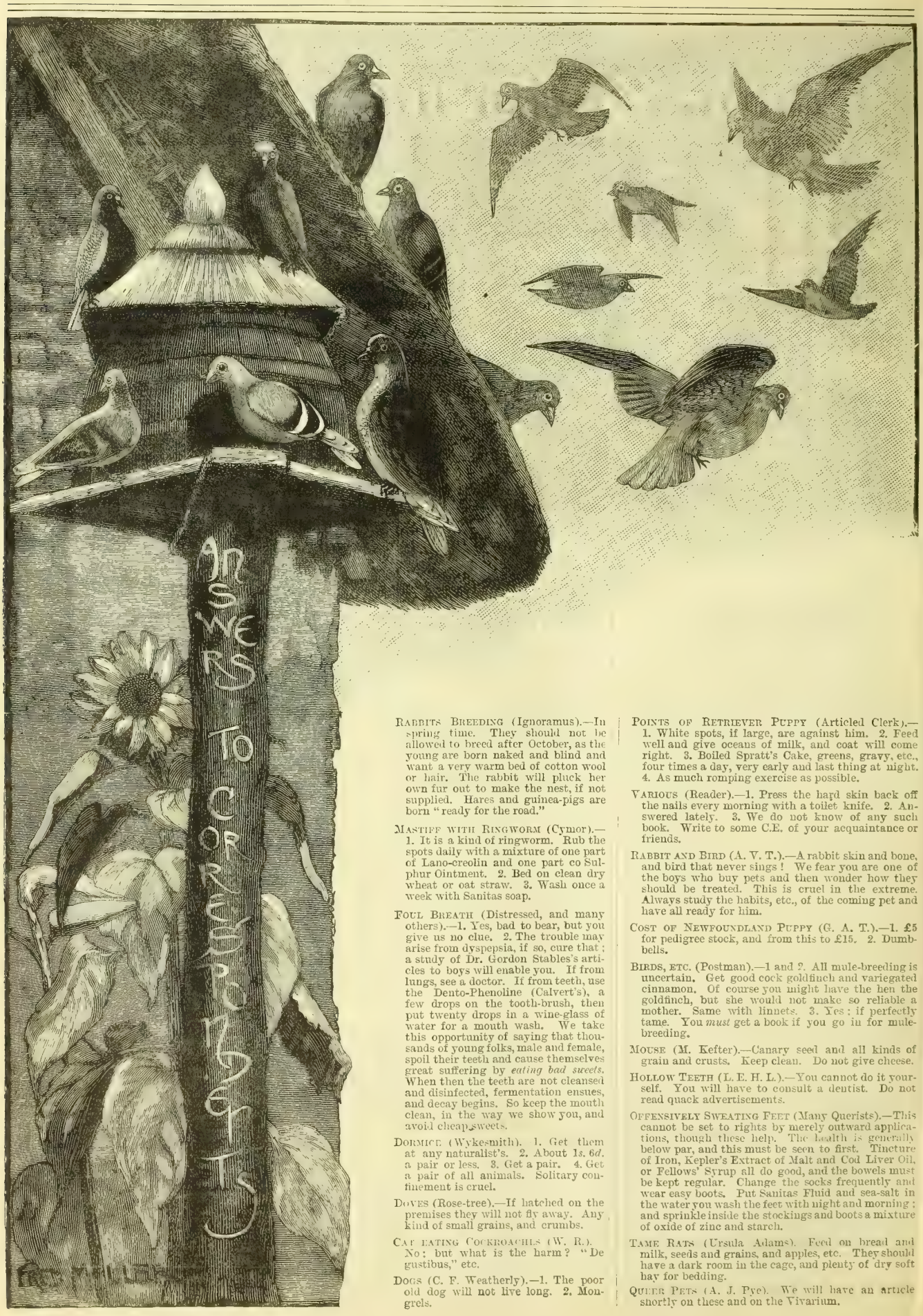
Light will be very attractive this month. Visit the street lamps as often as possible, especially upon warm, dark evenings, when there is a probability of rain. Old clothes should be worn, as many moths cannot be obtained without swarming the posts. Some moths sit upon the glass, others cling to the uprights, and a few get underneath and find their way inside. These latter are the most troublesome of all, as, in order to get at them, it is necessary to open the door.

Hardly any *noctuæ* are to be found in May, and the treacle-pot may be left at home. The exquisite Beautiful Yellow Underwing (*Anarta myrtilli*), however, flies over heather in the sunshine, and the still smaller Dwarf Yellow Underwing (*Heliodes arbuti*) over miscellaneous herbage on railway banks and in meadows.

Caterpillars will be plentiful both by day and night; and those who wish for good "specimens" will do well to capture and breed as many as possible. Trees should be beaten over an umbrella, or a sheet spread on the ground. For night-work a lantern will, of course, be necessary.

Beetles appear in myriads. Do as much as you can with the sweeping-net. After dusk quite a new lot of beetles come out, and the contents of the net, if brought home in a well-made canvas bag, tied *tightly* round the neck, will prove exceedingly productive. Do not attempt to examine more than a very small quantity of the sweepings at a time.

The blossoms of elder and hawthorn usually swarm with beetles, as do those of many of the umbelliferous plants. Ditch-plants, too, are very productive. Something like half the British beetles, indeed, are to be found during May; and he who does not greatly improve his collection in the "merrie month" must be either exceptionally unfortunate or—exceptionally lazy!



RABBITS BREEDING (Ignoramus).—In spring time. They should not be allowed to breed after October, as the young are born naked and blind and want a very warm bed of cotton wool or hair. The rabbit will pluck her own fur out to make the nest, if not supplied. Hares and guinea-pigs are born "ready for the road."

MASTIFF WITH RINGWORM (Cymor).—1. It is a kind of ringworm. Rub the spots daily with a mixture of one part of Lano-creolin and one part co Sulphur Ointment. 2. Bed on clean dry wheat or oat straw. 3. Wash once a week with Sanitas soap.

FOUL BREATH (Distressed, and many others).—1. Yes, bad to bear, but you give us no clue. 2. The trouble may arise from dyspepsia, if so, cure that; a study of Dr. Gordon Stables's articles to boys will enable you. If from lungs, see a doctor. If from teeth, use the Dento-Phenoline (Calvert's), a few drops on the tooth-brush, then put twenty drops in a wine-glass of water for a mouth wash. We take this opportunity of saying that thousands of young folks, male and female, spoil their teeth and cause themselves great suffering by *eating bad sweets*. When then the teeth are not cleansed and disinfected, fermentation ensues, and decay begins. So keep the mouth clean, in the way we show you, and avoid cheap sweets.

DORMICE (Wykesmith). 1. Get them at any naturalist's. 2. About 1*s.* 6*d.* a pair or less. 3. Get a pair. 4. Get a pair of all animals. Solitary confinement is cruel.

DOVES (Rose-tree).—If hatched on the premises they will not fly away. Any kind of small grains, and crumbs.

CAT EATING COCKROACHES (W. R.). No; but what is the harm? "De gustibus," etc.

DOGS (C. F. Weatherly).—1. The poor old dog will not live long. 2. Mongrels.

POINTS OF RETRIEVER PUPPY (Articled Clerk).—1. White spots, if large, are against him. 2. Feed well and give oceans of milk, and coat will come right. 3. Boiled Spratt's Cake, greens, gravy, etc., four times a day, very early and last thing at night. 4. As much romping exercise as possible.

VARIOUS (Reader).—1. Press the hard skin back off the nails every morning with a toilet knife. 2. Answered lately. 3. We do not know of any such book. Write to some C.E. of your acquaintance or friends.

RABBIT AND BIRD (A. V. T.).—A rabbit skin and bone, and bird that never sings! We fear you are one of the boys who buy pets and then wonder how they should be treated. This is cruel in the extreme. Always study the habits, etc., of the coming pet and have all ready for him.

COST OF NEWFOUNDLAND PUPPY (G. A. T.).—1. £5 for pedigree stock, and from this to £15. 2. Dumbbells.

BIRDS, ETC. (Postman).—1 and 2. All mule-breeding is uncertain. Get good cock goldfinch and variegated cinnamon. Of course you might have the hen the goldfinch, but she would not make so reliable a mother. Same with linnets. 3. Yes: if perfectly tame. You *must* get a book if you go in for mule-breeding.

MOUSE (M. Kefter).—Canary seed and all kinds of grain and crusts. Keep clean. Do not give cheese.

HOLLOW TEETH (L. E. H. L.).—You cannot do it yourself. You will have to consult a dentist. Do not read quack advertisements.

OFFENSIVELY SWEATING FEET (Many Querists).—This cannot be set to rights by merely outward applications, though these help. The health is generally below par, and this must be seen to first. Tincture of Iron, Kepler's Extract of Malt and Cod Liver Oil, or Fellows' Syrup all do good, and the bowels must be kept regular. Change the socks frequently and wear easy boots. Put Sanitas Fluid and sea-salt in the water you wash the feet with night and morning; and sprinkle inside the stockings and boots a mixture of oxide of zinc and starch.

TAME RATS (Ursula Adams). Feed on bread and milk, seeds and grains, and apples, etc. They should have a dark room in the cage, and plenty of dry soft hay for bedding.

QUEER PETS (A. J. Pye). We will have an article shortly on these and on the Vivarium.



THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER"] Grover & Co., Nottingham. [56, *Paternoster Row.*

MOONRISE OFF GRAVESEND.

Painted by H. MAURICE PAGE.

(EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, 1889.)

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 642.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"Against which leaned Fisher II."

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—HAWK'S PIKE.

Victory has its drawbacks, like everything else. The brilliant retreat of the Modern juniors and their auxiliaries

under the enemy's fire was all very well as a strategic movement. But when it came to deciding what to do next, the difficulties of the situation became painfully apparent.

Mr. Stratton stayed half an hour chatting over the shop affairs, and then rose to go.

"Good-night, boys. It's time for Mr. Forder's boys to be back in their house."

This unpleasant reminder had a very damping effect on the conviviality of the party generally. As soon as the master had gone, Wally said:

"It strikes me you Modern kids are in a bit of a mess."

"I'm afraid your bedroom will be a little untidy," said Fisner II.

"The best thing you can do is to climb back by the window," suggested D'Arcy.

"I don't fancy you'll want a warming-pan to-night," said Ashby.

This was all very nice and helpful. The heroes looked at one another dismally.

"We must lump it," said Percy. "They can't do anything very bad."

"Can't they?" said Cottle. "Were you ever licked by Brinkman?"

"No," said the others.

"All right—I have been—that's all."

This sounded alarming. D'Arcy said:

"Why don't you come over to our side, and cut that lot. We could have no end of larks if you were Classics, instead of little Modern beasts."

"Our side's as good as yours," snapped Lickford.

"All serene; you'd better go and join them," said Wally.

This did not advance the argument much further. Of course it was out of the question to go and tell tales to the Classic prefects, or even to their own master. Nor was the suggestion of sleeping that night on the Classic side hailed with enthusiasm by either party.

On the whole D'Arcy's suggestion of getting back by the window seemed the most hopeful. When once back they would go straight to bed, where they would be safe for a while. Then, if they could manage to rise at the supernatural hour of six, they might succeed in evading the penalties of rebellion for another day. For to-morrow being exeat day, they would be free to roam where they liked. And they had a very good idea that somewhere would give Forder's house a very wide berth.

"Tell you what!" exclaimed Wally, slapping his brother on the back so hard as to cause him to yell loud enough to bring every prefect of Fellsgarth on to the spot. "Tell you what, old chappies; of course we will! Why ever didn't we think of it before—eh?"

"Think of what?"

"Why, we'll go up Hawk's Pike, of course."

"Of course we will," said everybody.

What mattered it to *them* that Hawk's Pike had defied the ordinary tourist for generations? *They* weren't ordinary tourists, or anything like.

"You come over for us at six," said Wally. "Bring the grub we left in your room. It'll be a regular sell for all those chaps. We'll make a day of it."

It seemed a magnificent solution of the problem; and on the strength of it the five truants departed, not without misgivings, for their quarters.

The rope was still dangling from their window, and Cash, whose father was in the navy, was selected by general consent as the member of the party best qualified to make the first ascent. He modestly tried to induce some one else to assume the honour, but he was outvoted, and, devoutly hoping to find the coast clear of the enemy, he addressed himself to the venture.

It was not particularly arduous for a decent climber, and in a couple of minutes his companions saw him swing himself on to the ledge, and disappear into the room.

In a moment he put out his head.

"All clear," said he. "The door's smashed in, and all the things kicked about anyhow; but there's no one about."

That was the main thing. The company speedily followed, materially assisted in their clamber by sundry knots tied in the rope by the ingenious Cash, and by his energetic hauling from above.

The programme was carried out without a hitch. Without waiting for the bed-bell they one and all presented themselves to the dormitory dame, and requested permission to turn in; pleading severe fatigue (which was by no means imaginary), as the reason for this unwonted haste. So smartly was the retirement effected, that no one was aware of their return to their house until half an hour later. When the dormitory filled up, their five noses were discernible peeping from out the sheets.

Whatever chastisement the prefects may have had in store for them evidently could not be administered at present For a disturbance in the dormitory was a capital offence in Mr. Forder's eyes, and, as the master's room was adjacent, and he was known to have returned and to be within earshot, the only thing possible was secretly to promise the rebels a warm time of it as soon as they woke next morning.

But revenge sleeps sounder than caution. As five struck in the clock tower, Ramshaw, who had had it on his mind he might oversleep himself, and, in consequence, had been up looking at his watch every ten minutes during the night, slipped finally out of bed and roused each of his partners. He expected no gratitude for his good offices, and was not disappointed. The sleepers growled and grunted at his well-meant efforts, pulled the clothes over their heads, called him unfriendly names, threatened him with untold vengeance, and scouted all idea of danger by delay, till he was almost tired of trying. But by the end of three-quarters of an hour, with the aid of a moist sponge and other persuasives, he got them to their feet well awake to a sense of the undertaking before them.

They still grumbled—at the cold, and the darkness, and the fatigue, and blamed Ramshaw for all three. They heartily despised themselves for their promise to the Classic boys last night, and still more for the row with their own prefects, which was the cause of all this inconvenience. But as they gradually slipped on their clothes, and the warm bed receded more into the background, they cheered up and recovered their courage.

There was no difficulty in getting out. The dormitory door stood open. Brinkman, who was the prefect on duty, lay snoring loud and long in the end bed Mr. Forder's bedroom was on the safe side of a brick wall. Carrying their boots in their hands they slunk off to their study, where they made a hasty selection from the miscellaneous provisions stored overnight, and then, one by one, solemnly slid down the rope.

Once on the grass, in the chill, dark air, depression fell upon them a second time. Their thoughts returned to the snug beds they had left. Even Brinkman and Clapperton could not take it out of them more than this white frost and nipping air. However, the bell began to toll six; and the thought of their companions in discomfort spurred them on to energy. They crawled across the green to Wakefield's.

Four ghostly figures were visible in the feeble dawn, hovering under the wall.

"Got the grub?"

It was the cheery voice of Wally Wheatfield, at sound of which the pilgrims took comfort and were glad they had turned out after all.

The first thing was to get clear of Fellsgarth, which was easily accomplished, as no one was about. Even had they been observed, beyond the general wonder of seeing nine juniors taking a morning walk at 6 A.M., there was nothing to interfere with their liberty. As soon as they got into Shargle Woods a brief council of war was held.

"It's a jolly stiff climb," said Wally.

"I've got a compass," said Ashby, as if that disposed of the difficulty. Ashby had an ulster, which just then seemed to some of his comrades a still more enviable possession.

"How many miles?" asked Lickford.

"Miles? Who ever reckoned mountains by miles? It's three hours to the top."

"That'll be nine o'clock," wisely observed Cash.

"Who knows the way up?" Percy asked.

"Way up? Can't you see it?" said Wally. "When you get to the bottom, you go straight up."

"All very well for you. I can't walk up a perpendicular cliff. I daresay I could come straight down if I tried," submitted Percy.

"Oh, there are lots of paths. It's as easy as pot," said Wally. "Suppose we have a bit of grub now. It'll be less to carry, you know."

Whereupon an attack was made on the provisions, with the result that considerably less was left to carry up.

The meal ended, a start was made in earnest, and the party trailed down the valley towards the lake at an easy jog-trot, and came to the conclusion that ascending a pike was ridiculously simple work.

By the time they reached the lake, and began to strike up the winding lane that led round to the rearward slopes of the great mountain, an hour had passed.

"Nearly half way there," said Fisher II, hoping some one would corroborate the statement.

"Oh, we don't count that bit we've come anything," said Wally. "We're just starting up now."

"Oh," said Fisher, again hoping to be confirmed. "Then it's only two hours' climb?"

"That's all you know about it. Wisdom used to say he could do it in three hours from the lake side. But he was a wonner to go. Come along; wire in, you chaps."

"Where did Wisdom get killed?" asked Percy, by way of a little genial conversation.

"I heard over the other side, down the cliffs above the lake. He got caught in a mist and lost his way."

"How do you know this is the right way up?" asked Cottle.

"Because it's as plain as the nose before your face," retorted the guide.

It was a long dreary pull up the lower slope, over the wet grass and through the bracken, and Fisher II before he accomplished the first stage was heartily sick of Hawk's Pike. One or two of his companions, to tell the truth, were not quite as enamoured of the expedition as they tried to appear, but they kept their emotions to themselves. Wally was the only member of the party who was uniformly cheerful, and no one, not even Percy, exactly liked to incur his contempt by appearing to enjoy the clamber less than he.

"Come on, you chaps," cried the leader as he staggered to the top of the slope. "Keep it up. What a crow it will be for us, when we get to the top!"

"I suppose," gasped Fisher II, as he threw himself on the grass, "we're halfway now?"

"Getting on," said Wally. "I daresay on the top of that next ridge we shall be able to see the top."

"What, isn't that the top?" said poor Fisher, craning his head up towards the beetling crag above them.

"Top? No, that's the knob halfway down we see from the School window. The stiff part begins after that."

Really Wally, if he had tried to be heartless, could not have succeeded better. Had he but expressed some hint at regret that the distance was so long, or vouchsafed the least semblance of a growl at the labour involved, they would have loved him. As it was, they durst do nothing but hate him, and accept his information joyously.

"That's nothing," said Lickford. "I feel quite fresh; don't you, you chaps?"

"Rather!" they chimed in plaintively.

"Better get on," said Wally, after a few minutes more. How they loathed Wally then!

The new slope was worse than the first; for the grass was more boggy, and big stones here and there jarred their tender feet. Besides, it grieved them to see Wally zigzagging steadily on ahead, utterly regardless of their distress behind. Yet no one exactly liked to stop. Had any one had the courage to do so, they would have gone down like a row of ninepins.

Let no one charge these boys with chickenheartedness. On the contrary, they worked up that slope like heroes; all the more so that they were ready to drop, and durst not for very shame. There is no hero like the coward who compels himself to be brave. Many a man in history has become famous for an exploit that cost him far less than this climb cost the Fellsgarth juniors. Therefore let this record at least award them the credit they deserve.

It was some satisfaction, when the knob was reached, and they looked up at the black towering crags above, to see that even Wally seemed staggered for a moment.

"We may as well have a rest and some grub before we tackle that lot," said he. "What do you say?"

The motion was carried unanimously.

"It's eleven o'clock," said Cash. "We've been five hours already."

"Thank goodness we've broken the back of it," said Fisher II.

"I don't know so much about that," said Percy. "We shan't get up that as easily as we've done so far, I fancy."

"Rather not," said Wally, cheerfully, with his mouth full of sandwich. "I believe it's not so bad after we get past those rocks though, on to the top."

"What," cried Fisher, "isn't *that* the top then?"

"Bless you, no. We have to go down a bit when we get there, and cross a bog, and then the real pike begins."

The information was received with dead silence, and the party sat grimly munching their lunch with upturned eyes.

"Which way do we go?" asked Cottle presently.

"I suppose up by the stream. It's bound to lead up to the bog."

The stream in question was a torrent which fell in a series of leaps through a narrow gorge in the rocks.

Fisher II looked very blue.

"I wish I'd got my strong boots," said he.

The dismal tone in which he uttered the words startled the others.

"I say, young Fisher," said D'Arcy, "you're not done yet, are you?"

Fisher had not the pluck to say "yes."

"I'll be game after this rest. I got a little blown up that last bit, that's all."

"It doesn't look awfully far now," said Ashby.

"It's further than it looks. Come on; let's be jogging," said Wally.

The new ascent, which consisted chiefly in clambering from stone to stone up the rocky ravine, was less exhausting than the tramp up the bog, and as Wally was no better at this sort of climbing than any of the rest, he did not dishearten them by getting hopelessly ahead, but kept with the party. Occasionally they had to help one another up a specially stiff ledge, and this mutual accommodation was an additional source of comfort to the weak goers. Progress was very slow. Cash, having hauled himself up on to a little platform of moss, looked at his watch and was alarmed to find it was past one. The huge ravine, at the far head of which they could see the open sky, seemed a tremendous distance yet. And after that, according to Wally, was to come the bog and the cliffs beyond, on which Wisdom lost his life.

Yet none of these things was quite so bad as the rolling up of some fleecy clouds behind them, which effaced the view below, and seemed to be crawling up the mountain in pursuit of them.

Cash pointed this out to Wally, who grunted.

"We shall miss the view from the top," said he.

"If we ever get there," said Cash.

On they scrambled again, casting every now and then a longing look upward at the grim ravine head, and now and then an anxious glance behind at the fast overhauling clouds.

"We're bound to get out of it up there," sang out Wally.

But almost as he spoke the light mist swept past him, blotting out everything but the boulder he stood on and a rift of the dashing water at his feet.

The clouds had befriended Fisher II. They did what he durst not do; ordered the party to halt.

"Where are you?" shouted Wally from the invisible.

"Here; where are you?"

"Stay there, and I'll come to you."

Slowly the party foregathered, and stood huddled in the blinding mist on a flat rock.

"It's blowing over," said Wally. "We'd better make back for the hill side, and get out of this ravine till it clears up."

It was no easy task scrambling back, down that difficult way, over boulders already made slippery by the moist mist, and not able to see four yards ahead. The clouds poured up to meet them in column upon column, growing denser and wetter every minute. At last, how they scarcely knew, they came down to where the rush of the water ceased and the stones gave place to wet grass.

"We must be somewhere near where we sat down last," said Ashby. "Whew! it's cold."

"The thing is," said Percy, "aren't we too much out to the left. There's no sign of a path that I can see."

"This looks like one," said a voice ahead, which they recognised as Wally's. "Come along—this way."

They followed as well as they could, and groped about for the path. Then they shouted.

Wally replied out of the mist.

"Stay there a bit—it's not a path. I'll yell when I've got it."

They waited, and for five minutes listened anxiously for the signal. Then they thought they heard it away to the right, and floundered off in pursuit. But after a little they discovered that they were going up hill.

"Hadn't we better go back to where we were," said Cash, "or we may miss him?"

It occurred to most of the party that they had missed him already. Still they decided to go back.

Presently they distinctly heard what sounded like a voice below them.

"That must be he. Yell!"

They shouted, and again there seemed to come a faint response.

"All right," said Percy. "Stay where you are, and I'll go and fetch him up."

And he vanished into the mist.

"What's the time?" said Ashby, as the party stood dismally waiting.

"Half-past four. It's a good job it doesn't get dark till six."

"Only an hour and a half," said Cottle: "I wish those chaps would come."

But though they strained their ears and eyes, no sign of the missing ones came; nothing but the swish of the rain and the whistle of the wind through the grass.

"We'd better go on," said D'Arcy presently; "they'll probably get down some other way. Look sharp, or it will be dark."

So they started at a fast walk down the boggy slope.

"Keep close," said D'Arcy after a time. "Are you all there?"

Everybody answered for himself, but not for his neighbour.

"You there, young Fisher II?"

"Yes," replied Fisher's voice from the rear.

He seemed so near that they started on again.

But after another five minutes, Ashby, who was last but one, shouted again.

"Where are you, Fisher II?"

There was no answer.

"Wait a bit, you fellows. Fisher II's behind."

But no answer came from that direction either.

"Here's a go," said Ashby to himself. "That kid Fisher's gone lame, and he'll be lost if I don't wait for him."

So he dismally turned back, shouting and whistling as he went.

The clouds all round grew duller and heavier in the fading light, and the wind-blown rain struck keenly on the wanderer's cheek.

"That kid," said Ashby to himself, as he sturdily tramped through the marsh, "ought not to have come. He's not up to it."

But despite all his shouting and whistling and coo-eying, not a sound came out of the mist but the wind and the driving of the rain.

Still Ashby could not bring himself to leave the "kid" in the lurch. Even if he did not find him it would be better to——

"Ah! What was that?"

He clapped his hands to his mouth and shouted against the wind with all his might.

His voice was flung back in his face; but with it there came the feeble sound of a "coo-ey" somewhere near.

Ashby sprang to it like a drowning man to a straw. If it was only a lost sheep it would be some company. For ten minutes he beat round, shouting all the time, and once or twice fancying he heard an answer.

Then suddenly he came upon a great boulder, against which leaned Fisher II, whimpering and shivering.

"Here you are!" said Ashby, joyously. "I gave you up. The others are gone on. Come on. Hang on my arm, old hoss."

"I can't; I'm too fagged to go on. I'm awfully sleepy, Ashby. You go on; I'll come presently."

Ashby's reply was prompt and vigorous. He took his fellow junior by the arm and began to march him down the slope as fast, almost faster than his weary legs would carry him.

And as they started, the last of the light died out of the mist, and left them in blank darkness.

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frézols," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—UNFORESEEN DIFFICULTIES.

The digging went on capitally. Every day old Goucha Nichin came to look at the progress of the works, appearing well satisfied at them, and occasionally bringing his granddaughter.

Leila was invariably gentle and amiable; she made rapid progress in her knowledge of the language, and every time she came gave new cause for admiration at her intelligence, her charming nature, and her invariably gracious disposition.

But Catherine soon discovered under the veil of serenity which covered Leila's beautiful features, that a secret sorrow tormented her. Delicately and without seeking to encourage confidences, she grew increasingly kind to Leila, whose beauty, intelligence, and frankness made her so interesting, and who was apparently so much alone.

Leila was not insensible to these marks of generous sympathy, and felt an increased attraction towards the young Frenchwoman. What joy it would have been to her to open her heart to this new friend who was so prudent and trustworthy! And now, since the talk she had had with her grandfather, her mind knew no repose.

Leila, brought up in the dependence which is the lot of Orientals, had at least the advantage over the women of the country of having received a solid and varied education. But this superiority, in preserving her from the narrowness of mind and weariness in which those women vegetate, had had the disadvantage of developing aspirations but little in harmony with the fate prepared for her.

The arrival of the strangers, the courteous attentions of Doctor Hardy and the young people, above all her intimacy with Catherine, had awakened in her new feelings and new hopes.

The revelations of her grandfather had fallen like lead on her heart. Not only was this responsibility which the old man himself had declared to be terrible for the brain of a man, overwhelming for her young head, but, for some reason she could not understand, the words of her grandfather—"Soon I will marry you to one of your cousins," seemed despotic and pitiless. Ah! why had fate caused her to be born in a country, a religion, a caste in which no choice was allowed her in a subject so serious? Why was she not, for instance, Catherine's sister? And how hard and cruel was Mithra to place in her feeble hands the keys of this terrible treasure, the secrets of so many generations! How much would the poor girl have preferred to this painful honour the pleasant surroundings, the careless gaiety, the life free from all occult anxiety, magic or mysterious, which Catherine and her friends enjoyed!

She asked her continually about this European life which attracted her so irresistibly and about which she would know much. Her reading, wisely directed by the old magus, had given Leila clear and precise notions as to the different countries of the world, and Catherine was often astonished at her knowledge of matters concerning France. But the dry skeleton of history is very different from the living story of those who have seen a country and come from it, and Leila was never tired of hearing her friend describe the manners and customs of her native land.

"You are fortunate, you French girls!" she would exclaim; "destiny has indeed been kind to you! In what are you inferior to the men? Free, strong, useful, respected, you are indeed privileged. I am but a slave compared to you."

"To begin with," said Catherine, laughing, "I forbid you to call my friend a slave—and then, my dear, do not think that all French girls run about the world handling a pickaxe. I am thankful to know most of them have the luck to possess a fireside of which they are the peaceful ornament for their lifetime. It was exceptional circumstances which brought us to Iran. Three or four years ago I little imagined that I should one day know the majestic Goucha Nichin and my gentle Leila. Believe me, my dear, our part is in the house, and many who know not my motives have a semblance of reason for blaming the part I have taken. But if they knew, Leila, the brother to whom I have for a time sacrificed my tastes and my country, they would not hesitate to approve of my conduct."

"Did your brother bring you up?" asked Leila, suddenly interested.

"He has been to me the father and mother and family I lost."

"In me also," said Leila, thoughtfully, "my grandfather has been all my family, and he took the greatest care in my education, but that he did for other reasons than pure affection. My grandfather is a wise man, he is powerful and terrible; never did I dare to speak to him as you speak to your brother. Oh! Catherine, how kind to you he must have been for you to trust him so! Tell me about your childhood. Describe to me your Brittany and this beautiful Paris which I would like to see so very much."

And Catherine talked about the artistic wonders, the splendid monuments, the wide streets, the glittering shops, the fairy lighting, the carriages and the horses of the unrivalled city.

Lieutenant Guyon would sometimes leave the trench to exchange a few words with the ladies, and Maurice would come after him and tease the ladies for taking away his best workman. But instead of showing the least contrition the culprits would amuse themselves by retaining him also, either by offering him a cooling drink or a delicious fruit which he had not the stoicism to refuse, or by leading him on to some discussion touching his beloved dig-

gings, in which he would join with vigour and allow the minutes to slip by, much to Catherine's joy. For the attentive sister feared that excess of work might ruin his health, and she was not sorry to see him take a moment's relaxation.

In the company of the charming girl and the two polite young men, the young Oriental seemed to lead a new life. Her cheek of so uniform a white began to be tinted with rose, her eyes sparkled, she lost her serious look, and at some sally of Louis Guyon or some extravagance of Gargaridi she would actually laugh, which was quite a new experience for her.

But if the old Guebre approached and let drop some solemn maxim in the form of an oracle, the passing animation which had wrought so pleasant a change in her looks would disappear and give place to her accustomed gravity.

Doctor Hardy had had to return to Teheran, where his patients were raising a loud outcry for the Hakim Faranghi, who declared that he would have a thousand times rather remained at the camp, but that duty was duty.

But these intervals of recreation did not last long. Work was carried on with enthusiasm. The old Guebre said that if the direction he had given was adhered to they would arrive at the citadel, the kernel, the heart of the ancient city. And once in possession of the citadel, they ought in a week to reach the marvel of marvels, the temple of Mithra. He had in fact become the real director of the works. Maurice could no longer doubt the value of his associate. As to the mystery with which it pleased him to surround the source of his information, the young Frenchman could not but wonder. There was no mistake about his having somehow or other become possessed of the plan of this old Ecbatana, its roads, its arrangement, and the number and nature of its monuments, his knowledge being so precise as to fill the young archæologist with surprise. Evidently tradition alone could have transmitted him such secrets, tradition guarded with jealous care, for Maurice had studied his subject thoroughly on all sides. The Bibliothèque National, the British Museum, had not a corner which he had not explored and interrogated, and nowhere had he come across anything like the information possessed by the old magus. Every time he told him that in such a place they would find such a thing, the thing was found, and although the look and bearing of Goucha Nichin always inspired Kerdic with instinctive aversion, yet he was ready to follow his enigmatic guide with his eyes shut. The Guebre had promised to give him the temple of the Sun, the temple in which had been heard the footsteps of Alexander, in which had ministered the venerable magi, the observers of the stars and first possessors of universal science Was that not enough to excite an archæologist? And long and full of hope were the conversations of our three explorers in the evening when the camp was at rest, and, weary with healthy fatigue, they rested their limbs and gave flight to their imagination.

However, the end of Lieutenant Guyon's leave was approaching, and it was with increasing regret that he saw the day arriving on which he would return to Teheran, even with the consoling prospect that he would there find his friend and relative, Doctor Hardy. But there was no way out of it. This sojourn at the camp, these labours of such novel interest, this comradeship full of the charm engendered by studies undertaken in common, all would end, and soon doubtless be nothing more than a pleasant and passing episode in his life.

It was the day before his departure. To make the best of the last moments he could devote to his friends, Louis Guyon was working away vigorously. Catherine had just laughingly proposed that he should have a good mark for a master-stroke of his pickaxe which had brought to light a superb funereal urn. Leila, who had arrived but a few minutes before, was accompanying with a happy smile the sallies of her friend, and the old magus seemed by the fire of his eye to be satisfied that everything was going well, when there was a sudden appearance of Gargaridi, flying along at full speed, his tattered garments floating in the wind.

"Sir! Sir! Come! Come!" he shouted mysteriously, and panting for breath.

"What's up?" asked Maurice carelessly, too well accustomed to theatrical performances on his valet's part to pay much attention to them.

"Put down your pick, sir, and come back to the tent for a minute to make yourself tidy."

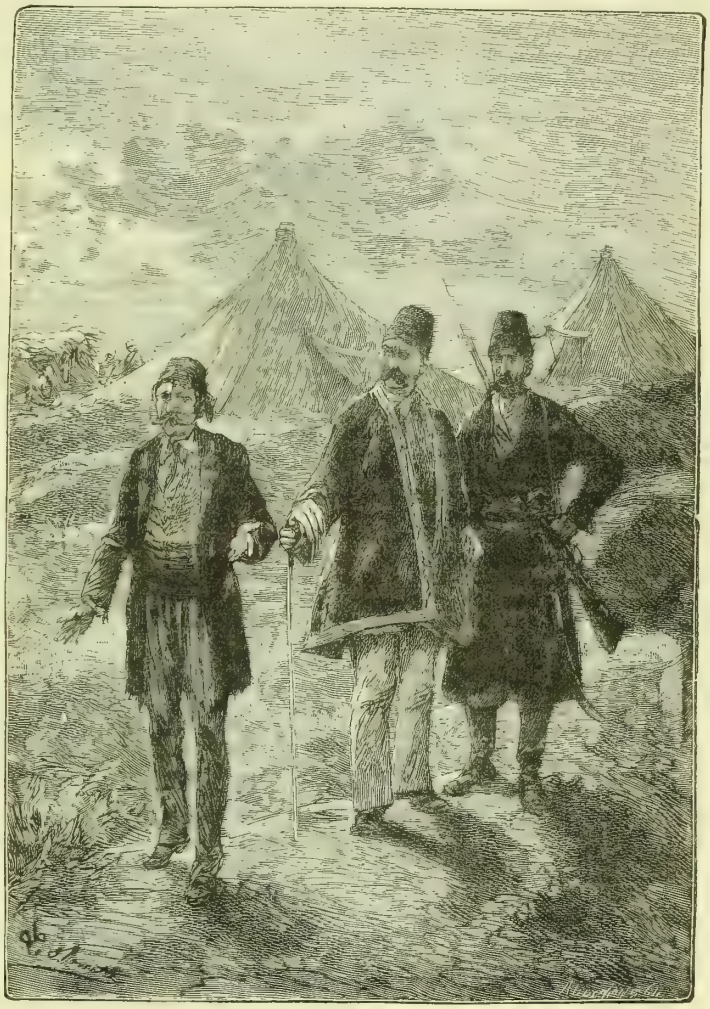
"Tidy? Have you gone out of your mind? I am tidy enough to work——"

"To work, yes! You are all very well. But to receive—The Authorities!!"

"What authorities? If they are visitors, bring them here. I cannot leave my work."

"But, sir," said Gargaridi, with a gesture of despair, "I assure you the matter is most serious——"

"Now you will explain yourself? What is most serious?"



The noble Aristomenes soon reappeared.

"Alas! I am very much afraid, sir, they are going to turn you out——"

"Turn me out?"

"And the works going on so well!" groaned Aristomenes. "Such a good place! Masters who suit me! Good living—everything! I shall never survive it!"

And Kerdic saw him begin to cry, as the completion of this mysterious elegy.

"What do you want to say?" he shouted impatiently. "Ah! I have no time to lose in this nonsense. Speak, or leave me in peace."

"Sir," said Aristomenes, with an injured air, and wiping away a tear with a handkerchief of doubtful whiteness,

"I wished to prepare you, by degrees, for very doleful news (and I can truly say that in that delicate duty none can excel me—such at least was the opinion of my poor papa); but as you have despised all oratorical precautions, know that two Shires of Hamadan are at your door and summon you to appear before them."

"Shires!" said Catherine, coming up. "What does that mean?"

"There is no doubt, mademoiselle, it means no good! And faces—b-r-r-r! I can feel a cold shudder down my backbone!" And Gargaridi shuddered theatrically.

"What! the descendant of the indomitable Aristomenes allows himself to be frightened by a simple policeman? And a Persian one, above all things!"

"What would you have, sir! He is stronger than I am! I never could stand the tribe——"

"Well, go and hide your unheroic fancies, and tell the gentlemen I am waiting for them here."

"What can it mean?" asked Catherine, as Gargaridi went off.

"Oh! nothing at all, you can be sure. Some dodge for extracting money. But be calm, I know them, I have served my apprenticeship in Susiana. And as I am quite in order with the authorities, I have nothing to be anxious about."

The noble Aristomenes soon reappeared, his whole physiognomy expressing the most violent disapproval; he preceded two individuals with hang-dog faces and wearing the uniform of the Persian police.

Maurice stepped forward to salute them, but the sight of their suspicious countenances cut short the hospitable words he had prepared for them.

"What is it you require, gentlemen?" he said coldly.

As the only reply, one of the Shires began to read in a nasal monotonous voice a long firman, declaring that the permission to excavate in the district was withdrawn from Maurice Kerdic, and that in consequence thereof he must at once abandon his works and pack his baggage, both him and his workmen.

"Abandon my works!" said Maurice. "Who are you that dares to talk to me in such language? Do you know, sir, that practical jokers meet with unpleasant adventures?"

"There is no question of pleasantry here," said the emissary, a man with a gloomy, forbidding face. "Know, that if you refuse to submit, we have orders to make you do so by force."

"Sir!" said Maurice, "my mission is officially recognised; I am sent here by my Government. The sovereign of Iran has given me his approval. Who can oppose that?"

"He has given his approval!" said the man with a grin. "Take it that he has withdrawn it. Cannot the Asylum of the Universe change his mind without your permission?"

"That is all very fine," said Maurice, whose anger was rising; "but I am not going to be frightened by your insolence. Who are you? What is your authority?"

"I am sent by his Excellency Abdoul Azim, the illustrious Governor of Hamadan," said the man, with emphasis.

"Well? Is the servant then more powerful than the master? What does your Governor matter to me when I have in my pocket the firman of the Shah?"

"And I tell you that within the limits of his jurisdiction the Governor is all-powerful. If you dare to put yourself in opposition to him, beware!"

"I laugh at him and his threats. The Consul of France will make his countrymen respected."

"And those you employ, do they laugh? Do you not know that he has only to make a sign to have them arrested, beaten, impaled, boiled alive? Submit, or you will repent. I have said it!"

At this ferocious threat, the reality of which he knew too well, Maurice felt his resolution falter. But how could he accept without a fight an ultimatum which endangered all his hopes? He was still thinking of resistance when the Guebre, who had remained at a short distance a silent listener, came forward.

"There is nothing to weigh!" he said. "Thou must interrupt the works; thou must submit."

"What!" exclaimed Maurice, who could not believe his ears. "Is it Goucha Nichin who talks thus to me?"

"Submit *in appearance*," said the Guebre in the young man's ear. "Believe me it is the only thing to do. Besides, it will have the advantage of getting rid of these sinister faces. Be quick; there is no time to lose."

And as Maurice still hesitated:

"Have I ever deceived thee, young man?" said the magus severely. "Hast thou not sufficient clairvoyance to see that this blow is as cruel to me as it is to thee? I tell you, make a semblance of submission. It is our only resource."

Subjugated by the old man's tone, and feeling that he could not conscientiously leave his Guebre workmen exposed to the Governor's anger, Maurice resolved to submit provisionally.

"I leave the works," said he, "but know, it is only for a time, and I protest against this unworthy abuse of force. I go to Teheran. We will know if you have the right to molest workmen who get their living honestly. And if all this is illegal, woe betide you!"

"Go!" said the Shire. "I only obey my orders. I have orders not to return until I have seen with my own eyes your workmen quit the trenches and start for their homes. I wait!"

"Children!" said Goucha Nichin in a clear resonant voice, "the will of the master is that you leave your work this moment. Return to your dwellings, bow before the Eye of the World, and do not question Destiny!"

At these few words the Guebres, docile, silent, marvellously disciplined, stopped their pickaxes midway, put down their tools, put on their coats, formed up into ranks, and passing before their mobed, moved off towards the mountain. Soon they had vanished behind a rise in the ground.

"It is well!" said the Governor's envoy. "My mission is at an end!"

"I will not detain you!" said Maurice. "Gargaridi, show these gentlemen the way out!"

And while the domestic accompanied the unwelcome emissaries, Catherine, who had restrained her tears with difficulty, threw her arms round Kerdic's neck and wept.

"What a shame!" she sobbed. "But you will protest, Maurice? Lieutenant Guyon, you know the Government staff? It is not possible, is it, that such injustice can be done if the Shah knows about it?"

"Mademoiselle!" said the lieutenant, "I will do all I can to let him hear of it. The regret I have at leaving you will be lessened if I can do anything for you, brother. It seems to me, as to you, indeed impossible that this Governor will be tolerated when they learn in high quarters of his proceedings."

"It is fortunate," said the old Guebre, "that Lieutenant Guyon has interest at the court of the Shah; he will be more readily listened to than another because he is a Faranghi; and I believe that there is hope by his help of a satisfactory solution." Then, taking aside Kerdic, who did not seem to think much would come of these proceedings, he continued: "Young man, I read thy thoughts; thou hopest nothing of this voyage to Teheran, nor of an explanation with the Governor of Hamadan! Nor from me? Thou askest why I seem to build hope on these proceedings; why I have sent away the workmen? It seems to thee that I might at least have made some show of resistance. Believe me, if I understand myself"—and his eyes gleamed—"it is not submission I preach or practise. But I have learnt in a hard school that the silence of scorn is the best shield against brute strength. Seem to yield, then. Send thy friends to Teheran. Pretend to go there thyself. If it be necessary that the works should be abandoned, the trenches filled up, the grass grow——"

"But what will you do?" asked Maurice.

"Get round the difficulty as long ages of oppression have taught us to do. To the deceiver a deceiver and a half! We are not allowed to work by day; let us work by night. The open way is forbidden us; let us take the subterranean way."

"But still," said Maurice, "we must have justice done us."

"That is doubtful, and in any case it will be long. I know at the foot of the mountain a well a hundred feet deep, the Goul Hek, which is unknown to thee. By lengthening the opening of the well in a way I can tell thee, we will arrive at a sort of tunnel leading us to the citadel. The only difficulty is that the workmen, for secretly defying the Governor's prohibition, will require a double fee to stimulate their zeal, perhaps a triple one. But if I know thee, this will not stop thee?"

"Stop me? I will willingly spend my last penny! But rather than these poor people should be in peril on my account——"

"I will see to that. Wilt thou come this night and explore the Goul Hek? It will not, I warn thee, be an easy enterprise, nor free from danger."

"What matters it?" said Maurice. "Speak! At what hour do we start? This evening, at the setting of the moon—this evening?"

"Agreed. At midnight be at the foot of Elvend, near the ruined pillar that marks the site of a murder committed there in the past. I will be there; I will take thee with me down the well of the Goul Hek."

(To be continued.)

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, f.z.s., etc.

Let me explain the situation briefly. Here I am, condemned to penal servitude for half an hour or more in the waiting-room of some Government offices. A drizzling November rain outside discourages any effort to escape, if it does not render me content with my dungeon. Nothing to "observe"—no chance of a rat or mouse turning up for company, and if there are any cats on the leads beyond the grimy window, they are blotted out by the yellow mist. Certainly there are cobwebs, cobwebs everywhere, but not a single spider—not one that I can find, at any rate; spiders are always worth looking at. Nothing in fact to solace the weary time but an Almanac (which ceases to be exciting when you've found what day of the week next Christmas Day and your birthday come on), two Directories, and a Navy List for this present year of 1890. So I select the last, seat myself in front of the fire on one of those mysteriously afflicted chairs which are never seen on earth outside waiting-rooms, and pencil some notes for a future paper.

After all, it's pleasant to run through the list of vessels, and track old friends and shipmates of long ago to their present promotions. For though I never held a direct Admiralty commission, I have twice volunteered for temporary service under the white ensign in bad corners of the world, where Yellow Jack had been only too busy among officers and men. But with regard to the ships themselves, it is curious to notice, when one classifies them a bit, how promiscuously their names seem to have been chosen from the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Take those which have been christened after birds, for instance, and see what a wide range of species has been laid under contribution. We have the Penguin and Goldfinch, the Cuckoo and Bustard; the Pelican, Skylark, Gannet, and Ringdove; the Cormorant, Thrush, Peacock, Raven, and Sealark; the Falcon, Flamingo, Linnet, Plover, Buzzard, Curlew, Goshawk, Partridge, and Pheasant. There is a Swan and a Wild Swan, a Widgeon and a Pigeon, a Redbreast, a Redpoll, and a Redwing; a Swift and a Swallow, a Stork and a Starling, a Landrail, Magpie, and Kingfisher, a Kite, Sparrow, Seagull, Martin, Stormcock (don't know him), Lapwing, Merlin, Peterel, Eagle, and Philomel—a very mixed aviary! There are also a Drake and a Hawke, but I am afraid we mustn't include these among our birds; there used, however, to be a genuine Hawk, now re-named the Amelia, just as the boat which is at present called the Jackal was formerly the Woodcock. Harpy, I suppose, must be taken in its mythological sense, not as indicating the great South American eagle; and Mohawk, of course, is not a bird at all.

Equally miscellaneous and defying zoological arrangement are the quadrupeds, though the dogs and their kind are decidedly to the fore—Bloodhound, Mastiff, Bulldog, Foxhound, Beagle, and Greyhound; Vixen and Jackal. Only one cat, the Lion, a training-ship for boys (by the way, one remarks all through the list a preference for beasts that are fierce or in some way injurious). Weasel, Wallaroo (a kind of kangaroo), Hyæna, Otter, Badger, Antelope, Opossum, Camel, Elk, Racoon, Reindeer, Racehorse, and Racer complete the tale of four-footed things, unless we admit the Unicorn, considered by many to signify the one-horned rhinoceros. And, if not quadrupeds, the Grampus, Dolphin, and Porpoise deserve as mammalia to be mentioned here. Buffon and other old naturalists called lizards, alligators, and frogs quadrupeds, and I don't know that anybody can say they are not.

How do reptiles and batrachians fare in naval nomenclature? They seem to be rather in favour, possibly on account of their venomous little ways, real or reputed. What is the difference between a Serpent and a Snake? I don't know, but they both figure among the wooden (or iron) walls of old England. The Viper and Rattlesnake are also specified; and not only the Asp, whose bite according to tradition brought death to Cleopatra, but Cleopatra herself is here, "the serpent of old Nile"—yes, and we find the Nile, too. Here also we discover the Rattler, and rattler is the common abbreviation of rattlesnake among the settlers out West. We have already spoken of the Racer as a horse, but there is a certain large and handsome snake, the blue racer, found in the United States. And whether the Hamadryad, when the name is applied to a ship, should simply be accepted in its original and classical signification of a wood-nymph or not, I cannot say; but I prefer to look upon it as indicating the great hooded serpent of the East Indies, the "big cobra" as the charmers call it—a determined devourer of its own race, and perhaps the largest and most deadly of all the poisonous snakes. There is no cobra in the navy, though there is a Hood!

The Crocodile, Lizard, Bull-frog, Triton, and Salamander are also represented in this section; and though turtles are not mentioned, the Snapper is. A great many mythical creatures are rescued from ancient legends to appear here, some of which have a good deal that is reptilian in their highly complex and unpleasant compositions, and the names of some of these have been employed somewhat fancifully by naturalists to designate existing species and genera. Of such the Navy List gives us numerous examples, as the Basilisk, Dragon, Hydra, Medusa, &c. I know, by the way, of a very smart private yacht, the property of Mr. Herbert Graystone, named the Anaconda.

There are but half a dozen fish in the navy, even when we stretch a point and number the molluscous Nautilus amongst them—the Sea-horse, Barracouta, Pike (which must be carefully distinguished from the Pique), Bonetta, and Albacore—rather a limited kingdom, seeing that we have Neptune also to reign over them.

Somewhat more plentiful are the invertebrates—Sandfly, Ant, Cockchafer, Bee, Locust, Midge, Scorpion, Spider, Mosquito (a small stern-wheel boat for service on the Zambesi River), Fly, Gadfly, Grasshopper, and Firefly. Nuisances, every one of them, except perhaps the last. But therein evidently lies the attraction again—else why such names as Griper, Pincher, Bustler, Biter, Grinder, Tickler, Snapper, Spanker, Pickle, and Snap? Aggressive, to say the least of them!

Would you like to go a-hunting among these naval birds and beasts? We can furnish you with a Warrior, a Forester, an Archer, or even Samson; and they may go forth armed with an Arrow, a Dart, a Boomerang, a Firebrand, or Wildfire. Or you can be accommodated with a Pet if you prefer it—as of course you would.

But how shall we classify such fabulous monsters as the Cockatrice, a venomous bird with a serpent's tail, hatched from an egg; the Basilisk, a vast and horrible reptile, dealing death by its very glance and breath; the Centaur, half man, half horse; the Dragon, Unicorn, Hydra—nine-headed water-serpent, slain by Hercules—or Griffon, with its eagle-wings and beak, borne by the body of a lion? The Wivern, too—that's something in the dragon line, isn't it? No wonder that we find associated with such a mythological menagerie an Enchantress, a Fire Queen, a Gorgon, and a Magicienne; a Harpy, Naiad, Elfin, Pigmy, Minotaur, Hecate, Medusa, Polyphemus, and Perseus.

Botany is represented by the Hyacinth, Iris, Narcissus, Shamrock, Daisy, Myrtle, Lily, Mistletoe, Daphne, Sea-flower (what sort of a flower is that?), Nettle, Bramble, Acorn, and Royal Oak. Flora merits honourable mention also; and I was very nearly including Scylla, because it reminded me for the moment of the sea-onion (*Scilla maritima*), with which most of you have probably made acquaintance at some period of your lives as squills.

Last but not least, seven precious stones—Sapphire, Emerald, Ruby, Opal, Turquoise, Garnet, and Pearl.

Postscript.—The above was penned on Tuesday, November 11, 1890, probably at the very hour when the ill-fated cruiser Serpent was dashed upon the Laja del Buey, and one hundred and seventy-three brave men were swept from her decks by the awful seas of the Bay of Biscay, one of the saddest events in the history of our navy.

NOTES FROM MY LOG; OR, TRUE STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By Rear-Admiral W. R. Kennedy.

(*With Illustrations by the Author.*)

IV.—STIRRING EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN—CRIMEAN WAR.

I apprehend that young gentlemen joining H. M. Service at the present time enjoy a very different life from that which obtained forty years ago when I joined the Navy.

At that time it was common enough for a ship to remain idle in Portsmouth Harbour for six months or more waiting for her crew, which had to be picked up anywhere and anyhow, instead of being drafted on board in an hour as they are now. The officers also were more mixed than they are at present, amongst them being often a very rowdy collection of old mates or midshipmen, of no possible use, and usually addicted to the bottle, which eventually closed their career in H. M. Service.

The Rodney, a fine sailing line-of-battle ship of ninety guns, was favoured with a choice selection of these worthies, who were doubtless especially selected for the ship from the well-known fact that her captain (a fine seaman of the old school) would stand no nonsense, and her commander was one of the strictest disciplinarians in the Service.

There were nine of us cadets in the Rodney's gunroom, between thirteen and fourteen years of age, some half-dozen old midshipmen of the class above-mentioned, who having failed to pass their examinations, and been turned out of one ship after another, had come to the Rodney on pro-

bation, and the usual staff of clerks, masters'-assistants, and Irish assistant-surgeons, making up the complement of gunroom officers to about thirty members.

As many of the above were for various offences confined to the ship, they had abundant leisure to devote their time and attention to the unlucky youngsters whose hard fate had placed them within their reach. A short description of their favourite amusements will suffice.

The time chosen for these "sports" was the evening, when, most of the respectable members of the mess having gone ashore, they could have the place to themselves. The "fun" usually commenced by our being ordered down to put on our tail-coats and swords. We were then paraded in the gunroom, and had each to make a speech or sing a song, after which the programme was carried out according to the taste and condition of our tormentors, who were usually what is understood by "half seas over" at this early stage of the proceedings.

One of the party, by name "Jack," who was a bit of a sportsman and a wag, would suggest a fox hunt. This was the signal for us all to off coats and swords. One of the youngsters, appropriately named Fox, had a curved crumb-brush tied on to him for a tail, chairs and other obstacles were so arranged round the table as to represent ditches and fences; Jack, armed with a formidable horsewhip, then mounted the table; a cut of the whip, nearly taking a piece out of the fox, started him, and away we all went, helter-skelter, over chairs, tables, etc., while Jack plied his whip without partiality, until the fox and hounds gave in from sheer exhaustion, or, as often happened, Jack fell under the table, where I shall leave him for the present.

Another popular entertainment was called the "Battle of Waterloo," which was carried out as follows. Eight of us, buttoned up in our tail-coats and armed with our swords (dirks were not then in fashion), were made to sit across chairs, and were then told off, four on each side, to attack each other.

At the order "draw swords," at it we went, cutting and slashing in fine style, but as there were nine of us, the odd one was kept in reserve, and then pitched bodily into the middle of the *mêlée*, and lucky indeed were we if we escaped without cuts or stabs, after half an hour of this lively "recreation."

The evening's performance was brought to a conclusion by prayer, a sad mockery in our case which harmonised well with the tastes of this irreligious crew. Having been divested of our coats and shoes we were made to kneel in the stern ports, which were closed at the time, and at a given signal, usually a blow on the back with a hammer, the individual applied to had to commence praying in a loud voice, but brought his prayers to an abrupt conclusion on receipt of a similar blow on the sole of the foot. By this simple and ingenious arrangement it will be seen that any number or all could be praying at the same time, or perfect silence reign when desired. Our prayers were always directed to the same end, viz. the especial benefit of our persecutors—that they would rise to the highest rank in the profession, be made K.C.B. etc., etc.; but as our prayers, though directed to one end, were not expressed in the same form, the babel of tongues can be more easily imagined than described; nor were they very successful, and I well remember the whole of us having to pray for the best part of one evening, to the effect that two of the senior mids who were going up for their examinations the next day, should receive first-class certificates and be complimented for their efficiency. The result, unfortunately for them and for us, being that both candidates were rejected.

Happily such proceedings as I have described would not be possible in the present day.

It is hardly necessary here to remark that our health and appearance were not neglected, our noses were slit and cayenne pepper was rubbed in, and we were forced to take some filthy medicine which was prescribed for one of the senior members.

These amusements were of daily and nightly occurrence, and glad were we when the familiar signal of a fork stuck into the beam gave us notice that it was time for all youngsters to clear out, the remainder of the evening being devoted to an orgies by the old hands. In fact the intemperate character of these creatures was to us a source of gratification, since it was only whilst they were in a helpless state of intoxication that we enjoyed any peace.

But this state of affairs could not last long. We were growing lads and began to feel our strength. Moreover, one of the worst of the gang had an epileptic fit and was nearly drowned in his bath and had to be invalided out of the service, then others were dismissed, until only one remained. Our opportunity had now arrived, for although we were not strong enough to resist a combination, we were big enough and strong enough to settle with one, so we held a council of war, and decided to "Bell the Cat."

Having conveyed our intention to the individual and been answered with ridicule and threats, we provided ourselves with pieces of rope to bind the victim and others knotted at the end to punish him with when bound, and quietly bided our time. The opportunity soon came and we promptly availed ourselves of it. Of the nine of us conspirators, four declined to take part in the subsequent operations, but the remaining five sprang on the wretch as he was leaving the gunroom, like so many tiger cats. He was speedily knocked down, and lashed, spread-eagle fashion, to iron ring bolts in the deck, and then received such a thrashing that he was on the sick list for a fortnight.

And thus we put a stop to bullying once and for all. Not long after this event, this bully in a drunken fit insulted his superior officer and was dismissed the service, and so having disposed of the whole gang I will dismiss them from my story, and will now proceed with the cruise of the Rodney and the events immediately preceding and leading up to the war in the Crimea.

The first twelve months of the commission was devoted to cruising in the Channel in company with the squadron, searching for gales of wind, which we had no difficulty in finding. During this period nothing of particular interest occurred except that we were nearly lost on Lisbon Bar through the hawsers by which we were being towed, parting, leaving us rolling helplessly about in the trough of the sea, when just as we were drifting on to the rocks, a breeze sprang up enabling us to run back into the Tagus. On our return to England we were ordered to prepare for foreign service, and on February 12, 1853, we sailed from Spithead for the Mediterranean.

Favoured by strong and favourable gales, we ran through the Straits of Gibraltar, at the rate of twelve knots an hour, six days after leaving England. A few days afterwards, when half-way between Gibraltar and Malta, we had a narrow escape of foundering. The ship was running before a heavy westerly gale, and going through the water at a great pace, when about midnight the hawse-plugs (blocks of wood used to plug up the hawse pipes) were washed in on the lower deck, the result being a terrific rush of water into the ship through the hawse holes (iron pipes through which the cables lead). The pace of the ship through the water prevented the possibility of getting forward to plug these pipes and stop the flow of water, the decks were flooded, and the sea poured down the hatchways into the cockpit and holds, and the ship was getting water-logged.

On deck the uproar was fearful, the ship was running under close-reefed main topsail, the rain coming down in torrents, and the wind roaring so that it was impossible to hear the orders of the officers. It was decided to bring the ship to the wind, to stop her way through the water, always a dangerous proceeding in a gale of wind—and to make matters worse, we were known to be not far from the much dreaded Sorelli rocks, where the Avenger was lost with all hands. The exact position of these rocks was doubtful. However, there was no help for it, the ship was rounded to, and bang went the main topsail, blown clean out of the bolt-ropes, disappearing in the pitchy darkness to leeward. All hands were now called to man the pumps, the decks were scuttled in several places to let the water into the hold, and the immediate danger was over. We reached Malta without further adventure, after a very fine passage for a sailing-ship. Here we remained four months, riding, boating, and otherwise enjoying ourselves, as midshipmen well know how to do.

I remember an absurd adventure which happened to two of our men at the opera one night; they were in the gallery, and were considerably the worse for liquor, when one of them fell over the railing into the pit. His mate, doubtless under the impression that his chum had fallen overboard, took off his coat and went after him. Wonderful to relate, neither of them was killed, but one broke his leg, the other was unhurt.

We were not sorry when the time came to leave Malta and shape our course eastward, the first step towards the Crimea. The subsequent proceedings being a matter of history I shall pass quickly over.

At Besika Bay, near the entrance to the Dardanelles, we were joined by the French fleet, and together we remained there, idling our time for several months, until to our great delight we received orders to pass the Dardanelles and proceed to Constantinople, which we accordingly did, the combined fleets anchoring in Beikos Bay opposite Therapia. After some more delay at this beautiful spot, we got news of the destruction of a Turkish and Egyptian squadron of seven frigates at Sinope, on the southern shores of the Black Sea, by a Russian fleet of six ships of the line.

This action, commonly known as the "massacre of Sinope," took place on November 30, and is justly considered one of the most disgraceful episodes in the history of the Crimean War. For ten days before the battle it was known that the Russian fleet had put to sea from Sebastopol, and was blockading the Turkish squadron in the Bay of Sinope.

The Turkish commander had sent despatches overland to Constantinople, asking for assistance, and the British ambassador was aware of the danger, but nothing was done, and on November 30 Admiral Nachimoff bore down upon the Turkish squadron, then lying in the port. The Russian admiral demanded the surrender of the squadron, which the Turkish commander very naturally and indignantly refused. The Turks were the first to open fire, and a terrible battle ensued. The Turks and Egyptians, although greatly overmatched, fought their ships till they sunk or blew up. It was said that in some instances the captains blew up their ships, preferring death to dishonour, others

went down with their colours flying; but even if they struck their colours it made no sort of difference to the Russian admiral, who continued the slaughter till the whole squadron was destroyed, with the exception of one steamer, the Taif, which made her escape and brought tidings of the disaster to Constantinople.

It is said that 4,000 Turks and Egyptians were killed on this occasion, and that the few who survived were wounded.

While these events were happening a powerful fleet of English and French ships was lying idle in the Bosphorus. On receipt of the news of the massacre we proceeded to Sinope with the squadron, for what purpose is not very clear, seeing that the mischief was done and the Russian ships had returned to Sebastopol; and even if we had intercepted them we could not have interfered, as we were not at war.

At Sinope we found abundant traces of the conflict; quantities of wreckage and dead bodies strewed the shore, and guns and anchors had been blown far inland by the force of the explosions. After a short stay we returned to the Bosphorus, and on March 28, 1854, war was declared between the allies and Russia, and the combined fleets sailed for Odessa.

On arrival off Odessa the steamers of the combined fleets were detailed to shell the place, the line-of-battle ships remaining at anchor in the offing, the forts not being considered of sufficient importance to require their attention.

The bombardment over, the fleet put to sea and cruised for some days off Sebastopol, after which we bore up for Varna and anchored in the Bay of Balchic, about fifteen miles to the northward of that place. This became our headquarters for the next few months whilst preparations were being made for the invasion of the Crimea.

Our life whilst lying at Balchic Bay was rather monotonous, as we were unaware what was going on in the diplomatic world at home, and feared lest something should occur to interfere with the proposed bombardment of Sebastopol, which was frequently discussed. My journal redounds with midshipmen's pranks, which were not always of the most creditable nature.

While lying at this anchorage we were visited by a most terrible attack of cholera, which decimated some of the ships, especially those most crowded with men. Some of the three-deckers lost over 100 men, and the whole fleet, both English and French, had to put to sea and cruise for some weeks to get clear of it.

In the meantime the transports full of troops were collecting at Varna, and by August 21 we were nearly ready for a start. The Turkish ships now joined us, making altogether a grand fleet of about thirty line-of-battle ships, besides frigates and steamships, until with the transports an enormous collection of some 300 sail was assembled in the bay. On the evening of September 6 the French and Turkish fleets put to sea, and on September 7 were joined by the English, the combined fleets steering for the Crimea, the sailing-ships in tow of steamers, making altogether a magnificent display.

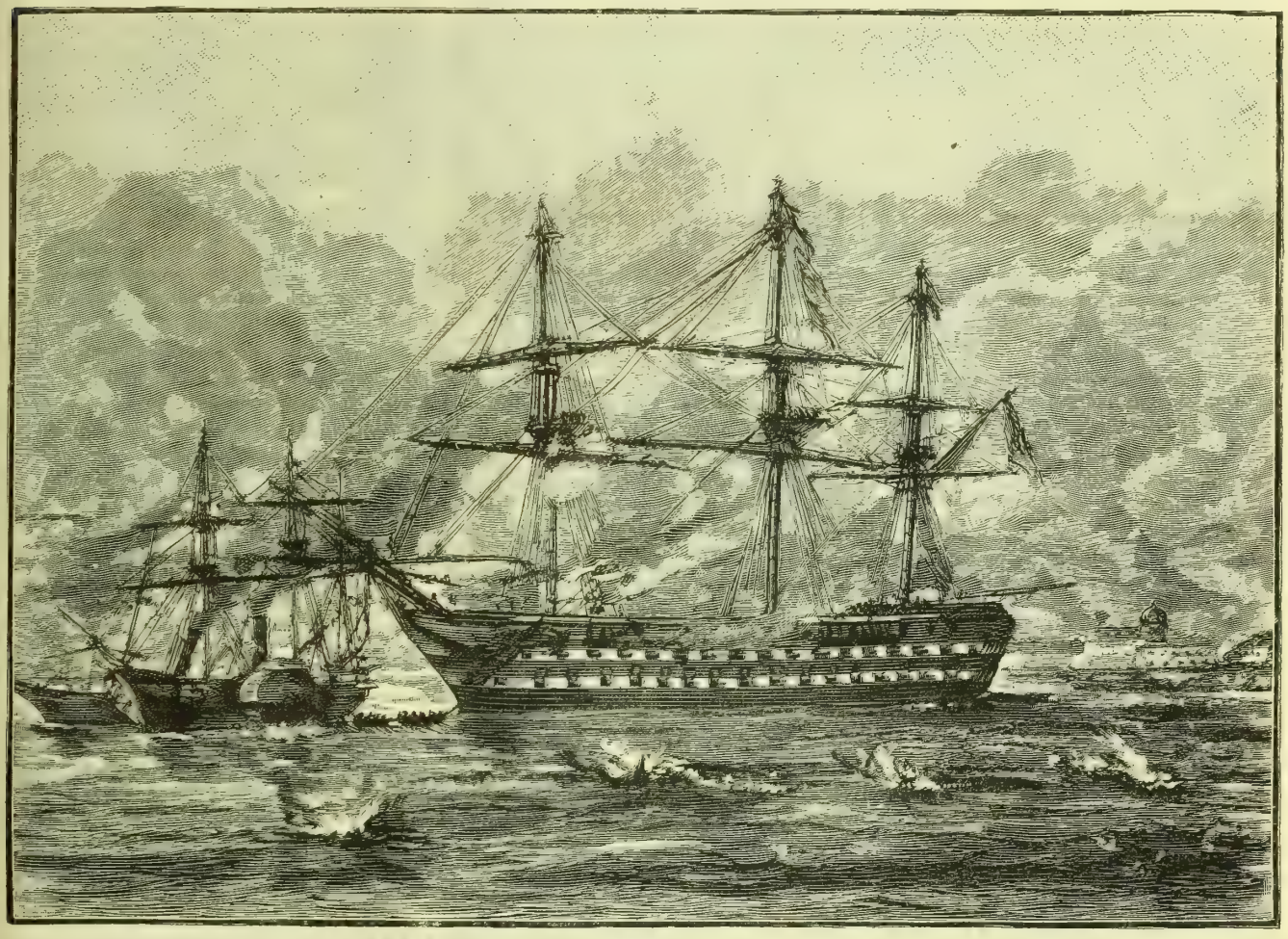
We had fine weather across the Black Sea, and arrived without accident at Kalamita Bay on September 14. For the next three days we were hard at work from 3 A.M. till 9 P.M., disembarking troops, guns, and stores; 500 marines were also sent to take possession of Eupatoria.

On September 19 we shifted berth and anchored off the Alma, when we observed the Russian army in possession of the heights. Some skirmishing took place that evening, and on September 20 the battle of the Alma was fought, and the same evening the Russians retreated into Sebastopol, leaving the allies in possession of the heights.

For the next three days we were busy embarking the wounded on board the transports, after which we shifted berth and anchored off the Katcha, the steamers of the squadron exchanging shots with the batteries of Sebastopol. The Agamemnon, flag-ship of Sir E. Lyons (afterwards Lord Lyons), proceeded to Balaklava and took possession of the place, each ship sending one hundred marines to form the garrison.

The London also went there to land some of her guns, and each ship landed six more from her upper deck battery. A naval brigade, consisting of three captains, two commanders, and several lieutenants, mates, and midshipmen, with a proportionate number of men, were also landed, and we heard no more of them till October 6, when Captain Randolph and one of our mates returned to the ship with cholera.

The steamers of the fleet now engaged the batteries daily, but at a respectful distance, probably with the object of obliging the Russians to keep their batteries manned.



The Attack on Sebastopol.—H.M.S. Rodney aground.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL CRICKET.

School cricket suffered as much from the weather of 1890 as any other cricket, and the constant interference of chance in all the great matches rendered any arrangement in order of merit simply impossible. Marlborough, Tonbridge, Lancing, Epsom, Elstree, Mill Hill, and Leatherhead were lucky enough to win their matches against the M.C.C. Winchester, Wellington, Finchley, Rugby, Ramsgate, Cheltenham, and Charterhouse managed to draw their M.C.C. matches. And over a score of others, which there is no need to particularise, suffered defeats of more or less magnitude; but that either win, draw, or defeat was an indication of merit hardly any one would pretend.

Taking a "bird's-eye view of Britain" from what we hope is not too elevated a standpoint, we find Bedford Modern doing very well with eight innings out of fourteen engagements; and Blair Lodge in the distant north once again champion school of Scotland, having a particularly strong eleven, although they won but half their matches. If Blair Lodge was strong, Brighton, one of the most southerly schools, was certainly weak, and only won three matches out of a dozen, among the three, however, being those against Dulwich and Lancing. Another great school with its cricket under a cloud was Charterhouse; and Cheltenham was in much the same state, though, curiously enough, three of its eleven secured places in the century list.

Clifton lost only two matches, and was perhaps stronger than it had been for some time, thanks in some measure to the teaching of Gregg, who was indefatigable. Only two matches were lost, and at one of the losses the eleven were four men short. Dulwich had one conspicuous light, and a tail of ten lesser lights, with the usual result, although in this instance the great light was as good a bowler as he was a bat. Epsom won three matches out of ten, and also rejoiced in a captain far superior to the team he led. Eton drew against Harrow at Lord's, and that was the best thing the eleven did during the season. The team was quite a new one, with no old choices, a state of affairs never known before in an Eton and Harrow match. Such a thing is not likely to occur this year at what it has now become fashionable to call "the picnic" on July 10.

If Blair Lodge produced the best boy bowler of the year in J. McLaren, Fettes produced the best bat in G. T. Campbell, whose average of sixty-one on fourteen innings is remarkable enough to stand quotation. Fettes did almost as well as Blair Lodge, and owing to the draw against that school made a vain claim to the championship's being considered an honourable draw between the two schools. Haileybury, with a new headmaster whose name is known wherever cricket is played, very naturally began to improve. Harrow had a really good eleven, though they made so poor a show at Lord's; and the form displayed by their captain, A. C. McLaren, who got more than half the runs on that occasion, procured him a place in the Lancashire county team with which he made such an excellent start in first-class company at Brighton. Highgate got terribly thrashed by the M.C.C., but otherwise did fairly well and succeeded in beating Tonbridge.

Lancing beat the M.C.C. by 55 runs in a fairly even match in which the school had the advantage on both innings; but this was the only victory of the year. Loretto won only 4 matches out of 15; they beat the Academy and Rossall handsomely, but fell before Fettes and Blair Lodge, a result to be regretted, perhaps, as they gained the reputation of being the best fielding eleven of the year, and were for that reason worthy of better luck. Malvern did a little better than usual, but that is not saying much; with Malvern it is always a case of hope for next year. Marlborough won both school matches and four more, making six wins out of ten engagements.

Oundle was not particularly distinguished by its cricket in 1890, but its good time is said to be coming. Repton had certainly the worst fielding eleven of the year, but in Palairet had an unusually successful bat, and in Fry a really excellent captain. Rossall won two matches out of fourteen, which can hardly be considered encouraging; and Rugby also only won two victories during the year. St. Paul's won seven matches out of eleven, and Sherborne also won seven, but out of thirteen, both schools showing improvement. Shrewsbury won every match until July set in, and then began to lose, the beginning of the losses being the interesting match with the Old Boys, who conquered by one run. Tonbridge won three matches out of eleven, and succeeded in beating Lancing by an innings and 170 runs; on the other hand Dulwich beat Tonbridge by 207 runs, and Highgate beat them by 20 runs, so that the season was not deemed satisfactory. Uppingham won but a solitary match, but then the Repton match was spoilt by rain, and Haileybury could not play, and in short, although only one was won, only two were lost. Of course the fielding was as good as usual, and that is saying much.

Wellingborough Grammar School had perhaps the strongest batting side of the year. Wellington lost four matches and won two out of ten, but the Charterhouse match did not figure in the record, it having to be abandoned owing to the bad weather. Westminster did much better, and inflicted a severe defeat on Charterhouse. Winchester only lost one match out of thirteen, but then they drew nine; the side was strong in batting, all the team getting double figures in the averages, but the bowling was poor and the fielding curiously careless; much, however, is to be said for the unexpected in a season when the grounds are either slides or morasses.

And yet some good long scores were made in school cricket during 1890. Anscombe for instance made 113 not out for Mannamead against Keyham; Beers 118 for Wellingborough Grammar School in present against past; Blaker 171 for Westminster against I Zingari; Brooke 137 not out for Cheltenham against the M.C.C.; Browell 105 not out for Wellington against University College, Oxford; Collins 100 for Brighton College against Brighton Grammar School; Fryer 106 for Wellingborough Grammar School against Bedford County School, and 100 against Stamford Grammar School; Hunt 109 for Sutton Valence School against Maidstone Grammar School; Hunton 112 for Clifton against Cheltenham; Loraine 132 for Bedford against Mill Hill; Robinson 112 for Cranleigh against Hurstpierpoint; Warner 177 not out for Rugby against the Free Foresters; and Wells 124 for Dulwich against Tonbridge.

Wells had the best average among the English schools. Next to his 58 came Palairet's 54; then Browell's 50 for Wellington, Whitting's 46 for Rugby, and MacLaren's 42 for Harrow. Some of the averages were curiously low; Rossall's top average, for instance, was 18, Tonbridge's was 19, Marlborough's and Brighton's 22, Eton's and Uppingham's 25; and one of the teams, Lancing's, had nine of its members in single figures, while, as we have said, Winchester was the only side of the year every member of which averaged over ten.

As to the bowling, Paterson of Merchiston seems to have done best with an average of six, though Wells of Dulwich is a good second with seven, probably got against stronger elevens; Napier of Harrow also did well, but he was apparently not tried often enough, though he could hardly be considered as good a bowler as Forbes of Eton.

*** "The Coming Cricket Season."—While our article on this subject was passing through the press, the news arrived that the visit of the American Team to this country during the coming cricket season has been abandoned

PRACTICAL AND PROFITABLE POULTRY-KEEPING.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., R.N.

I.—FOWLS: FOR FLESH AND EGGS.

The keeping of fowls is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating fads or fancies that a boy could take up. There is something very real about a nice new-laid warm egg, and something very substantial too about a nice "sonsy" tender fowl roasted, and on the table with crisp curly morsels of bacon around her and flanked by mealy potatoes and mashed greens. Now if you can honestly and conscientiously look upon that fowl or those milky morning eggs as so much delicious food saved from stuff that would otherwise have gone to waste or become food for maggots and beetles, happy I say are ye. If, on the other hand, the fowl and the eggs have cost you white shillings and sixpenny-bits for grain and stuff you've had to buy, then I don't think you will enjoy your breakfast half so much, nor your dinner either. What then, you may ask, is the secret of keeping fowls with profit?

The answer crammed into a nutshell is this. Nobody should think of owning hens, who has not a convenient place to keep them healthy and happy in, and who cannot put his hand upon a fair amount of kitchen refuse. Of course the fowls won't be kitchen-fed entirely. They need other "gubbins" as well, and this it will not be economy to refuse them.

In all my writings in the "B. O. P." I have done my utmost to dissuade boys from keeping fowls who had not a grass run for them, and to encourage those who had that convenience to keep a few. I have looked upon the following two pictures in the same day often enough. Picture 1. A lordly, bold-looking cock returning at sunset from the grass with his feathered harem, every bird in which, including himself, is as happy-looking as the summer day has been long. They are in no particular hurry to get to roost. They even take note of things as they come slowly on, and more than once the king of the flock stops to break up a luscious snail for the hens. "Here, my dears," he seems to say, "you may as well make room for this; it wouldn't be here in the morning." Arrived at their yard the henwife herself meets

them and throws them a handful or two of hard golden grain, and the brave cock stands gallantly looking on, and if there be one or two pickings for him after his hens have had enough he takes them; if not, he doesn't grumble. A happy picture that!

But look at Picture II. It is the close of the same bright summer's day, but just glance for a minute over the fence into that filthy fowl-run. There are there about fifteen wretched hens in all, and every one looks more miserable than the other. For, see, the run is half an inch deep in black slime, the feeding trough is dirty, the water is fulsome, there is no sign of a dust bath, the hen's feathers are all awry, their tails are draggled and drooping, the poor cock is as spiritless as a snail, his comb is pale and he holds aloft a bumble foot. But yonder comes a slattern girl or silly-looking lad—none of *our* readers, mind you—and flings a few handfuls of bad oats to them. Then hear the scrimmage and the bad hen-language, and see the fighting and pecking that goes on. Why, the cock himself, instead of being kingly and gallant, positively fights with his family for a grain or two of those half-green oats. Well, I can never look at a scene like this without a lump in my throat, and I wouldn't give a pinch of salt for a man or boy who could.

Now then, my lads, just you cut your coat according to your cloth, and if you haven't the convenience and wherewithal to keep five hens and one cock in comfort and happiness, try some other hobby; get a box of tools and make things, or cultivate a morsel of garden and a couple of guinea-pigs, but don't go in for fowls.

The Fowl-run.—By the run I mean the gravel space round the house and the paddock, orchard, or field; that is to the hens what the outdoor world is to you. The gravel run should be a good roomy place with a nice clean level surface. No mud and no foul ponds. If you have outdoor perches in it here and there, all the better, for fowls dearly love to play at "King o' the Castle." Any kind of cheap fence does, of wire and wood, the more rustic the better. It should have a door for your own convenience, and a shutter door opening into the grass-run for the fowls. The gravel-run should be kept very clean and dry. In it should stand the flat water dishes, but not in the sun. In it also must be the dust bath, well protected from wind and rain; a barrowful or two of dry gravel mixed with peat-earth if possible, and old lime from walls broken down, with plenty of black sulphur.

Into this run may be thrown vegetable garden refuse with a handful or two of corn among it. But this must never be allowed to rot. Fowls that are all day on the grass-run will however hardly want this. Mind, it is important that the hens' private door into the grass-run be kept open, else the fowls may lay away. Besides, no sooner does a hen get clear of an egg, than she wants to join the flock and boast aloud of what she has done—"Cuck-cuck-cuck-cay, I'm the best hen to lay," she sings, and the cock comes running to meet her and shoves a fat slug down her throat, and assures her she is the brightest gem in his jewelled crown, and that, though she hasn't been an hour away, it has seemed to him like a hundred years, and so on and so forth, after which she settles quietly down to hunt for beetles and grubs.

Fowls, whatever the weather may be, are very fond of rustling in the dust-bath and kicking the ashes all up through their feathers and making themselves generally jolly, then coming out and shaking themselves clean. And if they have a good sizeable bath of this kind, they never suffer from ticks or vermin, and it does them good in many other ways. Boys should never forget in keeping animals of any kind that in their natural state—that is, the wild state—they are all cleanly, wild dogs and wild fowls, rabbits and all, and that the most successful breeders are those who study their cleanliness and comfort in their captivity. Put that hint in your note-book, it will save you pounds if ever you become breeders. The water should always be *clean* and pure and soft. The grains given should be wholesome, ripe, and free from dust.

No food should be left to decay.

The Fowl-house.—Make it of old soda-tubs or weather-boarding, or the roughest of wood filled up with moss and clay. I don't care how rough and rustic it is, but do have it useful and cleanly. Ventilate it scientifically. Don't have it draughty. Place the perches high or low, according to the breed of fowls you keep, and have a hen ladder. Let the perches be always dry and free from grease, and not placed over the nests. Cover the roof with sanded felt, or better still, thatch it.

Keep the nests for laying in full of clean straw. If you want to be extra-refined have openings in the walls fitted with shutters opposite each nest, so that you can take away eggs without disturbing the fowls. Have the inside of the house always lime-washed twice a year and rub woodwork over with Calvert's carbolic. There are directions how to use it, and it is safe. Lock the door every night and keep the key. A lantern is very handy in winter time. It is best to have a slit-door in the main door of the fowl-house; you can run and open this of a morning, even when you don't want to go inside yourself. You can gather the eggs later on.

The *best breeds for eggs* are the Spanish, Minorca, Leghorn, Andalusian, Hamburgh, Polish, Cochins, and Dorkings.

Best for flesh: Langshans, Cochins, La Flèche, Game, Brahma, and Dorking.

For *sitting*: Silkies, Cochins, and Dorkings.

Crossing.—Fresh blood does good in a run. Cross almost anything with a Dorking.

For *winter* laying you must breed early, so that they begin to lay late in autumn. All will then depend upon your feeding, and I'll speak about this presently.

I am sometimes asked the question, "What is the smallest space in which I can keep a score of fowls and a couple of cocks?" I seldom answer it. Those who ask such a query must be narrow-minded, and want everything for nothing. They are like the man who tried how little he could feed a horse upon. He worked him down to three straws a day, and if the saucy beast hadn't taken the sulks and died, he said he could have gotten him to live on one. Boys should remember that no animal, whether bird or beast, will thrive on food alone; the creature must have exercise, fresh air, pure water, and *happiness according to its kind.*

Food.—Everything will go wrong if sufficient food of a proper sort be not given. We shall not have any eggs, and if we kill a fowl for the flesh we shall find it poor, flabby, stringy, tasteless stuff. The scraps from the table, consisting of a little greens, potatoes, morsels of meat, bits of fat, gravy, etc., should be all boiled up together, and thickened into a mass that can be lifted with the fingers when cool, and scattered with an admixture of meal, pollards, or bran. Barley, oatmeal, Spratt's food, and Indian meal are best, but in no case should the meal preponderate, especially with laying fowls, or you will have them too fat. If you can't get enough meaty scraps you must trot round among the butchers, and see what you can do in the way of bargain making.

Now listen: this crumbly soft food should —nay, but *must be* given as early as 7.30 in winter, and at 6.30 in summer. None of your laziness, boys—up with you, throw on your ulsters with a comforter for your neck, and off you trot to the run, let out your pets and feed them. Won't they bless you just, in their own way! Throw the stuff here and there, that all may have a good portion, but give no more after they have ceased to eat. Mind the cock; if he is a game bird he may be too gallant to eat, so coax him.

Garden roots, such as the smaller potatoes, parsnips, turnips, and mangolds, etc., may also be boiled and thickened with pollards or bran.

The noon meal is simply some grain scattered here and there, and a handful of good grain corn and maize to each before roosting time. This keeps the stomach all right.

Feed in a cleanly place, not near their own droppings. In summer they will be ranging about the grass all day, and get many a nice tit-bit. In winter, if there be snow, you must give green garden refuse, cabbage, kail, etc., with some grain thrown among it.

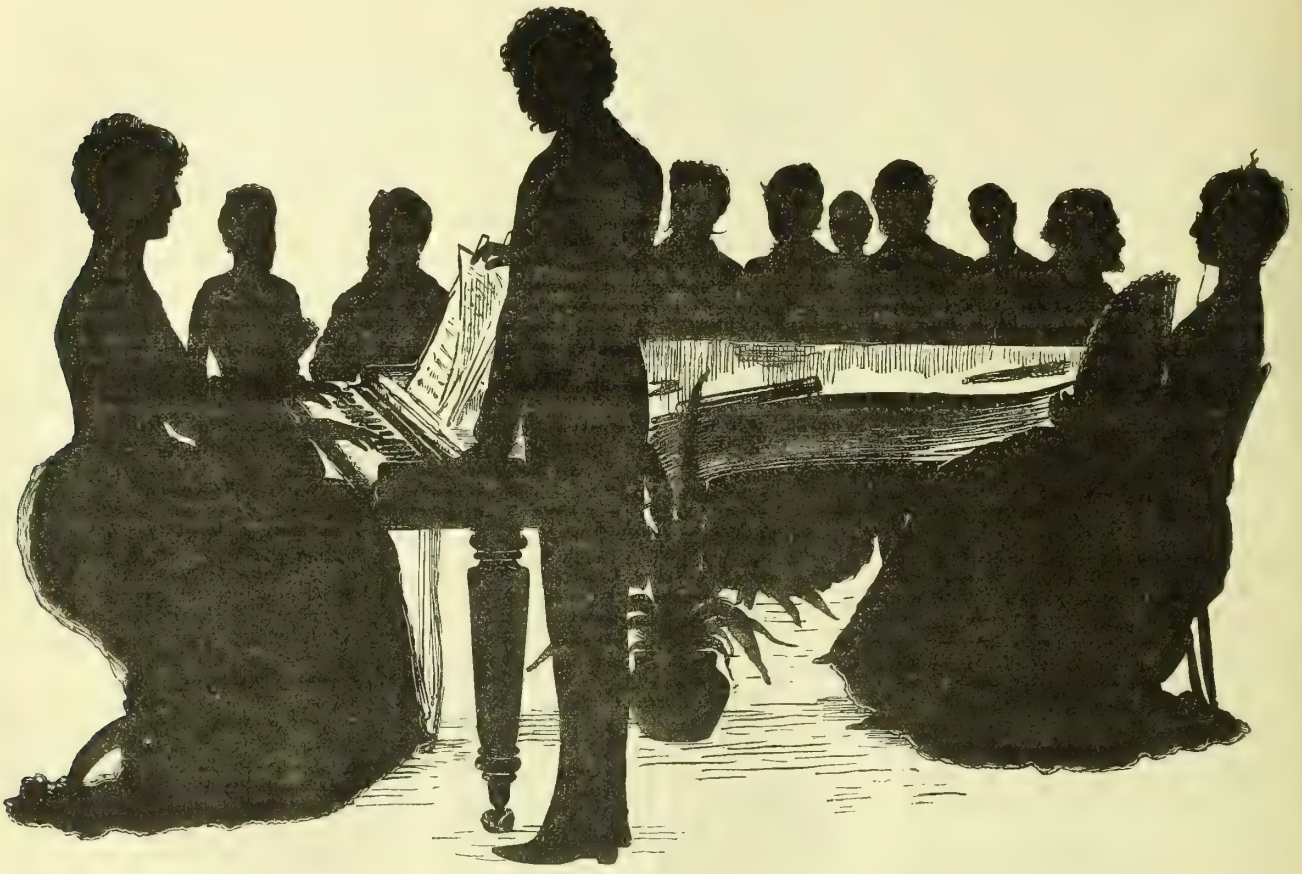
Food for winter laying.—The pullets that are most likely to lay all winter—providing they are in comfortable quarters—are those that have been hatched in February or March. They must have an allowance of boiled lights and butchers' parings, with not too much fattening meal food. In cold weather these pullets should have warm soft food, and some bruised chillies, or a dust of cayenne pepper in it, will encourage laying. A little hemp on frosty days will also do good. You will understand, of course, that if you make laying hens fat, they lay no longer.

To fatten for the market.—You observe I do not say fattening for the *table*. People like to see a big fat fowl powdered over with flour on the poulterer's counter. Well, suit them by all means, so pen up your two-year-olds and feed them very regularly, early and late, four or five times a day on crumbly boiled rice, flour and such, rice and treacle, and oatmeal draggled with milk; a fortnight will do it. Fatten chickens at fourth month, but don't pen up. Just see that all have plenty. For your own table the fowl should be well fed on general food, and have plenty of exercise on a grass-run.

Now about your *sitting hen.* Try if possible to get your brooding hens as early as January, or use an incubator. The hen if she has gone broody will probably seek out a nest for herself; and if possible, humour her. Only she must be in some quiet corner where there is no chance of her being molested. A good Dorking is invaluable as a sitter. She need not be extraordinarily large either.

Place a turf under the nest in say a bottomless basket, or about four inches of dry earth with no stones in it and a little straw over that. Try her with china eggs first, to make sure she is broody; you can nearly always tell, however, by the great heat of her body, and the peculiar clucking sound she makes. She must have a good allowance of hard food, barley or maize, put down to her, no soft food, and a dish of pure soft water changed every day. Also a large dust bath. Note: it is better to set two hens at the same time, because then, if neither have very many chickens, one fowl can have the lot and the other return to the run.

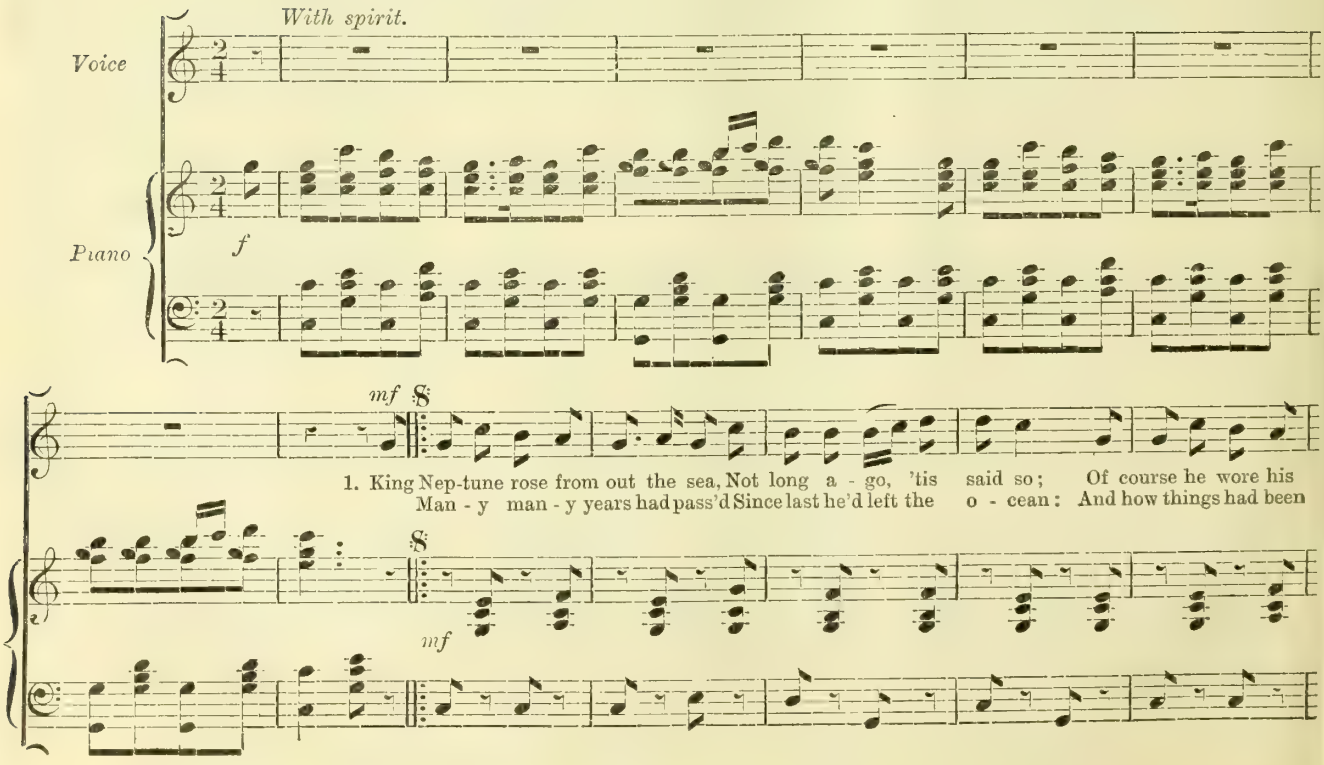
(*To be continued.*)

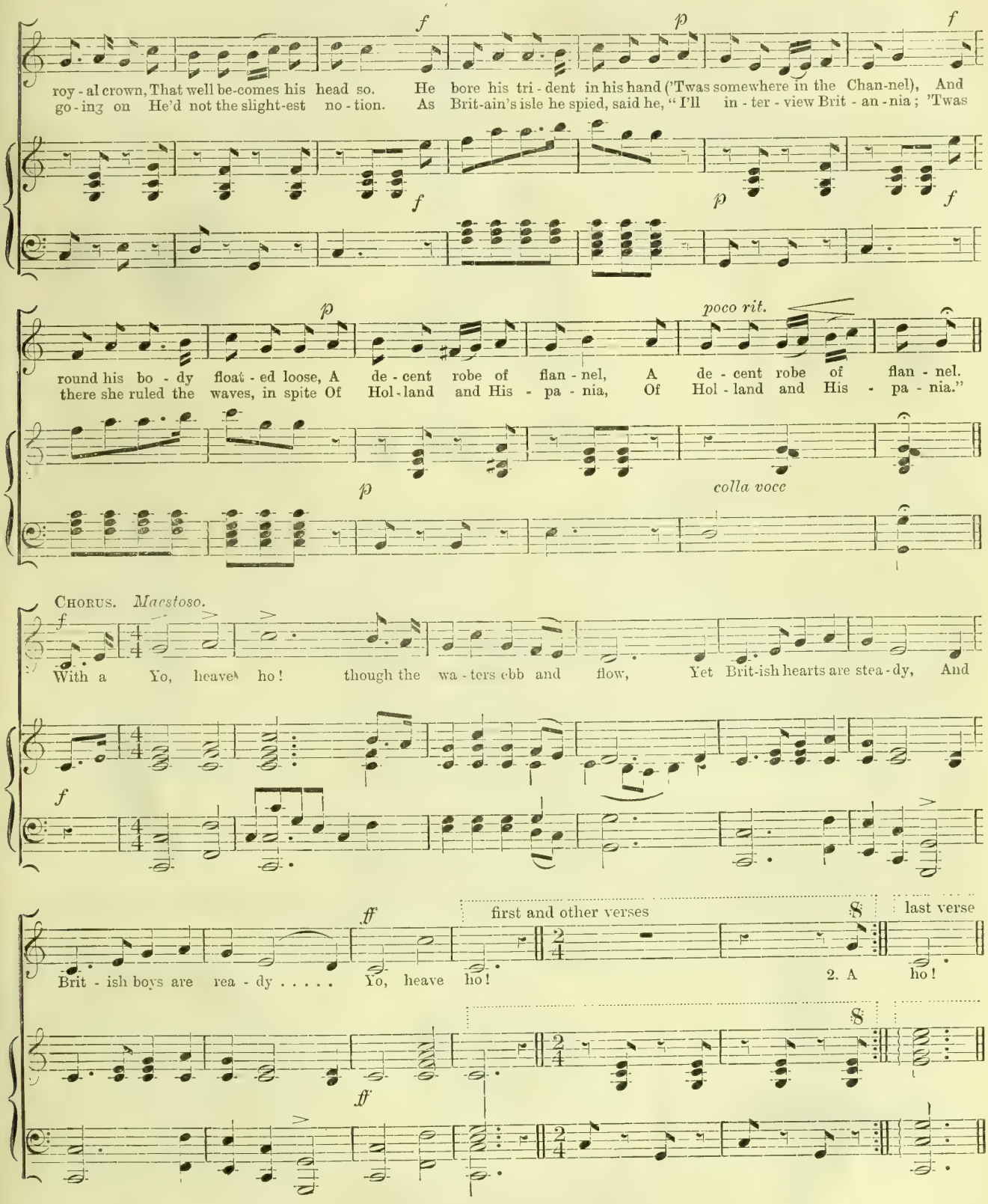


NEPTUNE AND BRITANNIA.

SONG FOR BOYS.

Words and Music by the Rev. W. J. Foxell, B.A., B.Mus. (Lond.)





3.

They met. Britannia came in state
Attended by her navy,
Including every sort of ship
That rides the ocean wavy.
"Are all these yours?" old Neptune cried,
"Hold hard there! call me coward
If there I see aught like the ships
Of Nelson, Blake, or Howard!"
Chorus.

4.

"Yes, much has chang'd," she answer'd,
Our glory's far from paling, ["still
Our wooden walls are iron now;
We steam instead of sailing;
Our newest guns weigh scores of tons,
And shoot as dead as mutton,
They're fired by electricity,—
You merely press a button."
Chorus.

5.

"But tell me of your sons," quoth he,
(The question rather falter'd)
"Are they the same good hearts and true—
Or have *they* also altered?"
"No, no!" Britannia quick replied,
"Their hearts are brave and steady,
They fear no foe! when danger looms
My boys are always ready."
Chorus.

THE "BOY'S OWN" DINNER-GONG, OR CALL-BELL: AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

By H. F. Hobden,

Author of "How to Build a Rowing Punt," "Boy's Own Model Locomotive," etc.

PART IV.

The full size of this plate is shown in Fig. 13, in which A is a front view, while B shows size to turn the washers.

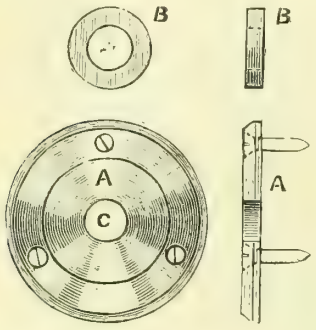


Fig 13.

The central hole, C, must be of sufficient size for easy working without too much play for the shaft, and three holes should be drilled and countersunk by which to screw it to the standard.

Before making the hole C the full size, drill a very small one in the centre and place the plate in the position it is to occupy exactly over the central dot H, Fig. 9, and mark some guide-marks on it and also on the wood, to enable you to replace it in the same position again after you have drilled out the centre. This is most important, as the shaft must revolve exactly at this point.

The plate and wood being marked, you can remove it and place it on the shaft between the steel washers, which must now be soldered on at such a distance that the inner side of plate D, Fig. 12, is $1\frac{7}{8}$ from A, and when doing this take care you do not solder the washers on to the plate D.

When this is finished drop a little oil between the washers, and screw the plate with shaft attached to it in position on the front standard at H, first drilling out the wood large enough to allow the inner washer to revolve easily: and you will now see the use of the guide-marks on the edge.

Fig. 14 shows it screwed on, with the wood cut away for inner washer.

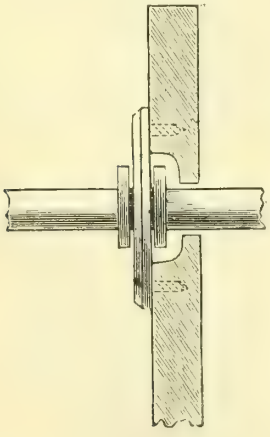


Fig. 14.

These washers prevent any endlong movement of the shaft, putting the "cam" (which I will next describe) out of gear.

This cam is a three-sided one, and, being fastened to the shaft, operates on the lever which strikes the bell. Fig. 15 is the exact size to make it.

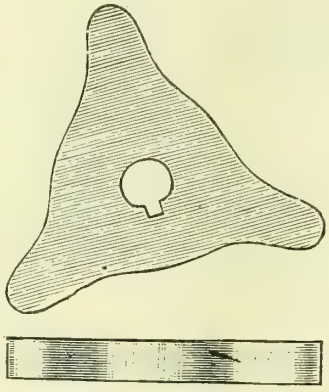


Fig. 15.

It should be cut out from metal $\frac{1}{4}$-inch thick, or may be built up of several sheets of copper soldered together until of the necessary thickness.

The central hole is to be drilled the exact size of shaft and a small key-way cut, as shown at A; and you must be careful to keep the outside form correct. The best way is to cut out a template, or shape, of cartridge paper, and glue it on to the metal, and then carefully file it up to that shape and finish it with a dead smooth file; and after cutting a small steel wedge or key to fit the square hole A, lay it aside for the present while we make the striking arrangement for the bell. But before commencing that, you can glue the front standard in place on the line A B, Fig. 8, taking care that it is perfectly vertical, and it should be supported in that position with some blocks of wood while it is drying.

The wheel also requires two small metal fittings to finish it: one is a brass plate with a square hole cut in the centre; this hole must be the exact size of the squared portion of the shaft, so as to fit it tightly; and then three holes drilled for round-headed screws by which to secure it to the back of the hub of wheel.

This plate is shown full size, Fig. 16, at A, with section B.

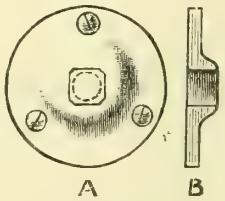


Fig. 16.

Drill the central hole out to nearly the size required, as shown by the dotted line, and then square it with a "drift," which can be made by filing up a piece of steel to the size of the square required. You can then screw the plate to the back of the hub, and square out the central hole in the hub by means of a small chisel or sharp bradawl. This should be made square to the same size as the hole in the plate, without which the wheel might turn round on the shaft instead of turning the shaft with it.

The other fitting consists of a circular hollow brass cap to be screwed on to the front of the hub and cover the screw and nut.

The size to make this is shown at Fig. 17.

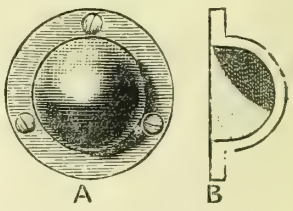


Fig 17.

A is a front view and B the section of same. It may be turned in wood and a casting procured from it, or may be turned up from a piece of solid brass and the inside drilled out, as shown by the dotted lines in section B.

And now for the bell itself. You may possibly have an old gong-shaped bell (amongst the lumber which generally accumulates in most boys' cupboards or chests) which you could adapt for the purpose; or you might procure a bicycle bell, and arrange it so as to work; but if you have neither, I will just describe a good method of constructing it.

First, you must buy the gong, Fig. 18, which you cannot easily make for yourself.

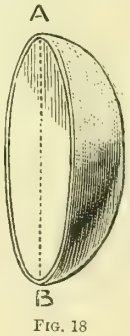


Fig. 18

This will cost you about sixpence. It is like a small dish-cover with a hole drilled at

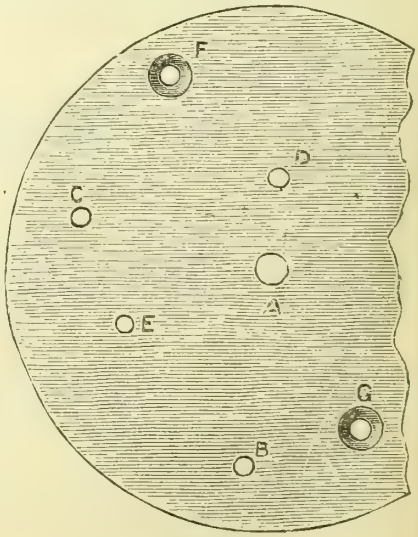


Fig 19.

the centre, and for our purpose it should not be larger than $2\frac{8}{10}$ in diameter from A to B,

and if the hole in top is very small you can drill it out to $\frac{1}{5}$ diameter. Now take a small piece of sheet iron $\frac{1}{16}$ thick and cut out a circle of the same diameter as the bell, and then hammer it quite flat: this is for the foundation plate, on to which you have to fasten the striker, etc.

This plate must be very carefully marked out as shown in Fig. 19, which gives the exact size and position of holes to be drilled at A, B, C, D, E, F, and G.

The right-hand side of this figure is not shown, there only being one hole required on that side, of the size of F G, for a third screw to fasten it by. The central hole A should be made $\frac{1}{5}$ in. diameter and all the others $\frac{1}{10}$, with the exception of F and G, which should be large enough to admit a small screw and be countersunk as shown, to allow the screw-head to lie quite flat with the surface. Be careful when drilling these holes to keep the drill vertical, or you will not get a true hole.

Now take a short length of stout iron rod about $\frac{3}{10}$ in diameter, and turn a screw at one end, leaving a shoulder at the other, as in Fig. 20, which is full size.



FIG. 20.

This is then to be placed in the central hole A, Fig. 19, and the end A of the support firmly riveted over at the back of plate; this is to hold the bell, which is placed over the screw B and secured in place by a nut on top, which can be made from any odd piece of brass, as shown at C.

You must now fit a stout iron or brass pin into each of the holes B, C, D, E. They should be slightly over $\frac{1}{5}$ in diameter by $\frac{4}{10}$ long, while B should be half an inch long. They should either be screwed into the holes or else riveted over from the back—but it makes the firmest job to both screw and rivet them. The back plate is now ready to receive the moving parts, which consist of three.

The first to make is the lever, Fig. 21, which is full size and can be easily cut out with the fret-saw from a stout piece of sheet brass, and for these little pieces you will possibly have odd metal lying by, which will come in very handy and may be easily filed up to the necessary shape. The length of the lever is $2\frac{7}{10}$ inches, and the end A is to be turned round to a right angle to work against the cam, Fig. 15.

Two holes, B and C, have then to be drilled in the position shown, and a brass pin projecting about $\frac{4}{10}$ must be riveted into C, as shown in side-view at D.

That being done and filed up smoothly, you can place the hole B over the pin B on the foundation-plate, Fig. 19.

Now take a short length of "hard" brass wire and bend it three times round the pin B, to form a spring; then slightly curve the end and bring it round to the other side of central post, Fig. 20, while the other end rests against the opposite side of pin D on the lever; then cut off the extreme ends of wire and rivet a small brass washer over the end of pin B, Fig. 19, which will prevent the lever and spring from slipping off.

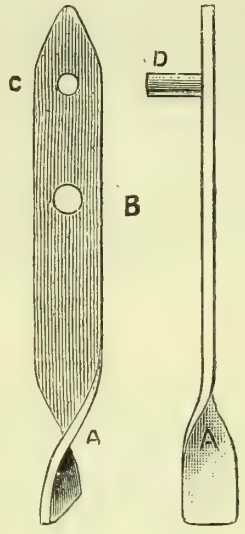


FIG. 21.

This arrangement is shown full size in Fig. 22, where A is the central post, B the



FIG. 22.

lever, with spring C wound round the pin B, Fig. 19, the underneath end being against the pin D.

The next portion to make is also drawn to the exact size in Fig. 23, and may be cut out

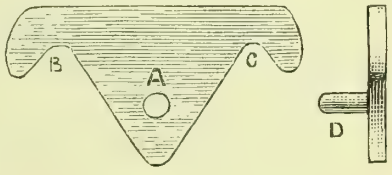


FIG. 23.

from sheet brass. A hole is to be drilled at A, and a short pin fitted and riveted in tightly, as shown in the side-view D. The piece can then be laid on the foundation-plate with the hollows B and C, resting on the pins C D, in that plate.

(To be continued.)

THE SHORTEST GAME OF CHESS.

By Prof. Tomlinson, F.R.S.

[Professor Charles Tomlinson, F.R.S., who is now the oldest writer in chess living, for he was born in London on November 27, 1808, and among whose works his "Amusements in Chess" (London, 1845) is unsurpassed by any other book of the kind, has forwarded us the following capital short article.]

The young chess-player will doubtless have learnt that the shortest game of chess is that known as the *Fool's Mate*. The game consists of two moves only:

White.	Black.
1. P—K B 4	P—K 3
2. P—K Kt 4	Q—K R 5 mate.

The next shortest game is that known as the *Scholar's Mate:*

White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. K B—Q B 4	K B—Q B 4
3. Q—K R 5	P—Q 3
4. Q × K B P mate.	

We are not aware that either of these games has actually been played. We cannot fancy that any one would be so stupid as to make such obviously bad moves as one of the players makes in the above cases. I want to call your attention to the shortest game that has occurred in actual play.

You have, of course, heard of the great French chess-player, Philidor. He got his Italian name in a curious way. In the Chapel Royal at Versailles there was an orchestra of musicians that took part in the religious services. Among them was an Italian named Philidor. It happened that this man fell ill and died, and his place was supplied by a Frenchman named Danican. One morning the king, Louis XIV., on passing the orchestra on his way to his seat in the chapel, mistook Danican for Philidor, and nodding to him said, "I am glad to see you back in your place, Philidor!" Now it was a point of etiquette in the French court not to allow the king to make a mistake. When he was a child, he said one day, "*Portez mon carrosse!*" He ought to have said, "*ma carrosse,*" since the word is of the feminine gender, but the polite French at once adopted the royal infant's change of gender, and the word remains to this day masculine. In like manner Danican became Philidor, and to this odd circumstance the great chess master is indebted for his name.

The ante-room to the Royal Chapel was occupied by the musicians in the intervals of the services, and being so near the sacred precinct they were not allowed to play games of chance, but chess was allowed. The boy Philidor frequently accompanied his father to the chapel, and was fond of watching the chess, and soon became himself a good player. One of the most skilful chess-players among the musicians was a man named Legalle, who frequently played with young Philidor. Now the only game of Legalle's that has been preserved is one in which he gives the odds of the Q R; and here it is:

White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. K B—Q B 4	P—Q 3
3. K Kt—B 3	Q Kt—B 3
4. Q Kt—B 3	Q B—K Kt 5
5. Kt × K P	B × Q
6. B × P (ch.)	K—K 2
7. Q Kt mates.	



Correspondence.

CONSULT A DOCTOR (V. G. D., F. C., Cambria, and some others).—These querists we must refer to their own doctor.

LUMP ON PIGEON'S WING (Inexperience).—It is called wing disease. The cure generally is to pluck the wing of big feathers, one by one. As the bird remoults, the swelling will disappear. Be careful, however.

PHEASANTS (Fretus).—Yes; we may in the Doings afford hints about these. Hemp-seed should not be freely given. The birds having but little exercise should not be fed on heating material.

BIRDS (Cecil H. Roberts).—It would require a very large aviary indeed before chaffinches and greenfinches would build in it. No; we do not know Hyde's seed.

GROWING PAINS, ETC. (C. Harris).—Serve you right if you consult mountebank travelling quacks. Consult a doctor.

THE BATH (Coming Winter).—Do not take the bath if you have a feverish cold. It would rather help to cure an ordinary cold.

ILL SIX-FOOTER is growing too fast. He must consult a doctor.

FOWL BRUISED (C. A. Sack).—Rest and warm fomentations; if matter forms, the swelling should be lanced.

YOUNG PIGEONS DYING (G. Lester).—They evidently died of debility. You should either have had nurse pigeons, or have seen to them yourself. Begin at the beginning again. Get good young stock from a real breeder; and get a book (Cassell's or Lyell's) and study.

PIGEONS (W. S. Baker).—Take up too much space here. We will have another article shortly.

CHRONIC CATARRH (Rolls).—This will go away as you get stronger. Keep the bowels regular, take all the exercise you can get, and a teaspoonful of Fellows' Syrup twice a day, after meals, in water.

BULLFINCHES (Bullfinch).—After the second moult.

CAT'S EYE BAD (Grimalkin).—Bathe it with a solution of sulphate of zinc, one or two grains to the ounce of water. This twice a day. Keep warm and dry and feed well.

PHEASANTS AND FINGERS (Musique).—You must keep the birds in a nice large aviary, which you can easily make yourself. If nature gave you large fingers we cannot alter them.

KNEE BAD (B. I.).—You are threatened with synovitis and must consult a doctor.

PIGEONS (Vivian Gallway).—You must get the ordinary kinds—a good pair, cock and hen, say tumblers—through "Exchange and Mart." Keep in an aviary and breed. The young will not fly away.

NERVOUS (A Troubled One).—It may be but natural, unless you have given way to bad habits. Then it might be serious enough. Read Dr. Gordon Stables's "Advice to Growing Lads."

ANOTHER (F. W. P.).—Avoid quacks. Read answer to Nervous.

BOY ILL (Despair).—No need to despair. It is only a sprain. You will grow out of it. Meanwhile, be guided by what your doctor tells you.

ICELAND PONY (A. Buchan).—Your nag is evidently a "bad doer." Try bruised oats, and give him carrots now and then, and some bruised beans. Turn him out to grass in fine weather.

GROWTH, ETC. (New Reader).—No; only by healthful exercise and gymnastics. Feed the blackbird well, and it will by-and-by sing.

GYMNASTICS (Patrick Langar).—You can develop all the muscles by means of regulated exercise with the dumb-bells. Use light ones.

COLD BATH (W. Pellier).—Begin any time if you are a strongish lad. Put a dash of hot in first and gradually reduce the temperature.

HAIR COMING OUT, ETC. (Anxious).—1. Something wrong with your health. Live as well as possible and keep the bowels regular. 2. Yes; Harness's Electropathic Belt will tone the nerves and increase the strength.

MOLES (H. M. C.).—A little potassa fusa in the centre, but we do not counsel much interference with these except under good advice.

GROWING (Small Boy).—You are nearly 21. No; you are done growing heavenwards—corporeally.

DUMB-BELLS (Mixed).—1. After the bath. 2. Bed by ten, up at seven.

RABBIT BOOKS (R Hoare).—We are constantly giving the names of books on rabbits. There is one by Cassell & Co., one by Upcott Gill ("Exchange and Mart" Office). These are about 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

RABBIT'S FUR COMING OFF (Bunnie).—Rabbits moult when three weeks old, and lose hair again in another month. You have only to be careful to keep from cold. Do not remove from mother till eight weeks fully.

ATHLETICS (Athlete).—1. The word athlete is greatly abused. You do not require to be a positively strong lad to be healthy. We mean muscularly strong. But the dumb-bell or Indian club exercise must be regular and the diet plain and wholesome. 2. J. Piggott, 117 Cheapside, London, has a wonderful emporium of the kind you refer to.

RABBIT PARALYSED (B. Hare).—It is not rheumatism but paralysis. We don't think you can save it. Be more careful in feeding, bedding, etc., in future.

THE HAIR (Parasite).—You have no business to suffer so. The hair must be washed twice a week.

BOOKS BY DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N. (C. A. S.).—Some of this author's tales ran through these columns before being published in book form. But a tale first published in book form would not. The "Cruise of the Snowbird" was republished by Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

NERVOUSNESS (P. N. H.).—Don't bother about how you look in society. Do you think any one cares but yourself? Take the cold bath, exercise with light dumb-bells, and a teaspoonful of Fellows' Syrup in water twice a day.

EYESIGHT AND NERVOUSNESS (M. Mathews).—Read reply to Nervousness, and do the same as advised for him. The eyesight we cannot tell you about without knowing more, but spectacles are evidently necessary.

LINNET AND CHAFFINCH (G. Knight).—We do not know Hyde's mixture, but we believe you bought wild birds. If so it is no wonder they died.

RABBITS, ETC. (Bunnie).—1. For fattening rabbits; pen separately and feed on a barley meal-mash with boiled potatoes, a little bran, a few tea leaves, and perhaps some boiled bread. Give oatmeal and boiled peas for a change. Very little green food. 2. Owls: Feed on bits of butcher's offal, gizzards, etc. of fowls, and dead mice. 3. There is no book on turkeys, but any fowl book gives directions about them. Refer to articles in our back numbers.

WATER TORTOISE (Malony).—You might write to E. Sumner, 135, Oxford Street, London. But surely there are naturalists' shops in Dublin.

THE ARGENTINA (Argent).—We cannot advise any particular make of rifle, but we do say get some one that knows to purchase for you before you start, else you may find yourself "Brummagemed."

PIGEON BREEDING (A. Dunn).—You will have no luck unless you first get a book and study it. We cannot tell you all in a column, and could not in ten. Try Lyell's Book on Pigeons, or Wright's.

KITTEN WITH FIT (Crocus).—Give castor oil twice a week. Don't soil the fur. If fits continue, get Spratt's Worm Powder and treat as you would a tiny dog.

WHITE MICE (Freda).—A little milk. No cheese. It makes them smell so. Canary seed is good.

TWO HEADED SNAKES (H. Peck).—Such monstrosities may exist. Thanks for your letter.

REPENTANT, R. W. A., and Others.—Vide answer to Nervousness. Or consult a doctor. But avoid ruin by avoiding quacks—advertised or otherwise.

CAT WITH FUR COMING OFF (Bodger and Others).—It is very likely from eczema. The treatment is described in "Cats," a book published by Dean & Son, and written by Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N. Too long to give here. These cases are terribly troublesome.

GUINEA-PIGS (G. H. Dawson).—1. One doe to one buck. 2. Leave the buck with young. 3. Separate young at three months old. 4. *Water* of course.

DUCKS (G. Pike).—At three months. At eight weeks they would hardly weigh over 4 lbs.

RATS (Farmer).—No; a little green food or apple does tame rats good.

MICE (A. A. G.).—There is a special cage sold for them at naturalists'.

GUINEA-PIGS AND "BUFFON" (Developer).—1. Buffon is wrong, "Pet Stock" right. 2. Begin keeping in spring early. 3. If you have a lot you will find Spratt's rabbit food a good staple of diet. We have been using it for months in our own large caviary, and the creatures like it immensely, but give grain and green food and water as well.

VEGETARIANISM (Hygiene).—Yes; if well chosen. Look at the Scotch "Gillies," who never see meat.

CYCLE-RACING (J. Hard).—Yes; you're in good form, but cycle-racing is bad for the heart and kills its scores.

F. W. K.—1. Glue size is simply very weak glue, or rather, glue and water, and it should be applied hot. 2. If you cannot paint a gold line fine enough, get a piece of gold cord or gold thread and stick it on in the same way as is done in model ships.

SEQUAH.—The Secretary of the Royal Academy, Burlington House, W., will send you the prospectus if you write to him for it.

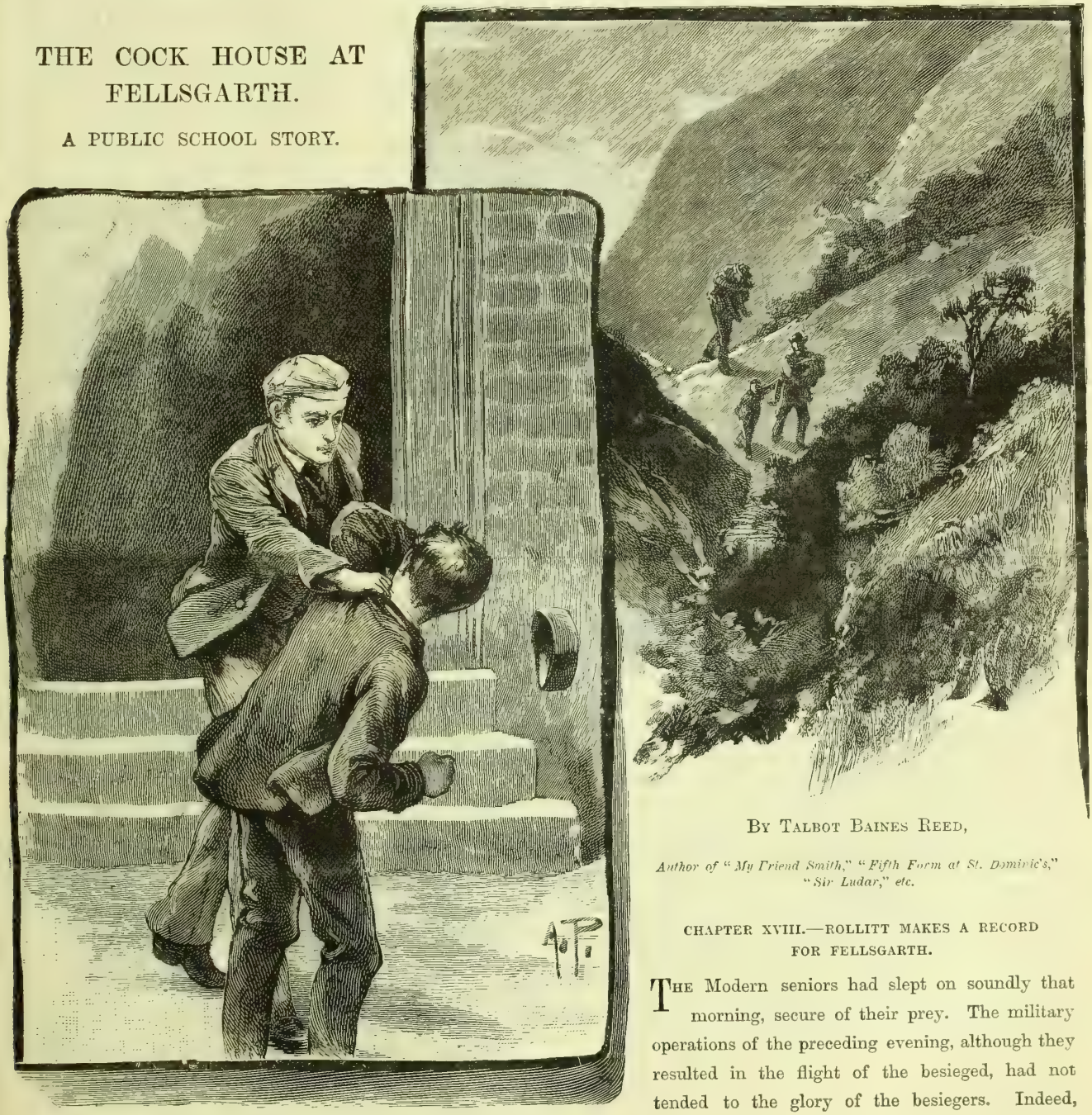
BOY'S OWN PEST.—1. The heading you send is that of one of the "Ephemerals," a species of cheap magazine that publishes for a few weeks old stories under new names, and then tries feeble originality—and dies. 2. The "Union Jack" ceased to exist several years ago. It was on much the same lines as the "B. O. P." and many doubtless regretted it was not adequately supported. It was very different indeed from the vulgar rubbish of which you send the headline.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 643.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.



"I've got you now, have I, you cad?"—*(See Chap XIX.)*

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ROLLITT MAKES A RECORD FOR FELLSGARTH.

The Modern seniors had slept on soundly that morning, secure of their prey. The military operations of the preceding evening, although they resulted in the flight of the besieged, had not tended to the glory of the besiegers. Indeed,

when the door had at last been broken in and it was discovered that the birds had flown, a titter had gone round at the expense of Messrs. Clapperton, Dangle, and Brinkman which had been particularly riling to those gentlemen.

When in the morning the birds were found to have flown once more, the position of the seniors became positively painful. Fullerton, as usual, did not salve the wound.

"I should say—not that it matters much to me—that that scores another to the rebels," said he. "How very naughty of them not to stay and be whopped, to be sure."

"The young cads!" growled Clapperton, who had the grace to be perfectly aware that he had been made ridiculous. "I don't envy them when I get hold of them."

"No more do I," said Fullerton, "with their door off its hinges. It will be very draughty."

"Do shut up. Why don't you go and join the enemy at once, if you're so fond of them?" said Dangle.

"Well," said Clapperton, "they will keep; but we must have it out with Corder now. It's no use simply cutting him; he'll have to be taught that he can't defy the house for nothing. Go and tell him to come, Brinkman."

But Corder's back was against the wall, literally and metaphorically.

To Brinkman's demand (almost the first voice he had heard speaking to him for a week) he returned a curt refusal.

"Well, I'll make you come," said Brinkman. Whereupon Corder retreated behind his table and invited the interloper to begin.

To dodge round and round a study table after a nimble boy is not a very dignified occupation for a prefect, particularly when the object of his chase is a prefect too; and Brinkman presently abandoned the quest and went off, breathing threatenings and slaughter, for reinforcements.

So did Corder. Less sensitive than his junior fellow martyrs, he marched straight across to Yorke's study. The captain was away, but in the adjoining room he found Fisher I and Denton, poring over their endless accounts.

"You two," said Corder, "you're prefects. You're wanted over on the other side to stop bullying."

"Who's being bullied?"

"I am. I've been cut dead for a week. I'm sick of it. Now they're going to lick me. I'd take my chance against them one at a time, but I can't tackle three of them."

"Is it for playing in the match?"

"Yes, that and going to the meeting. Nothing else. I'd go to twenty a day, if I had the chance, to spite them."

"Who are bullying you?"

"Clapperton, Brinkman, and Dangle, of course."

"I tell you what," said Denton, "we couldn't go over. We've no authority. But there's nothing to prevent your staying here and letting them fetch you. Then we can interfere."

"All serene," said Corder; "I hope they will come. I say, I wish you'd let me sit here and hear you fellows talk. I've not had a word spoken to me for a week. I can tell you it's no joke. I laughed at it at first and thought it would be nice rather than otherwise. But after two days, you chaps, it gets to be decidedly slow; you begin to wonder if it isn't worth caving in. But that would be *such* a howling come down, when all you've done is to do what you had a right to do—or rather what you're bound to do—play up for the school."

"And jolly well you played too," said Fisher.

"It was a lucky turn. You know I was so awfully glad to be in the fifteen, and felt I could do anything. Of course the lucky thing was my getting past their forwards, and then——" And then Corder launched into a delighted account of the never-to-be-forgotten match, during which the cloud passed away from his face, the light came back to his eyes, and the spirit into his voice.

"What business have they to stop me," said he, "or bully me for it?"

"None. And Yorke, when he hears of it, will report it to the Doctor."

"No, don't let him do that. What's the use? If I can stay here it's all right."

An hour later, about the time that the young mountaineers were beginning to look out for the second wind on the lower slope, Dangle came across in a vicious temper.

He had not come to look for Corder, the sight of whom in the sanctuary of a Classic study took him aback.

"That's where you're sneaking, is it?" said he. "I'm not surprised."

"Not much need to sneak from *you*. It's three against one I object to," said Corder. "But if you like to fetch Clapperton and Brinkman over here, we can have it out comfortably now."

"You must think yourself uncommonly important if you suppose we're going to trouble about an ass like you," said Dangle. "I never once thought of you."

"What have you come for, then?" said Fisher. "Hadn't you better wait till you're invited before you come where you're not wanted?"

"I've come on club business, and I've a perfect right to come. You fellows, I hear, have taken it into your heads to dissolve the club."

"What of that? Why didn't you come and vote against it if you didn't like it?"

"Thank you. It wasn't quite good enough. What I want to know is what is the treasurer going to do with the money? I suppose that's hardly going to be treated as a perquisite for him?"

Fisher I looked troubled. He had dreaded this awkward question for days. For the lost money was still missing.

"You know it's nothing of the kind."

"What are you going to do with it, then?"

"That's for the club to decide. If you'd come to the meeting you could have proposed something."

"It's funny how sore you are about that precious hole-and-corner meeting of yours. How much is there on hand?"

"You'll know presently."

"I daresay—as soon as you've hit on a dodge for getting over that little deficiency of four or five pounds—eh?"

Fisher I looked up in astonishment. How had the fellow heard about that?

Dangle laughed.

"You thought it was a snug little secret of your own, didn't you? You're mistaken. And you're mistaken if you think we aren't going to get at the bottom of it."

Fisher I rose to his feet.

"Look here, Dangle," said he; "do you mean to insinuate that *I've* taken the club money?"

"I never said so."

"Or that I was going to cook the accounts so that it should not be known?"

"I didn't mean *you* were."

"Whom did you mean? Me?" said Denton.

"No; I didn't say anybody," said Dangle, beginning to feel himself in a fix. "All I meant was, we want to know what's become of the money?"

"You don't want to know more than I do," said Fisher I. "I'd have handed over the money days ago, if I could only have found it."

"Do you suspect any one?" said Dangle.

"Suspect? No. No one comes here that would be likely to take it."

"You leave it about, though. I've noticed that myself. Who's your fag?"

"As honest a man as you, every bit, and that's saying a good deal for *you*," retorted Fisher I, hotly.

"Keep your temper. Who's study is that next yours?"

"That's Yorke's."

"No, on the other side."

"That's Rollitt's. I suppose you're going to insinuate——"

"Stop a bit," said Dangle, suddenly, turning to close the door before he proceeded. "When did you first miss the money?"

"You're uncommonly interested in the accounts," said Fisher; "if you want to know so much it was ten days ago."

"I'm interested because I've an idea. When did you get in the subscriptions?"

"They were all in a week before the first Rendlesham match, the match where you——"

Fisher I stopped.

Dangle took no notice of the broken taunt, and said:

"Look here, Fisher. There's no love lost between you and me, and it doesn't affect me."

"Or me."

"For all that, I don't care to see you or the clubs robbed without giving you a friendly hint."

"You're very kind. Who is the culprit? The Doctor?"

"No; *Rollitt*. Stay," said he, waving down the interruption, "I shouldn't be fool enough to say it unless I was pretty sure. Tell me this, Fisher; when you go out and leave money about, do you lock your door?"

"No. We don't have to do that this side."

"Did you ever see Rollitt in here?"

"No."

"Do you know that on the first half holiday this term Rollitt nearly came to grief on the river?"

"What on earth has that to do with it?"

"Everything. You heard of it? Your young brother was with him, of course. And you heard that he lost Widow Wisdom's boat over the falls."

"Yes," said Fisher, suddenly beginning to see the drift of the cross-examination.

"And you heard that the very next day he bought her a new one for five pounds?"

"Yes, I did, but whatever right have you to connect that with the missing money?"

"Wait a bit. You were away all that afternoon, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"I wasn't. I happened to come over to look for you, and found you were out. The only fellow I met in the house was Rollitt. He'd just got back, and I met him at the door of this room. There, you can make what you like of it. Even a Classic knows what twice two makes."

And he turned on his heel and left the room.

"There goes a thoroughbred cad for you," said Denton.

"I don't know how we came to let him go without a kicking," said Fisher.

"Shall I call to him to come back?" asked Corder.

"Of course," said Fisher I, "it *is* a curious coincidence about Rollitt. But I never thought of connecting the two things together before."

"No. It's utter guesswork on Dangle's part."

"If it comes to that," said Corder, "if Dangle was over here that afternoon, why shouldn't he have collared it as well as Rollitt?"

"He has any amount of money. He's not hard up, like Rollitt."

"All I can say is," said Denton, "I wish that cad had kept his suspicions to himself."

The object of these suspicions, meanwhile, blissfully unconscious of the interest with which he was being remembered at Fellsgarth, was utilising his holiday in the prosecution of his favourite sport.

This time he did not fish from a boat, nor did he affect the upper stream. He tried the lower reach; and not very successfully. For he had never been able to replace the tackle lost on the eventful afternoon when Widow Wisdom's boat had gone over the falls. He had his fly-book still, and had come across an old reel which, fitted to a makeshift rod with common twine, had to do duty until he could afford a regular new turn-out. It was better than nothing, but the fish seemed somehow to get wind of the fact that they were not being treated with proper respect, and refused to have more to do than they could help with this irregular-looking apparatus.

Rollitt put up with their unreasonableness for a long time that morning and afternoon. With infinite patience he tried one fly after another, and either bank in turn. He gave them a chance of being hooked under the falls, or right down on the flats by the lake. But it was no go. They wouldn't be tempted.

At last, as it was growing dusk, he became conscious that it had been raining fast for half an hour and that he was wet through. He looked up and saw a grim pall of wet lying over the lake and all up the side of Hawk's Pike, of which only the lower slope was distinguishable through the mist. It was not a promising evening; and Rollitt, now he came to think of it, might as well go back to Fellsgarth as stand about here.

So he collected his tackle and turned homeward. His path from the lake brought him across the track which leads round to the back of the mountain; and he was just turning in here when he heard what sounded like a halloo on the hill side. It was probably only a shepherd calling his dog, but he waited to make sure.

Yes, it was a shout, but it sounded more like a sheep than a man. Rollitt shouted back. A quick response came, and presently out of the mist a shadowy form emerged running down the slope, hopping over the boulders, and making for the lane.

A minute more and Wally presented himself.

"Hullo, is that you, Rollitt? I thought I was lost. I say, have you seen the others?"

Rollitt shook his head.

"Whew! I made sure they'd come down. I say, what a go if they're lost up there, a night like this."

Rollitt looked up at the dim mountain side and nodded again.

"I thought I was on a path, you know, and hallooed to them. They didn't hear, so I went back for them, and—so we've missed."

"Who?" said Rollitt.

"Do you know my young brother Percy, a Modern kid? He was one, and all our lot, you know, D'Arcy and Ashby and Fisher II and——"

"Fisher II," said Rollitt, suddenly becoming interested; "up there?"

"Yes—he's the lame horse of the party—not up to it. What's up, I say?"

Rollitt had suddenly deposited his rod under the wall, and quitting the path was beginning to strike up the base of the hill.

"Go, and bring guides," he growled.

"You'll get lost, to a dead certainty. I say, can't I come too?" said the boy, looking very miserable.

"No. Fetch guides. Come with them. Quick."

There were no guides to be had nearer than Penchurch, four miles off, and Wally, very cold and wet and hungry and footsore, with a big load on his heart as he thought of Percy, pulled himself together with an effort and stumped off.

Rollitt strode on up the slope in the gathering night. Cold and weather mattered little to him, still less did danger. But Fisher II mattered very much. For Percy or any of the rest he might probably have stayed where he was; but for the one boy in Fellsgarth he cared about he would cheerfully go over a precipice.

Every now and again he stood still and shouted. But in the wind and rain it was impossible to say if any one heard him or called again.

After an hour or more he found himself on the first ridge, where for a few yards the ground is level before it rises again. Here he called again, once or twice. Once there came, as he thought, a faint distant whistle, but by no manner of calling could he get it to come again. He started off in the direction from which it seemed to come, calling all the way, but never a voice came out of the darkness. For a couple of hours he doggedly haunted the place, loth to leave it while a chance remained. Then he gave it up, and started once more up the steep slope. He looked at his watch by the light of a match. It was eleven o'clock. He shuddered, but not with the cold, and went on.

Something, who could say what, told him that he must go higher yet. Once last year, in company with Wisdom, he had been as far as the upper bog and had wanted to go to the top. But Wisdom had dissuaded him. Now, even in the darkness the ground seemed familiar, and he tramped on up the swampy steep till presently he found himself near the sound of rushing water at the foot of the great ravine.

The stream had grown so strong since the afternoon that to shout against it was more hopeless than ever. Yet Rollitt shouted. Had a voice replied, he felt sure he could have heard it. But none did.

Up the steep ravine he went, finding the going easier than through the spongy swamps below. About half way up, just where the juniors ten hours ago had decided to turn back, as he looked up, he saw what seemed like clear sky through a frame in the mist. Was it clearing after all? Yes. The higher he got the more the mist broke up into fleeting clouds which swept aside every few moments and let in a dim glimmer of moonlight on the scene.

At the top of the ravine he shouted again: but all was still. Even the wind was dying down, and the rain fell with a deadened sob at his feet.

Three o'clock! Wisdom had told him, the day they had been up there, that the top was only three-quarters of an hour beyond where he stood. Something still cried "excelsior" within him, and without halting longer than to satisfy himself by another shout, he started on.

How he achieved that tremendous climb he could never say. The clouds had rolled off, and the moonlight lit up the rocks almost like day. Never once did he pull up or flag in his ascent. He even ceased to shout.

Presently there loomed before him, gleaming in the moonlight, the cairn. For the first time in its annals, a Fellsgarth boy had got to the top of Hawk's Pike.

But so far from elation at the glory of the achievement, Rollitt uttered a groan of dismay when he looked round and found no one there after all. That he would find Fisher II there he had never doubted; and now—all this had been time lost.

Without waiting to heed the glorious moonlight prospect over lake and hill, he turned almost savagely, and scrambled down the crags. It was perilous work—more perilous than the scramble up. But Rollitt did not think of danger, and therefore perhaps did not meet it. In half an hour he was down on the bog—and in an hour after, just as a faint break in the east gave warning that the night was gone, he stood bruised and panting at the foot of the gorge on the second ridge.

He was too dispirited to shout now. It had not been given to him after all to rescue his friend. He would have done better if he had never——

There was a big boulder just ahead, poised almost miraculously on its edge, on the sloping hill side. It looked as if a

moderate blast of wind would send it headlong to the bottom. But it had stood there for centuries, a shelter for sheep in winter from the snow and hail.

What made Rollitt bound now in the direction of this rock, like a man shot? Surely not to admire a natural curiosity, or to seek shelter under its wing.

No. He had found that his quest after all had not been in vain. There, curled up under the overhanging rock, lying one almost across the other for warmth, with cheek touching cheek, and Ashby's coat covering both, were Fisher II and his chum—not dead, but sleeping soundly!

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frèzols," etc.

CHAPTER X.—THE GOUL HEK.

At midnight, as the moon was sinking below the horizon, Kerdic arrived at the ruined pillar of which the Guebre had told him. As he approached, a crouching figure rose a few yards from the monument, and came to meet him. It was Goucha Nichin, holding a long iron bar and a handful of cordage. Maurice took the cordage from him and found it was a long thin rope ladder, with iron hooks at one end. He would also have carried the iron bar, but the old man refused.

The two men started on their way. The night was calm; in the sky the stars were shining softly and shedding a feeble light on the road now that the moon had gone. The magus walked firmly and resolutely, his white vestments dispersing a vague light into the surrounding gloom.

Maurice followed him, silent and absorbed in a sorrowful reverie. The stoppage of the works had deeply troubled him, and the long hours of the day had seemed of deadly weight in the deserted camp. Lieutenant Guyon had gone off without delay to Teheran so as to begin his appeal to the Shah, and all Catherine's efforts to dissipate her brother's gloomy thoughts had been in vain.

How would it all end? asked Maurice. Had this old man any serious reason for supposing that they would reach the ancient monuments by the subterranean road he hoped to discover, or was it but the dream of an enthusiast? Certainly, up to the present he had had reason to trust him, but would it be so for the future?

Another idea came to worry the young archæologist; he was ready as far as he was concerned to brave everything for success in his enterprise; but the terrible threats of the Shire with regard to the workmen had staggered him. He knew too well that such sentences were daily inflicted in the country for the very slightest offences; and the thought that his obstinacy might expose these unfortunate people to such danger was insupportable. As to the fanatic Guebre it was easy to see that a man's life counted for nothing in his eyes. Already Maurice had discovered that Goucha Nichin looked upon him only as an instrument; all the more reason therefore for him to despise the poor ignorant people on whom he imposed his will with such superb disdain. It was different, however, with Maurice, who felt that if one of his men lost his life in this clandestine work he could never forgive himself.

From time to time the Guebre stopped and seemed to be making out his direction. Then he would hoarsely murmur certain strange sonorous words which Maurice presumed were in Pehlvi, the sacred language of the magi. He seemed to be pronouncing incantations, raising his arms, lifting his long sleeves like wings, and with his head stretched towards the sky awaiting some supernatural indication. One would have said that he had forgotten the presence of the young Frenchman, in whom a feeling of mistrust began to arise.

Kerdic suddenly took action. Thinking that the mummeries of the Guebre were only for the purpose of impressing him, he strode to the front and laid his hand on the old man's arm.

"What are you looking for, Goucha Nichin?" he said in a quiet tone. "Did you not tell me yourself that you knew the well of the Goul Hek?"

"I know it, young man," said the Guebre, in a hollow voice.

"Then why do you not go straight for it?"

"Stranger, I am interrogating the stars to know if I am not committing a sacrilege in allowing an impure Faranghi to enter the place which has never been soiled by the step of an infidel. Mithra preserve me from committing a crime even for the sake of guarding the interests ——"

The magus stopped short.

"What interests?" asked Maurice. "Often have I asked myself what is the secret of your action in this matter. The time is opportune for me to know. Why, Guebre, are you so anxious that my searches should succeed?"

The Guebre crossed his arms on his chest and, bowing his head, remained for some time in silence.

"Answer!" said Maurice, loudly.

For a long time the old man was silent. Then lifting his head and holding up his hands to the sky he said:

"Mithra, enlighten me! And you, stars of the night, immortal planets, deign to take pity on the obscurest of your servants. May the mysterious meaning of the prophecies be revealed to me! May I interpret without error the mystic words! Fasting and prayer have prepared me. I have begged in tears for the enlightenment of my understanding. Woe to me, imprudent mobed, impious Guebre, if I am mistaken in recognising in this young stranger him the Book pointed out, him who should come from the West to restore the glory of the past."

"What is that?" asked Kerdic, while Goucha Nichin stopped and sighed. But suddenly the magus seemed seized with frenzy.

"Enough!" he shouted. "Ask me not, young dare-all! March where the stars conduct thee! Follow thy destiny! Accomplish the prophecies! Rejoice, thou son of a race still young and ignorant, that thy feeble hand will be the instrument chosen by Mithra to execute his decrees. March! Forward! The stars command thee!"

A prey to what seemed madness, the old man strode off at great speed, and Kerdic, resolved to see the adventure through, followed in pursuit. There was no trace of a path as they went along by the foot of the mountain, and they had to make a way for themselves through the briars and bushes that covered the plain, and sharp fragments of rock occasionally covered the ground and cut the naked feet of the Guebre. But without noticing anything, he went as if borne on wings, and Maurice with all his activity and vigour could hardly keep up with him.

After about an hour of this laborious walking, the Guebre stopped short and turned his face to the sky.

"We are at our destination," he said in a gentle voice. "The destinies are about to be accomplished. Wait! And, when Altair appears on the horizon and Procyon is at rest, the Guebre will precede thee to the bottom of the mystic well. Woe, thrice woe to thee, stranger, if thou ever betrayest the secret into which I am about to initiate thee!"

"You will not frighten me with your threats," said Kerdic, quite unmoved. "I am not a child, and believe me, I am quite aware that if you show me the way into this place, it is because you expect to make something out of it. Even your own words have enlightened me. Go ahead, then. All the stars in the universe have nothing to do with this, and we are losing time."

In the dark Kerdic could see that the Guebre eyed him fiercely. A few seconds elapsed, then Goucha Nichin exclaimed;

"Altair appears! The stars have spoken! March!"

He walked straight up to a bush which grew low and tufted on the ground. He cleared away the branches, and beneath them Kerdic saw, by the light of the lantern the magus had just lighted, a large white slab.

"This is the entrance!" said Goucha Nichin, in a solemn tone. "Abandoned, dry for ages, this well has never been known to the vulgar. The magi alone, the initiated only, have entered it up to now. Seek in thy conscience, young Faranghi; if thy heart conceals a single secret thought, if thou hidest in thy bosom the least hope of lucre or of vengeance, if

thy intentions are not as they seem to be, if, in a word, thy soul is not as pure as that of the child opening its eyes to the light, beware of entering this sanctuary! There is still time. Think! The master of the skies is reading thy heart!"

"And in thy turn, old man," said Kerdic, "seek in thy conscience. Ask thyself; and if thou thinkest thou art fit to enter this sanctuary, lead on, and I will follow thee!"

The Guebre stepped back, and gave a deep sigh. After a pause he came near again and handed Maurice the iron bar.

"Thy arm is young and strong, Faranghi," he said. "Raise the slab, and may Mithra protect us!"

Maurice seized the bar, and introducing it carefully under one of the corners, he levered up the slab and threw it back. A black gaping hole revealed itself.

The magus extended his arms and chanted a long incantation in the language he had already used. Then he picked up the rope ladder which the young man had dropped to work the lever, and fixing the hooks on the border of the well he threw it down the hole.

"Follow me!" he said.

And he went down step by step. Kerdic followed him. When he reached a depth of about twelve yards the ladder ended, but by stretching down his leg he touched the ground.

He then found that he was on the upper step of a narrow, winding stone staircase. The Guebre was descending this with his lantern, and Kerdic followed the feeble light. The descent seemed interminable.

At last the light grew stronger and Maurice found himself by the side of the Guebre in a sort of cell which by a curved corridor gave access to a circular chamber, or rather hemisphere, for it was cut in the rock in a way to form a vault of perfect roundness in every way, and about twenty yards in radius.

"There!" said the magus, placing himself before Maurice so as to throw the lantern full in his eyes. "Everything now depends on whether the science of the Faranghis is equal to pointing out the exact spot in this place from which a line is to be drawn in a definite direction."

"Nothing simpler than that," said the archæologist, drawing his compass out of his pocket, "with the aid of this thing."

"I have already used that instrument, which the sages of China knew before those of the East. But is it true that it points to the north in darkness and without the aid of the stars? Is it true also that thou canst correct its imperfect indications and adjust them to the annual variation of the north point?"'

"Certainly."

"So I have been told; but to believe it I would rather see it!" replied Goucha Nichin. "And if we wish to find the east, thy compass is equally infallible?"

"Of course it points it out to me. I have only to draw a line at right angles to the needle, and it must point to the east as surely as the needle points to the north."

"And suppose we are in a gallery running northwards and have after a time to strike off to the east, will the compass still act?"

"Act! Yes, of course it will act!" said Kerdic, getting impatient. "I am surprised, mobed, that a sage like you should ask such childish questions."

"Well, if thou sayest truly," said the old man, seeming to take no notice of Kerdic's raillery, "I can take thee by a subterranean route to the wall of Ecbatana. First we must dig to the true north for seven hundred cubits, keeping at the level of this chamber, and I will look after the rest. Thinkest thou to do this without error, Faranghi?"

"There is no doubt of it. But tell me how it is to be done without our being observed? Under no circumstances will I expose our workmen to the Governor's vengeance."

"And neither would I employ the men if my arms could do the work that awaits us. But it is necessary, and the men will obey. Listen, I have thought it all out. The Guebres I gave to you can be trusted; they dare not disobey their mobed, and I will bind them with an oath. Go back to camp. To-morrow go with thy sister to enter into feigned negotiations with the Governor of Hamadan. Ask him to withdraw his interdiction of the works. He will do nothing of the sort; he hates thee, and will not allow thee to resume them except at the express order of the sovereign. Our men will appear to have abandoned thee, and will hire themselves elsewhere so as to disarm suspicion. But every night a gang of half the men will come here ready to execute our orders. These men will not dare to ask what their high priest has in view. They will obey and be silent. Thy sister, whom thou wouldest not care to leave alone at the camp during thy nightly absences, can come to Leila in the cave. No one knows my retreat: no one will come to look for the girls. Every evening she will leave the camp with thee, favoured by the darkness. My daughter and Hassan will take her to the Kali Chin, the blue pillar, where I met thee to-night, and at dawn thou wilt find her there. Take care that thy noisy disgust at seeing the works interrupted is constantly reported to the Governor; rest assured, that his spies will tell him of all thy doings during the day, but when the night comes they will think there is nothing more to watch. And then it is we can have our revenge."

"Very good," said Maurice. "If you like to begin to-morrow, I am ready."

"Let us return," said the magus.

They ascended the staircase, and the rope ladder, which the magus drew up as soon as Kerdic reached the ground. Then the slab was replaced and they separated. An hour later Maurice had returned to the camp and told his sister all that had happened.



The magus extended his arms.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM MY LOG; OR, TRUE STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By Rear-Admiral W. R. Kennedy.

(*With Illustrations by the Author.*)

STIRRING EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN—CRIMEAN WAR (*continued*).

On October 14 we heard, to our great delight, that the ships were to participate in the bombardment. All was now excitement on board, clearing the ship for action; all top hamper was sent down, splinter nettings were got up overhead and between the guns, plenty of spare shot got up from below, and all lumber cleared away. The bombardment was to open on October 17, 1854.

Early on the morning of that eventful day, we were awoke by a most awful noise, the roar of hundreds of guns being fired together. The fleet was ready to join, and only awaited the signal to weigh. Each sailing-vessel had a steamer detailed to tow her into action. The Spiteful, a paddle-wheel steamer, was lashed alongside the Rodney, and by noon we were all under weigh. I had never been under fire in my life, and experienced a feeling of intense curiosity as to what it was like. It was a beautiful sight to see all the line-of-battle ships under weigh and steering for the forts in line of battle.

The French fleet were to attack the southern forts and we the northern, and the Frenchmen having the start of us, got into action slightly before us. As we approached the forts, we beat to quarters and manned the starboard guns, as it was on that side we were to be engaged, the Spiteful being on the port side. Our upper deck was almost clear; most of the guns from that deck and the men belonging to them being landed. The officers on the poop were the captain, the commander (who was carried on to the poop in a chair, being too ill to walk), the first lieutenant, the master, the captain's clerk, and myself as aide-de-camp to the commander. The boatswain was on the forecastle, and the above with the signalmen were the only people on the upper deck.

We had not been long under weigh, and were yet out of range of our guns, when a shot cut away part of the main rigging, and another plunging shot crashed through the poop between the clerk and myself, covering us with splinters, but doing us no harm. It was some time before we could return the fire, as the forts from their elevated position could reach us before our guns could bear, added to which, the day being calm, the smoke hung so heavily that we could not for some time make out the forts.

However, we got very well placed at last, and then set to work with a will, firing our heavy broadside simultaneously with telling effect. The roar of the guns was awful and it was impossible to hear any orders. My duties as aide-de-camp to the commander kept me continually on the move, running messages to all parts of the ship.

We had been at it for some time when at 4 P.M. a boat came from the Agamemnon, Sir E. Lyons' flagship, to say that she was in need of support as she was under a heavy fire and being much knocked about, so we at once weighed and went to her assistance, anchoring close to her bows, so that our jib-booms crossed. This action took the fire off the Agamemnon on to ourselves, and enabled the former to haul off to repair damages.

At half-past four we took the ground astern, and as the Spiteful failed to move us, she was cut adrift and sent ahead to tow, by which she became exposed to a heavy fire from the forts. The Rodney was now hard and fast aground, and all the efforts of the Spiteful to move us were unsuccessful, our hawsers breaking one after another. The ship also had swung round with her stern to the forts, so that they could rake us fore and aft, whilst we could only return the fire from our stern guns.

Our position at this time was most critical. Darkness was coming on, and the rest of the fleet had returned to the anchorage, leaving us the sole mark of the enemy's fire, which they were not slow in taking advantage of. Shot and shell, many of the former red hot, poured in upon us, setting fire to the ship in several places, the fire on each occasion being promptly extinguished.

Fortunately most of the shots were high, striking us about the upper deck, where there were but few men, or crippling the masts and yards. One shell burst in the foremast, making such a cavern that it seemed wonderful that the mast did not go over the side. The Spiteful's main topmast was shot away and she received much damage to her hull.

All this time the men worked splendidly and the orders of the officers were promptly obeyed, but this would not have availed to save the ship, whose destruction seemed certain. Our signals for assistance could not be seen by the admiral, owing to the darkness which now prevailed, and in another half hour we must have abandoned the ship, when to our joy we saw the Lynx, a smart little gun-vessel, coming to our assistance (*see sketch*, p. 489). She came under our bows in beautiful style, engaging the forts at the same time with her long Lancaster gun, and took our hawser, the last remaining one. The Spiteful was again lashed alongside, both vessels went ahead full speed, and at 7.30 P.M. the Rodney came off the shoal and was saved.

On returning to the anchorage we found the damage to be serious, but nothing to what might have been expected under the circumstances. The hull was a good deal cut up, two lower deck ports nearly knocked into one, and the masts in a tottering state, but our casualties were wonderfully small, owing to the extreme elevation of the Russian guns. The Spiteful had suffered severely during the time she was not under the protection of the Rodney's hull. Some of the other ships had lost heavily and been much damaged, notably the Albion, Arethusa, Sanspareil, and Agamemnon; the two former were ordered to Constantinople for repairs. We lost in the squadron about forty-five killed and 300 wounded, and the French about the same.

For the next fortnight we were busy repairing damages and refitting the ships, and we heard but little of the doings on shore. Even the account of the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade only reached us through the newspapers from home.

On November 14 we were visited by the most awful and disastrous hurricane ever known. Many fine ships were lost along the coast. At Balaklava almost every ship at anchor off the port was driven ashore or went down with all hands. At the Katcha, where we were at anchor, some thirteen fine merchant ships parted their cables and were driven on shore, and only one of them, a beautiful clipper called the Lord Raglan, was ever got off again.

It was a melancholy sight to see these fine ships drifting ashore, and no possibility of helping them; the moment they struck, the masts went over the side. We expected our own turn to come every moment, and axes were ready to cut away the masts should it be necessary to save the ship. The sea was terrific, line-of-battle ships were pitching their bows and rudders clean out of water, and straining at their cables which tautened out fathoms ahead of them. We shipped one sea over the bows of the Rodney, which swept aft and washed the cabin doors open. Close by us was a large transport with women and children on board, and their cries for help could be plainly heard, but no help could be given them. This ship, however, held on through the gale. The Samson, a paddle-wheel frigate, was totally dismasted by two large ships coming foul of her, both of which drifted clear and then went ashore, leaving the Samson a wreck but safe. Not a single man-of-war went ashore at this anchorage, though some of them parted their cables.

The Lord Raglan already mentioned was lying near us, and having parted one cable, her captain cut away his main and mizen masts, the result being that when his sole remaining cable parted the wind catching the foremast canted her round and away she scudded before the gale, with a man at the wheel steering for a sandy beach, up which she ran high and dry instead of drifting broadside on as the others had done. This ship was the one we subsequently got off after a month's labour, when she was found to be uninjured.

Right ahead of us was a Turkish line-of-battle ship in a deplorable state. She had all her anchors down, but began to drag, so they cut away the masts, which drifted across our bows, the rigging being wrapped round our cable and causing us to drag. Being unable to clear away the wreck we let go two other anchors to bring us up. We could hear the Turks yelling out to "Allah" to save them; anyhow they remained where they were and rode out the gale. It was fortunate that this gale did not happen a week or so earlier, before we had time to repair damages, as in that case many of the ships would have been dismasted.

As soon as the gale had subsided we devoted our attention to the ships on shore, each ship sending one or more boats to their assistance. It was not much that we could do beyond saving the crews, but the proceedings were enlivened by the Cossacks, who disported themselves firing on us from the cliffs overhead whilst so employed, until some shells from the inshore steamers dispersed them.

Whilst employed on this service I had a narrow escape from being blown up on board the Ganges. We were saving what we could out of her when we discovered her to be on fire. The first intimation we had of it was the flames rushing up the fore hatchway. To make matters worse, the ship's cargo consisted of gunpowder, spirits, and blankets, so we had no time to lose to get our men into the boats.

Some of the men had broached the cargo and were drunk, and we had some difficulty in finding them. At last we got them, all but one, when we were obliged to shove off from the ship, as the flames were bursting through her sides, and it was too hot to remain alongside. Still no signs of the missing man, when at last he appeared through the smoke, tolerably sober by this time, so we hailed him to jump overboard, and we fished him up and gave way as fast as we could. We had not gone two hundred yards when the ship blew up with a terrific explosion, the spars and burning timber falling in the water around us.

For a month after this we were employed on board the Lord Raglan, which we at length got afloat, and some years afterwards I again met this ship at Hong Kong.

About this time we heard of the death of one of our midshipmen, who was killed in the trenches. He was a gallant young fellow, and universally popular.

Our worthy old captain, having had enough of campaigning, invalided and went home, his place being taken by the captain of the Leander. We mids were sorry to lose our kind old skipper, who looked after us youngsters like a father. I recollect an amusing incident in this connection. He was most particular with regard to our morals, and kept a sharp look-out on our finances, which were always at a low ebb. Our accounts were kept with great regularity, if not with truthfulness, and once a month we used to assemble in his cabin to show our books, when the kind old fellow would pore over them and total up the items to see how the receipts tallied with the expenditure. This part of it was always correct, as we cooked them up beforehand, so there was never any mistake. But one day, when this farce had been going on for about three years, he sent for us all without warning, and thus expressed himself: "I've been thinking over your accounts, my boys, and have come to the conclusion that they are a pack of lies from beginning to the end," and turning to the commander he exclaimed, "Mast-head the young blackguards!" and mast-headed we were for the rest of the day.

The captain was so pleased with himself for this somewhat tardy discovery, that he manned his boat and pulled round the ship to look at us, and then went on board the French admiral's ship to point us out.

He was a very original old gentleman, but very kind-hearted.

The winter had now set in with great severity; all the sailing ships were ordered home except the Rodney and the Vengeance, which were shifted into a creek, and there moored head and stern.

Whilst in the creek we had several opportunities of seeing our friends who were serving in the trenches, as they were often able to run down and come on board, where they were sure of a hearty welcome and a dry bed, at all events, but little else, as our commissariat was in a very poor condition. We were also able to pay our shipmates a visit, and see how they were getting on in the trenches. The weather was now awfully cold, the snow being several feet thick on the ground, and the poor fellows endured great hardships.

From now till the beginning of April our work was most monotonous: clearing transports, towing dead bullocks out to sea, and taking despatches out to the admiral, who was lying off Sebastopol. All this had to be done in sailing boats, often in very heavy weather. On April 11, a contingent of 1 lieutenant, 2 midshipmen, and 200 men, was ordered to the front to reinforce the Naval Brigade.

I had the good fortune to be one of the party, and on the 12th we started for the camp, escorted by the ship's band playing lively airs. We were lodged in the Rodney's hut *pro tem.* until we could get tents; the hut being the property of the ward-room officers, there was no room for mids. The next day I had my first taste of the trenches. My turn for duty came on at 6 P.M., and I remained there till 9 P.M. of the following day, twenty-seven hours off the reel, and about the most miserable time I ever experienced. Sleep was out of the question, for I was running messages all through the night, and the shot, shell, and rifle-bullets flying about made things lively. At daybreak the fire increased, and continued steady on both sides till sundown. One soon got used to it, but at first it was rather trying, and I expected to be killed every moment. The excitement, however, keeps one going, and one soon ceases to trouble about it, although reminded now and then by some poor fellow being struck down by one's side.

In camp we had plenty to do; there were four of us mids, and we had two tents between us, so we paired off. We were never at home together; one being in the battery, the other busied himself about the tent. First we had to dig it out, which gave us much more room, then we dug a trench round outside to carry off the water. We made lockers and stow-places inside, with powder cases to keep water in and stow our little comforts. Beds we had none, so we lay upon the ground wrapped in our blankets for the first six weeks, after which we got some stretchers which we raised from the ground, and so by degrees we shook down. It was a stirring life, no fear of being monotonous, and as to being killed I don't think we gave it a thought after the first day or two. By degrees we added a few luxuries to our stock, and then we each bought a pony and were able to ride into Balaklava to visit our friends. We built a capital stable with sand bags, and a kitchen, also a place for fowls. The weather too was delightful, rather hot certainly, and in the batteries terribly so, and dusty, but our tents were tolerably cool.

Occasionally we would ride over to the Tchernaya and get a refreshing bathe in the river. Now and then we used to make up a picnic party and ride over to the monastery of St. George. On one of these occasions I was going full gallop down a steep hill when I came into collision with a Frenchman mounted on a great heavy cart-horse—the result being that I and my pony were capsized and rolled over each other down the hill, and when I came to, I found myself in a tent with a broken nose and my head being bathed by some soldiers.

In May I was shifted from the right to the left attack, or what was then called the Greenhill battery, where I remained for the rest of my time. On June 17 I was in the battery all night, and at daylight we opened a terrific fire on the Russians, as it was intended to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo by an assault on the Redan and Malakoff. The Russians always gave us shot for shot on these occasions; the storm of shot, shell, and rockets was awful, and the roar deafening. After about two hours of this work we ceased firing and the signal was given to storm, when the musketry commenced.

There was a thick fog in the valley, and we could see nothing, but presently the firing died away and then ceased. We could not tell what had happened, but concluded we had been successful, so we gave some hearty cheers by way of encouragement.

By degrees the fog lifted, when to our intense mortification we discovered that the troops had been repulsed. There was the Redan looking as grim as ever, its slopes dotted with many a redcoat and here and there a bluejacket beside him. The sailors were told off to carry the scaling ladders. Outside the Malakoff the French soldiers, conspicuous by their red trousers, lay even thicker. It was a sad and sickening sight. At 8 A.M. we returned to camp, to learn the sad story, now so well known. About 10 officers and 60 of our fellows were killed or wounded. I saw the last of one fine young fellow, a lieutenant; he was shot through the lungs and lived for an hour after we had carried him to his tent. The Rodney's men had suffered severely, several of our best men being killed. One gun had burst in the battery, killing every man at the gun. The captain of the gun lay dead at his post, and round about were the blackened and mangled corpses of his gallant crew, a horrible sight.

There was a mortar battery close by on our left, and during the heat of the fire I looked in for a moment to see how the mortar was worked. The gunner was explaining the matter to me when a shell burst in our faces, decapitating the artilleryman and cutting the legs off another. Sickened with the sight I hurried off, with the shrieks of the latter ringing in my ears.

It was wonderful how even slight flesh wounds mortified in that climate, due I suppose to blood poisoning. I remember on one occasion sitting under the lee of the parapet munching my salt pork and biscuit. A young bluejacket was sitting alongside me, when a shell burst close to us, and a piece struck him on the thigh, causing a flesh wound. He was carried to the rear, and next morning was dead from hospital gangrene.

The doctors had a busy time after these attacks. I was told off to attend at the hospital tent whilst the surgeons with sleeves rolled up were cutting off arms and legs and throwing them under the amputation table; these we collected, and putting them in a bag buried them with quicklime.

About the end of June I had to return to the ship with an attack of cholera, which carried off so many, but in my case I recovered. As there was not much going on now on board the Rodney, the admiral transferred me to the Sphinx so that I should see some more active service, and soon afterwards we sailed for Eupatoria, and from thence to Perekop, when we returned to our old anchorage off Sebastopol and remained there till the fall of the place on September 8. We had a splendid view of the whole affair, the burning of the south side and retreat of the Russians to the north, followed by the blowing up of the southern forts, a magnificent sight.

Soon after the fall of Sebastopol the Sphinx was ordered to Constantinople with despatches, and after a fine run down and knocking a ship's bowsprit out of her in the Golden Horn just to show there was no ill feeling, we anchored off the town. The entrance to the Bosphorus from the Black Sea is very deceptive, and in thick weather it is difficult to distinguish between the real entrance and a false one closely resembling it which lies a little to the northward. By making this mistake, two Egyptian frigates were lost with all hands. It was blowing a gale at the time, and they only discovered their mistake when too late.

After a run ashore and a regular midshipman's gallop to Therapia and Buyukdereh, we were ordered back to the Black Sea, so taking a collier in tow and leaving half our ship's company behind who were ashore on leave, we hurriedly put to sea on October 6.

The next morning a sail was reported right ahead, which proved to be the old Rodney homeward bound. From her we learnt that the fleet had sailed to the northward. We then proceeded on our course, and it was with a sorrowful heart I watched the old ship, which had been my home for three years, fade away on the horizon.

Having made the land off Balaklava, we cast off the collier and shaped course for the northward, and the next morning found us off Odessa in a thick fog, which lifting, disclosed the combined fleets at anchor. Three French floating batteries had joined the force, and looked formidable vessels, though they would be ridiculous in the present day, being of slow speed and thinly plated. Still it was a new departure in naval architecture, and we thought a great deal of them at the time. All the ships were cleared for action

with springs on their cables. On October 14 we all weighed, and proceeding along the land anchored the same evening off Fort Kinburn.

There were three forts in all, the largest mounting fifty guns in one tier, the others about twenty guns each. The whole of them were built on a low narrow spit of sand, and would have been formidable to a small force, but stood no chance against the enormous fleet now opposed to them. On the night of the 14th the gunboats of the squadron ran through a passage and took up a position inside the spit at the back of the forts. Next morning one of them came out again to rejoin the fleet, when the fort nearest opened fire on her. We weighed in the Sphinx and stood in to draw the fire off the gunboat, and opened fire on the fort, which was promptly returned. We were then recalled by signal and returned to our anchorage. Next morning our captain, who was a regular fire-eater, asked permission to shift berth, and on the signal being affirmed he coolly got under weigh, beat to quarters, and fired on the Spit Fort, exchanging several shots, till we were recalled by the admiral. The 16th it blew a gale of wind, so nothing was done, but on the 17th, the anniversary of the bombardment of Sebastopol, the signal was made to prepare for action, a signal dear to the heart of every British sailor. At noon we weighed and stood in for the batteries in majestic style.

The forts, though terribly overmatched, opened a spirited fire as we advanced, but which the large ships did not deign to notice until they had anchored in a line parallel with the shore, when they discharged their broadsides with a deafening roar. In an hour's time the forts were completely silenced, in fact they were crushed from the beginning by the overwhelming fire, and when the order was given to cease firing and the smoke had cleared away, all that remained of them was a heap of ruins. We sent in a boat with a flag of truce, and she soon returned to say that the forts had surrendered unconditionally.

With the fall of Kinburn the operations in the Black Sea may be said to have concluded. We remained a few days to embark the wounded Russians, and then returned to Sebastopol. Whilst there I had the opportunity of visiting the camp and going over the south side of the city. The ruins of the forts and docks were most interesting. It was easy to understand how the Redan and Malakoff had held out so long, for their immense strength was apparent when one was inside, the parapets being twice as thick and high as any of ours, added to which they had bomb-proof shelters, to which the Russians retired whenever our fire became unpleasantly warm.

In November, the war being over, I was transferred to H.M.S. Algiers and sailed for England, reaching Plymouth on February 6, after an absence of nearly four years.

(To be continued.)

TRAINING FOR SCHOOL SPORTS.

By A. Alexander, F.R.G.S.,

Director Liverpool Gymnasium, and Author of "Healthful Exercises," "Modern Gymnastic Exercises," etc., etc.

"If a man is 'in condition' he is fit for anything," Lord Charles Beresford once observed to me, and, accepting the remark in the spirit it was intended, our sailor hero was quite right. For what would be thought of any one going in for an examination without any previous preparation or training; and yet I have often met boys who evidently thought that by *attending* athletic games they would become athletic, or by *handling* a heavy dumb-bell they would become strong. Yet it is quite as necessary to undergo a training for school sports as it is for school studies, and the three "R's" of our elementary education are repeated in the three maxims of our physical training, viz.:—Preparation, Moderation, and Emulation.



Fig. 1.—Unfit.

The Preparation should be careful, and Moderation should rule its practice, whilst the Emulation should be strictly honourable.

The alphabet or beginning of the Preparation should be simply to get into "perfect health." There would be little use of practising the laws of training if you are suffering from a severe cold, cough, neuralgic or bilious attack. Get cured, therefore, of these or any complaint you may have before commencing to practise the rules which we will propose, and the probability will be that you will not be further troubled with them for some time; for physical training wards off "all the ills that flesh is heir to," in the same manner that mental training shakes off ignorance, dullness, and stupidity.

The rules that I advise for boys who are going in for school sports are very simple, for the idea is long since exploded that it is essential to eat raw beef, run about in a horsecloth, bathe in oil, and a lot of other uncomfortable methods that our forefathers considered necessary.



Fig. 2.—Fit.

Compare yourself for a moment with a locomotive. This powerful engine has its morning douche or clean up with cotton waste and oil, as well as its substantial breakfast of chips, coal, and water. The heat thus produced generates steam, and the steam gives the power or muscle to move the levers, cranks, and wheels that enable it to perform such prodigies of strength and speed. In a like manner you take your morning tub and substantial breakfast. The fuel or food that you consume produces the blood that nourishes your muscles, and enables them to perform their work of taking you about. The human engine must therefore be well looked after, and this is called physical training.

You should rise about 6 o'clock in the summer, and 7 o'clock in the winter. The morning tub need not, in my opinion, be cold; all will depend upon the season of the year, and your own constitutional strength. If you have a strong constitution the water may be used cold at all seasons; if you are constitutionally weak the water is best in a tepid condition. If it is inconvenient to obtain a bath, sponge the body over, commencing from the face and going downwards; this done, a rough towel should be used to dry with.

When your flannels are on you should go through the following extension movements. Stand with the heels together, the toes pointing outwards, legs stiff, the body erect, the head thrown well back. Bring the arms above the head, and from thence, keeping them stiff, bring them downwards until bending from the waist, and without bending the knees, you touch the toes. Now face the palms of the hands to the front and, rising steadily, bring the arms backwards and upwards until they are above the head again. (See fig. 3). This movement performed once or twice will stimulate a general circulation and you may conclude your toilet. If the weather is favourable, a walk for a mile will oxidise your blood, sweeten the breath, and brace the muscles. This should be alternated with a gentle run or trot, especially if the weather is cold, for one of the first principles in physical training is not to allow yourself to get cold. There is an old Arab proverb which says, "When cold, warm yourself by exercise and live long;" so when you feel chilly start at once into a gentle run until the warmth of the body is restored.

You can now, after this preliminary exercise, return indoors to your studies, and wait with sharpened appetite for your breakfast. There is another old proverb which is, I think, also borrowed from the Arabs, which gives a very correct rule as to diet; it says, "Eat a *very* good breakfast, a good dinner, a *light* tea, a *lighter* supper; let your thoughts be *aloft* and you will live happily." Bearing this in mind, and with the previous preparation of tub and your walk or run, you will probably be inclined to fall in with the idea of a very good



A Despatch.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* W. DEWAR.)

breakfast. As to the vexed question of what the dietary should be, I do not think anything special is at all necessary. Let it be remembered that as the locomotive engine requires

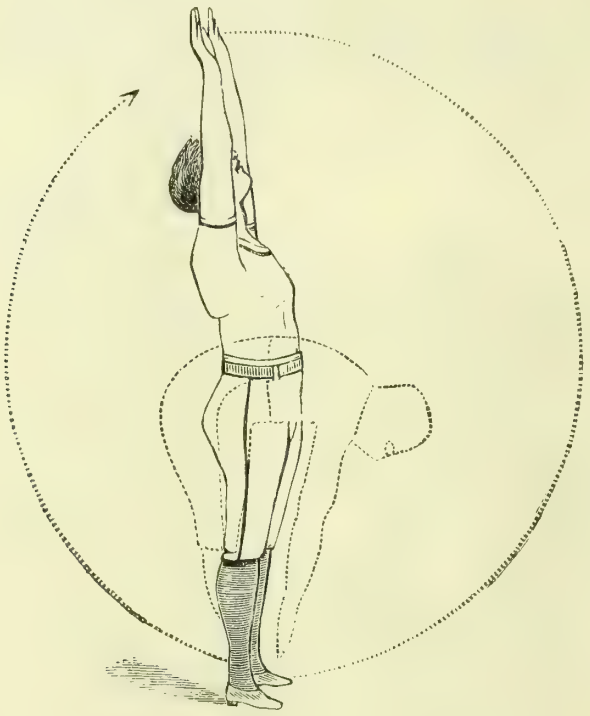


Fig. 3.

a good preliminary foundation of combustibles to raise the heat necessary for the day's work, so in the case of the human engine it is advisable to consume plenty of carbonaceous foods, to supply the continual waste that is going on in our system. Adopting this view I should advise, especially in growing lads, a basin of porridge and milk, a rasher of bacon with an egg to follow, and finish up with buttered toast and tea or coffee.

When the morning studies are over, you must prepare to do some hard work in whatever line of athletics you wish to excel. If it is running, run the distance at a gentle pace until you gradually get your windpipes in order. When you feel that this is accomplished, you can run your distance with a quickened pace. Do not, however, in this early stage run yourself out, but always finish feeling strong and comfortable. This practice may be continued until you feel you have had enough, or you may vary by practising "Starting." This is done by toeing the line with the left foot, the knee bent over, the right leg and arm extended to the rear, the left arm being in advance of the left foot, the weight of the body being sustained by the left foot. At the word "go" bring down the right arm with a swift swinging movement, push simultaneously with the right foot and take a rapid run for a few paces, endeavouring to get to the front of your companions who have started with you.

If your contest is to be a hurdle race, content yourself with practising the various methods of getting over the hurdles. Let your aim in this be to alight on the other side in a manner best adapted for running off to your next hurdle without any waste of time. The best method of acquiring this is to jump off one foot and alight upon the other, a sort of stride over in fact (see fig. 4). As the jumping foot leaves the ground, the leg should be straightened out behind. This will be found rather difficult at first, but practice will enable you to manage it all right, and its usefulness will be soon apparent, as it prevents the necessity of recovering your step upon alighting. Plenty of this kind of work should be done before actually attempting to race over the hurdles. Any one unaccustomed to the proper way of getting over will probably knock them down at the early attempts, thus disheartening him.

As in the Hurdles, so in the High Jump; and in the early stages method should be practised instead of height. First of all, ascertain by practice which is your best jumping leg. The majority of jumpers spring off the left foot. This done, place the jumping cord at about three feet six inches high. Now stand about twelve yards in *front*, not sideways after the manner of crabs. Commence by a slow determined walk for six or seven yards, then increase your pace, and in making your spring take as much of the weight of your body as possible off your legs by clenching the fists and suddenly raising the arms from the sides to the front and upwards. In passing over the cord, the knees should be drawn up to the chest. In alighting at the other side, drop upon the balls of the feet, and as you are passing over the cord endeavour to turn and *face* the obstacle you are jumping over (see fig. 5), thus escaping the vexatious fact that you have jumped clear with your feet, but *sat* upon it with your body. Practising this "turning in the jump" will often enable you to clear inches higher than by the ordinary method.

After the morning's work, you will probably be in a perspiration, and if so, a rub down and a gentle sponging will benefit you. This should not be done, however, unless you are warm.

The mid-day meal is the next important event. No special repast is necessary, but two or three facts for your guidance are essential, such as remembering that a *mixed* diet is the *best*, as it contains the necessary chemicals to nourish the muscular tissue. Masticate your food well, in order to avoid giving too much to your digestive organs, and avoid *Pork*, *Pastry*, and *Alcohol*. After the afternoon studies a walk is desirable, made pleasant by conversation with an intelligent companion. Do not talk about stereotyped subjects or harp upon your everyday work; but endeavour to give variety to your topics so that your brain may have some necessary rest.

Tea should consist, if convenient, of buttered toast and a newly laid egg, and after a reasonable interval, more work may be indulged in. This may be commenced by indulging in friendly tests with boys of equal strength and size. Be careful, however, as mentioned before, not to run yourself out, but finish, as usual, with something well in hand. This over, more steady work should follow, as in the morning, by practising method, and finally a long trot may be taken, and in this do not



Fig. 4

allow the heels to touch the ground, but run upon the balls of the feet, with the hands hanging down by the side. This over, a rub down and bath or sponge is desirable, and in this you should be assisted by a friendly hand, otherwise your fatigued body will not be able to properly attend to its wants. A change of clothes is now necessary, and, keeping yourself warm, the rest of the evening may be spent in the ordinary manner. A light supper, consisting of milk and bread and butter, may be taken, and you should retire not later than ten o'clock.

As your "condition" improves, so will your work, and what was difficult will now become easy, but do not be tempted by reason of this agreeable change to "outdo" yourself. Be content to continue to improve in wind and method, and as you grow in strength you may occasionally give yourself a "trial" in whatever contest of speed or agility you are preparing yourself for. If you fail, find out the cause, to set about remedying it at once. Above all, be moderate in all things, be earnest, be persevering, and if you cannot command success, you will at least deserve it.

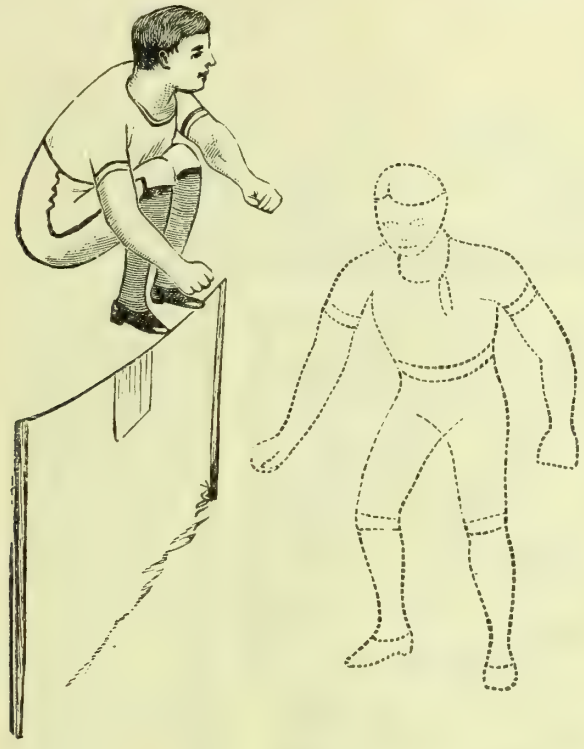


Fig. 5.

CRICKET SUPERSTITIONS.

By A. E. Evans,

Author of "My Leg Hit," "A Cricket Complication," etc.

Everyone may know the laws of cricket who will take the trouble to study the elaborate code in which they are embodied. But these are a trifle too numerous and too complicated for junior players, who therefore often seem to play cricket according to some unwritten traditional code of their own. Those who have watched small boys at play will know what I mean. Of course, I am not referring to the junior forms of public schools, amongst whom cricket is usually the genuine thing, so far as it goes. They have the authority of their seniors to appeal to in any difficulty. I am referring to those less formal games which boys, and sometimes men, get up among themselves, and which seem to be governed in many respects by certain inherited traditions. Those who have ever watched such a game will have been amused by some of these traditions.

For instance, it is widely believed amongst boy-cricketers that a batsman cannot be out from a ball which did not pitch half-way up the wicket. As a means of discouraging "sneaks" and "daisy-cutters," this tradition has, no doubt, its value, but as yet it has found no place in the rules of the M.C.C. It may, of course, be said that the necessity for it has not, up to the present time, arisen in first-class cricket. Still, there are only two kinds of "no-ball" possible in cricket—the one when the bowler passes the crease before delivering it, the other when he throws it. Subject to these exceptions, he has the fullest freedom to deliver the ball as he likes, and, if Mr. A. G. Steel is right, he ought, when a batsman has "collared" the scientific bowling, to try the effect of what may be called unconventional balls. A full pitch tossed high in the air, and dropping on the bails, has been known to terminate the innings of a batsman who had defied all other attacks; and it is possible that an occasional swift "sneak" might prove embarrassing to a man who had not so much as seen one for, say, a dozen years. I present the suggestion to Lohmann and Attewell; for, after all, the object of bowling is not to secure accuracy of pitch, or a brave show of "maidens," but to take wickets, and anything within the laws of the game that will lead to this result is not only allowable but praiseworthy. It is the fashion, for instance, to laugh at underhand bowling, but, just because this is now out of date, it sometimes proves very fatal to men who are not used to it, and therefore deserves to be tried more often than it is in ordinary matches.

In connection with "no-balls," juvenile cricketers are more logical than their seniors. On the face of it, there does seem to be a certain contradiction in the fact that you may score any number of runs you can off a ball which is hypothetically a nonentity. It is an axiom of boy-cricket that this may not be done. A "no-ball" is a "no-ball," and no runs can be made off it, according to their code. As regards "wides," they are orthodox in theory, though somewhat amusing in practice, it being a common thing to hear the umpire call "wide" to a ball which the batsman promptly proceeds to hit.

But perhaps the most comical superstition in boy-cricket is that the batsman is out if he chance to hit the ball with the wrong side of his bat. This would seem to be one of those contingencies for which it was not necessary to provide a rule—at any rate, no such rule appears in the written code. One would like to know if anyone had ever seen a real cricketer make this mistake, but if he did, he would be within his right. I imagine that if a lunatic chose to play the ball with the handle of his bat, instead of with the blade, he might do so. The bowler would, I am sure, lodge no objection, though I hardly think that such a batsman would be greatly pressed by his own side to give his services in the return match.

Another curious superstition in juvenile cricket is that, if in running you drop your bat, you are out, no matter how safely you yourself may reach the crease. There is something logical in this too. A batsman is not a batsman without his bat. Following naturally on this, is the idea that a batsman is not out if his bat is grounded inside the crease and is in contact with any part of his person, whilst he himself is out of his ground. It happened once, I believe, in first-class cricket that a batsman, stepping out of the crease to hit at a ball slipped and fell down out of his ground, whilst the bat dropped from his hand. He was promptly stumped, but, as the bat was within the crease and was in contact with his elbow, the umpire gave him "not out." He was wrong; the bat must be in the hand to save the batsman's life in these circumstances.

The correspondence columns of the "B. O. P." bear ample testimony to the wide-spread belief in another cricket superstition, viz., that a batsman is out if he hits his wicket while running. This is a superstition very hard indeed to kill. But it is a fact that you may smash both wickets into smithereens whilst running and incur no penalty.

If we were to philosophise on such superstitions, we should perhaps be inclined to say that the main characteristic of juvenile cricketers is that they are essentially matter-of-fact. With them a "no-ball" is a "no-ball;" "hit wicket" means hitting the wicket at any time; batsman is a man who has actually a bat in his hand, and so on. Another instance of this matter-of-fact spirit is the way in which juvenile cricketers regard the "leg before wicket" rule. With them, no allowance is made, no matter how "curly" the ball may be. If your leg is before the wicket, and the ball hits your leg, it is all over with you. *Bad* players may be tolerated, but no mercy is shown to *pad* players.

These are but a few of the varieties of our national game that may be met with amongst junior players. Far be it from me to say that such varieties are not as good as the genuine article. Cricket is a capital game, however played, and there is nothing essentially sacred in the present code of rules. Personally, I think, for instance, that the juvenile "leg before wicket" rule is much better than that of the

M. C. C. It would be a good thing if everyone who saved his wicket with his pad, instead of with his bat, were *ipso facto* out, whether the ball pitched straight or not; and no doubt some of the cricket superstitions to which I have referred are survivals from a time when cricket was a less elaborate game than it is now, and when the laws that ruled it were mainly those of common sense.

INCISED AND CARVED FRETWORK.

By Fred Miller.

A good deal of the Swiss carving is nothing more than a fret tooled up and stuck down upon a flat surface, so that it resembles carving in low relief, and I wish to direct the attention of the readers of the "B. O. P." who go in for fretwork to a development of this craft.

If we cut out a design and stick the fret on to a slab of wood we have a design in low relief, and by carving the fret we produce very much the appearance of a piece of ordinary carving in which the background was "grounded out" (*see our recent article on Wood-Carving*).

But I do not want our fretwork to lose its character and imitate in a cheap way the sister craft of the cunning worker in wood. We can apply a certain amount of extra hand work to a fret without it altogether losing its character as a piece of fretwork.

By referring to the two designs accompanying these notes it will be observed that my designs are what is generally termed "arabesque" in style. That is, there is no reproduction of natural forms, no flowers and leaves that you can recognise, but simply an interweaving of lines or forms arranged on a definite plan, almost geometrical in fact. Fig. 1 is slightly Celtic in character, though no attempt was made to reproduce a Celtic design, admirably adapted as many of such designs are for fretwork.

The blotter-case, fig. 2, can be cut as an ordinary fret, and when this is accomplished a V or parting tool should be at hand to incise those lines that are *dotted* in the design. The addition of these incised lines will emphasise the main lines of the design, and bring out certain details that would otherwise be lost.



Fig. 1.—Design for Book-cover or Blotter,

Showing the addition of an incised line to emphasise the general design. N.B.—The dotted lines are intended to be merely incised, not cut through.

The book-cover, fig. 1, is also to be treated as an ordinary fret so far as the saw work is concerned, though the wood should be thicker than is ordinarily employed (say half-inch) and would be better in oak than white wood. Incise the lines that are dotted as in fig. 2, and then carve away those portions that are shaded, so that those forms that go, as it were, behind the others are in lower relief where they cross each other. In fact, you might treat the design as though it were composed of "straps." Flat chisels will be the best for this work, as you gradually want to pare the wood away, taking off more and more as you approach the form that comes in front of the one you are "laying down." You can imagine what a help to the general effect this amount of carving would be, and a boy with ordinary skill in the use of tools could do this without much preliminary practice.

As fretwork is shown off by a dark background, the fret, if intended to be glued down upon a panel, should be laid down upon a darker wood. Thus, if the fret is pale oak, the backing should be stained with a little of Stephens's oak stain. Be very careful in using your chisels not to cut into a form that comes in front of the one you are laying down. Work slowly and surely, as mistakes are often irremediable.

A word as to fret designs generally. So many that I have seen are very ordinary and trite—commonplace, in fact, due to the use of hackneyed Greek patterns which do not awaken our interest. Those that are not of a purely geometrical character err in being namby-pamby, too floral or naturalesque. A fret design should not be a mere transcript of nature. You might as well stick down a spray of leaves and blossoms on a piece of wood and then cut out the background with a fret-saw, as to cut designs in which the elements of design—arrangement and selection—are absent. The two designs I give in these pages I do not hold up as absolute models, or as the last word on fretwork designs, but I do claim for them that there is a certain adaptation of forms to the exigencies of the craft, and at the same time a certain uniqueness in the general effect, and I am very glad the editor has given me this opportunity of showing what I consider is

the direction fretwork might with advantage take, to avoid that monotony and want of individuality conspicuously present in so many of the designs that are sold. Seeing that the effect of all fretwork depends upon those portions that are cut away, the design should be of such a nature that it is developed and brought out by the cutting. Forms should therefore be simple and continuous, whereas if the pattern is very naturalesque, fretwork is not the craft that can hope to do it justice. A design that could easily be rendered in paint is possibly the very worst one for a fret-cutter. A fret-saw cuts circular forms with ease, but angular forms with difficulty, owing to the corners. It therefore follows that scrolls and curves are more adapted for fretwork than designs full of sharp angles.

Enlarging.—As it was not possible to give the designs the full size (as they were drawn) in these pages, I give a simple method of enlarging them to any scale. Divide the top and side into say quarter inches by marking off such spaces with a pencil at the edge of the cuts. With a T-square draw lines across the cuts at right angles, and the result will be that the cuts are covered or divided up with quarter-inch squares. If we wish to enlarge the design to twice the size of the engravings, all we have to do is to mark off on a piece of drawing-paper half-inch spaces, join these with a T-square, and then fill in each half-inch square with its corresponding quarter-inch squares in the cut, and if this be done accurately, our design is enlarged up to the required dimensions.

Be very careful to accurately mark the spaces from a rule, and draw the lines at right angles to each other, which is easily done if we have a drawing-board and a T-square. To avoid confusion mark each square on the engraving with a number, beginning at the top left-hand corner with 1, and letting the numbers run along to the right and down to the base. Put the corresponding numbers on the drawing-paper, and then in filling in each square we are not likely to put in the wrong portion. When the whole design has been enlarged up piece-meal, go over it with a pencil to see that all the curves flow freely and are not broken-backed, and that the enlargement has the *spirit* of the original, for unless we go over our work more or less freely with a pencil, it is apt to look a little mechanical. Instead of sticking the design down upon the wood, it could be transferred to it by means of carbonised paper, marking over the design with an ivory point or hard pencil.



FIG. 2.—DESIGN FOR BOOK-COVER,

Showing in addition to the incised lines, as in Fig. 1 *(the dotted lines), the throwing down of certain forms to give prominence to those that are supposed to come in front.*

THE "BOY'S OWN" DINNER-GONG, OR CALL-BELL: AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

By H. F. Hobden,

Author of "How to Build a Rowing Punt," "Boy's Own Model Locomotive," etc.

PART V.

Next take a piece of brass of the same thickness and hammer one end downwards, and then double it up again, at a right angle, as at A, Fig 24, which is a side-view and

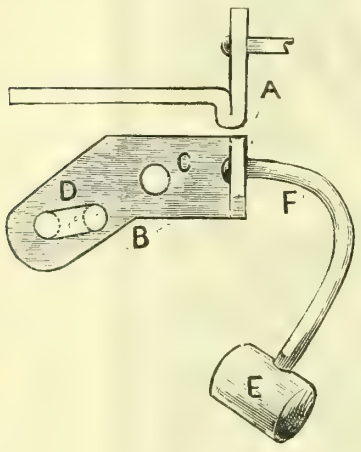


Fig. 24.

exact size, and it should then be cut to the shape of the top-view B.

A hole is to be drilled at C, and the slot cut out at D. This is easily done by drilling two holes as shown by the dotted lines and then cutting out the intervening portion with a sharp bradawl or small chisel.

The object of bending the end A downwards before turning it up at right angles is to give space for the piece, Fig. 23, to work clear underneath it, and if held firmly in a vice there will be no difficulty in hammering it up to shape.

The hammer or striker is shown at E, and can be made of brass or iron with the wire F, bent as shown, and either screwed or soldered into it and the plate at A. It must be the size drawn, so as not to touch the bell when at rest; and it is better to solder the wire in place after screwing, to prevent it twisting. You can now place the hole C in the plate over the pin D, Fig. 19, when the slot D, Fig. 24, should come over the pin A, in the piece Fig. 23. A small spring made from finer brass wire than the previous one, must now be bent round the pin D, Fig. 19, and a washer riveted over to keep it in position. This spring I have shown at A, Fig. 25, which is a reduced plan of the entire foundation-plate with the mechanism in position.

You have now only to place the bell over all, and secure it by the nut; but before doing so you must screw the foundation-plate into the upright, Fig. 9, by the screw-holes F G, placing a thin strip of wood about $\frac{1}{8}$ thick between the plate and the upright to allow room for the bent end of lever to work clear of the upright. If these screws project through to the front of the oak standard they should be filed off level with the surface, and you will require to adjust the position of the bell on the standard very carefully before finally screwing it on. To do this, you should lay the bell on with the lever uppermost, a little to the left of the central line, previously drawn on the standard; then place the cam, Fig. 15, on the axle and turn it gently round by one hand, holding the bell firmly in place with the other, and see whether the cam will move the lever sufficiently to ring the bell and then go clear of the lever, causing it to return again to its original position and to ring again on its back stroke: you must take great care about this and keep shifting it until you get it right.

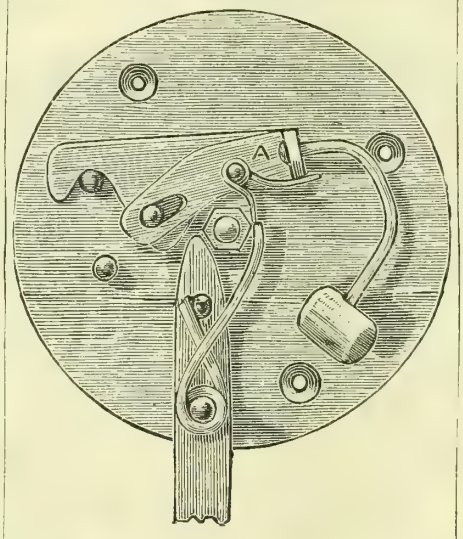


Fig. 25.

The correct position is shown at Fig. 26, and the bell will project slightly through the opening made for it in the bottom plate, Fig. 8.

When quite accurate, screw the bell on firmly, and then hammer in the key or wedge A into the cam, to fix it into position, and you must then well sweat the cam on to the axle with solder, which will prevent it working loose. The back support, Fig. 10, can now be glued in place; see that it is quite clear of the bell and that the steel pin, Fig. 11, is inside and supporting that end of the axle, and also take care that the back is parallel with the front standard, and then leave it to dry.

You will then require to cut some small strips of mahogany, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches long by $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, and fit their edges together neatly, and then glue them on to and across the two standards, as shown in the end view, Fig. 27, so as to entirely enclose the bell and axle, and this will brace the standards together and make all firm and strong.

When quite dry, round off the edges with a penknife, and smooth down with sandpaper, and then give it two or three coats of varnish, letting each dry before putting on the next.

The arrow marked on Fig. 8 should be cut into the oak stand with the point of the arrow

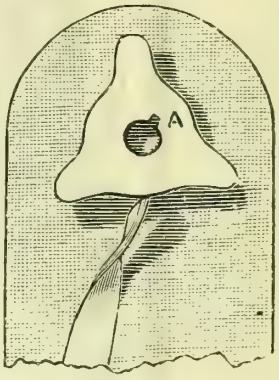


Fig. 26.

to the right as shown, or it may be made of brass and tacked on. It is intended to show the direction in which the wheel should be turned, as the gearing inside might get broken if the wheel were forcibly turned in the opposite direction.

Now put the wheel on the axle and secure it in place with the nut, which is then to be covered by the brass cap, Fig. 17.

This is attached by three round-headed brass screws, and your bell is complete.

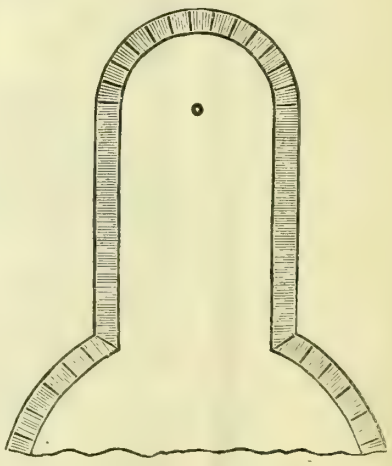


Fig. 27.

And now let me offer you a final word of advice, and that is, do not keep ringing up the servants just for the sake of hearing the bell sound; it is very apt to make them feel annoyed, and shower down, in their innermost thoughts, anything but blessings on your mechanical genius.

(THE END.)

PRACTICAL AND PROFITABLE POULTRY-KEEPING.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., R.N.

PART II.

FOWLS: FOR FLESH AND EGGS (*continued*).

THE *chickens*.—You needn't begin to feed till all are hatched that will hatch in twenty-four hours. Now if you want your chickens to grow up strong and healthy and do you credit as a henwife, you must feed well and carefully. Give the hen a clean nest to begin with; some dust the fowl's body with sulphur. It is not a bad plan, but there ought to be plenty of sulphur in dust bath all along. After a day or two put the hen in a coop in a warm and sheltered place, so that the little mites can run about near it, and stretch their legs. Chicks require no food for a day after they are out. For the next three days mix hard-boiled eggs with the chicks' food, which may be bread soaked in milk, and oatmeal draggled with milk. See that the milk is perfectly fresh. Draggle Spratt's food with milk and mix with barley meal, but I want to put great stress upon the *egg food* given for a few days till the little things have a good start in life. Also I highly recommend the oatmeal and milk. Bits of meat and suet are also good after the first few days.

Give *bone dust* from the beginning. There may be other makers as well as Spratt's. But I don't know. I give their bone meal to puppies even, and to all young creatures that I want to put bone and stamina in.

On the whole you cannot feed chickens too well nor too often. They must be eating all day long, and have food left for them at night, so that they can have a pick even before you are up. All grain food, with the exception of very small seeds, should be bruised. They should have plenty of grain food and pure water, and in fine weather the coops should be placed on the grass.

The fowl-runs should be always scraped clean, nor should it be forgotten that the droppings mixed with soot and ashes form one of the strongest manures we have.

No hen ought to be kept after the second season of laying. She ought then to be fattened for the market.

It is better to have a few good fowls than a lot of wasters. No bird should be kept to eat its own head off.

II.—BANTAMS, DUCKS, GEESE, AND TURKEYS.

There are no more charming and interesting morsels of fowls in the world than our so-called bantams. Nor can I conceive of a better hobby for those among our girl readers who are fond of animals than that of keeping them. Indeed, I feel freer to recommend this fancy to girls than to boys. Boys, you see, have such a number of other things to attend to, and they are not so often at home as girls.

Now your little fowl-run is the first thing to be thought about. If you have any spare cash, or if you can manage to raise it from some kind relative whose favourite you are, I think you may get the fowl-house and run built for you by some clever carpenter who wouldn't want to make much profit out of the transaction. There are a good many regular makers of course, and the whole business could come to you packed from, say, Boulton and Paul of Norwich. Well, but their goods, though very excellent and lasting, run into more money than I feel justified in authorising you to spend. So I think we must fall back on the village carpenter. The unfinished rookeries that some boys build are usually unsightly in the extreme. My two lads, for instance, have lately been building guinea-piggeries or caviaries, but they look to me more like the ruins of Nineveh than anything else I've ever seen. Now the ruins of Nineveh may do all very well in the corner of a paddock, but not on a lawn. And listen, it is somewhere on your lawn or in a pretty part of the garden I want you to have your bantam house. Why, dear me, the whole business needn't be bigger than a St. Bernard's kennel, with run attached.

The house itself may be neatly built of match boarding, and painted or tarred outside. It should in construction be similar to a regular fowl-house, have a doorway, and cement floor, perches, a hen roost and hen ladder, nests and all complete. So read what I've said about the fowl-house and run in my last paper. But the run must not be a higgledy-piggledy shaky old concern. It must be of nicely planed uprights and fine wire mesh, with stand-up perches in it, and altogether ornamental. And rose climbers or wild convolvulus should be planted by it. There ought to be two runs in reality, that is if you don't let your favourites free all day. The grass-run is most important. Spoil the lawn somewhat? I'm afraid you're right, but not to any very great extent. Besides, your bantam-house needn't be right in the middle of it, but away down near the laurels yonder. It should at all events have a nice sunny exposure, with—don't forget this—shade for your pets as well. A bit of Willesden canvas thrown over part of the run will do to protect from both rain and sun, and this canvas lasts about twenty-five years from the time when it is first put up, and you would hardly need it much longer.

Now when you have got your place all fitted up, though not a moment before, you proceed to stock. You may buy bantams, Cochins, Japps, Scotch grays, Sebrights, Nankins, etc., or game, and really my fancy is for the game. A Cochin will starve his hens, but a game cock will starve himself. He is gallant and gay, and quite a hero. I also like Sebrights.

The number to be kept will depend on your convenience. But don't crowd, else all sorts of troubles will afflict your little pets. One little cock, and say four or even five hens, will be ample to keep. If well cared for they will lay you many a nice egg. These eggs are not very large, but they are wondrous sweet and rich.

Bantams afford one much amusement by the airs they give themselves and by their assumption of dignity. I have never kept bantams myself, but my father did, and I, his young son, was manager. I used to believe I knew every word they said, and I believe it still. I remember one day a game bantam asked me very cavalierly to let him out to go and slay one of my father's huge yellow Cochins. He assured me—the bantam did—that the Cochin had addressed him in language no gentleman should use towards another. I was glad to let him out, his little hens gave him much good advice before he started, and I'm sure if the knight had armour they would have buckled it on. The first blow the Cochin struck knocked the trenchant knight over a rhododendron bush. But he returned boldly to the charge, and in less than five minutes the great Cochin was running for his life round the garden. About this time I heard my father's footsteps and hid in the holly; I didn't dare catch my father's eye at dinner that day. Yes, I know I was wrong, but I would have given my best spinning-top to have witnessed the return of the bantam knight to the bosom of his family. It must have been fine.

Bantams do not consume much food, but they must be fed most regularly, have their little dust bath, and be treated in every way just as if they were large fowls. They are very gentle and affectionate, and will take crumbs out of your hands greedily enough. They are good to eat—but there! the idea of eating a pet.

Now for *Ducks*. It takes a trifle to get into a really good breed of ducks. But it pays in the end if you are careful. For the first year, having procured, say in October, a nice drake and two ducks of the breed you fancy, perhaps the whole season will be mostly spent in gaining experience and eating their delicious eggs, for of all eggs in the world I think those of the duck are the richest and the most full of flavour.

But no one should keep ducks who cannot afford them plenty of freedom and a good range. A mixed kind of a range is best; they want a pond or ditch to paddle in, and catch things in. They are not dainty feeders, but they like quantity. However, if you have a shed for them, with nests and a dry floor, into which they can wander at night, and be *locked* in when they return from their day's outing, they will do well and lay at home.

When you let them out of a morning give them two or three handfuls of nice grain, and the same quantity after they return at night, and they will feed themselves all day in the grass or in the ponds.

They begin to lay in January or February. If you have four ducks and a drake, and one wants to sit after a time, you had best take the opportunity of going in for some really good breeds, and you will have to pay a shilling for each egg. Aylesbury is about the best you can have. See they are *pedigree* stock. Buy through "Exchange and Mart" or "The Feathered World" or "Stock Keeper," and be careful. Give a nice bed of straw, and set the ducks in a quiet place, feeding well on hard food, and not forgetting water.

The principal breeds besides the Aylesbury are Rouens, Cayugus, Pekins, Mandarins, and East Indians. The last two breeds are small but charmingly plumaged, and look well on ornamental water; East Indians are very small; Cayugus are American ducks, hardy and good layers, and very large. They are black with a metallic tint, not unlike Aylesburies in shape, and with dark orange legs. Pekins are very large, white, canary-like beneath, with orange bills and a straight carriage like a puffin or penguin. They are called the largest of ducks, but though apparently so, do not scale so much as well-bred Rouens and Aylesburies. It is also said they do well without water to paddle in, and without a run. I insist upon saying they do not, and it is cruel to keep them in confinement.

You may set hens on ducks' eggs, or a good honest turkey, though really it seems more natural to let ducks be hatchers of ducks.

Ducklings must be very well fed from the very first, if you want them to grow to any size. The feeding is similar to that for chickens, only they want a rather larger proportion of meat, such as well-boiled and very finely cut up bullock's lights, and after a fortnight, plenty of bruised grains mixed with grease or table-scraps of any kind. They must have plenty of liberty and have a dry, warm place to sleep in all night, with clean

short straw or hay in it. If you have a squad of ducklings early in the year, it will be as well to keep them out of the pond. Let their drinking dish be too high for them to go into body-bulk, and put the sand in the water; they swallow some and it aids digestion by grinding down the food in the gizzard. The sand must not be too fine. Do not forget green food if the ducklings cannot get on the grass. The earlier in the season you have ducklings, or chickens either, the more valuable will they be for the market.

Ducks sit twenty-eight days before hatching takes place. Number of eggs depends on size of the duck, from a dozen to fifteen.

Fattening ducks is no difficult matter; they need not be penned, but simply restricted somewhat in their exercise. Barley meal, rice, and oatmeal mixed with gravy or pot-liquor, or milk with kitchen scraps, etc.

Geese.—Under favourable circumstances one does well to keep a few geese, that is, if you have the rights to a bit of common or possess any big patch of grass-land which is unsuitable to the keep of more profitable stock. Geese feed chiefly on grass, and cut it so close to the roots that no other creature has a chance after them. I heard a man say very solemnly the other day that three geese would eat as much grass as a pony. I am not in the habit, however, of believing all I hear. However, there is no doubt about it, geese are like Artemus Ward's "elerphunts," powerful eaters.

If you have this bit of grass-land however, you can turn out your little flock thereon of a morning after giving them a handful or two of corn, and they will forage for themselves till eventide, and you can give them a little more grain when they come home to bed. Or the evening portion may not be needed.

(*To be concluded.*)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(THIRTEENTH SERIES.)

Writing Competition.

IN announcing this subject (*vide p.* 61) at the commencement of the present volume, we wrote:—

As a really good legible handwriting is becoming increasingly appreciated, especially in commercial life, and is not always taught or recognised as it ought to be at our public schools, we have decided to make our second subject in this series, as in some earlier competitions, one calculated to test the skill of our readers in this direction. We do not limit the style of writing to any one class, whether the commercial, the corresponding, or the legal, but no extra marks are allowed for ornamentation, in the way of fancy initials, etc.

We offer, then, THREE PRIZES, of *One Guinea each*, for the best copy, in plain handwriting, of the Lord's Prayer, as found in St. Matthew's Gospel either the Authorised or Revised Version may be used. Competitors will be taken in three classes—the Junior Division, embracing all ages up to 14; the Middle Division, all ages from 14 to 18; and the Senior, all ages from 18 to 24.

We are glad to be able to report that a very large number of our readers have competed for these prizes, and the task of comparing and deciding has been a correspondingly heavy and anxious one. To enable us to do ample justice to all, we have subdivided the classes, and given additional prizes.

Our Award is as follows:—

JUNIOR DIVISION (*all ages up to and including 10 years*).

Prize—7*s.* 6*d.*

ERNEST W. PALMER (aged 10 years), 245, New Cross Road, S.E.

CERTIFICATES—FIRST GRADE.

ALEXANDER JOHNSTONE, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone, E.

LEONARD C. WHITE, 59, Penge Road, South Norwood, S.E.

SAMUEL BIRCH, Holywood, Co. Down.

T. G. BILNEY, The Rest, Bargoed, *viâ* Cardiff.

A. J. T. DUNCAN, 186, Watt Street, Glasgow.

HAROLD STEVENS, York Villa, Woodsland Road, Hassocks, Sussex.

B. LEGGE, 189, High Street, Smethwick.

STANLEY ROGERS, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone, E.

JAMES SELF, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone, E.

ALFRED DERBYSHIRE, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone, E.

W. A. BROOKS, 61, Goldstone Villas, West Brighton.

DAISY HEALD, Sunnyside, Ashtead, Surrey.

J. W. SHAUPLES, Willow Cottage, Warton Street, Lytham, Lancs.

THOS. WALTERS, Bridestowe, Devon.

H. J. ROBBINS, 74, Beulah Road, Walthamstow.

C. H. JEFFERIES, Manor Farm, Uffington, Farringdon, Berks.

JAMES F. S. CARMICHAEL, 22, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh.

M. RAFTER, 93, Musgrave Street, West Hartlepool.

ERNEST WRIGHT, 22, Lucerne Street, Lark Lane, Liverpool.

B. ELLIOTT, 14, Georgiana Street, South Stockton-on-Tees.

KENNETH ACKLAND, Stowford, Sutton, Surrey.

REGINALD ABRAHAMS, Surrey House, Cricklewood, N.W.

DAVID MUNRO, 136, Akerman Road, Brixton, S.W.

W. B. COOKSON, 1, Lily Grove, Regent Street.

SECOND GRADE.

WALTER W. READ, Burton Lodge, Lewisham.

GERTRUDE ANDREWS, Bristol House, Keynsham, Bristol.

JAMES VEALE, Chew Cottage, Keynsham, near Bristol.

BERNARD COLES, High Street, Keynsham, near Bristol.

HARRY PEACOCK, 95, Bravington Road, St. Peter's Park, W.

HENRY H. TETLEY, Heaton Lodge, Park Drive, Bradford.

GERTRUDE INIGHT, 14, St. Catherine Street, Gloucester.

AUSTIN ARCH, Scotch House, Hockley Heath, Birmingham.

CHARLES HORDERN, 57, Waldeck Avenue, Bedford.

VIOLET B. SHELDON, 123, Cornwall Road, Notting Hill.

CHAS. H. BRIDLE, North Street, Beaminster, R.S.O. Dorset.

H. D. JACKSON, 120, Tynemouth Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CONSTANCE C. FEW, The Vineyards, Willingham, Cambs.

GEORGE SEMPER, 2, Gracious Street, Whittlesea, Cambs.

ERNEST A. BOOL, 86, Warwick Street, South Belgravia.

C. R. CHAPMAN, 3, Slaithwaite Road, Lewisham, S.E.

ROBERT BARBOUR, Cadgers Road, Hurlford.

ELSIE G. NORTHAM, Kinross Villa, Ashley Hill, Bristol.

RUTH L. KEMPTHORNE, Wellington College, Berks.

C. L. PAUS, 27, Heaton Grove, Bradford, Yorks.

CYRIL BRINDLEY, 15, Spring Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

THIRD GRADE.

ALICE E. THOMPSON, Eastfield House, Andover, Hants.

E. B. CHADWICK, 318, Regent Street, W.

HERBERT FORD, 34, Rutland Street, Pimlico, S.W.

PERCY A. FLAWN, 4, Gore Road, Victoria Park

HERBERT SHAW, Grenville House, Clarence Street, Brighton.

HENRY EMERY, 23, Edith Road, Anfield, Liverpool.

JANE F. LEVAY, Union Bank, Tochabers, Scotland.

EDGAR SMEETON, 72, Hackney Road.

TOM OWEN, 4, Brunswick Place, Swansea.

LOUISA RAGGATT, 29, St. George's Terrace, Swansea.

CATHARINE L. SAUNDERS, 11, Alexandra Park, Chandos Road, Bristol.

ROBERT P. BEATTY, 21, Vesey Place, Kingstown, Co. Dublin.

ERNEST B. FULCHER, The Hall, Great Wakering, Essex.

N. K. FOSTER, Moorlands, Kingston, Jamaica.

O. E. ROBBINS, 74, Beulah Road, Walthamstow.

REGINALD A. CHADWICK, 318, Regent Street, W.

WM. MORGAN, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Leopold House School, Bow, E.

HAROLD LLOYD, 94, Lewisham High Road, New Cross, S.E.

THEOPHILUS A. TAYLOR, 9, Caerau Road, Newport, Mon.

HERBERT MEYER, 53, Fitzjohns Avenue, N.W.

FRANCIS ENDECOTT, 10, Bayham Road, Sevenoaks.

PERCY HUSTWAITE, Board School, Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire.

ROBERT PELLOW, Bridestowe, Devon.

THOS. P. MCNAUGHT, 21, Ashmount Road, Hornsey Lane, N.

(*To be continued.*)

Correspondence.

G. W. F.—You hardly want a special arithmetic to teach you percentages. All such sums are essentially rule-of-three samples. If you gain twopence on two pounds, how much do you gain on a hundred? As two pounds to a hundred pounds so is twopence; and $\frac{1}{20} = 50$ and $50 \times 2 = 100 = 8s.\ 4d.$ Where is the difficulty?

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Your best plan is to read "How to Send a Boy to Sea," price 1*s.*, which can be obtained for you by any bookseller from Messrs. Warne & Co., 15, Bedford Street, W.C.

A ROUMANIAN FRIEND.—Write to Messrs. Bateman, Model Dockyard, Fleet Street, E.C., for their catalogues, and ask them to quote a price for carriage through to delivery. You will probably find the charges high. We should think it would be better to have the goods sent from Vienna.

2ND V. B. K. O. S. B.—The drill sergeant of your corps would tell you how to clean your uniform if you were to ask him. We have no space for an article on such a subject, and that is what answering your questions would necessitate.

S. U. SEYMOUR.—The address of the British East Africa Company is Pall Mall East, S.W. Your chances of an appointment are very remote.

W. W. J.—Tantallon Castle in existence? Great Sir Walter! Where is North Berwick? Look at your map of Scotland.

G. A. J.—You have no more right to make fireworks than you have to pick pockets. Both are prohibited by law, and to both a penalty attaches. Such a book would be useless to you. It may be that your father used to make them; but what was legal in the past is not necessarily legal now. See the "Explosives Act."

N. H.—An alarm clock is a very useful thing till you get used to it. You can buy such a thing for 7*s.* 6*d.*, perhaps less; there are several cheap American clocks that would answer your purpose. Hang it where it will make most noise; say against the panel of your door. The only remedy for bad spelling is observation; look at your words as you read them, and after you have written them. Bad spelling shows bad observing power, and a bad speller is never a good witness as to what he has seen. You will find it invariably the case that a good speller is a trustworthy observer.

WOULD-BE B.A.—Why don't you matriculate at Glasgow? Attend the lectures and apply the knowledge for the other examination, which is a most difficult one.

CRAMPO.—1. The object is a night clock, probably about seventy years old, and worth about a shilling or two. Give it a good soaking in paraffin oil for a day or two, then clean it thoroughly, and then you ought to get it to work all right. 2. Practise dumb-bells for not more than a quarter of an hour, that is quite long enough at a time.

RECKONER.—The most compact Ready Reckoner is the "Mercantile Treasury," price eighteenpence, published by Messrs. Warne & Co. It contains 640 pages of tables.

VET.—The Royal Veterinary College is in Camden Town, N.W. You get your qualification from there. Apply there to the Secretary for a prospectus and particulars.

CLUB.—The numbers containing the "Indian Club and Gymnastic Exercises" have been long out of print. The articles can only be obtained in our "Indoor Games," shortly to be issued in 12 monthly parts, price 6*d.* each; or in vol. form, price 8*s.*

COMUS. Send a copy of your advertisement to a good firm of advertising agents like Street & Co. of Cornhill, and ask for their advice as to papers and price. This will take all the trouble off your hands. If you have any replies from abroad, be very careful in your selection.

A. H. PHILLIPS.—Exactly. "The printing jelly sold in trays" is a graph, and we have given any number of directions how to make such things. See back numbers; if you do not care to do that, buy "Indoor Games."

M.—See "Yacht, Canoe, and Boat Building" in "Indoor Games." We have treated the subject exhaustively, and the articles are now out of print in number and part form.

MUGGINS.—In all such cases the wisest thing is to take things quietly, and resolve that when you are a master you will not be such a tyrant. It may be an unpleasant experience, but it will not last for ever.

KANGAROO.—1. We have already explained that S. P. Q. R. (old version) means Senatus Populusque Romanus, and (new version) Short Profits and Quick Returns; it also means Silly Proprietor Quickly Ruined. 2. We would rather not tell you how to make metheglin. No one would drink it. 3. A satisfactory microscope cannot be purchased new for less than three guineas.

F. W. STEVENS.—Sponge over your pencil drawings with milk. Collodion is better, but it costs more.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 644.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—CORDER STRIKES A BLOW FOR LIBERTY.

The absence of the juniors had excited no curiosity in either house till evening. It was a holiday, and though the rule was that even on a holiday no boy should go "out of touch," as it was called, that is, beyond a certain radius, without permission, it was not always enforced. The Modern seniors had every reason to guess the object of this prolonged absence.



A Yorkshire Coble to the Rescue.

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by G. Hawley.)

They had promised many things to the juniors when they caught them. It was not surprising, while things were as warm as they were, that the young rebels should give Fellsgarth a wide berth.

As to the Classic juniors, no one was surprised at anything they did, in reason.

But when "call over" came and all nine names were returned absent (in addition to that of Rollitt and a few other habitual vagrants), fellows began to ask where they were.

"Has any one seen Wally?" asked Yorke, who had just had the unusual experience of making his own tea and cooking his own eggs.

"He's probably fooling about somewhere out of bounds with my fag," said Ranger. "He'll have to catch it, Fisher, though he is your brother."

"Let him have it," said Fisher. "I'd do the same to your young brother if I had the chance. But to change the subject, I've something to tell you fellows that's rather awkward. That money hasn't turned up yet."

"That is awkward," said Yorke. "I wish I could help you out with it, but I'm cleaned out."

"Oh, that's not it. Of course I'm responsible and must get the governor to make it good. Dear old governor, he'll do it, but he'll pull a precious long face, and go round the house lowering the gas and telling every one he must economise with two such expensive sons as me and my minor at school. It's not that, though. Dangle came over this morning, and wanted to know what we were going to do about the accounts, now we've dissolved the clubs; and somehow or other he's heard of the deficiency and wants to know all about it."

"I hope you told him," said Yorke.

"Of course I did; but he told me a lot more than I could tell him. He thinks he knows what's become of it."

And Fisher proceeded to narrate Dangle's suspicions against Rollitt.

The captain's face grew very long as the story went on. Then he said:

"I hope to goodness there's nothing in it. Is it a fact about Widow Wisdom's boat?"

"Yes; my young brother was with Rollitt that day, and told me about it as a secret. But as it's out now, there's no good keeping it."

"Dangle has a spite against Rollitt. If any one else had told you this, there might have been something in it."

"And if it had been any one but Rollitt bought the boat, it would have been nothing. But he's so frightfully poor. He'd no time to write home, even if he could have got money from there, and there was no one here he could borrow of. Why, he must have gone off very first thing in the morning and bought the boat."

"And are you quite certain you had all the money collected by that Saturday?" asked Yorke.

"Yes; and what's more, I'm almost certain I counted it and made it come right. That's the last time it has come right."

The captain drummed his fingers on the table and looked very miserable.

"I wish, Fisher," said he, "I hadn't advised you to take that treasurership. If we could only be quite sure there wasn't some mistake in the accounts it would be different. It would be a frightful thing to suspect Rollitt unless it was absolutely certain."

"You're welcome to round on me," said Fisher, looking quite as miserable as his chief. "I was a fool to take your advice. I'd much sooner make the money up myself and not say a word about it to any one."

"You can't do that now. You may be sure Dangle won't let it drop."

"What shall you do?" asked Ranger.

"What would *you* do?" said Yorke, testily. "Isn't it bad enough to be in a fix like this without being asked hopeless questions? I'm sorry, old man, I've lost my temper; and as it's not come back I vote we say no more on the subject at present."

The evening wore on, and still the truants did not return. At ten o'clock Yorke reported their absence to Mr. Wakefield, and Mr. Wakefield reported it to the head master. A similar report reached him from the matron of Mr. Forder's house with regard to the missing ones there; and presently, further report was made that Rollitt was not in the school.

No one could give any account of their probable whereabouts. Rollitt had been seen going out with a rod early in the day, but no one had seen any of the juniors since last night, when they had prematurely gone to bed in their own dormitory. A consultation was held, in which all sorts of conjectures were put forward, the most plausible of which was that the juniors had organised an expedition to Seastrand, a fashionable watering-place an hour distant on the railway, which both Wally and Lickford had separately been heard to express a desire to visit. It seemed probable that they had lost the last train back, and would literally "not come home till morning."

In which case warm things were promised to be ready for my gentlemen.

As to Rollitt, his vagaries were consistent with any explanation. He may have gone to Penchurch in mistake for Fellsgarth, and curled himself up in the church porch, mistaking it for his bed.

In any case the general impression was that nothing could be done till morning, and that the juniors at least were making themselves pretty comfortable wherever they might be.

Still, Fisher I felt a vague uneasiness. Had he been quite sure his brother was in the capable company of his fellow fags, he would have been comparatively comfortable. But the possibility of the feckless youngster wandering about benighted somewhere on his own account added a new weight to the burden which already lay on the spirit of the luckless treasurer of the school clubs.

"I've a good mind to turn out and look for my minor," said he to Denton.

"What could you do? He's all right. You couldn't do anything in the dark, and on a night like this. I'm game to turn out any hour you like in the morning, if he's not come by then. I bet you the four young scamps will all stroll in for call over, and wonder whatever the fuss was about."

There was nothing to be done, and Fisher lay awake all night, listening to every sound, and reproaching himself over and over again (as one will do when everything goes wrong) that he had made such a mess of everything this term.

About daybreak there came a ring at the school bell, and half the school jumped to its feet. Fisher was down on the green among the first, in slippers and ulster.

Five shivering youngsters were standing inside the gate, with dripping garments and chattering teeth and white faces—D'Arcy, Lickford, Ramshaw, Cottle, and Cash—but no Fisher II.

"Where's my minor?" asked the senior.

"What! hasn't he turned up?" said D'Arcy. "Haven't Wally and Percy and Ashby turned up? We got lost on Hawk's Pike. I'm awfully hungry, I say."

"No one's turned up. Do you mean to say he's out on the hill a night like this?"

"He was behind—he and Ashby. He was a lame duck, you know. The others were in front."

"Were they together?"

"Who? Young Fisher II and Ashby? I don't think so. Ashby yelled to see if we knew where he was, and must have gone to look for him. We made sure they'd be back long ago, didn't we, you chaps?"

Here the Doctor and several of the prefects came on the scene. The truants were ordered to the hot bath and bed at once, and a council was held as to what should be done. Fisher I did not wait to take part in it. He rushed to his room, flung on his clothes and boots, and started off, accompanied by Denton, at full speed, in the direction of the mountain.

Neither spoke a word. As they passed Widow Wisdom's, Denton darted in.

"Have your fire alight and some food ready. Some of our youngsters have been all night on the mountain. We're going to look for them."

Halfway to the lake, they were pulled up by a shout from across the stream. It was Percy Wheatfield, dead beat, sitting on a log, as white and miserable as a ghost.

"I say, have you chaps seen Wally?" he called.

"No; we're off to look. Some of them have turned up. Can you get as far as Widow Wisdom's? There's a roaring fire and some grub waiting there. We'll see after Wally."

Percy staggered to his feet. He had been wandering, he could not say where, all night. The very mention of the words "fire" and "food" revived him.

"Get up to school as soon as you can and get to bed. You can't be any use looking for the rest. There's plenty of us to do that. Good-bye."

It was half-past seven when they reached the lake and turned up the mountain path. The mist had vanished, and the late autumn sun was shining brightly on the hill side. The distant barking of a dog above apprised them that some one was abroad already, and the hopes of the searchers rose within them as they struck up the steep slope.

Halfway up they stood and shouted; but no reply came except the far-away barking of the shepherds' dogs. "We shall be able to see a good way all round when we get on to the ridge," said Denton.

Almost as he spoke, a shout close by startled them. Looking up they perceived emerging from behind some boulders a little procession.

Fisher I's blood ran cold as he saw it. For at the head stalked a stalwart guide who carried in his arms one small boy, while in the rear followed a form which they recognised as Rollitt's carrying on his back another. Between the two tramped a third junior hanging on to the arm of another guide.

What terrified Fisher I more than anything was to see that the head of the boy on Rollitt's back had fallen helplessly forward on the shoulder of his porter.

With a groan the elder brother bounded to the spot. The history of years flashed through his mind as he did so. He saw the people at home and heard their voices. He seemed to be in the nursery, hectoring it, as big brothers will, among the little ones, amongst whom was a little boy with curly hair and a shrill piping voice. He called to mind the first night of this term, and the vision of his young brother breaking down with his new-boy troubles next morning. All this and more fleeted through his mind as he bounded to where Rollitt stood.

"Hush!" said the latter, almost gruffly. "Asleep."

So he was. It had scarcely roused him when Rollitt had picked him up two hours ago from his roost under the rocking stone. And having once been perched on his preserver's back his head fell forward again, and there it had lain ever since. How Rollitt had carried him so far, resting only now and then, and that in a way not to disturb his burden, only those who knew the huge strength of the Fellsgarth giant could understand.

"Hullo," said Wally, greeting the new comers in a limp sleepy way, "have you seen my young brother Percy? He was ——"

"Yes—Percy's all right; so are all the rest."

"I'm all right," sang out Ashby from the front. "This chap wanted to carry me, so I let him."

"Jolly glad you were to get the lift," said Wally. "You new kids oughtn't to have come. Twenty-four hours on the hills is nothing when you get used to——"

Here Wally (who had had twenty-six hours) suddenly collapsed and tumbled over from sheer fatigue on the grass.

Fisher and Denton made a chair of their hands for him, and so the procession went on.

A cart was in waiting at the foot of the slope, filled with warm wraps and other restoratives, and in less than two hours the whole party was safe inside the walls of Fellsgarth.

Hot baths, blankets, food, and a little physic, succeeded in a very few days in restoring the invalided truants to their sorrowing class mates. Fisher II was the only member of the party about whom any serious uneasiness existed, and he, thanks to a wiry constitution and a rooted dislike to do what nobody else did, got off with a bad cold which detained him in his house for a fortnight.

Rollitt, as might have been expected, vanished to his own quarters as soon as he had deposited his precious burden into Mr. Wakefield's charge. No one heard of his having been to the top. To Fisher's thanks he returned a grumpy "Not at all." And the curious inquiries of others he met by shutting his door and saying "Get out" to any one who entered.

As might be expected also, the Modern seniors were baulked, after all, of their promised vengeance on the rebels. On the contrary, while the fags were making merry on chicken and toasting their toes at the roaring fire in the sanatorium, Clapperton, Brinkman, and Dangle were hauled up into the presence of the head master, and there seriously reprimanded for the damage done to one of the doors in Mr. Forder's house, and cautioned not to let such a breach of discipline happen again, under pain of severer penalties.

"If you are unable to keep order in your own house," said the Doctor cuttingly, "your duty is to report the matter to me, and I will deal with it. Remember that another time."

This incident did not tend to smooth the ruffled plumes of the discomfited heroes.

Still less did another little rebuff which happened a few days later.

Corder had taken advantage of the general excitement attending the escapade of the juniors to return to his own quarters and attempt once more to resume the privileges of ordinary civilised life. He only partially succeeded. Two or three boys, among whom was Fullerton, who were getting sick of the present state of affairs and longing for football once more, had begun seriously to doubt what advantage was coming to themselves or any one else by the strike. Among these, Corder found a temporary shelter. But the authority of the seniors still controlled the general public opinion of the house, and the life of the boycotted boy was still only half tolerable.

At the first attempt at violence, however, Corder walked across to his Classic allies, and took up his quarters in their study, where he remained all day.

At bedtime he declined to return to his own house; particularly when a summons to that effect was sent across by Clapperton, who by this time had a very good idea of the rebel's whereabouts.

"I'm not going over," said Corder.

"But you can't stay here all night," said Denton.

"What shall you do—turn me out?" asked the fugitive.

"No. But you'd better go, and if you don't like the look of things out there, you'd better speak to Forder."

"No. I'd sooner stop," said Corder, doggedly. "I'm sorry to put you fellows about after your being so kind, but I'm not going over there."

Yorke was consulted, and took upon himself the responsibility of detaining the refugee for the night.

"All right, thanks;" said Corder, and turned in.

Next morning word came from Mr. Forder requiring that the truant should answer for his absence.

Corder obeyed, with some misgivings, and explained briefly that he had been bullied and did not want to stand it.

Mr. Forder, who had a peculiar faculty for saddling the wrong horse, was not satisfied with this explanation, and chose to suspect some other. Corder had never been a satisfactory boy. He had probably been making himself objectionable, and had been glad of an excuse to break rules. The master did not demand particulars. He gave the culprit an imposition and ordered him to obey the rules of his house; and another time, if he had any grievance, to come with it to him instead of taking the law into his own hands.

Whereupon Corder departed in high dudgeon.

It was no use holding out now. He had better give in, and own himself beaten. It would be so much easier than resisting any longer.

For an hour or two he was permitted to go in and out unmolested. But after morning school, he was going out to solace himself with some solitary kicks at the football, when just on the steps of the house Brinkman pounced upon him.

"I've got you now, have I, you cad?" said he. "You'll just come back with me."

"I won't. Let go!" cried Corder in a temporary panic, wriggling himself away and escaping a few yards.

Brinkman, however, was quickly after him, determined this time to hold him fast. Corder, though a senior, was a small boy, and had never before thought of pitting himself against the Modern bully.

But once already this term he had come suddenly to realise that he could do better than he gave himself credit for. And now that matters seemed desperate, when there was no escape and his fate stared him in the face, it occurred to Corder he would show fight.

He had right on his side. He had done no harm to Brinkman or anybody else. Why shouldn't he let out, and stand up for himself?

So to Brinkman's utter amazement he was met by a blow and a defiant challenge to "come on."

What Brinkman might have done is doubtful, but at that moment Yorke and Ranger strolled by.

"Hullo! What's this? A fight?" said the captain.

"Rather," said Corder, now thoroughly strung up to the point. "I say, Yorke, will you stop and see fair play?"

The captain hesitated a moment. Any other fight he would have felt it his duty to stop. This fight seemed to be an exception. It would probably do more good than harm.

"Yes, if you like," said he.

"I'm not going to fight a little beggar like that," said Brinkman.

"Yes, you are," said Ranger, "and I'll see fair play for you."

"I promise you I'll make it so hot for him that he'll be sorry for it."

"I don't care," said Corder. "If you don't fight you're a coward. There!"

At this point Dangle came out.

"Here, your man wants a second," said Ranger; "you'll suit him better than I."

The usual crowd collected, minus the junior faction, who complained bitterly for a year after that they had been deliberately done out of being present by the malice of the principals. One result of their absence was that the proceedings were comparatively quiet. Every one present knew what the quarrel was, and

not a few, for their own sakes, hoped Corder would make a good fight of it.

Dangle sneered at the whole thing, and counselled his man audibly not to be too hard on the little fool.

His advice was not wanted. Corder, for a fellow of his make and inexperience, exhibited remarkably good form, and persistently walked his man round the ring, dodging his blows and getting in a knock for himself every now and then. Brinkman soon dropped the disdainful style in which he commenced proceedings, and became proportionately wild and unsteady.

"Now's your chance, young 'un; he's lost his temper," whispered the captain.

Whereupon Corder, hardly knowing how he managed it, danced his man once more round and round, till he was out of breath, and then slipped in with a right, left—left, right, which, though they made up hardly one good blow among them, were so well planted, and followed one another so rapidly, that Brinkman lost his balance under them, and fell sprawling on the ground.

At the same moment Mr. Stratton came up and the crowd dispersed as if by magic.

"What is this?" said the master, appealing to the captain.

"A fight, sir," said Yorke. "A necessary one."

"Between Corder and Brinkman? Come and tell me about it, Yorke."

So while Corder, amid the jubilations of his supporters, who had grown twenty-fold since the beginning of the fight, was being escorted to his quarters, and Brinkman, crestfallen and bewildered, was being left by his disgusted backers to help himself, Yorke strolled on with Mr. Stratton, and gave him, as well as he could, an account of the circumstances which for weeks had been leading up to this climax.

"I think it was as well to allow it," said the master, "but there must be no more of it. You have a hard task before you to pull things together, Yorke, but it will be work well done."

"Was it the right thing to dissolve the clubs, sir?" asked Yorke.

"At the time, yes. But watch your chance of reviving them. You must have some common interest on foot, to bring the two sides together."

The captain walked back to his house in a brown study. He had half hoped Mr. Stratton might offer to interpose and restore the harmony of the School. But no, the master had left it to the captain, and Yorke's courage rose within him. God helping him, he would pull Fellsgarth together before he left.

On the green he met Fullerton. It was long since the Modern and Classic seniors had nodded as they passed, but in the curious perversity of things both did so now.

"There's been a fight, I hear?" said Fullerton.

"Yes, Brinkman and Corder. Corder had the best of it."

"I'm jolly glad. Corder's got more pluck than you'd give him credit for."

"Yes; he's had a rough time of it in your house."

"So he has, poor beggar. It's rather humiliating to wait till he has licked his man before one takes his side; but upon my word, I'm as sick of it all as he is."

"It is rather rough on fellows who aren't allowed to do what they've a right to do," said Yorke. "I say, have you anything special on after afternoon school?"

"No, why?"

"Only that I wish you'd come and have tea with me."

Fullerton laughed.

"Bribery and corruption?" said he. "Anyhow, I'll come."

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Fricols," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—THE COURT OF ABDUL AZIM.

Next morning the camp was empty and still. The workmen, doubtless from instructions received from the Guebre, but in apparent obedience to the Governor of Hamadan, had not arrived. As the morning advanced, Maurice found inaction almost insupportable. Devoured by the fever of impatience, he proposed to Catherine to take Goucha Nichin's advice and visit the Governor. She readily consented, and after breakfast the brother and sister mounted their horses for the excursion.

According to the custom of the country, they were accompanied by a few of their native servants, for nothing could be in worse taste in Persia than to make a visit of ceremony without an escort. One would be liable to be taken for a man of no education. And two carpet-layers, two house servants, and a groom, were the smallest following with which a man of any importance could be contented. When, however, Gargaridi was sought for to take his place in the procession, he was nowhere to be found. He had vanished as if by enchantment, and they were obliged to start without him.

In a little time Maurice and his sister, escorted by their servants, who ran on foot close to the horses, encouraging them by strident shouts, or singing a curious melody, entered the town, now much shorn of its former splendour. Mud, dust, and manure strewed the narrow, tortuous streets; the roofs of pottery, formerly blue, were now discoloured, the walls covered with slabs of porcelain were now in sad repair, the enamel having fallen off in places and revealed the crumbling brick eaten away with age, though the "sixteen hundred fountains" and the numerous *kanats* which bring the water into the town from the neighbouring heights gave a rather agreeable look to the ruined city.

Just as the Kerdics had entered the main street, one of the men who accompanied suddenly came near to Maurice, and running at his stirrup, so as to keep up with the horse's pace, opened his mouth in a huge smile, and began to gesticulate.

"There! Sahib! There! I see him! Look at the Sahib Galgalidi!"

Maurice looked where Ali was pointing, and was not a little surprised to behold his truant servant.

Gargaridi was carelessly stretched on a pile of cushions, sheltered by the awning in front of a barber's shop, and was talking away as volubly as usual. He had just been giving the whole history of his family and his princely relations, without mentioning the humble functions he now performed. The *kalian* offered by the barber was between his lips, and he was abandoning himself with quite Oriental carelessness to the hands of the Figaro of Hamadan.

But what most surprised Maurice was to see his factotum's face and beard smeared with a sort of yellow paste, and covered with green leaves to prevent the unguent from drying too rapidly. With a napkin round his neck, and his look lost in a pleasant reverie, Aristomenes had become for the time a grand seigneur, pacha, or prince at the least, and seemed to have lost all notion of the realities of life.

"Hallo! Master Aristomenes!" shouted Maurice, pulling up his horse sharply. "Tell me, please, why I find you in this state when I wanted you at the camp!"

Aristomenes was up in an instant, upsetting the pipe and tearing off the napkin and leaves, and rushed towards his master, bowing profoundly.

"Ah! pardon, sir, a thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, "that I could not think of presenting myself in your suite at the Governor's palace without making a feeble effort to rise to the occasion. The appearance, sir—is it not true?—the appearance is the index of a really noble mind! You are doubtless not unaware that in this barbarous country grey hairs are considered as a sign of mourning; and perceiving with regret that my beard and hair were showing premature streaks of silver—daisies of the graveyard, as the poet calls them—due doubtless to the misfortunes that have harassed me; and hearing that you proposed to visit the Governor, knowing also that in all the courts of Europe it is the custom to——"

"Enough of this nonsense!" said Maurice, cutting him short. "Clean that stuff off you at once, and follow me to the palace!"

Gargaridi seized the napkin, and began to scrub away vigorously at his hair and beard, which had taken a magnificent orange tint under the application of the *henna*; and then he ran off after the procession to protest his good intentions.

But Mohammed the barber, astounded at the unexpected departure of his customer, was after him full speed.

"Hi! Hi! Stop him! He hasn't paid me! It is half a toman! Stop thief!" he cried. "The hair, the beard, the kalian, the coffee; half a toman! He has paid nothing! I am lost! I am robbed! Help!"

"What is all this noise?" said Kerdic, reining up. "Pay the man and end this!"

But the panting Aristomenes made a grimace signifying that neither half a toman, nor a quarter of a toman, nor any fraction whatever of a toman was at that moment in his pockets.

"Tut! tut!" said he, looking most concerned, "I find that I have forgotten my purse! What a ridiculous accident! I will pay you to-morrow, jackanapes!"

But the barber redoubled his noise, and Maurice impatiently paid the sum demanded. Then the procession resumed its progress, augmented by Gargaridi, who looked as satisfied as possible with himself.

In passing near the citadel the Kerdics noticed two men in tatters, pale and emaciated, downcast in look, who were crouching in the shadow projected by the royal cannons. They learnt later that these were criminals who had there found a refuge, as in the middle ages their like found sanctuary in the cathedrals. If they left this refuge even for a moment, they could be seized. And so each kept a hand on the gun. The right of sanctuary is a prerogative of the sovereign and the royal family, and in his position as representative of the Shah of Persia, it was the privilege of Governor Abdul Azim at Hamadan. All that belonged to the sovereign had the same privilege. If, for example, a criminal could get into the royal stables, or even place his hand on a royal horse's neck, he was for the moment in safety. But it is true, nevertheless, that a severe law forbade any one to give him nourishment, so that he was obliged to leave his refuge to get something to eat; and then justice could take him.

They reached the palace. The brother and sister set foot on the ground before the gate. They put on the goloshes over their boots so as to satisfy the Oriental custom which requires that the boots should be taken off when entering a house. They entered the court of the palace, amid the crowd of soldiers, courtiers, dervishes, and idlers which encumbered it.

And while some one went to inform the Governor of their visit, they admired the charming interior court, the walls worked as if with lace, and brightened by pottery tiles, fresh and delicate in colour; behind a gilded grating there walked about unchained, with furtive, uneasy step, the tigers and lions of His Excellency.

The Kerdics were soon informed that the hour of breakfast having arrived, they could enter, and be present at His Excellency's repast, after which he would condescend to grant them a private audience.

"Something like the *grand couvert* of Louis XIV.," said Maurice to his sister, as they followed the black majordomo.

Just as they reached the banquet-hall, the Governor, Prince Abdul Azim, entered by another door. He was a man of about sixty, small in build, with a gloomy, scowling face, and wearing spectacles. He wore a *kolabjed*, or overcoat of Indian cashmere bordered with fur; a gold scimitar gleamed at his belt, and his Astrakhan cap was surmounted by an aigrette of jewels. A beard, black as ebony, with indigo reflections, and probably dyed, fell to his chest.

This personage, who was followed by a compact crowd of courtiers and slaves, among whom Maurice and his sister recognised, not without surprise, Professor Hasselfratz, came to the centre of the room and gravely pronounced the Mahometan word of welcome:

"Bismillah!"

To which all responded as if in echo. A magnificent carpet was placed in the centre of the hall. A part of it was covered with a worked leather cloth, on which were symmetrically arranged about fifty dishes as copious as they were varied.

The Governor seated himself in Turkish fashion on the carpet, and his solitary repast began in profound silence. His functionaries were in line behind him; he was waited on by his table servants, who handed him the meats and vegetables or pastry arranged before him, and which he pointed out to them. His Excellency ate with his fingers, without any help from fork or knife or spoon, according to the custom of his ancestors. Lambs roasted whole, stuffed with dates, grapes, pomegranates, pistachio nuts and almonds; *fizzighan*, a famous dish composed of fowls, partridges, and pigeons, laid in pomegranate juice, and garnished with mashed nuts; *kababs*, or skewers of slices of roast lamb; mountains of *pilau* covering birds or venison; boiled rice in profusion; pyramids of vegetables; piles of pastry; asparagus, cucumbers, exquisite fruit; sherbets high as sugar loaves, and of the same shape, in vases of fine porcelain; and enough sweetmeats to fill several confectionery shops—made up this wonderful breakfast.



Prince Abdul Azim entered by another door.

"Ba! Ba! (that is good)," Abdul Azim would say from time to time, and, if he wished to do one of his courtiers a particular honour, he would send him a piece of the meat he had just tasted, who would receive it with devotion and the consecrated formula, "Honour to the kindness of his Excellency," and eat it without further ado, much to the envy of the other functionaries at this mark of favour.

When he had finished, the Governor rinsed his mouth and washed his fingers in a basin of finely chiselled gold; then he went back to his apartments, leaving the rest of the feast to his courtiers and officers. In their turn they gave place to the attendants, soldiers, and subaltern officers, after whom came the slaves and scullions to finish what was left.

A few minutes elapsed; a chamberlain then came to conduct the Faranghis to the Governor.

They found him stretched on a divan smoking a perfumed narghile, while an excellent orchestra was heard as if at a distance.

The Governor made a sign to Maurice and Catherine to sit down in front of him, and looked them over with his gloomy eyes before he said a word.

"You are this Faranghi," said he at length to Maurice, "who has the audacity to come and dig into our ground in search of treasure?"

"I am that Faranghi."

"And that is the Khanoum, your sister?"

"Exactly."

"What have you brought me as a present?"

Maurice, and especially Catherine, opened their eyes, but Maurice, with much presence of mind, took a handsome revolver from his belt and presented it to the supreme functionary.

"Accept this weapon, Excellency," said he, in the most amiable tone; "you will find it as good to use as it is simple to look at."

The Governor's eyes glittered, and he seized on the revolver at once.

"And you, Khanoum," said he. "What have you brought me as a present?"

"Nothing," said Catherine, coldly, revolting at this rapacity.

The Governor frowned, and after stowing away the revolver in a fold of his belt, his face suddenly clouded with anger and hauteur. He crossed his arms, and sharply asked:

"What do you want with me?"

"We want you to take off the interdict you have put on our works," said Maurice. "You have no reason for saying they shall not continue. The Shah, your royal master, has authorised them, and your audacity is great to interfere with the plans he has approved! Withdraw your proclamation! Let the men receive permission to resume work for us! Know that the Faranghis are a powerful nation, and that it will be dangerous to oppose yourself to their designs!"

The Governor's face grew gloomier and gloomier. With fierce look, and tightened lips, and hand on the hilt of his scimitar, he listened to Maurice with increasing anger.

"The Faranghis are insulters!" he shouted in a voice of thunder, "infidels, sacrilegists, who come to ransack the sacred soil of our country and steal from us the treasures which we owe to the genius of our race! These treasures are ours by right! We will not have them taken to strange lands. If you take them from the earth you should give them to us! Yes, I have heard about it from the *Hakim of the eyes*. His country, which is much more powerful than Faranghistan, will allow us."

(*To be continued.*)

"You believe it!" said Maurice, ironically.

"I am sure of it! He has told me truly that the Faranghis alone are capable of committing such sacrileges."

"If you think so much of these treasures," said Maurice, with a disdainful smile, "why do you not ransack the ground to discover them? Persia leaves these marvels of art under the ground slowly decaying, covered with a dust which is more impious than our searchings. She knows that she is unworthy to possess them."

The Governor foamed with rage.

"Out of my eyes, offspring of an impious race!" he shouted violently. "Go! Return to your camp! And remember that never, *never* will I permit you to resume your works. We have the monuments; we will keep them!"

"And I beg to say that I will gain my ends all the same."

"Remember," yelped Abdul Azim in a fury, "that if a man works for you I will cut him in quarters before your eyes! I——"

"Come, sister," said Maurice, "you shall stop no longer in front of this madman!" And taking Catherine with him, he went out.

Gargaridi, who was just beginning to do honour to the princely banquet, received a withering glance from his master which brought him at once to a sense of his dignity. Hurriedly he left his place, wiping his fingers as he went, and the escort being got together, the Kerdics returned to camp.

There could be no doubt from the Governor's own words that Professor Hasselfratz was at the bottom of the whole affair, and Maurice was very angry in consequence, and more decided than ever to thwart the plans of that hypocritical personage.

THE "BOY'S OWN" ANGLER.

By the First Hon. Sec. "Fly-Fishers' Club."

PART III.

COARSE FISH (*continued*).

The Dace.

Though this lively fish might rank with small fry, he is such a courageous and dashing fellow that he deserves a paragraph to himself.

In the Thames and many other rivers the usual size of the dace is from 2 to 5 or 6 oz., and fish of ½ lb. are rare; but in the Colne, in the upper waters of the Lea, and in the Hampshire Avon and Stour, dace of 10 or 12 oz. are often caught, while still larger specimens are not very uncommon, either in these rivers, or in the Welland, the Lark, or even in some North Devon rivers.

The dace can be taken by the methods described as adapted for small fry, but in the summer months by far the most effective bait is a bluebottle or some other large fly, such as those advised in natural fly-fishing for trout.

It is well to put a tiny piece of white kid on the point of the hook, pressing the barb well through it. This not only attracts fish, which might not see your dark fly, but enables you to see when they bite. In using this bait you must be very gentle in your movements, or the fly will come off.

If possible do without a float, and use one small shot only. If the dace are shy, use single hair next the hook, but be careful in playing your fish, for he is very strong and lively.

Better than this method even is the artificial fly, fully described under trout-fishing.

Dace flies are best with tiny white tips, and these should be made of some material that does not discolour when wetted. Perhaps the white kid is as good as anything.

A gentle on tip of the hook is still more useful, but it is a nuisance, as it is continually coming off. Use two or three flies, say a black 'gnat, a red palmer, and a ribbed yellowish fly, supposed to imitate a wasp, and have two at least tipped with white.

You may often take two or three dace at once if fishing a mill-tail or some other favourable spot, and when this is the case some skill is required to land your victims. If you are taking them singly, and they are small, it saves time to flick them out at once, but if large this is apt to result in a breakage of rod or line.

The Roach.

So much has been written about this well-known fish that it is difficult to avoid repeating advice possibly already familiar to our readers.

But to do so as far as practicable, we will confine ourselves entirely to our own experience in dealing with this branch of the subject.

Plenty of small roach, which should be returned, are taken by the young angler when fishing for small fry. Large ones are occasionally caught by chance in various ways, including fly-fishing, but the method acknowledged to be the best in roach-fishing districts, such as the valley of the Lea or the Colne, is by using single hair (or very fine gut) and baiting with paste or gentles.

A long, stiff, and light rod, made of white cane, is used by most anglers, but this is very expensive, costing from 15*s.* to 20*s.*, and rods are now to be had combining the three requisites of length, stiffness, and lightness,

at much smaller cost. They are of Japanese make, but those sold for a shilling or two at toy shops will only answer for small fry. A rod about 18 feet long is likely to be most convenient, and can be had in the Japanese make for 4*s.* or 5*s.* at some tackle-makers'.

If, however, money is no object, get a white cane rod. It is certainly a little better, and will last longer.

As no running tackle is required for roach-fishing, the rest of your outfit is simple enough, being merely 3 or 4 yards of single hair, or fine gut, and if of hair, stained a light brown, and with a few inches of fine plaited cord at the top, to fasten to the tip of your rod.

The float should be a porcupine quill, of a size to suit the depth of the water, which should not be less than 2 or 3 feet, or more than 10 or 12. The hook should be a round bend, about No. 11 or 12, and the length of hair, or fine gut, upon which it is tied should be round and clear.

The shot should be small, and only one is to be near the hook; the rest being placed, close together, about eighteen inches from it. They should be just heavy enough to sink the float within an eighth of an inch of the surface.

It is best to have a seat of some sort, and a *square* basket or box, in which your tackle and your fish can be carried, in separate compartments, is the most convenient.

When you reach the water you can generally find a "swim" by noting the traces, such as spilt ground-bait, etc., left by previous anglers.

It is best always to bring some ground-bait (made of bread and bran kneaded with water), but use it very sparingly, for it is a common fault to over-bait.

When you have decided where to begin, sit down quietly at four or five yards from the bank, and put your rod together. Having attached your line to the tip of your rod (on which it is best not to have a ring, but two little lumps of wax-end instead), put your plummet on the hook and try the depth as far as you can reach in every direction, taking care to make no splash. Having ascertained that your swim is tolerably level, adjust your float so that the bait will just touch at the shallowest point. Then shorten your line so that you have only about a foot of it above your float; put on your first bait, which by preference should be paste. This, as mentioned before, is best made by dipping a lump of bread in water, and squeezing it dry immediately in a cloth. Your tackle is now so arranged that you will be able to strike with effect at a bite which it would be useless to notice when using ordinary tackle. Now put in the bait at the top of the swim very gently, and notice how it works down. If there are many weeds at the bottom, or if you find the stream very rapid, do not put in any ground-bait, but try elsewhere.

If, however, the swim is one that you can conveniently fish, throw in a small lump some yards above it, more or less, both of bait and of distance, according as the stream is rapid or slow.

If you must fish in a very strong stream, put a little clay into your ground-bait; and if, on the contrary, you have nearly still water, throw in the bait without making it into balls. As soon as the first bit of ground-bait is in, your attention must be fixed on your float, which should swim just over the spot on which the ground-bait would alight. If the roach are at all on the feed, you will have a nibble in a very few minutes, but it may be long before you hook a fish, if unaccustomed to this delicate style of angling. The larger roach, for which you are now trying, are very gentle in their biting, and will seldom pull your float under, though it is so nicely balanced.

You must watch carefully, and endeavour to strike while the float is on its way down, however little. By practice you will in time succeed, especially if you keep the top of your rod just over your float as it travels along. Try to keep your seat, even if you hook a fish, for moving about is always likely to scare the shoal quite away. Try to acquire a habit of striking both sharply and gently, so that you do not raise your float more than a few inches if you miss your fish, which you will generally do at first.

After a while you will find that you can hit a nibbling fish in a way that would be impossible with any other sort of tackle.

But having hooked your fish, the chief difficulty remains, for if your roach is large, the skill required to avoid breakage is quite as great as that needed by the average trout (or even salmon) fisher.

For you have to hold a lively fish, of about a pound perhaps, on a single hair which would barely lift a quarter, and you have not the advantage (possessed by the fly-fisher) of the command of running tackle. To set against this there is the elasticity of your hair, and the control over the fish's movements given by your long rod.

Also there are seldom any strong weeds or snags in a roach swim, or very few big roach would ever yield to single hair. You need not hurry your fish, but try to keep his strength always exerted, without risking your tackle; keep the point of the rod well over him and show yourself as little as possible. One thing in your favour is the fact that a roach, though strong and active, seldom makes a desperate rush when first hooked, as a chub does, but fights steadily till exhausted, when he can easily be lifted out with the little landing-net which should always be at hand.

With regard to the season for roach-fishing the month of September affords the pleasantest sport, but the roach are in still better condition later in the autumn, or even in winter and early spring. In June, though legally takable from the 16th, they are flabby and useless, while July is full early. In August they are in fair order, but the weather usually is such that only early morning and late evening fishing are very successful.

Calm weather or a gentle south wind suits roaching best, but the fish will often bite more eagerly in so strong a wind that it is very difficult to see the tip of the float.

Rain, if not cold, is often advantageous, but thunder usually sends the roach "off."

If you fish in rough weather put a strong elastic ring on each cuff. This prevents the wet from running down your sleeve when you are holding your rod up.

When roach are shy it is a good plan to cover your bait with a little lump of soft ground-bait, or you may put this on the shot just above your bait.

This is rather difficult to manage, as it must be made stiff enough to stick on while your bait sinks, and yet moist enough to come off very soon after. Another plan is to ledger for roach. This is done by weighting your tackle so that the bait remains fixed on the bottom, and then straightening your line, so that the float is partly out of the water. A large bait should be used, and the fish, which is likely to be large, must be humoured when he nibbles, and not struck at once.

The other methods of taking roach are described under other headings, but there is one which, though alluded to in natural fly-fishing for trout, deserves a few additional words.

In hot summer days large roach may often be seen in shoals basking in the sun, or slowly swimming about near the top of the water.

Ground-bait is then useless, and even if a gentle or bit of paste is presented to a roach in this mood he will seldom touch it.

Roach-fishers, therefore, who only practise orthodox roaching, may as well go to sleep in the middle of hot days; and often they do.

But an angler who thinks independently will ask himself, cannot these lazy fish be tempted by some other means?

The answer is, yes, by flies. Perhaps the best fly for this purpose is the bright yellow fly for whose sustenance the cows so thoughtfully provide just at the time you want him: for the "cow-dung fly" is most common in the hottest weather. It is easily caught, and should be placed on a small hook, tied on single hair. One shot should be put about six or eight inches from the hook, and a line used nearly as long as your rod.

The bait should be swung gently out, just beyond the shoal, and dropped about a foot in front of a good roach.

If you have a sensitive touch you will feel the bites, but if not a bit of white kid on the hook will enable you to see where it is, so that you can strike when it disappears.

If you get a good fish you will probably drive away the rest, and must search for another shoal.

Roving in this way you often find chub, which, though difficult to approach, take freely, and which you can hook by the same method; but if there are any visible of a large size it is best to change your hair for gut before trying for them, because the first rush of a chub is so desperately violent, that a pound fish may break hair which in skilful hands would land a two-pound roach.

(*To be continued.*)

ATHLETICS.

By A. Alexander, F.R.G.S.,

Director Liverpool Gymnasium, etc.

Athletics has somewhat degenerated in "Old England" of late years. This is not because the youth and manhood of our country have tired of practising the various branches, or are indifferent to the physical benefits that the training confers. Nevertheless, it has gone slightly "out of fashion" with our aristocracy, who, like the Roman nobles of old, apparently prefer to patronise the professional gladiator or boxer. The growing and increasing competition for existence has probably also something to offer as an excuse to many of the commercial class, while undoubtedly the degrading prevalence of betting has tended to make it "bad form" for many to go in for "Athletics."

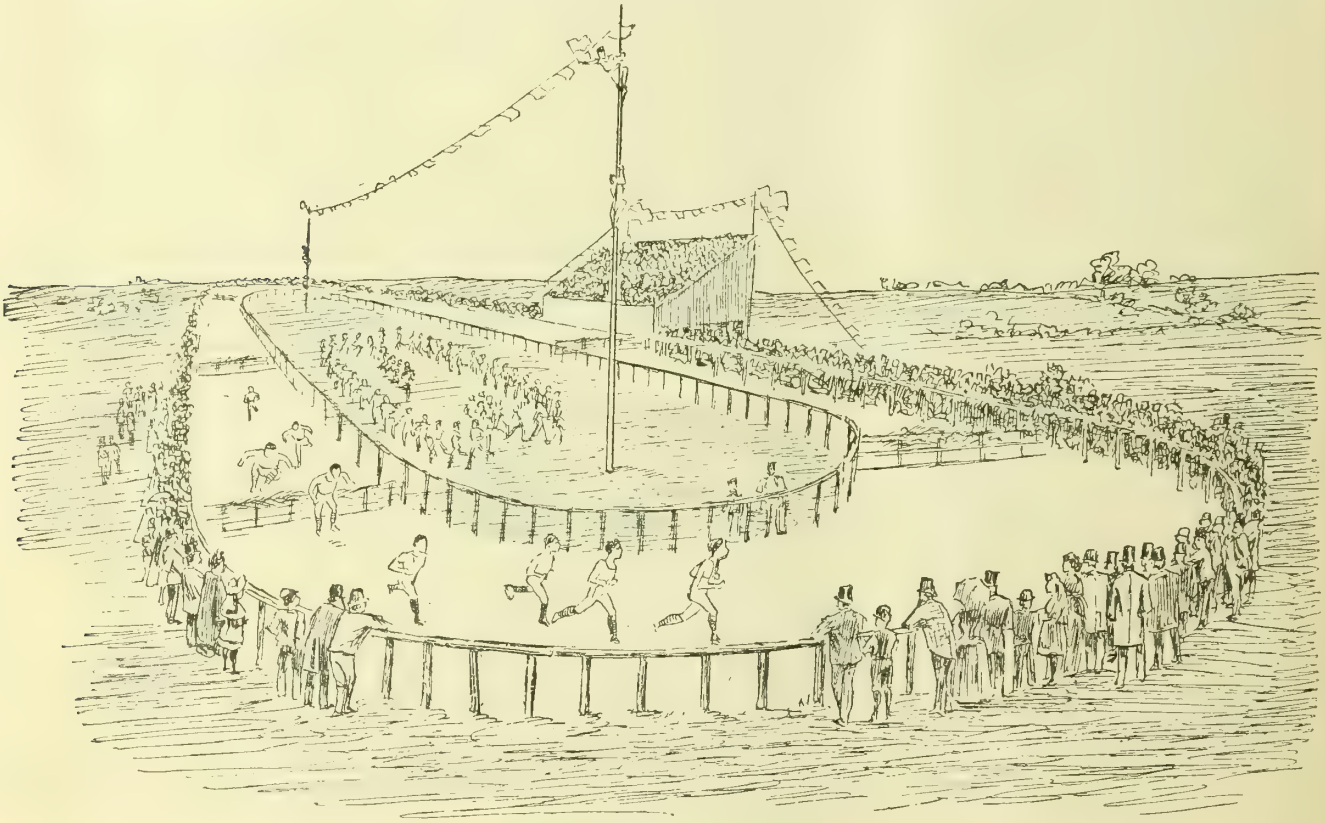
Happily none of these reasons prevent its introduction at our Universities and schools, and wise is he who avails himself of this privilege, for he arms himself with health and strength, and fortifies himself against ill-health in the years to come.

What, after all, can compare to a successful athletic festival. The green sward, the gay bunting, the eager competitor! The stand with its fair critics, the victory and reward, the meeting of old athletes who "fight their fights again!" These and other

circumstances all make up a delightful day in our future memory.

While these things are possible, it is the duty of our sports committee to carry out all detail to perfection. Let us then draw up our programme for our school sports and have an ideal athletic festival. Let us bear in mind that we have to benefit our competitors and please our visitors. Alternate the list then with work for arm and leg, and wind and muscle, something that will benefit without exhausting to dangerous limits, something that will command approving applause without the tiresome yawn. Here then would be our programme:—

1. 100 yards race
2. Climbing the mast
3. 100 yards hurdle race
4. Running high jump
5. Half mile steeplechase
6. Throwing the cricket ball
7. One mile race



8. Putting the shot
9. 100 yards Atalanta race
10. Pole jump
11. Combined display by athletes.

The Hundred Yards Race

is quite long enough to test the swiftness of any schoolboy. It can either be run as a scratch race or handicap, though we are much averse to giving or accepting handicapping in races. Win without any concession, say we, or not at all. Rather arrange the races according to the *height* of the boys. This will be found more satisfactory than classing them according to age, when dwarf and giant frequently run side by side.

Climbing the Mast

is a pleasant variation from the races. Two Venetian masts or pine spars about 20 feet high above the ground should be provided; they should measure about nine inches diameter at the base and taper to three inches at the summit, where a small flag should be fixed in a socket. The competitors should start in pairs, the winner being the one who climbs to the top and waves the flag first. The competition can be conducted in heats in this way, the winners of each pair going into the next round until the final pair meet.

The Hundred Yards Hurdle Race

is a pretty sight as the competitors leap up and down over the hurdles. The latter should be eight feet wide and never more than two feet in height for school sports, with a double-barred arrangement that will allow gorse to be inserted as a top border, thus making them another six or twelve inches higher, according to the size of the competitors. They should also be fitted with stands to prevent them toppling over, and neatly whitewashed the day before they are required.

The Running High Jump

is an interesting and useful item, though often made dull on account of the slowness of the competitors. This will be avoided if all who are competing will make one or two rallies, *i.e.* jumping after each other in rapid succession over low heights. In individual jumping any one failing at a jump should take his two remaining trials at once, in order not to confuse the judges and spectators and to prevent unnecessary waste of time.

A Half-mile Steeplechase

is about the correct distance, and is a great test of wind and strength. A high hoarding of boards about seven feet high, fixed firmly in a perpendicular position and painted to represent a stone wall, makes a good change from the orthodox jump. If a water jump is included, care should be exercised that the edges of the banks are rounded; this will prevent many of the accidents so frequent in this race, and is more reassuring to all concerned.

Throwing the Cricket Ball

is a sport that should at all times find a place in school sports. It is always pleasing to the spectators, who like to see the graceful curve of the throw. Be careful in practising not to strain the delicate deltoid muscles of the shoulder, but practise the movement without anything in the hand until the necessary muscles are better prepared. This practice is useful also for the coming cricket season.

The One-Mile Race

is the acknowledged test of wind, strength, and speed, and requires most careful calculation in utilising these qualities. The visitors regard it as the race of the day, and it certainly shows off the form of a runner better than any other, indeed "form" is everything in the "mile," and particular care should be taken to cultivate a nice, easy, yet telling stride that will not move the other part of the body too much.

Putting the Shot

may be thought too severe a competition by reason of the weight of the shot, but if you reduce the weight, using, say, a 10 lb. instead of a 16 lb., this objection will be removed, and we have a most pleasing item, for we must remember that all boys are not runners, and therefore for that reason should not be neglected. Practise the attitude and throw without anything in the hand. Keep the left arm and leg stiff, and in jumping around, try and get the weight of your body behind the shot.

100 *Yards Atalanta Race,*

which you rightly guess originates with the familiar legend, is a most interesting race, especially to the fair sex. An apple should be placed half-way on each competitor's course. The object of the winner is to stoop as he passes in his rapid run and bring the apple with him to the winning post. To do this neatly, without losing much speed, requires a nicety of calculation allied with keen sight and sturdy limbs.

[Pole

Pole Jumping

is a sport that should never be neglected in our English school sports. It pleases every one, and what better sensation to the athlete than feeling himself being lifted up over a fair height by his own unaided skill. Poles of *various sizes* should always be kept where proficiency is desired, for there is nothing more perplexing and unsatisfactory than to see tall boys practising with little poles, and *vice versâ*. They should range from six feet to ten feet in height.

A Combined Display by Athletes

is a most desirable conclusion to the programme. Nothing looks so slovenly and unfinished as to see perhaps a poor race wind up the day's sports, and it is equally embarrassing to the unlucky competitors in it, who generally get hustled in the eagerness of the crowd rushing to the grand stand to see the prizes presented and hear the oration of the President. This would be prevented if the athletes of the day arranged a few simple manœuvres in combined action among themselves. The expectant crowd would wait in pleasing anticipation and more decorum would be observed. These movements might resolve themselves into a

Combined Tug of War

between House and House, or between two divisions of the school. There would be, as can be imagined, plenty of excitement in two out of three pulls of this sort. A variety might be made by arranging a

Mounted Tug of War.

In this the stronger boys would carry the smaller boys upon their shoulders, the mounted ones holding the rope. It requires great ingenuity of balance to win one of these tugs of war.

A Musical Drill

would be a very pleasing finish, all the competitors going through a few simple movements with the Indian clubs, keeping time to the rhythm of the band and marching off in single file with the clubs upon their shoulders.

Pyramids

is another excellent finish. In this the competitors would require to have had previous practice in pairs. The movements should be simple, but performed simultaneously and with precision, and they will appear most effective. A "march off" with one standing upon the other's shoulders produces a novel effect. Perhaps the most appropriate finish to school sports is

The Musical Run.

Here, led by a proficient leader and keeping time to the strains of the band, the competitors can go through some exceedingly pretty figures, which never fail to please the visitors and are a source of benefit to themselves, as it enables them to finish warm and comfortable. Plenty of colour should be seen upon the field, flags of every hue should mark the course stakes, the poles, the starting and finishing posts, the tents and stands, and each competitor should wear a distinguishable colour in the form of a silk *hoop* around his right shoulder and under his left arm. These are small matters in themselves, but as Wellington said, "Details make success."

The Prizes

should be distributed to each competitor upon the conclusion of each contest. "After the struggle comes the victory," and what more appropriate than to see the victor, fresh from his success, come up to the stand to receive his laurels amidst the well-earned plaudits of the spectators, instead of, as is generally the case, coming up after the sports are over and hiding his identity in the muffled folds of a huge overcoat.

The Champion of the Sports,

i.e. the most successful athlete of the day, who has scored more points than his fellow competitors, should receive a special prize consisting of a small gold, silver, or bronze wreath, and for this he should present himself before the grand stand, and the opportunity should here be taken for the

President's Speech,

which should be short, concise, and appropriate, with special reference to the moral and physical benefits of games and their future influence upon the man and nation.

TIME AND TIME MEASURERS.

By T. C. Heath.

(*For Illustrations see p.* 524.)

Time was when there was no such thing as time; or if such a statement, and possibly not without reason, is objected to as somewhat too paradoxical, there was, at any rate, a time when a very different meaning was attached to the word from that which obtains nowadays—a time when time represented little if anything more than the two divisions which varied according to the season of the year and which were determined by the presence or absence of the sun—day and night. The world had advanced a considerable distance in its history before the Chaldeans divided the day into four parts, and it is probable that the ancient Jews were indebted to them for any knowledge they possessed with regard to the division of time, which knowledge they brought back from their captivity among the Chaldeans, about five hundred and seventy years before the Christian era.

Even in this case, however, there was no notion of time in its modern sense, for the day began with the Chaldeans at sunrise, so that the four divisions were for ever varying. With the Jews the order was reversed, the day beginning at sunset, but the result was of course much the same. It was not until a hundred and fifty years later, that further progress was made and the divisions were ticked off into hours.

From the beginning the sun was the universal clock, and, if one may be permitted to use such an expression of so great a luminary, the universal clock was always wrong; that is to say, twelve o'clock to-day was not exactly the same as twelve o'clock yesterday. But the sun had to serve as a clock to most people until little more than a hundred and fifty years ago, when public clocks took the place of sundials, and watches began to be comparatively common.

Doubtless one of the earliest forms of getting somewhere near the hour was by length of shadow, an upright stick or spear or even the erect form of the time-teller himself serving as a natural gnomon. Even to-day, all over the East, the only clock in many and indeed in most places, is the shadow which is got after one or other of these methods.

Sacred history furnishes the earliest reference to anything like a fixed and permanent time measurer. Isaiah speaks of the dial (*steps* in the original Hebrew) of Ahaz which went ten degrees backwards, and this dial, it has been conjectured, was something like that represented in our illustration. The Egyptians too are credited with having used their monoliths, such as Cleopatra's needle, as time measurers.

However, the Chaldeans had other methods of measuring time, for they, as well as the contemporary Hindoos and, very likely, the Egyptians, were acquainted with the water-clock or clepsydra, which measured time after the fashion of the hourglass, water taking the place of sand. Indeed it is believed that the Egyptians actually had hourglasses, for, upon one of the bas-reliefs which have come to light after their long interment of three thousand years or so, is an object which those learned in such matters assure us can be nothing else than a sandglass.

In principle the clepsydra was nothing but a rod floating upon water which was slowly dropping from an orifice in the vessel in which it was contained. Certain divisions were marked upon the rod, and a fixed pointer served the purpose of a clock hand. But the Greeks, who seem to have used them on every possible occasion, expended much labour and artistic skill upon their manufacture. Sometimes they were groups of children, the escaping water representing the falling tears of some one of their number, whilst others pointed out the time with a wand. Many of the Greek clepsydræ were of an elaborate description, the column upon which the hour was marked turning slightly each day so as to give correct solar time all through the year, for which purpose the lines marking the hours were accurately and even scientifically curved.

From the upright stick or its shadow to the sundial proper does not, in the light of modern knowledge, appear a very big step. Nevertheless the dial was unknown in the early days of Greece. Herodotus says the Greeks, when they at length got the dial, borrowed it from the Babylonians. Anyhow, it is certain they did get it at some time or another, for there is one in the British Museum.

The Romans were a long way behind the Greeks in the art of horology. For centuries the time at Rome by which clepsydræ or sand-glasses were regulated, and which answered to our Greenwich mean time, was got at by the position of the sun at noon-day in relation to certain parts of the Forum. Every day, as the sun reached its meridian, a trumpeter stood in the market place and announced the fact with due ceremony.

The first sundial at Rome must have puzzled greatly the citizens. Scipio Nasica, cousin of Scipio Africanus, brought it with him from Egypt about a century and a half before the Christian era, and set it up for the public benefit. But, as its dial was drawn for a part of the world far distant, it was, of course, always wrong, and could never by any chance have told the time correctly.

When the clock actual and proper first made its appearance is a matter which can never be satisfactorily settled. Some there are

who assert that clocks existed as early as the fourth century; whilst others argue just as positively that there was no clockwork at all about them, as we understand the term, but that they were merely clepsydræ with a few wheels added to the water apparatus. Certain it is—or at any rate as certain as any history connected with the period of the Dark Ages ever can be—that our own Saxon Alfred was esteemed to be wonderfully clever for his invention of time-telling candles and the lanterns with which he guarded them from the wind; a fact—if it be a fact—which would go far to prove that little was known of clocks in England, or even of clepsydræ, in the ninth century.

The first clock at all answering to the modern notion, in so far, at any rate, that its motive power was due to wheels and weights, or at least *one* weight, is said to have been made by Gerbert, a Benedictine monk, who afterwards became Pope Sylvester III, for Magdeburg Cathedral. This was in the year 996; but in all probability the clock did nothing more than strike a single blow at each hour on a bell in order that the monks might know the times of Devotion. Such a clock had no dial or face; and in this connection it may be mentioned that there is one such clock in existence, though of course it is of quite modern manufacture. Sir Christopher Wren's Church of St. Vedast Foster, at the back of the General Post Office, possesses the curiosity, the only use of which is to proclaim the hour upon a bell when it strikes.

But it is certain that in the time of Edward I, Westminster became celebrated, as it is celebrated to-day, all the world over, for its clock, which if the story be true, was paid for by a fine imposed upon the Chief Justice of the King's Bench for some default, so that his lordship when sitting in the Courts hard by might be reminded, at least once an hour, of his peccadilloes and enjoined to walk more uprightly in future. In the reign of Henry VI, the Dean of St. Stephen's was appointed keeper of the clock, with sixpence a day for wages, so that the office was evidently looked upon as one of considerable importance. Sixpence at that era meant a very great deal more than sixpence now.

What a clock of the fourteenth century was like may be ascertained by a visit to South Kensington Museum, whither has been brought the famous clock of Glastonbury Abbey, the work of Peter Lightfoot, one of the monks. The veteran has been patched up a little; but it is still in going order and marks time as well as ever (better probably, for a pendulum has been added), notwithstanding its patriarchal age of five centuries.

Perhaps it did not mark time very well before it got its pendulum, for clocks until near upon the middle of the seventeenth century were by no means reliable as timekeepers. Thus Tycho Brahe, when he made his famous astronomical calculations at the end of the sixteenth century, had to give up the clock of the period in despair and to trust to a modified form of clepsydra. No clock in England possessed the faintest claim to accuracy before that of Hampton Court was set up in the year 1540. All we know of its maker, who certainly deserved a niche in Fame's Temple, is that his initials were N. O.

Shakespeare, in his Love's Labour's Lost, gives us a notion of the reputation of the clock of his day:—

> "Like a German clock,
> Still a repairing: ever out of frame
> And never going right."

And indeed in the poet's time the sundial in one form or other was the clock of the people, the German innovation being little better than a novelty. He makes the melancholy Jacques, speaking of the fool he met in the forest, say:—

> "And then he drew a dial from his poke,
> And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
> Said very wisely, It is ten o'clock"—

Here he was in all probability thinking of the solarium or shepherd's dial, which nearly everybody carried about with him. It was simply a ring with a sliding piece in which was a hole. This sliding piece was first regulated according to the period of the year, and then held in such a position that the sun might shine through the hole when the beam struck upon the hour. Specimens are to be seen at the British Museum and in the fine collection belonging to the Clockmakers' Company at the Guildhall.

But, somewhere near the middle of the seventeenth century, Huygens, or Galileo, or Richard Harris of London, for they each and all claimed the honour, invented the pendulum: and henceforth clocks began to be a little closer to correct time.

Portable clocks, the nearest approach to the modern watch, were known as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is, perhaps, fortunate that at that time the pocket had not been invented. Every one wore a small wallet, hanging at the belt, capable of containing the turnip-like boxes of machinery which were termed portable. In many cases these could have borne the palm for size from the ordinary American drum clocks of to-day.

They were, of course, but few and far between. They were worth a small fortune, especially in view of the fact that money was much scarcer then than now. The watch of small size had but just been introduced into England when Shakespeare lived, and usually it was an article very much more ornamental than useful. On its first introduction the watch had its striking apparatus, and was without a glass, whilst holes were pierced in its back and face to let out the sound. When the striking parts were got rid of, and the size of the watch yet further reduced, all sorts of eccentric shapes were devised for it. A very common form was the death's head watch; people in the seventeenth century were fond of such cheerful ornaments as skulls and cross-bones. Mary Queen of Scots had one of these watches, the case beautifully engraved with scriptural subjects.

If anything, they kept time even worse than the clocks of the period. Indeed absolutely accurate time-keeping is quite a modern discovery. The first chronometer of any value was the invention of John Harrison, about 1750, for which he received from the Board of Longitude £10,000, as a part of the £20,000 which "they had offered for many years as a reward for a thoroughly trustworthy timekeeper."

Nowadays clocks, in most large towns, are synchronised (Greek *syn*, with or together, and *chronos*, time) by electric current, in the case of England from the observatory at Greenwich, so that they are right to the tiniest fraction of a second; whilst a watch may be bought, keyless and a first-rate timekeeper, for as many shillings as pounds would have been required in the days of our grandfathers.

We have no space to speak of other curiosities of clocks and watches, from the great Strasburg clock, with its suns, moons, angels, saints, crowing cocks, and all sorts of extraordinary devices, downwards, not forgetting the celebrated clock with its two figures which struck the hours, of the old church of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street. But in our illustration is a specimen somewhat out of the ordinary, a very handsome vase-shaped Louis Quatorze timepiece, on which the hours and minutes are marked by serpents. This was in the famed collection of the Duke of Hamilton, until it was dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer a few years since. We forget the precise sum it realised, but, as we write, news comes of the purchase by one of the Rothschilds of a Louis Quinze clock fourteen feet in height, which has been at Milton Hall, Northamptonshire, one of the seats of the Fitzwilliam family, for generations, the price paid for which was £30,000—probably the largest sum ever given for a clock since clocks have been.

SOME TOYS WORKED BY ELECTRICITY.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A. Oxon.,

Author of "How to make an Electrical Machine," "Electric Lamps, and how to work them," etc., etc.

PART I.

THE ELECTRIC TRUMPET.

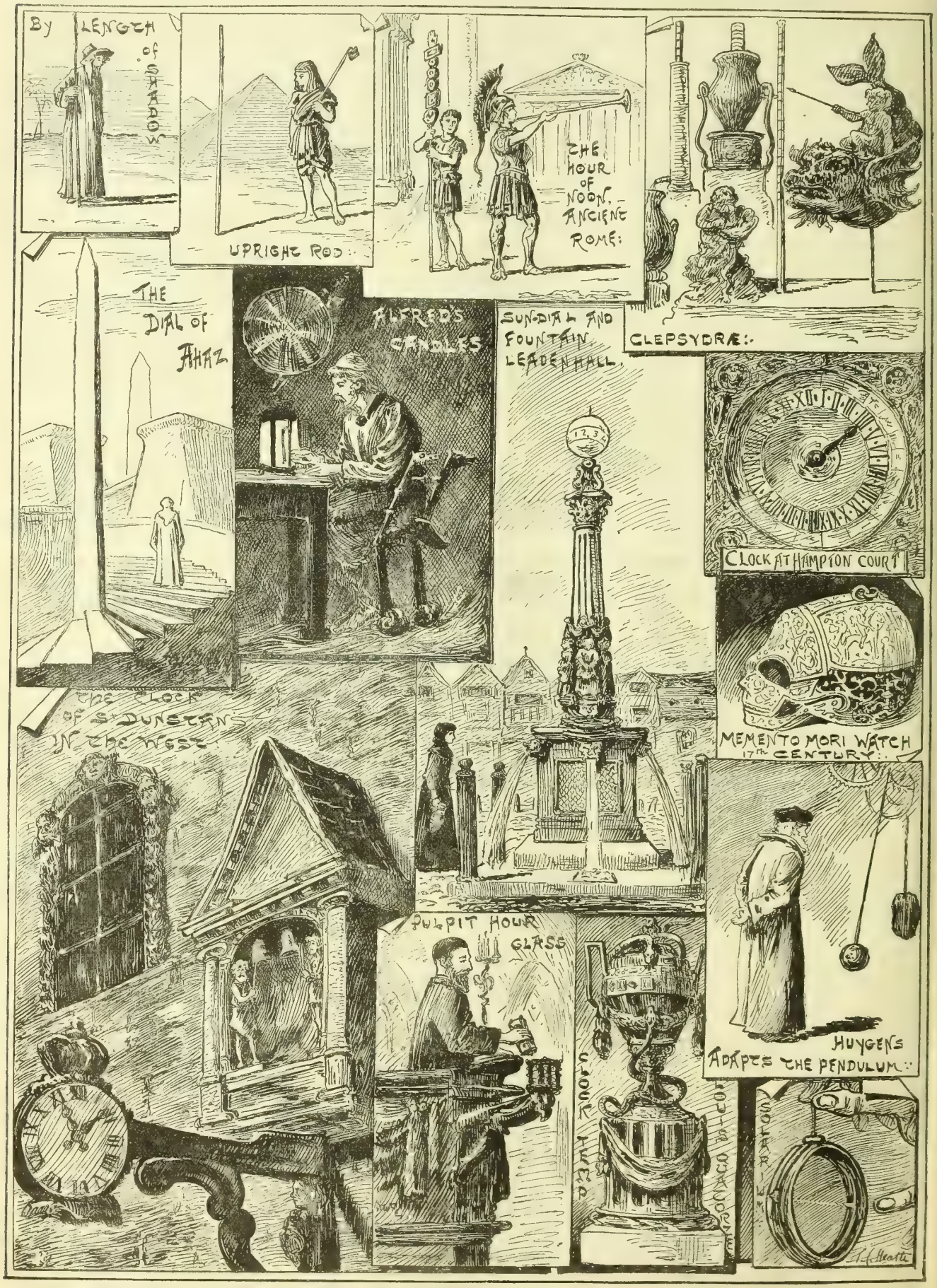
I think there must now be many readers of the "B. O. P." who, having followed my instructions as to electrical apparatus in former articles, would like something new to exercise their ingenuity and scientific knowledge upon.

There are many toys which one meets with in the scientific shops, the making of which for themselves would give great satisfaction to those enterprising devotees of the electrical art. They are for the most part easily constructed, and a great deal of amusement can be derived from them. I have my doubts whether the fathers and mothers of the amateur electrician will thank me for introducing the subject of the present article, but they must take comfort in the thought that if it works well, it shows real constructive power on the part of the maker!

For the benefit of those whose capability of working in metal is limited, I am first going to describe the making of this remarkable instrument in its simplest form, a form in fact so simple that any one can make it and achieve success in a few hours.

First of all we want an old tooth-powder box. These are all made the same size, and consequently it is unnecessary to give dimensions. The top of the tooth-powder box is to be taken, and by means of a fret-saw (this invaluable tool should be in the hands of every boy who likes carpentering; there are many uses to which it can be put quite different from what it is intended for!) a circular hole is to be cut out about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch less than the inside—that is to say, a rim of about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch is to project all round from the rim of the lid.

We now want what is known in photography as a "ferrotype plate"—*i.e.* a piece of very thin sheet iron. Most dealers in



Time and Time Measurers.—(See p. 522.)

photographic goods will not sell less than four or five dozen of them, and this is too many for us. A photographic friend will let us have one gratis, or a professional photographer *may* agree to part with one for threepence or fourpence if he is attacked when in a good temper. If both modes of procuring one fail us we can get two from Messrs. Cox & Son, 11 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C., for fourpence (postage would be about twopence more); they are sold for making telephones.

The ferrotype plate having been procured by some means or other, the next thing is to cut from it a circle just small enough to go inside the rim of the top of the tooth-powder box. You can mark out the circle before cutting it by painting the top of the rim of the *bottom* of the tooth-powder box with ink, and pressing it down on the ferrotype plate, when enough ink will come off to guide the scissors, and of course the circle so cut will be the exact size required.

We now have to make the motive power of the machine, for there is plenty of work done in it though it only makes a noise,—no one can "make a noise in the world" without doing plenty of work!—and to make this we take a piece of soft iron rod about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch long and half an inch in diameter, and cut two circles out of cardboard $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter. The soft iron rod can be bought from any ironmonger, and it ought to be quite soft enough to work at once without doing anything to it; if it is not, it must be heated red-hot in a good fire and left among the coals over-night to get cool very gradually. It will be remembered that this was the way we softened the iron for the induction coil and electro-motor; I only repeat it for the benefit of those who have not seen those articles. Personally I have always found that the ordinary bars of soft iron bought from any ironmonger are amply soft enough for any electrical work.

You must get the ironmonger to file the ends of your bar flat: if they are not filed you will have to do it yourself, and a fine job it is!

Now to go back to the circles of cardboard. A hole is to be cut in each in the centre *exactly* the size to admit the core of soft iron, then by slipping the circles over the ends we get a reel. Now a hole has to be made exactly in the centre of the bottom of the tooth-powder box, and exactly so large that the core of soft iron will fit tightly into it; you can do this again with the fret-saw, the wood of which tooth-powder boxes are made is delightfully easy to cut.

Now comes the adjustment of the reel. You must put the circles on the core, and putting one end of the latter through the hole at the bottom of the box you must push the iron through until the top is *exactly* flush with the top of the rim of the side of the box. One of your circles will now be much further on the core than the other, and the one at the end that is not pushed through the hole must be adjusted close to the edge, leaving about $\frac{1}{16}$ of the core projecting, so that we have now a reel formed at one end of the core, and held in position by the bottom of the box. The more stiffly the core fits the hole the better, and if it has to be hammered into its place better still, only take care not to split the wood of the bottom of the box.

The circles being now in their right places must not be moved again, but the roller has to be wound with wire, for which purpose the core will have to come out of the box temporarily. Before beginning to wind the wire get some thin paper (foreign note-paper is best) and wind a piece round and round the core between the circles, fastening it, and the circles at its ends, to the core by means of a small quantity of "Prout's elastic glue."

We now have to wind the wire on to the roller. The more wire the stronger the magnet will be, but sufficient will be about two ounces. You can get the wire at most ironmongers for 6*d.* an ounce; it is generally cotton-covered, of a light green colour; medium thickness should be used, not too fine, as this offers too much resistance to the current, and not too coarse, or it will fill the reel too soon.

We begin by making a hole near the core in the circle which is farthest on it, and push one end of the wire through the hole from the inside of the reel. About 3 inches should be pushed through, to allow for future manipulation, and the wire is now to be wound tightly over the paper covering the core, in even coils layer on layer, till the reel is nearly full and we have arrived at within about 3 inches of the other end of the wire. This is now to be passed through another hole in the same circle as before, which hole will of course be further from the centre than the first. The magnet will be much stronger if two or three folds of paper are wrapped round it between each layer of wire.

The coil is now constructed, and can be replaced in the tooth-powder box, passing the ends of the wire through two holes in the side or bottom made to receive them. Before leaving this part of the instrument I may remark that care must be taken that the covering of the wire is quite continuous throughout, and has not got rubbed off at any points; if it has, you must wind fine silk over it to cover it up again. Should there be a break anywhere in the wire you must carefully scrape the wire off the two ends and twist the wires firmly together, if possible soldering them together, and then wind fine silk over the join. It is not necessary in this machine to soak the coil in melted paraffin, but it might improve the insulation if the covering of the wire is thin. Only if there is a join and you have *twisted*, not *soldered*, the wires together, you must *not* soak the coil in wax, or the melted wax gets between the ends of the wires and stops the current (this of course applies to all electro-magnets, and should be remembered as a possible cause of failure).

The core having been pushed through the hole again, up to the circle of cardboard, the ferrotype plate is placed in the top of the box, and the box shut up. Now the ferrotype plate must be exactly free of the end of the core and that is all. You can test this by tapping it. If it vibrates in and out it is all right; if the end of core is too tightly pressed against it there will be no possibility of moving the centre in and out, and the core must be driven further through the hole till it is just free of the ferrotype plate.

Now comes another part of the instrument, viz. the contact-breaker. The following is as good a way of arranging it as any. Take a piece of sheet brass the exact length of the diameter of the top of the tooth-powder box and about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, and in the middle of it bore a hole which is to admit a brass screw,—with a milled head preferably—one of Perry's penny paper-fasteners will answer well, removing the loose disc. The screw should fit tightly into the hole, so as to screw easily up and down when turned. To the end of the screw, which is cut off flat, is soldered a short piece of platinum wire inserted in a hole in the end of the screw made to receive it; it can be fastened by any other means as long as it will screw up and down *and is in contact with the brass screw.* Adjust the screw so that the platinum point is within a minute distance of the ferrotype plate when the brass support is screwed down at the ends to the side of the box lid, and screw it down with small screws firmly in its position. Before this is done, however, a thin strip of platinum foil should be soldered to the upper surface of the ferrotype plate, or otherwise fastened to it,—elastic glue will answer,—this strip terminating in the centre, and reaching to the edge of the plate, leaving a short piece over. A very thin strip will be enough, of the shape of P in fig. 1. Now the

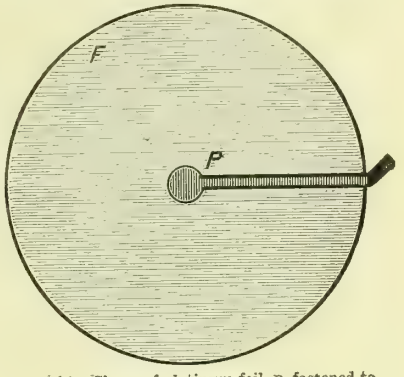


FIG. 1.—Shape of platinum foil, P, fastened to ferrotype plate, F.

ferrotype plate is to be placed in position again (the side on which the platinum foil is fastened being outwards, and the end of the foil going down between the edge of the ferrotype plate and the wood into the inside of the box), and the end of the wire from the coil which was left inside the box is to be securely fastened, either by soldering or otherwise, to the end of the platinum foil which was left loose, so as to be in metallic connection with it. A wire can now be twisted round or soldered to the screw with the platinum point, and the instrument is complete. It has taken some space to describe, but I made my own in about half an

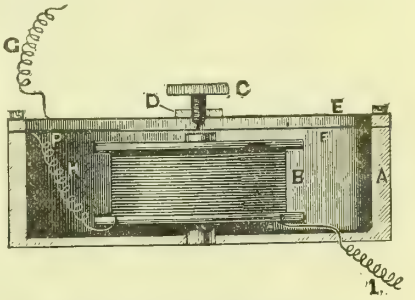


FIG. 2. SECTION OF SIMPLE ELECTRIC TRUMPET, SHOWING DETAILS OF VARIOUS PARTS.

A, Tooth-powder box. B, Electro-magnet. C, Paper fastener. D, Flange for screw. E, Brass support for screw. F, Ferrotype plate. G, Wire attached to brass strip supporting screw. H, Wire from end of coil attached to platinum foil at P. I, Wire from the other end of coil passing through bottom of box.

hour! Fig. 2 gives a general view of the parts put together. The lid of the box should be tightly fastened down by four small screws, two of which may be those which fasten on the brass strip holding the screw.

Now to consider its action. The wire I in fig. 2 is connected to one wire of the battery, and the wire G to the other. The current then starts from the battery, round the coil B, converting the core into a magnet, and up the wire H to the platinum foil P, along the platinum foil which was fastened to the upper side of the ferrotype plate F, to the platinum wire which tips the screw C. It then goes up the screw C along the brass piece E which is fastened to the box by screws, as shown in the figure, to the wire G, and so back to the battery by the other wire.

The screw c must be therefore screwed down till the platinum wire at its tip is just in contact with the foil on the ferrotype plate. Now of course when the current goes round the coil, and thus converts the soft iron into an electro-magnet, the latter instantly attracts the ferrotype plate which is immediately above it. But the latter moving its centre nearer to the core, the platinum foil which is attached to it is thereby moved out of contact with the wire on the screw c and the current is instantly stopped. Thereupon the attraction of the magnet ceases, and the ferrotype plate flies back to its former position and so joins the platinum wire and foil, and starts the current again, and the former process is repeated. The ferrotype plate therefore vibrates with tremendous rapidity between the core and the platinum screw. Now the vibrating armature of an ordinary coil makes quite a hum when hard at work, but of course a large plate such as this makes a much louder noise, consequently you will hear a ferocious buzzing, like an army of millions of bees let loose from a hive, and on screwing the screw c up or down till you get to the correct point you will get a shrill note very like a penny whistle. If screwed up the vibrations are slower, and a deeper note is produced; if screwed down the vibrations are more rapid and a higher note is sounded. Therefore you can amuse yourself by screwing it rapidly up and down, or adjusting it by pressing the brass piece with your finger, and a little practice will enable you to bring out a sort of tune produced by electricity!

When you have become tired of jingling out your tune you can fix the electric trumpet up in a permanent position, adjusting the wires from the battery so as to pass through an ordinary "press" which may be in another room. The trumpet will then begin buzzing or hooting whenever the button of the press is pushed in, and stop when the pressure is released. In this way of course the trumpet will act as a "call" instead of a bell, and as the double wire can be easily hidden under the carpet and in dark corners, and painted to match whatever wood-work it crosses, you can arrange it from an upstairs room to a downstairs one or *vice versâ* with very little trouble. I give an illustration of the method of connecting the battery and trumpet with one switch or "press," to show how to arrange the series (see fig. 3).

The trumpet made in the very simple way I have described will not produce a very loud noise, but quite loud enough, if properly put together, to attract a person's attention who was in the room when it went off. The

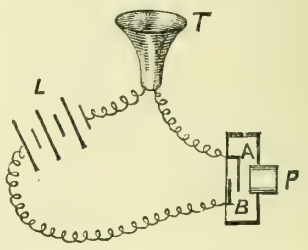


Fig. 3.—Method of connecting Trumpet to Battery and one Press.

When the button P is pushed in, the spring A touches the metal piece B, and completes the circuit. On removing the finger from P, the spring separates from B, and the current is stopped. P, Press. L, Battery. T, Trumpet.

sound can be rendered louder by fixing a cardboard funnel or "cornucopia" to the front of the tooth-powder box, to make a kind of horn.

(To be continued.)

THE CAMP AND THE CASTLE.

By the Author of "The Castles of England," etc.

I.—THE CAMP.

England is rich in examples of the military architecture of the past, and camps and burhs and castles, the three stages of ancient fortification, are to be found in all its counties. Sometimes, on the same site, we have all the stages of growth, and then we can more easily realise what the works of our old engineers were like. But to do so requires some imagination. A wooded mound or an old stone ruin covered with ivy may be picturesque enough in the landscape, but to really understand its appearance when in use we have to clear away all that gives it character. The tower which time has moulded into beauty was nothing but terrible, as Mason says, when it frowned with all its battlements.

A castle was simply the form of fortress at a certain period. It had a long pedigree. Some of our fortifications are very ancient. There were camps before there was history. Many think we have even Euskarian camps, but as most of these were admittedly used by the Britons we need not separately distinguish them.

The British camp was on a hill, generally in some inaccessible spot, and defended by a deep trench. It was of no particular shape, but the most was made of the irregularities of the ground. It was not a place of abode, but a refuge, and hence there was no need of a copious water-supply. Sometimes a spring is present, but rarely, and as a rule the stream flows some distance down outside the fortification. The camp had but one entrance, and this was defended by fallen trees. The height of the bank from the ditch was occasionally increased by its edge being surmounted by a breastwork—also of fallen trees and interlacing brushwood; but this does not seem to have been always the case.

It should be remembered that there were two races of Britons, those before the Romans, and those after them, and that these were separated from each other by as wide an interval as separates us from the days of Henry VII. A British camp may therefore be pre Roman or post-Roman. As a rule, those we have are mostly pre-Roman, which, being naturally strong places, have been occupied in turn by every race on the war path in this country. At Wareham in Dorset, Tamworth on the Warwickshire border, and Wallingford on the Thames there are, however, earthworks which are roughly on the Roman plan and yet bear no traces of Roman occupation, and these can be fairly ascribed to the later Britons.

The Roman camp was a very different affair in either of its three forms. The nearest approach to the Wareham style was in the *Castra exploratoria*, the temporary camps pitched during the advance into the enemy's country. Of a more permanent and elaborate kind were the *Castra æstiva*, or summer camps, used as a base of operations during a campaign; and more elaborate still were the *Castra hiberna*, or winter camps, and the *Castra stativa*, or permanent camps, which served as strongholds by which the district was held in subjection. The *exploratoria* and *æstiva* are the camps that have left their traces on the hills. In many cases the site of the *castrum* is now known as the *castle*. There is one at Castle Acre in Norfolk, another at Egbury Castle near Andover, another at Godwin Castle near Painswick; and many others will occur to the reader. The *stativa* were generally on low ground, and invariably stood round a good water-supply. They were always rectangular, while in the temporary camps the squareness was adhered to only as far as the contour of the ground would permit. As a rule, it is the *castrum* of the *stativa* which has become the *chester*, though sometimes it lingers on as *castle*, as in Richborough Castle near Sandwich, and Burgh Castle near Yarmouth.

There is a Roman camp at Caistor in Norfolk which is 1,349 feet long and 1,120 feet wide; there is another in Sherwood Forest which is 1,251 feet long and 720 feet wide; but the typical legionary camp was 2,320 feet long and 1,620 feet wide. It contained accommodation for a consular army consisting of two legions, each of 4,200 foot and 300 horse, together with the usual complement of allies, making in all 16,800 foot and 1,800 horse. It was surrounded by a ditch or *fossa* a yard deep and 5 feet broad, the earth dug out being thrown inwards and forming the *agger*, which was 6 feet high from the bed of the ditch; and on the *agger* came the *vallum*, or palisade, composed of the wooden sticks which were carried by each soldier. In the *stativa* the ditch was wider and deeper, and the rampart was of sodded earth or of stone flanked by towers, and this *agger* was crowned with crenellated parapets, or the stakes were laced together with wattles or transverse timbers. And on this rampart were round and square towers, with their walls projecting and re-entering so as to command the full length of the fortification.

In the camp were four gates. One at the narrow end facing the foe, called *Porta Pretoria*; opposite to it in the rear was the *Porta Decumana*; on the left side, about two fifths of the way down, was the left Porta Principalis, and opposite to it was the right Porta Principalis, a broad road, the Via Principalis, running between the two. In the very centre of this main road was the *groma*, or measuring point, from which the camp was laid out. From it to the Pretorian gate ran a road, the Pretorian Way, sixty feet broad; immediately behind it stood the altars on which the sacrifices were made, flanked by the Auguratorium on which the auspices were taken, and the Tribunal from which the commanding officer addressed the troops. Behind these was the Pretorium, or general's tent, which thus looked straight down the Pretorian Way. Right and left of the general lay the staff. Skirting the camp inside lay the infantry, and lining the Pretorian Way were the cavalry, all being in tents, all the tents opening on to the roads and cross-roads by which the camp was divided. So clearly was the camp marked out and measured off that the men on their arrival at once went to their stations as if to barracks in some well-known city. At each of the four gates was a strong guard, and outside, at some distance, were pickets of cavalry and infantry, while round the rampart marched the sentries, who were relieved four times during the night. Complete plans of these Roman camps are given in many

dictionaries, and to them our readers can refer for further details of arrangement.

When it was recognised that the camp was to be permanent, the officers and soldiers were lodged in huts built of clay, brick, or wood, and thatched or tiled over. Outworks, called *antemuralia* and *procastria*, defended the gates, and the towers were provided with machines for hurling projectiles. When, as happened in time, a city sprang up and it became advisable to fortify it, the Romans would surround it with two strong walls of masonry separated by an interval of twenty feet, which was filled in with earth and stones until they reached the top, where a parapet walk was formed, sloping towards the town so as to throw off the water, and defended on the outer side by the embattled outer wall. In one corner there was generally a fort which commanded the walls; and this plan of the city was the forerunner of the plan of the castle. When the Romans left our shores, however, they took their camping ideas with them, and it was on the Continent that the growth from their camps to the stone castles took place. Among us the development was along a different line.

In the fifth century the English arrived to scourge the Romano-Briton, and in the eighth century came the Scandinavian to worry the Englishman and end by settling down with him. Both brought the same ideas of fortification with them. When they landed they threw up camps in circular form, or else fortified headlands with a ditch and rampart. All round the coast we have these camps; most of them very small, though one at Flamborough is three and a half miles long. As the invaders moved inland they at first took possession of the existing camps, but after a time they began to plan camps of their own. And these English camps, or burhs, give us the chief origin of the Norman castle. In the Saxon Chronicle fifty burhs are mentioned, and of these over forty have been identified.

The defences of the country were completed by the dykes, long earthworks consisting of a ditch and a mound, running for many miles. There was the Wansdyke, the boundary of Mercia, which extended from Portishead on the Bristol Channel, and crossed the Thames to end at Kinsey. There was Offa's Dyke, which served as the Welsh boundary, and went from Chester to the Wye. There was the Grimsdyke, which can still be traced in Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Wiltshire. And there was the Devil's Dyke, dividing Mercia from the land of the East English. These dykes were strengthened at intervals by the burhs, or camps, as we now call most of them.

The British camp, as we have seen, was of irregular shape; the Roman camp was rectangular; the English camp was circular, or rather doubly circular, as a rule. The configuration of the ground had seldom an influence on its plan. In the first place, a truncated cone of earth was thrown up and left to settle at its natural angle. This cone was from twelve to sixty feet high, and was formed by throwing up the earth dug out of a broad circular ditch. Connected with this principal mound was a lower court, more or less rounded or horse-shoe-shaped, and also having a bank and a ditch. On the top of both mound and base court was high palisading, the mound being the fort, the other enclosure being occupied by the stables and offices. These burhs are quite common, and in the Chronicle we have the dates when many of them were made.

The burh was really the castle, and in the days of the Confessor it came to be called so. It was the residence of the great man of the district, his fortified home in fact. The house was on the top of the mound, and was built of half-trunks of trees set upright and clamped between horizontal logs above and below. Around it, along the edge of the plateau, was a high, close paling, and along the outer edge of the ditch was another paling, the palings being continued in each case round the base court, which a similar palisade shut off from the mound. Across the ditches were plank bridges, and in the enclosure were a few wattle-and-daub huts. This method of defence was peculiarly English and Scandinavian, and was as characteristic of Normandy as of England. It seems to have been in high fashion during the eighth century, and it lasted until the time of the Norman Conquest.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(THIRTEENTH SERIES.)

Writing Competition.

[*Continued from p.* 512.]

SECOND DIVISION (*aged* 11 *years*).

Prize—7*s.* 6*d.*

E. W. MOORE, Derby Hotel, Blackpool.

CERTIFICATES—FIRST GRADE.

GEORGE R. WATT, 17, Queen's Road, Aberdeen.

PHILIP H. METHERELL, 304, Morningside Road, Edinburgh.

WM. SYDNEY PURCHON, 76, Prospect Street, Hull.

F. W. MANNERS, 78, Akerman Road.

PERCY SMART, 66, Queen's Road, Buckland, Portsmouth.

WM. A. CARRICK, 13, Berlin Terrace, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

G. B. OSBORNE, Stafford House, Edgar Road, Cliftonville, Margate.

ROBERT LUNT, 10, Robarts Road, Anfield, Liverpool.

JOHN HOWARD, 6, Northcote Street, Semilong, Northampton.

ALEXANDER BOSE, 167, St. James' Road, Croydon.

CHAS. B. FLAWN, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone.

LEONORA G. RIGHTON, Llanglay, 60, Kingsdown Parade, Bristol.

DAVID PRICE, Pwlltrap St. Clears, Carmarthenshire.

JOSEPH E. EASTWOOD, 10, Filbert Street, Leicester.

F. A. AUSTIN, 19, Lyham Road, Brixton, S.W.

L. C. ROSS, 26, Dundas Street, Edinburgh.

DAVID SWAIN, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone.

SECOND GRADE.

WM. DRUETT, 41, Delhi Street, King's Cross.

LEWIS WALFORD, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone.

CHAS. H. SANKEY, 17, High Street, Newton-le-Willows.

HERBERT BLUMENTHAL, 13, Frognal, London, N.W.

ROBERT J. STURDEE, 153, Shardeloes Road, New Cross, S.E.

J. A. L. GALLARD, Slapton, Towcester, Northamptonshire.

C. H. LANKESTER, 5, Padwell Road, Southampton.

A. ADAMS NORRIS, 52, Brunswick Street, Edinburgh.

H. G. MANSFIELD, The Lindens, 50, Coombe Road, South Croydon.

JESSIE H. GARRAD, 134, Church Road, Islington.

ARTHUR HAWKEN, 91, Gaisford Street, N.W.

LOUIS A. DURANT, 57, Park Road, West Dulwich.

GEORGE TROTTER, 8, Whitehouse Terrace, Edinburgh.

JOHN E. S. HACKFORTH, Towngate, Leyland.

G. T. MANLEY, Royal Academical Institution, Belfast.

B. W. KISSAN, 241, Dalston Lane, N.E.

S. F. ASPELL, 11, St. Alban's Road, Leicester.

ERNEST G. KENT, 4, Alvington Place, Zion Street, Plymouth.

H. C. FEW, The Vineyards, Willingham, Cambs.

JOHN SIMPSON, 51, St. James's Road, Brixton.

PERCY LONERGAN, Higham, Colchester.

ALBERT CANNON, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone.

GEORGE WARRINGTON, „ „

FRED ELPHICK, „ „

THIRD GRADE.

ROBERT J. BOWERMAN, Frogmore, Windsor.

ISABELLA M. INNES, Elrick, Muchalls, Stonehouse, N.B.

JAMES LANE, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Leopold House School.

W. G. HARWOOD, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Leopold House School.

R. W. SHANKS, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Leopold House School.

THOMAS WARD, 17, Arundel Crescent, Plymouth.

JOSEPH HALLETT, 28, Martin Street, Plymouth.

GEORGE HOWETT, 52, High Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth.

WM. WALLACE, 9, Princess Place, Plymouth.

ERNEST WINES, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone, E.

ARTHUR BODGER, „ „

JOHN FORWARD, 50, Neswick Street, Plymouth.

EDWIN PHILLIPS, 20, Clarence Place, Stonehouse, Devon.

FRED SHEPPARD, Cromwell House, Keynsham, Bristol.

ARTHUR HAWKINS, Long Street, Easingwold, Yorkshire.

HERBERT PHILBEY, 6, Collingwood Terrace, Egham, Surrey.

G. S. WILKINS, 63, Winchcomb Street, Cheltenham.

WM. J. C. DODDS, 41, Colmer Road, South Streatham.

ADOLF MARX, 26, Buckland Crescent, Belsize Park, N.W.

TOMMY MILLER, 3, Melville Terrace, West Park Road, Dundee.

JAMES ROUGH, 138, Nicholson Street, Edinburgh.

JAMES G. JACKSON, Violet Bank, Newark Drive, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

WM. DAVIS, Holme House, Gargrave, *vid* Leeds.

HAMILTON BUSH, 53, Hurd's Buildings, Frome.

WM. P. STACEY, 55, Buckingham Road, Southgate Road, N.

WM. HENDERSON, 1, Bickerton Street, Lark Lane, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

E. STENTIFORD, 10, Wyndham Lane, Plymouth, Devon.

ALFRED MONRO, 136, Akerman Road, Brixton, S.W.

JAMES KIDNEY, Lower Broomfield, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

W. H. BUSH, 32, Eaton Place, Brighton.

IVAN E. BISS, The Priory, Exeter.

ARTHUR B. NEATE, High Street, Pewsey, Wilts.

EDWARD NICHOLSON, 13, Trulock Road, Tottenham.

BERNARD FOSKETT, 36, Copleston Road, Denmark Park, S.E.

WILLIAM DEAS, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone.

ERNEST EVANS, „ „

ARTHUR LUTTERLOCH, „ „

LEONARD RUMBOLD, „ „

CHRISTOPHER SEYMOUR, „ „

(*To be continued.*)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

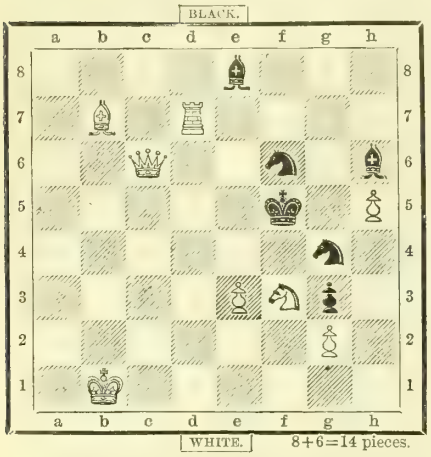
A NOVEL CURLING MATCH.—A somewhat novel curling match took place last winter on the Langholm Pond, the ministers of the Established, Free, United Presbyterian, and Episcopal Churches playing the doctors and lawyers of the town. A close game resulted in the defeat of the clergymen by two shots.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE OLD BOYS.—Cheltenham College, which completes this year the first fifty years of its existence, must now be added to the list of those great public schools which rejoice in a printed register of their "old boys," and some very distinguished names the "Cheltenham College Register," edited by Mr. A. A. Hunter, contains. Mr. John Morley and Sir Henry James are the most distinguished statesmen, while Mr. W. E. H. Lecky and Mr. F. W. H. Myers represent literature. The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, the Dean of Chichester, Dr. Pigou, and two Oxford heads of Houses—the Rev. W. W. Merry and the Rev. R. J. Wilson—are the most distinguished Churchmen that the college has produced; while the army, as might be expected from a school that was one of the first, if not the first, to adopt a "modern side," is numerously represented by officers who have served with distinction, the best known name being that of Colonel J. D. H. Stewart, the companion of General Gordon at Khartoum.

CHESS.

Problem No. 267.

By R. Schulder.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

Two Unique Drawn Problems.

Bláthy's book of long problems also contains Meyer's "Ellipse" and "Square." Some composers think more of the Ellipse than of the Square, but the latter took much longer to compose, for the main difficulty was to introduce the double motion in the Square. The Ellipse works only one way, but in the Square the King can go to the right or left, and thus describe the figure in two ways. The Ellipse was composed in January 1879, and the Square was begun in July 1879 and finished in 1887. The stipulations to each are: White to play and draw; and the men are placed thus:—

The Ellipse.

White, K—Q 5; R—K R 8; B—Q B sq.; Kts—K Kt 4 and K R 4; P—Q R 2. Black, K—K 2; Q—K Kt 8; Rs—K B 8 and K R 8; Bs—Q sq. and Q R sq.; Kts—Q Kt 2 and Q R 4; Ps—Q R 5, Q Kt 3, Q B 2, Q B 7, K B 2, K B 6, K Kt 2 and K Kt 7.

The Square.

White, K—K 5; R—Q R 7; B—Q B 5; Kts—K 4 and K 6; Ps—K Kt 3, K Kt 5, and K Kt 7. Black, K—K sq.; Q—Q Kt 8; R—K 8; Bs—K Kt sq. and K R 7; Kts—Q R 4 and Q B 8; Ps—Q R 7, Q Kt 2, Q Kt 6, and K Kt 7.

To Chess Correspondents.

M. E.—Problems can be made, in which Black is compelled to prevent a threatened dual, thus:—

White, K—Q sq.; Kt—Q Kt 8; Ps—Q Kt 3, Q 2, K B 3, K R 2, and K R 6. Black, K—Q 6; B—Q sq.; Kts—Q R 4 and K Kt 4; Ps—Q 5, K R 2, and K R 6. White mates in 2 moves.

Black has 12 moves, every one of which prevents the dual mate. The result would be the same if the B were placed on K R 3.

J. S.—Slater's collection of problems, which we announced two years ago (Vol. XI. p. 256), has not yet appeared, and there has not been any news about it since then.

O. T. B.—You consider your No. 37 a longer end-game than that mentioned, but we call yours a problem, saying that such a position does not occur in a well-played game. The Paris-Berlin-London end-game composition has only 5 pieces, and can well happen in a game, but your clever problem of 18 pieces is given here for the criticism of our readers.

White, K—K 3; Ps—Q R 6, Q Kt 2, Q Kt 7, Q B 3, Q B 5, K B 2, K Kt 3, K R 2. Black, K—Q Kt sq.; Ps—Q R 5, Q Kt 4, Q B 3, Q B 5, K B 2, K Kt 2, K Kt 5, K R 2. White to play and mate in 108 moves.

Correspondence.

Musical (R.A.M.).—1. The articles on "Musical Glasses" are reprinted in "Indoor Games." 2. The glaze is due to borax.

W. Howe.—Massage is merely "rubbing," shampooing in the true sense of the word, rubbing the flesh well over with the naked hand.

G. E. Weston.—There is perhaps no book at the price at present to be compared with Howard Saunders' "Dictionary of British Birds," price one guinea, published by Gurney & Long, Paternoster Row.

A. E. Kung-fah (Shanghai).—It is quite possible to see the moon move. Watch the occultation of a star, and you will have no doubt of it.

Inquisitive.—1. Your eyes are in a bad way, and you should consult an oculist—not an optician—with regard to them. Get your ordinary medical adviser to make an appointment for you with some man of eminence, or go to the hospital. 2. Do not shave at all.

A Gymnast.—Your best plan would be to get "Indoor Games," and study the gymnastic exercises.

T. A. L. G.—The biscuit-tin will do first-rate for the tray, but we have given the composition so many times that we really cannot repeat. See "Indoor Games."

Inquirer.—The Index to Volume VII. has long been out of print.

Weather Wise.—Canada for choice; but such situations are not easy to obtain. It might help you to apply to the Chief Clerk, Emigrants' Information Office, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

Ask Nothing More.—You can buy Marionettes at Hawley's Noah's Ark, High Holborn, W.C., and at many first-class toy shops.

T. Doors.—There should be no apostrophe with Xmas, but such things depend very much on the custom of the house.

B. Blundum.—In a steam fire engine the pumps are worked by steam, but the whole apparatus is drawn by horses. Were it driven by steam it would be a locomotive on an ordinary road, and as such would come under the Act of Parliament affecting traction engines, and thus be unable to travel at more than five miles an hour.

Jack Frost.—Pure water will freeze at 32° Fahrenheit at the sea level; but impure water, being more or less of a solution, will not freeze at so high a temperature, hence salt water does not freeze at 32°. By boiling water you probably mean boiled water, and the boiled water is supposed to be purer than the unboiled.

Yacht (Huddersfield).—You are not likely to get a job until you have been apprenticed; but apply to an engineering firm and show them one of the models you have made.

Phonographer.—Anyone can get a Christmas or Summer Number by ordering it. It does not matter if you take in the paper weekly or monthly; your newsagent is mistaken.

Desespoir will give threepence each for Nos. 247, 304, 319, 320, 321 and the indexes to Volumes V. and VI. Address, Sheen House, Upper Holloway, N.

H. M. R.—A good deal of Clifton Suspension Bridge is the old bridge that used to span the Thames at Hungerford; some of the same bridge was used on the scaffolding of the Forth Bridge.

H. M. S.—The Recruiting Department of the Royal Navy is in Spring Gardens, S.W.

Right Wing, Outside.—The best book on Football is unquestionably our eighteenpenny volume in the Bookshelf Series. See the advertisement in our monthly parts.

Charlie.—Use burnt sienna for colouring your brickwork; if it is not red enough add a little crimson lake. Your sample is all wrong, no bricklayer would lay bricks in that style; look at a wall again. To preserve the colours of evergreens, bake the specimens in sand.

Enlarged Toe-Joint (A. Reader).—It may be a bunion or a chalky deposit. Show it to a surgeon.

Red Nose (T. N.).—See back Correspondence. Indigestion or weak circulation. Try cod-liver oil and Malt Extract, best from the Kepler solution. If there are pimples as well, we have no doubt a solution of eau-de-cologne, with one grain of corrosive sublimate to the ounce—made up by a chemist and carefully labelled POISON—might do good. Wet the part with this twice or thrice a day.

Not Well ("Confident").—Come, now, let *us* have some of that confidence. Isn't it yourself and not your brother who have done wrong and are suffering? Try the cold bath, cod-liver oil, outdoor exercise, and purity of mind and body.

Pairing Canaries (Canary).—No; not in the same cage. Divide it by a partition that the pairs cannot see through.

Breeding Mice (S. S.).—No; leave the he one. We try in breeding to imitate nature in every way.

Rats (Rata).—There is no such book. But we treat on them from time to time.

Violin and Mice (Annie Hatch).—1. Wash the violin bow and let it dry in the air. 2. A cage to each pair of dormice. 3. Do you mean Jerboas? They come from Africa, the Crimea, etc. We know several girls who are like you, fond of snakes.

Nervousness (A Sufferer).—You cannot be too much in the open air, nor can you exercise too much so long as it does not affect the breathing. Take ten drops of tincture of iron in water after meals, thrice daily, for three weeks. Vide answer (last portion) to "Confident."

Fresh Water Aquarium (J. Barrett).—We have had several articles on the subject, and may have others in due course.

Running and Skating (A. T. E.).—1. Do not spurt too much. Running with a coat on takes it out of one and sweats the man down. 2. Roller-skating will at least give confidence to one before learning ice-skating. You don't mean to go on the ice with roller skates, surely?

Navy Surgeon (P. O.).—We have given a paper on this subject. Get your degree first.

Retriever Puppy (H. Pain).—Feed on bread and milk with boiled Spratt cake, and gravy, bits of meat, and big bones to gnaw, four times a day, late and early. Give unbounded exercise and fun. Plenty of fresh water and a good bed.

Nervous Again (McGregor).—Attention to the general health, the cold bath, and plenty to occupy the mind.

Dog's Nose White (Reader).—It will come all right in time. Some breeds are born so, then spots come which join till the nose is all black.

Books on Birds (H. Pearce).—Many thanks.

In a Dilemma (L. O. S. T.).—From all you say we feel almost sure you are all right and need not worry. It would be as well, however, to consult a doctor

S. H. C. (Bournemouth).—1. Butterflies are usually killed by sharply pinching the thorax from beneath, just where the legs join the body. For moths, use either chloroform or a "killing-bottle," charged with cyanide of potassium (a deadly poison, remember). For dragonflies the same. The larger beetles are best killed by dashing them into *boiling* water. For the smaller species make a killing-bottle, and charge it with bruised laurel shoots. In this you must leave them, after death, for a period varying from twenty-four hours to a week, in order that the stiffened limbs may relax. 2. Depends upon the species. Keep your pupæ out of the sun, where earwigs, etc., cannot get at them. 3. Put some naphthaline in the boxes.

An Entomologist.—A "greasy" moth can never be properly restored, although something may be done by the careful application of benzine. But grease can always be prevented by stuffing the moth before it is set. The stout-bodied moths and the "swifts" should always be treated in this manner.

A. G. Worcester.—Answered over and over again. A water-pipe bursts when it freezes, not when it thaws. When water freezes it increases in volume, hence the burst; when it thaws there is no increase. But when it is frozen it cannot run and show the damage; when it thaws it can.

E. J. Grindlay.—1. Impossible. The plates can only be issued as they are. The trade would not be bothered with them month after month if they came in any other way. 2. First engineer, £20 a month; second, £15; third, £12. The best way in is through the shops of the people who make marine engines.

R. Frezols.—1. In the early days the collecting-boxes in the churches were opened on Christmas Day and their contents distributed the day after. From this gift to the poor came the Christmas Box and Boxing Day. 2. If you are healthy the morning bath will do you no harm no matter what your occupation may be. If you are not healthy you should consult a doctor. 3. It is coming; and that is all we can say at present.

G. S. Hirst.—1. All the information is obtainable from the dealers' catalogues, for which see our advertisement wrapper. There is a book on forgeries which you might get through Lincoln or Buhl. 2. E. & O. E., etc. mean "Errors and Omissions Excepted," or something of that sort; or it may be a ledger mark, particularly with a foreign house.

Paganini.—Materials for violin-making, both wood and tools, are obtainable of Haynes & Co., 14, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. They also sell violins and musical instruments of all kinds. With regard to concertinas, some of them, English ones, cost as much as £17, but you can get a very fair one for about £4. As to the common German variety, we rather doubt if it is a *musical* instrument; it can be bought anywhere for a few shillings.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 645.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

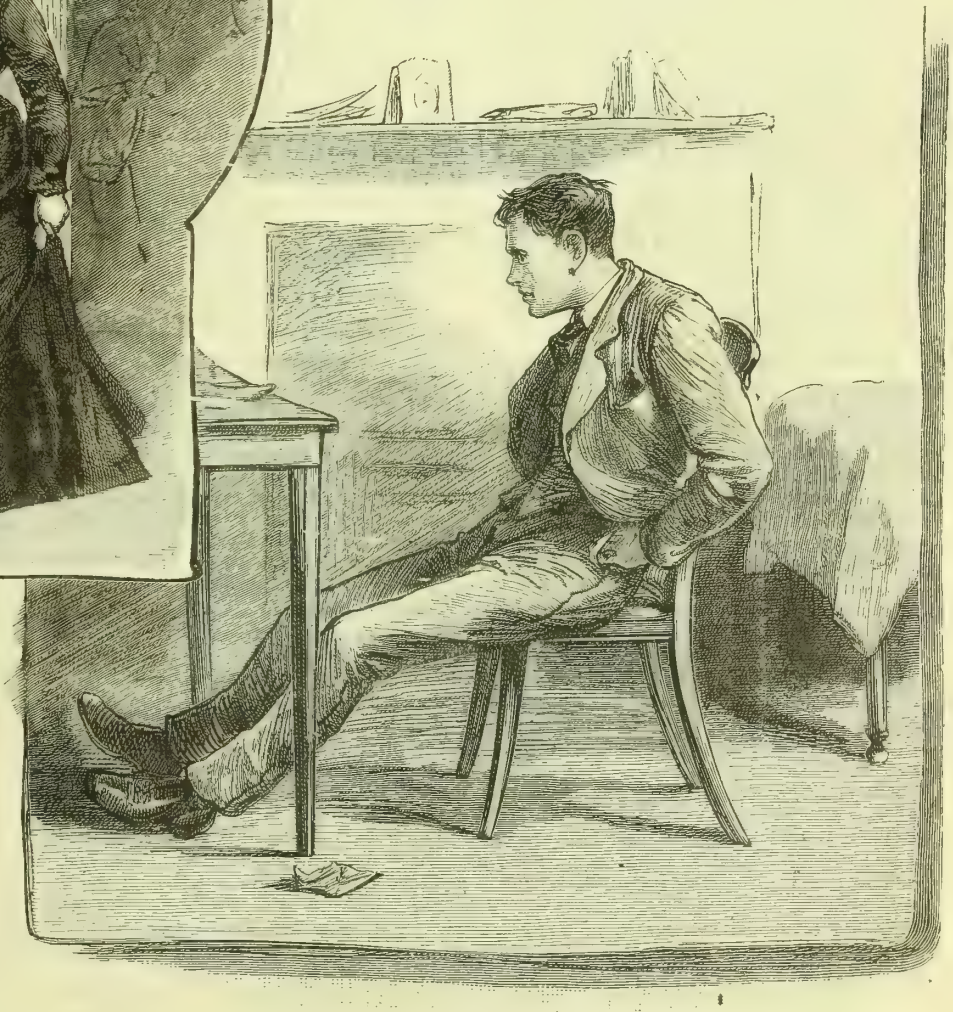
By Talbot Baines Reid,

Author of "My Friend Smith." "Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch." "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—"FAMA VOLAT."

The Modern seniors had certainly experienced a run of bad luck since the inauguration of the strike, which was to have brought their rivals down on their knees and secured for the Modern side a supremacy in Fellsgarth.

The second Rendlesham match, the defection of Corder, the mutiny of the juniors, the disbanding of the clubs, the row with the head-master, and finally, the



"Instead of going to bed he sat in his chair."

defeat of Brinkman by his own victim, might be held to be enough to chasten their spirits, and induce them to ask themselves whether the game was worth the candle.

But, such is the infatuation of wrong-headedness, they still breathed vengeance on some one; and this time their victim was to be Rollitt.

The grudge against him had been steadily accumulating during the term. His outrage on the gentle Dangle was yet to be atoned for. His crime of playing in the fifteen was yet unappeased. His contempt of the whole crew of his enemies was not to be pardoned. Even his rescue of the lost juniors told against him, for it had helped to turn the public feeling of the school in favour of those recalcitrant young rebels. So far there had been no getting at him. He would not quarrel. He would not even recognise the existence of any one he did not care for.

But now a chance had come. The more they discussed it, the more morally certain was it that he was answerable for the disappearance of the money from the club funds. The very reluctance of his own house to take action in the matter showed that they at least appreciated the gravity of the suspicion.

It was a trump card for the Moderns. By pushing it now, they would be doing a service to the school. They would pose as the champions of honesty. They would be mortifying the Classics, even while they pretended to assist them; and, above all, they would wipe out scores with Rollitt himself, in a way he could not well disregard.

Clapperton and Dangle were not superlatively clever boys; but, whether by chance or design, they certainly hit upon an admirable method for bringing the matter to a crisis.

Dangle took upon himself to confide his suspicions, as a dead and terrible secret, to Wilcox, a middle-boy of Forder's house, and notorious as the most prolific gossip in Fellsgarth; who, moreover, was known to have several talking acquaintances in the other houses.

Wilcox received Dangle's communication with astonishment and—oh, of course, he wouldn't breathe a word of it to any one, not for the world; it was a bad business, but it was Fisher I's business to see it put right, and so on.

That night as Wilcox and his friend Underwood were retiring to rest, the former confided to the latter, under the deadliest pledge of secrecy, that there was a scandal going on about the school accounts. He mightn't say more except that the fellow suspected was one of the last he himself should have dreamt of, although others might be less surprised.

That was not all. Next morning he sat next to Calder, a Classic boy, in Hall, and asked him if he could keep a secret.

Oh yes, Calder could keep any amount of secrets.

Then Wilcox told him the same story that he had confided to Underwood, only adding that the amount in question was said to be several pounds.

Calder hazarded the names of several boys; but Wilcox shrugged his shoulders at them all.

"You'd better not ask me," he said; "it will only get out and make trouble."

"Oh! but I promise I wouldn't tell a soul," said Calder.

"I can't tell you, though. But I'll tell you this. You'd never guess the fellow had had as much in his pocket all his life."

"What—do you mean Rollitt?"

"I can't tell you, I say. I'm not at liberty to mention names."

The rumour thus admirably started went on merrily.

Before nightfall it was known in half a dozen Modern studies that the Club funds had been robbed of £10 or £12 by a Classic boy, and that he was being shielded by his own seniors. On the Classic side four or five fellows whispered to one another that Rollitt had been caught in the act of stealing money out of Fisher I's rooms a day or two ago.

Soon one enterprising gossip sent the story of Widow Wisdom's boat rolling in and out with the rumour of the stolen money. Encouraged by that, some one else hinted that there had been deficiencies last term as well as this; and in and out with the new story was started the report that last term Rollitt had set up with a fishing tackle and book of flies worth ever so much.

A couple of days later the number of boys in the secret had multiplied fast, and Rollitt, as he walked across the green to Hall or class, was watched and pointed out mysteriously by a score or more of curious boys.

Of course the story grew to all sorts of curious shapes. Percy (who was the first of the invalided juniors to appear in his usual haunts) had it from Rix, who had had it from Banks, who had had it from Underwood, who had had it from Wilcox, who had had it from Dangle, who had been present on the occasion, that Rollitt had met the head master in a lane near Widow Wisdom's, and holding a pistol at his head had made him turn out all his pockets, and relieved him of fifty pounds.

Percy said he didn't believe it.

Whereupon Rix reduced the amount to thirty pounds.

Percy still could not accept the story.

Whereat Rix, anxious to meet his friend as far as possible, substituted a walking-stick for the pistol.

Still Percy's gullet could not swallow even what was left.

Whereupon Rix suggested that it was open to doubt whether it was the Doctor who was robbed or Fisher I. It *might* have been the latter.

Still Percy looked sceptical.

Which called forth an explanation that Rix did not mean to say that Dangle actually witnessed the occurrence; but that he knew it for a fact all the same.

Percy shook his head still.

And Rix, feeling much injured, laid the scene of the outrage in Fisher's study, and conceded that the money might belong to the clubs, and might be only five pounds.

Percy had the temerity once more to express doubt. Whereupon Rix flatly declined to come down another penny in the amount, or alter his story an iota, with one possible exception: that the money may have been taken when Fisher I was not in his room.

Percy considered the anecdote had been boiled down sufficiently for human consumption, and grieved Rix prodigiously by saying that he knew all about it weeks ago, and what did he mean by coming and telling him his wretched second-hand stories?

However, whatever variations the rumour underwent as it passed from hand to hand, it managed to retain its three most salient points all through—namely, that Fisher I had been robbed; that the money taken belonged to the club; and that the suspected thief was Rollitt.

For a week or two Rollitt remained profoundly ignorant of the charges against him. His unapproachable attitude was the despair both of friend and enemy. Yorke, who would have given anything to let him have an opportunity of denying or explaining the charge, was at his wit's end how to get at him. Dangle, on the contrary, who was chiefly interested in the penalties in store for the thief, was equally at a loss how to bring him to bay.

He would see no one. He shut himself in his study and fastened the door. In class and Hall he was practically deaf and dumb; and in his solitary walks by the river it was as much as any one's comfort for the whole term was worth to accost him.

By one of those strange coincidences which often bring the most unlikely persons into sympathy, Yorke and Dangle each decided to write what they hesitated to say.

Yorke had endless difficulty over his letter. He could not bring himself to believe Rollitt a thief, yet he could not deny that suspicions existed. Still less could he evade his duty as captain to see things right. The latter duty he might have put off on Mr. Wakefield or the Doctor. But the mere reporting to them of the circumstances would fix the suspicions on Rollitt more pointedly than they were already, and certainly more pointedly than Yorke wished them to be.

"Dear Rollitt," he wrote, "I hope you will not resent my writing to tell you of a rumour which is afloat very injurious to you, and one which I feel quite sure you can dispose of at once. I would not write about it, only I am very anxious for the sake of everybody you should deny it and so shut up others who would be glad enough if it were true. A sum of money, about £4 10*s*., belonging to the club funds has been lost from Fisher I's room. The rumour is that you have taken it, and those who accuse you make much of the coincidence that about the time when the money was said to be lost, you spent a similar sum in the purchase of a new boat for Widow Wisdom. If I didn't feel quite sure you would be able to deny the charge and explain anything about it that seems suspicious, I should not have cared to write this.

"Yours truly,
"C. Yorke."

Dangle's letter was less ingenuous.

"The secretary of the Fellsgarth clubs has been requested to ask Rollitt the following questions in reference to a sum of about £4 10*s*. missing from the funds in the treasurer's hands.

"1. Is it true that Rollitt was seen at the door of Fisher I's room on Saturday afternoon, September 21, at a time when

everybody else was absent from the house?

"2. Is it true that immediately afterwards Rollitt paid five pounds for a new boat for Widow Wisdom?

"3. Where did that money come from?

"4. Does Rollitt know that he is suspected by every boy in Fellsgarth of having stolen it; and that now that the Clubs are dissolved the treasurer will be called upon to refund the money?

"5. What is Rollitt going to do? Does he deny it? If not, will he take the consequences?

"Signed for the Club Committee,
"T. DANGLE, Sec."

Fisher II, the only boy to whom a missive to the school hermit might safely be entrusted, was on his way to Rollitt's study with the captain's note in his hand, when he was met on the stairs by Cash.

"What cheer, kid?" said the latter. "Where are you off to?"

"Taking a letter to Rollitt," said Fisher II.

"That's just what I am, from Dangle. I say, you may as well give him the two. No answer. Ta-ta." And he thrust his missive into Fisher's hands.

It was just as easy to hand Rollitt two letters as one. So Fisher proceeded on his errand.

Rollitt was writing a letter, which he hurriedly put aside when the messenger entered.

"Get out!" he said, looking up. But when he saw who the intruder was his tone relaxed a little.

"Fisher II? Better?"

"Yes, thanks. I had a cold, but that was all. I say, Rollitt, you were an awful brick helping us down that night."

"Nonsense!" said Rollitt, pulling out his paper and going on writing.

"Here are two letters for you," said the boy.

Rollitt motioned him gruffly to lay them down on the table and depart—which he did gladly.

Rollitt went on writing. It may be no breach of confidence if we allow the reader to glance over his shoulder.

"Dear Mother,—You ask me if I am happy and how I like school. I am not happy and I hate Fellsgarth. Nobody cares about me. It's no use my trying to be what I am not. I am not a gentleman, and I hope I never shall be, if the fellows here are specimens. Just because I'm poor they have nothing to do with me. I don't complain of that. I prefer it. I'd much sooner be working for my living like father than wasting my time at a place like this. If those ladies would give the money they spend on keeping me here to you and father it would do much more good. There is only one boy I care about here, and he is a little fellow who was kind to me of his own accord, and doesn't fight shy of me because I've no money and live on charity. I would ever so much rather come and live at home at the end of this term. It would be even worse at Oxford than it is here; and the ladies, if they want to be kind, will let me leave. I know you and father want me to become a grand gentleman. I would a hundred times rather be what I really am and live at home with you.

"Your loving son,
"ALFRED."

This dismal letter concluded, the writer produced his books and began work, heedless of the two letters on his table, which lay all day where Fisher II had deposited them.

He went in and out to class, and those who watched him saw no signs of trouble in his demeanour. In the afternoon he stole up to the river with his rod; and any one who had seen him land his three-pounder, and leave it, as he left all his fish, at Widow Wisdom's cottage, would have been puzzled by his indifferent air.

That evening, as he was about to go to bed, he discovered the letters.

Dangle's letter, which he opened first, he scarcely seemed to heed. The sight of the name at foot was sufficient. He crumpled it up and tossed it in the corner.

But Yorke's aroused him. He read it through once or twice and his face grew grim as he did so. Presently he went to the corner and picked up Dangle's letter and once more read it. Then he crumpled up both together, and instead of going to bed sat in his chair and looked at the wall straight in front of him.

The next day those who watched him saw him go into school and out as usual, except that he seemed less listless and more observant. He glanced aside now and then at the groups of boys who stood and looked after him, and his face had a cloud on it which was almost thunderous.

"Did you give my letter to Rollitt?" said Yorke to Fisher II.

"Yes, yesterday; and one from Dangle too," said the junior.

"Dangle!" said the captain to himself; "he'll think we are in collusion. Why ever didn't I leave it alone?"

He felt thus still more when later on in the day Dangle came over.

"I hear you have written to Rollitt for an explanation. It was about time. What does he reply?"

Yorke's back went up at the dictatorial tone of the inquiry.

"If there is anything to tell you, you will hear," said he.

"That means he hasn't replied, I suppose. I have taken care that he shall reply. I have told Forder all about it."

"You've told Forder? You cad!" exclaimed Yorke, in a tone which made Dangle thankful he was near the door.

"Yes," snarled he. "It may be your interest to shield a thief, but it's not in the interest of Fellsgarth. You won't take the matter up; Forder will. I've told him you know about it and will give him all the particulars. Hope you'll enjoy it."

And he disappeared, only just in time for his own comfort.

Yorke's rage was unbounded. Of all the masters, Mr. Forder was the one he would least have chosen to take up an affair of this kind. He was harsh, unsympathetic, hasty. And of all persons to prime the master in the circumstances of the case, Dangle was the least to be trusted.

His temptation was to go at once to Rollitt and force the matter to a conclusion before Mr. Forder had time to interfere. Things were going from bad to worse. Would they never come right again?

Next morning, before he could decide what to do, a message came from Mr. Forder requesting him and his fellow prefects to come across to the master's room.

In no amiable frame of mind they obeyed. As they expected, Clapperton, Brinkman, Dangle, and Fullerton were also present.

"This is a most serious case," said Mr. Forder. "Yorke, I understand you know more about it than any one. Will you kindly say all you know?"

"I know nothing," said the captain, "except that I believe the story is groundless."

"That is unsatisfactory. In a matter like this, there must be nothing like sheltering the wrongdoer."

"It's because we were afraid of that, sir," said Clapperton, "that we thought it right to tell you about it."

"Of course. Fisher I, perhaps you will tell us about the missing money."

Fisher I briefly related his loss and the efforts he had made to discover it.

"And what are your grounds for suspecting Rollitt?"

"I don't suspect him, sir; or rather I should not if it were not for what Dangle has said about him."

Thereupon Dangle was called upon to repeat his accusation.

"It seems to me," said the master, "we require two important witnesses to make the case clear. I believe Mrs. Wisdom is in the house at present. Will you inquire, Fullerton, and if so, tell her to come here? And will you, Fisher I, fetch your brother?"

After a painful delay, in which the rival seniors sat glaring at one another, and the master made notes of the evidence so far, the two witnesses were forthcoming.

Widow Wisdom had nothing to say except in praise of Master Rollitt, and was glad enough in support of it to relate the incident of the boat, and even produce the receipt, which she carried about like a talisman in her pocket. She had no idea that her glowing testimony was to be used against her favourite, or she would have bitten off her tongue sooner than give it.

As for Fisher II, confused and abashed in the presence of so many seniors, he blundered out his story of the eventful half-holiday, looking in vain towards his brother to ascertain if he was doing well or ill. He blabbed all he knew about Rollitt; the condition of his study, the nature of his solitary walks, the poverty of his possessions—everything that could possibly confirm the suspicions against him; and forgot to mention anything which might in the least avail on the other side.

At the close of the court-martial Mr. Forder summed up.

"I am afraid it is a very clear case," said he. "It is very painful to think that a Fellsgarth boy should come to such a pass. The matter must be reported to the head master. But before doing so it would be fair to see Rollitt and hear what he has to say. We have no right to condemn any one unheard. If he is innocent it will be easy for him to prove it. Fisher I, will you kindly tell him to come?"

Fisher I reluctantly obeyed. It was nearly half an hour before he returned, and then he came alone.

"I cannot find Rollitt, sir. He is not in the house. He was absent from morning call over. And the housekeeper says he was not in his room this morning, and that his bed was not slept in last night."

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frèzols," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—THE JOURNEY UNDERGROUND.

That same evening Maurice and the magus met near the Goul Hek with twenty Guebre workmen, who had arrived one after the other, noiselessly, and gliding like shadows across the dark plain. Catherine and Leila were in safety in the cave guarded by the white panther. Hassan was to watch at the mouth of the well; if anything suspicious approached he was to whistle so as to warn the workers. He was also to give the signal to cease work an hour before the dawn, when the men would come up and return home in order that their absence might not be noticed. At sunrise the well would be shut up, the slab hidden under the bushes, Maurice and his sister back at the camp, and no one any the wiser for what had been happening at Goul Hek during the night.

At the outset the work was very difficult; the rock in which the spherical chamber had been cut was so hard that it seemed almost impossible that it had ever been pierced or that it concealed a secret passage. Nevertheless the workmen, encouraged by the old Guebre, persisted in their attempt to drive a hole through it towards the north.

When the first difficulty was surmounted, they reached a more friable material, which Kerdic's skilled eyes immediately recognised as an artificial conglomerate made by the hand of man.

This observation, which he communicated to Goucha Nichin without delay, gave reason for hope that they were on the right road. The labour had now become much easier; two men only were needed at the pickaxes, the rest having enough to do to carry away the rubbish by the basketful.

After working for seven days, or rather seven nights, they had dug out a tunnel exactly one hundred and seven cubits long, as measured by the magus, and nine feet high and five wide, so as to give room for the pickaxes to work. Under the Guebre's orders a large chamber was excavated at the end of this tunnel, and then, changing the direction, a passage driven off to the west at right angles.

Here again the ground was friable and was easily removed. On the third day, at the forty-ninth cubit, the pickaxe struck against a brick wall, which was soon cleared, and revealed on the left hand an open doorway edged with granite.

The Guebre was amazed at the result obtained by merely trusting to the compass. Maurice, lantern in hand, was just entering the doorway, followed by the Guebre, when Hassan's whistle warned them of the approaching dawn, and they had to retire.

The Guebre and Maurice talked about their discovery on their way along the tunnel. The old magus was as eager as his companion to explore the subterranean passage, but he mistrusted the presence and curiosity of the workmen.

"I cannot reconcile myself," he said, "to allowing these men to explore this mysterious place in our company. They are obedient and faithful undoubtedly, but how canst thou trust the ignorant who are so fond of the miraculous? They are quite capable of noising our discovery abroad, and if the Governor, Abdul Azim, gets wind of it, he will imagine we have found some hidden treasure and will want his share, and all the fruit of our labours will be lost."

"I am quite of your way of thinking," said Maurice, "and I propose that we visit the gallery alone. When we have been all along it we shall know where it leads to, and can see if the workmen's help is indispensable to us."

"Yes," said the old man, "but how about thy sister?"

"What do you mean?" asked Maurice, in surprise.

"The women of Faranghistan are not submissive; they speak before the men of their family, they sit at table with them. If the girl will come here, how wilt thou stop her?"

"Do not worry yourself about that," said Maurice, with a smile. "The women of Faranghistan are as reasonable as we are, and sometimes more so, and if I explain to my sister that her presence would interfere with our plans, be sure that she herself would propose to remain with Leila."

The old man shook his head and looked somewhat incredulous.

"The exploration may be difficult," he said, after a silence; "it may take time. We may find ourselves at any moment on the edge of a well, of a chasm dug by those who have made the passage. Thou and I alone are too few. What a pity that the young Faranghi is not a boy! She could then have accompanied us. Or else that young officer who is as merry as a child. We ought to be three at the least. I dare not trust any of the workmen."

"There is no difficulty," said Maurice; "let us take Gargaridi. He is absurd, I admit, but he has the interest of the mission at heart, and would do all he could to beat the Governor and the German, whom he believes to be at the bottom of our trouble. Let us take him. I am sure we shall have no cause to regret it."

"To tell the truth," said the magus, with an ironical smile, "he does not appear to be any madder than the other men from the West. We will take him then. To-morrow I will provisionally dismiss the workmen."

"What reason will you give them for stopping the works?"

After a few moments' thought the magus replied, "Thou hast doubtless noticed the ancient characters cut on the granite edge of the doorway? Well, I will say to them that the inscription in sacred letters forbids us, under pain of terrible punishment, either to enter the gallery or to reveal its secret to any living soul."

"But is that really the meaning of that inscription?" said Kerdic.

"Why dost thou wish to know?"

"Fear not that I want to renounce the enterprise;" and then he added to himself, "but I wish to know if you do not stick at a falsehood."

"What matters the meaning of the oracle," said the magus with his enigmatic smile, "if credulous men accept it as given to them by the priest?"

"Very good," said Maurice, smiling in turn; "do as you like. All I ask is that you take me to the subterranean temple."

They arrived at Goucha Nichin's dwelling. On hearing the voice of the magus, the two girls came out of the interior cave which served as Leila's room, and which she shared with her friend.

They were told of the discovery, and it was agreed that the following night the two explorers would descend the well accompanied by Gargaridi, who would carry provisions in case they were forced to spend more time underground than they expected, and also that he would bring matches, candles, dark lanterns, etc.

Catherine, as the magus had foreseen, had a great wish to accompany her brother, but when he had explained that her presence might hamper his liberty of action and probably prevent his giving his whole attention to the road and the dangers it might offer, she gave in, not without chagrin.

"I tremble, I confess it," she said, "at seeing you go down this unknown gulf, and I shall need a great effort to keep myself from going with you, dear brother."

And she wiped her eyes as she spoke. The Guebre, understanding from her face what she said to Maurice, looked at him and said jeeringly:

"What did I tell thee? The women of Faranghistan are not submissive. Look at Leila; her curiosity is as strong as that of the young Faranghi, and she may have better reasons for thinking we may discover something singular. But the head of the family has spoken, and she knows how to be silent!"

"Truly, Goucha Nichin," said Catherine, vivaciously, "you are seeking a strange quarrel with me. Allow me to tell you that if you were to your grandchild what my brother is to me, she might not perhaps take your departure quite so coolly."

The old Guebre regarded Catherine from under his thick eyebrows with a very displeased expression, while Leila fixed on him a look of fear, terrified as she was at the boldness of her friend.

"Anyhow," said Maurice, cutting him short, "the ladies of Faranghistan are not accustomed to hear their conduct criticised as you have just done, and my sister, treating me as a friend and not as a tyrant, is not afraid to tell me what she feels in acting as I wish. Adieu till this evening. My sister will come as usual and seek the hospitality of her charming friend, and she will wait here for my return as you proposed."

Brother and sister returned to the camp, and in the evening, before the

moon had risen, the two explorers took leave of the girls, who were to remain in charge of little Hassan, who was quite proud of his new duty as protector, and they set out for the Goul Hek, followed by Gargaridi, heavily loaded with a huge basket of provisions.

"It is not for me," he said, as if he were rather annoyed when Maurice asked him about the quantity of provisions he had brought. "I want nothing. I can go for twenty-four hours, forty-eight hours even, without eating, but Monsieur is, as they say, a good hand with a knife and fork, and that old bonze there does not look as though he fed on air."

"As you please. But the way may be long, and I don't know if you will be able to carry this burden all the time."

"Bah!" said Gargaridi, recovering his good humour, and winking his eye. "We will find a way to lighten it, I'll warrant! There's none too much here, trust an old soldier for that."

And he clasped the basket to his heart, as if he were afraid some one would take it away from him.

The three travellers were soon at the bottom of the well. The gallery to which the doorway with the inscription in Pehlvi gave access was large and decorated with some magnificence. Short thick pillars had been cut in the rock to represent bundles of reeds, and their capitals, as if bound with a fillet, bore some resemblance to a half open lotus flower. Along the walls above straight lines had been drawn, which here, underground, had retained the freshness of their original colour. Ornaments, arabesques of simple elegance, and inscriptions in characters unknown to Maurice, formed a frieze along the passage. The floor sloped gently upward, and the travellers moved along without fatigue, as even did Gargaridi, although laden with his basket.

After about half an hour's walk, Maurice, who was ahead holding the lantern so as to light the ground and roof alternately, suddenly found a change come over the scene. The passage became larger; they were in a cave of extraordinary height. Stalactites gleamed here and there like rough diamonds in the rays of the lantern. The vault was supported on pillars of rock; and a lichen covered the walls of the grotto as if it were green velvet. For some time Maurice looked about for a way out of the cave. At first it seemed as though the subterranean gallery went no further, but in looking round a massive block standing against the wall Maurice discovered that it concealed a doorway similar to that by which they had entered the gallery.

At the same moment Gargaridi exclaimed, "Here, sir! Here is an opening opposite yours. How do you know which is the right one?"

Maurice and the Guebre hastened to the spot, and found themselves before the opening into a new subterranean gallery. Lifting his lantern, the magus began to decipher the inscription in the sacred language which ran round the edging of his doorway as it did round the others. But Gargaridi, not caring to wait, boldly stepped into the new passage, and there was a sudden shout of:

"Hallo! It goes down! I roll! My basket! My ba——"

The voice ceased. Maurice and the Guebre rushed to where the poor fellow had disappeared. The new gallery began with a gentle slope, but almost immediately ended in a chasm. The Guebre smiled with pride.

"Thus," he said, "did the magi, my ancestors, know how to foil the curiosity of the audacious who would come here without their permission. If this imprudent fellow had waited till I had deciphered the inscription——"

"We must get him out of this, if possible," said Maurice, sharply. "Luckily, he left the ropes behind him."

He lay down and crept to the edge of the precipice, telling the magus to hold on to his legs, and swinging the lantern over the dark gulf, the bottom of which was invisible, he shouted:

"Ahoy! Gargaridi! Aristomenes! Are you there? Ahoy! Ahoy!"

For some minutes his shouts remained without an echo. At length, just as the magus was beginning to lose patience, a choking voice was heard at the bottom of the abyss.

"Ahoy! Ahoy!" replied the indomitable Aristomenes. "I am here, sir! In a sad plight, too! I seem as though I was blind. I cannot see a bit. Have you the lantern?"

"Yes," shouted Maurice, "I am holding it above you. I am going to throw you a rope. Do you think you can get hold of it? Are you very deep down?"

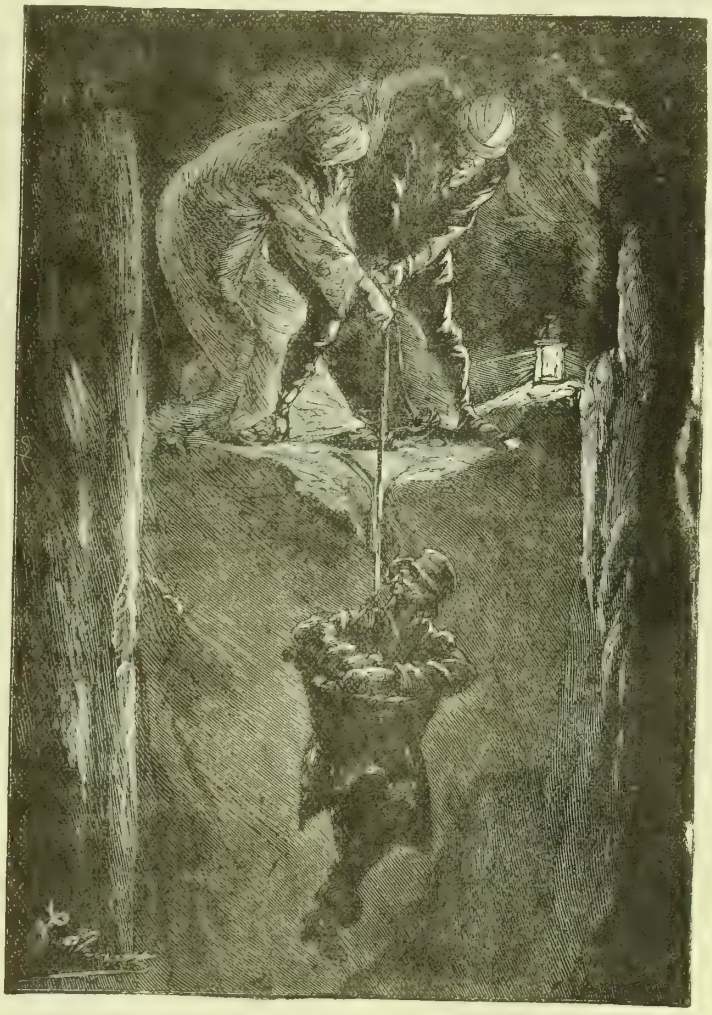
"That may or may not be, sir. But, Sapristi! I am afraid I have smashed the basket!"

"I don't care about the basket," shouted Maurice. "Here comes the rope. One! Two!"

Down went the rope, and a minute afterwards Aristomenes was heard:

"Here we are, sir! I have it!"

"Good! We are going to haul you up——"



They hauled him up.

"Wait a minute. The handle of the basket seems to be broken."

"Confound you! Hang on, and leave the basket alone!"

There was a pause. Then Maurice and the Guebre pulled with all their might, but nothing came of it. Aristomenes remained silent. At length his voice was heard like a trumpet:

"Now then!"

And with a tremendous effort they hauled him up. They then found that he had looped the end of the rope round the basket and fastened it in front of him. This accounted for the enormous weight he seemed to have become, and as to his blindness it was explained by his high silk hat having been smashed down over his eyes. It took some trouble to get this

hat off his head, and when his beaming face at last appeared in full he declared that he was all right but for a few slight contusions.

"Bah!" he said, "my poor papa saw many worse, what with battles and duels and shipwrecks and fires, and he always got out of them! In proof of which he died in his bed. But my hat is not quite a beauty!" he said, looking at what was now not unlike an irregular concertina. "Well! On scientific service! Let us hope that my adopted country will stand a new hat when——"

"Quick!" said the Guebre, imperiously. "Let us see if the new gallery is any safer than this one."

"One moment, my venerable friend," said Gargaridi; "my basket is not quite right. I have some cord here with which I can fix it so that we shall not part again. Br-r-r! I had a queer feeling down there when I thought I was lost."

And sitting down with his lantern in front of him he quickly plaited a fine strong handle for the basket; and then fixing the latter on to his back as if it were a knapsack, he set off in pursuit of Kerdic and the Guebre.

"In this way," he soliloquised, "I have my two arms free, and I shall not get tired so soon. I have a good mind to hang my lantern round my neck, by-and-by, at the first halt. I hope that will be soon. I am sure the bell must have rung some time ago. But that is a failing of master's; he is always late for meals. If we did not do his thinking for him he would lose sight of the question altogether. And what," said Gargaridi, addressing an imaginary audience, "would become of a house, a mission, any establishment whatever, without regularity in its habits? Lost, ended, crushed—am I not an example of that sort of thing? Disorder has been my ruin!"

And talking thus to himself, Gargaridi followed in the track of his companions. Like them he found no difficulty in following the gallery discovered by Kerdic, which rose at a gentle slope, grew larger by degrees, and became of nobler proportions as they advanced. Symbolic figures, the stars, the signs of the zodiac, ornamented the walls; the gallery was quite straight, and the light of the lantern showed a majestic perspective as far as the rays could reach. Everything seemed to show that the sanctuary, the *cella* of an ancient temple, was near at hand. The walls looked as though they were covered with priceless tapestries, and it was curious to see come into life for an instant in the fugitive rays of the lamp, these faded colours which had remained for ages in the bowels of the earth, the work of artists long crumbled to dust, which no human eye had contemplated since their immemorial burial. And as the explorers trod the floor of the crypt a feeling of solemnity came over them.

Suddenly they entered an immense circular apartment of superb proportions, from which there was no exit except by the gallery up which they had come. The columns supporting the cupola were painted; the sculptured entablature was held up by colossal marble bulls, kneeling, and seeming to bend their powerful necks under the weight of the temple. Traces of fire-worship were recognisable. There was a brazier of a form so antique that no one could say to what period it belonged, of a dark metal rusted by age, but which might be silver; there was a pair of tongs of the same metal which had been used for lifting the sacred embers; and gently throbbing at the movement given to the heavy air by the footsteps of the travellers there was a fragment of light stuff the colour of tinder, the once white muslin veil of the last mobed who had officiated in this spot—none knew how many centuries ago—to prevent his breath from polluting the sacred flame.

The explorers were at first struck with surprise and admiration at the exquisite proportions and the rich and majestic ornamentation of this sanctuary. Then they took to examining the walls. They identified the structure as cyclopean, but in vain did they seek for an outlet; the only one apparently was that by which they had come. But it could hardly be supposed that all the galleries they had traversed ended here. A subterranean town must have existed under the plain, and this was probably the vestibule by which it was entered. But in vain did they examine the walls, and pat them, and scrutinise them; the stone, mute and mysterious, guarded the secret entrusted to it. Had the explorers come there to fail? Would they want a mine to blow up these walls? How could they manage that? What danger there would be in an explosion in this crypt! Maurice was in great distress at this unforeseen check, and the Guebre to all appearance shared in his chagrin.

"If you will take my advice, gentlemen," said Gargaridi, who had joined them and had shown himself not the least active in interrogating the walls, "we will commence by having something to eat—that may perhaps open our understanding—and, upon my word, these persistent emotions have made me feel quite hollow. I can eat my share—this time!"

And so saying he sat himself down comfortably against the wall, opened his basket, and gracefully handed out some of the victuals to his companions. Maurice and the magus being started with something to go on with, he helped himself to a huge portion of pilau on a large piece of bread which did duty as a plate. As soon as he had despatched a mouthful, he looked smilingly around him, and clicking his tongue remarked, "It is rather dry here!" And then he produced a wicker-covered bottle full of Hamadan wine.

When his turn came, without forgetting to say politely, "To your health, gentlemen!" he lifted his elbow, put the neck of the bottle to his lips, and leaning back to drink more conveniently, pressed against the wall.

Almost at the same instant, and as if the wall had been opened by some unknown force, a gaping, black hole appeared behind Gargaridi.

Before he could attempt to recover his equilibrium—before his companions had time to stretch out a hand to help him—the unfortunate Greek had literally sunk into the night; he had vanished from the eyes of Maurice and Goucha Nichin!

Immediately, with a heavy sound, the huge block of stone which had been displaced by contact with him fell back on him like the lid of a tomb.

The whole thing did not occupy a quarter of a second. The movement had hardly taken place before the wall of granite was again as smooth, as impenetrable, as if it had never snapped up a human being in its invisible jaws.

(To be continued.)

THE CAMP AND THE CASTLE.

By the Author of "The Castles of England," etc.

II.—THE CASTLE.

In England our fortifications consisted mainly of earthworks. On the Continent the Roman camp became the permanent camp, with its masonry in place of the *vallum*; and the walled camp led to the walled town, and for the key of the town came the stone-built stronghold. The Normans combined the masonry and the earthwork, and the result was what we generally understand by a "castle."

On the mound there was built the "keep," and the base court became the "outer bailey." Of the ninety-nine castles ascribed to the reign of William the Conqueror in this country no less than fifty are on the sites of old burhs. All the Conqueror's castles formed part of a great scheme of fortification. The valley of the Thames, for instance, was defended by Guildford, Farnham, Reading, Wallingford, and Berkhamstead. The road to London was blocked by Canterbury, Tonbridge, Rochester, and Reigate. And the defence of the coast was assured by Dover, Hastings, Lewes, Bramber, Arundel, and Chichester. Every castle built, or strengthened, by the Conqueror was in a good strategic position.

When the Norman castle was built on an old site it generally had a "shell" keep; when the site was a new one the keep was in nearly all cases "rectangular," the reason being that the great mass of rectangular masonry was too heavy to be trusted on an artificial mound. The rectangular keep was the strongest by far, and it is the one that has mostly survived; but it is as well to remember that the Normans had the two styles, and that the "shell" keep was the commonest.

The rectangular keep, as at Dover, Rochester, Canterbury, and the Tower of London, was from 25 feet to 100 feet on the side, and rarely exceeded two diameters in height to the base of the parapet. The wall was from 7 feet to 30 feet thick, and so solidly built that even with our modern appliances it took six weeks to pierce the wall of the London Tower! The masonry diminished as it rose, generally at the rate of a foot at every floor, so that at the battlements the wall rarely exceeded 7 feet in thickness. The floors were of timber, and rested on rough balks about a foot square. Within the keep was a well, and in the thickness of the walls were fireplaces, and staircases, and sundry chambers. The wall of Dover is quite a honeycomb, and so is that of Newcastle.

The keep, being essentially a fortress, was badly lighted, and had few external openings. "Most keeps," says Mr. Clark, our great au-

thority on castles, "contain an oratory, some a regular chapel. Dover is peculiar in having two, both in the forebuilding, in its lower tower. Newcastle has one in its forebuilding, under the staircase and upper tower. Middleham has the remains of a very handsome one at the head of the outer staircase. At Rochester the chapel seems to have been in the forebuilding, high up, beneath the kitchen. At Castle Rising it is on the first floor of the keep, at one end of one of the large rooms. At Guildford and Brougham it was in the wall: The finest and earliest castle chapel in England is that in the White Tower. It is large, has a nave, aisles, and semi-circular apse, all vaulted. This chapel occupies two storeys, and below it are two floors of vaulted crypts, intended for prisons. The chapel at Colchester, though smaller and ruder, resembles in position that in the White Tower. The kitchen, though a necessary appendage to a keep, is not often to be discovered. Probably the cooking was of a simple character, mostly carried on before an open fire, or by boiling or broiling over a brazier. There is a kitchen in the forebuilding at Rochester, high up; and one at the first floor level in a mural chamber at Castle Rising and at Norwich. The kitchen, when it was in a distinct chamber, was at the level of the hall, or even above it. . . . Much has been said of Norman dungeons, oubliettes, and subterranean vaults, damp and wretched, appliances of Norman tyranny. So far as these keeps are concerned in the matter, they never contain underground chambers of any kind." There are about fifty of the rectangular keeps still traceable in England.

The "shell" keep was quite a different sort of building. There is one at Arundel, which, strangely enough, is the only castle mentioned in the Domesday Book as existing at the time of the Confessor. But it is not known if the keep was built before or after Hastings. The ordinary "shell" keep has ten or twelve sides, and is built about a yard within the edge of the mound, as though the palisades were standing while the work was in progress. The walls are from 8 to 10 feet thick and from 20 to 25 feet high, and enclose a courtyard with buildings arranged round it, and the approach was by a wooden bridge over the ditch, and then by steps up the mound; in fact, we have the plan of the burh, the timber being replaced by stone.

As time went on, fashion changed and these simple castles became more elaborate. In the later keeps the pilasters become deeper and serve as buttresses, the ashlar is better, the stone is from local quarries instead of being imported from Caen, and portcullises make their appearance. In the later days of Henry II the keep was so changed as to be practically improved out of existence in favour of the donjon. This donjon, being round instead of square or polygonal, was more difficult to breach or mine. It had three floors. In the basement was the magazine or store-room; on the middle floor was the living room, with fireplace and mural chambers; on the upper floor were the guard's quarters and the baron's bedroom. This plan of tower was found to be advantageous, and as the surrounding wall of the stronghold—developed, be it remembered, from the old palisades round the base court of the burh—grew longer, smaller towers on the donjon principle were introduced to strengthen it.

In Henry III's time the area covered by the castle was greatly increased. It became necessary to provide accommodation for more fighting men, and more cattle to support them during a siege, and towers and gateways were added to improve the outworks. Sometimes, as at the Tower of London, an outer ward was designed so as to surround the older building; sometimes, as at Corfe, the new ward was added at one end. In this way the concentric castle began, the keep being the interior citadel or refuge in extremity, and the outworks, which had first to be forced, consisted of one or two lines of wall with round towers and massive gatehouses. Under Edward I this plan of fortification was generally adopted, and hence the concentric castle in its fullest development is now known as Edwardian.

This is the type of castle with which we are most familiar. It had two or three lines of defence, one within the other, so planned that one supported the other, the walls being strengthened with towers, all within such range as to give a cross fire, and all so built as to be capable of independent defence. The keep sank into insignificance, the hall being the principal feature; it was as though the old "shell" keep was enlarged, and fortified at its angles by towers and gatehouses. Within the wall and along one or two of its sides were the hall and living rooms. This inner ward was encircled by a narrow second ward broken up by cross walls; and sometimes round this ran a third ward, of area sufficiently large to accommodate not only the garrison and horses, but the peasants and cattle. Round this outer ward was the moat or ditch, filled with water to prevent the foe from undermining.

Defending the approach to the ditch were the "barriers," represented at the Tower of London by the stockade. Then there often came the barbican defending the bridge; but generally the barbican was behind the bridge and in front of the gateway. The drawbridge worked on two gudgeons or trunnions, and was from 8 to 12 feet long. When up it hid the portal. Behind it, in the gateway, came the portcullis, of iron or oak, generally running in grooves, and worked either by a counterweight or by a winch. Behind the portcullis came the gate, of two massive oak leaves fastened with oak bars; and behind this gate there often came a second portcullis.

The gatehouse was flanked in front by two round towers, and sometimes there were two other towers in its rear. In each flanking tower were loopholes commanding the bridge, raking the outer castle wall, and covering the gate. Above the gate was a small window, and above that a sort of bridge or gallery joining the towers, from which stones and beams could be dropped on the assailants of the gate. Inside the gateway the arch was pierced by holes, called meurtrières, down which pikes could be pushed, and water and molten lead and other warm liquids of reception poured, though how the lead was melted is not very clear.

The walls of the castle were some of them forty feet high and eight feet thick, and were so arranged that the inner wall commanded the outer. Upon the top of the walls was the path called the "allure." In war time the top of the walls was not left bare, but a gallery of timber was run round them at the level of the battlements, affording a protection to the men-at-arms. This gallery was the "bretasche"—whence our mining term brattice—and the corbels for its support are the puzzling excrescences that seem to form a cornice along so many curtain walls and tower tops. These bretasches completely hid the top of the wall; they were, in fact, roofed corridors, but they were only put up when a siege was expected. In France, at the famous castle of Coucy, there are the remains of one still in position.

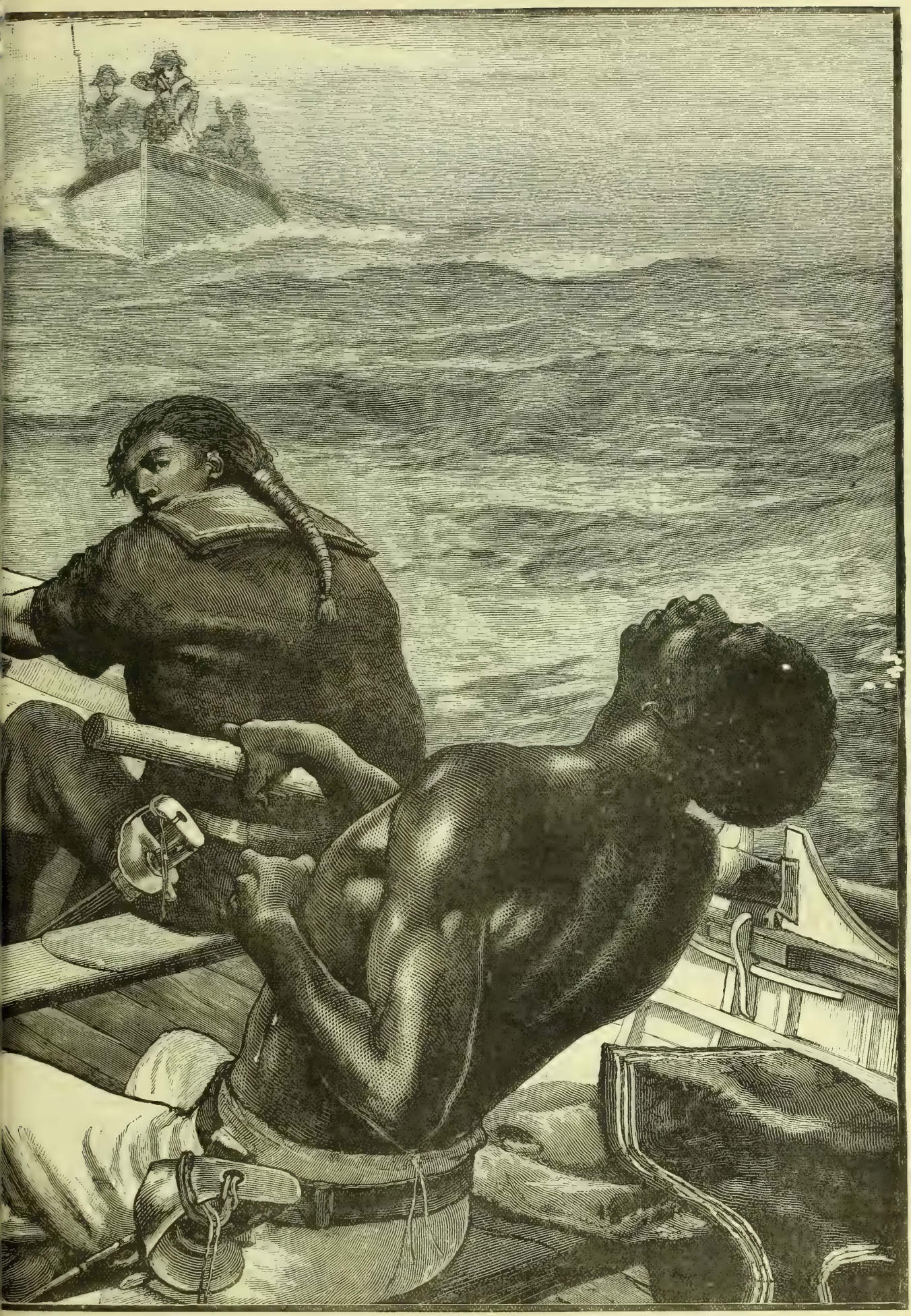
"Nothing," says Mr. Clark, "is more remarkable than the provisions for cleanliness in military buildings. At Ludlow, Langley, and Caerphilly Castles are large mural towers appropriated to garderobes. At Goderich they occupy a broad buttress. At Beaumaris the sewers are of very large size, and run within the main curtain, like galleries. Such sewers are often supposed to be secret passages, though the garderobes above and the character of the outlets below should correct this notion. At Coyty the filth was collected in an enormous vaulted chamber. The ramparts of the curtain are also usually provided with garderobes. Subterranean chambers were not more frequent in England in the thirteenth and fourteenth than in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and if we have nothing like the magnificent tiers of vaulting in the tower of Coucy, neither have we anything like the wretched cells and oubliettes found in German castles, and of which those of Baden-Baden are examples. The basement chambers of mural towers are indeed often below the level of the courtyard, but they are above that of the ditch outside. At Castel Coch, near Cardiff, is about the worst dungeon in Britain, but even this is not underground."

The defence and attack of the castle can be left for another time. It is enough here to point out that, with the introduction of artillery, the converging fire of the assailants overpowered the diverging fire of the defenders. With every increase of range came an increase of odds against the besieged. This can be proved mathematically. With a radius or range of a mile a ring of more than three miles of guns can be brought to bear on the castle; but double the range, you double the radius and double the circumference, so that you double the number of guns to be concentrated on the central position. Looked at in this way it will be seen how hopeless was castlebuilding when the big guns came in. For a time, while stone balls were used, castles managed to make a good fight of it; but when iron balls came, the walls were knocked to bits instead of the projectiles, and the old style of fortification came to an end. It is a fact not generally understood that it was not so much the enthusiasm called forth by Joan of Arc, as the damage done by the cast-iron shot of Bureau, that drove the English out of their strongholds in France.

(THE END.)



HARD PRESSED!—SINKING THI D.



.TCHES.—(*Drawn by* W. H. OVEREND.)

PRACTICAL AND PROFITABLE POULTRY-KEEPING.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., R.N.

PART III.

Do not keep your geese along with any other fowls, except ducks perhaps. Whatever sort of a house or shed you have for them, it must of necessity be free from leakage and draughts, else they might as well be out of doors altogether. The floor should be dry also, withered ferns or hay or straw may be used, but care should be taken to keep it clean. Geese are cleanly in person as well as in their diet, which is essentially vegetable.

When the birds begin to lay, which they do early in the year, they must have extra good food, grains of various sorts; and many give them their food mixed with ale and various condiments.

Geese make excellent mothers, sitting for thirty days in some quiet corner, where they must be left undisturbed. Let the gander be with her if he wishes, which he nearly always does.

When the goslings are hatched they must be very carefully and very frequently fed, and for a time not permitted to run out too early in the morning, while the grass is still wet. The food is all vegetable, such as oatmeal and barley meal mixed with water and green food, weeds, lettuce, and goose-grass cut finely. The better you feed, the heavier the birds will grow, and they take great hurt by being neglected, if only for a few times.

Keep them also warm and dry, and with these precautions and abundant feeding they will no doubt do well and pay well also.

Geese are fattened by being penned together in a roomy place, and given plenty of oats and water for a fortnight, then plenty of the usual fattening meals and grains.

There are a large number of different breeds, such as the Toulouse, the Embden, and the Knobbed Goose—concerning the latter I believe I wrote a paper two or three years ago in the "B. O. P." They deserve to be far greater favourites than they are. November is the month in which to commence fattening.

Turkeys are good sort of birds to keep if you have space enough, and can afford to rear the young birds with care. A dry gravel soil is best for turkeys; on wet or clayey soils they are apt to droop and die. Plenty of run or range is a necessity. If you keep them penned up or confined beneath trees, you cannot expect them to do well or to grow to any size, even if they live. They love the sunshine; they love shade as well, but remember it must be dry, not damp shade. Their natural instinct teaches them even to perch in trees to avoid the chilling damp of the ground. After turkeys are matured, they become far more hardy.

Turkeys sit well, and as long as you please. They make very excellent mothers. The time of incubation is from twenty-eight to thirty days. When the chicks are born or hatched, feed on Spratt's prepared food or oatmeal draggled with milk and mixed with hard-boiled egg and finely clipped chives. The milk mixed with the oatmeal or stale bread-crumbs must be the freshest of the fresh. Though I have mentioned breadcrumbs, the oatmeal I think will be safer, for there is a great deal of deleterious adulteration in bread. But it might be soaked; this would get rid of the alum. These adulterations should be remembered in feeding the young of all delicate creatures, or even older animals, such as guinea-pigs, rats, etc., indeed wherever sop is given.

There is another plan of feeding used for the first week, and it seems to carry common-sense with it. It is to give nothing but hard-boiled egg mixed with boiled nettle tops and the more tender leaves of dandelion. Even after the week the egg should be continued, but mixed now with a proportion of barley and peas boiled in milk. Keep indoors on the driest of floors, but with plenty of sunshine and fresh air till they are about a month old, after which time they may be allowed to roam about with the mother. We should not forget, however, that even yet damp or wet may be fatal. If the young begin to mope they are suffering from a kind of illness called distemper, for which lots of quack remedies are advertised. My plan of treatment would be to keep them in a dry, clean place, open to sun and air; to give a capsule of castor oil, stimulating diet after a day or two, and rusty nails in the drinking water by way of tonic. For green food give chopped parsley and a little fennel.

I must say a few words about the more ordinary ailments that fowls are subject to, premising, however, that all these are better prevented than cured.

Remember this. The *causes* of disease are improper food, want of light and proper ventilation, damp and exposure to bad weather and draughts, the absence of the dust bath, overcrowding, and want of a good grass run.

Fits or apoplexy.—If one of your birds drops dead from the perch or while out in the sun, all I have to say is that your feeding and general treatment is much at fault.

Dyspepsia with enlarged liver may be the cause, and this as a rule comes from over-feeding and stimulants given with the idea of forcing laying, etc.

Diarrhœa.—Caused by cold, damp, and injudicious feeding. See to it at once, for it may spread and breed what is termed chicken cholera. Well, take away the sick fowl and pen warmly and comfortably by herself. *Heat is a great factor in the cure of all bird ailments.* Give three drops of chlorodyne in a bolus of arrowroot three times a day, and feed on boiled rice to which a little powdered chalk is added. Don't turn her in again to the run till she is well, for a sick fowl is badly treated by her neighbours, who think, I suppose, that it is all sham. Put bone dust in the food of the other fowls.

Canker of head, etc.—This is another ailment brought on by cold, damp, and dirt. Use sanitas ointment, and the ointment of oxide of zinc.

Cold in the head.—There are running at eyes and nostrils, sneezing, etc. Give a more stimulating diet. Keep extra warm, remove to a dry sheltered place. Wash the head with hazaline to which an equal portion of hot water has been added. Give Roup-pills.

Cramp.—Warmth and dryness, good food, rubbing with opodeldoc and turps, and a little chlorodyne in a bolus twice a day.

Crop-bound.—Give a few spoonfuls of warm water and work the crop about gently. Next give a capsule or two of castor oil. If not relieved an operation must be performed, which only a vet. can do.

A different condition is that of swelled crop. This gives great pain to the bird. The contents are fluid and often require letting out by means of a small trocar, with very careful feeding afterwards.

The Gapes.—This is caused by worms in the windpipe, which speedily kill the bird by choking her. It is caused by damp and foul food, etc. It is not a case that a boy can treat, so he had better take his bird to the vet.

Bumble foot.—A most painful complaint. The foot should be poulticed, and when matter forms it must be freely let out.

Whenever any illness breaks out in the run, remove the sickly birds and review your whole plan of treatment. The run may be too damp or sloppy, the feeding bad, or there may be bad air from a drain, a not unfrequent cause of illness. Stop leakages, tar the house outside and disinfect inside, and see that you are not overcrowding.

(THE END.)

THE "BOY'S OWN" ANGLER.

By the First Hon. Sec. "Fly-Fishers' Club."

PART IV.

COARSE FISH (*continued*).

The Chub.

In spite of the somewhat clumsy appearance of this fish he will be found a foeman worthy of your barbed steel, but his carcase when secured is only of use to . . . to give to your "friends."

But that is a detail. We are concerned only with the way to catch our fish.

In thick water chub are fished for chiefly with a sunk bait, but in clear streams a fly is far better. When using a worm, or cheese paste, it is best to choose moderately swift and not very deep water. Eddies under boughs are best of all.

The bait should be near, but not on the bottom, and the float and tackle used must be heavier than that advised for roach, but not coarser than is really necessary, for the chub is no fool, and will not take a bait on the stout gut which some tackle-makers advise. The hook should be fairly large, about No. 6, and running tackle is advisable, chiefly because the length of line required is such a variable quantity, for you will often have to throw your bait several yards and to let it go down stream for many more before you can get it near the chub, which is a shy fish, though bold to bite.

Most of the fish you will hook will be from ¼ lb. to 2 lbs.; but 4 lb. or 5 lb. fish are not very uncommon, so that good tackle is essential.

Evening is the best time, unless you can be on the river about sunrise, which is a deadly hour for most fish, though not for trout.

Some ground-bait is desirable for chub, and if you can fish in early morning should be put in over night. Either bread and bran with clay, or chopped worms will do. We prefer the former.

The best rod to use is an Indian cane; yet any strong ringed rod will answer.

But for the summer months there is no method of taking chub to compare with the fly, either natural or artificial. To begin with the latter.

In clear waters, such as the Lea or Thames, it is charming sport, nearly equal to trouting, while even in the comparatively murky rapids of the upper Medway many a good chub can be picked up by the fly on a fine sunny day. For this sport a trout rod will answer very well, though heavy chub are rather trying to any light rod; if you possess two fly-rods then, use the heavier.

A winch carrying 40 or 50 yards of line at least is desirable, as chub rivers are often broad, and a big fish will rush straight across.

A fairly fine gut cast of 2 or 3 yards is best if your stream is clear. If not, coarser will do.

For flies, red palmers (said to be intended to represent the hairy caterpillar) are most useful, but an imitation of a bumble bee is sometimes very taking.

If you are fishing a rough and rapid river two flies may be allowed, as you can see and manage them better, but in the ordinary way a single fly is preferable.

If the water is smooth, as in chub rivers it usually is, you can often see your fish, especially in sunshine, and you must then take every precaution that he shall not see you, following the instructions given for trout-fishing, and taking advantage of every possible cover, and stooping or crawling when necessary.

The lightness of the cast is not quite as important as in trout-fishing, but accuracy is of great use. The fly should alight some few inches above the chub, and for the first cast or two should be used "dry," and not dragged; but afterwards it may be worked gently round the fish, as chub do not seem so shy of taking a dragged fly as trout are.

Nevertheless you will generally take your largest fish when the fly alights for the first time and floats on the surface.

When a chub takes, some patience is wanted, as he is slow, and the young and ardent angler is tempted to strike too soon. A pause of a second, or perhaps half that time, will sometimes secure you a hesitating chub. With regard to playing a fish when hooked, a combination somewhat uncommon of gentleness and firmness is required.

The first rush of a big chub is so violent that if stopped suddenly it will often cause even stout gut to snap, and moreover will injure your rod greatly.

There is no necessity to keep a chub so much in hand as a trout, for his mouth is leathery, and the hook will not drop out even if the line becomes slack.

Of course, if you are near strong weeds in deep water, you must keep your fish from them at any risk; but otherwise you may let him have a little line, taking care that he pays for every foot of it.

A landing net, though very handy, is not essential, as the hold is often so secure that you can easily lift your fish out when exhausted, which he will be, if properly handled, in a very few minutes.

In fishing for chub with the natural fly most of the directions given under the head of trout-fishing will apply, but a little special information is useful.

On reaching a river near a chub hole, get all your tackle ready before approaching, and if you can find a grasshopper, kill it and place it carefully on a good-sized hook attached to fine gut.

If you crawl to the edge behind a tree you can raise yourself at the back of the trunk and reconnoitre. If a good chub is within reach lose no time in getting your bait in front of his nose, but let the motion of the rod be gentle and even, unless there is a wind blowing the boughs of the tree about, when it will not matter.

If you get the bait within his sight without alarming him he is almost sure to take it and you are pretty certain to secure him.

If no fish are within casting distance wait a few minutes, as they often cruise about and may approach you.

If you can see them at a distance stalk them as well as you can, remembering that to get within distance of a chub is generally to catch him.

If you cannot get grasshoppers use the daddy-long-legs, the bluebottle, or any large fly you can find. Failing this, put on a gentle or an artificial fly (a palmer by preference), or even use a little bunch of gentles.

Look out for big chub cruising about close to the bank under your feet. They may be had sometimes, but a very slight movement scares them.

Some extra space has been devoted to chub, as it is the fish with which the young angler generally scores his first triumph. It is not at all unlikely for a sharp lad of ten or twelve to get out for a summer day among the chub, and by using the natural fly, to return with a dozen pounds of chub, among which may be fish of two or three pounds apiece. For this he will require no assistance, and the tackle and baits need not be expensive, for running tackle is not a necessity; and indeed for natural fly-fishing a long bamboo rod, such as recommended for roach, is better than any other, and running tackle of doubtful use, especially if the banks be thickly bushed.

With many memories, then, of happy summer days spent in his company we take reluctant leave of our old friend, and enemy, the chub.

The Bream.

This is essentially a coarse fish, but it affords sport to large numbers of anglers, and therefore must not be neglected.

In some lakes and rivers bream may be taken with the coarsest of tackle; and in the slack season, just between hay-time and harvest, the farm labourers in the fen countries pull out numbers of big bream with stout cord attached to heavy ash saplings. An eel hook is used, and a big lob-worm forms the bait.

The fisherman brings two or three poles, and comes to the water just before sunrise.

The worm is allowed to rest on the bottom, and the poles are laid on the grass with the ends over the river. For a few minutes the bream will often bite freely, in spite of the rough tackle, and the rustic loses no time playing fish, but will drag a two or three pound bream straight out of the water without ceremony, and before the feeding ceases (in half an hour to an hour) will land thirty or forty pounds of bream. These are worth to him perhaps a penny a pound, so it is a good morning's work.

The young angler may easily imitate and excel this performance by using somewhat finer tackle, but should not attempt this sort of bream-fishing with any line such as would be adapted for civilised angling. A strong rod, stout gut, and heavy lead, are always desirable; for time is an important element in the question of the amount of success attained, and though a two-pound bream may be killed on single hair, any tackle unnecessarily fine simply means waste of valuable time.

These remarks only apply to bream-fishing when practised in remote country districts, such as the Norfolk Broads and rivers, etc.

Perhaps the best of these is the Yare between Brundall and Reedham, though it may now be getting too well known. A few years ago the weight of bream taken by a pair of anglers in a day, and using a single boat, might occasionally be reckoned by the hundredweight, and even now several "stone" are often taken by a single angler.

If you employ a boatman it is very easy work, for he does everything but play your fish, much as a Thames boatman would.

But if you are young and strong, and understand boating, and moreover can swim, the best way is to take a boat (one shilling a day was the price), and buying a few balls of ground-bait of the innkeeper, to go out on your own hook.

A pair of "ryepecks" shod with iron will be provided, and armed with these you can secure your boat by fixing them in the mud at the bottom; but it is no child's play, for the tide sometimes runs fast, and the depth is often 14 or 15 feet.

The plan is to select a likely spot, either by inquiry or by noting other anglers, and then, shipping your oars when 30 or 40 yards above at least, to plunge one of your ryepecks in as securely as you can in haste, and attach to it the little chain provided near one end of boat. This being done, lose no time in getting the other ryepeck fixed in a similar manner at the other end. If you are not quick the first will work out. Having got in the second go back to the other, and leaning your weight on it make it quite secure at your leisure. As the boat lies along the river, contrary to Thames fashion, of course the strain is on the upper ryepeck chiefly, but if this comes out, as, after much buffeting, it sometimes will, it is well to have the other tight, that you may not lose your swim altogether.

These little preliminaries being over (without a ducking?), you begin by plumbing your depth on the deeper side, for you should not be much over a rod's length from the reeds or bank; and if you find it at all fishable, say 8 to 16 feet deep, put in a heavy lump of ground-bait several yards above the upper end of the boat.

Your tackle being prepared, and a large red lob-worm attached, keep your hook as near the ground-bait as you can, and make the best of your chances.

Sometimes you may get a whacking bream in two minutes, with plenty more to follow, and at others nothing but a few odd roach will reward your labour for hours.

If you have patience to devote the day from early dawn to your pursuit, you are fairly sure of a good basket (or sack, as it usually is), for when once the bream are on, it is only rotten tackle that can prevent you from securing 20 or 30 pounds of good fish.

Still, for the angler, bream-fishing is poor work. Its redeeming feature on the Yare is the splendid exercise it entails, for besides the job of fixing boat, often repeated two or three times a day, and taking nearly half an hour each time, there is the rowing to and from your inn, sometimes against a powerful tide, with a tub which would do (and perhaps has done) service in a whaler. By the way, you will be thankful enough to have a strong boat sometimes, for the wherries, or sailing barges, are very fond of shaving your boat as closely as possible when moored and sometimes scraping her shrewdly.

Big bream are also to be taken from most of the broads, that of Wroxham especially, but success is still more uncertain than on

the Yare. At about daybreak you can generally depend on a few good bream, but in the usual way little roach, like sprats, are the rule, and big bream the exception.

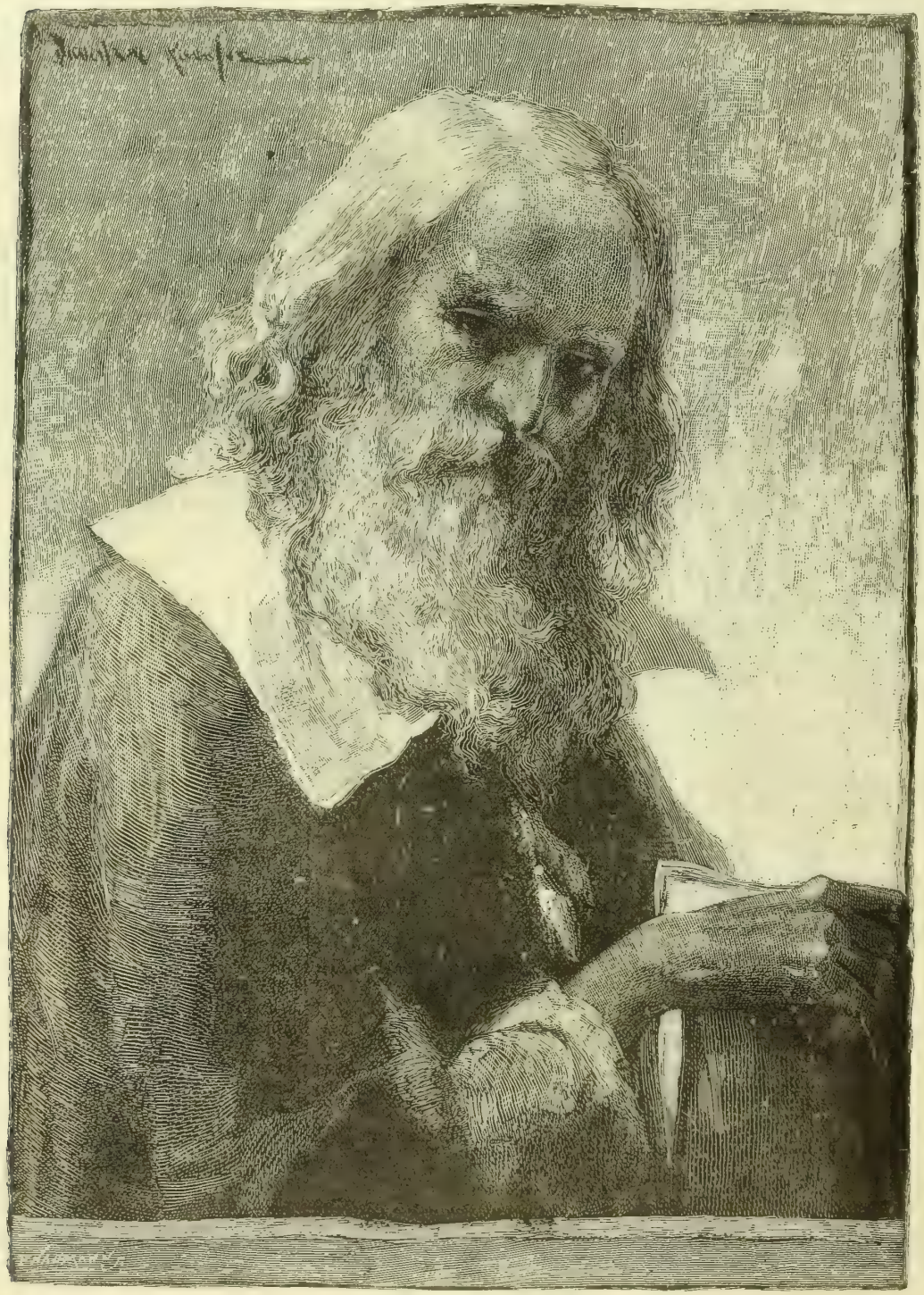
Many of the Irish lakes hold quantities of bream, and in the Swiss lakes they are often taken. Large ponds in private parks are sometimes stocked with them, and permission for fishing is often easy to obtain.

Many parts of the Thames contain big bream, but they are more common in the Mole and Wey. In the Lea they are scarce, but at Tottenham (old Isaac Walton's favourite spot, though woefully changed) there is a celebrated bream hole, close to the road, in which grand old golden bream may often be seen, though seldom caught. For as we approach London bream seem to change their character, and become shy and cunning, like carp. At Hendon, for instance, where there are thousands of large bream, you may fish for hours for a single specimen. The young fry at this lake will give good sport to those who like it. Roach-fishers often get many dozens of tiny bream in a day from the shallower parts of the lake.

(*To be continued.*)

ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various Representative Artists.



VIII.—An Old-time Student.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* Davidson Knowles.)

"TAKING THE PILOT": AN INCIDENT OF A TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE.

By Dewey Bates.

(With Illustrations by the Author.)

There are three incidents in a transatlantic voyage which stand out above all others, and which impress even the most unimpressionable of travellers, particularly if it be a first experience.

One of these, the saddest of all, is the last parting from land, the more so if it be one's native land. With the fading of the last blue rock or cliff, or the ever feebler twinkle of the friendly beacon, until it is swallowed up at last in the surrounding gloom, the heart grows sad and the mind seems crushed with the mournful thoughts which crowd in bewildering confusion upon it.

The first faint streak of land—the first firm line after days of storms, discomfort, or even worse, monotony, is a sensation of a very different character. Now there is exhilaration, wonderment, hope. Whether it be the emigrant seeking his fortune in the New World, the wealthy traveller in search of novelty, or the American returning to his home—all are irresistibly attracted by this first sight of *terra firma*. Even the sailor, to whom this incident can have no novelty, seems more cheerful and looks longingly towards the welcome shores.

The third incident, the taking of the pilot, while differing from the other two, yields to neither perhaps in point of interest; and if this event should happen at night, certainly surpasses them, as it were, from a dramatic point of view.

On British shores the pilot enters and leaves the ship with scarce any one being aware of his presence. Off the American coasts, however, the case is quite different. Owing to the competition existing between the New York pilot boats, these small vessels try to outsail each other in the track of inward-bound ships until, indeed, they catch their quarry a day's, or more even, steaming distance from port. Whatever the emoluments may be of the dangerous calling of these American pilots, it is quite safe to say they would scarcely seem adequate for the hardships and dangers which these brave fellows must meet with.

When a pilot cutter leaves New York its full complement of pilots is supposed to be seven. And until these have all been placed on incoming vessels, the pilot boat, unless forced by stress of weather or other unforeseen contingencies, remains at sea.

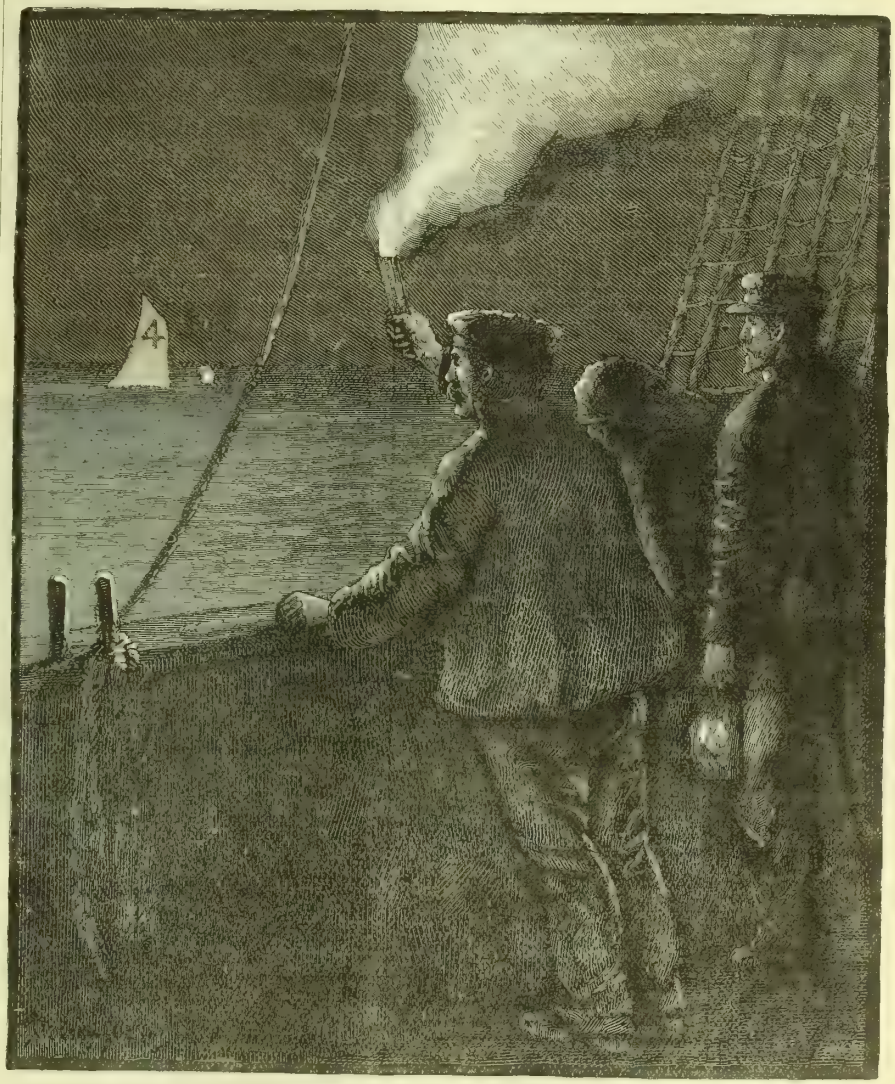
But if the sight of a signal for a pilot is welcome to these hardy fellows on board their little craft, the first glimpse of the huge numbers on their mainsail or the flash of their beacon is none the less so to the traveller sick of the tedium of the voyage.

The sea appears ever jealous of its bride, the land, and conceals the approaches to her abode with fogs, winds, storms, and rocky dangers. And nowhere is this more in evidence than off the North American coast, where in the first place the dread fog banks of Newfoundland seem to defy the navigator to penetrate their oppressive gloom; and then there is the stormy area where the Gulf Stream and Arctic current oppose each other and blind the way with storms. As an officer once said to me, "The North Atlantic is the most unreasonable of oceans: in the summer it is all fogs, in the winter it is nothing but gales."

It is through and amid these that the look-out on board the great steamship first catches sight of the pilot boat. All on board are of course watching anxiously for this event. It is the first tie to land. For days the deplorable passion for gambling has held full sway among certain classes of the passengers, in making bets as to the probable number which will be displayed on the pilot cutter's mainsail. For ten days too, perhaps, we have heard nothing of the great world. The pilot will bring us a file of newspapers, a day or so old perhaps, but still better than nothing. Dynasties may have fallen, governments changed, wars been declared!

We imagined, of course, that they were on serious duty bound, until on reaching land we discovered that it was merely a practice cruise.

So, apart from his actual duties, the pilot is a link binding us to the world from which we have been so long estranged. So long, I say,—perhaps only a matter of some 10, 12, 17 days, but in spite of all astronomical research, a day at sea and a day on land are not one and the same thing.



"Show 'em a blue light."

On one occasion I was crossing the Atlantic when there had been certain rumours of a European war, and on nearing the southern rock-bound coast of Ireland, we encountered an English fleet of men-of-war in line of battle. They were moving slowly under canvas. We passed within hailing distance of the last ship, giving a hearty cheer as we passed, and long after, into the dusk of evening, the electric light from the admiral's vessel flashed now upon us, and now upon the different vessels of the fleet, lighting up spar and rigging with a strange spectral light.

In referring to my note-book of a transatlantic voyage, I find this entry: "What various sensations must now be experienced by the many passengers in this ship as now we are within 24 hours of land. Some are going with wives and families to a country new to them. Some are hoping to see relatives they have not seen for long years. Some are looking even now forward to the time when once more they shall see their English homes again. Each is anxious and expectant. These weary days of watery circumferences have made the past dim, and

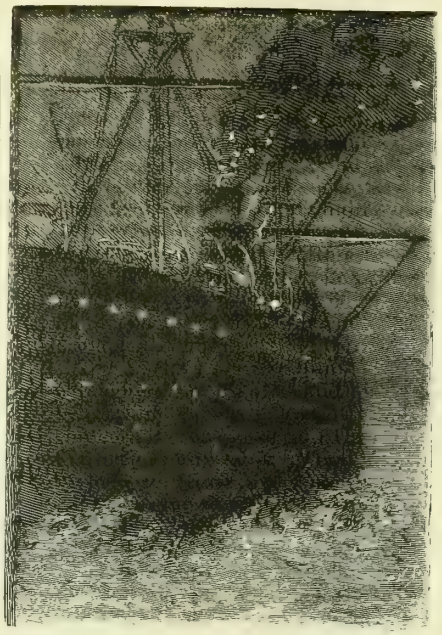
the future is a blank. The ocean is like a great hiatus, a pause—a period as it were of suspended animation."

The monotony of these weary days was broken soon after this entry by that all-absorbing event, the advent of the pilot, which occurred at night. The night was very dark and stormy with gusts of fine rain, but the sea was lit up with a strange lurid phosphorescent glow—an effect which is known as the "white horses," which prognosticate stormy weather. It was about 10 o'clock, and most of the passengers were below. Happening to be on the forward deck admiring the strange, ghost-like luminousness of the sea, I heard the look-out on the forecastle head call out, "Light on the starboard bow!" The officer on duty replied, "Ay! ay!" Then out of the darkness to the right appeared a small, glimmering yellow light, at what distance it was impossible to say.

At full speed we bore down upon it. The captain, who stood on the bridge close by, now called out, "Show 'em a blue light!" The quartermaster then lit a light on the starboard quarter which burnt with a blue flare, sending clouds of smoke out against the darkness. When it had burnt out, all was dark as before. After some little time, during which we strain our eyes toward the little glimmer, suddenly a brilliant beacon is lighted, on what proves to be the pilot boat. This beacon is produced by dipping a ball of cotton into turpentine and then setting fire to it. It is then whirled about so as to illumine the mainsail of the schooner, showing up the large numbers by which it is designated. Upon seeing this, the captain called out quietly, "Steady port!" We then steamed on for some time, when again the beacon was lighted, and we could see we were getting nearer.

Meanwhile, a crowd of third-class passengers are singing lustily on the forward deck Rule Britannia and popular songs of the day. Then the captain orders another blue light to be shown, and the pilot responds with his flare as before, now showing up the sail with the huge number 4 upon it.

We are now getting nearer. A lantern is dropped over the starboard quarter and a rope placed in readiness. All are on the *qui vive* to see the first comer from the New World after days of isolation. Then the whistle sounds several times. The wind is blowing freshly and with gusts of rain. Now we see the pilot boat has drifted to the port side across our bows, for we have stopped. Presently some one cries, "There's the boat!" and we see a light pulling toward us. A light is now shown on the port side—a line



Pilot's Yawl nearing Steamer.

is in readiness and the rope-ladder thrown over the ship's side.

The boat reaches us quickly, and we can see two men in oilskins pulling and the pilot at the stern. The rope is thrown and caught by one of the men and the boat is alongside, and in a moment the pilot is clambering up the rope-ladder on deck, and off to greet the captain.

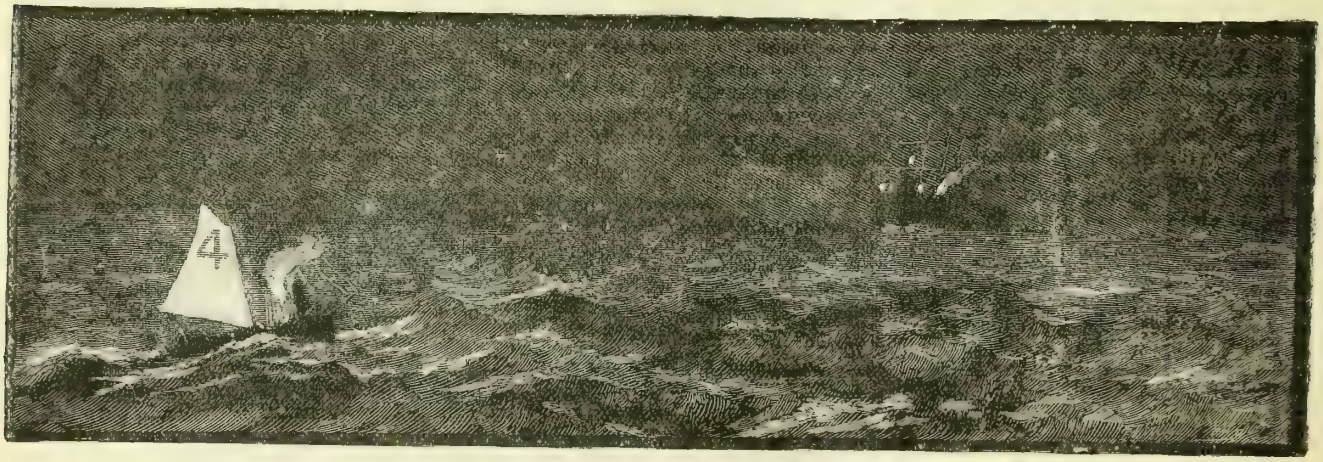
The frail yawl stops a few moments by our side and one of the men calls out from below to inquire the name of our ship. How strange this voice sounds!—this voice from a new world coming out of the depths! It is like speaking to some uncanny thing—there out in that dreary desolation of waters, with blackness overhead and the strange glare of the waters beneath.

We then move slowly forward, the boatmen holding to our rope until the frail craft swings safely out from what might prove a dangerous suction. Then they let go, and we watch their tiny light fade away toward the light of their cutter. Behind us we can see the green, red, and yellow lights of another steamer. All is weird and mysterious, what with the darkness, the signalling, the moving about of lights, and the sensation that we have at last crossed the great waste of waters and are now nearing the abodes of our fellow-men. The time occupied in this incident was about an hour.

As the engine-bell rang "full speed ahead" we could see the faint twinkling light at the bow of the yawl, now appearing, now disappearing, as it rose on the crest of a wave or was lost in the trough. Further away and fainter was the light of the pilot boat towards which the men were pulling, while astern were just discernible the lights of another inward-bound liner. These, however, were soon lost to sight in the driving rain squalls and darkness, and under the guidance of the pilot we bore up once more toward port, through the effervescent-like waters of the phosphorescent sea.

As for the pilot himself, that strange apparition from the sea who has just so deftly climbed the rope-ladder thrown over the ship's side, we almost expect to see him at least covered with scales, with fins for arms and a fish-like tail. Instead, however, we find this newcomer from a new world very like ourselves—attired almost genteelly in a well-fitting coat, hard hat, and holding a small travelling bag. We look with wonder, even pleasure, on his face, for we have grown weary of each other after such unremittent contact. This seeing of the first face after an ocean voyage produces a singular sensation. It is true that at home, of all the throngs we meet in crowded thoroughfares we know scarce a soul, but yet in a way we know their haunts, their destinations; in one way almost we know their very thoughts, for we are all mingled together in the same busy pursuits and all interested in the events which are taking place about us. But here is a man foreign to all these. His haunts, his ways, his friends are all dissimilar to ours and unknown to us. We seem surprised, therefore, to find that superficially in form and feature he is as human as we are.

The distance the pilot was from Sandy Hook when we first sighted him may be estimated from the fact that although he boarded us a little after 10 P.M., it was not until ten the next morning that we caught our first glimpse of the low-lying shores of Long Island, and it was nearly five in the afternoon ere we passed the light-ship and entered the still waters of the lower bay of New York.



Pilot Boat showing a Flare.

SOME TOYS WORKED BY ELECTRICITY.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A. Oxon.,

Author of "How to make an Electrical Machine," "Electric Lamps, and how to work them," etc. etc.

PART II.

THE ELECTRIC TRUMPET (*continued*).

The trumpets sold in the shops, as a rule, make a very loud noise indeed—in fact a little of it goes a very long way with most people! The increased sound is probably due to the body of the trumpet being composed of brass, which, vibrating in unison with the ferro-type plate, increases the sound. Wood will therefore not give so loud a sound, and if you can construct the case of metal you should certainly do so. The vibrations of the plate, and therefore the sound, may also be increased by using a horseshoe magnet (wound as directed in the article on "Electro-motors" in No. 595, or better still as will be directed in these articles), the two poles attracting the plate more strongly. In the bought trumpets the case is shaped like a horn, in which the magnet is placed, the platinum contact-breaker being behind (where it is in the one I have described, supposing there was no bottom to the box and the magnet was supported by a bar across from side to side, the *cornucopia* being placed on that side of the box, instead of the other, with the magnet inside it). I think it is unnecessary to describe their construction further, as the principle and details of construction of the simple one I have described will apply to any, and any method of structure may be adopted which suits the mind of the maker.

The trumpet having been made I will now give you a plan of fitting it up which adds enormously to the effect. We want to hide the trumpet so that no one shall know where it is. My own plan of doing this is as follows. I have made a wooden erection, of which I give a drawing which will explain itself. It consists of a back with a shelf at the bottom and a kind of canopy at the top. It can be made almost any size, small or big, to suit the occupant of the shelf. My own measurements are about as follows. From the top A to the bottom B, the length of back piece, including bracket, 1 foot 3 inches. Breadth of back 5½ inches. Side of canopy (D), breadth 4½ inches, height 3½ inches, breadth of front (C to D) 5½ inches; height of course the same as sides. The top piece will then be about 5½ inches by 4½ inches. The shelf at the bottom is about the same size as the top of the canopy, and is supported by a bracket of rather thick wood, which you can carve as elaborately as you like.

Now take the electric trumpet, whether made at home or purchased, and fasten it to the under side of the canopy (this is best done before the sides are put on), and fasten a double wire behind the back (cutting a groove for it to go in) up to the back of the canopy, where it goes through and divides, one wire being fastened to one terminal of the trumpet and the other wire to the other. The double wire goes right down the back and emerges at B. Obviously if you now join your press and battery on to the double wire, when you squeeze the press the trumpet will squeak. But here we are going to practise a little innocent deception, and to that end we go to a toyshop and purchase a small and pretty doll of the male sex, and if you can get one (or dress one up) attired as a soldier or trumpeter, by all means do so. The doll is now to be fixed on to the bracket by means of a long wire—say a hairpin bent out straight, one end being pushed into the wood, the other passing up one trouser leg of the doll and into its body; the wire is thus completely hidden and is much better than glue, as it admits of the doll being placed in a natural attitude, and being removed if required. In one of his hands you must make him hold a small trumpet (this is a *very* expensive item, it will cost a halfpenny!) with the mouthpiece to his mouth, as represented in the picture. The whole thing is now fastened to the wall in a convenient place, by driving nails through the back, and the double wire is completely hidden by passing it behind furniture, books, etc., down to the floor. There is great scope for ingenuity on the part of the worker in hiding the wire, and no definite instructions can possibly be given. In my own case I have no back piece below the shelf, the support being against the wall. The wire descends behind



Fig. 4.—Electric Doll.
(Letters as referred to in text.)

the support (to B in the picture), and below that I have hung a "date calendar" over it, it makes a turn to the right and goes down behind a chiffonier covered with books, to the floor. Under these circumstances no human being could possibly tell that there was a wire at all, and there being no back piece under the bracket (so that the paper of the room can be seen), nothing but the support touching the calendar, it does not look as if any wires could possibly be hidden anywhere.

Now if you press the button, of course the trumpet squeaks, but the doll being just underneath it, and the trumpet being in the dark under the canopy, no one thinks it is a separate instrument, but of course every one jumps to the conclusion that it is the doll blowing! Hide the battery in a corner in a black box, the wires coming through the side next the wall, and the press in a dark corner, or on the floor under a table so that you can put your foot on it while your hands are free, writing, etc. You can of course now tell the doll to blow, at the same moment putting your foot on the press, when the trumpet "blows" accordingiy. Of course this is mysterious to the last degree to the uninitiated friend to whom you are displaying the doll, as you may be any distance off from the doll, with your hands free, speaking to him across the room!

The wooden erection to hold the doll can be painted any colour; preferably the back should be *black*, as it shows off the doll. In front of the canopy you can paint a monogram or heraldic device. If the doll is one of those extremely pretty little specimens which can be procured at any good toyshop for about a shilling, dressed as cricketers, soldiers, etc. (what our grandmothers would have thought of them in their young days it is difficult to imagine!) it will really be quite an ornament to the room, independently of its electrical qualities.

This article has outgrown the space I meant it to occupy, and I must wait for the next to tell you how to make the doll work from various parts of the room as you walk about and talk to him, and how to make the battery. The best battery to use is the *Leclanché*, as you will not want to be always working the trumpet (Littlemore and Colney Hatch will need enlarging if you do!) and for intermittent work this is much the best battery. You can use three or four cells of No. 2 size according to length of wire through which the current has to pass. The battery can be bought from most ironmongers, but don't buy the cheapest sort; they are made with bad materials and are dearest in the end; good ones are half-a-crown or three shillings each cell.

In my next article I will try and explain how to make an electric *drum*, so that you can have a kind of drum and fife band.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

Writing Competition.

[*Continued from p.* 527.]

Third Division (*aged* 12 *years*).

Prize—10*s.* 6*d.*

Wm. Allen Curtis, Great Eastern Railway Station, Bramford, near Ipswich.

CERTIFICATES—FIRST GRADE.

Arnold Blatchford, 14, Gladstone Road, Halifax.

Royden G. Hopkins, 33, Castle Street, Thetford, Norfolk.

Sackville C. Newman, High Street, Chippenham.

Chas. H. Cramphorn, Wouldham Court, nr. Rochester, Kent.

Leslie Mirylees, Highfield, Avenue Road, Crouch End, Highgate, N.

W. J. Duncan, 186, Watt Street, Glasgow.

Wm. Middleton Boulton, 7, Calthorpe Road, Banbury.

Cyril Westbrook, Hursley, near Winchester.

C. Fortescue, London and County Bank, Maldon, Essex.

Ernest Evans, 5, Vaughan Terrace, Maindee, Newport, Mon.

Alfred C. Loder, Havre House, Arlington Road, Surbiton.

GORDON C. HOME, 5, Queen's Park Gardens, Streatham Common.

F. C. GREATOREX, 5, Victoria Villas, Queen's Road, Clarendon Park, Leicester.

B. MONDY, 11, Charlotte Street, Ayr, Scotland.

ALFRED W. JONES, 110, Antill Road, Bow, E.

SECOND GRADE.

JAMES WALLACE, 8, Newton Street, Edinboro'.

HOWARD T. CROSS, The Sumachs, Valley Road, Streatham.

ALFRED S. KING, 6, Norland Terrace, Notting Hill, W.

A. LL. ALLEN, 147, Withington Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.

JOHN BRIND, Anglesea House, Paignton, South Devon.

EVERARD J. RANDALL, 75, Godwin Road, Forest Gate.

FRED C. LEVETT, Perseverance Cottage, Old Headington, Oxford.

JOSEPH E. MOORE, 5, Chancery Street, Burnley, Lancs.

H. C. BOWMAN, Parton Villa, Broadway, Peterborough.

ALGERNON MASON, 50, Britannia Road, Moore Park, Fulham.

THOS. R. CHANDLER, 28, Perth Road, Finsbury Park, N.

ERNEST ASHFORD, 31, Chrysdl Road, Vassall Road, North Brixton.

REGINALD H. DUNLOP, 29, Melville Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

THIRD GRADE.

WM. SNOOK, Paper Mills, Woking Village, Surrey.

STANLEY LONERGAN, Higham, Colchester.

A. E. WIDDOWS, 224, Peckham Rye.

FREDERICK H. HARRIS, 6, Upper Street, Paul's Crescent, Camden Square.

T. HUNTER, 16, Alpe Street, Ipswich.

THOS. S. BRIERLEY, 12, Brunswick Square, Southampton.

HERBERT NICHOLDS, Avonwood, Corston, near Bristol.

G. W. WARDELL, Hazeldean, Little Meolse Road, Hoylake, Cheshire.

HARRY INIGHT, 14, St. Catherine Street, Gloucester.

EDWARD N. S. CONNAR, 8, Garmoyle Terrace, York Road, Belfast.

ARTHUR HEARN, Bird-in-Hand, High Wycombe.

THOMAS CROMPTON, 124, St. Owen's Street, Hereford.

WM. FOX, Melrose, South View, Basingstoke.

ERNEST MEISE, 32, Fairholt Road, Stoke Newington, N.

FRANK MASON, 22, Rue Notre Dame, Calais.

JOHN H. GORE, 13, Hereford Road, Seaforth.

H. OAKSHETT, 7, Olive Terrace, Crawford Street, Camberwell.

ERIC D. TILLETT, Sprowston, Norwich.

ARTHUR J. F. WILLIAMS, Verona Villa, Carlton Street, Cheltenham.

A. W. SPRINGTHORPE, 33, Heathland Road, Stoke Newington, N.

J. A. SINCLAIR, 248, Plymouth Grove, Longsight, Manchester.

ARTHUR CRANFIELD, 118, Torriano Avenue, N.W.

JOHN MURRAY, Kingskettle, Fife.

ARTHUR R. THOMAS, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone.

ALFRED PIERCE, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone.

WM. SAUNDERS, " "

ERNEST WARD, " "

STEPHEN LAST, " "

HARRY ARROWSMITH, " "

J. [illegible] DERBYSHIRE, " "

[illegible] STOARGRAVE, " "

JAMES HUSSEY, " "

FRANK WARDILL, " "

WILFRED RICHARDSON, " "

HARRY HICKS, " "

WM. HUDSON, " "

ALFRED WARRINGTON, " "

GEORGE MARSHALL, 60, Brunswick Street, West Hartlepool.

E. J. ANDREWS, Bristol House, Keynsham, Bristol.

JOHN BUTT, 45, Regent Street, Long Eaton, Derbyshire.

G[illegible] P. HUNTER, East View House, Gildersome, Leeds.

E. S. WORKMAN, East Farndon Rectory, Market Harborough.

LESLIE UNDERWOOD, 43, Osborne Road, The Brook, Liverpool.

MARY WAGNER, 1, Clifton Avenue, Clifton Street, Hull.

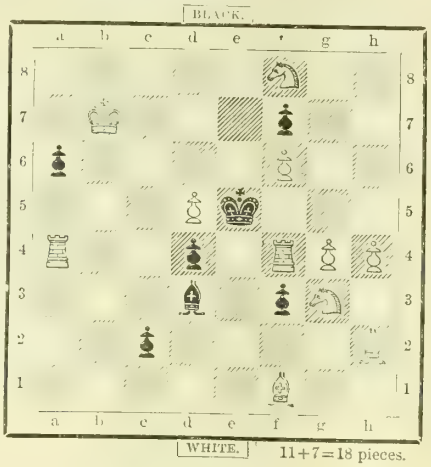
(To be continued.)

CHESS.

Problem No. 268.

BY R. WORTERS.

BLACK.



WHITE. 11+7=18 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

A game (King's Bishop's Opening) played between W. T. Hurley and an Amateur.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. B—B 4	Kt—K B 3
3. P—Q 3	P—K R 3
4. P—B 4	P × P
5. B × P	P—Q 3
6. Kt—K B 3	B—Kt 5
7. Castles	Kt—R 4
8. B—Q 2	B—K 2 (*a*)
9. Kt—K 5	Resigns (*b*)

(*a*) Black ought to have played this B before, and left the Kt at K B 3.

(*b*) If B × Q, mate in two moves follows; and if P × Kt, then B × B P (ch.), and the white Q wins the B at Kt 5.

TO CHESS CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. M.—J. Pospisil's pretty problem is simpler, and without duals, thus:—White, K—K R 2; Q—K Kt sq.; Kts—Q B 6 and K B 6. Black, K—K 3; Ps—Q B 2, Q B 4, K B 2, and K B 4. White mates in three moves. (The white K must not stand anywhere else.)

F. C. G.—Your little "revolving" problem is very nice, and shall appear soon.

J. A.—The Forsyth notation is of little use, for it does not record the moves, and does not indicate any particular square. It describes the position of the above diagram thus:—5 Kt 3 K 3 p 2 p 4 P 5 P k 3 R 2 p 1 K P P 5 b 1 p Kt 3 p 4 B 5 B 2.

J. S. F.—Your four-mover has a mate by Q—Q 2, and you have not shown any special reason for placing a black P on Black's Q Kt sq.

A. E. W.—A fine three-mover by A. Burmeister from the Swedish chess periodical is this: White, K—K 2; R—K B 5; Kt—Q 3. Black, K—K R 8; R—K Kt sq.; Kt—K sq.; Ps—Q R 7, K 2, K Kt 2, and K R 7.

R. W.—Six months ago there was a rumour of translating Berger's book into English, but we have not heard any more from the author about it. The greatest names in the work are Guretzky, Kling, Horwitz, Philidor, Centurini, Walker, Lolli, Salvioli, Ponziani, Lasa, etc. Berger himself is the author of 100 of the 350 diagrams.

Correspondence.

W. J. C.—A girl is of age at 21, not at 18. If you were to speak properly you would not spell whether without its first "h." It is quite as bad form to drop an "h" when it comes second in a word as when it comes first.

CANDLE.—The breve was the shortest of the three notes used in ancient music; it is the longest of the notes used now, and rarely appears but in chants, etc. It is, of course, as long as two semibreves.

QUÆRO.—A boat with such a section will never do much; she is too shallow in the bilge. The less deadwood you have the better. Go to one of the ponds and look at a model. The weighted tiller is an old device; and it is not as good as the weighted rudders. "Model Yachting" will come in our "Outdoor Sports."

A. U. A.—The largest picture galleries in the world are at Berlin, Dresden, Florence, Madrid, Munich, Versailles, and the Louvre at Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna. If you mean valuable pictures, it is probable that there are more in the private collections of this country than in the galleries of any Continental country. Our National Gallery was founded in 1824; the present building was opened in 1838.

MTESA.—Yes; quite right. James Frederick Elton, African explorer, died at Usekhe, on the caravan route between Zanzibar and Unyanyembe, in 1877, when he was about 37 years old. There is a book of his travels, published in 1879.

S. P. N.—1. There were two Iron Hands. One was Goetz von Berlichingen, who lost his hand at the siege of Landshut and had an iron one to replace it. The other was De Tonti, one of the explorers of the Mississippi, who had an iron hand to replace one he had lost. The context ought to tell you which of these two it is; there may have been more, but we do not recollect them just now. 2. The "Handsome Englishman?" Well, really, there have been so many. Would John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, suit the position? The "Attic Bee" was Sophocles. Euripides was the "Philosophic Bard."

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—The window is steamed because the glass is cold enough to condense the moisture. It is, we should think, unavoidable unless you can warm the window. When reflecting outside lamps are used the window is generally clear.

A. S. MELVILLE.—There is a lathe in our "Indoor Games." The article is out of print in the paper.

TRICKS.—There are several books on conjuring by Professor Hoffmann, published by Routledge & Sons, and also by Warne & Co. Write to them for catalogues.

OTTAWA.—You could obtain the list of officers of a man-of-war from the Navy List of the date. The Admiralty would have a list of the crew, but you could not obtain this without much influence and trouble. If you know the name of the man you want you might get an answer, but it would be as well to apply through some official of high rank in Canada.

COMMERCIAL.—1. You are too old to be taken into a military band, unless you are content with the volunteers or militia. 2. There is a sight test. 3. It often happens that one eye is weaker than the other. 4. There is no complete book of British Army uniforms.

WORRIED.—You had better go before the mast, and rough it and work up. You have just the same examinations to pass as an apprentice, and if you pass them you are in just as good a position. Sea time is sea time either before or abaft the mast as far as the first examination is concerned. We know one of the smartest and youngest commanders of a leading mail line who has passed all the examinations, even the "extra" ones; and he began in this way. Of course you may not be so fortunate.

S. HAWORTH.—The "Life of William Tell" is more or less of a romance, but that, we suppose, does not matter for your purposes. Almost every bookseller has one. The last we saw was published by Griffith, Farran, & Co., Charing Cross Road, W.C. It probably cost eighteenpence.

R. ARROWSMITH.—Our articles on the subject are all out of print. Send to L. U. Gill, 170 Strand, for his list of books.

ONE WHO IS ANXIOUS.—We hardly think you could learn the violin without a few lessons to start you. It has, however, frequently been done; but then the boy has kept his eyes and ears open when other people have been playing. Self-instruction books are sold at all music-shops.

W. WADDELL.—"Adrift in the Pacific," by Jules Verne, is now on sale in book form by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co., Fetter Lane, E.C.

F. J. SANDEMAN.—There are no standard sizes for such boats, but you can make her a quarter as wide as she is long, and as deep as she is broad. The mast should be the length of the boat. For wood, get white pine if you can.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 646.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—BOLTED!

However slowly the rumour of Rollitt's dishonesty had spread through the school, the news of his disappearance spread like wildfire.

Mr. Forder's desire to keep the matter from being talked about was eminently futile, for Wally and Percy Wheatfield both knew all about it five minutes after Fisher I had discovered the absence of the "suspect."

By everybody except a very few infatuated persons such as Yorke and Fisher II, Rollitt's flight was taken as conclusive evidence of his guilt.

"If he hadn't done it, why shouldn't he stay and face it?" asked Clapperton.

"The wonder to me is," sneered Dangle, "that he brazened it out as long as he did."



"Merry Springtide"—and Green Gooseberries!—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* H. Walker.)

"Suppose you were in his shoes," said Yorke, "suspected by every one, with the evidence black against you, and Dangle in charge of the prosecution, how would you like it?"

"If I'm in charge of the prosecution," said Dangle, colouring up, "it's because *you*, whose duty it was to see the matter put right, were doing all you could to shield the scoundrel."

"I did nothing because I didn't believe him guilty, and I don't yet," said the captain hotly; "and if you call him scoundrel again in my hearing, I'll knock you down."

"Keep your temper," said Dangle, glad, all the same, that there were one or two fellows between him and the captain. "*You* may not care about the credit of Fellsgarth. We do."

"You!" retorted Yorke, with such withering contempt that Dangle half wished he had left the matter alone.

"The thing is," said Ranger, "what is to be done?"

"Nothing," said Yorke. "Forder has gone to tell the Doctor all about it. They'll take it into their own hands to hunt him down—perhaps with Dangle's assistance. All we've got to do is——"

Here Fullerton interrupted:

"——is to say all the evil we can about a fellow who is down and can't defend himself."

"What's the matter with Fullerton?" said Clapperton, with a sneer; "surely he's not become one of Rollitt's champions?"

"If it matters specially to you what I think," said Fullerton, "I don't believe a word of your precious story. First of all, Fisher I's such a fool at accounts that it's not at all certain the money is lost; secondly, Dangle is the accuser; thirdly, Rollitt is the accused; fourthly, because if a similar charge were made against me, I should certainly disappear."

"Ha, ha!" snarled Brinkman, "they've got hold of poor Fullerton, have they? I wish them joy of him."

"Thanks very much," said Fullerton; "I don't intend to desert the dear Moderns. You will have a splendid chance of taking it out of me for daring to believe somebody innocent that you think guilty. I shall be happy to see any three of you, whenever you like. I can't hit out as well as young Corder, so I hope Brinkman won't come. But Dangle now, or even Clapperton, I shall be charmed to see. It's really their duty as prefects to suppress any one who dares have an opinion of his own. I simply long to be suppressed!"

This astounding revolt for the time being diverted attention from the topic of the hour. The laughter with which it was greeted by the Classics present did not tend to add to the comfort of Clapperton, Brinkman, and Dangle, who very shortly discovered that it was time to go to their own house.

"Wait for me," said Fullerton; "I'm coming too."

And, to their disgust, the rebel strolled along, with his hands in his pockets, in their company, whistling pleasantly to himself and absolutely ignoring their unfriendly attitude.

Meanwhile the question, "Where is Rollitt?" continued to exercise Fellsgarth, from the head master down to the junior fag. Bit by bit all that could be found out about his movements came to light. His study was visited by the masters. It disclosed the usual state of grime and confusion. His fishing rod and tackle were there. There had been no attempt to pack his few belongings, which lay scattered about in dismal disorder. The photograph of the pleasant, homely looking woman on the mantelpiece, with the inscription below, "Alfred, from Mother," stood in its usual place. His Aristophanes lay open in the window-sill at the place for to-day's lesson. Everything betokened an abrupt and hasty departure.

Among the papers on his table was a fragment of some accounts recording the outlay of little more than a few pence a week since the beginning of the term.

When inquiry came to be made, it was found that he was last seen after afternoon class yesterday, when he unexpectedly went to the school shop and purchased from the attendant there (who had been put in charge of that establishment during the indisposition of the managing directors) half-a-dozen Abernethy biscuits.

The matron at Wakefield's remembered that only a day or two ago a parcel had arrived for Rollitt—another unusual circumstance—containing a ham. Of this possession no sign was now to be found in his study.

The inference from all these circumstances of course was, that however abruptly he had departed, he had not gone home, but somewhere where food would not be easy to procure in the ordinary way.

Messengers were sent to Penchurch to acquaint the police and inquire at various places on the way for news of the missing boy. But no one had seen him "out of touch" for several days—since his last fishing expedition.

His home address was of course on the school books, and thither a telegram was sent. But as the place was beyond the region of the wire, no reply came for a day, when in answer to the Doctor's inquiry if the wanderer had returned home, there came an abrupt "No."

Meanwhile the Doctor had had another conference with the seniors of both houses, and inquired with every sign of dissatisfaction into the merits of the suspicions which were the apparent cause of Rollitt's disappearance.

To his demand why the matter was not reported to him, Yorke replied that as far as he and Fisher I were concerned they did not suspect Rollitt, and therefore had had nothing to report. The Modern seniors, on the other hand, put in the plea that they had looked to the Classics to take the matter up, and when they declined to do so, had reported the matter to Mr. Forder.

Then the Doctor went into the particulars of Dangle's feud with the missing boy, much to the embarrassment of the former.

"He insulted you by turning you out of Mr. Wakefield's house, you say. Why were you there?"

"I went to speak to some juniors."

"About what?"

"Clapperton wanted them——"

"No, I didn't. You went——" interrupted Clapperton.

"Silence, Clapperton. What were they wanted for, Dangle?"

"They had cheated at elections."

"What was your object, then?"

"To punish them."

"Are you not aware that the captain of the school is the only prefect who is allowed to punish?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Well?"

"We were not sure that their own prefects were going to take any notice of it."

"I caned all four of them for it, and you saw me do it," said Yorke.

"Humph. And as to Rollitt, how came he to be present?" asked the Doctor.

"He came in."

"What were you doing when he came in?"

"There was a scuffle."

"You were striking those boys? What did Rollitt do? Did he strike you?"

"No, sir."

"What then?"

"He—he," said Dangle, flushing up to be obliged to record the fact in the presence of the other seniors, "he dragged me across the green."

"Then you say he attacked you on another occasion on the football field?"

And Dangle had to stand an uncomfortable cross-examination on this incident, too.

What had it all got to do with Rollitt? asked every one of himself.

"I ask you all these questions, Dangle," said the Doctor, when he had brought this chapter of history up to date, "because it seems to me you are Rollitt's chief accuser in this matter. I wish I were able to feel that you were not personally interested in your charges proving to be true. That, of course, does not affect the case as far as Rollitt is concerned. The evidence against him is merely conjecture, so far."

"But I met him at Fisher's door that afternoon," said Dangle, determined to make the most of his strong points.

"Why," said Fisher, "you told me you didn't know which my door was, when you first spoke about it."

"I found out since, and it was the same door."

"Was he coming out of the room or going in?"

"Coming out."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, I remember because the door nearly struck me as he opened it."

"However could it do that?" exclaimed Fisher. "My door opens inwards!"

Dangle coloured up with confusion and stammered:

"I—I thought it—I suppose I was wrong."

"I think so," said the Doctor frigidly. "Thank you, boys, I needn't keep you longer at present."

"You idiot," said Clapperton, as he and the discomfited Dangle walked back to Forder's. "You've made a precious mess of it, and made the whole house ridiculous. Why couldn't you let it alone? You've mulled everything you've put your finger into this term."

"Look here, Clapperton," said Dangle, in a white heat, "I've stood a lot from you this term—a jolly lot. I've done your dirty work, and——"

"What do you mean? What dirty work have I asked you to do?"

"Plenty that you've not had the pluck to do yourself."

"I dare you to repeat it, you liar."

"You shall do your own in future, I know that."

"Dangle, hold your tongue, you cad."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, you snob."

Whereupon ensued the most wonderful spectacle of the half, a fight between Clapperton and Dangle. It was nearly dark, and no one was about, and history does not record how it ended. But in Hall that night both appeared with visages suspiciously marred, and it was noted by many an observant eye that diplomatic relations between the two were suspended.

But while old friends had thus been falling out on Rollitt's account, old enemies had on the same grounds been making it up.

The juniors having recovered of their colds, and finding themselves once more in the full possession of their appetite, their liberty, and their spirits, celebrated their convalescence by a general mêlée in Percy's room, under the specious pretext of a committee meeting of the shop directors. This business function being satisfactorily concluded, they turned their attention to the condition of things in general.

That Fellsgarth should have got itself into a regular mess during their enforced retirement caused them no surprise. What else could any one expect?

But that any one should dare to suspect and make things hot for a fellow without consulting *them* caused them both pain and astonishment. It quite slipped their memories that not long since some of them had been glad enough to listen to disparaging talk about the school hermit. That was a detail. On the whole they had stuck to him, and they meant to stick to him now!

Many things were in his favour. He had won a goal for the school. He had dispensed with his right to a fag, and had let the juniors of all grades generally alone. He was on nodding terms with Fisher II, one of their lot. He had come up Hawk's Pike at much personal inconvenience to look for them. And he had been a customer to the extent of six Abernethys at the school shop.

For all these reasons (which were quite apart from party considerations) it was decided *nem. con.* that Rollitt was a "good old sort" and must be stuck by.

Whereupon the nine of them sallied out arm-in-arm across the green, on the look-out for some one who might hold a contrary opinion.

After some search they found a Modern middle boy, who, catching sight of Fisher II, shouted, "How now! Who nobbled the club money?" which made Fisher II suddenly detach himself from his company, and shouting "That's him!" start in pursuit.

What a bull-dog it was getting, to be sure!

The whole party joined in the hue-and-cry, and might have run the fugitive down had not the head-master stalked across the green at that moment on his way to Mr. Wakefield's.

At sight of him they pulled up short, looked unutterably amiable, doffed their caps, and made as though they were merely out to take the air on this beautiful November afternoon.

To Fisher II the interruption was a sad one. That fellow was the borrower of his half-crown; for weeks he had lost sight of him. Now, suddenly, chance had seemed to bring both man and money within reach, when, alas! the Harpy swooped down and took off the prize from under his very nose.

The Doctor having passed, they continued their search for any one who had a bad word to say for Rollitt.

But as it was nearly dark, and rain was falling, the craven maligners kept in doors and would not be caught.

So the juniors relieved themselves by giving three cheers for Rollitt under every window round the green, and then fell to abusing Fisher II because his brother, Fisher I, had lost the money which Rollitt was said to have stolen.

"There's no doubt that kid's at the bottom of it," said Percy. "First of all, he's a Classic cad."

Here the speaker was obliged to pause on a friendly admonition from the boot of his brother Wally.

"He's a Classic kid"—continued he.

"You said cad."

"I said cad? do you hear that, you chaps? Thinks I don't know how to spell."

"You said he was a Classic cad."

"There you are; *you've* said it now. Kick him, you chaps. How dare he say he's a Classic cad?" said Percy.

This verbal squabble being settled at last, Percy proceeded to explain Fisher II's position.

"If he hadn't come to Fellsgarth, Rollitt would have been smashed to bits over the falls. And if Rollitt had been smashed to bits——"

"He couldn't have bought six Abernethys at the shop," suggested D'Arcy.

"Right you are! And what's more, he couldn't have eaten them if he had, and he couldn't have run away. There you are, I said this kid was at the bottom of it."

"But who'd have collared the money in that case?" asked Ashby.

Percy reflected. This was a decided point.

"Well, you see," said he, "it's this way. If young Fisher II hadn't been born, he wouldn't have had a governor and a mater, and if he hadn't had a governor and a mater, no more would Fisher I. And if Fisher I hadn't had a governor and a mater he'd never have been elected treasurer, and if he'd not been elected treasurer he wouldn't have lost the money. So you see the young un's at the bottom of it again."

"I know a shorter way than that," said D'Arcy. "If young Fisher II hadn't fetched Rollitt up to vote that day, Fisher I wouldn't have been elected, and then he couldn't have lost the money."

"Isn't that what I said?" said Percy, indignant to be thus summarily paraphrased.

"Are you going to lick me for being born?" inquired Fisher II.

(To be continued.)

"Good mind to. It's all your fault good old Rollitt's gone."

"Those six Abernethys won't last him long," suggested Cash.

"No. We must keep a stock of them now, and call them 'Rollitt's particular.' I fancy they might fetch three-halfpence each."

"I say," said Wally, "I vote we find Rollitt. He's not a bad sort, you know."

"All very well," said Percy, "if one only knew where to look."

"It's my notion he's either gone home or to the top of Hawk's Pike. I don't well see where else he could be."

"London?" suggested Cottle.

"Not got the money."

"Walked there?"

"Not got the boots."

"He can't be hanging about near here. Everybody knows him. No, you bet he's gone to the top of Hawk's Pike and he's going to stay there till the clouds roll by."

This brought up a painful reminiscence. None of the party, except Wally, exactly favoured the idea of another attempt on the great mountain.

"Tell you what," said Percy, "those biscuits will last him over to-night. We'll see if there's any news of him in the morning, and if not we'll organise an expedition to find him. I say, let's go and have another shop committee somewhere."

"Where?"

"Suppose we have it in Rollitt's study. He was a jolly good sort, you know. It would please him."

The logic of this proposition did not detain the meeting.

They decided to go in the usual way. That is, the four Classic boys boldly marched into their house together, and the five Moderns dropped in one by one artlessly and quite by accident.

As Fisher II passed his brother's door he thought he would just look in. At the same moment the house matron, with a very important face, was bounding into the room.

"Master Fisher," said she, "Mrs. Wisdom's just sent back that flannel shirt of yours."

"Oh! At last. She's only had it six weeks. About long enough," said Fisher I. "I'd given it up for lost."

"It got left at the bottom of the bag and she never noticed it till last night. And what do you think, Master Fisher, there was *this* in the breast pocket." And she handed him a little brown paper parcel.

Fisher I snatched at it with an ejaculation more like horror than anything else, and tore the paper open.

Four sovereigns and some silver dropped on to the table.

"Why," gasped he, "that's it! I remember now. I got it on the field just before the Rendlesham match and stuck it in that pocket, and it went clean out of my head. Oh, my word, what *have* I done? What an awful mess I've made!"

Not even Fisher II stayed to dispute this statement, but hurried off with the great news to the shop committee next door.

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frèzols," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE SWINGING STONE.

It did not take Maurice two minutes to recover from his surprise. The sudden disappearance of his faithful servant, and the dull sound which the wall had just given out to the subterranean echoes in closing after engulfing the unfortunate Gargaridi, sufficiently explained themselves. Here was evidently a secret door formed by a square of stone pivoted on a hidden axis, and yielding to so feeble a pressure that a human back against its base had been enough to put the mechanism in motion.



He swept the rays of the lantern around.

The conclusion had no sooner occurred to Maurice's mind than he proceeded to verify it. Jumping on his feet and giving a quick push at the very place where Gargaridi's back had been, he felt the rock give as if it were waiting for him; and it opened like a vertical trap.

Bending over the black gap, he saw by the light of the lantern that the secret door gave access by a flight of two stairs to a mosaic floor.

On the floor lay Gargaridi, astounded at what had just happened to him.

"Are you hurt?" said Maurice.

"No, only shaken," said the Greek, feeling himself over very carefully.

He had not let go of his precious basket, nor of his lantern, and he made so grotesque a figure that Maurice could not help laughing as he pushed back the stone and went to the poor fellow's help.

A shout of anger made him turn round.

"Stop, unhappy man!" roared the magus. "Take not another step, or beware of the anger of the skies!"

"Good! What has the anger of the skies to threaten me for? I am not going to leave Gargaridi on these flags like a turtle on his back," said Maurice, bending over his servant to help him get up.

"I say that thou art committing sacrilege, and that thou must not go a step further! Return this instant!" shouted the old man in a fury.

In his turn he had thrown himself against the secret slab before even Maurice had let go of it, and there on the threshold he stood, holding it above his head, pale, his eyes blazing, his lips trembling, visibly a prey to the liveliest and sincerest emotion.

"What is there to be afraid of?" said the archæologist, throwing the light of the lantern over him. "I see no reason for beating a retreat; on the contrary, I see much that is worth looking at down here. Here is something new, some furniture of unknown and strange form."

"I tell you, we must come back at once! I will have you come out! I insist upon it!" shouted the Guebre, furiously.

"I will have you come out! I insist upon it!" said Maurice, haughtily. "I am not accustomed to be spoken to in that way. My dear Goucha Nichin, you can go back if you are afraid. I came in here by a chance in which you had no share; I have nothing to consult you about concerning my conduct, particularly when your advice takes that mistaken form. I stay here, because such is my right, my duty, and my pleasure."

"Thou shalt remain," said the magus, in a solemn tone. "Be it so! Let us remain!"

And he descended the two steps and released the block, which resumed its vertical position and closed the secret opening.

In the tone of his words, and in this action, there was something menacing and tragic. Maurice felt this, but thought it wise not to seem uneasy. Scientific curiosity mastered every other feeling at this moment.

"Would you deprive the world of the inestimable discoveries we have within our grasp?" said he, examining one of the curious objects which were faintly discernible in the darkness.

It was a sort of low table, on which pillars of glazed brick supported a large grey ball. At first sight it would have been taken for a terrestrial globe, and that would have been sufficiently surprising, considering the remote epoch from which the machine dated. But what shall we say to the amazement, the scientific delight of Maurice Kerdic, when the light from his lantern showed him that this globe turned on its axis, was worked by a handle of hard wood, and as it revolved, rubbed against two leather cushions close to three combs with metallic teeth!

An electric machine! In this place! He could hardly believe his eyes.

But he did believe them when from a metallic conductor rusted by the centuries leapt a spark as soon as he brought near his hand.

But he had barely time to repeat the experiment. Already the magus was at his side and stopped his arm on the handle of the machine.

"Wretched man!" he said, in a tone in which anger was already veiled by compassion. "Thou darest profane with thy sacrilegious hand the fire of the skies? Art thou not afraid of being struck dead?"

"Not at all!" said Maurice, laughing. "But as your tone is rather more cour-

teous than it was just now, I will refrain from touching the things which seem sacred in your eyes. You will, however, I suppose, allow me to look at them? The sight is worth the trouble."

A glance, as he swept the rays of the lantern around, was enough to show him that he was in a regular laboratory of physics,—not of mere recreative physics, but of real, serious, positive science.

Along the walls of the big hall were glass cases filled with apparatus which Maurice recognised without trouble, in spite of their archaic and irregular forms, as instruments of precision destined for the study of light and heat. These instruments were for the most part in bronze; others were in glazed pottery; some of them were in clear glass like the glass of the cupboards. For the cupboards were of transparent glass, which was perhaps the most surprising fact of all.

Down the middle of the hall stood a row of other apparatus, all in good order. There were metallic mirrors, concave and convex; pendulums hung from wooden stages; measuring rules graduated for the study of the fall of bodies; a colossal magnet holding about half a hundredweight of weights in the form of rampant lions. There were areometers, hydrostatic balances, intermittent fountains, hemispheres for demonstrating atmospheric pressure, calorimeters, barometers, pyrometers, differential thermometers. Further on were bottles with gold-leaf, real electric batteries, carbon piles; there were sun-dials, water clocks, watches, pluviometers, anemometers, hair hygrometers, parabolic mirrors, percussion apparatus for showing centrifugal force, crystal prisms, a pneumatic machine;—in a word, all that was necessary for the study of heat, gravity, light, and electricity; the whole outfit for a complete and definitive study of physics, revealing a state of civilisation almost as advanced as our own.

More advanced, perhaps; for some of the objects were unintelligible to Kerdic, and might have served for the analysis of forces unknown in these days.

Before this revelation of a science of the magi, as profound, as complete as that of Gay-Lussac and Biot, the young Frenchman stood struck with respect and mute with surprise.

He emerged from his amazement at seeing he was passing from a physical laboratory to a kind of mechanical museum. Here there was none of the apparatus like that in the glass cases; these were machine tools, turbines, models of windmills, shears, toothed wheels, bronze ploughs, looms. Still better, there was a boiler with a screw lid and weighted valve—a regular Papin's apparatus, the embryo of the steam-engine.

In a few steps Maurice expected to meet with an iron road, a locomotive, a printing-press perhaps. He met with nothing of the sort, but instead he entered a third hall, as large as the two others, in which there stood alembics, stills, reverberatory furnaces, retorts, test-tubes, and on marble tables even flagons, in which he recognised soda, sulphur, alum, mercury, saltpetre.

And so the magi knew chemistry, as they knew mechanics, the laws of falling bodies, and universal gravitation! Maurice, lost in the thoughts awakened by this marvellous museum, soon came to look upon it all as quite natural and logical.

"I now see," he thought, "what a hundred times I have suspected. The monuments left on the earth by these wonderful magi might have told me so to the full. How could the Chaldeans or their direct heirs, the Egyptians, have been the astonishing architects whose works have survived for ages, had they not had a thorough knowledge of the mathematical and physical laws. Everything in the arts and sciences points to this. They could not cut a block of stone without knowing geometry; they could not know geometry for a thousand years without discovering algebra; they could not penetrate beyond algebra without revealing one by one the laws of the cosmos. The least glazed brick left us by the magi tells us that they knew physics at least as well as Wedgwood. Their metric measures, which are still ours, show us that they had discovered the movement of the heavenly bodies. The only difference between them and us is, that their science was secret, whilst ours is public. They made their science an instrument of government; we make it an instrument of liberty. When the victor crushed them under the weight of his weapons, their first thought was to hide this wealth, more precious to their eyes than all treasures; and, sure of the revenge which sooner or later would come from this mysterious knowledge, they buried it in the earth with as much zeal as we now show it in the daylight. That is what an archæologist might have expected before this museum revealed it to him. I am ashamed that I found it by a stray stroke of a pickaxe, and not by logical induction."

So thought Maurice as he looked on the ground and walked straight ahead. A fresh appeal from the magus brought him back to reality. Raising his eyes he saw that he had just entered a sort of corridor formed by two symmetrical walls which were not above sixteen or eighteen feet high. Overhead and extending around far beyond the walls was a prodigious vault.

"I beg thee, I demand in the name of all that thou reverest," said the Guebre, "to go no further, or thou art lost without resource."

His voice had become imploring. He seemed sincerely alarmed.

"What, then, is it you fear?" asked Maurice. "What danger can threaten us in these deserted halls where no human foot has trod for fifty centuries?"

"Dangers so terrible, that the mere thought of them is intolerable," said the magus.

"Well, then, do not risk them!" said Maurice, whom scientific curiosity had rendered insensible to every other consideration. "Wait here for me. It shall never be said that I did not get to the bottom of the mysteries hidden in this place!"

And so saying, he resumed his march and proceeded along the corridor.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE LABYRINTH.

With a cry of rage and execration, the Guebre flung himself after Kerdic and Gargaridi, who had already disappeared round a corner of the corridor. He soon came up with them. The three men, as we have said, were in a gallery about six feet broad bordered by walls—walls as smooth and closely-jointed as if of marble. The walls, from fifteen to eighteen feet high, did not reach the very lofty vault overhead; so that Kerdic and his companions appeared to be walking between stone screens in an immense Titanic hall.

In this way Kerdic was able to account for the surprising echo which repeated every step and, indeed, every breath. A word uttered in an ordinary tone awoke a sound which rolled afar and reverberated as if it were a distant peal of thunder. What was hidden behind these walls? Where did these long passages end? That was what Kerdic made up his mind to find out at once.

He continued his forward march, closely followed by Gargaridi and the Guebre, to whom he pointed out the curious arrangement of the vault. But Goucha Nichin only replied in words murmured in an unknown tongue. He made no concealment of his exasperation at their having penetrated into this place. Kerdic took no notice of this beyond shrugging his shoulders, and continued on his way. The corridor went straight in front of him as far as his lantern showed a light. Soon it bent off sharp at a right angle, and he did not hesitate to follow it. A few yards further on was another bend, and then new galleries at right angles ran off one after the other without end. Every moment a new angle opened; sometimes they were in a long straight gallery, apparently leading to the centre, sometimes they were in a maze of short meanderings which seemed to turn and re-turn on themselves. They walked on and on along corridors which always looked the same, and never reaching anything larger or more interesting to reward them for the innumerable steps they had taken.

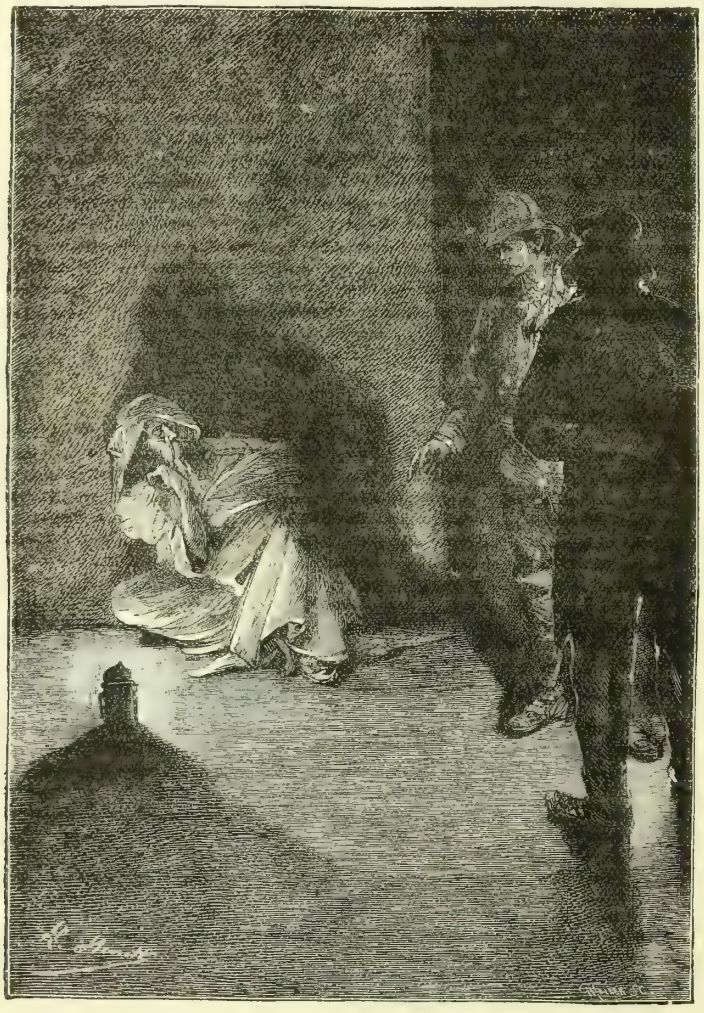
This went on for about an hour. The explorers began to feel exhausted with fatigue, for this fruitless voyage of discovery in this heavy air loaded with subterranean emanations would soon become unbearable. The three men stopped. Maurice wiped the perspiration from his brow, and, raising his eyes, looked up at the vault. There it hung, high as ever, and apparently solid enough to defy the ages. The young archæologist thought he could distinguish that it was made of courses of horizontal masonry insensibly approaching one another up to the summit, which was formed of a colossal block of stone; and that it was constructed on the principle of a wall resisting a superposed weight and deriving its strength and cohesion from that weight—which is merely the principle of the arch.

From the floor of the dark corridor the vault seemed immeasurable. And suddenly an idea occurred to Maurice. After following at a venture the windings of these gloomy galleries, where would he come out? Where did these mysterious corridors, turning and re-turning on themselves like the folds of a sleeping serpent, end? Was it not a tomb into which he had audaciously descended, into which he had brought his servant and this fierce old man? It was getting late: would not Catherine be anxious at his not coming

back? What would she think of his prolonged absence? It would, perhaps, be better to go back without attempting more at present; he could return later on and explore this strange catacomb, which extended, silent and unknown, beneath the plain.

While these thoughts passed rapidly through Kerdic's brain, his eyes, returning from the vault towards the corridor walls, met those of the old Guebre. Resting against the wall with his arms crossed, the magus was covering him with a look so glittering and ferocious that he leapt back in spite of himself.

"What is the matter, Goucha Nichin?"



"I came here against your wish."

he said. "Why do you look at me like that?"

The old man made no reply; haggardly, with his features rigid and convulsed, he continued to fix his flaming pupils on the young archæologist. It seemed an unknown face, so much had its habitual expression been altered by anger, hate, and one knows not what obscure emotion. The same thought occurred simultaneously to Maurice and Gargaridi; the magus must know of some danger that menaced them at the end of these galleries, a trap, an abyss, perhaps, and the peril of their position had driven him out of his mind. But his face was lucid enough, although ferocious; and mad as was the fury it showed, the look was not that of a madman. Maurice stepped up to the Guebre and, laying his hand on his arm, said with great firmness:

"Speak! What ails you? Why this look? Is it rancour at my having brought you here? But after all there is nothing to compel you to follow me. Explain yourself, Goucha Nichin—or let us get away from here first and tell me as we are going to your cave. The girls will be uneasy at our absence. Come, pull yourself together; we will return to our exploration to-morrow."

"And if you take my advice," said Gargaridi, "you will put a more cheerful face on, Mr. Goucha Nichin. This place is not too exhilarating as it is. There is no need to make yourself look as if you were in post-mortem torture, and stab us with your eyes as you have been doing since we came here. You have anything but an agreeable look on you, I assure you; it is enough to give us a cold in our backbone, is it not, sir?"

Without noticing the servant, the magus continued to glare at Maurice in the same fierce and enigmatic way. Suddenly he lifted his arms, stepped forward, and seizing his cloak with a gesture of despair, uttered a long, hoarse, strident cry. Then, while the others stood struck with astonishment, he looked at them, and with many a pause exclaimed:

"O thrice accursed day! Day of mourning! Day of anger! They have entered thy sanctuary, O Mithra! They have soiled with their impure steps the sacred earth which had never been trodden by an infidel foot! Unfortunate priest! Thrice wretched old man! It is thine that this frightful sacrilege has been committed. It is thou who hast led the stranger into the very heart of the temple! It is thou who hast brought him by the hand into the sanctuary consecrated by the devotion of ages. If his impure breath soils the mystic air, if his presence pollutes the holy of holies, if his audacious voice echoes in the sacred vault in words of a language new and strange, it is owing to thee—to thee—unhappy Goucha Nichin! Unlucky race, to finish thus and give the lie to the tradition handed down by thousands of ancestors! The temple is defiled. The sacrilege is accomplished. And it is thy high priest, O Mithra, who is the guilty one!"

The old man sank to the ground, tearing his clothes in tatters and groaning in misery.

"Thou wouldst profit by foreign science, mobed!" he murmured bitterly. "Thou wouldst have deceived this man; thou wouldst have used him to regain the secret which cruel fate had taken from thy race, which for ages, alas! had been handed down from father to son; and he, owing to thee, has entered this place where even his presence is an outrage. The crime is terrible, grand mobed! and a cruel death is not sufficient punishment. Die, unhappy man, die! Thou shalt not obtain the burial of thy ancestors; the birds of the air shall not remove thee as they removed thy fathers; thy bones shall pollute the sacred air of the crypt. But the sacrilege is as nothing to the insult caused by thy mistake,—the presence, the breath, the look of an impure stranger!"

"Come! Look here! That is enough!" said Gargaridi, offended at the epithets which the magus bestowed so freely. "After all, the misfortune is not irreparable, and if our coming here is such a disaster we can easily clear out. Give the place a few purifications and it is all right again——"

The old man rose to his full height and uttered a shout of rage.

"What!" cried he, in a voice of thunder. "Go out from here? Go out? Appear again in the light of day, to divulge perhaps the secret of the mystic temple? Never! Never! Rather die a thousand times! Rather die here in the tortures of hunger. Go out! yes, I could! And if I consented, before twenty minutes we should be in the museum, in half an hour we should be at the swinging-stone—of which, miserable madman, thou hast revealed the secret—and in less than two hours we should be above ground by the Goul-Hek. But I tell you I will not have it so! I will not add to my crime, already so horrible, the crime of leading you from here. You would come? Well! Remain! Die! Misfortune to you! My malediction on you! Mithra! deign to accept the sacrifice which thy grand mobed offers thee in his despair! These Faranghis are as nothing, but he gives thee his life and what remains of the days consecrated to thy service. A feeble

girl alone survives of the race which has faithfully served thee so long! She has my orders! She knows all my knowledge! Unhappy child! Will she know how to use worthily the power I have placed in her frail hands? O Leila! Leila! the whole hope of the holy people is in thee! Mithra, thy hand weighs heavy on my head that I have no son to succeed me to repair the outrage I have committed in my ardent desire to discover thy sanctuary! Alas! unhappy old man! My race is extinct; I have but a daughter, and her lips must carry the secret of her ancestors to a strange house. Thy glory is tarnished, Goucha Nichin! Die! Thy race has lived, and thou hast allowed the stranger to penetrate into thy sanctuary!"

Again he sank to the ground and covered his head in the tatters of his white robe. The old man's exaltation and despair touched Maurice's heart with pity. He went to him and tried to raise him.

"Listen," said he, in a gentle voice. "I sympathise with your grief. Believe me I understand your remorse at having betrayed the traditions of your fathers, in spite, perhaps, of a solemn oath. But after all, you reproach yourself too bitterly; I came here against your wish."

"What matters it?" said the old man, repulsing him violently. "Thou hast soiled with thy presence the holy place, and thou must die!"

"Where are we then?" asked Maurice.

"We are in the Labyrinth, the secret of which has never been known but to the grand mobed. No profane eye, no infidel foot ever penetrated here. Built after the plans traced by my ancestors, by workmen of our caste who were put to death as soon as their task was accomplished, so that they could not reveal the secret, this labyrinth was constructed at the cost of thousands of human lives. Think, then, if I should hesitate to sacrifice thine! It leads to the holy of holies, to the heart of the temple, to the Eye of Wisdom sanctified by the presence of Mithra, where none has penetrated but the high priest himself, alone, crawling on his knees, his face covered with a veil, for even he has not the boldness to contemplate unveiled the Sanctuary of the Divinity."

"What, then, do you intend to do?" said Maurice again, seeing madness beginning to glow in the Guebre's hollow eyes.

"I intend to die in this place, with thee, to expiate my crime," said the old man, fiercely. "I have taken my precautions, for it was not without fear I set out. And I left my daughter Leila, the frail and solitary offspring of my race, my will sealed with the mystic seal. She will open it when the time I have marked upon it has elapsed; she will choose, according to my orders, a husband among the priestly caste—alas! the glory of my house has vanished—and when in their turn they come into this crypt, if ever Mithra permits them, they will find our bones whitening in this sepulchre. They will take mine; they will burn them in the sacred fire, praying in sackcloth and ashes for the offended Divinity to pardon his miserable mobed; they will throw yours into an unknown hole, and none will suspect that impure strangers have ever invaded this holy of holies."

"I thank you!" said Maurice, indignantly. "You have drawn up a pretty programme for me. Do you think I am going to take it quietly?"

"Whether you take it quietly or not, what does it matter?" said the Guebre, disdainfully. "Your days are numbered. You must die in this place. It is impossible, dost thou understand me?—impossible to get out of this labyrinth without knowing the secret. Thou mayest search for twenty years; thy hair and thy beard may have time to blanch like mine, thy young shoulders may bend beneath the weight of years before thou hast found the secret. How can chance reveal a combination of numbers arbitrarily grouped which the memory alone can retain? How could a mere search teach you how many times to turn to the left or to the right, in going or returning? The thing is impossible, and thou knowest it must be so."

"Tell me, at the least," said Maurice, "why you brought me down the Goul-Hek, if it is so great a sacrilege?"

"I will tell thee now that the tomb is shut on us, and that we have said farewell for ever to the light. Know that the Goul-Hek and the gallery leading to the rotunda are not sacred in themselves. They are only of importance as leading to the holy places. Besides, the secret of the entrance to the galleries was lost owing to circumstances which it would take too long to relate. It was known that to find them the advance must be towards the north. But how could one strike to the north in the bosom of the earth, deprived of the beneficent light of the star? Thou hadst a magic instrument to lead thee and by it we reached the rotunda. There I was about to tell thee that our researches were at an end, that I was mistaken in supposing that there existed a subterranean temple of vast dimensions, that the galleries then traversed led to any other sanctuary. The clumsiness of that miserable madman revealed to thee the entrance of the temple in the swinging-stone of which no profane person had ever had a suspicion. Thou followedst this madman in spite of my efforts to detain thee. Again, braving my anger, thou hast penetrated in spite of me into the sacred labyrinth! Woe to thee! it is thine own hand which signed thy death-warrant and sealed the stone of thy sepulchre!"

"If I die, it will not be alone," said Maurice. "You shall bear the punishment of your duplicity. You tried to deceive me and you are caught in your own trap. But I will be more generous than you: if I find the entrance to this labyrinth, do not fear that I shall leave you here. I will take you and bring you back by force to the light of day!"

"Presumptuous child!" replied the magus. "Search and search in vain. Die a thousand times in the alternations of hope and despair, and know that the Guebre knows the secret and could, if he chose, go out this instant, but that he dies here to expiate the crime of having admitted you. Yes, if a miracle were to reveal to you the entrance, and we should be already on the threshold, I would throw myself on you, and, that I might die side by side with you in the labyrinth your presence has defiled, I would stab you with my own hand rather than you should escape! Enough! Neither I nor you shall ever again see the light of the sun!"

And seating himself against the wall he wrapped his head in a corner of his cloak and sank into a savage reverie.

(*To be continued.*)

THE "BOY'S OWN" ANGLER.

By the First Hon. Sec. "Fly-Fishers' Club."

PART V.

COARSE FISH (*continued*).

Bream (continued).

Wimbledon lake contains bream, and can be fished at small cost, but the fish are well educated.

The Cambridgeshire Ouse must not be forgotten, for here the fish are plentiful and fairly silly.

In conclusion, bream-fishing is of two sorts. Rough fishing and fine fishing. For the former any tackle, if strong, will do. For the latter your rod, though powerful, should not be very heavy and your line should be of fairly fine gut near to the hook. Both rod and line in fact will be of a kind suitable for all sorts of heavy fish, such as we have to treat in future papers.

The tackle may therefore be described in some detail. For rod, a strong hickory, costing about 10*s*., is the most serviceable at the price, and should be twelve or thirteen feet long. A plain winch holding fifty yards of plaited line will absorb 3*s*. or 4*s*. more. The price of line must be added, and would not be less than 2*s*. 6*d*. or so, and if of silk, more. The float must be a long cork one, about 1*s*. The gut should be three or four yards long, more if the water is very deep, but it is only the last foot or two that need be of good quality, round and clear; the rest need only be strong. The size of hook depends on the nature of bait to be used. If worm, No. 5 or 6 is best.

The above will answer for all sorts of bream-fishing, but much cheaper tackle will sometimes do.

If you have to fish from the *bank* of a large river, or a lake, then a different sort of rod is desirable.

A *good* bamboo of eighteen feet long will answer, India cane being one of the best sorts, but very expensive.

If fishing for young bream in shallow water, use roach tackle. It is much better. These fish have a curious trick of pushing *up* the float when biting. It must be struck at just as if it had gone down. In lakes the old bream will sometimes do the same.

The Barbel.

This splendid fish can best be taken with the sort of tackle just described under the head of bream-fishing, but the haunts of the barbel are different from those of "old bellows."

He likes deep water, it is true, but he likes it pure and rapid. Yet he is a gross feeder, grovelling always at the bottom with his pig like snout and his hanging wattles, and greedily devouring any sort of refuse, unless —unless it has a hook in it—for we now

come to the unpleasant part of the barbel's character, he is very cunning and capricious.

Even when young he is seldom caught, and it is only once in a dozen times that you get the old barbel really on the feed, even after you have spent, as is the custom, half a sovereign or so in worms! For in the Thames it is thought of little use to engage a punt for barbel-fishing, unless the swim is baited overnight with a thousand or two of lobs.

A pair of anglers will then be punted by the professional to the marked spot, and will start fishing as early as possible.

Too often the only result is a perch or two, and a few chub and roach, with perhaps a baby barbel of a pound, offered up, as a warning to the rest, by his grandparents. But occasionally most exciting sport is had, for even big barbel are liable to silly fits, and several Thames catches are on record running over the hundredweight.

As the fish are often four or five pounds each and are much more active than bream, it is easy to imagine what a lively time it is for the lucky anglers.

Sometimes a moderate bag only is taken, but it is generally "aut Cæsar aut nullus" (and more often nullus) in barbel-fishing.

As this fish, besides being so exceeding expensive and difficult to catch, is as worthless as a bream when caught, he must not take up much of our space.

Such of our readers as live close to the Thames or Trent may, by studying the habits and hours of dining of the barbel, be able to take some occasionally with little trouble; and to them only we commend the barbel.

It should be mentioned that on Trent and Thames of late the practice of "long-corking" (Nottingham style) is sometimes successful.

The principle of this is a good one, and consists in fishing fine and far off. A light running wooden reel is used, and the bait thrown from the reel (without unwinding line) and then allowed to go down the stream, for thirty yards or more, into the haunts of the fish.

This is often successful on the Trent, and occasionally on the Thames and Lea; but it sometimes results in a take of chub in these latter rivers, instead of the fish expected.

In the Lea barbel are often hooked, but seldom taken, when roach-fishing with hair.

This is one argument for the use of gut, and has caused it in fact to be often preferred.

Barbel have a curious way of seizing the minnow spun by the trout-fisher in the Thames during April or May. Though sometimes hooked in the mouth, it is doubtful if the fish means to *eat* the minnow, as small fry form no part of its ordinary diet.

The Perch.

This is perhaps the king of fishes to most boys; for will he not rush greedily to seize the most feebly disguised hook, on the coarsest gut, and having taken the same, will he not fight nobly for life and liberty?

This is only true nowadays of small perch; but a small perch is usually the schoolboy's first victim. To catch him you have only to follow the instructions as to small fry, using a red worm as bait.

For large perch, say from one to four pounds, there are four or five methods, each good in its place.

First a large dew or lob-worm, used in the early morning, on stout tackle, is often successful. Next, as to simplicity, is a large live minnow, or small gudgeon, hooked through the cartilage of the back fin. Do not hook your bait through the lip, or you will have to wait while the perch pouches him, instead of striking at once. Better, because not cruel, is the practice of spinning with a dead minnow, on a flight of triangles. Better still, if you can persuade the perch to take, is spinning with an artificial minnow, or other small fish.

To do this properly you should use a moderately stiff rod with *upright* rings, and a stout plaited line, waterproofed, and fifty yards or more in length. At the end of this should be attached a gut (or gimp) trace, provided with two or three swivels to prevent kinking.

This should be two yards or so in length, and at the finer end the spinning bait, to be bought at a tackle shop, with its hooks, should be attached.

You are now ready for action, but spinning requires some practice. Begin by using a short line and increase it as you are able to throw. It is more useful to search carefully the tail ends of weeds over gravelly patches with your minnow, than to throw at random in the open river.

Usually work your lure up stream, and strike at once on feeling a fish touch the hooks.

Very often you will get more jack than perch in this way, but all will be welcome.

Of these methods we must confess that the live bait kills most perch, and next to that the worm, but venture to recommend spinning nevertheless as being far more humane, and much fun when successful.

The plan called *paternostering*, or using several hooks with a plummet at the end, is also good.

There is one more style of perch-fishing still more sportsmanlike—fly-fishing.

In the evening the smaller perch will sometimes take the "coachman" (a white-winged fly) quite freely, and they will also sometimes rise fairly at red palmers and other flies.

Two or three should be used on ordinary fly-tackle. The shallows of lakes such as Slapton Ley in South Devon often abound with small perch which will sometimes take a fly, but the rudd are generally still more eager.

One curious device to attract perch is to *ground-bait* with living minnows.

This is done by sinking a glass jar with wire-work over the top, and filled with minnows, into a perch hole. A cord should, of course, be attached. It is said to be a very effectual method of summoning a lot of large and hungry perch to "dinner"!

(*To be continued.*)

GEORGE BURRETT, THE PLUCKY PRINTER'S BOY.

By Dr. Edward Berdoe.

There is a beautiful poem by Robert Browning called "The Boy and the Angel," which tells how a lad in Italy, morning, evening, noon and night, sang "Praise God!"—just these simple words only—and then turning to his poor trade worked for the daily meal, hard and long and well; in every pause of his work he would lift his voice and sing again "Praise God!" An old monk who listened to him said he doubted not that God heard him as well as though he were the Pope himself praising God from Peter's Dome on Easter Day. But Theocrite (the boy) said—

> "Would God that I
> Might praise Him that great way and die!"

Then the angel Gabriel, descending from heaven, took the boy's place at his work and made Theocrite in course of years Pope of Rome. The angel at the workshop sang God's praises far more melodiously than ever did poor little Theocrite, but God was not well pleased with the change.

> "I miss my little human praise,"

He said, so Gabriel's disguise of flesh fell off, his wings sprang forth again, and he flew to Rome, told Theocrite he had not done well to bear him from his craftsman's cell and set him in the high place under St. Peter's Dome.

> "Back to the cell and poor employ:
> Resume the craftsman and the boy!"

The lesson the poet desires to teach by this beautiful legend is the old one, which we cannot too often reflect upon nor have instilled into us in too many ways—that we can ever serve God best by doing well, to the uttermost of our power, the work lying right before us, the task at our hand's side. If God would have praise from us, it can be rendered far more certainly and far more pleasingly to His Ear at the common task and daily round of our employ than in ways that seem great and noble to us, but which to God are not greater nor nobler than the work He has chosen for us. If we are to be heroes, we can become so in no surer way than by doing in the best way possible the despised, familiar task which awaits us day by day as we rise from our beds.

There is no lesson more difficult to learn than this, but its importance is always being illustrated. A recent terrible case of death from starvation in the East End of London revealed certain features which are well worthy the attention of the readers of this journal.

Some year or more ago a poor woman living in the Roman Road, Old Ford, far away in East London, was deserted by her husband and left to get on as best she could with four children. There were three boys and a little girl. The eldest boy, George Burrett, was thirteen years old; he had passed the sixth standard at the Board School and obtained a situation as a printer's "devil" at Messrs. De la Rue and Sons, the great firm where all the postcards are printed. Mrs. Burrett, the mother, was a weakly woman and quite unable to do any hard work, and George was so young he did not earn more than six shillings a week, and this from Christmas last became to the unfortunate family their sole income.

Previous to this, the absconding father, who was a foreman bricklayer, and a very clever man at his trade, had been in the habit of sending money to his wife from time to time, but this suddenly ceased. Rent is dear even in the squalid streets of Bethnal Green, and for the one front room occupied by the poor family four shillings and sixpence of George's earnings had to be paid every week. That left exactly one shilling and sixpence for food and firing for five persons to get through the week upon in the long and severe winter we have just passed through.

[Although



A Warning!—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* H. WALKER.)

Although there was no other money than this small sum on which to depend, a charitable shopkeeper let them have an occasional loaf and block of coal on credit. The mother went on, hoping from day to day that money would come from her absent husband, though she would take no steps to procure help from any of the many quarters where it could have been obtained, because she knew that the first effect of her doing so would surely be the pursuit of the man who had so cruelly deserted his helpless family.

It was settled, therefore, in the little household that they must all keep their troubles closely to themselves. No word of complaint must be uttered, or it would set the authorities on the look-out for the man who, notwithstanding his conduct, was the loved husband of the starving wife and the father of the comely and intelligent children. For none of these were of the class of gutter children such as we expect to find in the slums of the poorer districts of East London.

And so the days went by while we were wrapping ourselves up in our warm clothing, putting extra blankets on our beds, piling up the coals on our fires, and making ourselves proof against the frost and snow by abundant Christmas fare and the well-laden tables of the mirthful season. It came to this, that there was nothing for the family to eat but bread, and nothing but tea and water to drink. Early every morning, long before it was light, plucky little George was up and on his way, some three miles journey, to the City; his breakfast was dry bread, two slices before he left home, and two in his handkerchief for dinner, and two more for his tea; and this went on day after day till towards the end of March, when one day a neighbour, thinking there must be something wrong at Mrs. Burrett's lodging, forced her way into the room, and found the woman a mere skeleton in bed, with her three hungry children cowering over a few embers in the fireplace.

Forthwith she went to the Parish people, and the relieving officer and the Parish doctor appeared on the dreadful scene. It was too late to save the mother: a few hours more and death liberated her from her long martyrdom to wifely love and maternal duty,

Many who have heard the story condemn the woman; it is not for us to do this. Her fault was that she loved too much, too faithfully, to the uttermost; and if she perished of cold and hunger, she at least forbore to do more than pretend to eat the bread her brave little son provided. But this story is not told here that the unhappy woman's conduct may be discussed.

We have to do with the brave little printer's boy who, half starving, cold and weary, day after day plodded his way through snow and sleet, frost and rain and mud, to earn those poor six shillings a week wherewith to feed to his utmost ability his mother and his brothers and sister. I think I know some boys, good boys enough too in their way, who would have murmured at this, and perhaps have struck work altogether as not being practicable under the circumstances. But George did nothing of the kind. I cannot hear that he ever in the least repined, ever told a pitiful story of his distress to any one. On six slices a day he held his head aloft, kept his plucky little heart up, and never let the lads or the men at the printing office guess how very hard he found it to keep his own machinery going while he was tending that of the printing works.

George had a good voice, and had been brought up to love and serve God, and to praise Him, too, in the surpliced choir of a Bethnal Green church. But it had been arranged in this family that as no work was done on Sunday, it was quite unnecessary extravagance to eat even dry bread; so on Sunday it was agreed that all should strictly fast as well as rest; and then George could no longer sing Te Deum, not because he was not praiseful—he loved God as before, and praised Him in his heart as in the prosperous days of old—but his clothes were so shabby, and he was so faint that on Sunday he could no longer lift up his heart in holy song. And so, as in the poem, God "missed His little human praise." Yet who of us in church last winter was praising God like he? Who of us was steadily and cheerfully doing the work that lay to our hand as George Burrett? I know not. I know I was not, for one.

Now, out of great trials our Heavenly Father frequently brings forth beautiful characters which cannot be developed in any other way. On the slopes of the Alps, exposed to the stress of the storm and the war of all the winds, flourish the stoutest and tallest pine-trees, so in terrible times of trial the noblest and most beautiful characters are often in God's mysterious way evolved. Often, too, out of a fiery trial of this sort, great blessings come, and happiness undreamed of may follow. It has been so in the case of these poor children. George Burrett's story has been told all over the English-speaking world, and all, from the Queen to the poorest street lad, have heard of "the Plucky Printer's Boy, the little hero of Bethnal Green."

Many friends have come forward to help him. Much money has been charitably sent for his benefit, and at least a dozen hospitable homes have been offered him—Lady Florence Dixie has even offered to adopt him—but George determines to persevere at his work, and to stick by his two brothers and sister as well as he is able; they are all in a happy industrial school, well cared for, and as comfortable as they can be, orphaned as they are.

As for George, he does not think he has done anything the least extraordinary; he is conscious of having obeyed mother and done the day's work as it arose till God had tried him and proved his metal, and now he trusts God for the future and sings "Praise God!" as before, wending his way to the printing works with a fuller stomach but a still sadder face for the loss of mother and the broken home.

SOME TOYS WORKED BY ELECTRICITY.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "How to make an Induction Coil," "Electric Lights," "How to make a small Dynamo," etc., etc.

PART III.

THE ELECTRIC DRUM.

In my former papers on the "Electric Trumpet," I promised to write an article on how to make an electric drum; and this promise I now propose to redeem.

The system on which it works is precisely analogous to that of the electric trumpet, and almost identical with that of the ordinary electric bell, of which I hope to say more in another paper.

As before, we have a hammer vibrating backwards and forwards in response to pulls from a magnet, which is magnetised and demagnetised by stopping and starting an electric current. In the case of the induction coil, the hammer is only a means whereby the current is broken and started again with great rapidity, and in the case of the trumpet the vibrator is used to make the noise by its vibration, but in this instrument we must have a *boná fide* hammer, which must be able to beat the drum, and thus cause a stirring and martial sound.

First, then, we will devote our attention to the construction of the magnet. In former articles (as in the case of the electro-motor for example), I have given you the method of making the magnets out of one solid piece of soft iron, in the form of a horse-shoe. This time, however, we will make it of several pieces for a change; it is far more convenient to make, and looks much neater when finished.

Take a piece of soft iron $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch long by $\frac{5}{8}$ inch broad and $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, and in the middle drill a hole about $\frac{3}{16}$ inch in diameter. On each side of this, on a line with it at a distance of about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, drill two more holes of the same size. This is to form the back, or, as it is scientifically termed, the *yoke* of the magnet. To form the poles we require two exactly similar pieces of soft iron bar $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch long and $\frac{3}{8}$ inch in diameter. These are to be filed quite smooth at the ends after cutting, and in the middle of one end a hole is to be drilled to admit a screw which will just go through the holes on each side of the centre one made in the flat piece of soft iron. These holes are cut to receive the thread of the screw, but if you can't do this you can simply leave out the end holes for screws, and solder the round and flat pieces of iron together. These are to be soldered or screwed together, so as to form a magnet, the hole in the middle of the flat piece serving to introduce a screw, for the purpose of attaching the magnet to a support. The best plan, if you can do it, is to drill and "tap" this hole to receive a screw which is inserted in a brass support made of a piece of brass $1\frac{1}{8}$ inch long, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch broad, and $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, bent at right angles at about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from one end, this shortest end being drilled for two screws to fasten it to the base-board, while the longest end has a hole in the centre about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch from the end, to admit the screw which fits the hole in the centre of the yoke. Having done all this, you will have fig. 1, which represents the magnet before it is wound.

The soft iron cores have now to be converted into magnets as usual, and here comes in the especial advantage of having screws to fasten the magnet together, as you can take the whole thing to bits, wind the wire on the legs in comfort, and then fasten together again. But if you have soldered the magnet together you can achieve the same end in a different way by making two small bobbins to hold the wire, the exact size to slip on over the soft iron cores when the wire is wound on them. It is generally considered proper to wind the wire on bobbins, which can be

removed from the cores if required. I should think it can seldom *be* required, but the bobbins are convenient in this case. I may remark parenthetically that bobbins wound and unwound, soft iron cores, and yokes, separately or together, and supports fixed to

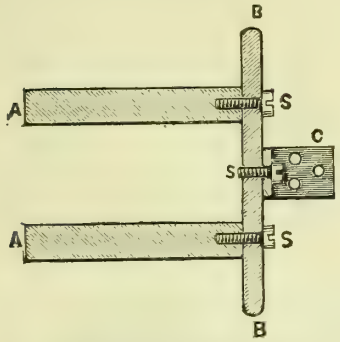


FIG. 1.—MAGNET PUT TOGETHER READY FOR WINDING. (Sectional diagram.)

A A, Circular bars of soft iron. B B, Flat bar of soft iron forming the "yoke." C, Brass support for magnet. S S S, Screws fastening parts of magnet together.

the yokes or not, can be obtained from any large electrician who sells parts of electric bells, etc.; the magnet can also be got put together complete. Messrs. H. Dale, whom I mentioned in former papers, are now succeeded by Messrs. Price, Talbot & Co. (26 Ludgate Hill, E.C.). Messrs. Cox & Co., 11 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., are also dealers in electrical apparatus, and from either of these firms you can get every part of the magnet, or the rest of the electric bell, separate, or the whole thing put together.

We now have to make the bobbins, supposing that we are not going to buy them. The elaborateness of their manufacture will depend entirely on the skill of the maker. Some construct them by sawing off top and bottom of a reel of cotton, and forming a roller of cardboard to fit the magnets, finally joining the ends of the reel to this roller to make an elongated reel of the right size. Others construct their bobbins entirely of cardboard, the ends being merely two circles of card. Others who are versed in the mysteries of wood-turning, and are lucky enough to possess a lathe with which to do it, make two bobbins of solid wood drilled to fit the iron cores. For these no instructions are needed, as the dimensions will be as given presently. For those who only want to use the magnet for this special purpose, and do not care about the bobbins being removable, the following is the simplest way to set to work.

Cut two circles of thick cardboard, each $\frac{7}{8}$ inch in diameter, and in the centre cut a hole the exact size to slip over the soft iron cores. Now wrap several thicknesses of thin tissue paper—or preferably foreign note paper or tracing paper—over the magnet, between the circles of cardboard, cutting the strip about $1\frac{1}{8}$ inch broad, or $\frac{3}{8}$ inch less than the length of the core. Now you can fasten the two circles of cardboard at the ends of the tracing paper, and keep them in their proper places on the magnet, by means of "Prout's elastic glue"—heat the soft iron before applying and it will then adhere firmly to it. In this way of course you form a roller on which we now have to wind the wire. If you have soldered the magnet's parts together you *must* have movable bobbins, as it would be simply impossible to wind the wire evenly on the cores when fixed in position, as the edges of the bobbins will be so close together that it is not possible to wind the wire on between them without the coils becoming displaced.

The method of winding the wire is simple enough. No. 24 wire is a good size to use; it can be cotton-covered or, preferably, silk-covered, as in the latter case the insulation is better. Begin by making a hole near the roller in the circle of cardboard that is next to the end where the hole for the screw has been made. Pass about three inches of wire through the hole and then wind it evenly on over the tracing paper from end to end and back again. You ought to have five or six layers of it; an ounce, or an ounce and a half, of wire will probably be enough. When it is all on make another hole in the disc and pass out the wire. This is only to hold it safe while you wind the other bobbin. When that is finished you can put the magnet together, and the ends of two of the wires have now to be joined together. The two ends that are joined together must be those which come from the wire that is wound from right to left over one core and left to right in the other, that is to say, taking the

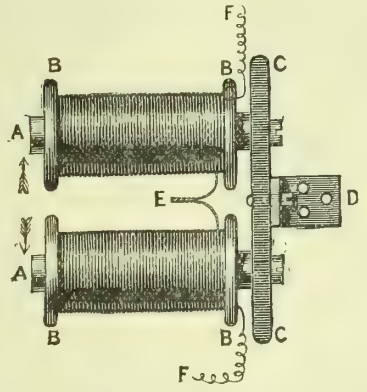


FIG. 2.—MAGNET WOUND AND PUT TOGETHER.

A A, Soft iron cores. B B B B, Ends of bobbins, on which wire is wound as shown. C C, *Yoke* of magnet fastened to support and held up by D, bottom of brass support, with holes for screws. E, Joined ends of wires. F F, Exterior ends of coils. The arrows show relative directions in which the two coils are wound.

wire when joined as one, it must be so wound on both limbs of the magnet that if they were bent into one straight bar it would all be wound in the same direction. Readers of the article on Electro-motors (No. 595, page 570, last volume) will recollect the same method of winding had to be adopted when making the electro-magnet therein described. With a composite magnet, however, there is no earthly difficulty in getting it right, for you have only to connect the battery to two wires and join the other two, and if they don't make the magnet work, join up one to the battery instead of one of those joined, and connect the other two wires; whichever gives the best result stick to. You must get all the silk or cotton off the wire, where you join them, and twist them over and over tightly together; if you can solder them, so much the better. Pull the wire tight and wind it on the reels until the place where it is joined is pulled tightly and not left in a loop, which would look untidy. Fig. 2 gives an idea of the magnet completed, and I have endeavoured by means of the arrows to show how the wire is wound, they are supposed to give the direction of the top layer of wire in each case; of course either may be wound from the inside, so you must also consider that in this picture the *outside* coils are joined. The magnet having been thus constructed, we must now turn our attention to the vibrating hammer which is to beat the drum. To make this we want another piece of soft iron of about the same size as that forming the yoke of the magnet, say $1\frac{3}{8}$ inch × $\frac{1}{2}$ inch × $\frac{1}{8}$ inch. We shall then require a piece of brass spring about 3 inches long and half an inch broad. This is made of very thin springy brass, so as to make a spring which will move the armature quickly. One end of the spring should be tapered off as shown in fig. 3, and at the

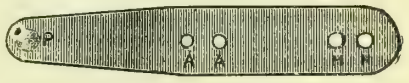


FIG. 3.—SHAPE OF SPRING FOR ARMATURE.

P, Platinum foil. A A, Holes for screws to armature. H H, Holes for screws to support.

point P in the figure a small piece of platinum foil (the *real thing*, not tin-foil, which I am sure is often sold in cheap apparatus instead of it!) should be fastened, by solder if possible.

We now want a piece of rather stout brass wire bent into the shape shown in fig. 4. It must be about 4 inches long, but its length will be determined by the size of the drum and the length of the magnet when it is all put together. At the end of this wire you must have a wooden knob (not brass, which doesn't produce nearly so much noise). This you will have provided ready for you if you purchase the drum, as they will naturally supply drumsticks with it, and the head of one of these cut off and fastened to the end of the wire, by simply making a hole and sticking it in, will answer the purpose beautifully.

This wire has to be fastened to the end of the soft iron armature, a simple way of doing which is to drill a hole the exact size and insert the end, it can then be soldered in. Or, if you cannot drill a hole, you can simply solder it on. The brass spring has the end bent outwards, as shown in fig. 4, and is fastened to the soft iron armature by screws, as shown in the figure at S, S, or simply soldered on. The point C is the end that is tapered

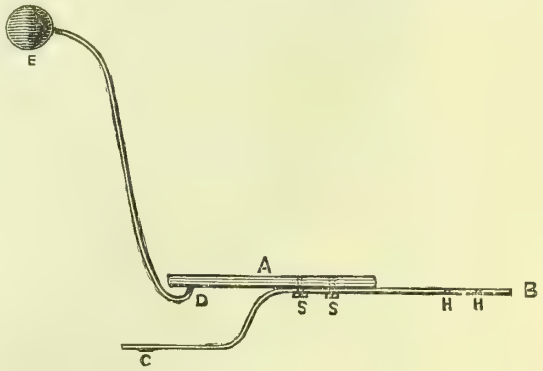


FIG. 4.—DRUM HAMMER PUT TOGETHER.

A, Bar of soft iron. B, Brass spring of contact breaker. C, Portion of brass spring bent outwards, the platinum foil is soldered on at the point C. S S, Screws holding spring to soft iron. Holes are made at the points H H to fasten spring to support. D, Bent wire fastened to soft iron armature. E, Wooden head of drumstick.

off, and the platinum wire is fixed at that point; the spring should extend about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch beyond the armature at the other end. Two holes are drilled in the spring at the points H, H, through which screws are passed into the support. This support may be either a piece of iron $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch broad, and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick, or a piece of wood will answer very well, and save drilling holes in the iron. If it is wood it had better be larger, say $\frac{3}{4}$ inch by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch by $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch.

(To be continued.)

THE JUNE RACES AT OXFORD.

By an Exeter College Man.

A visitor, who on going to Oxford for the first time at Commemoration sees on the river every kind and species of craft, from the eight and centreboard to the Canadian and punt, will carry away a feeling that, great and noble as the *University* of Oxford herself may be, yet the love which all her members bear for her is increased to a very great extent by her fortunate situation on the Isis.

That the river is regarded with affection by every generation of undergraduates is undoubted. No one who witnesses the ardour with which men, sometimes for five years, toil and "plug" at an oar in the attempt to earn their "Eights" colours or perchance the coveted "Blue" attendant on the 'Varsity race, can have any doubt that it is quite as much the fascination of the everchanging river as the exhilaration of the exercise that chains them to their boat.

A college is often held in estimation among the undergraduates more by its place on the river than by the "testamurs" scholarships and honours which its more studious members may gain. Thus, Jesus College, which is somehow always near the bottom of the river, is spoken of as a very nineteenth-rate college, or referred to in the present-day slang as "Jaggers."

The slang of the undergraduate of to-day is very simple, and consists in attaching the suffix er to every word of any length. It may be best illustrated by the following letter:—

Dear Johnnie,—I was very sorry I did not see you last night, but I had to finish an ecker and then go to speak at the Ugger: afterwards I had a game of pills with Jones and was nailed by the Progger. Will you come and do a brekker with me on Thursday, I have a Wugger and a Quagger coming: the latter is an awfully good chap at keeping the conversation going. I would go up the river with you afterwards, but we are playing Jaggers at Rugger and ought to walk them.

Yours faithfully,
A. B. Smith.

St. Boniface College.

In ordinary English this would read as follows:—

Dear Johnnie,—I was very sorry I did not see you last night, but I had to finish an exercise and then go to speak at the Union: afterwards I played billiards with Jones and was caught by the Proctor.

Will you come and have breakfast with me on Thursday. I have a Worcester and Queen's man coming: the latter is an awfully good chap at keeping the conversation going. I would go on the river with you afterwards, but we are playing Jesus at Rugby and ought to have a walk over.

Yours, etc.,
A. B. Smith.

St. Boniface College.

Since, then, so much importance is attached to the place of the college boat on the river, it follows that the rowing man becomes a class by himself, and a hard-and-fast line divides him from the other descriptions of athletes, the most intolerant members of the *O*(xford) *U*(niversity *B*(oat) *C*(lub) being inclined to regard the Blues gained on the cricket or football fields as illegitimate innovations!

The limit which a man of ordinary physique sets to his ambition is a seat in his college Eight; and to effect this an amount of training has to be gone through which strikes one at first with astonishment, and in addition he must graduate through his college fours, and Torpid races. His path is beset by many difficulties. As a freshman he finds himself religiously left alone for perhaps more than a week, and when at length he sallies forth to the river to be "tubbed" he is at a loss to distinguish his college barge.

With hardly an exception, each college possesses a barge. Under the upper deck are changing rooms, and a large saloon with lounges, easy chairs, reading and writing tables. They are picked out in the college boating colours, but unless they are decorated with the actual college crest, it is difficult to distinguish them, as the boating colours are not necessarily the same as those by which each college is popularly known.

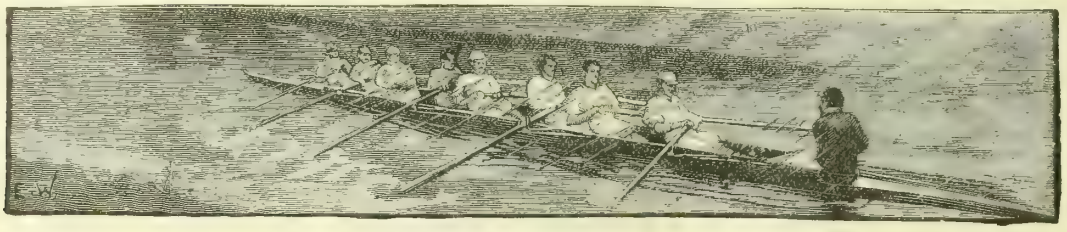


Fig. 1.—Practising under Difficulties—"It is not always May."

The colours, independent of any sport, of each college are as follows:

1. *Balliol*	Dark blue (broad), red and white stripes.
2. *Brasenose*	Black and yellow.
3. *Christchurch*	Dark blue and white in small squares.
4. *Corpus*	Dark blue and red.
5. *Exeter*	Red and black.
6. *Hertford*	Scarlet and white.
7. *Jesus*	Green (dark), white.
8. *Keble*	Red, white, and blue.
9. *Lincoln*	Dark and light blue.
10. *Magdalen*	White and black.
11. *Merton*	White, with red cross.
12. *New*	White and purple.
13. *Non-collegiate*	Broad olive green, edged with white and claret.
14. *Oriel*	White and dark blue.
15. *Pembroke*	Pink and white.
16. *Queens*	Dark blue and white.
17. *St. John's*	Yellow, scarlet on chocolate ground.
18. *Trinity*	Broad dark blue, white edging.
19. *University*	Yellow and blue.
20. *Wadham*	Light blue and white.
21. *Worcester*	Pink and black.



Fig. 2.—The Clinker Fours: Waiting for the Gun.

In addition to these, every member of a college is entitled to wear a dark-blue flannel coat with the college crest, representations of which appeared in the "B. O. P." in 1889.

The barge having been found, the

"tubbing" commences. This bears no resemblance to little Mr. Bouncer's "tumbies," but is a much more serious matter. The coach, a senior man, stands up in the stern of a two-oared boat with the rudder lines in his hands, and the novices pull him up. Then starts an incessant course of correction and instruction which increases in vituperative force, as his acquaintance grows, until it ends at times in vivid abuse.

Despite the coach's bark, our tyro may find himself in the trial Torpid, an eight-oared craft with fixed seats, preparing for the February races.

They are familiarly spoken of as "Toggers," and represent the college in the minor races in the spring and also supply the material for the Eights. If the tyro "shapes" well enough for the Torpid and is conspicuous therein, he may at the end of his second year have reached the summit of a moderate man's ambition, and be entitled to his Eight's colours.

The racing takes place in June, and the boat manned by the same number as the Togger differs from it in having sliding seats.

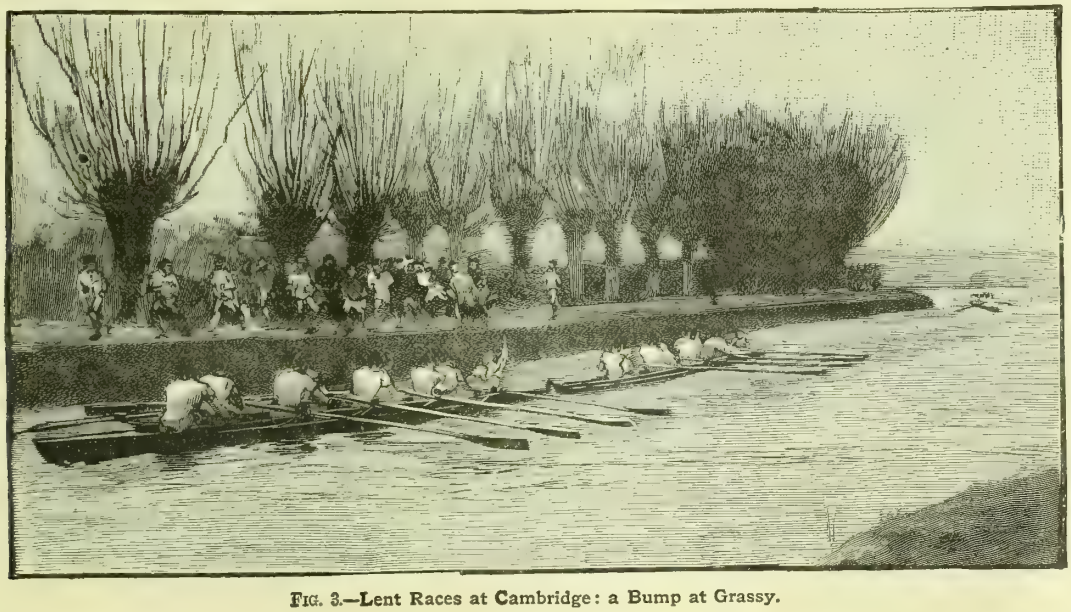


Fig. 3.—Lent Races at Cambridge: a Bump at Grassy.

Every college puts one crew on the river, and the crew is subjected to strict training for weeks before. Their object in so doing is to obtain the utmost weight, strength, and endurance, and so an institution has sprung up in many colleges termed "Breakfasting the Eight."

It is rather a large business, as the rowing man is apt to be not only heavy in avoirdupois, but also in conversation, his information on external matters being bounded by the knowledge that Magdalen is "going very strong," and that Jesus, as usual, is "very rank." If you are not a boating man, your acquaintance with the majority of your guests will be but slight, and this does not add gaiety to the proceedings.

Your scout, who has ordered generations of Eights' breakfasts from the kitchen, saves you from the necessity of thinking out a novel and appetising menu. It is invariable, and as follows: Soles, steak or chicken, marmalade, watercress, fruit, and chocolate instead of tea or coffee. During the actual week of the races it is customary to invite the Eight up to one's rooms and give them *two* glasses of port and fruit *ad lib.*

The breakfasts, however, commence some three weeks before the struggle, and at the same time all indulgences are knocked off. Before breakfast the crew must run round the parks, a distance of about one mile, and throughout the day must abstain from *herba nicotiana sive* tobacco as the Statutæ Universitatis Oxoniensis has it, in unrivalled canine Latin. In addition to this they have a separate dinner in Hall, and they must do the "downy" regularly at 10.30 P.M.

The day arrives. Our freshman, now become a senior, knows that his boat for an entire week will be at once the pursuer and the pursued, and that it will cover itself with glory if it succeed as a pursuer, but will be received in silence at the landing-stage if it fail to elude the "bump" of the boat pressing on behind.

The actual racing lasts from a Thursday till the following Wednesday, and each boat rows over the course from Iffley to the 'Varsity barge once a day in either the first or second division. The second division, which starts at 4.30 P.M., consists of the boats which are in position on the river from the 12th to the 21st. An interval of 1½ hour is allowed between the first and second division, as the highest boat at 4.30, the "sandwich" boat, rows the course over again at 6, so as to give it an opportunity of making a bump.

Brasenose has held the position of "Head of the River" both in Torpids and the Eights for some seasons. Indeed last February it made the record for the Torpids, having been Head for six consecutive years. Magdalen, New, Christchurch, Balliol, are also sturdy opponents for the honour.

A distance of 160 feet separates each boat, and one behind the other they race for upwards of a mile amid the encouragements of their partisans. The encouragement is of divers kinds. "Now you're on them;" "All you know;" "Well rowed, New; "Bravo, Magdalen;" intermingled with pistol-shots, whistles, rattles, dinner-bells, etc., making up such a medley as fairly *frightens* them on to exertions.

When one boat has so far gained on the other as to have slightly overlapped, the cox of the hindmost steers for the other; and should his bow touch any part of it the bump has been made, and on the succeeding day they change their places.

At Commemoration there is a procession of the boats in the order on which they left off on the last day's racing. The "Head of the River" is moored opposite the 'Varsity barge, and as each boat passes, the crew, with the exception of stroke and bow, stand up and salute her with their oars.

The last boat on the river usually has about three oars in it and is solemnly overturned. Immediately men in every description of flannels are swimming about before the 'Varsity barge, cheering on "B. N. C." *ad nauseam*, while men are tossed out of the punts which put across to fetch men from the bank to their own barge, not in spies but in battalions.

With regard to the cox, whose object has been to keep himself as light as possible and has perhaps deprived himself of the enjoyment of a "square meal" for weeks past, he receives in the majority of cases more kicks than ha'pence.

As the losing crew in the Boat Race invariably attribute their defeat to bad steering, so the eight merry men who have been bumped never fail to tell the cox that he should have "washed them off," however impossible it may have been.

Harder still is the fate of the cox who makes his shot at a retreating boat and misses. It is rare to get within bumping distance again, and the diminutive specimen in the stern pays dearly for his bad judgment. This is especially hard on him, as he is unable in many instances to judge his distance with any accuracy.

That is, however, the more doleful side, which is soon forgotten. Who can indeed estimate the advantages which such a training on the Isis affords for the serious work of life by giving him abundance of health, strength, resource and endurance; which brings back colour to the cheeks, and hope to a jaded heart, as, overwhelmed for a time by the mystery and heavy weight of the world's cares, he gazes up at the photo of his college eight, and remembers the swing of the oars, the bound of the boat and her life between the strokes, the cheers from the bank which greeted their efforts as the almost imperceptible shock throughout the boat proclaimed that their exertions were crowned with success, and that they had made their coveted bump? E. G. M.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

A "B.O.P." Canoe.

Mrs. Reaney, whose literary and philanthropic work is so well known, writes from Blackpool under date of April 2:—"I really feel *tempted* to send you, as a curiosity, a photograph of my daughter in a canoe made entirely by her own hands after the plan given in the 'B.O.P.' but with improvements suggestive of *sea*-paddling.

"She spent many an hour upon the open sea last year in this canoe. The photograph does not do the small craft justice. It is, however, suggestive of what a girl of energy can accomplish. Her workshop was a cellar, and no one saw the boat until it was nearing its later stages of completion. Her tools were very few in number.

"I have long thought of letting the editor of the 'B.O.P.' know how much good his paper does 'the house of Reaney.' My younger son more especially, and this our only girl, are devoted to it."

"Boy's Own" Postal Clubs.—Those who have read the articles on this subject in numbers 564 and 575 and wish to join such a club, are requested to apply to Mr. G. D Nickels, 1 South Town Cottages, Upton Road, Torquay, who wishes to start one. Amongst the numerous readers who entered for our photographic competitions there should be amply sufficient to fill this club as well as that started by Mr. Hardwick

The Royal Sovereign.—In the year 1637 a first-rate man-of-war, which in her earlier days was known as the Sovereign of the Seas, was launched at Woolwich. In 1701 another Royal Sovereign was launched; and in 1786, yet another the most notable of all, and which shared in the famous triumph of Trafalgar. But these, and some other vessels of the same name, sink into insignificance beside the great ship which Her Majesty recently christened. The Royal Sovereign of 1786 cost £100,000; the cost of the new Royal Sovereign will be nearly a million sterling. The great ship is one of eight which have been ordered to be built under the Naval Defence Act.

Some Curious Facts and Figures.—A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1. 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, gives the figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives all 9's. Multiplied by 1 it equals 142,857, multiplied by 2 equals 285,714, multiplied by 3 equals 428,571, multiplied by 4 equals 571,428, multiplied by 5 equals 714,285, multiplied by 6 equals 857,142, multiplied by 7 equals 999,999. Multiply 142,857 by 8 and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last and you have 142,857, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start. Another mathematical wonder is the following: It is discovered that the multiplication of 987,654,321 by 45 gives 44,444,444,445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123,456,789 by 45, we get a result equally curious—5,555,555,505. If we take 123,456,789, as the multiplicand, and interchanging the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, we get 6,666,666,606. Returning to the multiplicand 987,654,321, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53,333,333,334—all 3's except the first and last figures which together read 54—the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26,666,666,667, all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27, the multiplier. Now, interchanging the order of the figures 27 and using 72 as the multiplier and 987,654,321 as the multiplicand, we get a product of 71,111,111,112—all 1's except the first and last figures, which read together 72, the multiplier.—*Journal of Education.*

"The Braver the Milder."—This motto of a noble French family embodies a truth which has been recognised by noble minds in all ages. It is the brave and strong who can afford to be "mild," who best can bear with weakness and infirmity in others.

The Movement against the Crammer.—The crammer is to have a bad time of it shortly Not only are the new regulations of the Indian Civil Service examination expressly framed to obviate the necessity of any "private instruction," but now the entrances into Woolwich and Sandhurst are to be altered with the same view. The Director-General of Military Education wishes to encourage the candidate who has had "a thoroughly well-grounded liberal education as an English gentleman." In other words the public school boy is to be encouraged to go straight from say Eton or Winchester, and submit to educational tests such as he has been already familiar with in the fifth and sixth form. Besides the obligatory subjects, he may, on and after June, 1892, take up optional ones—English history, science, higher mathematics, and Greek—in order that due allowance may be made for "varieties of taste and inclination in each candidate."

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

Writing Competition.

[*Continued from p.* 544]

Fourth Division (*aged 12 years*)

Prize—10*s* 6*d*

Murray E J. Pearce The Parade, Poole

CERTIFICATES—FIRST GRADE

Herbert L Warden 5, Graham Street Edinburgh

John Osborne Fitch, 34 Angell Road Brixton S.W

Harold Mouat Jones, 1, Killiesei Avenue, Telford Park, Streatham Hill, S W.

J S. Todd 32, Angell Road, Brixton. S.W

William Brown, 3. Armadale Street. Dennistoun, Glasgow

John Farley, 5 Market Place, Devizes.

Henry Bunn, Raymond Street Thetford.

Blair Thomson 11 Charlotte Street, Ayr, N.B

Mungo F Inglis, 10, Seyton Avenue, Langside, Glasgow

A. J Carey 65 Ickburgh Road, Upper Clapton, N.E.

J W Meldrum 10. Leslie Place, Edinburgh.

Harry Reid 21, Brook Road, Bootle, Liverpool.

Percy Blumenthal, 13 Frognal, N.W.

J Y Bell, Denbrae Cluny Gardens, Edinburgh.

A. Midgley Bird 6, Queen Street, Mansfield.

Wm H. Macey, 28, Lorne Park Road, South Lowestoft.

R. Eccles, Sefton House Clarence Road, Manchester

Percy Lister, 19 rue Godefroy, Lyons, France.

F. H F. Hamilton, 1, Babworth, Retford, Notts.

W. Wadsworth, 38, February Street, Con M, Manchester.

Otto E. Pick, Warwick House, 17, Lambolle Road, N.W

Alfred de Breanski, Arno Cotte, Luton Place, Greenwich S.E.

E. V. Iyf, The Grammar School, Ashford, Kent.

Charles Feltham, 20, Wesley Road, Trowbridge, Wilts.

Henry Morris, 32. South View, Sealand Road, Chester

George Longmire, Railway Hotel, 20, Tithebarn Street. Liverpool.

H. J. Beaumont. 8. Welfield Place, Liverpool.

H. B. Orton, Bodicote Vicarage, Banbury.

A. T Payne, 30, Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square, W.

Arthur Hall, Shakespeare Road, Harpenden, Herts.

Wm. E. Olliver, 224, Queen's Road. Peckham, S.E.

W. W. Pursglow, 15, Morland Terrace, Wolverton, Bucks.

Walter Few, 121, High Street, Stoke Newington, N.

Harold Friedeberg, Unter den Linden 42 III, Berlin.

Walter Hancock, 8, Gladstone Terrace, Reading Road.

W. H. Smith, 148, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

Alexander Frame, Windmill Road, Hamilton.

C. G Barkla, Elizabeth Terrace, Ditton, near Widnes.

C. H Barber, 3, Abingdon Road, Leicester.

Ernest Marter, 34, Terrace Road, South Hackney, N.E.

Reginald Hills, 13, Versailles Road, Anerley, S.E.

Thomas Hodgson, 3, Hesketh Terrace, Ribbleton, Preston.

SECOND GRADE.

Arthur Leighton Finch, 17, Waterloo Road, Runcorn, Cheshire

Ellen Commander, 51 Lee Crescent, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

John Davis, Greenmount, Gargrave Road, Skipton, Yorks

Alexander Ross, 195, Lorne Terrace Mountpottinger, Belfast

Wm. C. Luttmann, 11, Hurstbourne Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

T. N Carter, Prince Town, Dartmoor.

R. C. S. Kidney. Lower Broomfield. Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

A. L Strachan, South Seafield, Aberdeen.

T E Brockwell, 17, Seal Street, Shacklewell Lane, Dalston, N E.

Wm Beardmore, Oakamoor Mills School, Staffs.

Walter Pidgeon 60, Southwold Road, Upper Clapton.

Thomas Morris 39, Waverley Street Seacombe.

Ivet Bishop, 30. Stanley Road. Bromley. Kent

James N. Watts, Blenheim Road Schools, Holloway, N.

Frank Vasey, Fern Bank, John Street, Sale near Manchester

R. W. Macfie, 42, Royal York Crescent, Clifton, Bristol.

Gerald Everard, 26, St. Mary's Road, Crumpsall, Manchester

Frank A Baker 16, Willes Road Leamington Spa.

Henry Stone, 303. New Cross Road, S.E.

Robert Nadal, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone.

Herbert Mace, „ „

Walter Wright, „ „

George Cowan, „ „

Walter Derbyshire, „ „

Edward Patch, „ „

Philip Fisher „ „

Egerton Matthews, 104, Dyer Street, Cirencester.

Samuel Sigall, Dawlish House, Greville Road, Bristol

Maud K Melvill, East View, Western Road, Cheltenham.

THIRD GRADE

Wm. Edge. New Wood Street. Mansfield.

John Stutter Winchester Road. Colchester.

Edgar Clark, Boro' Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey

Edward J. Norrington, 78, St. James Street, Dover.

W. J. Castle, Pencaira Lodge, Brislington Bristol.

J W. Hull, 10, Wilton Road, Sparkhill Birmingham.

James Hendrie, Thornbank, Galston, N.B.

Percy R. Thwaites, 26, Bedford Road, Tottenham.

F. E. Woodhams, Southchurch Road, Southend.

W. H. Phillips, 3, Farnley Road, South Norwood.

Walter Kirkup, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone.

George Mason, „ „

Harry Jefferson, „ „

Henry Middleton, „ „

Ernest Rogers, „ „

Albert Coleman, „ „

Wentworth Lankester, „ „

Fred Mansfield, 22, West End Lane, Kilburn, N.W.

(*To be continued.*)

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

JUNE.

I.—In Poultry-Run, Pigeon-Loft, Aviary, Rabbitry, Caviary, etc.

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.

City and Suburban Gardens.—There is nothing much better calculated to give an air of comfort and refinement to a home in a town or in the outskirts than a morsel of well-kept garden. It is rather an advantage than otherwise that this be small; at any rate, it should not be big, for the whole care of it must devolve on the head of the house, and probably he has not much time on his hands. I need hardly say a word as to the healthfulness of gardening as a hobby. By working in the garden you get one of the most pleasant kinds of exercise imaginable, and you obtain calmness of mind from the fresh air breathed. You get something else as well, namely, a fifteen-horse-power appetite, with pleasant sleep to follow. I am sure, too, that a hobby like this keeps many a growing lad out of mischief, and thus enables him to get a good healthy grasp of the hill of life he is about to climb by his own exertions.

But some will say, I haven't the slightest idea of gardening. Though I like to see a garden with green things growing in it, I hardly know the difference between one flower and another.

Well, I reply, perhaps you do not, but it is wonderful how soon you can pick up all the ideas you need, and find out all about the flowers also.

If you have a bit—ever so small—of ground in front of your house that has not been utilised at all, or only indifferently, and you are in want of a good, honest, healthful hobby, I advise you to begin by going out and taking a look at it. This is the month of June. Well, there is pretty nearly all the summer before you, so that even this season you could manage to do a great deal.

To begin with, just look up at those windows. They look rather bare, don't they? How very much they would be improved by boxes placed outside, with, if you have a southern exposure, bits of neatly-shaped sun-shades over the top, and small hanging baskets from each, and canary creepers to climb up the sides. A window box is easily made or cheaply bought. With my own hands I could make two in one day, set them up, fill them, and plant them. It is not too late yet to plant out. You can put down your flowers in bloom, if you go and buy them and fetch them home after the box is ready. I shouldn't over-crowd, nor put in flowers that are too tall. Small, bushy, bright-coloured geraniums, blue lobelia, morsel of golden pyrethrum, fairylike ferns, auriculas, anything in fact to give show. Indeed you have only to consult any gardener and he will tell you in a few words all about it, and how to fill even your hanging baskets. But bright crimson, small-flowered tropæolum makes a splendid show, flowing over a window box.

Well, with these flower boxes and baskets alone, a bare-fronted house would assume a cosy, bright look that would do anybody's heart good to behold.

If you are lucky enough to have a porch, or there is space enough to erect a rustic one, what a chance there is for climbing and creeping beauty next year. I need only mention clematis, roses, passion flower, wistaria, ivy, or the poor man's creeper, as I call it, wild convolvulus.

To those that have already gardens, I may mention that in the kitchen garden the principal work will consist in keeping weeds down, and in planting things for rotation. Finish planting out flowers in beds and borders. Do not forget asters; whole beds of them make a grand show in autumn.

The Poultry-Run.—You may continue to set fowls; you will thus obtain cockerels fit to kill before Christmas and pullets to lay in winter, although they should have been hatched sooner for this purpose.

I am frequently asked to recommend incubators. It is a somewhat invidious task. Nearly all have their merits, and one does not like to say which is best. Christy's and Hearson's I have spoken of before. Mann & Co., of Bedford, have a new one called the Simplex, which is cheap, but I have not seen it. The Westmaria Co., Kendal, have a capital one that I have not before mentioned. It is easy to work and pretty certain. The price for a 50-egg machine is £5 5*s*. It should soon pay for itself many times over. Of course, with any of these machines, care and experience is needed, and, while in operation, the machine must not be neglected. But, as a rule, they are easily got up to.

It will be well now to see that your poultry houses and runs are in good order and capable of standing the summer campaign. It would be as well to whitewash the inside of the house and tar the out. This greatly tends to keep down disease of many kinds. Take away the droppings and mix with ashes and soot, and you will form a manure nearly as good as guano for your garden.

If you have many fowls, you had better begin to weed out at once. Never keep hens that are bad doers or useless.

Continue to feed well and judiciously. Let nothing from the house be thrown away that the fowls can eat. A grass run is now most essential for health and comfort; failing this, throw green stuff into the run.

Keep the gravel clean, and see that the water is always sweet and fresh.

The Pigeon-Loft.—Now that summer has come on us with a sudden bound, we must be busy and watchful if we would have health in the loft. Nothing is more detrimental to pigeons than confinement in a hot and stuffy loft. I am quite sure that if boys would pay more attention to the sanitary condition of their pigeouries I should have fewer complaints about want of success in hatching.

The loft is only too often covered by the slated roof alone, and a place up against the sky like this gets insufferably hot in summer if the temperature be high. The wild pigeons choose the darkest, coolest trees, such as the spruce fir, and even the nest is a ventilated one. Well, we cram them into a foul hot loft and nest them in pans, the water in the fountains even is often warm and slimy, and still we wonder why eggs won't hatch, why birds die in their shells if not assisted, or, if born, develop only into miserable weaklings.

Let me remind you, then, that not only should you breed from young strong birds and feed well, but that all their surroundings should be wholesome and invigorating. Ventilation, therefore, is of all importance, so is pure water and a judicious mixture of gravel and old lime.

The Aviary.—If you are a breeder your birds will still be busy enough now with the cares of maternity and paternity. I am not sure that the *pater* has not as much care on his head as the *mater*, but it is sweet care for both. Only the cock has to feed the hen, and, if he has also a growing family not yet able to help themselves, he has also to stuff food into their insatiable maws. Remember that the first seed the young have must be bruised. As soon as they can eat seed you should put them away in a cage by themselves, and sell as quickly as possible: unless there are one or more specially promising, the best plan is to get rid of the lot.

Do not give dainties to breeding birds. The only dainty, and it is a necessity, is green food, always fresh and sweet.

The Rabbitry.—Beware now of overcrowding, and of filth in every shape or form. Your hutches ought to be out of doors now, but, of course, well protected against draughts and rain. The more exercise your pets have the healthier and happier will they be.

Do not be above gathering grass for bedding from the roadside, now that it is abundant. It must be perfectly well dried before it is stored, and a suitable day should be chosen on which to gather it. That is, it should not be taken when full of dust; in sunshine, after rain, is the correct time.

The Kennel.—Boys who keep dogs in towns, or have cats either, for the matter of that, should not forget that grass is essential to their well-being. I often pity poor animals who from year's end to year's end never get a pluck of what God in His goodness designs they should have. Grass is so easily grown anywhere, so that neither cat nor dog need want for it. Give plenty of bedding and see it is kept dry. When you give a fresh supply of straw be sure to sweep the kennel out, for dust not only harbours vermin, but disease spores also.

II.—Entomology.

By Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.

June is a perfectly bewildering month in the variety and extent of the work which it offers to the diligent entomologist. So many different things have to be done, that he hardly knows what to be at first. He must be up early, to look at his palings; and he must take advantage of the mid-day sun for the butterflies and the day-flying moths; and he must be out late to see after his "treacles." And when he turns in after a long day's work, he will probably dream of the "good things" that he *might* have caught if only he could have stayed out all night.

Of butterflies there are—or ought to be—no less than thirty-seven species upon the wing. Of course many of these are very local, and some are very rare. The Swallow-tail is out in the fens; but you will find it nowhere else. Several of the Fritillaries will be haunting the clearings of woods. Of these, the two Pearl-borders at least ought to be common; but take care of your net. For these butterflies are very fond of sunning themselves upon brambles, and one is greatly tempted to strike at them as they sit. Look out for the White Admiral (*Limenitis Sibylla*), which is local, but not uncommon where it occurs. Three of the Hairstreaks are on the wing, one of which—the Black Hairstreak (*Thecla pruni*)—is rather a rarity. It should be sought among sloe. If you are very lucky indeed, you *may* come across a Mazarine Blue.

Several of the hawk moths appear; doubtless you will have bred some of these from pupæ. The two Elephants (*Chærocampa*) are fond of hovering over honeysuckle blossoms at dusk. While you are waiting for them keep *still*; and be quick with the net. Most of the Burnets are out. These fly in the sunshine, and are very conspicuous; and where you take one you may almost depend upon finding plenty more. Look out, too, for the Foresters (*Procris*). They seldom seem to fly, but may often be found seated on flowers. And they are especially partial to those of the mullein.

Keep working with the shaking-stick until about the middle of the month. After that time *Geometræ* become less numerous, and more attention should be paid to the day-fliers. Sugar will be of little use until about the 10th or 12th of the month; but after that time it may be used on every suitable night until at least the end of September. One of your earliest visitors will probably be the exquisite Peach-blossom (*Thyatira batis*). It seldom settles, but flutters daintily up and down the treacle, sipping as it goes; and it takes alarm at the light of the lantern so readily, that you will have to be very quick indeed with the pill-box. Towards the end of the month the *Noctuæ* will come in hosts; but the evenings are so long that it will be quite useless to apply the mixture until nearly nine o'clock.

When you go round the palings in the morning, keep an eye on the lamp-posts. Many moths remain seated on the glass or the uprights when the light is turned out, and may be captured with no more trouble than that involved in "swarming" the post. I have known no less an insect than the coveted Lobster (*Stauropus fagi*) to be taken in this way.

As for beetles, their name will be legion. Keep a look out for them *everywhere*. Many species are fond of flowers, especially those of umbelliferous plants. Any hawthorn blossom that may still remain will be well worth shaking over an umbrella. Keep the sweep-net hard at work, and select as great a variety of herbage as you can. Shake tree-branches into the umbrella; and *don't* gaze upwards while you are doing so!

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

Photographic Novelties.

A French correspondent sends us the following, which is reproduced as written, with one or two explanatory notes:—

"In making some experiments on sensible papers I have noticed the following: I knew that white paper when dipped in water, dried in darkness, and exposed under a plate for some time, and then dipped in a bath of azot (nitrate) of silver, will give a print. Seeing that a white paper, after having been exposed, keeps some traces of the light, I concluded that the light it contains would be sufficient to make an impression on a plate. It succeeded. Having heard that quinia (sulf. of) [*i.e.* sulphate of quinine] was a little phosphorescent, I employed it in the following way to keep the light longer in the paper. I put for 10 min. a piece of paper in water containing the ¼th of its weight of sulf. of quinia, dried it in the darkness, exposed it for 10 min. under a cliché (*i.e.* a negative) in the sun, and then brought it in the black room. There I left it for 10 min. on bromid paper, and then developed it, and this is the photo I obtained. Cloath dose as well as paper, but dose not keep the impression so long. Thinking that some English boys would like to try this experiment, I send you this little note, and pray you, sir, to print it in the 'Boy's Own Paper.'

P.S.—If this time of exposure dose not do, you must leave it longer or less in the sun, because I have noticed that it did not do every day the same.

Rodolphe Berthon."

[The above experiment will, no doubt, interest photographic readers. The print sent, though not so good as if printed in the ordinary way, is wonderfully distinct considering that the bromide paper had not been exposed to any light, except that from the phosphorescent paper, before being developed.]

Our Photo Competition.

H. Wade writes: "Many of my friends have inquired what is 'What is it?' (the photo which you honoured me by reproducing in the 'B. O. P.') So I thought possibly some of the 'B. O. P.' readers might ask the same question. The photograph was taken last year with a Hand Camera on Blackpool sands. A fisherman had just emptied his basket containing worthless fish, etc., and the crowd were examining these sea wonders when I took a snap shot."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

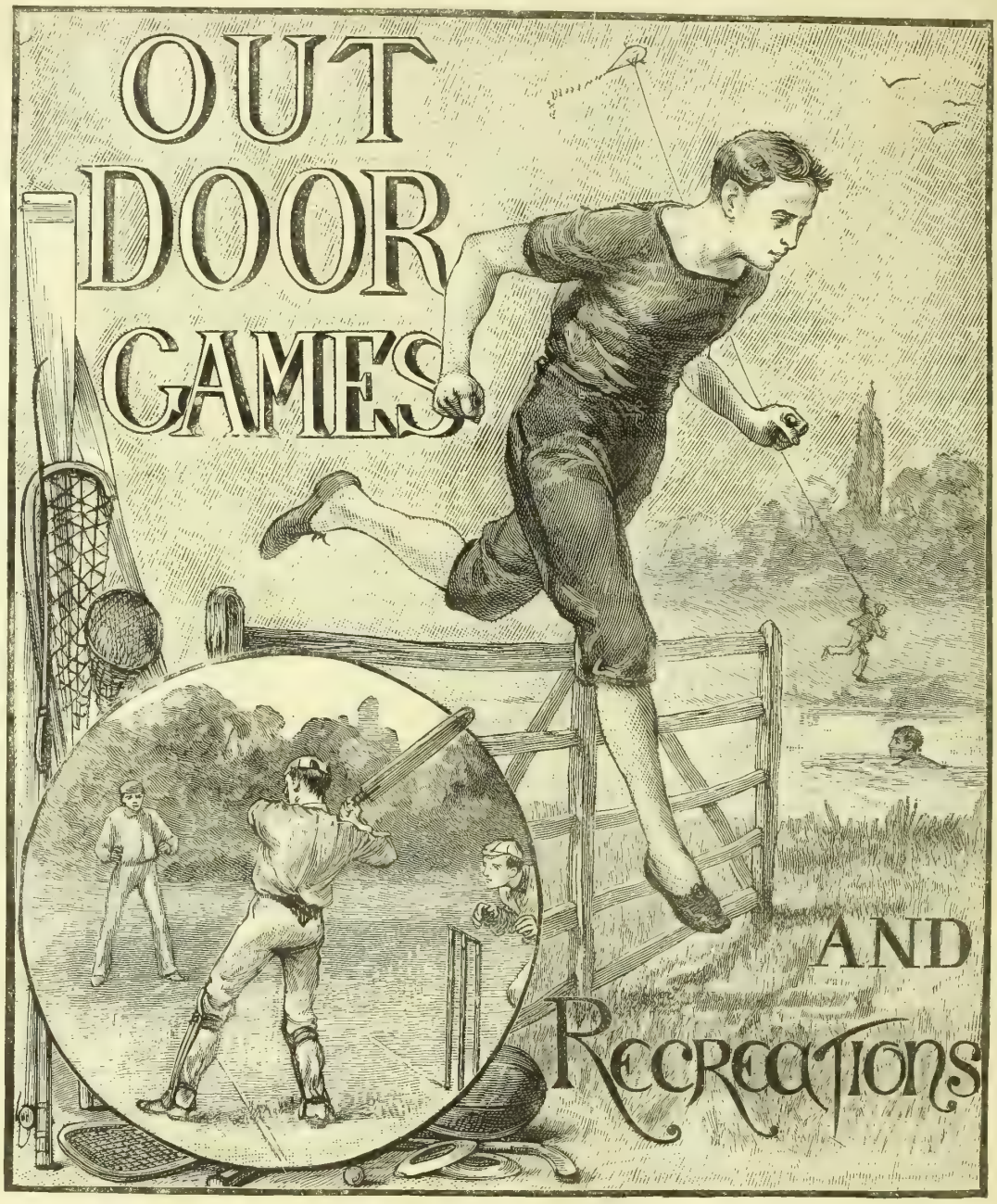
In our next Part several new Stories of special interest will commence, and are sure to command wide attention. Any extra copies needed should be ordered early.

Our Special Extra Summer Number *is now in active preparation, and will be issued with the* July *Monthly Part. It will be a particularly attractive number this year.*

*** Parts I. and II. are now ready and may be obtained through the Booksellers. A large Presentation Plate of Portraits is given with the First Part.

TO BE COMPLETED IN TWELVE MONTHLY PARTS, SIXPENCE EACH.

OUT DOOR GAMES AND RECREATIONS



Edited by G. A. HUTCHISON, Editor "Boy's Own Paper," "Boy's Own Bookshelf," etc., etc.

The contents will embrace Articles, all fully Illustrated by the best Artists, on the following amongst other subjects:—

CRICKET, AND HOW TO PLAY IT. By Dr. W. G. GRACE.

CRICKET CLUBS—THEIR FORMATION and MANAGEMENT. By Dr. W. G. GRACE.

ATHLETIC TRAINING. By a Member of the London Athletic Club, and the Editor.

SWIMMING. By an Oxford M.A. and Coach.

SEA SWIMMING AND BATHING. By Capt. MATTHEW WEBB.

FOOTBALL, AND HOW TO EXCEL IN IT. By C. W. ALCOCK, H. VASSALL, and other leading authorities.

LAWN TENNIS. By TALBOT BAINES REED and J. SACHS.

BOYS' PETS AND ALL ABOUT THEM. By Dr. GORDON STABLES, Dr. GREENE, F.Z.S., Dr. STRADLING, and others.

BOATS AND BOAT SAILING. By Capt. FRANKLIN FOX, late P. & O. Service, and others.

YACHTING. By FRANK COWPER, M.A., etc.

SKATING, IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. By Rev. J. WOOD, M.A., C. G. TEBBUTT, CHARLES WHYMPER, etc.

PRACTICAL ENTOMOLOGY AND NATURAL HISTORY. By Rev. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S., and others.

GOATS, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT. By J. HOLMES PEGLER.

BEES, AND THEIR MANAGEMENT. By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.SC.

FROGS AND TOADS, SNAKES, AND OTHER OUT-OF-THE-WAY PETS. By Dr. STRADLING, SOMERVILLE, WATSON, and others.

COURIER OR HOMING PIGEONS: HOW TO TRAIN AND FLY THEM. By JOHN DAY, R. W. ALLRIDGE, and others.

FISHING—IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, AND BY LINE, ROD, AND TRAWL. By J. HARRINGTON KEENE, J. P. TAYLOR, and others.

CYCLING. By Rev. J. HERBERT, M.A., Rev. J. MEADOWS WHITE, M.A., and others.

HEALTH-HINTS FOR GROWING BOYS. By Dr. GORDON STABLES, R.N.

TRAINING FOR SCHOOL SPORTS. By A. ALEXANDER, F.R.C.S., Director of Liverpool Gymnasium.

ICE BOATS AND YACHTS, TOBOGANNING, SLEIGHING, AND OTHER WINTER SPORTS.

LA CROSSE, GOLF, ROUNDERS, BASE-BALL, etc. By Various Experts.

KITES AND KITE-FLYING. By W. J. GORDON and others.

THE BOY'S OWN PONY, OR HOW TO RIDE. By CUTHBERT BRADLEY.

RINGOAL. By C. JOHNSTONE, of Keble College.

DRAWING AND SKETCHING FROM NATURE. By FRED. MILLER, G. H. EDWARDS, and others.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY, IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. By Capt. ABNEY, F.R.S. Rev. R. A. R. BENNETT, B.A., and others.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIRDS AND BIRD-KEEPING—INDOOR AND OUTDOOR AVIARIES, ETC. By Dr. GREENE, F. LYDON, and others.

SHELLS AND SEA-WEEDS—THE FRESH AND SALT-WATER AQUARIUMS, ETC. By Recognised Authorities.

WINDOW, FRUIT, FLOWER, AND VEGETABLE GARDENING.

BRASSES AND BRASS-RUBBINGS. By G. C. WILLIAMSON, F.A.S., F.S.S.

FOSSILS AND FOSSIL HUNTING. By T. E. LONES, M.A., M.D.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

PUBLISHED AT THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER" OFFICE, LONDON.
SOLD BY ALL NEWSAGENTS.

☞ *A New and Enlarged Edition of "Indoor Games and Recreations" is also being prepared, and will be issued in* 6d. *Monthly Parts, uniform with the "Outdoor Games," etc.*



THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER"] Grover & Co., Nottingham. [56, *Paternoster Row.*

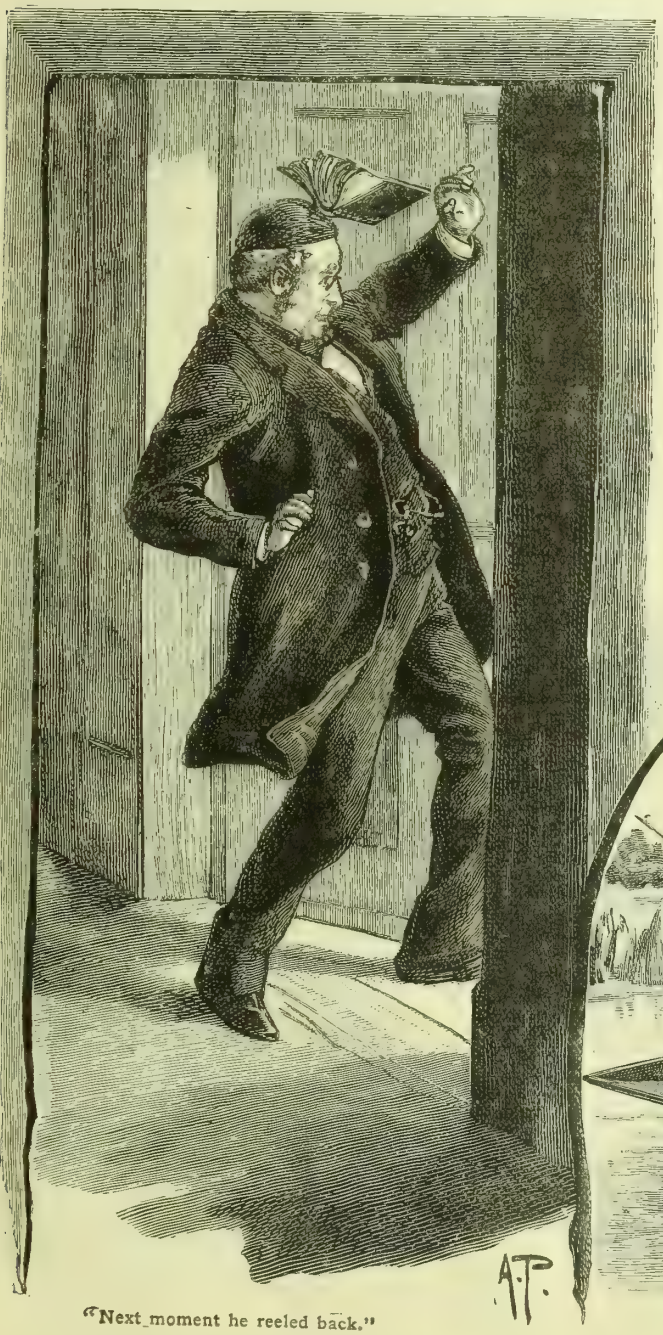
A SEPTEMBER MORNING.

Painted by F. CAYLEY ROBINSON.

(EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, 1888.)

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 647.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"Next moment he reeled back."

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

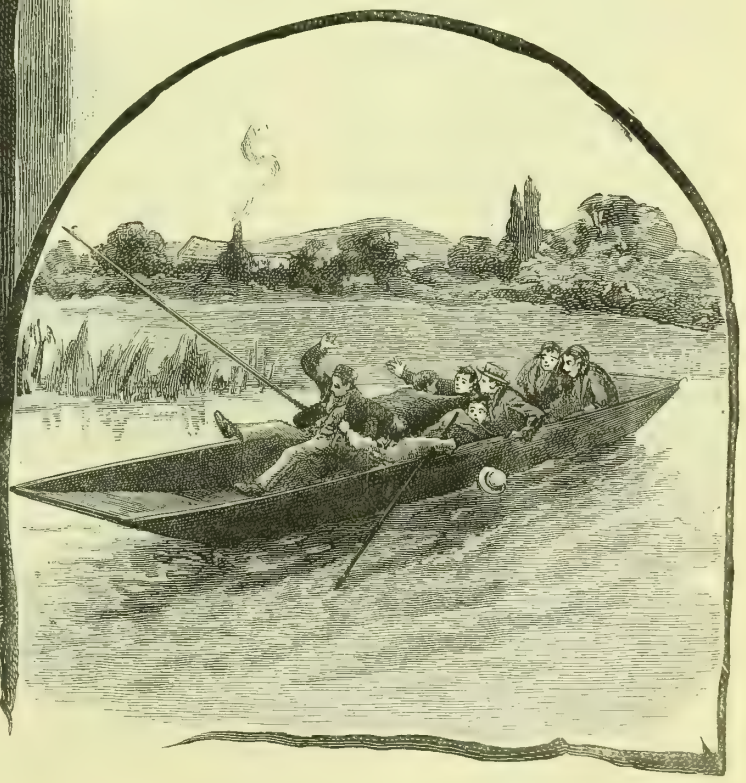
By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—COMING TO.

Fisher I's discovery put the finishing touch to the discomfiture of the Modern seniors.

And the manner in which they came by the news of it by no means tended to salve the wound which it inflicted.



The Shop Committee was so convulsed by the intelligence which Fisher II brought, that they then and there promised themselves the pleasure of conveying the good news to Rollitt's accusers in person. They accordingly adjourned in a body to the Modern side.

"Won't Clapperton grin!" said Percy. "I say, you chaps, we may as well let him have it one at a time. Then he'll hear it nine times over, do you see? I'll go first."

The idea seemed a good one, but risky. Cottle calculated that after about the fourth time Clapperton would be a little riled. He therefore modestly proposed to follow Percy. Cash and Lickford competed smartly for the third place, the former being successful. Ramshaw, having to come fifth, had decided misgivings as to the fun of the thing; while the Classic juniors declined to play unless all the others remained on the spot ready to back up in case of emergency.

It was also decided that, for precautionary reasons, the key of Clapperton's door should be removed for the time being, lest he should try to lock the good news out; and that an interval of two minutes should be allowed to elapse between each messenger's announcement.

Little dreaming of the exquisite torture being prepared for him, Clapperton sat in his study engaged in the farce of preparation.

He had plenty to think of besides lessons. Things had all gone wrong with him. Dangle and he had fought. Brinkman, after his thrashing by Corder, no longer counted. Fullerton had rebelled, and was taking boys over every day to the enemy. Corder had successfully defied his—Clapperton's—authority, and the juniors snapped their fingers at him.

And yet Clapperton had come up this term determined to lay himself out for his side, and be the most popular prefect in Fellsgarth.

His one comfort was that the Classics were under a cloud too. One of their number was a runaway thief; and a stigma rested on their side worse than any that attached to the Moderns.

He was trying to make the most of this questionable consolation when the door opened, and Percy bounced in.

"I say, Clapperton; Fisher's found the money. Rollitt's not a thief. Ain't you glad? Hurray!"

And, without waiting, he retired as suddenly as he had come.

Clapperton gaped at the door by which he had gone in amazement. He had never calculated on this. This was the worst thing yet. It showed Yorke had been right, and that he and Dangle——

The door opened again, and Cottle ran in.

"Hurray, Clapperton! The money's found. Rollitt's no thief. Ain't you glad?"

And he, too, vanished.

There must be something in it. What a fool he would look to all Fellsgarth! Perhaps it was only a plot, though, to shield Rollitt. Perhaps——

The door once more swung open, and in jumped Cash.

"Clapperton, I say—Hooray! That money's been found. Rollitt's no thief. Ain't you glad?"

Hullo! At this rate he would get to know the news. How they would crow on the other side! He wondered if Fisher I had done it on purp——

Again there was a scuffle of feet at the door, and Lickford stepped in.

"Oh! Clapperton," he said. "Hooray, Clapperton! The money's turned up, and Rollitt's no thief. Ain't you glad?—and, oh, I say, Clapperton—hooray!"

"Come here," said Clapperton, sternly.

But, oh dear no; Lickford was pressed, and couldn't stay.

"The young asses!" growled Clapperton. "Why can't they keep their precious news to themselves? If they'd tried, they couldn't have made bigger nuisances of themselves. I suppose, now, Yorke will——"

The door swung open again, and Ramshaw, hanging on to the handle, swung in with it.

"Hooray, Clapperton! Rollitt's no thief. That money's turned up. Ain't you glad? I am—good evening."

This final greeting was cut short by a ruler which Clapperton sent flying at the messenger's head. Ramshaw dodged in time, and the ruler flew out into the passage, where it was promptly captured by Fisher II, whose turn came next.

"Thank goodness that's the end of the young cads!" growled Clapperton. "They've done it on purpose; and I'll pay them out for it. That ass, Fisher I, he's bound to——"

Here there came a modest tap at the door, and Fisher II peeped in, apologetically.

"Well, what do you want? You've no business on this side; go to your own house."

"All right, Clapperton," said Fisher, speaking with unwonted rapidity. "I only thought you'd like to know my brother's found the money. Hurray! Rollitt's no thief; ain't you glad?—Yeow!"

This last exclamation was in response to a grab from the enraged Clapperton, which, though it failed to catch the messenger, clawed his face.

"I've had enough of this," said the senior. "I don't care—— Hullo! where's my key?"

The key was not to be seen. He looked out into the passage; it was not there. No one else was in sight.

He returned viciously to his seat at the table, and began to read again.

The door had opened, and Ashby, on tiptoe, was in the room before the senior noticed the fresh intrusion.

"Rollitt's no thief; ain't you glad? The money's found. Hurray, Clapperton!—done it!" exclaimed Ashby, all in one breath, dancing out of the room in conscious pride at his exploit.

"All very well," said D'Arcy, whose turn came next; "how am I to do it?"

"No shirking," said Wally; "I come after you."

"Look here," said D'Arcy; "if you chaps give me a leg-up, I'll let him have it through his window. I can reach round from this passage-window to his if you hang on to my legs."

"Good dodge," said Wally, admiringly, "but we'd better turn the key on the door first. If he came out and spotted us holding you, we might have to drop you."

So the key was quietly put in the lock and turned; and D'Arcy, firmly held by the heels, wriggled himself out of the window, and, with the aid of a pipe, pulled himself up, with his face to the window of Clapperton's study.

That worthy was beginning to congratulate himself that he would be spared a further repetition of the uncomfortable news that night, when a sudden, loud voice at one of the open lattice panes almost startled him out of his skin.

"Oh, Clapperton! Ain't you glad? Rollitt's no thief. The money's found. Good evening—have you used our soap? Haul in, you chaps! Sharp!"

The persecuted senior, after the first surprise, made a frantic rush, first at the window, and then, finding the bird flown, at the door. The latter was locked. He could hear a scuffling and scrambling in the lobby outside, followed by a stampede; after which dead silence prevailed, save for the vicious kicking of the imprisoned hero at his own door.

"Whew!" said Wally, fanning himself when the juniors were safe back in Percy's study. "That was a squeak, if you like. How on earth am I to do it?"

"Better let him off" suggested some one.

Wally resented the suggestion as an insult.

"Not likely," said he. "I'll do it. I don't care, if you all back up."

And in a minute, when the sound of the kicking had ceased, and Clapperton had apparently retired once more to his work, he crept out into the lobby, followed stealthily by the whole band.

As they passed the head of the stairs, whose voice should they hear below, inquiring of a middle boy if Clapperton was in the house, but the Doctor's?

"Yes, sir, shall I tell him you want him?" said the boy.

"No, I'll go up to his room," said the Doctor.

"Whew!" said Wally, "what a go! and the door's locked on the outside!"

"I'll go and turn it quietly," said Percy, "if you back up in case he flies out."

But the precaution was not needed. Percy, who luckily had just taken off his boots, slipped up silently to the door, and the others from their lurking-place saw him quietly turn the key and then walk back, evidently unheard by the prisoner within.

He passed the stair-head just before the Doctor came up, and to their great relief ran into the arms of his friends unchallenged.

The Doctor, indeed, was too pre-occupied to dream that, as he went to Clapperton's study, nine small heads were craning out of a door at the end of the passage, watching his every step.

"I say," whispered Ashby, in tones of horror, "suppose Clap. thinks it's one of us, and goes for him."

"My eye, what a go!" ejaculated Cash.

They saw the stately figure stand a moment at the door and turn the handle.

Next moment he reeled back with an exclamation of amazement, nearly felled to the ground by a bulky dictionary hurled at his head!

The nine lurkers fairly embraced one another in horror at the sight of this awful outrage; and when, a moment after,

they saw the Doctor gather himself together and return to the charge, this time closing the door behind him, they did not envy the unlucky Clapperton the awkward five minutes in store for him.

How the two arranged matters no one could say. But as no sounds of violence issued, and the Doctor did not summon any one to fetch his cane, they concluded Clapperton had offered a sufficiently humble apology for his mistake.

"Hold on, now," said Wally, after three minutes had passed; "I'll try it now—it's my only chance. You Classic kids be ready to cut home with me as soon as I come back."

So, starting at a run like one who had come a long distance and expected to find the senior alone, he dashed unceremoniously into Clapperton's study, of course not appearing to notice the distinguished company present, crying:

"I say, Clapperton. Hooray! The money's found. Rollitt's no thief. Ain't you glad? Oh, the Doctor! I beg your pardon, sir."

The next moment he, D'Arcy, Ashby, and Fisher II were descending the stairs three steps at a time on their way back to Mr. Wakefield's as fast as their legs would carry them, and with all the righteous satisfaction of men who had done their duty at all costs.

"I reckon," said Wally, "he pretty well knows about it now—and if he don't, the Doctor will rub it in."

The unfortunate Clapperton, indeed, required no one to "rub in" the fact that he had made a mess of things.

The Doctor did not attempt to do it. He merely carried the news of the finding of the money, and desired Clapperton, as head of the house, to make it known as widely as possible.

"I say nothing now of the cruel wrong which has been inflicted by hasty suspicion on Rollitt. That shadow is still on the school. But the worse shadow, that a Fellsgarth boy was a thief, is happily removed, and I wish every boy in this house to hear of it at the earliest possible moment."

And the Doctor went, leaving Clapperton to gulp down the bitter pill as best he could.

Why should he have the job to do? He had not been the first to start the suspicions. Dangle had done that—Dangle, with whom he had fought. Why should not Dangle be called upon to put it right? Unluckily, Dangle was not the captain of Forder's. He was not as responsible in starting the rumour as Clapperton, in his position, had been in adopting it.

It was more than he could bring himself to, to summon the house and announce the news publicly. If Dangle and Brinkman had been with him still, the three of them together might have brazened it out. But his colleagues were sulking in their own quarters, and whatever had to be done must be done single-handed.

He therefore sat down in no very happy frame of mind and wrote out the following curt notice for the house-boards:—

"NOTICE.—The head master wishes it to be known that the club money supposed to be missing has been found by the treasurer. GEO. CLAPPERTON."

This ungracious document he copied out three times, and taking advantage of every one being in his study for preparation, affixed with his own hand on the notice-boards at the house-door and on each landing.

"There!" said he, with a sneer of disgust, as he returned to his own room, "let them make the most of that."

An hour later the dormitory bell sounded, and he could hear the scuffling of feet on the lobby outside, and the clamour of voices as boys hustled one another in front of the boards. Evidently the majority regarded the announcement in a jocular manner; and when a distant shout of laughter came up from the passage below, and down from the landing above, it was clear that Forders did not take the matter very much to heart.

"It *is* ridiculous, when you come to think of it," soliloquised Clapperton, "that a blundering ass like Fisher I should have brought the school into such a precious mess."

The noise gradually died away as fellows one by one dropped off to bed.

Clapperton waited till they were gone before he followed. As he passed the notice-board he glanced at the document which had lately cost him so much pain. It was still there; but not as he left it. A sentence had been squeezed in between his own words and his signature at the bottom of the sheet, which, as it was a fair imitation of his back-sloped handwriting, had all the appearance of forming part of his manifesto.

Clapperton gasped with fury as he read the amended notice:—

"NOTICE.—The head master wishes it to be known that the club money supposed to be missing has been found by the treasurer, and that I am a beast and a sneak to have accused Rollitt of stealing it. GEO. CLAPPERTON."

He tore the paper from the board, and stamped on it in his rage. Then he went downstairs to look at the notice on the school-door. It read precisely like the other, the imitation being perhaps better. He stayed only to tear this down, and proceeded to the upper landing, where the same insult confronted him.

Who the author might be he was free to guess.

As he lay awake that night, tossing and turning, he racked his brain to devise some retribution.

And yet, his more sensible self told him, hadn't he been leading up to this all the term? What had he done to make the fellows respect, much more like, him? He had bullied, and swaggered, and set himself against the good of the school. The fellows who followed him only did so in the hope of getting something—either fun or advantage—out of the agitation. They didn't care twopence about Clapperton, and were ready enough to drop him as soon as ever it suited their turn. The one or two things he could do well, and for which anybody respected him—as, for instance, football—he had deliberately shut himself off from, leaving his authority to depend only on the very qualities he had least cause to be proud of.

It was easy enough to say that Brinkman and Dangle cut even a poorer figure over this wretched business than he. But who troubled their heads about Brinkman and Dangle? The former had already been snuffed out hopelessly, and dared not show his face. Dangle, as everybody knew, had a personal grudge against Rollitt, and was unhampered by scruples as to how he scored. But he—Clapperton—he had always tried to pose as a decent sort of fellow, with some kind of interest in the good of the school and some sort of notion about common honour and decency.

Ugh! This was what had come of it.

As he lay awake that night, the sound of the laughter round the notice-boards and the "ain't you glad?" of the juniors dinned in his ears, sometimes infuriating, sometimes humiliating him; but in either case mockingly reminding him that Clapperton's greatest enemy in Fellsgarth was the captain of the Modern side.

Next morning brought no news of the missing boy, and a vague feeling of anxiety spread through the school. Boys remembered how proud and sensitive Rollitt had been, and how dreadful was the accusation against him. Suppose he had done something desperate? He had cared little enough for danger when all went well. Would he be likely to care more now that the school was in league against him, pointing to him as a thief, and hounding him out of its society?

All sorts of dreadful possibilities occurred both to masters and boys; and all the while a feeling of fierce resentment was growing against the fellows whose accusations had been the cause of all the mischief.

Dangle, as he crossed the Green to class, was hooted all the way. Brinkman was followed about with derisive cheers, and cries of "Look out! Corder's coming"; and Clapperton, when he appeared, was silently cut. Fellows went out of the way to avoid him; and the chair on either side of him was left vacant in Hall.

"Did you hear," said Ramshaw I to his neighbour at the prefects' table at dinner-time, "that they've begun to drag the lake to-day?"

A grim silence greeted the question. Fellows tried to go on with their meal. But somehow Ramshaw had destroyed everyone's appetite.

"Nonsense!" said Yorke. "He took food with him. You forget that."

"That looks as if he'd gone off the beaten track somewhere," said Fullerton.

"It does—and Hawk's Pike is as likely a place as any other," said Yorke.

"Whew! There was frost on it the other night," some one said. "I wish the Doctor would let us go out and look for him. We've a much better chance of finding him than police and guides."

Here the signal was given to rise, and everyone dispersed. Yorke stayed—one of the last. As he went out, he caught sight of a solitary figure walking moodily ahead, with hands dug in pockets and head down, the picture of dejection.

Yorke could hardly recognise in this back view his old rival and enemy, Clapperton. Yet he it was. A few weeks ago, and he always marched to and from his house in the boisterous company of friends and admirers. Now he was left alone.

A flush of something like shame mounted to the captain's cheeks. He had no love for this fellow. He owed him

little gratitude. And yet the sight of him thus solitary, cut off from the stream, stirred him.

He quickened his pace, and overtook Clapperton. The Modern senior wheeled round half-savagely.

"Clapperton," said the captain, "we've been enemies all this term. I've thought harshly of you, and you've thought harshly of me. Why shouldn't we be friends?"

"What!" almost growled Clapperton; "are you making a fool of me?"

"No — but we've tried hating one another long enough. Let's try being friends for a change."

They stood facing one another: the one serene, honest, inviting; the other dejected and doubting, But as their eyes met the fires kindled again in Clapperton's face, and the cloud swept off his brow. He pulled his hand from his pocket and held it out.

"Done with you, Yorke. You're the last fellow in Fellsgarth I expected to call friend just now."

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frèzols," etc.

CHAPTER XV.—THE SANCTUARY.

It did not take long for Kerdic to see the gravity of his position. The Guebre would never give up the secret of his own free will. To appeal to his feelings was to trust to a broken twig. Cut out a way by main force he would willingly do, but where was he to begin?

The only resource remaining to him, the frailest but the most precious, was his own courage and fertility of invention. So long as his mind remained clear and lucid and his will firm, nothing was lost.

And in the first place was it true, as the Guebre said, that it was impossible to leave the labyrinth without knowing the secret? There was no reason to doubt his good faith. But he might be mistaken. Anyhow, Maurice, who was above all things a man of action, resolved to enter at once on the solution of the mystery.

"Goucha Nichin," he said, "I will not try to persuade you. I will not show you how unworthy it was of an honest man to entice us into a place where you manifestly knew that death awaited us, or you would not have made your will before you set out; nor will I show you how unjust it was for you not to have warned me to do the same when I was leaving behind me, as you know, a sister no less loved than thy Leila; nor will I dwell on the barbarity you have shown in uselessly sacrificing my faithful Gargaridi."

"Ah!" exclaimed Aristomenes, always glad to come on the scene, "you might have said as my poor papa did at the battle of Plevna, 'Gargaridi, say your prayers, for you see death close at hand.'"

"What would such considerations be worth," said Maurice, "to a man who has voluntarily extinguished within him every sentiment of humanity or justice? Let it be enough for me to tell you that I despise you and I defy you, and that I will get out of this labyrinth by the strength that is given me by the determination to return to those I love."

"Go," said the Guebre, bitterly; "wear thyself out, like a true Faranghi, in striving against the inevitable. When a Parsee beholds himself being plunged into the everlasting abyss, he recoils for a moment and looks round with a philosophic eye on life and death and all things. You are vain and frivolous, and this last hour you waste in foolish boasting. What wouldst thou do, young madman?"

"Explore in all its windings this labyrinth which you intended for my tomb; use my feet to find the exit, and when that is done," said Maurice with a gleam of joy truly heroic under the circumstances, "search these gloomy halls and probe the secrets which you and yours have unjustly hidden from mankind."

A violent contraction mingled with fury and agony crossed the Guebre's face. With eyes of fire and hands clenched he rose and made a step forward. Perhaps he thought of strangling this audacious defier on the spot. But what could he do, enfeebled by age, against a young and vigorous man? He dropped his arms.

"If," said he, "any justification were required for what thou callest injustice and cruelty, thou hast revealed what would justify the fullest reprisals. What, wouldst thou dare to trespass in our sanctuaries, to lift the veil with thy sacrilegious hand; and it is to me, the guardian of these mysteries, that thou tellest it and hopest for mercy! Go! perish! and may your bones warn all who would follow thy example of the fate in store for them!"

And again wrapping his cloak around him he sank to the ground, and crossed his arms like a man who had said his last word.

"Evidently," said Maurice, who had given up troubling himself about Goucha Nichin, "it is impossible to have any idea in advance of the plan of this maze. It is a Chinese puzzle in which we might lose and find ourselves many times before reaching the phantom of a solution. Forward, then! let him who loves me follow me!"

"One moment, sir, if you please," said Aristomenes, busy foraging in his basket; "before we go, what are we to do about the provisions!"

"Ah, yes! the provisions. You are a man of resource, Gargaridi, and it is well that you provided largely. What shall we do with them? Why, make them last as long as we can!"

"Exactly!" said Aristomenes, "ration ourselves regularly, of course! But that is not what I mean. This old swaggerer here? He deserves nothing. But when we are on the same raft, we ought to share with our brothers—that is so, is it not, sir?"

"You are a very good fellow, Aristomenes," said Maurice; "undoubtedly we ought to share our victuals with our companion in misfortune. What have you got there?"

"We have done for the best part," said Gargaridi. "One of the two bottles was broken in my fall, the other is all right. We have some bread, a sausage, biscuits; that is all that is left, but there is a good deal of it."

"Quite so. What a lucky thing it is that you will always go ahead without thinking of the price."

"I never was stingy," said Aristomenes, bridling up. "Alas! if I had been a little more careful! But regrets are superfluous."

"Give Goucha Nichin his share, and let us get on," said Maurice.

"He shall have a third part of everything, neither more nor less," said Gargaridi, dividing the provisions with mathematical precision.

"There, Mr. Magus," said he, putting down the Guebre's portion in front of him, "you see what Faranghis do to those who get them into a mess. You would have let us die of starvation; we share with you our last morsel. Perhaps you think we are fools, but we prefer our style to yours. And so, good evening!"

The magus was evidently astonished, and followed Gargaridi's movements with an incredulous look. At his last words a cloud seemed to pass over the bronze face, and something like a tear appeared in his eye. But mastering his fleeting emotion, he resumed his impassible attitude, and soon the two men had gone out of sight. With the little lamp Maurice went in front; Gargaridi, carrying the precious basket, followed closely. They had taken the first opening that came. It was like the others, a sort of alley six feet wide, bounded at the side by smooth walls, and ending in another alley from which led other alleys all alike. When the two men reached the angle, they went down another passage to another angle, and so on and on as though they would go on for ever.

As in those enchanted palaces we read of in fairy tales, it seemed that the more they walked the less they accomplished. The more corridors they went along, the more seemed to rise like unto them. There were no means of knowing whether they were advancing or retiring; the perfect uniformity of the walls prevented all attempt at discovering if they had been along any corridor before; and as to dropping breadcrumbs as Gargaridi proposed, Maurice at once declined so costly an experiment.

After wandering in this way for several hours, the explorers at last reached a

sort of rotunda from which, as from all the other junctions, led off an interminable series of corridors; and they stopped to take breath.

For the tenth time Gargaridi was searching in his basket for a piece of string or something which might serve the purpose of Ariadne's thread, when Maurice caught sight at the bottom of the basket of a pointed knife with which Gargaridi was accustomed to cut his food and carry it to his mouth, to the great alarm of those who witnessed the dangerous operation.

"That will serve us for Ariadne's thread!" he said joyously. "With that and my compass I hope we shall soon know where we are."

"And how?"

"Whatever direction we make up our minds to take the compass will show us if we are deviating from it or not. With this knife we can scratch a number on the walls as we pass them, and that will not only measure our distance, but show if we return along the same road. In that way we shall at least make sure of getting o1."

"That will be something," said Gargaridi.

They resumed their march, and after several ineffectual attempts, backwards and forwards, at progress, Maurice had the pleasure of discovering that he was advancing. He had left behind him the numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 at the corner of so many turnings, and the compass declared clearly enough that he was going due east, the direction he had chosen for reasons of his own.

"Courage, Aristomenes!" he said to his servant, who dragged along behind him. "I am convinced we are walking towards the sanctuary!"

"And when we get there, sir," groaned Gargaridi, whose enthusiasm had cooled considerably during the long march, "we shall be in a pretty plight! Meanwhile, do you think you could eat something? For my part, I am ready to drop with fatigue and emptiness."

"I do not say no," said Maurice, "but in moderation."

"Two biscuits and a mouthful of wine, that is all we can allow ourselves," said Gargaridi austerely. "Ah!" he continued a moment later when refreshed by this light refection, "there is no question but that there is a great difference between a man famished and a man well ballasted. When I think I was letting myself sink into discouragement, I to whom my illustrious ancestor and homonym bequeathed so excellent an example."

"What example?" said Maurice carelessly.

"You have not forgotten how the Messenian hero got out of the pit into which the Spartans had thrown him."

"Tell me as if I had forgotten," said Maurice.

"After seeing all his companions perish, alone, dying of hunger, far from all human help, Aristomenes was waiting for death when he felt a warm breath near his face. It was a fox who lived in the cave, and was sniffing about it. With that presence of mind which makes great generals, my ancestor saw in a moment what to do to get out of his difficulties. The fox, he thought, must have come there by some practicable way, for it was an impossibility for a four-footed animal to have risked its life on the edge of the precipice. Well, where the fox got in he would get out even if he left his skin behind him. He seized hold of the animal's tail, and after being dragged along a narrow, stifling path he returned to the light of day!"

"If that is not true it is well thought of," said Maurice, laughing. "May the gods send us a similar help! At the same time I think I have made a discovery."

"That is true," said Gargaridi, after a moment's examination.

"What does it represent?"

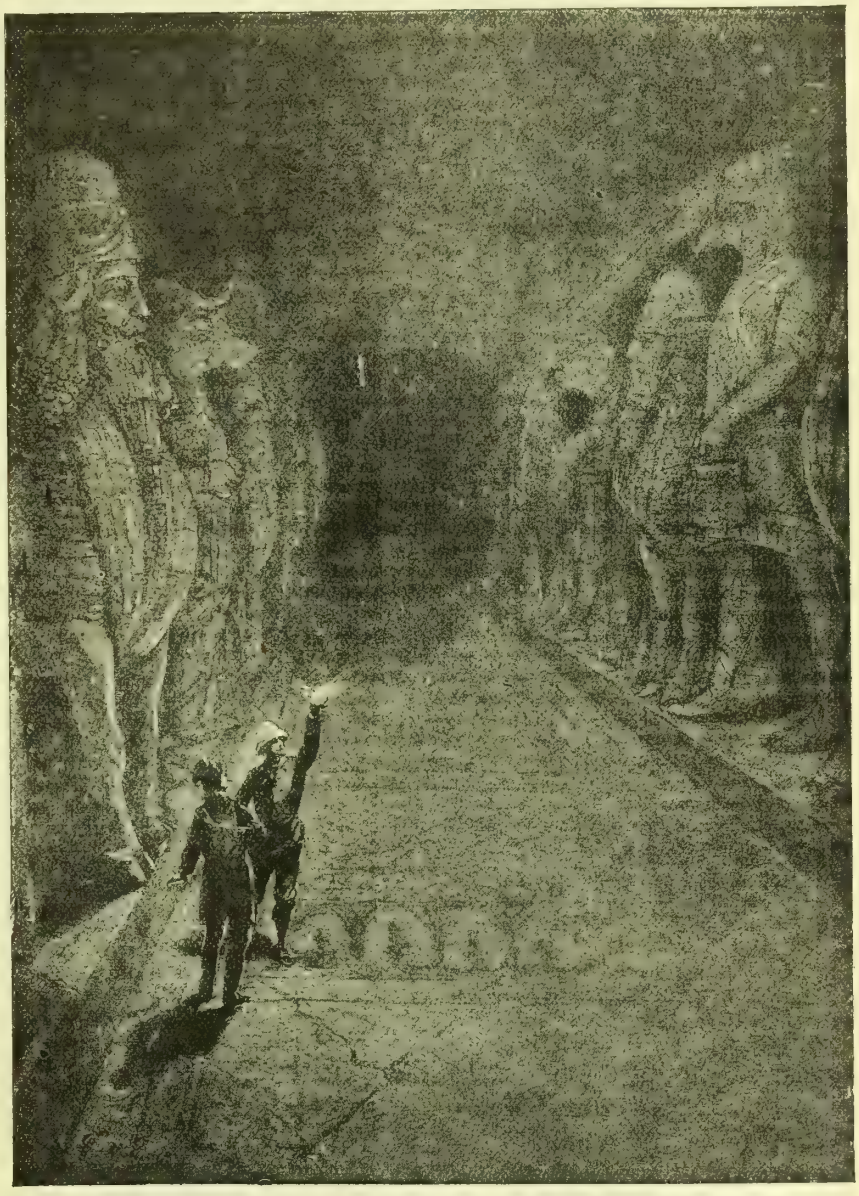
"I should say it was a cockchafer on its back kicking out all its legs towards the sky in its endeavour to regain its natural position."

"That is right. Do you see that the cockchafer has seven legs?"

"Seven is the number. And then?"

"We are at the seventh gallery."

"The seventh! Surely you mean the



Giants with the faces of bulls, and bulls with the faces of men.

"Indeed!" said Gargaridi, "and where? I see nothing."

"There, on that wall."

"I see a nice figure 7 which you have just made with my knife, but that is all."

"Don't you see the mark just below the 7?"

"Is it not a vein in the marble?" said Gargaridi, holding up his lamp to look at it better.

"No," said Maurice decidedly, "that mark was made by man. Look at it like this—on the skew."

seventy-seventh? My word! it seems that we have been seven years turning about here!"

"From that little rotunda where we stopped to lay our course from, I tell you this is the seventh gallery we have traversed, and from the agreement of my figures with this sign, I conclude that we have been following the right road."

"I hope you are not mistaken."

"If I show you the same sign at the fourteenth turning, what will you say?"

"I shall be very much surprised!" replied Aristomenes.

The advance was resumed; Maurice, full of hope, carefully putting down in his note-book the figures he had left behind him. As to Gargaridi he found something to do in tapping the walls of the corridor and thus measuring them as he went along.

"Victory!" suddenly exclaimed the young archæologist after three-quarters of an hour's steady advance. "Come and look, Gargaridi!"

"Are you a magician, or have we already been here?" said the servant, astounded at the sight of a figure like the last, but different, inasmuch as the cockchafer had fourteen legs instead of seven.

"Neither one nor the other, I assure you. And now not only do I predict that we shall find another at the twenty-first corner, but I am bold enough to declare that we shall then reach the door of the sanctuary."

"How can you know all that? And why at number twenty-one instead of any other number?"

"The number is not without a meaning. You have read, Gargaridi; surely you do not forget the importance the ancients attributed to this number, and particularly to the sub-multiples of twenty-one, the seven and the three? These numbers are found in nature, in the creations of man, in fact and fable, in religious and magical ceremonies, invocations, exorcisms, charms, sortileges, in the mysteries of the Kabbala, in theology, in oratory, in geometry—everywhere! From all antiquity these numbers have been gifted with special virtues, and they are met with alone or in combination in the key of many an ancient movement or arrangement."

"It is very curious," said Gargaridi, "when we think how many things there are in threes and sevens. There are seven colours of the prism, seven days of the week, seven capital sins, seven commandments. And as you have said, it is also the same in fable as in theology, three divine persons, three graces, three theological virtues. But I had forgotten to tell you that I have noticed that these galleries are getting wider as we go."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. Those before the seventh were about twice the length of my stick; those between the seventh and the fourteenth were about a span longer; this one is three times the length of my stick."

"That is another proof that we are advancing," said Maurice. "But notice with what skill they marked these guiding marks, and how careful we have to be not to miss them. We will keep to them though, or I am much mistaken."

He was not mistaken.

They had just identified the mystic cipher on the twenty-first turning, and had scarcely passed the wall which bore it, when they uttered a simultaneous shout of surprise and admiration.

Before them lay a long wide avenue bordered by two rows of colossal figures, giants with the faces of bulls, and bulls with the faces of men; and at the end was a sort of altar on a raised dais. On the summit of the altar shone a sun encircled by its rays, and over this splendid star was an arch of constellations in which they recognised the twelve signs of the zodiac.

Maurice held up his lantern to take a better look. The sight was imposing and superb, and the scintillations from the altar and the half circle over it bore witness to the precious materials of which the whole was composed.

But he did not stop long to gaze at these details. Arrived at the foot of the altar his gaze was arrested and fascinated by a strange spectacle. On a sort of richly enamelled throne, in a priestly posture, a human figure with hollow orbits and skin as of dry parchment sat silent and motionless. The tall mitre, the heavy cope embroidered with stones, the robe strewn with stars and cabalistic signs, and the two keys he held in his withered hand, proclaimed him a high dignitary and the guardian of the temple. The long outstretched finger of the other hand pointed to two coffers placed side by side on the altar.

"The attitude of this venerable mobed," said Maurice, after the first moment of surprise, "shows clearly enough what we have to do."

And he stepped forward to take the keys.

"Oh, sir!" said Gargaridi in a stifled voice, seizing him to keep him back. "You are not going to touch them."

"Why not?"

"I do not know. For nothing in the world would I touch a dead man! It will bring misfortune."

"Fancy!" said Maurice. "My poor Gargaridi, I am astonished to see you subject to such weakness, you with an enlightened mind! Do you forget that everywhere and at all times the dead crowd on the living?"

With a decided gesture he again put forth his hand and seized the two keys. At the same instant the figure crumbled away, and became a little heap of dust and bones.

While Gargaridi recoiled with a scream of terror, Maurice, who had foreseen this catastrophe, mounted the steps.

One of the keys was of gold, the other of silver. Opening at hazard the silver coffer he lifted the lid and stood dazzled, almost blinded. On a large crystal tablet of perfect purity lay a reproduction of the arrangement which stretched above the altar—the sun and the twelve constellations. But here in place of gold or silver were precious jewels, rubies, emeralds, turquoises, pearls, sapphires, opals, amethysts, topazes, carbuncles, guarding a sun which was represented by a diamond of incomparable size and beauty.

Gargaridi, who at last screwed up courage to come near, made the vault resound with his exclamations. As to Maurice, after a moment's admiration of the splendid casket, he put the gold key in the lock, and in his turn fell into an ecstasy.

"Look! look!" said Gargaridi, "look at this diamond! The *Regent*, the *Kohinoor*, are but poor pebbles beside it. And this sapphire! The Shah himself does not possess its like!"

"Who can say that they are not imitation?" said Maurice.

"Imitation! I tell you, sir, we could buy half Europe with this casket. I know what I am talking about. I have worked at a jeweller's!"

"Where have you not worked? If you had studied the Zend language, Gargaridi, you would find quite enough to occupy you in this other coffer. I feel that I am going to put my hand on the most precious writings that have ever been given to the contemplation of man."

"Is that all?" said Gargaridi contemptuously. "These tablets of alabaster?"

"Say jade; the purest jade! But that is of no consequence. What is precious and priceless is the spirit which this mysterious casket has held enclosed for centuries."

"And what says the spirit?"

"As far as I can judge at a glance, I have here the authentic annals of the world up to Darius the First, engraved on jade in cuneiform characters."

"That is very nice," said Gargaridi, without enthusiasm, "but I cannot help thinking that a good batch of bread, and a ham or a plate of pilau, would be more use to us just now than all the annals of the world——"

"And is it for you, a man of letters, to give utterance to so vulgar a sentiment?" exclaimed Maurice, indignantly. "I might retort with regard to all this jewellery that the least grain of millet would suit me better, but I will not. These two coffers represent the mightiest forces in the power of man, science and wealth. A meal more or less would not make much change in our position here, while if we ever get out we shall be able with these powerful levers to revolutionise the world of matter and the world of ideas."

"You are right, sir," said the penitent Aristomenes. "But do not forget that hunger is an evil counsellor, and never did my stomach feel so empty. What may be the time?"

"Eight o'clock," said Maurice, pulling out his watch; "the sun has risen for some hours. Poor sister! How uneasy she will be! When one thinks that that old fanatic so coolly left his granddaughter to such distress——"

"One would almost strangle him!" said Gargaridi.

"Let us have a little rest," said Maurice, "so as to seek out our road with a clearer mind when we awake; and, in the language of the Guebre, may Mithra then show us his glorious eye!"

"So be it!" said Gargaridi. "But may we not have a biscuit before we go to sleep?"

"Be it a biscuit, then. But moderation; we know not how long we may be kept in this prison."

The companions lay themselves down side by side at the foot of the altar, and five minutes had not elapsed before they were in that heavy slumber due to extreme fatigue.

(To be continued.)

THE "BOY'S OWN" ANGLER.

By the First Hon. Sec. "Fly-Fishers' Club."

PART VI.

COARSE FISH (*continued*).

The Rudd.

This is a near relative of our old familiar friend the roach. Its distinguishing marks are greater depth, redder fins, and a projecting lower lip. Its chief virtue is the readiness with which it will take a fly.

It is a surface or mid-water fish, and in hot weather the smaller rudd, and occasionally large ones, can be readily taken by throwing a cast of flies across the shoal and dragging it over them.

A worm or gentle will be equally effectual, no doubt, if it can be got among the fish, but this is often difficult.

Most of the rudd seem to be about 2 oz., but they are occasionally caught weighing over 2 lbs. apiece. Some of the Norfolk broads (notably Hickling) and rivers (notably the Bure) contain millions of rudd, both large and small, and two lakes in South Devon, near Dartmouth, called Slapton and Torcross Ley, are full of them.

The Carp.

This majestic fish has been called the queen of rivers, but she seems to us wanting in grace, grand and powerful as she is.

So cunning is the carp that her wisdom is proverbial, but this is only justified in the case of large carp, which, being also very old, ought to be wise.

The method advised under the heading of bream-fishing (fine) will answer sometimes for carp, but the bait, if carp alone are sought, should be paste rather than worm. Patience and early rising are the chief virtues required by the carp-fisher. Ground-bait over night, and begin at daybreak to be patient.

Great care in the selection of tackle is essential, as carp grow often to 7 or 8 lbs. weight (sometimes to 20), and are very strong and determined.

Fish on the bottom, and use a largish lump of paste, on a large hook or small triangle.

You can either use a float or ledger, but the latter is preferred in large lakes.

Give her two or three seconds' time when she bites, and gather all your wits for the encounter, in which, with the aid of a good landing-net, you may be successful. Be prepared also to fish day after day without a nibble.

All this does not apply to fishing for small carp, which may sometimes be taken very readily, though they are pretty clever even when almost babies.

The Tench.

This fish is found so constantly in company with the carp that in fishing with worm for one you are sure sometimes to take the other. If therefore you have no great preference, use a worm always, for carp will take this, and tench will not take paste.

Gentles are acceptable to either fish, and may be used with great advantage when you are among the smaller carp and tench.

Many muddy ponds on open commons, supposed to be barren of fish life, contain carp or tench, and are worth trying. Watch for bubbles ascending to the top. These may indicate carp, tench, or eels, all of which will take a worm.

Before concluding the tench's brief paragraph we feel bound to mention that he bears a most excellent character *in the kitchen*, being in this respect a contrast to the carp.

The Eel.

A kindred fish (if fish he can be called) to the last is the eel.

There is scarcely a pond, river, or ditch in the kingdom that is not at least suspected of containing eels. But eel-fishing is not sport, and only to be recommended when none other can be had, or when a dish of eels is much wanted for dinner.

All that is really wanted for eeling is a line and a hook with a worm on it.

Let the worm sink to the bottom, and wait till the eel takes it. Then pull him out, and cut off his head. He will wriggle even then, but he does not suffer, it is said.

The Jack (or Pike).

It is in his youth, as a jack, that our readers will chiefly meet with this ferocious fish of prey, and the directions for perch-fishing (spinning especially) will be found to work fairly well for the jack.

The habits of the fish are, however, wholly different from those of the sociable perch.

A jack, however small, will lie and sulk, alone, half covered with weed, and then dart out suddenly and devour an innocent in an instant. Sometimes, however, he has to chase his prey; and then the commotion caused will guide you to the spot.

The appearance of the jack also is very different from the five-barred perch.

He is a long, lanky, mottled fish, with a hideous protruding under-jaw.

The size most generally met with is from one to four or five pounds. The fish grows *much* larger and is not infrequently caught by regular pike-fishers (who make a study of the art, and spend small fortunes on tackle) of enormous weights; Mr. Jardine, for one instance, having exhibited several pike of thirty-five pounds or more apiece, and plenty of twenty-pound fish.

It is evident that the tackle required for taking such freshwater sharks is beyond the means of most boys. We will not therefore enter further into the question of *pike*-fishing than to say that if one of our readers does get a chance to fish a private lake containing big pike, he had better use the strongest tackle he can get, and borrow a gaff instead of trusting a landing-net.

The Grayling (the true Queen of Fish).

This graceful, shadowy creature has purposely been left till the last, as she does not belong properly to the catalogue of coarse fish at all, being ranked among the Salmonidæ.

She spawns, however, in the spring, and in that important respect resembles the lower order of fishes.

A word or two of description is required by so little known a fish.

The grayling has a long, graceful form, sloping rather rapidly from the shoulders, which are thick. Her colour is silvery when young, becoming purplish when older. The scales are large and somewhat pointed, and the eyes oval instead of round, but her greatest peculiarity is an immense back-fin, even larger than a perch's, and by means of which she can dart upwards at a passing gnat from two or three feet below the surface.

The size to which the grayling grows varies much according to locality, those in Yorkshire and also in Shropshire and the border counties of Wales seldom exceeding ¾ lb., while in Hampshire and Wiltshire the weight of 2 or 3 lbs. is commonly attained, especially in the river Test.

The methods of grayling fishing in vogue also vary in a similar way, for in the Yorkshire and Shropshire rivers it is customary to fish for grayling with a worm or a grasshopper, while the use of natural bait is prohibited in the Southern counties, and only the artificial fly allowed.

The grayling can be taken in a very similar way to trout, by whipping with the fly; but the fish has very different habits, lying near the bottom instead of poising itself at the top, and darting with wonderful rapidity to try to take your fly, in which she often fails.

In spite of frequent disappointments, a day's grayling fishing is most enjoyable. You look out for the well-known splashing rises on swirling shallows, where the clear river flows gently over sharp gravel.

Cast diligently over likely rises, bear continual disappointments patiently, and in the end you may be rewarded with a handsome dish of these beautiful "ladies of the stream." To descend to practical matters, the best flies are the red tag, the Wickham fancy, and the orange bumble; and a landing net is most useful, as the mouth of the grayling is as small and tender as that of a roach.

J. P. T.

(THE END.)

SEASIDE BIRDS AND THEIR HAUNTS.

By W. T. Greene, M.D., M.A.,

Author of "Favourite Foreign Birds," etc.

PART I.

"Hurrah for the holidays!"

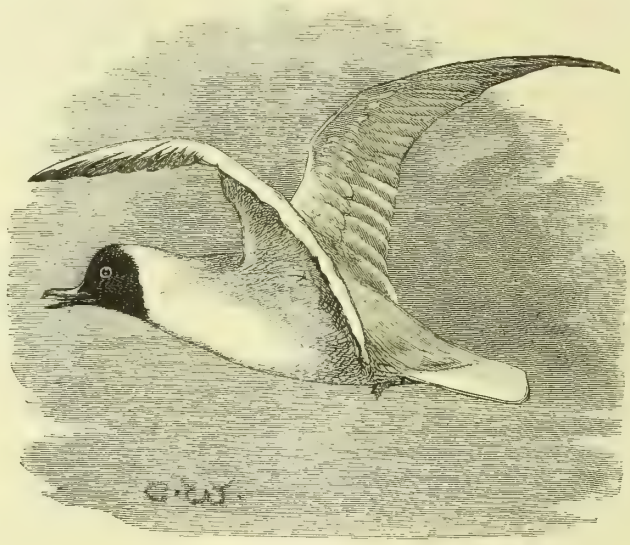
"Where shall we go? What shall we do?"

"To the sea-side" is, in nine cases out of ten, the oracular response of the mater, and to the seaside the whole family as a matter of course repair, and for the first day or two the boys will find interest and occupation in watching the ebb and flow of the tide, in listening to the roar or murmur of the waves as they flog or caress the sand and shingle on the beach; or in searching for crabs and periwinkles, or maybe shrimps, in the sea-weed-hidden pools and crevices where those small crustaceans have been abandoned by the receding tide; but it is impossible for an average-minded boy to find pleasure in such an employment for more than a couple of days.

No, he must have something else to do, or he will linger in bed of a morning a good deal later than his custom was at school, dawdle over his breakfast, maybe even affect to read the newspaper. He will yawn a good deal, and wonder what the other "fellows" are doing, how they are amusing themselves, and whether they miss his society as he undoubtedly does theirs; then he will fling a few pebbles into the water, or perhaps even forget his dignity so far as to borrow a wooden spade and bucket and help some merry children to fortify a sand castle they have erected on the beach, and which, they have suddenly discovered, is menaced by the encroaching waves.

Then comes dinner-time; how gladly he hails its advent! then more aimless strolling about on the sands, where "Christy minstrels" make the daylight hideous with discordant noise; then tea-time, or supper, and to bed two hours before the usual time for retiring has arrived, when our friend wonders that he does not sleep, or why, after a weary tossing to and fro, he should be troubled by distressful dreams.

Yes, bathing and lounging, eating, drinking, and gossiping, the newspaper and the magazine, will, after an interval, lose their charm for the temporary sojourner by the sea-side, and if he be without other resource, he will heartily wish himself back again at school, or indeed anywhere where he might have something to do.



Gull.

On the other hand, if he is an intelligent lad, and a diligent observer, not to say student, of Nature, and takes a real interest in the vast panorama outspread before him by the ocean, he will, after his vacation, return to his usual occupation invigorated in body and refreshed in mind, with a thousand pleasing reminiscences stored up in his memory for future reference during the dark and gloomy days of the coming winter.

To the youthful botanist, for instance, how many sources of amusement and information are afforded by the study of a novel flora, terrestrial as well as marine?

To the entomologist again, what a scope for the riding of his peculiar hobby?

For the conchologist, on some portions of our coasts at all events, there is no lack of occupation, and the geologist will not fail to find employment in his own line; but to the ornithologist the sea-side affords an all but inexhaustible field for observation, and that of a perennial kind, for birds they come and birds they go, and every season welcomes its peculiar species.



Eider Duck.

From its insular position, Great Britain is naturally rich in sheltered bays and creeks, sequestered coves and rocky islets, which all furnish suitable nesting-places and more or less secure retreats, for vast numbers of aquatic and semi-aquatic fowl, some of which are resident with us throughout the year, while others are visitors only, arriving in spring from warmer latitudes, to spend the summer months and rear their callow broods among us; while others come over in autumn, or at the beginning of winter, to pass the inclement season in a milder climate than their own, and, consequently, to find a more abundant supply of suitable food than they could meet with in the inhospitable frost-bound regions where they first saw the light of day.

So much by way of preface. Seaside birds may be divided into two principal classes, each containing a number of species, namely, web-footed or aquatic, and wading or semi-aquatic; in addition to which there are usually several kinds of purely terrestrial birds to be met with along our coasts, which, though not restricted to a littoral habitat, sometimes seek it, either for the sake of a more abundant supply of food, or as affording a safer asylum for their nests and young than they could find inland.

Of the first class the most numerous and best known are the gulls (*Laridæ*), comprising many species, all more or less familiar to the frequenter of seaside resorts, though possibly not always distinguished from each other by him. Then we have

the goosanders, smews, and mergansers, which all belong to the sub-family of the *Merginæ*, itself a division of the great goose family (*Anatidæ*), of which other branches are also inhabitants of, or occasional visitors to, our coasts.

Then we have cormorants, divers, puffins, razorbills, guillemots, and petrels, as well as a variety of ducks and teal; while a stray grey-leg goose or a straggling swan may



Grebe.

now and then be seen during an exceptionally severe winter, though rarely obtaining the hospitable welcome due to such distinguished strangers, for they are generally "potted" by some adventurous sportsman out on the rampage, or, which is worse, bagged by some one who ought to know better, but is unable to resist the slaughtering instinct, so common, alas! and roused into temporary activity by the sight of unwonted game.

Chief among sea-side terrestrial birds is the red-legged chough, once of frequent occurrence on the south-west coast and some other places, but now almost if not altogether confined to the extreme south of Cornwall, where it is becoming scarcer and scarcer every year.

Shore-larks and several kinds of pipits, some hawks and the little blue rock pigeon, are also to be met with habitually in the vicinity of the sea, while in severe weather ravens, crows, and herons are driven down from their usual resorts to seek for subsistence among the refuse thrown up by the waves upon the shore.

In a word, the youthful ornithologist who is happily enabled to spend his holidays by the sea will find no lack of objects to inspire him with interest, and therefore provide him with a profitable as well as a pleasant way of spending his time, for in watching, but not gun in hand, the habits of the various sea-side birds, he will gather in the most agreeable manner a considerable fund of knowledge that will stand him in good stead in the future, while his health and general well-being will be also immensely benefited, and he will return to his duties full of thankfulness to the Great Father of all for having endowed him, perhaps in a greater degree than has fallen to the lot of many of his companions, with a true love for all that is good and beautiful in nature.

To all who are capable of deriving pleasure from the contemplation of unaccustomed sights, the description hereafter extracted from an old writer of one of the great nesting places of innumerable sea-birds will no doubt be read with interest, and as it is not of inordinate length, I will venture to introduce it here.

The island of Bernerey, says the author in question, situated at the southern extremity of the Hebrides, is about a mile in length and upwards of half a mile in breadth. The northern part dips into the water, and the southern exhibits an abrupt section, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the sea, viewed from the surface of which the rocks present a most extraordinary spectacle, for they consist of masses of cliff, some inclined at various angles, some perpendicular, and some projecting over the depth below.

When visited, their whole face, along an extent of more than half a mile, was covered with birds, of which, notwithstanding their immense numbers, there were only four species, namely the guillemot, the little auk, the puffin, and the kittiwake, which inhabit the cliff, not promiscuously, but with a degree of regularity and distinction which strikes the beholder with wonder.

On the summit breeds the puffin, burrowing among the grassy tufts that flourish there; from thence to half way down is the space selected by the auks, while in the remaining portion are located the guillemots and the gulls, the latter reaching down almost as low as high-water mark

Of the auks and guillemots, which only lay a single egg each, which they deposit on the bare rock, one may often see on a shelf not more than three yards in length and as many feet in breadth, fifty or sixty individuals jammed together like a solid mass, each incubating her own egg.

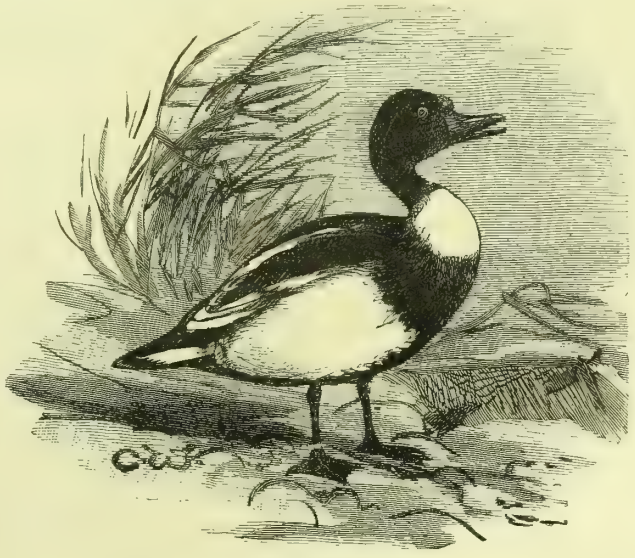
The gulls on the other hand have regularly constructed nests made of grass and sea-weed fixed to the face of the rock with clay or mud, each usually containing three eggs. They appeared to be the most numerous species, and in many places the rock was literally white with them, but the numbers of the auk and guillemot were scarcely less astonishing.

When a shot was fired, most of the birds in the neighbourhood left their stations and flew about, while some fell into the sea, and on emerging from the water raised with their wings a continuous sheet of spray, which extended some distance from the rocks.

After a succession of shots, almost the whole community appeared to be on the wing, presenting the appearance of a cloud which occupied a quarter of a mile square, through which we could scarcely distinguish the blue sky. In their flight the birds did not cross each other, but moved in the same direction, whirling round in a large circle, a disposition which probably was due to the fact of their number being so great that they were unable to move in any other direction.

Their mingled screams were blended into one harsh sound in which individual cries were indistinguishable. They soon settled down again, however, and did not appear to be at all excitable, not moving when the boat approached, and only disturbed by the sound of a shot, of which, poor things, a sad experience had taught them the dire effect.

Since the account from which I have extracted the last few paragraphs was penned, the number of the feathered dwellers on those remote northern islets has been very materially reduced owing to the systematic persecution to which they have been subjected by cockney sportsmen and collectors, professional and private, and nothing but a more strict enforcement of the Wild Birds Protection Acts will, it is to be feared, save them from extermination.



Sheldrake.

It is therefore sincerely to be hoped that my young readers will not lend their aid to the bringing about of such an undesirable end as the extinction of creatures that are

not only beautiful but useful—and I employ the latter word intentionally, for if they only added to the charm of the scene by their presence, we cannot afford to spare the sea-side birds, and especially the various gulls and terns, but they actually do service to the fishermen by pointing out the position of shoals of fish, over which they persistently hover, and when a rage for their white breasts was current a few years ago in the millinery world, and the poor kittiwakes, herring-gulls, and their congeners were practically exterminated round the shores of the Isle of Man, the Manx fishermen petitioned the local legislature in favour of their feathered friends, and happily were able to avert the doom with which the latter were threatened in the selfish interests of fashion.

It is, however, by no means indispensable to visit the outer Hebrides in order to watch the proceedings of our sea-side birds when engaged in the important and all-absorbing duties of incubation, or of feeding their helpless young, for there are many points along the coast where, by aid of a good field or even an ordinary opera glass, their domestic arrangements can be watched without disturbing them, and numerous points of interest noted, and doubtful ones cleared up, that without the help of a binocular could never be determined.

I shall probably be asked to give a more definite clue to the breeding places of which I have spoken, but I think it better not to do so, not that I distrust the boys, but there are others who would avail themselves of the information given to molest the birds by stealing their eggs and young, and perhaps would even kill the parents for the sake of their skins; therefore, all things considered, generalities must give place to particulars, however desirable the latter might be under a different condition of things.

(To be continued.)

CHIVALRY.

By Albert E. Hooper,

Author of "Up the Moonstair," etc.

I.—THE CHIVALROUS IDEAL.

When we speak of the days of chivalry we generally mean that period of history which is more often called the Middle Ages; but when we speak of chivalry in its best and fullest sense we mean a certain ideal of conduct which belongs to no time or place, but which has been present in the world so long as the human race has existed.

When we think of chivalry in the first and more limited sense, brilliant and fascinating pictures rise before our mind's eye. Through dim forest paths we catch glimpses of solitary knights-errant riding forth on adventurous quests; we see the tapestried lists thronged with gaily-decked maidens, high-born dames, and courtly gentlemen, and we watch with them the breaking of many a lance for the honour of "England, Home and Beauty"; or our hearts beat high at the sight of glittering hosts of steel-clad horsemen charging with levelled lances in the forefront of the battle.

But

> "The knights are dust;
> And their good swords are rust;
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust;"

and scenes such as these can now only live in the imagination. In this sense, the days of chivalry have passed away, never to return.

But the spirit of chivalry can never pass.

It was in the world ennobling the minds and purifying the hearts of men long before the Middle Ages; and it has gone on breathing the same influence with growing power ever since.

It has been said that chivalry is an ideal of conduct; and this ideal must necessarily vary according to the time in which, and the people among whom, it exists. Ideals can only be judged high or low when seen in relation to the culture of those who hold them. The chivalry of a North-American Indian, in foregoing vengeance for an injury, is undoubted; whereas the same forbearance on the part of a New Yorker can only be regarded as one of the commonest duties of civilisation.

Looked at in this light, we shall see that the world has never been without its chivalrous souls.

Chivalrous in the highest sense was Lycurgus, who, having made a code of righteous laws for Sparta, started on a journey after exacting an oath from his countrymen that they would continue his rules of government until his return; and then, far away from home, voluntarily starved himself to death in the hope that his wise laws would be lasting.

In reading of Curtius the Roman, we may smile at the story of the armed horseman's leap, and the magical closing of the gap in the forum; but we know that the minds which were capable of believing and glorying in such a tale must have also held high ideals of patriotic devotion.

Professor Morley gives an instance of chivalrous conduct which is worth repeating here. "In the old Gaelic story of the first appearance of their people in Erin, we read how the Milesians landed unobserved, marched upon Tara, and called on the three kings of the Tuatha de Danaan, who held the country, to surrender. The kings answered that they had been taken by surprise, and that the invaders ought to re-embark, retire nine waves, and try whether they could make good their landing in fair fight. The Milesians agreed that this was just, and did try back. We are not bound to believe that such things were ever done; *enough for us that there is the temper of the people indicated by the character of its inventions.*"

In this way, countless instances could be gathered from fact and fable indicating the presence of the chivalrous ideal in the minds of men, long before any order of knighthood was thought of.

Coming down to the so-called Age of Chivalry, and turning the glowing pages of its contemporary romances, the violence of the conflict between the ideal and the actual may well throw the mind into a state of doubt. On the one hand we have the high and noble theory of knightly conduct presented to us in solemn vow and precept, and sacred symbolism: such thoughts did these men think. On the other, we have lives of falsehood, intrigue, and lawlessness, portrayed with leniency and evident admiration: such deeds did these men do. How are the two to be reconciled? Some writers have given up the attempt in despair; and we have been told that the Age of Chivalry, under its gaudy trappings, was rotten at the core; that all the courtly grace and the punctilious rules of honour were but the specious masks which concealed the uncontrolled vice and license of the times.

But surely such a judgment is superficial. It must be remembered that a dark cloud shows darker against a bright sky. The very height of the standard of honour in the days of chivalry served to make any breaches of its law more conspicuous. The characters of Tristram and Lancelot—despite the latter's matchless prowess—show in dark relief against the purity of a Sir Galahad and the saintliness of a King Arthur. But it is to Galahad and Arthur that we must look for proof of the survival of the chivalrous ideal. Tennyson is justified by Malory himself in making Galahad say:

> "My good sword carves the casques of men,
> My tough lance thrusteth sure,
> My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure."

Nor is it nineteenth-century culture and sentiment that speaks in his description of the blameless Arthur

> "Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
> Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
> Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it."

Perhaps a careful investigation would reveal the fact that in the days of chivalry men were in reality much the same as they had been in any other age; but we must not forget one great debt of gratitude which the whole civilised world owes to that period. The universal profession of saintliness, purity, and courage, so emphasised the chivalrous ideal on the minds of men, that it has never been effaced. Even if the theory of knighthood had never been carried into effect, it is so noble that the world cannot do without it; and generation after generation must still strive, after its own fashion, to make it true.

That the knightly ideal is still cherished—that the possibilities of chivalry are still within the reach of all, might easily be proved by many "modern instances," did space permit. It is enough here to say that the world must grow very old before the enthusiasm for truth, and beauty, and honour, passes away; and while this survives, the chivalrous ideal will be kept bright.

Our hope is sure; for the world is not yet old. Let us take Lewis Morris's word for it:

> "For while a youth is lost in soaring thought,
> And while a maid grows sweet and beautiful,
> And while a spring-tide coming lights the earth,
> And while a child, and while a flower is born,
> And while one wrong cries for redress and finds
> A soul to answer, still the world is young."

(To be continued.)

RIGGING AND RIGS.—(*See page* 572.)

By W. J. Gordon.

Though steam is now the pride of the ocean, there are a few points in which its advantages over sail have not been great enough to crowd out the clippers; and in the Australasian and other long voyage trades the sailing ship is far from obsolete.

A drawing of one of these clippers, all of the modern time, with a few sketches of other characteristic British vessels, affords an opportunity for saying something about a ship's rigging, and thereby apparently meeting the wishes of a large number of the present readers of the "Boy's Own Paper," to whom its second volume is not available. In that volume diagrams of standing rigging, running rigging, spars and sails, were given, to which reference should be made for the identification of minor details. But we can get on very well here as regards the main points with the very accurate picture Mr. Coish has given us.

Let it be clearly understood, however, that we are dealing with one particular class of ship, and that all ships are not rigged exactly alike. There is a general notion that a full-rigged ship is of the same pattern all the world over; and this notion has been supported by the diagrams usually published which have taken a warship as an example.

Now a man-of-war has an enormous crew, compared to a merchant vessel, and her rigging is set up accordingly. The things that are done on a man-of-war in spar-drill make a merchant-sailor's hair stand on end. Just fancy a clipper's men shifting a fore-topmast in man-o'-war style! The rigging of a merchantman is designed for a much smaller crew to get along with, and in many respects differs from that of the ships turned out from the royal dockyards; and this we shall see in the course of our remarks.

Complicated as a ship's rigging may look, it becomes intelligible enough when attacked in detail. There are three masts and the bowsprit, which is simply the old bowmast that has gradually increased its angle until it is now almost horizontal. These four spars are built into the ship, and all the other spars and the rigging and sails are fixed on to them. The three masts, known also as the lower-masts, are the foremast, mainmast, and mizenmast, and each of these carries two masts by way of continuations. Thus we have foretopmast, maintopmast, and mizentopmast, and over them foretopgallantmast, maintopgallantmast, and mizen-topgallant mast. The part of the topgallant-mast above the topgallant-rigging, which we shall identify in a minute or so, is called the royal-mast or royal-pole, and the continuation above the royal-rigging, if any, is the skysail-pole. Answering to the topmasts on the three masts is the jibboom on the bowsprit, and in continuation of that the flying jibboom. The jibboom and flying jibboom are generally in one spar, as are the topgallantmast, royal-pole, and skysail-pole, but sometimes they are fitted into each other on much the same principle as a fishing-rod, and in some of the newer ships, bowsprit, jibboom, and flying jibboom are all one steel spar. Crossing the mast are the yards. On the mainmast we have, beginning below, main-yard, lower maintopsail-yard, upper main-topsail-yard, lower maintopgallantsail-yard, upper maintopgallantsail-yard, main royal-yard, and skysail-yard; on the foremast we have the fore-yard, then the topsail-yards, topgallantsail-yards, and royal; and on the mizenmast we have a similar series of yards, beginning with the mizen or cro'jack.

To digress for a moment, we may as well say that in the earlier days of George III., and, indeed, up to the close of the last century, in very old ships, there was no sail hung on this lower yard of the mizenmast, it having been introduced only for setting the mizen topsail; and instead of the gaff spanker we now have there was a huge lateen sail which extended some distance forward of the mast and worked under this yard. This lateen was the crossjack or cro'jack. When the gaff came in, the projecting corner of the lateen disappeared so as to make room for the sail hanging from this lower yard, and the yard took the name of the old lateen boom. As representing, then, the after half of this huge boom, we have the modern gaff, set at the same angle as the boom used to be; and at the foot of the sail hung on this gaff, now called a spencer, or spanker, from the original inventor, we have the spanker boom, the same sort of thing as we should call the mainboom were the vessel a fore-and-aft yacht.

Each mast is held in its place by stays and backstays. The stays reach from the mast-heads to the centre line of the ship forwards; and the backstays come down to the sides of the ship, just behind the masts. The stays and backstays are named from the mast-head from which they descend. Thus the forestay comes from the foremast-head to the bows; the foretopmast-stay from the foretopmast-head to the bowsprit-head; the foretopgallant-stay from the foretopgallant-rigging to the jibboom-head; and the fore-royal-stay from the top of the royal mast to the end of the flying jibboom.

From the bowsprit-head to the vessel's cutwater runs the bobstay, generally of chain, which takes the pull of the foretopmast-stay; and from the bowsprit-head there hangs the spar known as the dolphin-striker, to give the purchase for continuing the pull of the fore-topgallant and fore-royal stays round to the cutwater; so that really all the staying starts from the hull, as does the backstay-staying.

Round the lower mastheads are platforms called tops; and round the topmast-heads are skeleton platforms called crosstrees. These platforms are required not only to take the lower ends of the topmast and topgallant rigging, but also to enable the crew to strike and get up the masts and yards and work the sails. The crosstrees are fitted with outriggers pointing outwards aft to enable the topgallant-backstays to give a better support to the topgallantmast than they otherwise would do.

Besides stays and backstays the masts have "shrouds" to strengthen them. The topgallant shrouds come from the head of the topgallant-rigging to the crosstrees, the topmast shrouds come from the hounds just under the crosstrees to the top; and the main, fore or mizen shrouds, as the case may be, come from just under the tops to the vessel's side. To take the pull off the tops, the shrouds are continued round to the mast as "futtock" shrouds, on the same principle as the foretopmast-stay finds its continuation in the bobstay.

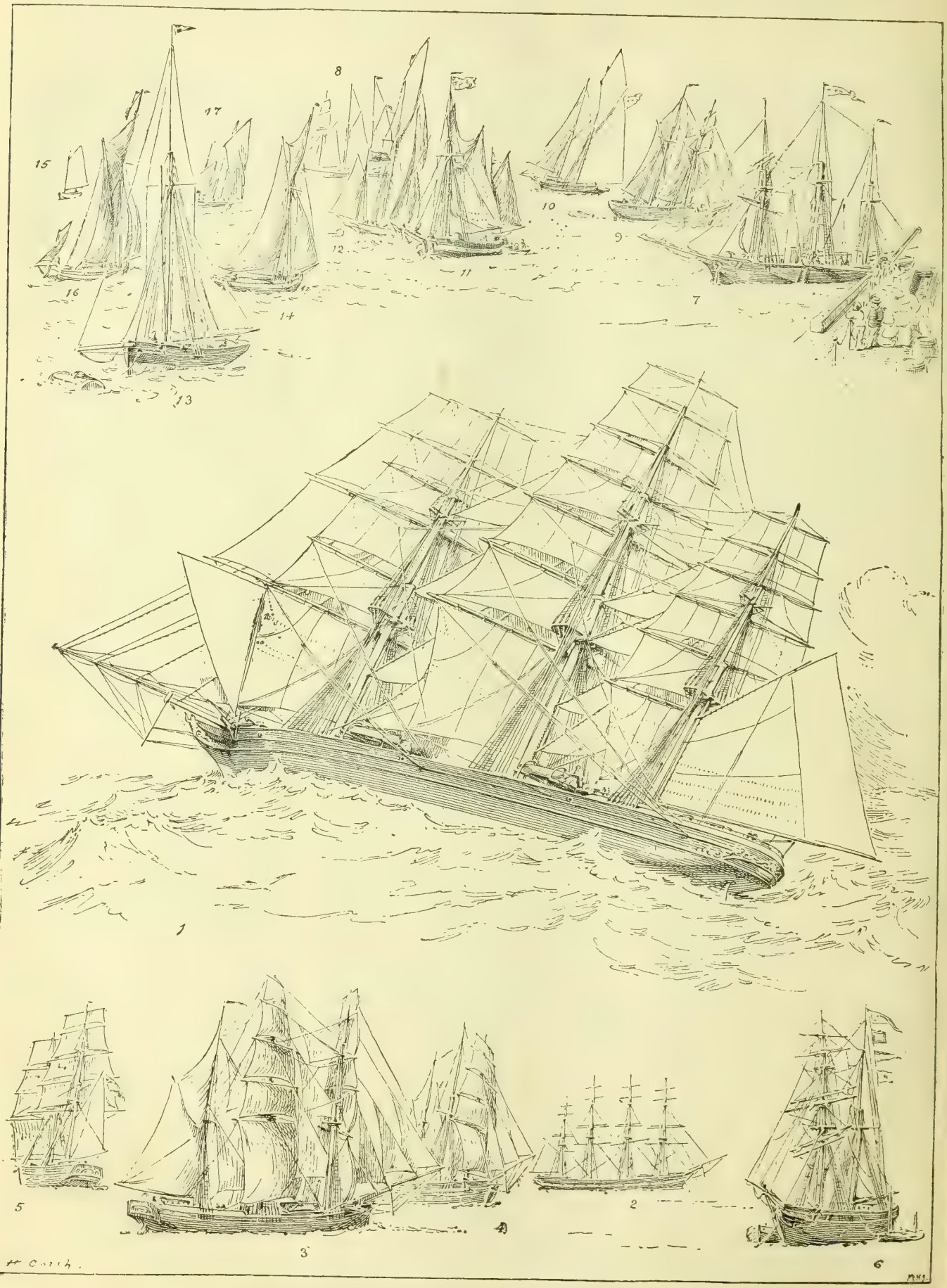
The shrouds are "rattled down," that is to say, thin lines are fastened across them to make a ladder for the men to go aloft. These lines are the "rattle-lines," or "ratlines." The foremost shroud of the lower rigging has only a "catch ratline," that is, one ratline in about six continued to the shroud that lies furthest forward. And this is one of the signs by which you can tell a man-of-war from a merchantman, for in warships the catch ratline is on the aftermost shroud instead of on the foremost. In a man-of-war, too, the topgallant-rigging is never rattled down, as a Jacob's ladder leads from the top-gallantmasthead down to the crosstrees; but this Jacob's ladder arrangement is found in many clippers. Another detail in which a man-of-war differs from a merchantman is in the rigging of the bowsprit, the man-of-war generally having whiskers, and the merchant-man taking the pull of the shroud direct from the forecastle along the catheads, the whiskers being the spars across the bowsprit, which take the purchase of the bowsprit shrouds as the dolphin-striker takes the purchase of the stays. And there are other differences, particularly in the forepart of the ship; and all men-of-war are not alike, for every dock-yard clothes the bowsprit in a different way, so that you can tell a Chatham ship from a Portsmouth one and so on.

On each mast the lower yard, lower top-sail-yard, and lower topgallantsail-yard do not hoist up and down; the others do. The "lifts" by which the yard is hung and "topped" run from the yardarms—the ends of the yards—to the head of the mast which the yard crosses. From the yardarms also come the "braces," by means of which the yards are swung so as to set the sails at the proper angle. These braces come down to the ship's sides, or to the heads of the masts fore and aft of those on which the yard is swung; all the mizen-braces working on the mainmast; the maintopgallant, main-royal, and skysail-braces working on the mizenmast; and the foretopgallant and fore-royal braces, working on the mainmast, as is clearly shown in our illustration. The yards and jibboom and flying jibboom are fitted with foot-ropes for the men to stand on.

The sails on the lower yards are the fore-sail, mainsail and cro'jack, or, as they are often called, fore-course, main-course, and mizen-course: the course being the sail, just as a sheet is a rope and not a piece of canvas. Above the courses come the lower topsails, above them the upper top-sails, above them the lower topgallant-sails, then the upper topgallant-sails, then the royals and, on the mainmast, the skysail, though sometimes there are skysails to all masts, and over the main skysail comes a "scraper" or moonraker. On the outer edges of the plainsails come the studding-sails spread on booms. In our illustration the vessel has set her fore-studdingsail, her fore-topmast studdingsail, and her fore-top-gallant studdingsail—studdingsail being pro nounced stu'nsail, just as topgallantsail is telescoped into topgantsail. A man-of-war sets her stu'nsails abaft the sail at their side; a merchantman sets hers "before all," that is, in front of the adjacent sail, as shown in our illustration.

That part of a squaresail which is secured to the yard is the "head," the lower part is the "foot," the outer edge is the "leech," the two lower corners are the "clews," the middle of the sail when furled is the "bunt." The "sheet" pulls the sail out to its full extent down to the yard below, the clewlines and buntlines bring it up under the yard for furling. The courses, having no yards below them, have both "tack" and "sheet," the tack enabling the clew of the sail to be taken forward, and the sheet enabling it to be taken aft. The clewlines for these sails are double, and are called clewgarnets. A glance at the picture will show the clew-garnets and clewlines coming down to the corners, and the buntlines coming straight down the sails.

[The



Rigging and Rigs.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* H. Coish.)

The sails along the centre line of the ship are the fore-and-aft sails: these are the triangular jibs, staysails, and trysails, and the trapezoidal spanker we have already mentioned, which sometimes has a gaff topsail over it, and a "Jemmy Green" beneath it, and more often a "ringtail" behind it, as shown in our figure. The Jemmy Green is a sort of spanker-course, as it were, it being laced to the boom and secured as close to the deck as possible. The sail sometimes mistaken for it is the old "spritsail," which was hung under the bowsprit. "Watersails," by the way, are not carried now; they used to be set below the lower booms, but, as we have seen, there are now no lower booms, the lower stu'nsails being triangular, like the staysails.

These staysails take their names from the stays on which they run. Working from the deck upwards, the clipper we show is flying her mizen staysail, her mizen topmast-staysail, her mizen topgallantmast staysail, and her mizen royal-staysail; and she has a similar series on the main. But on the fore we have the headsails. The extreme outer one we cannot see; it comes down from the fore-royal and ends half-way down, being a mere "kite": it is called the "jib topsail." The outer one we can see is the "flying jib," on the flying jibboom. Then come the "outer jib" and the "inner jib" and the "foretopmast staysail." The "trysails" are gaff or jib-headed sails sometimes carried on the fore and main, as the spanker is carried on the mizen. The gaff is held up by the throat and peak halliards, and kept in position by "vangs," which come down to the rail as shown. The spanker is sheeted home, not by a sheet but by an "outhaul," and kept in position, not by a "brace" but by the "sheet," and thereby differs from the squaresails.

It will be noticed how neat and clean the ship is. There is nothing outside to catch the wash of the sea or check the speed. The boat's davits and the dead-eyes of the lower rigging are all inside the bulwarks. The cables have been unshackled and stowed in the lockers below, and the hawsepipes are all plugged; the anchors are all inboard; and everything that could possibly act as a brake on her is removed.

Several large vessels now have four masts, or even five, in which case they are called "four-masters," or "five-masters," as the case may be. In No. 2 of our plate we have a four-master, in which case, as all the masts are square-rigged, the names are bowmast, foremast, main, and mizen. If the aftermost mast had not been square-rigged the order would have been foremast, main, mizen, and jigger. In some four-masters the masts are named fore, first-main, second-main, and mizen; and in five-masters we often get this duplication of one or two of the masts, and some of them are content to merely number the masts as first mast, second mast, third mast, etc.; while one American ship we know of was actually worked with A mast, B mast, C mast, etc., which is probably a curiosity in seamanship.

Should the vessel be three-masted and have yards only on the two front masts, she is a "barque," as in Fig. 3—and, by the way, the spanker of a barque is her "mizen"; should she have yards only, as the foremast, she is a "barquentine," as in Fig. 4; should she be a two-master, and have yards on both, she is a "brig," as in Fig. 5; should she have yards on the foremast only, as in Fig. 6, she is a "brigantine."

With regard to this, however, a few words of explanation are necessary. A century or so ago, a favourite rig was the "snow," pronounced so as to rhyme to "now." The snow was a barque with a lateen mizen, or rather a brig with the "driver," a lateen one, on a jigger mast, just a little abaft the mainmast. When this jigger was abolished the sail retained its lateen shape, got on to the mainmast, and became what we may call a main cro'jack, thereby rendering a square mainsail impossible. When the cro'jack was replaced by a gaff, the larger vessels started the square mainsail, and became "brigs," while the smaller kept the spanker as their mainsail and became "brigantines," so that a genuine old brigantine is a brig without a square mainsail. Soon, however, vessels appeared with no yards at all on their mainmasts, and these were called "hermaphrodite brigs," and were found to be so handy that they crowded the old brigantines off the sea and took their name.

But here a qualification must come in. Look at Fig. 9. You will see a two-masted vessel also with yards on her foremast, and none on her main. She is a "topsail-schooner." In what does she differ from the brigantine? The brigantine has a foremast of three spars from the old snow, and a mainmast of two from the hermaphrodite, the topsail-schooner has both foremast and mainmast of two spars, and the foresail on a gaff instead of on a yard, and in other ways is different, but a glance at the foremast is enough to distinguish her from a brigantine.

A "three-masted schooner" has only lower masts and topmasts, and each mast is rigged for fore-and-aft sails, but more often than not these vessels carry yards at the fore, and sometimes at the main. In Fig. 7 we have a three-masted schooner with a short mizen-mast; in Fig. 8 we have one with a tall mizenmast, but in these cases the height of the mizenmast makes no difference in the name of the rig or of the mast. Of the ordinary fore-and-aft schooner we have a representative in Fig. 10.

With the "ketch" in Fig. 11 we begin what has been called the mast-and-a-half division of sailing vessels. The tall mast is the mainmast, the short mast is the mizen; some ketches carry square sails on the main, some carry a topsail on the mizen, the distinctive mark of the ketch being that the mizen is a pole-mast, and stepped in front of the stern-post. If the mizen be stepped abaft the stern-post, the vessel becomes a "dandy" or "yawl," as in Fig. 12.

In Fig. 13 we have got rid of the mizen altogether, and have a cutter, and in Fig. 14 we have a sloop of the old rig, the difference between the two being that the cutter has two headsails, the jib and foresail, while the sloop has but one, the foresail. In our illustration the sloop has a standing bowsprit, while the cutter has a running one; but this distinction is not essential; indeed the words cutter and sloop have begun to be used indiscriminately, except, perhaps, that a cutter is for pleasure and a sloop for trade, the confusion being chiefly due to the Americans having retained the name sloop for the vessels they now rig as cutters. In Fig. 15 we have the cutter reduced to the "Una." Headsails and topsail have gone, and the single sail remains on the mast, which is stepped as far forward as possible. The Una is the last of the gaffs.

In Fig. 16 we have a sample of the spritsail rig in a Thames barge. The gaff is at the head of the sail, and works on the mast in cheeks; the sprit runs diagonally across the sail, and is hung on to the mast in what is practically a loop and lashing. This barge has also what looks like a mizen, but it is fixed on to the rudder, and is known as a "jigger." Sometimes the barge's jigger is triangular, like the yawl's mizen, but the shape makes no difference in the name.

In Fig. 17 we leave the sprits for the lugs. The lug is the old sail of the Norsemen, who did not sling their yards in the middle in the way shown by ignorant monks and needlewomen. The head and foot of a Norseman's sail were not parallel, though the slope was not so great as we have made it now. There are two kinds of lugs, "dipping" and "standing." The dipping lug has a great part of the sail beyond the mast, so that when a tack has to be made, the sail has to be lowered, dipped round the mast, and rehoisted; the standing lug projects very little beyond this mast and does not require to be lowered when tacking. Fishing boats along the south coast are nearly all rigged with a dipping lug for the mainsail and a standing lug for the mizen, and they have also a jib, while some of them carry topsails over the lugs. Luggers may carry any number of masts, but as a rule they have two; some have a gaff mizen. When the foot of the lug is lashed to a boom, it is said to be "balanced." But enough for the present of rigging and rigs.

(THE END.)

SOME TOYS WORKED BY ELECTRICITY.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A. Oxon.,

Author of "How to make an Induction Coil," "Electric Lights," "How to make a small Dynamo," etc., etc.

PART IV.

THE ELECTRIC DRUM (*continued*).

We can now proceed to fasten all the parts together. We must have a piece of hard wood for the base, about 3½ inches by 3 inches and ⅜ inch thick. On this the magnet has to be fastened by its support being screwed firmly down. In front of it the armature has to be fastened at such a height as to be exactly in front of the poles of the magnet. The relative positions of the parts are shown in fig. 5, so I do not think a detailed account of their exact positions on the base is at all necessary.

There is, however, one piece of the mechanism in the figure to which I have not introduced you, this is the contact-screw, shown at C. To make this we take a piece of brass about 1½ inch long, ⅓ inch broad, and rather less than ⅛ inch thick, and bend it at right angles, so that one leg is one inch long and the other ½ inch. Now in the part that is ½ inch have to be drilled three holes to fasten it with nails or screws to the base. The other part one inch long will then stand erect, but before fastening in its place we put it to stand in front of the magnet and mark a point which is exactly on a level with the piece of platinum foil on the spring when the spring and magnet are fixed in position. A hole has now to be drilled through that point and tapped to admit a brass screw with a milled head. If you can't do this, buy one of Perry's penny paper-fasteners and fix the piece in which the screw works to the front of the hole, so that the screw will work through it. The point of the screw has now to be cut off and a very small piece of platinum wire fixed at the end. This wire will now come in contact with the platinum foil

on the spring when the brass support is fixed in a certain position on the base, and it is now to be fixed in that position with screws or nails. It should be so fixed that when the screw is turned till it is nearly out of its hole the wire is just out of contact with the platinum foil on the spring. It is now evident that by turning the screw one way you make the spring vibrate more rapidly, and by turning it the other way its efforts are relaxed.

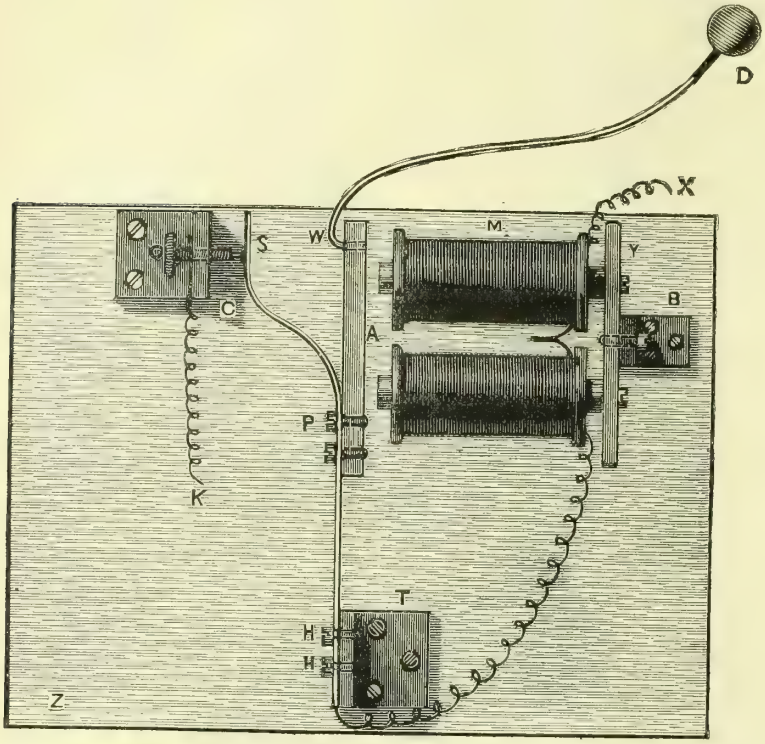


FIG. 5.—INTERIOR MECHANISM OF DRUM COMPLETE.

M, Magnet. Y, Yoke of magnet. B, Brass support of magnet. A, Armature of soft iron attached to S, spring fastened to armature by screws at P, and to support by screws at H H. T, Support of spring. D, Head of drumstick. W, Wire supporting head of drumstick. C, Contact screw and support. The wire from one coil is joined to brass spring at H H. The wire X, coming from the other coil, and K, the wire from contact breaker, are joined to battery. Positions of screws joining parts together are shown by dotted lines. The side marked Z is placed at the bottom when fixing into the drum.

Those who would like an illustration of the contact-screw will find one in number 535 of "B.O.P." (for April 13, 1889) in the description of the Induction coil.

The contact-breaker screw having been fixed in its place, and the support of the spring also fixed as at T in the diagram (fig. 5)—by screws through the base into the iron, if it is made of iron, or by nails or screws through it into the base if of wood—all the parts are now together, and all that remains to be done is to make the necessary connections. One wire that comes from the magnet is to be joined (soldered, if possible) to the spring at H in the picture, the other wire is left loose. To the brass support of the contact screw we solder another piece of wire. Now this piece of wire is connected with the zinc of the battery and the other (coming from the coil of the magnet) with the carbon of the battery. What happens?

The electricity passes along the wire X, we will say, and round the magnet coils, thus turning the cores into magnets. It then goes down the other wire to H, up the brass spring, along the screw, and down by the brass support to the other wire, by which it returns to the battery. That is to say, it *would* do all this if the armature stood still, but, of course, when the cores become magnets they attract the armature, which instantly moves towards them; this breaks the circuit, the spring moving off the platinum point of the screw, and the armature springs back again, which makes the circuit complete and the magnet attracts it again, and so on. The object of the spring is to get a good deal of vibration, and it and the screw should be so adjusted that although the armature is close enough to the magnet to make it certain to "go off" directly it is meant to do so, yet there may be as much scope for the spring to work with elasticity as possible.

We have now completed the electrical part of the business, but a slightly necessary part of the apparatus has yet to be obtained—viz. the drum! You can easily make a drum if you like, by taking a broad piece of tin, twisting it round to form a hoop, and covering the ends with parchment strained tightly over them. However, I should certainly not do so, for there can hardly be any spot, I should think, which boasts of a toy-shop at all, where drums cannot be procured! For one shilling you can get a very superior drum, just about the right size: if you like to get a bigger one and make the mechanical part bigger, you will, of course, be rewarded by more noise.

Now, suppose you have got a shilling toy-drum, you must proceed to take off one end. If you look at the construction of the drum you will find (at least it is the case with my own, and I have not seen any that are differently made) that by cutting one of the double strings that fasten the wood hoops at the top and bottom together, and then loosening all the other strings with your fingers, the wooden hoop at one end will come right off, if the nails fastening the ends together are taken out, and that then the inner hoop on which the parchment is stretched will also come off, and leave that side of the drum open. Now this is simply grand for our purpose, for when we have arranged our little dodges inside the drum we can put on all the hoops again, replace the one doubled string, and no one will be an atom the wiser. If you could get off the side without breaking any strings it would save the trouble of replacing any, but I am afraid that is hardly possible. However, off comes the side of our drum and what is to be done next? Well, the "beater" must be put bodily inside the drum, just so close to the parchment side that was not taken off that the wooden head of the drumstick touches it when attracted by the magnet. You can easily find the right place in actual practice by setting the beater going and finding the spot inside the drum where it kicks up the most racket when working. It must not be too close or it will hinder the vibration, and we want the hammer to go off *instanter* when required. The beater is fixed to the side of the drum with its side marked Z in the figure (5) downwards. It is easily fastened there by making two holes in the wood (in the *thickness* of it) and two corresponding holes in the metal side of the drum, and then screwing it down in its proper place. Two holes are to be made in the side of the drum and two ornamental bits of silk-covered flexible copper conductor let through; they can be secured by simply tying knots inside the drum, and the copper ends are now to be fastened, one to the wire X and the other to the wire K from the contact screw support. Having done all this and made sure that the beater works when the ends of the flexible cord outside the drum are connected with the battery, we seal up our drum again and that is then concluded.

Now as to fixing it up, I think I may fairly assume that you know how to make it work by an ordinary battery and a "press." It is only necessary to run a double wire from battery to press and from press to drum, one wire of the double conductor being fastened to the carbon end of the battery and the other to the zinc end, and the other end of one wire to one of the wires coming from the drum. The other wire coming from the drum is then joined to the bottom conductor of the "press," and the upper conductor of the "press" is joined to the other wire of the double conductor that goes to the battery. It is all very easy to understand if you follow the course of the current and consider that it has to pass through the drum and the press when the latter is pushed down, and be stopped when it is left to spring up again.

But a more magical arrangement can be made with the drum, and I think it is well worth while to do it, if merely for the fun of mystifying people. The drum is going to be suspended by the flexible cords, therefore let them be the same length, and cutting off all the coverings at the end of each, fasten a brass "eye" to the copper, twisting the wire well round the bottom of the eye. Now wind silk of the same colour as the rest all round the join, so that the connection of wire and eye is completely hidden, and the eye appears merely fastened to the flexible cord as a means of suspending the drum. Now we want to construct a hook to which the drum can be hung.

(*To be continued.*)

SODIUM.

By Fred Edmonds,

Author of "Lays of School Life," etc.

In a school I know, on a certain day,
The science master had set in array
His chemical properties—every sort
From a tiny tube to a large retort,
And the things that bang with a big report,
Ready for teaching a class, in short.
Then he left the place for a moment's space
And peacefully washed his hands and face.
He whistled the while and sang with glee
A song of "felicitous formulæ,"
And little he dreamed that the lively class
Had invaded the room too soon—alas!
Yet there they were, and quickly dare
(Without any parade of timely care)
To examine the tubes, retorts, and salts.
They might have concealed their meddlesome faults,
And rested free from a merited odium,
If it had not been for a bottle of sodium.
Carr was the boy to espy the prize.
"Now then you fellows, here's luck," he cries,
"Drop this stuff upon water, and lo,
It fizzes away like mad, you know.
How awfully nice to cut a big slice
And pop it into this jug in a trice!"
The others give ear, as quiet as mice,
Then gleefully jump at this sage advice.
"Hurrah, young Carr, what a fellow you are,
Really a bright and particular star!
The notion is yours beyond any doubt,
So you are the man to carry it out.
He was not unwilling to try his hand,
But smiled with a smile impressive and grand,
And bade them cease from unseemly merriment,
While he gave his mind to the great experiment.
With the air of a small boy plucking a nettle,
Or kitchen-maid handling a boiling kettle,
He deftly carved the peculiar metal,
And dropped a lump in the water plump,
To see if the bit would splutter and spit,
A point which he very much wished to settle.
The sodium fizzed in a famous style!
Bending over the water the while
Were the heads of Carr and Covell and Jones.
(The latter we used to denominate "Bones,"
He figured one day in the "Christy" way,
And the name is appropriate everyone owns.)
However that be, the whole of the three,
With the rest of the fellows so jolly and free,
Were very intent as they forward leant,
And did not hear a step in the rear,
And did not see the master appear.
But while their eyes on the jug were centred,
And just as Mr. Robinson entered,
Before he had time to spoil their sport,
The sodium burst with a loud report!
Bang! in the face of the famous three,
Bang! the result was a sight to see.
With the caustic soda they burn and smart,
But well Mr. Robinson played his part!
Carr had it worst, so he collared him first,
Whisked him away with the stuff in his eye,
And put his head under a tap close by.
Now fragments of sodium stuck in the hair
Of the object of this unsolicited care,
And if this queer metal has not the chance
Of flying about in a mazy dance
When water you add, *it catches alight.*
Imagine the very portentous sight
In the cupboard-like place as dark as night,
While the tap was running with all its might,
And the head beneath flashed wondrous bright!
Then imagine the indescribable fright
Of the porter, a quaint and eccentric wight,
Who was passing, and thought he was done for quite.
He stood, like a monument, drawn to his height,
With a clutch at his broom uncommonly tight;
Not a word would come, he was utterly dumb,
And ever since then he's remarkably glum.
If you tell him that chemistry's jolly, though rum,
With a shake of his head he ejaculates "hum"!
Which means that he does not approve of the ways
Of those who use water for making a blaze.
It is noteworthy now that the good Mr. R.
Keeps a vigilant eye on each bottle and jar,
And as for the subsequent story of Carr,
He is flourishing still, but is soberer far.

MORAL.

Pray do not whistle when washing your hands,
Don't rest until everyone quite understands
A little of chemistry (inorganic).
Never give way to a feeling of panic
If anything happens you cannot explain.
Remember that meddling is often insane;
That you possibly may, in the tricks that you try,
The penalty pay with the loss of an eye.
Finally (this is important for some),
On no account ever ejaculate "hum"!

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

Writing Competition.

[*Continued from p.* 558.]

Fifth Division (*aged* 14 *years*).

Prize—10*s.* 6*d.*

Frederick Blocksidge, 20, Stone Street, Dudley, Worcester.

CERTIFICATES—FIRST GRADE.

Isaac Zeffert, 11, Bill Lane, Spitalfields, E.C.

H. F. Gordon, Stewartville, Henry Bell Street, Helensburgh, N.B.

Thos. Dell, jun., Stratton, Cornwall.

John Sinclair, 279, Eglinton Street, S. S., Glasgow.

John M. Coombs, 146, Victoria Street, Dunstable, Beds.

Robert C. Colquhoun, 219, Byars Road, Hillhead, Glasgow.

Samuel D. Millar, 37, Brookview Terrace, Cliftonville, Belfast.

Harry Bradley, Moreton House, Belchiers Lane, Small Heath, Birmingham.

E. E. Jungerich, c/o Drexel Harjes & Co., Paris.

Wm. Colebourne, 26, Sutton Street, Lincoln.

Allan Brown, 20, Dresden Road, Hornsey Rise, N.

W. F. Banfield, 8, London Road, Yeovil.

Ernest L. Killick, 33, Cauldwell Street, Bedford.

Charles Johan Paus, 27, Heaton Grove, Bradford, Yorks.

W. McGregor Ross, 29, Scarisbrick New Road, Southport.

A. A. Stewart, 33, Howe Street, Edinburgh.

T. P. Harrison, Overdale, Aylestone, near Leicester.

C. D. Everett, Station House, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire.

SECOND GRADE.

A. F. Hobbs, Bures Station, Bures, Essex.

G. N. Meachen, 287, Amhurst Road, Stoke Newington, N.

Cubitt W. Banham, 56, Huntingdon Road, Cambridge.

Alec M. Seabrook, 10, George Street, Hemel Hempstead.

T. H. Morgan, Tingewick, Buckingham.

W. E. Short, 29, Hornsey Rise, N.

Arthur E. Parker, 212, Camberwell New Road, S.E.

F. Howarth, 64, Bramhall Lane, Stockport.

S. J. Coales, 3, Silver Street, Wellingborough.

W. A. Tomlin, 8, Alma Road, Wandsworth, S.W.

Mary Fewster, Tetbury Street, Minchin Hampton, near Stroud.

Albert C. Davies, 173, Hither Green Lane, Lewisham, S.E.

H. A. Breffney Ternan, 26, Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol.

John Lawton, 45, Grafton Terrace, Stamford Road, Mossley, near Manchester.

T. P. Longworth, 239, Folds Road, Bolton, Lancs.

Frank Somerville, 1, Cuthill Road, Denmark Hill, S.E.

Thomas Wickham, 54, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

Robert Collins, 53, Gaisford Street, Kentish Town.

J. D. Clogg, 13, Cowick Street, St. Thomas, Exeter.

John M. Smith, 2, The Parade, Lillie Road, Fulham.

Wm. Turner, Shirley House, West Banks, Sleaford, Lincolnshire.

A. M. Henderson, 15, Finchley Road, N.W.

THIRD GRADE.

George Herbert, 704, Rutherglen Road, Glasgow.

G. J. Horton, Oakfield Cottage, Ildersley Grove, West Dulwich.

Sibbald Hett, 1, South Park Street, Victoria, British Columbia.

Stanley G. Ely, Neuwied, Cavendish Road, Bournemouth.

Helen M. Sutherland, Belmont Estate, Antigua, West Indies.

George J. Miller, 69, George Street, Great Yarmouth.

Edith Hodgkinson, 4, Bulstrode Road, Hounslow.

A. E. Reynolds, Engell House, Princes Road, Buckhurst Hill.

Alfred G. Moss, 1, Denmark Terrace, East Ham, Essex.

Robert Wilson, Veitch Park, Haddington.

J. B. Young, Rowanwood, Irvine, Ayrshire.

David Beatty, 21, Vesey Place, Kingstown, Co. Dublin.

C. H. Stanley, Watcombe, Chase Green Avenue, Enfield.

E. H. Granville, 15, Guilford Street, W.C.

Stanley Whitelegg, 83, Washway Road, Sale, near Manchester.

Hilda C. Few, The Vineyards, Willingham, Cambs.

H. D. Bathard, West Ashton, Trowbridge.

W. H. Galletly, U. P. Manse, Tillicoultry, N.B.

H. Wright, 24, Clyde Road, Brighton.

Neville Cheatle, Grove House, Burford, Oxfordshire.

Joseph Curtis, 79, Grange Road, Plaistow, Essex.

H. F. Brander, 91, Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

F. Wilkinson, Victoria House, Newmarket.

C. Ward, 2, Clifton Villas, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

John Griffin, Warwick Road, Kineton.

W. O. Norman, The Butchers, Station Road, Burgess Hill.

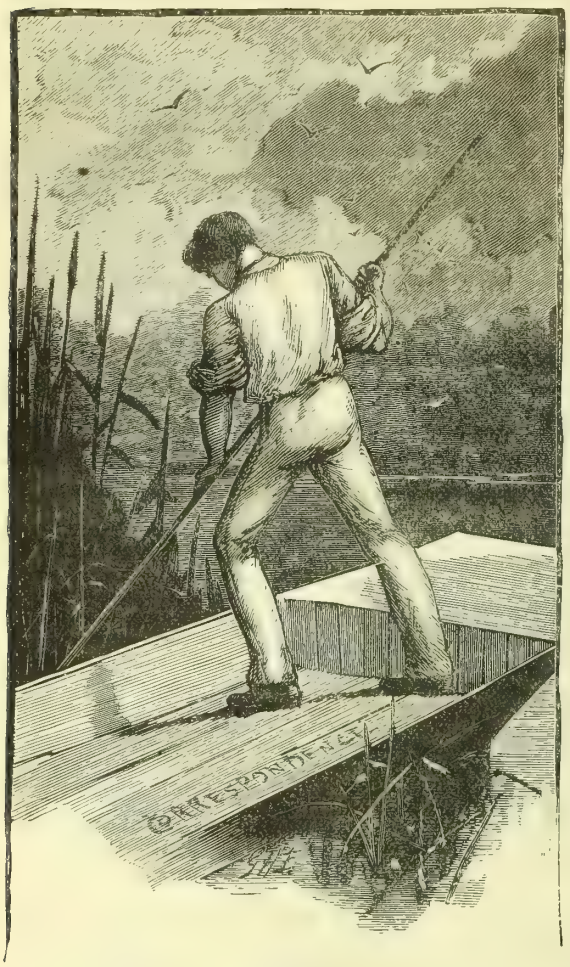
Nora Case, Tudeley Vicarage, near Tonbridge.

H. E. Jackson, 23, White Street, Walsall.

F. J. Grover, 8, Dynham Villas, West Hampstead, N.W.

(*To be continued.*)

The "B.O.P." in Texas.—A correspondent writes from the Far West: "I hope you will be pleased to hear that a copy of the 'B.O.P.' lies each month on the table of our cattle-ranch in Texas, and that its pages are scanned with pleasure by many of its cowboy ranks."



W. B. Y.—It depends on the custom of the trade in the district, and the particular custom of the employer. Such a difficulty could only arise in some very small business. In no respectable firm is a holiday given and a proportion of salary deducted, but in a constantly decreasing number a deduction is made for absence on account of illness. The distinction is that in one case the holiday is given by the employer, in the other the employer does not give his permission for his assistant to be ill. In all these cases our advice is to bear cheerfully with all these little annoyances, and when you grow up remember how galling you thought them, and do not plague your subordinates in a similar manner on the ground that "everybody does the same."

Sir Digby Oakshott.—The portraits of the authors have been given; and in these columns the publication of the stories in book form has been announced. You have only to read the Correspondence and look at the advertisements in our monthly parts.

W. Donaldson.—If you know the title of the book write to Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.; if it is out of print, as it probably is, put an advertisement for it in the "Bazaar," 170, Strand, W.C., which will cost you about ninepence.

Transfer Paper (F. P.).—Get an ounce of tallow, a quarter of an ounce of black lead in powder, and half a quartern of raw linseed oil. Melt these together and stir in enough vegetable black to make the mixture as thick as cream. While the liquid is hot, rub it over white paper and let it dry. Vegetable black is very light stuff, and a quarter of a pound of it makes a large package.

C. Smith.—The identification of a long list of coins would be of no interest to our other readers without illustrations; and your specimens are not sufficiently rare or curious to make it worth while to devote a page to that purpose. Thorburn's "Guide to British Coins," published by Gill, 170, Strand, would be of use to you.

P. R.—"Did the year 1891 end with December 31 or begin with January 1?" Really, now, is not this a little too absurd? What you are in a fix about is evidently the date on which the nineteenth century ends. Does it end in 1899 or 1900? It ends on December 31, 1900; the first day of the twentieth century is January 1, 1901. A little thought will show you that were it not so, the first century would have had but 99 years. If a man owed you £1,900, and paid you only £1,899, don't you think there would be something wrong?

A. Fulcher.—A picture is issued with each monthly part. The one you require was in the January part. Purchasers of the weekly numbers do not get the pictures.

Slides.—Full directions on the making of magic lantern slides have already been given. The articles are out of print in periodical form, but they have been reprinted in our "Indoor Games."

Antique.—It is a Duval's "Aristotle," printed by Antony Stephen in 1629. The title is clear enough, "The Complete Works of Aristotle which are extant in Greek and Latin." It is not worth much unless in very good condition.

Apprentice.—The completest book in nearly all branches is Southward's "Practical Printing," published by J. M. Powell & Son, 33*a*, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Fruit.—If you are paid weekly, the hire is weekly, and the notice is weekly, unless there is an agreement to the contrary.

D. Laurie.—1. It is impossible to buy a commission in either the navy or the army. 2. About fourteen.

F. A. Vinen.—1. You should go to the Stanley Show which takes place in January or February every year at the Crystal Palace; and if you cannot go, get a catalogue from the Secretary. 2. In our monthly wrapper.

Collector.—The stamps of which you send drawings are locals of little value. Maderanerthal is in Switzerland. Kustendje is in Turkey. Why not look at a Gazetteer or the index of an atlas?

Army.—Royal Engineers have to begin at Woolwich Academy in the same way as Artillerymen. At the pass out examination, the candidates highest on the list receive the Engineer commissions, while the others become gunners. Previous experience such as yours would be of little value in the Woolwich course, and you are probably too old for admission.

Xit.—Guides to the Civil Service are obtainable of all first-class booksellers. You have only to call at the first you come to. If you apply to a publisher try Cassell, Warne, or Ward & Lock. If you want a definite address, go to Stanford, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, where you can see the book.

Scotia.—Cacique is the title of a chief of a South American or Central American tribe. "The Treasure of the Cacique" was published in these pages; it has not been issued as a book.

Rowing Punt (Edward Speight).—The size of a punt to carry one would depend to a great extent upon the size and weight of the person intending to use it, but under any circumstances do not make it less than 10 feet by 3 feet beam, as one smaller than that would be rather "crank" and not safe.

Electric Light (Inquirer).—You cannot work an incandescent electric light (if that is what you mean) with an induction coil. You can work it *instead of* the coil, if the battery is strong enough, by simply fixing the ends of the wires to the ends of the platinum wires at the top of the lamp. You cannot make the lamp yourself, you must buy it from an electrician.

Electric Telegraph (Uncle Towser).—It is certainly not easy to guess what is wrong with your telegraph, but it is probably one of three things. (1) The iron of the magnet is not soft enough. Remedy: use softer, or heat red-hot and allow to cool extremely slowly. (2) It does not become sufficiently magnetised by the coil of wire. Remedy: coil another layer over the first and back again, which will make it stronger—take care the insulation is complete, no cotton rubbed off the wire anywhere. (3) The battery is not strong enough. Remedy: use a better one, say one cell made as described for working the induction coil or electric lamps in those articles. Salt and water would not give you much current.

Photography (J. C. Appleby).—The difficulty which you find occurs with the toning bath (viz. the depositing of the gold) is more or less of a trouble to every amateur. Much the best plan is only to make up enough for the batch to be toned each time. Put 2 grains of chloride of gold, 60 grains (½ dram) of acetate of soda, and 10 ounces of water, into a bottle and leave till next day (in the dark). This will tone a sheet or a sheet and a half of paper, and you can then throw it away. In this way there is no waste, which is sure to occur if you keep the bath.

Eczema (A. E. F.).—Rub the spots with benzoated zinc ointment every night. Take opening medicine when they occur. Take plenty of exercise and live well. You won't be hungry unless you use your muscles.

Aquarium (W. S. K. H.).—Depends on size of your globe. Perhaps if you wash the sand from a bunch of water-cresses, roots and all, and throw them in to grow as they float, that will do. Best plants are vallisneria spiralis, water soldier, way-bit, water plantain, milfoil, etc.

Mealworms (Nameless).—If you are going to keep foreign birds you must have a supply of these. Fill a very big open-mouthed earthenware jar nearly right up with a mixture of bran and oatmeal, put some pieces of old shoe leather into it, get half a pint of mealworms from some baker, cover with a piece of woollen cloth wetted with beer. The worms will turn into beetles which will lay eggs and propagate enough worms or maggots to keep a nightingale alive. You may have many two-quart jars like this.

Surgeon, R.N. (J. R. Allen).—Impossible to say how much it would cost you to enter the service. You must have a long course of study and take your degrees. Say £150 a year for five years. This is running it close for keep and all. Of course a surgeon is an officer. Did you think he was a blue-jacket?

A Would-be Drummer (No Name).—Get a drum and drum, or get lessons from a drummer.

Canaries (Festina Lente).—1. A cock to sing. 2. Say 5*s*. 3. No; certainly not hemp; black and white canary seed.

Rat Skins (S. R.).—Dust over first with Keating's Powder to get rid of fleas. Skin the rat. Nail skin hair downwards, stretched on a board. Rub with strong powdered alum-water. When dry, scrape and rub again.

Rabbit not Breeding (A. J. E.).—You cannot force nature. Wait.

Pimples, etc. (Monthly Reader).—Read Dr. Gordon Stables's papers on health, and be guided thereby. Use zinc ointment.

Cat's Ear Bad (Sitting Bull).—No chance now. The treatment was wrong.

Dry Rot. Gold Fish (H. E. C.).—1. Prevention not cure. 2. Half-a-dozen ant's eggs to each fish a day. Buy their larvæ at any naturalist's.

Squirrel in Cage (H. Curry).—About 5*s*. Food: bread-and-milk, fresh and pure day after day, grain, nuts, acorns, a very little meat now and then in spring-time.

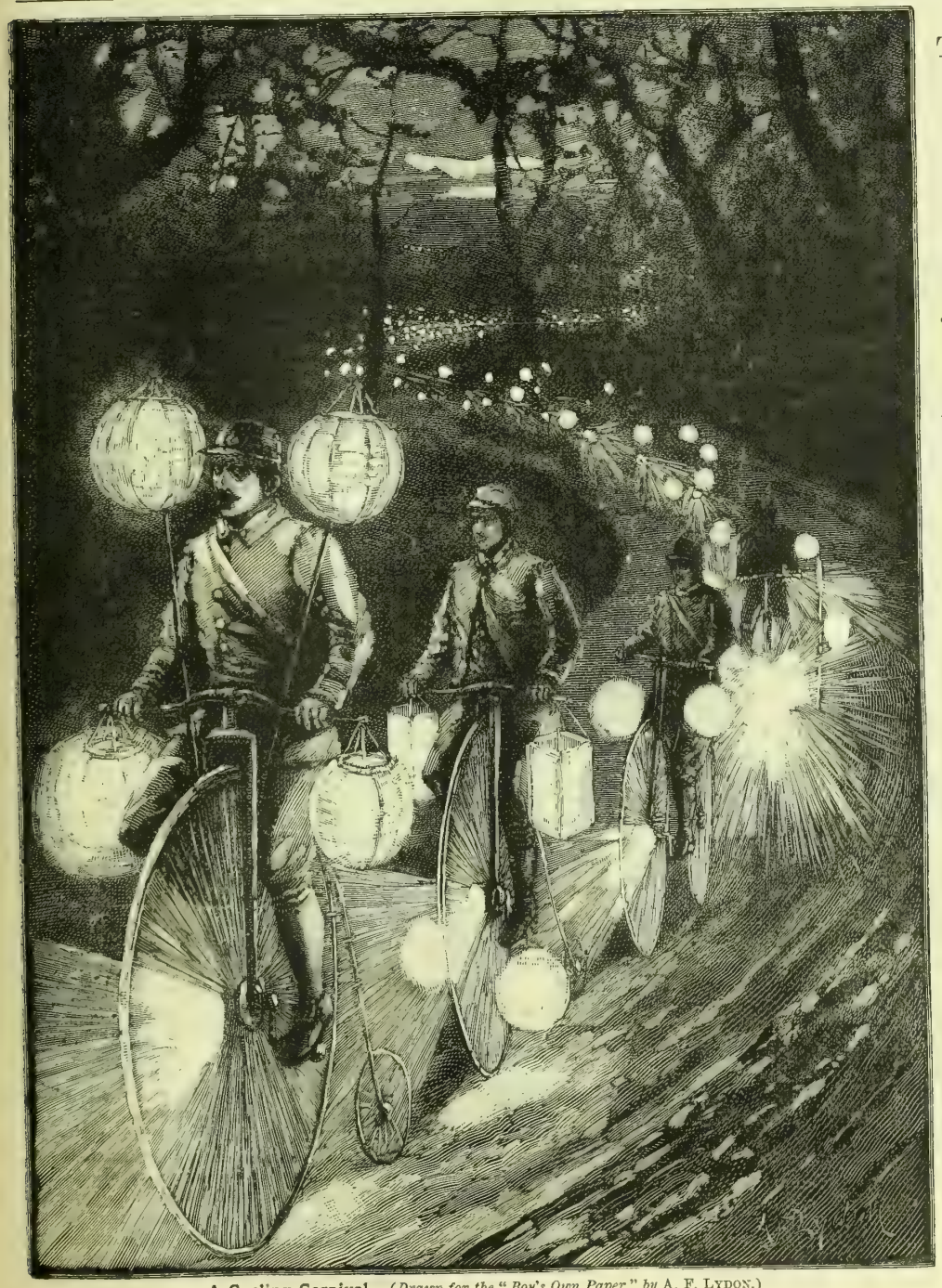
Eyes Bad (Dazzler).—It is not the eyes so much as general debility. Take quinine and iron, and plenty of outdoor exercise. Do not read in a bad light.

Increase of Stature, etc. (P. H. Steeper).—1. You cannot do it. Your height is determined by Nature before you are born. 2. Bad practices, such as smoking and worse, will, however, stop your growth. 3. The Scotch are tallest and strongest as a nation, next the English and Germans, then Welsh and Irish.



THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 648.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



A Cycling Carnival.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* A. F. LYDON.)

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE VOYAGE OF THE "COCK HOUSE."

Yorke was roused before daybreak next morning by a voice at his bedside.

"Is that you, Yorke?"

The voice was Mr. Stratton's. The captain bounded to his feet at once.

"What is it, sir? Has he been found?"

"No," said the master; "no news. Every place has been searched where he would be likely to be, except the mountain. It seems a very off-chance that he has gone up there; still, it is possible. He has been on it once or twice before. I am going there now. Would you care to come, too?"

The captain gratefully acquiesced. For a week he had been chafing at the Doctor's orders that no boy should go beyond the bounds. His request to be allowed to undertake this very expedition had been twice refused already.

"The Doctor has given you an *exeat* if you wish to go," said Mr. Stratton. "We are to take a guide, and it is quite

understood we may be late in getting back. I shall be glad of your company."

Yorke was ready in ten minutes—thankful at last to be allowed to do something, yet secretly doubting if anything would come of this forlorn quest.

Apart from Rollitt, however, good did come of it to Fellsgarth; for during the long walk master and boy got to understand one another better than ever before. With a common ambition for the welfare of the school, and a common trouble at the dissensions which had split it up during the present term, they also discovered a common hope for better times ahead.

They discussed all sorts of plans, and exchanged confidences about all sorts of difficulties. And all the while they felt drawn closer to one another, exchanging the ordinary relations of master and boy for those of friend and friend.

Some of my readers may say that Mr. Stratton must have been a very foolish master, or that Yorke must have been a very presuming boy. Who cares what they were, if they and Fellsgarth were the better for that morning's walk?

"In many ways," said Mr. Stratton, "a head boy has as much responsibility for the good of a school as a head master—always more than an assistant master. You could wreck the school in a week if you chose; and it is in your hands to pull it together more than any of us masters, however much we should like to do it. And you'll do it, old fellow!"

And so they turned up the lane that led round to the back of the mountain.

The news that Mr. Stratton and the captain had gone up Hawk's Pike to look for Rollitt soon spread through Fellsgarth that morning. The souls of our friends the juniors were seriously stirred by it.

Their promise—or, shall we say threat?—to organise a search-party up the mountain on their own account had been lost sight of somewhat in the exciting distractions of the last twenty-four hours: but now that they found the ground cut from under their feet they were very indignant. Secretly, no doubt, they were a little relieved to find that they had been forestalled in the perilous venture of a winter ascent of the formidable pike they had such good cause to remember.

It was a mean trick of Yorke's to "chowse" them out of the credit, they protested. Now he'd get all the glory, and they would get none.

"I tell you what," said Percy. "It's my notion Rollitt's not gone up the mountain at all. It's just a dodge of those two to get a jolly good spree for themselves. Pooh! They'll get lost. We shall have to go and look for them, most likely."

"And then," said Lickford, "somebody will have to come and look for us."

"And Rollitt's not here to do it," said Fisher II.

This cast the company back on to their original subject.

"It's my notion," said Wally, "he's got on the island in the middle of the lake, like Robinson Crusoe."

"Rather a lark," said Ashby, "to get up a search-party and go and look for him there."

The idea took wonderfully. To-day was "Founder's Day," a whole holiday. They would certainly go and look for Rollitt on the island.

The preparations disclosed an odd conception on the part of the explorers of the serious nature of their quest. Their stated object was to rescue a lost schoolfellow. Why, therefore, did they decide to take nine pennyworth of brandy-balls, a football, a pair of boxing-gloves, and other articles of luxury not usually held to be necessary to the equipment of a relief expedition?

As regards food, they possessed too keen a recollection of the straits they had been put to up the mountain a few weeks ago to neglect that important consideration now.

Naturally, ham and Abernethys were the victuals selected. Had not Rollitt made these classical as the staff of life during voluntary exile from school?

They were compelled to put up with a very small sample of the former. Lickford had been bequeathed a bone by his senior yesterday, to which adhered a few fragments of a once small ham. Possibly it might, with careful carving, furnish nine small slices.

It was better than nothing. They would make up for its deficiency by a double lot of Abernethys.

So they trooped off to the shop.

According to their own rules, this establishment was only open between 11 and 12 in the morning, and not at all on holidays.

But another rule said that the Committee might in certain cases suspend or alter the rules.

Whereupon Percy moved, and Ashby seconded, the following resolution: "That this shop be, and is, hereby opened for the space of five minutes." The motion was carried unanimously.

D'Arcy and Cottle, whose turn it was to be on duty, solemnly took down the shutters, and ranged themselves behind the counter.

"What can I do for you, my little dears?" said the former, encouragingly. "Money down. No tick. Try some of our Rollitt's particular—three half-pence each."

"No, they're not, you cheat!—they're a penny. We'd better have two each," said Wally.

"Hullo! I say," exclaimed D'Arcy. "Look here, you fellows."

He pointed to the heap of Abernethy biscuits, on the top of which lay a sixpence.

"That's what you call looking after the money," said Wally. "Left that there all night."

"No—not a bit of it. But I tell you what," said D'Arcy, who had rapidly been counting the pile of biscuits; "there were twenty-four biscuits there when we left last night. I'm certain of it; weren't there, young Cottle?"

"Yes. I remember that," testified Cottle.

"Very well; then some one's been here in the night, for there are only eighteen biscuits now, and this sixpence."

"Perhaps Yorke got some before he started?"

"How could he? No one can get in here without the latch-key; and only the two chaps who are on duty keep that."

"Perhaps it's the owls in the belfry?"

"They don't generally pay ready money for what they take."

"I say!" exclaimed Wally; "I expect it's Rollitt. He'd have finished his others by this time, and he sneaked back in the night for some more. Good old Rollitt!"

Wally did not stay to explain how Rollitt could have got in any more than any one else. His suggestion made a deep impression. It touched them to feel that, amid all his distresses, Rollitt was loyal to the school-shop; and if anything was needed to spur them on to his rescue, this did it.

They bought up the remaining eighteen biscuits between them, and sallied forth.

"You see," said Wally, "it's much more likely to be the island than the mountain. There's water there, for one thing."

"There's water on the mountain," said Ashby; "plenty."

"But not good to drink, you ass!" argued Wally.

"And there's that old broken boathouse to live in, and lots of wood to make fires, and ducks to bag and fish to catch. I say! I expect he's having rather a lark."

The prospect of sharing in his wild sports urged them on still faster.

At the lake-side a new problem arose. If Rollitt was on the island, how had he got there? And, still more important, how were they to get there? Widow Wisdom's boat had already been laid up for the winter; and the few others, which in the summer were generally kept at the river-mouth for the use of the boys, had been taken back to Penchurch. The only craft available was a flat-bottomed punt used by fishermen, and at present moored to a stake at the river-bank. It was capacious, certainly, but not exactly the sort of boat in which to get up much pace, particularly as its sole apparent mode of propulsion was by means of two very long boathooks, one on either side. These details, however, presented few obstacles to the minds of the enterprising explorers. The punt was in many ways adapted for a voyage such as they proposed to take. There was room to walk about in it. Nay, who should say the boxing-gloves and football might not have scope for themselves within its ample lines?

The one question was whether the boathooks were long enough to touch bottom all the way from the shore to the island. Wally paced one, and found it measured eighteen feet.

"Ought to do," said he; "it's bound not to be deeper than that."

So the punt, which was christened the "Cock House" for the occasion, was loosed from her moorings, the Abernethys and knuckle-bone and other stores were put on board, the boathooks, by a combined effort, were got into position, and the party embarked for the rescue of Rollitt.

Thanks to the stream, their progress at first was satisfactory. They were delighted to find how easily they went. Wally with one boathook on one side, and Percy with the other on the other side, had comparatively little to do except to prevent their hooks getting stuck in the mud at the bottom, and refusing to come out. Any one watching them would have said these boys had been born in a barge. They carried their long poles to the prow, and plunged them in there with a mighty splash.

Then they shoved away, till the end of the poles came within reach of their hands. Then, in perfect step and time, they started to march, each down his own side of the boat, calling on their friends and admirers to get out of the way. Then, as they neared the stern, and the prospect of pulling up their hooks and returning fora'd for another "punt" loomed ahead, their faces grew anxious and concerned. They began to hold on "hard all," a yard from the end of the walk, and tug frantically to get themselves free. Sometimes the hook came out easily, in which case they fell backwards into the arms of their friends. At other times it stuck, and they had to detain the progress of the boat a minute or more to get it out. And sometimes it all but escaped them, and continued sticking up out of the water while the barge itself floated on. Happily, the last tragedy never quite came off, although it was periodically imminent.

When, however, the stream opened into the lake, the progress became much less exciting. The water was a little lumpy, and had a tendency, while they were walking back at the end of one punt in order to start another, of jumping the "Cock House" back into precisely the same position from which she had lately started.

After about half an hour's fruitless efforts the twins were seized with a generous desire not to monopolise the whole of the fun of the voyage.

"Like to have a go?" said Wally to D'Arcy.

"You may have a turn if you like, Lick," said Percy.

Whereupon D'Arcy and Lickford took up the rowing for the "Cock House," greatly assisted and enlivened in their operations by the advice and encouragement of the late navigators.

"Two to one on Lick," cried Wally, as the two started their mad career down the boat. "Look out! he's gaining."

"You've made her go an inch and a half," said Percy.

"Hang on tight, now, and pull it up," said Wally, as Lickford, red in the face with excitement, was straining himself to release the hook from the mud.

"Keep her trim," said Percy, laying hold of D'Arcy's feet, as the latter was gradually letting himself be hauled out of the boat by his refractory pole.

In due time D'Arcy and Lickford unselfishly gave up the poles to Cottle and Ashby; and they, after a reasonable season of struggle and peril, nobly ceded them to Ramshaw and Cash, Fisher II waiving his claim, and electing to sit "odd man out" and steer.

As at the end of an hour and a half's manful shoving the net progress made was a yard back into the stream of the river, the talents of the helmsman were not put to a very severe test.

"I say, it's rather slow," said Wally; "let's have some Rollitt's particular."

So while Percy with a small pair of scissors—none of the party, marvellous to relate, had brought a knife—was carving the remnant of ham, and Ashby was counting out nine brandy-balls from the bag, each member of the party produced one of his Abernethys, and fell-to with all the appetite that waits on hard and honest toil.

"Not much of a pace yet," remarked D'Arcy. "Why, we're going better now we've stopped rowing than we were before."

"That's because the wind's changed," said Wally. "If we'd only got a sail we could make her go."

"Why not stick up the two poles, and fasten our coats or something between for a sail?" suggested Percy.

"Good idea! The poles are long enough for all the nine. One of 'em can go through right sleeves, and the other through left. It 'll make a ripping sail."

So, despite the season of the year, the nine voyagers divested themselves of their coats, which were industriously threaded by the sleeves on either pole. The top coat was spiked by the hooks, and those below were ingeniously buttoned one to the other to keep them up.

Every one agreed it made a ripping sail. The difficulty was to hoist it. There were no holes into which to fix the parallel masts. They would have to be held in position, and as the breeze was stiffening it required all hands aloft.

At length, by superhuman exertions, the complex fabric was slowly hoisted to the perpendicular, looking very like a ladder, up which nine scarecrows were clambering. However, no matter what it looked like now, as Wally predicted they'd spank along.

"We're going already," gasped he, panting with the exertion of holding up his mast. "Look out now! here's a nice breeze coming."

He was right. Next moment the vast foresail fell with a run by the board, and the nine athletes below were nearly shot into the air by the force of the collapse. The coats, fortunately, held together sufficiently well to enable them to be hauled on board in a piece; but as they were soaked through, they afforded very little comfort to the distressed seamen, who decided forthwith to shorten sail at once, and take to the poles once more.

But by this time the "Cock House," thanks to the tremendous impetus it had just received, was twenty yards from the shore; and Wally, when he put down his pole, nearly went after it, in the vain search for a bottom.

"Here's a go!" said he; "I say, you chaps, I almost fancy, after all, Rollitt must be up the mountain. What do you say?"

"I thought so all along," said Fisher II. "If he is, Yorke and Stratton will find him."

"Good old Yorke! I say—we may as well back water a bit."

Easier said than done. The old punt, now she was once out on the vast deep, behaved pretty much as she and the wind between them pleased. For a time it looked very much as if, after all, the explorers would reach their destination.

But presently—just, indeed, as the explorers had started a small football match (Association rules), Classics against Moderns, to keep themselves warm, the fickle breeze shifted, and sent the "Cock House" lumbering inshore a mile or so north of the river-mouth. The Classics had just scored their 114th goal as she grounded, and it was declared by common consent that the voyage was at an end.

Luckily, she came ashore near to a little creek, into which, by prodigious haulings and shovings, she was turned; and here, in a rude way, they succeeded in mooring her until a more convenient season.

The call-over bell was just beginning to ring when the nine mariners got back to Fellsgarth.

Great cheering was going on on the Green, and boys were crowding together discussing some great news.

"What is it?—Rollitt turned up?" asked the juniors.

"No; haven't you heard? Yorke and Stratton went up to look for him on Hawk's Pike. They didn't find him, but *they got to the top!*"

"Got to the top! One of our chaps got to the top of Hawk's Pike! Hurroo. Yell, you chaps. Bravo, Yorke! Bully for Fellsgarth!"

"I wish they'd found Rollitt, all the same," said Fisher II; "I'm afraid he's gone for good."

"Not he. Didn't we nearly find him to-day, you young muff?" retorted Wally. "Besides, a fellow who's gone for good wouldn't come and buy sixpennyworth of Abernethys at our shop in the night, would he?"

Fisher II took what comfort he could from the assurance, and trooped in with his fellow-adventurers to call-over.

(To be continued.)



MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frèzols," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—LEILA AND CATHERINE.

Leila was delighted at being able to offer her friend hospitality, and was quite busy in her attentions to her. The girls had much to say to each other. Little Hassan had first made some exquisite coffee, and after placing it before them with two baskets of pastry he had sat himself down at the entrance, quiet and silent, ready to obey their slightest signal, and proud to be on guard over them.

"I wish these excavations would last for ever!" suddenly exclaimed Leila.

"Do you think so?" said Catherine. "For my part, I have ceased to live since these terrible subterranean excavations began. Oh! Leila, forgive my doubts, but more than once I have asked myself if your grandfather is doing wisely in all this; and if I could have dissuaded Maurice from following him I should not have failed to do so, I confess."

"What are you afraid of?" said Leila. "Goucha Nichin is prudent. He knows everything. He will not be led astray. And without him your brother could not attain his object without a great deal of trouble. Is it not, therefore, the best to bear and wait patiently?"

"He might at least have taken me with him," said Catherine. "These nocturnal explorations are simply dreadful to me; it is hard to stay here doing nothing instead of sharing the danger."

"Come, dear," said Leila, "let me teach you a little of my philosophy. Compare these few hours of dull quietude to which you have to submit for a short space to the life of stagnation and oppression to which so many others are doomed. Believe me, it is better for you to put up with a few moments of uncertainty and alarm than run into difficulties, perhaps, where your brother is. Besides, it is the wish of a brother whom you know to be wise, and why not give in to it?"

"Good Leila!" said Catherine, embracing her, "it is true there is nothing to be gained by beating the air. Let us pass the hours in which we have to wait in such a way as to make them bearable."

"What shall we do, then?" asked Leila, delighted at seeing her contented. "Shall we ask Hassan to sing us something?"

"Good idea!" exclaimed Catherine, clapping her hands. "But will he do so?"

"Hassan is an artist who gives himself no airs. Hassan, take your *dohal*. The Khanoum wishes to hear you."

Hassan took down the large tambourine which hung against the wall, and stood before them in a noble and graceful attitude.

"What shall I sing?" said he, gravely. "The song of the mosquito?"

"Yes, yes, that's it!" said Catherine, amused at his seriousness.

Striking his dohal, and producing therewith a strange sonorous note, he began in a clear voice:

"Pardon, little mosquito, I am thy slave, little mosquito.
The mosquito settles on my head; does he take it for a melon?
The mosquito settles on my ear; will he drive me mad?
The mosquito settles on my eye; does he take it for a grape?
The mosquito settles on my nose; would he take away my smell?
The mosquito settles on my beard; does he take me for a dervish?
The mosquito settles on my lips; would he take away my speech?



"The song of the mosquito."

The mosquito settles on my arm; does he take it for a pilau?
The mosquito settles on my eye; would he take away my sight?
The mosquito settles on my back; does he take it for a cushion?
The mosquito settles on me everywhere; will he drive me crazy?
Pardon, little mosquito, I am thy slave, little mosquito."

"Bravo!" said Catherine. "It is simple and it is true. The mosquito is the enemy and the master. Thank you, Hassan. And now let us have another!"

With a readiness which showed his satisfaction at having an audience, Hassan started on another song. This was a love song, with a refrain of—

"Ah! Leila, Leila, thou hast roasted my heart!" which the boy uttered in such a solemn voice as to make the girls laugh.

To this romance succeeded a funereal chant, after which the artist stopped, saying that he knew no more.

"Thank you, Hassan," said Catherine, much amused at the virtuoso's gravity. "Your repertory is quite original, and I will ask you to sing again. But you have put me in the humour, and I should like something else."

"If Khanoum Leila likes," said Hassan, "she can tell beautiful stories. She knows many more amusing than those in all the Thousand-and-One Nights."

"A story!" said Catherine enthusiastically. "There is nothing I like so much. How often have I bothered my good Heloise to tell me a tale I had heard

a hundred times before! Quick! a story, Leila!"

"With pleasure," said Leila, delighted to see her a little relieved from her anxiety. "What shall I tell you? Will you have the *Swinging Stone?*"

"That will do—the Swinging Stone," said Catherine, who felt a little girl again; while Hassan rounded his beautiful eyes to listen better, for he was quite sure the story would please him at least as well as it did Miss Kerdic.

"There was once," said Leila, "a great king, very powerful, very brave, and a great warrior. When he had conquered and subjugated all the nations around, and taken from them, under the name of war indemnities, all the treasures they possessed, this king found himself so rich, so rich, that he did not know what to do with his gold, and his days and nights were made miserable with fear that some one would come and take it away from him. To put an end to this, he called for his architect, and in the greatest secrecy told him to construct a chamber underground into which he could put his treasures, and to which he alone should know the entrance. Sure of not being robbed, henceforth he slept in peace, and from time to time gratified himself by going in secret and counting and handling his innumerable tomans.

"But the architect could not resist the temptation of reserving for himself also an entrance to the chamber, that he also might gladden his eyes with the sight of so much wealth; and, unknown to the king, he had very cleverly contrived in the wall an entrance invisible to everyone. The outer wall of the palace was lined with enormous blocks of stone. By means of ingenious mechanism, the position and secret of which it was necessary to know with great exactness in order to make it work, one of these blocks of stone was hung so that it could turn and give access to the subterranean hall; and in order that a stranger, who by chance had put his hand on the spring, could gain no advantage by the accident, he made it necessary for another spring to be touched inside in quite a different way before he could get out; so that if he once let the stone swing back he would be imprisoned for ever.

"One day, the architect, being full of years, and feeling his death approaching, called his two sons to him, and revealed to them the secret of the treasure, and of the *Swinging Stone*, and warned them to use the knowledge discreetly. But the young men were ambitious, lovers of extravagance and good living, and no sooner had the old man died than they ran to the treasure-house with a bag, and filled it with tomans, with which they lived a merry life for many months. When the tomans had been spent, they returned, and again took a bagful. This went on for some time without the king suspecting anything, so great was the number of tomans he had amassed. But if the treasure was great the two brothers were insatiable, and they took away so much that at last the king noticed that some one had touched his gold. And he was very angry, and eager to punish the thief. But what could he do? To post guards around, to warn his police, and thus let people into the secret, were the very things he was anxious to avoid. His dignity forbade him to stay in ambush and expose his august person to the vengeance of a thief. And so he thought the matter over, and called for his mechanist-in-ordinary, and ordered him to make an iron trap which he himself could place near the treasure and await the event.

"Soon the two brothers returned, and the one who led the way fell into the trap. In vain he tried to get free; the trap would not give up its prey. Seeing that death was inevitable, he said to his brother:

"'Cut off my head, and carry it away in the bag; and thus they will never know who has been here.'

"So the brother cut off the other one's head and put it into the bag, and went away.

"On the morrow the king came, and found the headless body in the trap. He was much embarrassed; but he was a man of resource.

"'I know what I will do,' he said. 'I will order the corpse to be exposed on the wall of the palace, and as it is the disgrace of disgraces to leave a relative without burial, those to whom it belongs will betray themselves by coming to take it away.'

"The corpse was hung on the palace wall, near the guardroom. The brother saw through the king's device, and although he longed to do the last honours to the dead, yet he hesitated, as you can understand, at the risk of the adventure. But his old mother continually assailed him with invectives.

"'Man without religion! Unnatural son! Wilt thou leave the poor departed without burial? Cursed be the day in which I brought thee into the world!'

"And, in short, he resolved to take his brother's body, cost what it might. And this is what he did. He filled several goat-skins with wine, and put them on his ass, and came to the palace, and stabbed one of the skins so that the wine burst forth. At the sight of it the soldiers left their post to save in buckets the wine that was being lost, and then crowded round to drink. When the thief saw they were all overcome with drunkenness, he stood up on the ass, took down his brother's body, covered it with his mantle, and took it home and buried it.

"Then the king was more and more at a loss. But he would not admit he was beaten. After thinking for several days, he devised a new expedient.

"He had an only daughter of great beauty. He called her to him and said, 'I am going to announce at the sound of the trumpet that all the young men of my kingdom can come to thee and tell thee the exploits they have accomplished, and the man who tells thee the most extraordinary one will be thy husband and my heir. Immediately our thief reveals himself, thou shalt lay thy hand on his arm, and that way thou knowest he cannot escape from justice.'

"The princess, at her father's command, clothed herself in her richest garments and sat at her window. And all the young men of the kingdom went one after the other before her, and told her the exploits they had accomplished. The thief came, and boldly told her how he had carried away his brother's body; and his story was the most extraordinary one. Then the princess put out her hand and laid it on his arm. But, wonderful to relate, while she held him thus, he went away as if she held him not. It was a false arm he had carried under his mantle, and he left it in the hands of the princess. And again he escaped from justice. And the king was so astonished at the cleverness, courage, and presence of mind of the adventurer that he gave him his daughter in marriage and made him his heir."

"That is a capital story," said Catherine. "But I do not understand why the thief had to bring a false arm, and how that expedient could save him."

"Ah, you want to know too much," said Leila, laughing. "See if Hassan is not content at the tale as tradition tells it."

A part of the night went by in telling stories such as these while the return of Maurice and Goucha Nichin was waited for. But, as they did not return, it became necessary to take some sleep. They had said when they set out that they might not return that day, and in spite of her growing uneasiness Catherine did her best to conceal her agitation.

"They must have found something of interest," she said to Leila. "And as Gargaridi took provisions enough for a siege, they have not thought it worth while to return."

"Besides," said Leila, "they could not without imprudence come up the Goul Hek in broad daylight, and as they have not come back during the night, all we can do is to wait until this evening."

The day dragged by wearily. As soon as darkness fell, Hassan was sent out along the road, and the girls tried to pass the long hours of waiting by preparing a meal for the travellers, who did not come.

The second night went by without bringing any news. In the morning Catherine's uneasiness was intense.

Leila, silent and pale, seemed to be pondering over some important decision.

"Catherine," said she at last, "we can no longer dissimulate; some accident must have happened. Your brother would not voluntarily have left you in this dreadful state of uneasiness. And, in circumstances so serious, I believe I am right in taking exceptional measures. If I do wrong may Mithra pardon me! If the Guebre has lost the Faranghi, the daughter of the Guebre may find him!"

"What do you mean?" said Catherine, trembling. "Oh! if you know anything, tell me; let us be off; do not hesitate. What are you waiting for?"

"Do not ask me," said Leila, gently; "I am not yet sure of anything. I must search; I must study. Besides, we cannot go out until we are hidden by the darkness."

And, stepping into the workroom, she took several large books down from the shelves, and began to read, while Catherine watched her with feverish eyes.

"What strange instruments you have there!" said she, noticing the retorts and alembics. "This looks like a magician's cabinet."

"And so it is," said Leila, seated at the large table. "My grandfather is the sole possessor of the cabalistic science, and he has carefully taught me some of its secrets."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Goucha Nichin holds that the Cabbala is the last word of human wisdom, and that the happiness of humanity depends on its formulas. Among the Guebres there are people who believe that he knew That-Hermes, the great lawgiver of the occult."

"Is that why Hassan said, 'Goucha Nichin is as old as the world'?"

"Yes," said Leila, "children and the simple-minded exaggerate things and see marvels everywhere. But it is beyond doubt that the occult science of the magi is the profoundest and most venerable that ever was. The most ancient civilisations received from them their formulas. From Chaldea, its cradle, the occult has dominated the whole world. The pythonesses, the sybils, the augurs, the diviners, the whole crowd of vaticinators, necromancers, sorcerers, oneiromancers, theurgists, alchemists, thaumaturgists, astrologers, regular or irregular, descend in a direct line from That-Hermes."

"And the Egyptians," said Catherine, for a moment distracted from her anxiety by her friend's enthusiasm, "were they also indebted to the magi?"

"Assuredly; the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Hebrews, the Celts, the Gallic Druids——"

"What!" interrupted Catherine. Our Druids even?"

"They came in a direct line from the magi of Chaldea; they formed a people apart, in the nation in which they rejoiced in unchallenged authority. If there are in all the world men whom the Guebres would call brothers they are the Gallic Celts, the inhabitants of ancient Armorica."

"But then," said Catherine, "we are of the same race, Leila!"

"How so?" said Leila, turning pale.

"We are Bretons; did you not know that?"

"I thought you were Parisians."

"No. We are Bretons—Bretons of the Bretons."

"How glad I am!" said Leila, embracing her friend with effusion. "Ah!" she continued with an air of triumph, "without delay must I let my grandfather know this. What objection can he have now?"

"What do you mean?" asked Catherine in surprise.

"A Guebre," said Leila, in some confusion, "and particularly a mobed, is naturally prone to regard as inferior and barbarous every man who is not of his race—and he would have helped your brother all the more had he known of the affinity which united them."

"You do not think your grandfather is capable of betraying Maurice?" said Catherine, all of a tremble.

"No!" said Leila, decidedly. "No! I have told you without disguise that he does not love the foreigner, but he is too magnanimous to betray him. He would rather be buried with him under the ruins."

"My dear friend!" groaned Catherine. "You make me shudder! Ruins! The earth fallen in! That is the nightmare which has haunted me ever since these secret expeditions began. So long as we worked in the open, accidents were to be feared, it is true, but never the unknown; while in these dreadful underground places who knows what may happen? The want of air, of fire, of water, an everlasting prison, and no human help, no means of knowing! It is maddening to think of it!"

"Dear Catherine," said Leila, much affected, "be calm, I beseech you. Appeal to your courage; say to yourself that if any danger threatens your brother it is your duty to keep all your strength and all your coolness for his assistance."

"Good, dear Leila," said Catherine, bursting into tears, "what should I do without you? Well, I will take some nourishment and try to go to sleep to show that your lesson is not lost."

"That is right," said Leila, pleased at the turn things had taken, and, having poured out a cup of coffee, she sat down near her on a pile of cushions, advising her to go to sleep quickly while she finished her researches.

But sleep did not come.

"May I ask what you are studying?" asked Catherine, after an interval of silence.

"It is the 'Clavicle of Solomon, or the Key of Solomon the King,'" said Leila, gravely.

"I think I know that book," said Catherine, raising herself on her cushions. "Will you hand it me? Yes. That is it. I remember to have looked it through with Maurice when we were occupied in our Celtic studies. It is a sort of general storehouse, is it not, of magical formulas."

"It is the gospel of truth," said Leila solemnly; and Catherine began to read half audibly:

"First: On the Days, the Hours, and the Virtues of the Planets. Second: Concerning the Arts. Third: Prayers and Conjurations. Fourth: More powerful Conjurations. Fifth: Irresistible Conjurations. Sixth: How to become Invisible. Seventh: Of the Manner of preparing the Magic Board for interrogating the Intelligences and obtaining a Reply to any Question Whatsoever. Eighth: For becoming the Master of any Treasure possessed by the Spirits."

"Oh, Leila!" exclaimed Catherine involuntarily, and she could not help her voice taking a tone of irony, "it is not by magic and conjurations, I hope, that you expect to help them."

"It would be useless," said Leila, with some severity, "to explain to you what I am seeking. I tell you I have need of study, and of collecting myself. Sleep, Catherine. When I have ended my work I also will take a rest, and as soon as night comes we will go in search of those who have disappeared."

Catherine, a little confused at having annoyed her friend, did her best to please her, and, shutting her eyes, and fatigue getting the better of anxiety, she was soon in troubled dreamy slumber.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM MY LOG; OR, TRUE STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By Rear-Admiral W. R. Kennedy.

VI.—ADVENTURES IN THE CHINA SEAS.

After a run ashore of about six weeks, I was all ready for a start on another cruise, and joined H.M.S. Calcutta, then fitting out at Plymouth as flag-ship for the China station.

The Calcutta was a fine 84-gun ship, built of teak and reported to sail well, as did most of her class. She carried long 32-pounders on her main and lower decks, also a few 64-pounders, and 32-pounder carronades on the forecastle. A gunboat with one long gun would be more than a match for her at the present day.

Our commander-in-chief, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, had gone out overland to Hong Kong, and we were to follow as fast as we could. On May 7, 1856, we left Plymouth for the China seas, and were soon bowling down Channel 11 knots an hour.

Nothing of importance occurred during our passage to the Cape. We passed Madeira seven days out, and the Cape de Verdes a few days afterwards. Had a spell of calms in the Doldrums, and picked up the S.E. trade wind a few degrees to the northward of the equator.

The usual ceremonies observed on crossing the line were dispensed with by the captain's order, which was fortunate for those of us who were crossing for the first time. Whilst becalmed we had some sport with the sharks which are always to be seen in these latitudes. One big fellow was hooked and hauled up on to the poop to his intense disgust, which he showed by lashing about with his tail, till deprived of this appendage. In the gunroom we hooked a small shark about six feet long, which we hauled through the port, and introduced to the gun-room officers. The poor shark lashed about in all directions, sending chairs flying about right and left. Every one armed himself with some sort of weapon, and while one belaboured him with a handspike, others attacked him with swords and dirks. In the midst of this excitement, the captain and commander appeared and watched the proceedings with much interest. At last we managed to cut off the brute's tail, and cut him up for supper. The flavour of shark steaks is not particularly choice, but when one has been on salt horse for some weeks, a midshipman will eat anything.

We carried the SE. trades to lat. 35° S., when the wind fell light and hauled to the northward. On June 25 a man fell overboard. The ship was running pretty fast at the time, but was quickly rounded to and the man picked up, but not till he had been half an hour in the water and was nearly done. From this time till we were within 500 miles of the Cape we had to contend with a succession of easterly winds which prolonged our passage till July 13, when a

rattling breeze carried us into Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope. We only remained here three days to replenish water and provisions, and sailed again on the 19th, and the next day were scudding before a favouring gale from the NW., passing many homeward bound vessels lying to under close-reefed topsails.

After the gale abated we had fine weather and steady breezes, before which we ran for days without seeing a sail, till we sighted Java Head, on the evening of August 21, and on the next morning we bore up, and ran through the Straits of Sunda, separating the Islands of Java and Sumatra. The scenery of these coasts is most beautiful, and we all enjoyed the refreshing sight of the thickly wooded hills, luxuriant with tropical vegetation. Everything looked so fresh and green, the sea was smooth and blue, and the coral reefs could plainly be distinguished beneath the clear waters. The scent from the spice which abounds on these islands was most apparent, and we could see the monkeys skipping from tree to tree, while numerous parrots and cockatoos flew about, making the air resound with their discordant cries.

A large Dutch merchant ship was sailing abreast of us, and our captain gallantly ordered the band to play on the poop for the benefit of some lady passengers aboard her. The same evening we came to an anchor off Angea Point, the usual rendezvous for all vessels bound through the Straits. The ship was immediately surrounded by canoes, manned by Malays, bringing off cocoanuts, bananas, etc., and Java sparrows, which are indigenous to these islands. Next morning we again weighed, and for the next three or four days made the best of our way to the eastward, threading most intricate channels, past lovely islands, and anchoring as desirable, and on the evening of August 28 anchored in Singapore Roads. Although we lay a long way from the shore, the bumboats were soon alongside with cargoes of fruit, vegetables, poultry, parrots, and cockatoos. The boatmen were fine muscular-looking fellows, nearly black, their bodies smeared over with cocoanut oil, giving them a very sleek appearance, and the water runs off them as off the back of a duck. Here we met with some Chinese junks for the first time—great clumsy-looking craft, painted all the colours of the rainbow, with an eye in the bows, for, as the Chinamen observe, 'Suppose no got eye, how can see.' These trading junks are only able to sail before the wind, so they run down from Hong Kong before the NE. monsoon, returning with the SW., thus making two voyages in the year. The clipper Mandarin junks, or men-of-war, are built on fine lines, sail remarkably well, and carry a number of guns. With these latter we were destined to become better acquainted presently.

After leaving Singapore we picked up the SW. monsoon, and reached our destination, Hong Kong, on September 8, after a passage of four months from England.

This may seem an absurdly long time to the present generation, when fast steamers do the same, *via* the Suez Canal, in a little more than as many weeks, but for a sailing ship going round the Cape of Good Hope it was nothing unusual.

The harbour of Hong Kong is a fine one, sheltered from all points of the compass, especially from the south, where the roadstead is protected by the high range of the island itself.

We found the usual amount of shipping at anchor in the roads, including men-of-war of various nationalities and quite a fleet of opium clippers. These beautiful little vessels were mostly topsail schooners of about 300 tons, built for speed, and heavily armed for protection against pirates. They have since been superseded by steamers. The same may be said of the tea trade, which used to be carried entirely by fast sailing ships round the Cape. Sometimes two or three of these smart clippers would sail on the same day, and heavy bets would be made on the race home. It has occasionally happened that two of them have run up Channel together, never having been in sight of each other after leaving Hong Kong.

But the romance of sailing is over, and now the early teas are carried by fast steamers through the Canal.

On September 20 the Winchester, 50-gun frigate, arrived from the northward, having on board our gallant commander-in-chief, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, whose flag was shifted to the Calcutta. A small paddle steamer called the Coromandel was fitted up as tender to the flag-ship, and officered and manned from that ship.

The weather even at this time of year (October corresponding with the same month at home) was fearfully hot, the thermometer ranging from 85° to 90° in the shade, and at night there was very little difference, so that between the heat and the mosquitoes one got but little sleep, and longed for the return of day, when we all plunged overboard for a delicious bathe. On shore the heat was even worse, but Europeans have so many appliances, such as punkahs, ice drinks, etc., that they manage to lead a very pleasant life. There used to be some snipeshooting on the mainland abreast of the island, and we would wade through the paddy-fields in search of the long bills; but our bags were light and the operation not unattended with danger, for the water-buffaloes, although domestic animals and quiet with their owners, always charged a European on sight, and I well remember being thus attacked whilst in a helpless position up to my middle in a bog. Fortunately the beast also got bogged, and a charge of snipeshot in the face at fifteen yards cooled his ardour and made him beat a retreat. I had a more serious adventure in this locality some months afterwards during the war, but this I will relate in its proper place.

We were beginning to get tired of idling our time at Hong Kong, when, on the morning of October 21, we were startled by the order, "Hands up anchor, and make sail." In a moment all was activity and excitement, especially as the report got about that there was a prospect of some fighting up the river in consequence of a difference of opinion between Mr. Parkes, our consul at Canton, and the Mandarin governor of that city.

The trouble arose on account of an insult to the British flag, in hauling down the colours of the lorcha * Arrow. The negotiations on the subject having failed to obtain any redress, Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hong Kong, applied to the admiral for assistance. Sailors have to obey orders, not to raise questions of policy. And a few hours after receipt of the Governor's despatch, the Calcutta was running out of the harbour under a cloud of canvas, bound for the Canton River, towing the boats of H.M.S. Winchester, fully armed, astern of her.

The Canton River at its mouth is so broad that for miles one can barely distinguish the banks, in fact it is more an arm of the sea for the first twenty or thirty miles, when it narrows rapidly, until at the Bogue Forts, seventy miles from Hong Kong and thirty from Canton, it is about a mile wide, and soon afterwards not more than a quarter.

The wind falling light, we were taken in tow by the Barracouta (a paddle-wheel steam sloop) till night, when we anchored, and again proceeded in the morning to an anchorage a few miles above the Bogue Forts, which was as far as the depth of water would allow us to go. The Barracouta then went on up the river, having the boats of the Winchester, Comus, and Bittern in tow.

As the Calcutta was unable to get any nearer to the scene of operations, her boats were prepared for active service, and at 3 A.M. of October 23 we left the ship and made fast to the Sampson (which vessel was to tow us up the river). The flotilla consisted of the launch, two pinnaces, and cutter. I was the midshipman in charge of the launch. The admiral and staff went on board the Coromandel.

We made good progress through the day, and at dark anchored for the night, pushing on again at daylight till we reached the bar, where the Sampson grounded, and we left her. The Coromandel, meanwhile, had gone up another branch of the river; this branch, forming a fork at Whampoa, joins the main stream at Canton, fifteen miles further up, thus approaching the city from opposite directions.

The Coromandel, assisted by the Barracouta, took possession of the Barrier Forts with very slight opposition, the first shot of the war being fired from the Coromandel. After leaving the Sampson we pulled up the river in the direction of Canton, and when about four miles from the city we were joined by Captain Bate of the Actæon, whose knowledge of the locality and the people was most useful. Acting upon his advice it was arranged to attack the Macao Fort.

This formidable fort was built upon an island in the middle of the river, commanding the passage on both sides. Ninety guns of large calibre were mounted within its walls, which were of immense thickness, and it was fully manned.

The importance of taking possession of this fortress was evident, but the force at our disposal was absurdly inadequate for the undertaking, consisting as it did of the three boats of the Calcutta, armed with one small brass howitzer apiece, and Captain Bate's whaleboat—about eighty men all told. Nevertheless it was decided to make the attempt.

The Chinamen were watching our movements with unconcern, doubtless never dreaming that we should have the audacity to molest them with such an insignificant force. Great must have been their surprise when with three hearty cheers we made a dash at the fort, and before they had time to fire a shot we were alongside them and took possession. With one well-directed broadside they could have blown us out of the water, but not a shot was fired on either side. The Chinamen were turned out bag and baggage, and we remained in possession, whilst Captain Bate went on to Canton to report our proceedings to the admiral.

Simultaneously with the capture of Macao Fort, the Bird's Nest Fort, mounting 35 guns, and a small fort opposite the English quarter of the city, were taken possession of without opposition, also the Shameen Forts at the head of the Macao Passage, the whole of the guns being destroyed.

In the Macao Fort we found many beautiful brass guns, some of them fourteen inches in the bore, or twice as large as anything we had on board the Calcutta.

Leaving one pinnace in charge of the fort and the other a mile or so above it, we went on in the launch to Canton, where we found the Encounter screw corvette moored off the city.

(To be continued.)

* Lorcha, a vessel peculiar to the China seas, rigged like a junk.

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ilderim the Afghan," "A Coral Prison," etc.

CHAPTER I.—AN OUTPOST IN THE JUNGLE.

"I'LL tell you what, old chappie,—if you enjoy this sort of thing, I don't, that's all! When we first came up here they told us that the whole country was swarming with *Dacoits* (brigands), and I expected we'd have lots of fighting, don't you know? Well, we've been here two mortal months, and not had a single battle yet—and never seen so much as the tip of a Dacoit's nose all the time! I call it a shame to take a fellow in like that, don't you know? Too bad, 'pon my word!"

As the speaker's grumbling tones died away, there was a momentary silence; and then a deep, grave, rather peculiar voice answered with a somewhat curious emphasis:

"Do you happen to remember what took place in India in the year 1857?"

"In 1857, eh? Haw! yes, of course—the Sepoy Mutiny. Why do you ask that?"

of excitement, and of there being nothing stirring. Curious coincidence, isn't it?"

The last speaker paused for a moment, as if to let this significant comment sink well into his companion's mind; and then he added—little dreaming how speedily and terribly his ominous words were to be fulfilled:

"Take my word for it, Frank, my boy, that it won't be long before you see quite as many Dacoits as you'll care to see, and have as much fighting as you want. It's



"What! the Tiger Chief again?"

"Because, just before *it* came and swept everything away, people were complaining, just as you're doing now, of want

just when you don't see or hear anything of these fellows, that they're the nearest to you, and the most to be feared."

The closing sentence was spoken with such grim emphasis that it made even the careless listener look grave for a moment. And, in truth, such a warning might well be impressive, when uttered in one of the most dangerous and lawless regions of Eastern Asia, where, only two short years before, no Englishman's life would have been safe for a single day, and where, even now, it was a common saying that an English garrison officer's first question on awaking in the morning was always, "How many men murdered last night?"

Since the British annexation of Upper Burmah in 1885–6, England had attempted to maintain order, and to repress the plundering habits of the wild northern clans, by dotting her new territory with little pin-pricks of armed occupation—100 men here, 50 men there, 30 men yonder—quartered sometimes in the Burmese villages themselves, sometimes in half-ruined Buddhist monasteries, and not unfrequently in rude forts hastily built for the purpose. Each of these tiny garrisons comprised both horse and foot, the cavalry scouring the surrounding country while the infantry guarded the camp; and this keeping of an armed force constantly on duty in the very midst of the native marauders, ready to dash out at the first alarm of a raid, was found to check these daring freebooters far more effectually than the laborious dragging of a large expeditionary column from place to place in hopeless pursuit of enemies as nimble as birds and as cunning as foxes.

It was in one of the remotest of these outposts (far away toward the border hills between Burmah and Western China, on a small river that was almost buried in a black and pathless mass of jungle down to the very point of its meeting with the Upper Irrawaddy), that the two young officers were stationed whose conversation we have just quoted; and one glance at their surroundings was enough to show that Lieutenant Merrincourt's grumblings were (from *his* point of view at least) not wholly without foundation.

The outpost was a fair sample of the ordinary "up-country fort" in Burmah, and certainly formed no very luxurious residence for any man accustomed to London clubs and English country-houses. On a rising ground overlooking the river a deep trench had been dug, and a high, steep bank of earth thrown up inside it, surmounted with one of those tall bamboo stockades which figured so formidably in England's earlier Burmese wars, and all but cost Lord Wolseley his life when a young subaltern. Within this primitive entrenchment a number of huts had been run up for the officers, men, and camp-followers, and two large sheds built to serve respectively as a store-house and a hospital.

All these buildings were roofed with thatch and floored with split bamboos, and were raised above the ground (as in Siam and the Malay islands) upon stout posts three or four feet high. The hut occupied by the two young officers consisted merely of a bedroom and a "bath-place," while the men occupied one long room, which, like the "Chinese quarters" on some of the plantations in Sumatra and Java, had a clear space down the centre, and a raised platform or sleeping-place along either side.

All around this tiny fortress the matted brushwood had been carefully cut away for several hundred yards, so as to leave no cover for an approaching enemy; and on the farther side of this clearing lay the native village, with its seventy or eighty queer little nests of bamboos and dried grass huddled together beneath the shade of the huge tamarind trees, behind the high palisade which is as recognised a feature of any village in Upper Burmah as the cricket-green is in an English one. And, between it and the river, the tall, white, spear-pointed turrets and gilded cupolas of a crumbling Burmese pagoda rose above the clustering leaves, glittering in the cloudless splendour of the sinking sun.

Such was the fort of Kyook-Pew (White Rock), not the gayest place in the world, certainly, for two young Englishmen with no society but their own; for all the rest of the garrison were Hindoos, and there was not another redcoat within forty miles of them. Least of all was such a spot likely to suit the taste of a man like Frank Merrincourt, whose fresh, boyish face showed at the first glance that with all his pluck and daring (and he had plenty of both) he was not overburdened with brains, and would be apt to fare badly if thrown upon his own resources for amusement in a region where letters and newspapers often took eight or nine weeks to reach their destination, and where the usual contents of a garrison library were an odd volume of a tattered novel, with the first and last pages torn out, an English sporting paper six months old, and an "Army List" of the year before last.

Far otherwise was it with his comrade, Lieutenant Alfred Marston, of the —th Bengal Infantry, the acting commander of the garrison. The most careless observer would have noticed in his firm, dark, thoughtful features, and deep, earnest eyes, a shadow of ceaseless care and watchfulness, telling how keenly he felt the pressure of that responsibility which sat so lightly upon his careless, jovial companion. One could fancy that strong, massive face fronting the flying spears at Rorke's Drift, or looming through the billowy smoke of Lucknow; but it seemed strangely out of place amid the safe and inglorious stagnation of this obscure outpost, with its wearisome daily routine of the same morning round of inspection, the same early ride, the same invariable breakfast of beefsteak or stewed fowl, tea, and *chupatties* (thin cakes of unleavened bread), after which the heat of the day came on, and every one's inclination to do anything whatever—except to lie still and smoke—went off.

From the spot where he stood, Marston's keen dark eyes—which seemed to be always watching something or somebody—commanded a full view of the river-bank below the village, which just then presented a very animated spectacle. What the spring or well is to the natives of the Lower Congo, what the "cooking-shed" is to the Dualla Africans of the Cameroons, the river-side is to the villagers of Upper Burmah—a centre of jokes, flirtations, local scandals, and chit-chat of every kind, while the Burmese ladies fill their earthen pitchers with water,* wash their clothes and household utensils, or indulge in a sociable bath in company with their children, husbands, and brothers, till the whole breadth of the shallow stream is alive with dripping brown faces.

Such a scene lay before Marston now; and, apart from its life and bustle, it had a barbaric picturesqueness of its own hard to describe, owing to that wonderful mingling of bright colours which makes every Burmese crowd so gay and beautiful a sight, as compared with the dull, unchanging whiteness of the cotton-clad Hindoos. Crimson tunics, blue sashes, yellow or white skirts, embroidered pouches and girdles, green caps, broad-brimmed "Shan" straw hats adorned with bright scarlet ribbons, turned the whole throng into a living rainbow beneath the slanting sunlight.

The spirits of the villagers seemed as gay as their dresses. The clatter of tongues was incessant; every face rippled with smiles; and peal after peal of jolly, boyish laughter startled the sullen echoes of the silent forest.

"Are *these* the people from whom you expect danger, Alf?" asked Frank Merrincourt, as a louder laugh than usual came rolling to his ear on the fresh evening breeze.

"You mustn't judge by *that*, my boy," answered Marston, gravely. "The Burman, like the Frenchman, can laugh when plotting murder, or in the jaws of death. At the time of the great fire in Mandalay, which made thousands of people into houseless beggars at one stroke, an English chaplain who was there (and from whom I got the story) hurried down to the burned quarter, like a good fellow as he was, to see if anything could be done to help those who had suffered. As he approached, instead of wailings and cries of despair, he heard incessant roars of laughter; and when he came up, he found that the Burmans had actually rigged up a make-shift native theatre among the still smoking ruins, and were sitting watching one of those queer plays of theirs, while the clown of the piece kept cutting all sorts of jokes about the fire and its ravages, at which the very people whom that fire had stripped of all that they had were laughing as loudly as any one!"

Merrincourt was silent for a moment, as if endeavouring to digest this new fact. Then he said abruptly, as if wishing to change the subject:

"By-the-bye, oughtn't Foster and those two boys to be here soon? One day's so like another here, that I shall be forgetting what *year* it is before long; but I've a kind of idea that they were to be at Rangoon last Saturday, and I know they meant to come up the river at once."

"It doesn't follow that they'll be here so soon, though," said Marston; "for this is not exactly a country of special trains and excursion tickets, you know. They could get up the Irrawaddy as far as Bhamo in about a week, counting the

* It is to be remarked, however, that in many parts of Burmah the natives hardly ever take water direct from a running stream, preferring to obtain it by digging wells, or by trenching holes in the dry bed of a river, believing that water which has been thus filtered through sand is purer and less likely to cause fever.—D. K.

halt at Mandalay; but how they'll manage after that is another matter. Unless they happen to hit one of our despatch-boats just starting up the higher river, they may have to work their way overland through the jungle."

"I wish them joy of the job, then," cried Merrincourt, with a shudder. "Our old colonel wasn't far out when he described this jungle as 'a forest of fish-hooks relieved by an occasional patch of penknives.' I'm glad they *are* coming, though, for they'll be some company for us in this wretched hole. Foster will make a famous chum for *you*, for he's just such another dry, grave old chap as yourself; and I'll take Harry out shooting, for he's as fond of it and as good at it as if he were fifty instead of fifteen."

"A regular 'son of a gun,' in fact," put in Marston, who, grave as he was, sometimes made jokes, though he never by any chance laughed at them himself.

"And as for Fred Milburn, this American cousin who is coming to stay with them," resumed Merrincourt, "a boy bred on the Western prairies ought to know how to handle a rifle and to find his way about without a nurse. But, hollo! that must be our old Ressaldar come back again."

A trampling of horse-hoofs was heard outside—a few quick, sharp, Hindoostanee words of command were uttered by a deep, sonorous voice—and then the steep, ladder-like steps creaked beneath a firm tread, and at the door of the officers' room appeared, with a stately military salute, a splendid old Hindoo non-commissioned officer, who, having been out on a scouting expedition with half-a-dozen picked *sowars* (native troopers), had come to make his report.

It was soon made, and Frank Merrincourt eyed his ill-boding comrade with a grin of sarcastic meaning as he heard the scout announce that he and his men had seen no danger, and no sign of any. But Marston, who had studied the old warrior's face more closely than his words, read in it something which made him ask briefly and pointedly as the Ressaldar ceased to speak:

"You say you have *seen* nothing, Hadji Mahmood,—have you *heard* anything?"

"The sahib hath spoken wisdom," said the veteran, with a grim smile. "On our way back we came through the village, and passed by the *shop*."

Even the thoughtless Merrincourt pricked up his ears at this last word, for he knew that in this region, where the postman had never set foot nor the telegraph's click been heard, the centre and fountain-head of all news from the outer world is the one village shop—for in these tiny hamlets there is seldom more than one.

The stock-in-trade of this primitive mart is usually as simple as itself, consisting chiefly of coarse Burmese cloths and slippers, jars of kerosene oil, German matches (English ones being apparently quite at a discount in Burmah), and a few tawdry native trinkets, which, in one sense at least, are certainly "worth a good *round* sum," *i.e.* O. But these commodities, such as they are, have been brought (usually in baskets slung to the two ends of a bamboo poised on the bearer's shoulder) all the way from the large towns farther down the great river which is the main artery of Burmah's life; and the carriers naturally bring with them all the vague and conflicting rumours, possible or impossible, which are buzzing around the crowded bazaars of Bhamo, Mandalay, or Amarapoora.

Whenever a fresh guerilla outbreak has taken place in the disturbed border provinces, or a new official been appointed by the British Government—whenever another detachment of troops has been sent over from India, or another English gunboat has come up the Irrawaddy from Rangoon—some garbled version of the occurrence trickles through an endless series of channels into the village shop, where it is retailed, "with notes and additions by the translator," to all who care to hear it. So, the moment Merrincourt heard "the shop" mentioned, he sat up and bent forward to listen.

"Well," asked Marston of the Ressaldar, "what did they speak of there?"

"Sahib," replied the old soldier, with a look of half-superstitious awe which seemed strangely out of place upon his bold, firm features (for he was a Sikh from the Punjaub), "they spoke of 'Seteeti-Tchar'" (the War-Tiger).

Whatever this mysterious name might imply, it seemed to fall like a thunderbolt upon the two listeners. Even Merrincourt sprang to his feet as if he had been electrified, and all Marston's self-command could not repress a loud exclamation of astonishment and dismay.

"What? the Tiger Chief again?" cried he. "Why, he's dead—killed three months ago—at least the famous tiger-skin helmet that gave him his name was brought into Bhamo, and the sepoy who brought it got the Government bounty offered for his death or capture."

"The sahib speaks the words of truth," said the veteran, solemnly, "but no earthly hand or earthly weapon can prevail against the Tiger of War. Men say that he is no mortal man, but a *Bhoot* (ghost); and truly mortal man never did such deeds as *he* hath done. It is said in the village that he has been seen within eight days past among the mountains up yonder, and that the very sound of his coming has roused the people even as the bleating of the flocks rouses the beast that bears his name."

And the old Sikh, with another salute, turned and quitted the room, leaving the two young Englishmen eyeing each other in gloomy silence.

"You were right, old fellow, and no mistake," said Frank Merrincourt at length. "There must be another row coming, and a pretty bad one too, if that cut-throat Tiger Chief has his finger in the pie!"

But Alfred Marston made no answer.

(To be continued.)

CHIVALRY.

By Albert E. Hooper,

Author of "Up the Moonstair," etc.

II.—THE TRAINING OF A KNIGHT.

In the last chapter it was shown that, although the chivalrous ideal has always been present in the world, and always must be while alternative lines of conduct are possible, it was manifested in a very special way during the Middle Ages; that the universal *profession* of knightly conduct has left an indelible impression on the human race.

Passing by the facts that the lofty ideal of chivalry was in many cases unrealised, that sacred vows were then, as now, often violated, and discredit brought upon a noble institution, there is a sense in which the knight of the Middle Ages is the model or the object lesson of the modern gentleman.

His education was the careful work of years; the symbolism of his initiation was full of the most sacred significance; and, as has already been said, the theory of his life, apart from his practice, was so lofty and pure, that it has deservedly won the admiration of all succeeding generations.

The training of a knight, then, seems worthy of careful attention, and this little paper will be devoted to its consideration.

The knight was first, and before all else, a horseman, as the word chivalry, derived from the French *cheval*, a horse, denotes. Not only was the cavalry the most effective branch of the military service, but, as Sir Walter Scott tells us, "the apparent difficulty of training and managing in the field of battle an animal so spirited and active, gave . . . in rude ages, a character of superior gallantry, while the necessary expense attending this service attested superior wealth."

Spenser has a stanza which claims aristocracy for all *chevaliers*:—

> "In brave pursuit of honorable deed,
> There is I know not what great difference
> Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
> Which unto things of valorous pretence
> Seemes to be borne by native influence;
> As feates of armes; and love to entertain:
> *But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science*
> *Proper to gentle blood.*"

And Lord Herbert of Cherbury, a man of knightly instincts, has said that the finest sight God can look down on is a fine man on a fine horse.

There were two stages in the education of such a *chevalier*. He who aspired to the dignity of the golden spurs must first submit to the subordinate positions of page and squire. Let us briefly trace the course of his careful training.

1. *The Page.* At an early age, varying between seven and twelve, a boy was drafted

from his own home into the household of some nobleman selected by his father, or when highly born, into the royal court itself. Here "in these nurseries of nobility," far away from his own relatives and friends, who might be unwise in their tenderness, his first lesson was one which the Black Prince, with true chivalrous intuition, appropriated as the most fitting for a princely motto—*Ich Dien*, I serve. Strict obedience was exacted by all around him; by the king, by the lord who was his guardian, by the ladies: and thus, not only obedience was the result, but loyalty and courtesy as well. To the solid groundwork of service, which is the foundation of all true living, there was added what rare old Ben Jonson has called "all the blazon of a gentleman."

The page was taught not only to serve at table, and wait upon the ladies, ever ready to obey with swift foot and entire devotion their slightest behests, but the use of arms, the art of horsemanship, and all martial exercises. In the court yard he had to hold his own among other sprigs of nobility, and many a gallant tilt was run with blunted lances, in anticipation of the tourney's sterner strife.

2. *The Squire.* After this stage of the education had lasted for a considerable period, generally about seven years, the page became an esquire, or an attendant on some knight or nobleman, whose shield it was his duty to bear. In this capacity the training, though similar in many respects to that of the page, was much more severe, and to it many new duties were added.

At this point it may be well to repeat the testimony of an historian quoted by Scott in his valuable essay on Chivalry. Writing of Boucicaut while a squire, this historian tells us that "he was taught to spring upon a horse while armed at all points, to exercise himself in running, to strike for a length of time with axe or club, to dance and throw somersaults entirely armed, except the helmet, to mount on horseback behind one of his comrades by barely laying his hands on his sleeve, to raise himself betwixt two partition walls to any height by placing his back against the one and his knees and hands against the other, to mount a ladder placed against a tower upon the reverse or under side, solely by the aid of his hands and without touching the rounds with his feet, to throw the javelin, to pitch the bar," and to do all things necessary for the thorough exercise of the body.

And as his bodily training grew more severe, the squire's mental and moral training advanced. His closer attendance upon, and his more equal association with, knights and gentlemen naturally inspired him with the ideals of honour they cherished and spurred him to emulate their achievements. His increasing years added a charm to the society of the fair *damoiselles* in which he constantly found himself; and from the boyish service of all women, to which he had been trained as a page, he now pledged himself to love one "fayre ladye" and bring honour to her name in battle and tournament.

But let the reader take a glance at the squire as he rides in the glittering procession of Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims.

A knight rides first; and

"With him ther was his sone a yonge squier,
A lover, and a lusty bachelor,
With lockes crull as they were laid in presse,
Of twenty yere of age he was I guesse.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe,
And he hadde be sometime in chivalrie,
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so littel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of fresshe floures, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting alle the day,
He was as fresshe as is the month of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves long and wide,
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
He coude songes make, and wel endite,
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtrai and write,
Curties he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table."

Here is a contemporary description of a candidate for the order of knighthood. A handsome, well set-up young squire of twenty; cheerful, courteous, lowly and serviceable by disposition; a poet, a dancer, a jouster and a good rider by training; and one, moreover, who had been tried in the field of battle, and 'borne him wel,' in the hope of gaining grace in the eyes of his lady. Thoroughly equipped for knightly service though he is, he must still wait until he reaches the age of twenty-one before he can receive the coveted *accolade*, unless he can win abridgment of the time by some deed of valour.

But to all intents and purposes the training of the knight is complete; and a careful examination of the process will reveal not only much that has had a marked influence on modern culture, but also many details that might, with advantage, be rescued from their present neglect.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME TOYS WORKED BY ELECTRICITY.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A. oxon.,

Author of "How to make an Induction Coil," "Electric Lights," "How to make a small Dynamo," etc., etc.

PART V.

THE ELECTRIC DRUM (*continued*).

Take two small pieces of brass wire about an inch long, and turn up the ends of each into a hook. Now get a minute piece of ebonite of the same length, and, putting one hook on one side and one on the other, bind the whole together with silk. If you cannot get ebonite easily you can use a small piece of sealing-wax in the same way; by heating the wires you can sink them into the wax and so make a neater join. Now the wires must not touch each other anywhere, but must be completely separated by the ebonite or sealing-wax. The double wire from the battery and press is now fastened, one wire to the brass hook on one side, and one wire to that on the other side of the sealing-wax or ebonite. Wind silk over the whole to cover the joins, and a neat double hook is the result. The picture (fig. 6) gives the method of making the hook, and it also gives a great deal more, which I now proceed to explain.

Supposing we can rig up a small beam of wood from which to suspend the drum, we can make matters more mysterious still. Let the double wire, being hidden by some means or other all along its course, be conducted on to the end of the beam. It can then be trained along the top of it until it comes to the point from which the drum is to hang. Here there must be a hole drilled, large enough to admit the hook rather tightly. Pull the double wire through and fasten the two wires to the hooks as before described. Now you can pull back the wire and fix the hook firmly in the hole, hiding the double wire at the top of the beam (of course, if it is high up no one will be able to see over the top of the beam, so you will be quite safe); the hook being thus fixed will not attract any one's notice, and look quite unsuspicious. The chief glory of the double hook thus constructed is, of course, that you can remove

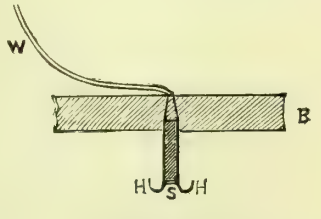


Fig. 6.—Hook from which to suspend the Magic Drum.

W, Double wire from battery and "press." B, Beam of wood from which drum is suspended. H H, Brass hooks at side. S, Ebonite or sealing-wax between the hooks. The beam is, of course, shown *in section*.

the drum whenever you choose, for examination, and whenever you hang it up you have only to hitch one eye over one side of the hook and the other over the other side, and the drum will work. People who are not up in the matter cannot conceive how the electricity can get to the drum, when it is simply hung up by (apparently) ordinary cords and ordinary eyes to what looks like an ordinary hook attached to a beam in a plain and straightforward manner.

You are now possessed of an electric trumpet and an electric drum, which you can put one at one end of the room and the other at the other. By running double wires from battery and press to the trumpet, and another double wire from battery and press to the drum, you can arrange matters so that when you put one press down the trumpet works, and when the other press is put down the drum works. If you want to work both together you must either have a very powerful battery (say 6 or 7 cells, No. 2 Lechlanché) or two batteries, one for trumpet and one for drum. If you want to use one battery for both you can make either work (at different times) from the same battery and presses, wherever they may be, by having a two-way switch somewhere in a dark corner on the line of wire.

It is a very confusing business setting up the wires so as to produce the right effect, which is to change the current from drum to trumpet and *vice versâ* in a moment by merely altering the handle of the switch. Readers who are not accustomed to the work will find it most intricate, and as I have done it myself several times, they may as well have the benefit of my trouble. I therefore give an illustration of how to connect up

the wires (fig. 7), and hope it will make matters clear to them. An explanation of the picture is necessary.

Suppose first of all that the switch is at A C, then the current will travel from the right-hand end of the battery, B, up one wire of the double conductor to the press, P, as shown by the lower arrow, through the press and along the wire, as shown by the top arrow, to the middle of the switch, A, down the arm of the switch to C, up one wire of the double conductor to the drum, and down by the other wire to the other end of the battery.

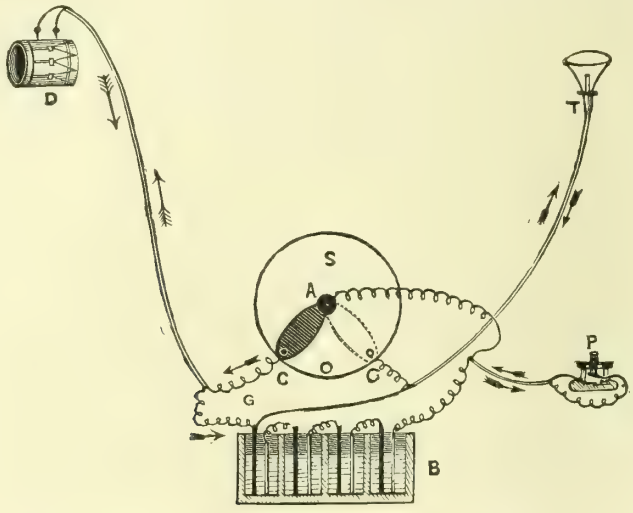


FIG. 7.—METHOD OF JOINING SWITCH, DRUM, AND TRUMPET TO PRESS AND BATTERY.
S, Switch. B, Battery. P, Press. D, Drum. T, Trumpet. The arrows show the course of the current when the switch is at A C and A G respectively.

Now let the handle of the switch be moved to the other terminal, as shown by the dotted lines. The current will now go from the right-hand end of the battery to press and centre of switch as before, it then goes down the arm of the switch up to the trumpet by the wire on the left side, and down to the other end of the battery by the wire on the right side, as shown by the arrows. Therefore when the arm of the switch is at A C the press will work the drum; when it is at A G the press will work the trumpet.

Now, as I have drawn this picture, I should like to refer back to my article on "Electric Lights," in No. 578, page 299, last volume. I know some of my readers got into difficulties over connecting up the wires to the switch and the lamps, and therefore, if I may explain myself by means of this diagram, it will be useful to them.

Suppose we have no press, but instead of it we have only one wire going straight from the right-hand end of the battery to the middle of the switch. Now let two incandescent lamps be substituted for the trumpet and drum. When the arm of the switch is at A C the current goes straight up from the right-hand pole of the battery to the centre of the switch, along the arm, up to the lamp on the left-hand side, and down to the other pole of the battery. Now, suppose the arm of the switch is moved to A G, the current will go up as before to the centre of the switch, down by the arm, up the wire to the lamp on the right-hand side, and back to the battery by the other wire. In the first case, therefore, the lamp at D lights up, in the second case the lamp at T lights up. The wires from C to D and G to T may be as long as you please, you can therefore control the lamps when they are far apart or in different parts of the house. When the arm of the switch is central neither lamp lights up, or, if you are fitting up the trumpet and drum, the press will not work either when the switch is in this position. This is an advantage, as when people get too inquisitive you can turn off the current, and then whatever they do they will not make the trumpet or drum work till you turn it on again, which you can do when you want them to work for you!

The construction of the switch is so simple that it is hardly necessary to explain the method of joining the wires, but I may say that one is to be joined to the bottom of the brass pillar in the centre which supports the brass arm. The others are joined to the right and left terminals, generally by brass screws under the base, but sometimes by screw terminals at the upper surface; this depends on the make of switch which is purchased. Ingenious readers can easily make a switch for themselves; it only requires a brass arm attached at one end to a central pillar, and long enough to touch two screws, or pieces of brass, fixed to the base on opposite sides of it, when turned in their direction. The end of the arm not supported by the brass pillar is provided with a small wooden handle to turn it by. The switch should be arranged to occupy some dark corner in which you can turn on drum or trumpet to work from the "presses" at will without any one seeing you alter it.

I will only add one thing in conclusion, and that is, that you can have the double wire from the battery and centre of switch to the press at the end as long as you like, and it can turn about behind furniture or under the carpet as much as you like, and it will still work instantly from the end press. Now, by scraping the wire clean at any intermediate point, or as many points as you like, and arranging a simple spring contact fastened to the wires *without breaking them* so that they can be made to touch when required and spring apart directly the touch is removed (this is easily done with two springs consisting of two strips of sheet brass, one fastened to one wire and one to the other, separated by a piece of wood except at the end when pressed together), you can make the trumpet squeak or the drum roll at any part of the room you like! The springs can be hidden under the carpet so as to be absolutely undiscernible except to the initiated; the best places are under furniture with rather long legs, the foot of the operator can then be placed on the springs, and so make them meet and the trumpet or drum sound, without the least chance of detection. The wires not being broken in fixing the springs as described, those springs which are closer to the battery in no way interfere with those that are farther off, as, when these are used, the current simply runs round those that intervene between them and the battery, without being in any way hindered in its course, and the press at the end of the double wire will therefore work just as if no intermediate springs existed.

(THE END.)

SEASIDE BIRDS AND THEIR HAUNTS.

BY W. T. GREENE, M.D., M.A.,

Author of "Favourite Foreign Birds," etc.

PART II.

THE terns are a somewhat large and widespread family, closely related to the gulls, but differing from them in some particulars, especially with regard to size, and also in the choice of a nesting-place, for, while the latter select rocky ledges along the coast, and inaccessible cliffs, the former lay their eggs on the grassy downs above, or among the stones on the beach at a line above high-water mark, and so similar are the eggs in appearance to the grey and white pebbles among which they are deposited, that it is almost impossible to discover them, and the young owe their safety in a great measure to a similar resemblance.

With the graceful buoyancy in mid-air of the swallow family, the terns also possess much of the external configuration of the former birds, namely, the same forked tail, and long, pointed, never-tiring pinions; like the swallows, too, they love to fly in company, and make their nests, or rather hatch their young, for the nest is a very slight affair, together.

They are migratory birds, arriving on our coasts about the end of April or the beginning of May, to leave us in September or October, as soon as the object of their visit has been attained—namely, the rearing of their little families. The eggs are usually three in number, and variously coloured, and the male shares the task of caring for them and for the young with his partner. On fine, bright, warm, sunshiny days, both birds leave the eggs for hours at a time, and fly about hawking for prey together; but if the wind

is cold, or the sun hid behind a cloud, one of them sits closely on the nest, for their instinct has taught them that a chill would be fatal to their hopes.



Wild Geese.

I have already mentioned the cormorants, so powerful of wing, and such adepts in the art of swimming and diving, that they are able to make long excursions from land, to which, in point of fact, they scarcely ever resort except for the purpose of making their nests.

Wonderful constructions are these, built of sticks on a convenient ledge of rock, or even sometimes among the branches of a tree, but in either case secure from the attacks of all predatory animals except man; of birds of prey the builders could render a good account were these marauders so foolhardy as to venture near the "phalacrocoracian" domicile on felonious thoughts intent. Phalacrocorax, I must explain, is the scientific name of the cormorant.

The gannet is one of the largest and most powerful of our sea-side birds, and differs in some respects from the cormorant, especially in the posture it assumes when at rest, its attitude then approaching to that of the members of the goose family, while the latter sit almost bolt upright like a penguin.

It is still to be met with in considerable numbers on many parts of the coast, where it makes a rude nest of seaweed on in accessible ledges of rock, laying one or two white eggs, which are incubated for about six weeks. The young are helpless for a long time, and attain almost their full size before they develop any feathers, their bodies being in the meantime covered with a thick coating of yellowish-grey down.



Puffin.

The petrels are essentially marine birds, but, unlike the fabled halcyon of old, are obliged to visit the coast for breeding purposes, which they do in considerable numbers in the months of June and July, but chiefly on our northern coasts, where they take up their abode in deserted rabbit burrows, or in those of the sand-martin, enlarging the latter to suit their own convenience. Each female lays a solitary white egg, large in proportion to the size of the bird itself, and feeds the chick by taking its bill into her own and disgorging an oily substance into its mouth, after the manner of the shearwater and many more of our seaside birds.

Most boys are probably aware that the name of petrel is given to these little black or dingy black birds, in consequence of their skimming over the water with their feet pattering on its surface—walking on it, as the Apostle Peter did, or essayed to do.

The petrels, of which there are several species, in addition to the well-known Mother Carey's chicken which I have just mentioned, belong to the family *Procellariidæ*; but as the other members select, as a rule, other coasts than our own for their nesting operations, I am not concerned with them or their haunts just now, but pass on to an allied family, *Colymbidæ*.

The divers, to use their English name, are very handsome birds, one especially, the great northern diver, which, as its name implies, must be sought for on the north coast of Scotland, where the female is in the habit of depositing her two dark olive-green eggs on a bare rock just above high-water mark.



Pochard.

By-and-by I may have something to say about the divers and some of their congeners as domestic pets, for which at first sight they seem to be but indifferently well adapted, but I must hurry on.

The razorbill, the little auk, the puffin, and the guillemot, all belong to the auk family (*Alcidæ*), of which the much-to-be-lamented great auk used to be a conspicuous member, and happy would be that boy who could now discover one of them alive, or even one of its forsaken eggs; but alas! the great auk, like the dodo, has disappeared from the face of the earth as well as from the sea, and is only known to scientists at the present day by a few more or less imperfectly stuffed skins preserved in several museums, and a few, I had almost said of its "sacred," at any rate of its highly-prized and highly-priced eggs.

Why these birds should have been classed together is not easy to perceive, for they differ considerably from each other in many ways. For instance, the razorbill lays its one white egg in any slight hole or depression on the surface of the ground, or rock, as the case may be, so that it is occasionally blown by the wind or tumbled by another inmate of the place over the face of the cliff, to be lost

in the sea, or smashed to pieces on the rock or shingle beneath.

The puffin on the contrary, also called the sea parrot on account of the shape of its bill, breeds in precipitous places on the cliffs in the northern parts of the United Kingdom,



Great Auk's eggs.

laying its egg in a deserted rabbit burrow, or in one from which it has driven the lawful owner away. As these birds are capable of inflicting a very severe wound, the tourist had better beware how he attempts to interfere with one of them which he has discovered when snugly ensconced in its usurped dwelling.

The ravens and crows, as I have intimated, are greatly in the habit of visiting the sea-side, and that not always in the winter; in fact, I remember when I was a boy that the carrion and hooded crows were constant frequenters of the rocky coast near to which we lived, and that the latter especially used to nest on inaccessible cliffs which it was utterly impossible to reach unless by the device of being swung over the precipice by means of a rope, a feat about which we used to talk sometimes, but, for some reason or other, never attempted, so that although we could see the old birds flying about, and could hear the screams of their offspring, we never saw the nest or eggs, or the unfledged young. A good field-glass would have been of inestimable value in ascertaining many particulars concerning the birds that I was anxious but unable to find out, but in those days a field-glass was a field-glass, and my curiosity had to go ungratified.

It is true that the estuaries of rivers are the natural haunt of the heron family (*Ardeidæ*), but in severe weather they are glad enough to visit the sea-shore, and may then be seen wading in the shallow water on the look-out for food, and it is a curious sight to watch one of them standing immovable on one leg, with its neck well retracted into the breast, waiting for the advent of a fish. In a moment the statuesque pose of the patient heron is exchanged for an active alertness that is almost inconceivable, the uplifted leg drops instantly to the ground, the retracted neck is eagerly protruded to its utmost length, and with lightning rapidity the long bill, often the head too and half the neck, is plunged into the water, from which it immediately returns with its quivering prey firmly grasped between the mandibles, when if small it is swallowed at once, but if of larger size is carried away to be consumed in some place at no great distance, out of sight of rapacious gulls and still more audacious ravens.

The goose family (*Anatidæ*) was at one time numerous along the British coasts, but is of much more uncommon occurrence now. Still, toward the north the grey-lag goose may be occasionally met with, and the same remark applies to the pink-footed goose. The bean goose, however, is yet fairly abundant in some parts, and well repays attentive observation whether flying, reposing on one leg with one eye open and the other shut, or feeding among the short grass and other herbage in the vicinity of the sea, to which it resorts when disturbed, settling down upon the water at some distance from the shore.

The brent goose is another regular visitor and occurs on suitable parts of the coast in large flocks. It does not nest with us, but rears its brood within the Arctic Circle, in the land of the midnight sun, secure at all events from human interference.

The ducks are perhaps the most numerous, both in point of actual numbers and of species, of all our sea-side birds, and their haunts are many and various. The sheldrake, for instance, is a strictly maritime bird, and can be met with in many places, but only during the winter months. It is a conspicuously handsome bird, and is also considered to make excellent eating.

Many other kinds of ducks and of teal occur to me, but space forbids my dwelling on them, premising that when I come to consider the seaside birds that are suitable for pets I shall have a great deal to say about them.

The mergansers and goosanders, already mentioned by name, belong to another division of the duck family, as does the smew, a word that strongly reminds one of the term sea mew, which is an appellation bestowed on several gulls. It, too, is a winter visitor, and will be vainly sought for on the British shores during the summer.

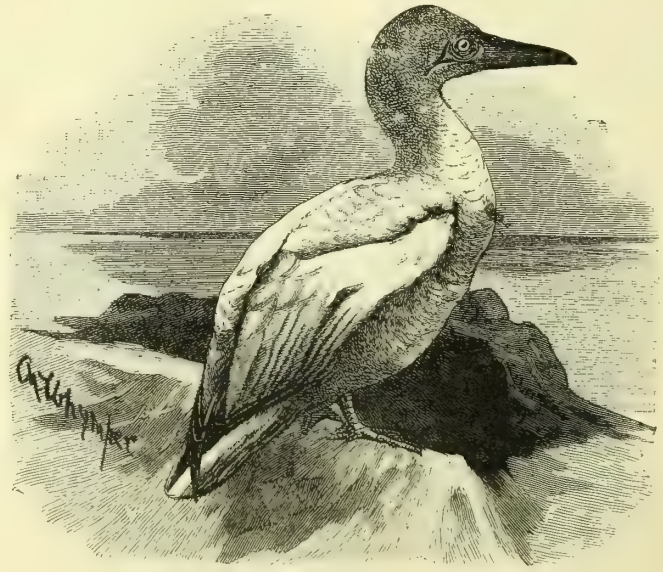
The waders (*Scolopacidæ*) comprise some very curious birds, foremost among which may be named the avocet with its curiously recurved bill. It used to be of very common occurrence, but is now less frequently seen. It is, however, well worth watching, if only for the purpose of convincing oneself that its strangely formed mandibles, which excited the compassion of older writers, are admirably adapted to its mode of life.

The nest of this bird is usually placed on a bank, just above the high tide level, and is loosely made of grass and twigs. The eggs are two in number, and the young are funny-looking fluffy little things that are able to run about almost as soon as they come out of the shell.

The knot and the dunlin are members of the same family as the avocet, and have a number of local names. They are well worth watching, as they patter about on the sand, following the receding tide in order to pick up anything edible that may be left behind, and while thus engaged they really form a very pretty sight; their restless activity and constant flittings from spot to spot, as well as the attempts of each member of the flock to secure its share of any prize that may fall to the lot of another, are exceedingly amusing, and can be readily seen with a field-glass of moderate power, the birds rarely permitting a sufficiently near approach to watch them with the unassisted eye.

The mouths of rivers are their favourite haunt, in consequence, no doubt, of the greater abundance of food they meet with in such places.

Many of the sandpipers frequent the sea-side, but are less strictly maritime in their habits than might from their name be gene-



Gannet.

rally imagined. Most of these birds are shy and solitary in disposition, and come to visit us, some in winter, and some at the opposite and more enjoyable season of the year.

The redshank is of very frequent occurrence; it is a handsome bird, strong on the

wing, and can swim and dive when occasion requires, as well as run very swiftly along the sand.

The greenshank is a near relation of the last, and a winter visitor, arriving in October and returning to its native haunts in April. Both, however, have been known to nest in Scotland, as well as in the outlying islands, and would doubtless do so more frequently but for the persecution of professional oologists or egg collectors, and others.

The godwit, the stilt, so called on account of its long legs, and the different curlews, the plover, the turnstone, and the oyster catcher, are all very interesting birds, which will repay the patient and intelligent observer who follows them with a good glass, which will enable him to differentiate the several species with ease, and to clear up many doubtful points in natural history, providing he carries a note-book and indelible pencil with him, or, better still, is able to rapidly sketch any strange object that he may chance to come across.

The thickknee is rather an inhabitant of moors and downs than of the shore, to which however it pays visits now and then, and may be seen in company with some of its congeners, from which it may be at once distinguished by the large size of its knee-joints, a peculiarity to which it owes its English name.

Almost as happy as the boy who finds a great auk will be he who meets with a golden eagle or an osprey. He will do well to chronicle the fact in the "Field" or some paper that devotes more or less of its space to matters ornithological, and yet not many years ago these grand birds had many an eyrie along the coast, especially in the northern portion of the kingdom.

Space fails me even to name a number of other birds whose favourite haunt is found on the sea-shore, but I fancy I have said enough to inspire at least some of my boy friends with a desire to do as I have often done, namely, watch the wild birds at home by the efficient aid of a glass, and derive far more pleasure from so doing than had I, gun in hand, put a summary end to many happy lives, not to speak of sending others to die a lingering death from wounds which had not proved immediately fatal when inflicted.

One word in conclusion. The holiday rambler by the seaside, as well as the ardent naturalist, old or young, will have opportunities of catching a glimpse on the coast of many other birds besides those that usually reside there, and altogether will return refreshed and invigorated in the happiest frame of mind to his work, for it is certain that there is no more ennobling pursuit than the intelligent and reverent study of the great book of nature, penned for our use and benefit as it has been by the dear and good Father of us all.

THE PROFESSIONS IN THE COLONIES.

THERE are a certain number of lads in this country in training for professions with the intention of trying their fortune in the Colonies as soon as they are duly qualified for practice here; and there are not a few who have tried this experiment of starting in life in an uncrowded colony and discovered, to their disgust, that the examiner still bars the way. There is a Nemesis in cramming. The mere "worker-up for a pass" has often likened himself unto Sisyphus in having to roll the stone of preparation up one more hill with the Colonial examiner at the top; and it cannot be too well known that admission to the Colonial professions is not to be obtained everywhere by means of a British diploma.

A few words on the qualifications for professional employment in the Colonies may, therefore, not be unwelcome. The outlook is not unclouded. The Government service may at once be dismissed as hopeless. As a rule, no appointments whatever can be secured before actual arrival. The Colonial Civil Service is practically closed to all but those of Colonial birth or residence. The railways and the telegraph departments can get as many Colonial recruits as they require, and naturally those on the spot obtain the preference.

With the professions, generally so called, it is different. Here and there are occasional openings, especially in newly settled districts. To all who will pass the needful tests the field is there free; and in the Colonies, as in the old countries, merit and character have their chances of success, but under different conditions in different places. When then, and how, can the professional frontier be crossed?

The doctors are fortunate. In all the Colonies a British qualification is enough, providing the practitioner procures a certificate of registration from the local Medical Board, which of course means a fee. In Cape Colony the applicant has also to make a solemn declaration before a Justice of the Peace that he is the person named in the diploma.

Lawyers do not find matters so easy—as is reasonable, considering that there are local laws. In Canada the professions of barrister and solicitor are generally combined, and legal firms usually consist of a partnership in which one of the members devotes himself to advocacy. In Ontario a barrister belonging to any British Inn has no further examination to pass, but a solicitor must serve under contract for a year with a local solicitor. In Quebec all lawyers are called advocates, and no one can practise without having passed the local examinations; and further, as the law is mostly French, its practice necessitates a knowledge of the French language. In Manitoba an examination has to be passed in local law, though there is a clause in the local Act which seems to repeal this necessity as to local knowledge in the case of barristers. In the North-West Territories a British qualification is held to be sufficient, but in British Columbia a local examination and residence are essential, except in the case of such as hold the degree of D.C.L. or LL.B. In Prince Edward Island a lawyer must have at least a year's residence in the colony, and submit to examination in local law if the authorities think fit. In New Brunswick the solicitor must have served a local solicitor for a year. In Nova Scotia a barrister can practise with a British qualification only, but a solicitor must pass an examination after serving a clerkship of four years.

In New South Wales a barrister of a British Inn is admitted without examination on a motion made in court in that behalf, and a solicitor from the old country can practise, without examination, after a residence of three months. In Victoria the conditions are the same, and application must be made to the court in the same way. The call fee for barristers is 50 guineas; for solicitors the admission fee is 40 guineas. In South Australia the fee in both cases is 10 guineas, and a three months' residence is all that is necessary. In Queensland the fee is also 10 guineas, and there is no distinction between barristers and solicitors, the only peculiar condition being that the applicant must have two householders as a reference and advertise his application in the newspapers. In Western Australia a lawyer must reside for at least six months in the colony, and then give four months' notice of his intention to apply for permission to practise. The fee is £10. In Tasmania, all that is necessary is for the candidate to pay 20 guineas. In New Zealand the candidate must pass an examination in law, including the law of New Zealand in so far as it differs from the law of England; but should he be fortunate enough to be an LL.B., his examination will consist only of matters concerning the local law. In the South African Colonies no examinations are needful; in fact, nothing is required with a British qualification but fees.

With regard to chemists and druggists, the Pharmaceutical Council of New Brunswick "may," at their discretion, accept the diploma of any other competent examining body, and issue their certificate of registration on payment of $10. The Nova Scotia Pharmaceutical Council "may" do the same at half the price—and they generally do. In Ontario all persons approved of by the College of Pharmacy who hold British diplomas may be registered without examination; but in Quebec no British qualification is recognised, although a B.A. escapes a preliminary examination. In Manitoba the British qualification is enough, providing the candidate can prove he is of good standing and has been in actual practice up to the time of his entering the colony. In the North-West Territories, any person possessing a British qualification will be licensed if he will pay down $10. In New South Wales the British qualification is good enough; so it is in Victoria, if the candidate pays two guineas as a registration fee; so it is in Queensland, and also in Western Australia if the candidate can get a licence from the police. In Tasmania the licence must come from the Court of Medical Examiners, and in New Zealand from the Pharmacy Board, but in both colonies a British qualification is all that is required. In Cape Colony there is also no difficulty, but the candidate has to pay £2 10s. for his licence, and £5 a year as a fee; in Natal the fees are less, and there are no examination difficulties.

Dentists are not thought of sufficient importance to make a fuss about except in Ontario and Quebec, where they have to pass qualifying examinations, no matter where they may come from. In New Brunswick they have to be registered, and pay a fee of from $1 to $5; in the North-West Territories and British Columbia their registration costs them $25; in Victoria it costs them five guineas. In Queensland and Western Australia there is no registration; but there is in Tasmania and New Zealand, and registration always means fees. In South Africa the arrangements are the same as for doctors, but the fees are just half.

A veterinary surgeon, with a Royal College diploma, can practise in any colony without further examination, but in Ontario he must obtain a certificate from the local Veterinary

College, and in Manitoba and Victoria he must be registered and pay a fee of between £2 and £3.

Architects and civil engineers have no examination to dread in the Colonies if they have British qualifications, but in a few they have to pay fees for certificates or licences. Surveyors have to reside a year in Canada before they can receive an appointment there, and in all cases have to pass an examination. In New South Wales a surveyor has to be specially licensed by the Chief Surveyor, who is not difficult to satisfy. In Victoria a British qualification saves him an examination; so it does in South Australia; but it does not do so in Queensland, Western Australia, or Tasmania, though in New Zealand six months' service in the colony with an authorised surveyor is deemed sufficient, without further ado beyond a reference as to personal good character. In South Africa British qualifications and British experience are held to be of no account at all, and no matter who the candidate may be, he must go through the usual course, and pay £15 in one colony and £5 in the other.

These are all the professions for which examinations have to be passed in this country about which any question is at present raised in the Colonies.

Schoolmasters may perhaps be quoted as an exception; but in that case no fresh immigrant has a chance of a Colonial appointment, except for some high post, for which University graduates are selected here by the agents for the Colonies, whose offices are mostly in Victoria Street, Westminster.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

Writing Competition.

[*Continued from p.* 575.]

Sixth Division (*aged* 15 *years*).

Prize 10*s.* 6*d.*

Thomas Hawlly, 22, Barclay Road, Fulham, S.W.

CERTIFICATES—FIRST GRADE.

E. W. Springall, 17, Pottergate Street, Norwich.

Cecil Mason, 22, Rue Notre Dame, Calais.

John S. Pethybridge, 8, Mount Pleasant, Newton Abbot.

J. C. Kellas, 30, Connaught Road, Stroud Green.

James A. Guise, 11, Tipperlinn Road, Edinburgh.

Marian Gibbs, Thornton, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

Willie Jones, 25, Lovell Road, Leeds.

J. K. Crosland, Holmfield, Huddersfield.

A. G. Gibson, The Leylands, Hornsea, Hull.

Herbert Ovenden, 8, Hawley Terrace, near Dartford, Kent.

E. T. Archer, 25, Archway Road, Highgate, N.

E. L. Warren, The Priory, St. Ives, Hunts.

Minna J. Cann, 11, Old Nelson Street, Lowestoft.

Arthur L. Burke, 38, Bd. de Cauderan, Bordeaux.

B. J. Hutchinson, 4, The Gables, Vale of Health, Hampstead.

F. C. Carey, 65, Ickburgh Road, Upper Clapton, N.E.

Robert Maitland, 6, Park Circus, Ayr.

Edward Young, 8, St. Albans Crescent, Lordship Lane, Wood Green, N.

Alfred Noel Neate, High Street, Pewsey, Wilts.

C. McJerrow, 22, Dalrymple Crescent, Edinburgh.

J. D. Thomas, Board Schools, Newlyn West, Penzance.

Benjamin Jones, Railway Station, Builth, Brecon.

Inglis H. Kilgour, 32, So. Clerk Street, Edinburgh.

Albert Williams, 2, Kimmel Terrace, Rhyl, North Wales.

Wm. Robertson, 26, Ferrier Street, Leith.

Louis J. Le Clair, Mon-desir, Hawkhill, Ayr, N.B.

Robert O. Longmire, Railway Hotel, 20, Tithebarn Street, Liverpool.

SECOND GRADE.

C. Mace, 3, Temple Street, Birmingham.

Marion Hooper, Aysgarth, Worple Road, Wimbledon.

H. F. Tredgett, Goodwin's Farm, Merrow, Guildford.

Caroline Christie, Sunnyside, Elms Road, Clapham Park, S.W.

W. H. Rossington, 172, Edmund Road, Sheffield.

Mabel Willatt, 45, Magdala Road, Nottingham.

Alexander McGill, 24, Union Street, Greenock, N.B.

A. G. Warren, Eagle House, High Road, Tottenham.

Anneliza Garrad, 134, Church Road, Islington.

Clement Vincent, 27, Fitzroy Road, Primrose Hill, N.W.

W. C. Watson, 16, Balham Grove, S.W.

James Knox, 32, Montgomery Street, Edinburgh.

W. F. Coventry, Croome Court, Severn Stoke, Worcestershire.

R. H. Whiting, 14, St. Mary's Road, Faversham.

Walter Higgins, 35, Baxter Gate, Doncaster.

Edgar A. Lawrie, "Clydesdale," Livingstone Road, Birchfields, Birmingham.

E. F. Turner, 5, Montem Street, London, N.

John M. Macdonald, Royal Bank Cottage, Meigle, N.B.

Esther Monro, 136, Akerman Road, Brixton, S.W.

T. C. Dickson, 2, Western Terrace, Murrayfield, Midlothian.

Frank Rumbold, Harrow Green School, Leytonstone, E.

THIRD GRADE.

Alfred Allen, 52, Percy Road, Canning Town, E.

E. H. Gilbert, 35, Sycamore Road, Aston, Birmingham.

Norman Hurry, 58, Jubilee Street, Commercial Road, E.

Winifred F. Seymour, 269, High Street, Exeter.

Edgar C. Clements, 1, Beulah Cottages, Albert Road, Bethnal Green.

Percy Benson, 138, Cours St. André, Grenoble, Isère, France.

Walter Scruton, 10, Gillygate, York.

Frederick Goddard, 139, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush.

Charles Murray, 11, Rubislaw Terrace, Aberdeen, N.B.

Harry Jacobs, 41, Farrant Street, Queen's Park Estate, Harrow Road, W.

Laurence Pickworth, St. Mary's School, Willesden.

Victor Blumenthal, 13, Frognal, N.W.

Mary R. G. Millar, 6, Montague Street, off Great Western Road, Glasgow.

John Charles Marcham, 28, Linton Street, Islington.

Walter Morse, St. John Little Ouse Vicarage, Downham, Norfolk.

Alfred E. Fairweather, Ringmore House, Salcombe, South Devon.

Cecil W. Baily, 4, Cavendish Terrace, Higher Wellesley Road, Torquay.

Henry Croot, Unity House, Kingswood, near Bristol.

Georgina Grace, Loddon Bridge, near Wokingham, Berks.

J. H. Fudge, Holybourne, Alton, Hants.

F. S. Walkden, 26, Nancy Street, Darwen, Lancs.

(*To be continued.*)

Correspondence.

Rats (Edith Tapsall).—Well, Edith, as you like our paper so much you can do good by recommending it to other readers. You feed the rats right so far, but it will be well to stop the milk for a time, giving water instead. Give various kinds of grain and ripe fruit such as apple or pear. If the disease is not cured by this means applications will be of no use. Give a bed of pine shavings, clean every day.

Food for Pigeons (A. D. and F. H. P.).—Read our "Doings for the Month."

Pigeons (Dovecot).—Nearly always cock and hen from the pair of eggs. If otherwise, the exception only proves the rule.

Growth. Blackbird (New Reader).—1. Read reply to P. H. Steeper. 2. The bird, if a cock, will come to sing naturally.

Rabbits, Breeding of (E. A. Marx).—When in kindle and after, feed well, give nice warm mashes and such roots as carrots, beet, turnips, parsnips, potatoes. Also milk and water and green food. Begin to wean at six weeks.

Rabbit's Death (J. W. K.).—You are not feeding well enough. Read reply to E. A. Marx. Thanks. Stick to the "B. O. P." You will get hints about your pets in every month's "Doings."

Cat Ill (L. H. P.),—A too long standing case. Give plenty of good food, cream, and raw minced meat. Keep indoors at night.

Varicose Veins (A Sufferer).—Must be *seen*, and cause found out. Apply at once to your own doctor.

Rupture (F. K. Fox).—No surgeon can do good that does not examine the case. Better to see a surgeon than trust to any chemist fitting you.

Fan-tails (Amateur).—You cannot get birds up into show form in a hurry. They may want separate pens for a time and extra good feeding. Really, except when moulting, pigeons should be always in good form.

Dorkings (F. Chapman).—All Dorkings are fairly good layers and excellent sitters.

Various (Constant Reader).—1. Parrots, canary seed, millet, maw nuts, ripe fruit, crusts, and, as a change, bread and milk sop and boiled maize. No meat or bones. 2. Good talking jackdaw, 7*s.* 6*d.* 3. The pond must be of cement at bottom and sides, but if the water is not to run away you must grow water plants in it to keep it pure. 4. What do you mean by "ballast" for a hen-house? A hen-house isn't a ship. 5. Yes; good proportion.

Knock-knees (K. K.).—You cannot alter your shape. Exercise such as you are taking will, however, prevent matters getting worse.

Indian Ink (Coachmaker).—1. No. Don't bother about it. 2. Ten minutes is not long enough for breakfast.

Nursing as a Girl's Profession (Clarice).—It is a very excellent one if the girl has spirit and go enough and ordinary health. There are regular training Institutes in London. Get a peep at a Directory and write to secretary of one of these, when you will get more information than we have space to give. But, of course, every girl is not suited for the profession. In Africa, say Cape Town, or in India, a nurse would be sure to find employment if really trained.

The Eyes (Reader).—Your eyes being red and eyelashes nearly absent points to something wrong constitutionally. Try cod-liver oil for months.

Letter from Algeria (S. H. Stephens).—You must not despair. Suffering as you do, one is sure to be down-hearted, but we trust you have many long years of life before you.

Boils (Abbotsford).—It is caused by the constant sitting. You cannot sit too easily. Keep up the strength all you can. Iron occasionally ought to do good. The dialysed iron drops do not constipate.

Dog too Fat (Old Boy).—Keep the bowels well open with doses of Hunyada Janos, and feed almost exclusively on flesh food, paunch, *lean* scraps, etc.

Squirrel (A. H. Doyle).—Plenty advertised in "Exchange and Mart," or apply to Mr. Sumner, 135, Oxford Street, London.

Canary with Fits (C. Wollen).—Wrong management we should think. Give nothing but black and white canary seeds. No dainties. Sand, pure water, fresh air, and a blink of sunshine.

Various (A. George).—1. Get "Home and Farm Favourites," or read our back Correspondence. 2. Pitman's Shorthand. Six questions like yours would take a column to answer.

Choosing Canaries, etc. (Marshall).—1. Take somebody with you who knows. Impossible to describe on paper. 2. Ordinary canary seeds, sand, pure water.

Shoulder Straps (A Reader).—Yes; if very young. They are advertised in "Exchange and Mart." We counsel wearing belts, not braces, which give a boy shoulders like a soda-water bottle.

Decaying Teeth (W. J.).—Sanitas Tooth-powder is most effective, or Calvert's Dento-phrenoline.

Moles (A. Cumber).—Moles are easily removed, but you can't very safely do it yourself. Any doctor would.

Getting Dorking Eggs (Tiverton).—You will see really good ones advertised in "Exchange and Mart" or "Feathered World."

Broad, Stout, and Straight-legged (A. S. A.).—Want to be an Admirable Crichton, do you? Well, open-air exercise, dumb-bells, no braces—but a belt—good food, chiefly farinaceous. The bath and early hours. There you have health in a nutshell.

Constipation (Nero).—This is always serious, especially in young folks. Drugs won't cure you. Plenty of exercise, green vegetables, fruit in the morning, and oatmeal porridge will help; but better consult a doctor.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 649.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"Father!"—(*See Chap. XXV.*)



THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Sir Ludar," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—"BURY THE PAST!"

Notwithstanding Yorke's exploit, and the prevailing hopefulness of the juniors, the feeling of gloom deepened on Fellsgarth when another day ended, and no news was forthcoming of the lost boy.

To a great many it was a shock to hear he was not on the mountain. From what was known

of his eccentricities and recklessness, it seemed as likely as not he would retreat up there and remain till he was fetched down.

When it was found he was not there, there seemed to be nowhere else left to look. The lake (quite independently of the eventful cruise of the "Cock House") had been thoroughly searched; Penchurch had been ransacked; every cottage and home in the neighbourhood had been called at. The river banks, up and down stream, had been searched too, and daily communication with Rollitt's home made it increasingly clear he had not gone there.

The incident of the six Abernethys and the 6*d.* was not seriously considered. There was no evidence that Rollitt had effected the mysterious purchase, and the eccentricities of the young shopmen left it very doubtful whether more than half of that story was not a sensational fiction of their own.

Masters and boys alike went to bed full of trouble and foreboding.

Fisher I, more, perhaps, than any one, took the situation to heart. He had never ranged himself with Rollitt's accusers; yet, had it not been for his bad management and stupidity, all the trouble would never have come about. Now, if anything grave had happened to the missing boy, Fisher I felt that on his shoulders rested all the blame.

But his misery was turned into rage when, just before bedtime, a fag came over with the following letter from Dangle:—

"I am not surprised you should be so ready to be imposed upon. You have done mischief enough already; but you have been robbed all the same. Any one but a simpleton would see that the turning up of the money just when it did was a suspicious coincidence. What could be easier than for the thief either to impose on Widow Wisdom, and get her to bring back the money with the story about the shirt; or else, during one of his frequent visits there, as soon as he saw that he was found out, to slip it into the pocket himself? Where he got it from I don't pretend to guess; but I don't mind betting that somebody in the school is poorer by £4 10*s.* for this tardy act of restitution. It deceived no one but you. 'None are so blind,' &c.

"R. Dangle."

Fisher fairly tore his hair over this scoundrelly document. His impulse was to go over then and there, drag the writer out of his bed, and make him literally swallow his own words. He might have done it had not the captain just then looked in.

"Why, what's up?" said the latter, who seemed none the worse for his big climb. "What's the matter?"

"Matter? Read this!" shouted Fisher.

Yorke read the letter. An angry flush spread over his face as he did so.

"He shall answer for it to-night!" said Fisher.

"No, not to-night. Let the cad have a night's rest. He shall answer for it to-morrow, though, before the whole school. Let me have the letter, old man."

"If you'll promise to make him smart for it."

"You can make your mind easy about that."

Next morning, to the surprise of every one, a notice appeared on the door of each house.

NOTICE.

"A school meeting is summoned for this afternoon at 3.

(Signed) C. Yorke (Wakefield's).
G. Clapperton (Forder's).
P. Bingham (Stratton's).
L. Porter (Wilbraham's)."

'What's up now?" said Wally, as he read it. "Like Clapperton's cheek to go sticking his name under our man's—and old Bingham, too! What right has he to stick his nose in it?—and, ha, ha, Porter! that's the green idiot in specs, who calls himself captain of Wilbraham's! Well I never!"

"Shall you go?" asked D'Arcy.

"Rather! Wonder what they're up to, though?"

"Perhaps Rollitt's found, and they're going to trot him out."

"Perhaps they're going to have an eight-handed mill, those four—you know—like what we had."

"I know, when you rammed me below the belt," said Cottle.

"Crams. You know I played on your third waistcoat button. I was never below it once."

"Perhaps Yorke's going to give a lecture on the ascent of Hawk's Pike."

"I know what it is. They're going to give the chaps back their subscriptions. What a run there'll be on the shop directly after!"

This last rumour was industriously put about by the juniors, and was believed in a good many quarters.

A new diversion, however, served to put aside speculation for a time.

"Hullo, who's that lout?" asked D'Arcy, as he and Wally, having shaken off the others for a season, were "taking a cool" arm-in-arm near the playing-field gate.

The object of this remark was a stalwart, middle-aged, labouring man, who carried an American cloth bag in his hand, and, to judge by the mud on his garments, had travelled some distance. He was trying to open the gate into the field, and on seeing our two juniors beckoned to them enquiringly.

"You can't get in there," said Wally. "You'll have to go to the other gate at the Watch Tower."

"Is this here Fellsgarth School, young master?" said the man.

"Rather," replied Wally.

"Is the governor at home?"

"Who—Ringwood? I don't know; they'll tell you at the gate."

"He's come to mend the door of your young brother's room, I expect," said D'Arcy. "I hope he won't bung up the squirt holes while he's about it."

"No. I say, carpenter," said Wally, as the man was about to turn off in the direction of the other gate, "when you mend that door in Forder's, make it strong, do you hear? It get's kicked at rather by fellows. And don't bung——"

"Carpenter? I ain't no carpenter. I want to see the governor."

Gruffly as the man spoke, he evidently regarded the two young gentlemen as persons of some distinction, and lingered a moment longer to ask another question.

"Beg your pardon, young gents," said he; "but you don't chance to know if Alf Rollitt has come back?"

They gazed at him in amazement.

"Rollitt? no. Do *you* know where he is, I say?"

"Not come back?" said the man, hoarsely. "I made sure as he'd be back afore now."

"Do you know where he is?" repeated Wally.

"Not me—he's bound to be somewheres. But the missus, she wouldn't rest till I come and see."

"The missus? I say, do you *know* Rollitt?"

"Well, they do say it's a wise father as don't know his own child."

"What! Are *you* Rollitt's father?" gasped they, glancing involuntarily at the shabby clothes and rough weatherbeaten face.

"Nothing to be ashamed of, are it?" said the stranger. "'Tain't my Alf's fault I ain't gent's togs."

This rebuke abashed our two juniors considerably.

"Rather not," said Wally. "Our lot's backing Rollitt up, you know. We've been out to look for him, haven't we, D'Arcy?"

"Of course we have; good old Rollitt," said D'Arcy.

"Thank you kindly, young gents," said Mr. Rollitt, who seemed rather dazed. "I ain't no scholar, nor no gent either. But my boy Alf's a good boy, and he don't mean no disrespect to the likes of you by running away. He's bound to be somewheres."

"I say," said Wally, "if you come round to the other gate, you can get in—we'll show you where Ringwood's house is."

"Tell you what," said he to D'Arcy as the two boys went back by the field to meet him, "he doesn't seem a bad sort of chap—it won't do to let my young brother Percy and those Modern cads get hold of him. I vote we nurse him on our side while he's here."

"All serene," said D'Arcy. "Ask him to tea after the meeting."

"I suppose we shall have to let those other chaps be in it too," suggested Wally dubiously, after a moment.

"Better. We'll all see him through together."

The spectacle of two juniors, looking very important, carefully conducting an anxious-faced labouring man across the school green, was enough to rouse a little curiosity. And when presently the body-guard, after sundry whispered communications, increased from two to nine, who marched three in front, two behind, and two on either side of their celebrity, speculations became active and warm.

The escort glared defiantly at any one who ventured to approach the group; but when it was observed that they made straight for the Doctor's house, and one by one shook hands with the visitor on the doorstep, there was very little doubt left as to who the stranger was.

"Mind you come to tea," said Wally, as they parted.

"Don't you make no mistake, I'll be there," said the guest.

Work in school that morning dragged heavily. The impending meeting was perplexing the minds of not a few. The phenomenon of Yorke's and Clapperton's names appended to the same document

puzzled boys who still kept alive the animosity which had wrecked the school clubs earlier in the term and brought the sports to a deadlock. And the addition of the names of the captains of the other two houses made it evident that the whole school was concerned in the business. This, coupled with the mystery of Rollitt's disappearance, and the now notorious internecine feuds of the Modern seniors, gave promise of one of the biggest meetings ever held in Hall.

As to the juniors, they had a treble care on their mind. First, the meeting, and the expected refunding of the club subscriptions; second, the consequent run on the shop; and third, the "small and early" in Wally's study afterwards to meet A. Rollitt, Senior, Esq.

However, despite all these cares, the morning's work was got through, the dreaded impositions were avoided, and when the midday meal was ended a general rush was made for the familiar benches in Hall.

The state of doubt every one was in operated adversely to the usual cheering. Fellows didn't know whom they were expected to cheer. Dangle, for instance, pale and sullen,—were the Moderns expected to cheer him? The Classics hissed him, which was one reason why his own house should applaud. But then, if they cheered Dangle, how should they do about Clapperton, who had fought Dangle a week ago? They got over the difficulty by doing neither, but starting party cries which they could safely cheer; and chaffing everybody all round.

Punctually at three, Yorke rose and said they no doubt were curious to know what the meeting was called for. It was called for one or two purposes. The first was to see if they could revive the School clubs. (Cheers.) He wasn't going to say a word of ancient history. (Laughter). But as they stood now, they had a lot of fellows anxious to play, they had the materials for as good a fifteen this winter, and as good an eleven next spring (cheers), as any school in the country; and yet the playing-fields stood idle, and the name of Fellsgarth was dropping out of all the records. They had had enough of that sort of thing. Every one was sick of it. Fellows had agreed with him when it was proposed to disband the clubs; he hoped they would agree with him now that the time had come for reviving them. But there was to be a difference. The clubs were not to be open to everybody as heretofore. They didn't want everybody. (Hear, hear, from Wally, D'Arcy, Ashby, and Fisher, as they pointed across to the Modern juniors.) They only wanted fellows who would play and *could* play; as to the former, that of course would be decided by the fellow himself, who would send in an application to the committee. As to the latter, that would be decided by the captain. (Oh!) Yes, by the captain. What's the good of a captain if he's not to decide a matter like that? And if the fellow is not satisfied with the captain's decision, he may appeal to Mr. Stratton, the new President of the club. (Cheers.) There's nothing to prevent any one who plays his best joining—there's nothing to prevent those youngsters at the end of the room, who are kicking up such a row, joining the clubs as long as they work hard in the field. (Cheers and laughter.) The fellows who won't be eligible are the louts, and those who can play but won't. (Loud cheers.)

Clapperton rose to second the motion. He had lost a great deal of his "side" during the last few days, and though he looked in better tiff than he had done lately, the present occasion was evidently an effort. He said: "Yorke has made a generous speech. He avoided ancient history, and therefore did not go into the reason why the clubs were dissolved and the school sports came to smash. I could tell you—but what's the use? You all know. Yorke said to me before the meeting, 'Let bygones be bygones, old man—we were all to blame—bury the past—let's get right for the future.' Gentlemen, there was one fellow who was not to blame. His name was *not* Clapperton. It was Yorke. (Loud cheers.) But I say with him, if you let me, 'Bury the past.' (Cheers.) And to prove it, I beg to hand in my name to the committee for election. I answer for myself that I am willing to play; and if the captain decides I can play (laughter), why I will play." (Loud applause.)

Fullerton and Corder both sprang up to support the motion. The former made way for Corder, who merely wished to say how delighted he was. He also voted for the burying of the past. He had minded being stopped football more than anything else. He gave in his name. He would play, and he might tell them that the captain had already told him he could play. (Laughter, and cries of "Blow your own trumpet.") All right—it was the only thing he had to be cocky about; and he meant to be cocky. He supported the motion. (Cheers.)

Fullerton handed in his name, and was very glad to think that he and his old friend Clapperton would have a chance of running up the field again together. (If you're elected! from the end of the room, and laughter.) Oh, of course, if he was elected. He hoped when the gentleman down there was captain, fifty years hence, he would deal as liberally with candidates as he was sure Yorke would deal now. (Laughter, at Wally's expense.)

The other prefects followed suit, and gave in their allegiance to the new clubs. Curiosity was alive to see what attitude Brinkman and Dangle would adopt. For a while it seemed as if they would take no part; but at length, when Yorke was about to put the motion, Brinkman rose and said: "I made up my mind when I came here I'd have no more to do with the clubs. But Yorke's 'Bury the past' gives a fellow a chance. If you mean that (yes, yes), if this is a fresh start, here's my name. (Loud cheers.) You needn't cheer. I didn't mean to give it—but now I have, I—I—won't shirk it," and he sat down hurriedly.

Then Dangle rose, with a sneer on his face.

"This sort of thing is infectious. I can't feel quite so sure as some of you about burying the past; but, not to be peculiar, you may put me down——"

"And I can tell you at once, and before all these fellows," said Yorke, rising hotly, and interrupting, "that we won't have you! And that brings me to the other business—and that's about Rollitt. We can't bury the past so easily as far as he is concerned. For he is still absent, and no one knows what has become of him. I'm not going to say a word to make little of Fisher 1's mistake. It was bad enough, in all conscience, for Rollitt. But it was only a mistake. But what do you fellows say of the cad who deliberately gets up a story about him; and, even when he finds out there is not a shadow of truth in it, repeats it in a worse form than before? There are some here who believed the first report and joined in the suspicions. That was hardly to be wondered at. But every one of them had the decency, as soon as the money was found, to admit that they had been wrong, and to regret their unfair suspicion of a Fellsgarth fellow. All but one—this cad here! Only last night, you fellows, he wrote the letter I hold in my hand. I mean to read it to you, and I hope you won't forget it in a hurry."

"You shan't read it! it wasn't to you!" said Dangle, pale with rage, and making a rush at the paper; "give it back!"

"You shall have it back," said Yorke, in a warmer temper than any one had seen him in before, "when I've read it. Stop where you are, and listen to it. It'll do you good."

"Read away!" sneered Dangle, giving up the contest. "It's the truth."

Yorke read, and as he proceeded, shame and anger rose to boiling point in the audience, so that towards the end the reader's voice was almost drowned in the hisses and yells.

"There," said the captain, crumpling up the paper in his hand and flinging it at the writer's feet, "there's your letter; and until you apologise to the whole school you have insulted, you needn't expect we'll bury the past for you!"

Dangle scowled round and tried to swagger. But somebody called out, "Kick him."

"Is that all the business?" he sneered.

"No!" shouted some voices. "He ought to be kicked."

"Wait a bit," cried Wally, excitedly, standing on a form, "there's Rollitt's governor just come. Some of our chaps have gone to fetch him. He'll——"

Here the door opened, and, escorted by half-a-dozen of the juniors, Mr. Rollitt, looking more bewildered than ever, walked in.

He looked apologetically from one side to the other, saying, "Thank'ee kindly," and "no offence, young gents," until he found himself at the end of the hall among the prefects.

Then Yorke got up again, still hot with temper, and a dead silence ensued.

Dangle, as he looked at the stranger, smiled at first. But his face gradually blanched as he looked round and found his retreat cut off, and guessed what was coming.

"Mr. Rollitt," said Yorke, "we are your son's school-fellows. A great wrong has been done him. He has been suspected of being a thief and has run away. We all now know that he's not a thief; and we are ashamed that he has ever been suspected. We hope he will come back, so that we may tell him so. But there is one fellow here who still says your son is a thief, although he knows as well as we do he isn't. What shall we do to him?"

Mr. Rollitt looked up and down, casting a glance first at his young protectors at

the end of the hall, then scanning the benches before him, then running his eye along the row of prefects, and finally taking the measure of Yorke as he stood and waited for an answer.

Then suddenly the question seemed to come home.

"My son Alf a thief? There's one of 'em says that, is there? My son Alf a thief? Do to him? Why, I'll tell you. Just keep him till my son Alf comes back, and make him go and say it to his face. That's what *I* should do to him, young gents."

"That's what we will do," said Yorke. "The meeting is over."

And amid the excitement that ensued, the rush to put down names for the new club, the cheers and hootings and handshakings of old enemies, Mr. Rollitt was carried off in triumph by his nine hosts to high tea in Wally Wheatfield's room.

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frizols," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—MORE VICTIMS.

After sleeping five hours, Maurice awoke rested and refreshed.

"Aristomenes," said he to his companion, "I am convinced that we are in the centre, in the very kernel, of the labyrinth. We are not likely to find the exit near here."

"Won't you breakfast, sir?" said Gargaridi, waking with a jump and rubbing his eyes.

"No. I was speaking of our going away."

"Then allow me to cut you a slice of sausage. We can hardly begin such a journey again without having something to eat."

"My plan," continued Maurice, hastily despatching his breakfast, "is to go back. I felt sure the sanctuary was in the east, and I was right. I now believe that the outlet is in the opposite direction, just as the great door of a church faces the altar."

"That seems reasonable," said Gargaridi, who was always in a good humour after he had had something to eat.

But Maurice interrupted him by an exclamation of dismay. He had just discovered that his lamp had become dim and would soon go out. Gargaridi on being consulted plunged his hand into the basket, and proudly drew out a box of matches and a packet of ten candles. Here was light for sixty hours, at least, supposing that each candle took six hours to burn to the end. But when they were asleep they need not burn the light in waste as they had just been doing.

"And besides," said Gargaridi, who saw everything at its best since he had breakfasted, "let us hope that in a few hours we shall be back at the camp. Ah, sir! what a pilau I will make you! I have in reserve in my gourbi a certain box of dried mushrooms, and I have left behind the stove a certain basket of tomatoes (provided that rascal Ali has not got his hands on them). How my mouth waters! What a sauce, sir, what a sauce! And the lamb is just right by now, I'll warrant, sir. I'll give you a dish fit for a prince—that is to say, if we get back."

"If!" said Maurice, shaking his head. "Come, let us be going. We must not go to sleep here. Try and find a gallery going west; if my theory is worth anything, by going west we shall find the door."

"And to think," said Gargaridi, in a sudden burst of anger, "that that old rascal knows the road and will not tell us. Truly, if we were not good fellows I don't know what we might do to him. You wretched Goucha Nichin, away with you!"

"Goucha Nichin might reply, 'You wretched Gargaridi for swinging the stone!'"

"That is true, sir; but it is at least thanks to me that we found the jewels and the tablets of jade that gave you so much pleasure."

"I acknowledge willingly, that it is thanks to you that we are in such a mess."

"And thanks to you, sir, who led the way into the labyrinth."

"Come, there is not much to choose between us, that is evident; once we get out, we will not quarrel about the priority of the discovery."

And talking thus, the two companions went back along the way they had come, guided by the cockchafers with the symbolic legs. On reaching the rotunda where Maurice had marked the figure 1, they stopped to take their bearings. At first the corridor did not differ in any way from those they had traversed to reach it. The same smooth walls, closely jointed, and rising to about eighteen feet, the same intersection of the lines. But Maurice could not help thinking that some mystic number ought to end or begin at this point. Unfortunately the corridor had fourteen outlets coming in at irregular angles, and answering to neither of the four cardinal points of the compass. What was he to do? For which one should he decide?

After thinking a little, he put a number on each of the outlets of the corridor; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so on up to 14.

"We will take each gallery in turn," said he to the faithful Gargaridi. "We will check off our course as we go along each corridor, so that we can return whenever we think fit."

"And where shall we begin, sir? Shall we toss up for it?"

"We will take this one; it goes nearest to the direction I want, for according to the compass it runs south-south-west."

"Hooray for the south-south-west!" said Gargaridi, picking up his stick, which he had dropped near him while Maurice was numbering the corridors.

They entered the gallery which Maurice had selected. But in vain did they mark each turning with a cross, and continued S.S.W. After a long walk they found the journey ended in a blank wall. Maurice carefully patted the wall to discover any secret exit there might be, but he found nothing.

Looking above, the two men could see the vault arching indistinctly over their heads, with nothing to indicate that they were near to or far from the exterior circumference. They had to return to the corridor and take the next gallery, after making a note of the one they had just been down. This second gallery, carefully marked with a star at each outlet, yielded the same result as the first. Going down the third, compass in hand as usual, they suddenly reached a corridor already marked with a cross; consequently, they had been there before. Gargaridi began to manifest a certain degree of discouragement. All these marches and counter-marches had taken time and emptied the poor fellow's stomach; the meagre meal of the morning had been merely an appetiser to him.

He suddenly sat down and began to wipe his forehead vigorously.

"Ouf!" he said, "I have an awful headache. Pardon me, sir! We are turning and turning like circus horses."

"No, we have avoided that reef anyhow," said Maurice, almost equally harassed. "But I am afraid that is the only lesson we have yet learnt in this wretched labyrinth."

"What is the time, sir?" asked Gargaridi, in a mournful tone.

"Half-past twelve."

"Lunch-time I think?"

"It would perhaps be wiser to postpone the ceremony for a few hours, Gargaridi."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Aristomenes, with dignity, "but if you intend to continue your exploration, I have the honour to inform you, with every respect, that my legs will, as they say, retire into my body, and that if I do not quickly find something to sustain me, nature will not allow me to take a single step forward."

"As you like," said Maurice, with a sigh. "After all, whether we die of hunger now or later on comes to very much the same thing."

Without waiting to be told twice, Gargaridi cut off a large slice of bread for each and a round of sausage. His share had very soon disappeared, and Maurice caught him eyeing the remaining provisions so tenderly that he judged it urgent to make a diversion.

"What is your opinion, Aristomenes, as to the reason of the gap between these walls and the vault overhead?"

"I have not the slightest idea," said Aristomenes rather surlily. "I think the whole machine—passages, blocks, walls, and the rest—a mere trap for fools, and if

ever I build anything it will not be a labyrinth I warrant you—unless it is one in which this Guebre could lose himself."

"I fancy the object was to obtain certain acoustic effects; an echo for instance. See here!"

And raising his voice, he called:

"Goucha Nichin! Guebre! Ahoy! Ahoy!" A thousand voices seemed to awake in the vault, repeating and repeating Maurice's words, first in a roar of thunder and then gently as in the sigh of the breeze.

"Goucha Nichin! Guebre! Ahoy! Ahoy!" And the voices resounding in time formed musical thirds and sixths and fourths with strange and charming effects. Gargaridi, sitting with the basket between his arms, opened his eyes wide; Maurice, pleased at the effect of the echo, amused himself for a few minutes, making it resound in a hundred ways. It seemed as though spirits asleep in the vault for centuries had awoke to answer him.

"My word, sir," said Gargaridi with admiration, "if I had not heard it with my own ears I should never have believed that any one man could make so much noise."

"It is easy to understand," said Maurice, "what the magi would make of such an echo. Suppose there came an intruder into the temple. What terrors, what anguish they could afflict him with, as these voices thundered curses in his ear. The superstitious and ignorant would believe in the superhuman power of the priests. Doubtless they used this echo to deliver the oracles, and the faithful attributed to the divinity all the sentences they heard."

"Put yourself in their place, sir! I am neither superstitious nor ignorant, I flatter myself. I have studied all the systems of philosophy—Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer; the ancients and the moderns have no secrets or terrors for me; but I confess if I had heard that noise without knowing the cause I should have experienced a rather disagreeable sensation."

"Come along!" said Maurice. "We have neither time nor light to lose. Let us take the fourth gallery and mark an S at every turning."

They resumed their journey. Nothing could be more monotonous than this march with measured steps in the darkness, barely dissipated around the explorers by the feeble rays from the candle they had at last had to light.

At every step they carefully studied the walls and the ground, at every turning they consulted the compass and Maurice patiently scratched the S. The wall was hard, the knife blunt, the work seemed to become more unwelcome at every new passage explored in vain. It appeared as though caprice alone had presided at the construction of the labyrinth; the corridor ran off at a thousand unforeseen angles, and led to nothing or returned by useless meanderings to their point of departure. It became a nightmare and recalled the galleries without end or beginning which one travels in a dream, seeking an outlet which one never finds, with the torment of believing that an important affair depends on the result of the search.

Gargaridi was tired to death. He dragged himself along behind Maurice, muttering vain reminiscences of his "poor papa," and what he would have thought if he had ever seen his son in this cruel position. Maurice proposed that he should wait in the corridor he had called the Court of the Cockroach, but Aristomenes refused the offer with indignation.

"If you think I am going to let you do the work alone, you little know Aristomenes Gargaridi," said he with dignity.

"Why not leave the basket which weighs you down so uselessly?"

Gargaridi slowly winked his eye.

"Over there!" he said with an expressive jerk with his thumb towards his left shoulder. "If the other fellow were to come and take it! The old boy is capable of anything, sir! He has only got to eat our provisions and walk off, and we should die of hunger. No, no, the son of his papa is not such a fool."

And he clasped his basket closely, being quite in good spirits for a moment. While Maurice was scratching an X on the twenty-third turning of the eleventh gallery, Aristomenes thought he heard a gentle murmur, a sweet harmonious noise, a few yards off. Anxious to show that he also was fit for something, he crept stealthily off in that direction.

Just as he passed the turning where Maurice was at work, he struck a match. Two yards in front of him the ground lay open. A fresh limpid spring rose from the interior of the earth. Gargaridi uttered a cry of joy, and throwing himself down, drank a long draught of the pure cold water. Then he ran back to Maurice, and told him of his discovery. And Maurice came and also drank.

"This is an important discovery!" said he. "If our provisions fail us before we find our way out, we can sustain ourselves by drinking this water."

"Live on cold water!" exclaimed Gargaridi, with a fearful grimace.

"Better that than die of thirst. But what is that on the bed of the stream?"



An important discovery.

And dipping in his hand, Maurice picked up—a box of matches!

"Confound it!" said Gargaridi. "That is mine, sir! Ass! Triple idiot that I am! I must have let it fall in as I drank. Oh! my poor papa was right when he said, 'Aristomenes, you will end badly; it is a bad look out when a man has no brains!'"

"Certainly, it *is* an unfortunate accident," said Maurice, taking the matches out of the box to see if any remained dry. But all of them were soaked, and consequently useless.

Gargaridi, in despair, patted his pockets one after the other, but without finding any.

"We are doomed like the vestals never to let the sacred fire out—that is, our candle," said Maurice. "That will shorten the time left for our search; it is most unfortunate."

"Ah, sir, kick me! Insult me, I pray!"

"That will do no good, my poor man. The consequences of your stupidity are as serious for you as for me. But we must not lose a minute more. Let us be off. Give me a candle, which I will light as soon as this one is nearly burnt out."

"Provided a current of air does not extinguish it!" said Gargaridi, lugubriously.

Considerably cast down by this incident, they resumed their march. Gargaridi lighted Maurice, shading with his hand the quivering flame, the only hope that remained to them in this gloomy mysterious maze. In vain did they traverse the innumerable passages which extended round the rotunda; they had almost abandoned the hope of finding an outlet in any of these immense galleries, and had begun to wander about at hazard without taking any course by the compass.

Maurice, seeing that the unfortunate Gargaridi was overwhelmed by fatigue, and being himself harassed by the fruitless search, judged that the moment had come for a little rest. It was nine o'clock at night.

"You sleep five hours, Aristomenes," he said, "and at the end of that time I will wake you and sleep in my turn. It is a pity we cannot put out our light, but nothing can be done with the impossible."

They took a little to eat, and Gargaridi fell asleep almost as he ate, so tired was he. Maurice had to make an effort not to do the same, and it was only by walking about in the corridor that he could keep himself awake.

At last the five hours were over. Maurice came back to his servant and woke him, not without difficulty, and handed him the candle, which was almost entirely burnt out, recommending him to watch with good courage, and above all things take care that he was not surprised by sleep.

"I understand, sir," said Gargaridi. And Maurice, almost as soon as he had laid himself down on the humid ground with his head on his arm, fell asleep as soundly as the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

This sleep had lasted about four hours when Maurice was awakened with a start by a most terrible noise. Groans, cries, and sobs were being magnified and repeated by the echoes of the vault. It seemed as though a pack of hounds had been turned loose in the labyrinth.

Maurice rose to his feet, and saw Gargaridi dragging out his hair in handfuls, and weeping noisily. "The poor fellow has gone crazy!" said Maurice, and he ran to him, took him by the arms, and tried to calm him with kind words. But Aristomenes repulsed him violently and continued his howlings and lamentations.

"Wretch! Glutton! Heartless!" he exclaimed. "Everything eaten—everything devoured—you feared not to take advantage of your master's sleep to juggle away the trust confided to your honour. Beast! Gormandiser! Rascal!"

"What is the matter with you?" asked Maurice, giving him a good shake with his arm. "What has happened?"

"Ah, sir, would you believe that the descendant of heroes has fallen to such a depth of infamy, that he has been guilty of so black an action——"

"As what?"

"Sir," said Aristomenes, rising and crossing his arms on his chest like a martyr, "you see an unmitigated scoundrel before you. You have the right to spurn me——"

"Why don't you explain? What have you done?"

"Yes, I will explain, sir; yes, I will open my heart and proclaim myself guilty. While you were on these cold stones reposing, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, your servant watched. He resisted for long—may he who resisted longer throw the first stone at him!—and I watched the fatal basket. Alas! hunger tortured me cruelly, but I swear to you on the honour of my fathers that I did not intend to touch anything before you awoke. Then I made terms with my conscience. 'Who sleeps dines!' I said to myself, and I ate a mouthful—then two. Then I lost my head, I believe, and then, while you slept on without suspicion, I devoured the lot to the very last crumb!" And Aristomenes groaned and shed abundant tears. "But I must confess that when I first saw the basket empty, my first feeling was regret—regret at not having any more to eat; but a moment afterwards remorse took possession of me."

The unfortunate man's despair was so sincere that Maurice, who had also been seized with the pangs of hunger, contented himself with merely thinking unutterable things and saying not a word of reproach to his servant.

"I will go and drink a little water at the spring for my breakfast," he said. "As for you, there is now no excuse for your crying famine for some hours, so we can make a start and continue our search with the light we have left."

Gargaridi received the words with renewed weepings and sobbings, and followed his master to the spring. There he began to bump the wall with his head and call himself all the names imaginable. Maurice becoming impatient at all this told him to stop his lamentations, which did no good, and only added to the sadness and weariness of their position. Then the miserable Aristomenes was severely silent, but it was easy to see by his face that his despair was as great as ever.

They resumed their gloomy voyage of discovery. One after the other the long silent corridors extended, opened, and branched before them. Maurice continued his numbering, but soon saw that he had marked them all before, either with a figure or a sign, and that the outlet remained undiscoverable. Was it invisible and had they passed it a hundred times without seeing it, or had chance made them miss the only passage that led to it?

The last candle was now alight. Soon they would be surrounded by thick darkness, and they would have to stay and wait for death, terrible, slow, and cruel.

They decided to return to the spring, the way to which they had carefully kept in mind, and there to wait for death or life.

When they reached the spring they were surprised to find the Guebre there. Crouching near the bubbling water, his head wrapped in his cloak, the old man seemed to take no notice of their presence.

In vain Maurice spoke to him, trying to bring him to some notion of humanity, to persuade him to allow them to escape from the tomb in which they were imprisoned by his will. He received no other reply than a low groan, and the old man wrapping himself more closely in his cloak, turned his face to the wall.

The candle gave a last flicker and went out. Eternal darkness had begun for them.

"You are properly called Goucha Nichin—he-who-keeps-in-his-corner," said Gargaridi. "Even at such a time as this he will have nothing to do with us. Woe! woe! I am already hungry again! And you, sir, how ought you to be?"

Maurice constrained himself to encourage and comfort his companion, but already his voice was enfeebled by hunger. Soon a deep silence reigned around the spring. The hours went gloomily by. From time to time one of the men would drink a mouthful of water or chew a bit of the moss which bordered the fountain. In the darkness all count of time was lost. Was it for days or years that they were buried alive in the tomb? The feeling of duration had forsaken them; a kind of delirium attacked them; frightful dreams, terrible hallucinations, passed through their enfeebled minds; they remained motionless, exhausted with hunger, while a thousand mournful phantoms seemed to rise around them. The image of Catherine, despairing and distracted, floated amid the illusions that tormented Maurice. Every now and then he would try to get up and run to a door, to a last barrier behind which he thought he could see his sister.

They did not know how long their punishment had lasted, when a cry like a roar escaped from the magus and awoke Maurice from his torpor.

"My daughter! Leila! Is that you, unlucky child?" the old man shouted.

In a moment Maurice was on his feet awake, his mind clear, so piercing had been the cry.

But he thought he was still dreaming when he heard a gentle voice reply from what seemed to be but a few feet away.

"Grandfather! where are you? I am here, and Catherine is with me!"

Maurice had but one word.

"Catherine!" he called.

"Maurice! I am here. Where are you? We can see nothing in front of us; the lamp gives hardly any light," said the girl's voice.

Maurice looked round in the darkness, and overhead saw a feeble light above the wall on the right-hand side.

"They are there! Behind the wall. Goucha Nichin, look!" said he, giving the old man a shake.

But the Guebre repulsed him violently, and striking his forehead against the wall, began to mutter:

"She also! she also! Lost! Annihilated! The last of the magi! All is ended! The darkness surrounds me; Mithra abandons me. O miserable old man, outcast of humanity, hast thou lived long enough to help in the fall of thy house? Will these eyes, obscured by

age, see perish the last offspring of thy race? Had it not been better for thee to have died in thy cradle or never seen the light? A thousand-fold more fortunate is the worm creeping in blindness in the ground. Thy race is at an end, and thou hast sacrificed the last bud unopened on the stem! Leila, the sole hope of my race and my religion! Thou must die here, rash and unhappy child—die by thy father's hand."

His voice broke in a sob. Behind the wall the girls' voices could be heard.

"Father! Maurice! Where are you? How can we get to you? We have been wandering here a long time. How is it we can hear you and cannot get at you? Where are we? How can we find you?"

"To die!" said Maurice in despair. "Old man, you have not the impious courage to sacrifice these children to a vain superstition. Wretch, dare you kill your daughter and my sister? Show them the way! Go out with them! If it be necessary to your consent, save them and leave me here! And I die in the knowledge that they are safe and sound. Go! take them to the light! Every moment they spend in this tomb is a thousand deaths to me!"

He might as well have appealed to a statue of granite. The Guebre held his forehead with his hands, and repeated monotonously:

"Die—die, Leila! Thy race is ended! With thy hand thou must break the last branch!"

Suddenly he rose to his full height, and with a burst of energy shouted:

"Woe to this sacrilege!" and the echo repeated the words overhead. "Woe! woe! The Faranghi has entered the Holy of Holies! The altar is profaned! The race of the Guebre is at an end!"

But the clear voice of Leila came in answer with an air of triumph.

"Father! there has been no sacrilege! The Faranghis are Celts as we are. Thy daughter has discovered it in the sacred book. Our race and theirs sprang from the same cradle. They are our brothers, and you can lead them from the tomb without fear. Save them, father; save your child. Do not soil your white hairs with so horrible a crime. The Faranghis are descended from us. Let me come to you, and I will explain all."

The Guebre and Maurice were astounded. As for Gargaridi, fatigue and want of nourishment had plunged him into a torpor akin to death; he heard nothing. There was a pause, and then the Guebre drew himself up.

"Daughter of the magus!" he shouted, "turn to the right. Go down six galleries; turn to the left; go down seven galleries and then two more to the right; there await us before the altar! Come!" added he, turning to Maurice.

Lifting on to his shoulders Gargaridi, who was insensible, Maurice followed the Guebre through the labyrinth, the magus leading the way as easily as if it were in daylight.

Ten minutes afterwards, Maurice, exhausted by fatigue and inanition, fell before the altar of Mithra, while the girls appeared at the end of the corridor lighted by the light of their lamp.

The Guebre, with his white eyebrows knit and his arms crossed, waited in silence for his daughter to explain her presence and prove what she had asserted.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM MY LOG; OR, TRUE STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By Rear-Admiral W. R. Kennedy.

(With Illustrations by the Author.)

VII.—ADVENTURES IN THE CHINA SEAS *(continued)*.

The river was alive with every kind of craft, from the heavy trading junk to the little sampan, a small boat propelled by a scull from the stern. Numerous flower boats (a kind of house-boat belonging to wealthy Mandarins) were moored off the town, conspicuous by their gaudy painting and crowded with laughing girls, who kept up an incessant chatter as they slily peeped out at the "short-haired barbarians" who had disturbed them.

Having received orders to rejoin the other boats, we dropped down the river and anchored near the pinnace, so as to be able to communicate if necessary, and proceeded to make ourselves snug for the night. This was no easy matter, as we had brought no blankets, and had in fact nothing but what we stood up in, and the night was cold.

About midnight we were alarmed by firing, down the river, so we weighed our anchor and pulled to the spot. Here we found our pinnace firing at some object, but what it was we could not make out owing to the darkness of the night. We could distinguish some figures running to and fro, returning the fire with a few scattering shots, so we pulled in for the object and sent a 24 lb. shot into it, and waited for the reply; but as none came we sheared off and anchored till daylight, when we discovered five large junks moored alongside each other close to the river's bank. They had no masts and not a living soul could we see, all their ports being closed, so we cautiously approached, suspecting some treachery, and boarded them.

We found them to be peaceable trading junks, the crews of which having mistaken our pinnace for a pirate coming to attack them, had opened fire on her. The poor fellows paid dearly for their mistake, for we found one man killed and two severely wounded by our fire. We sent the latter on board the Barracouta for surgical treatment, and proceeded ourselves to Canton.

On October 24 a detachment of Marines was landed to protect the Factories,* reinforced subsequently by another party and a body of bluejackets.

Advanced posts and field guns were stationed at all the important points, and barricades thrown across the streets. On the 25th an attack was made upon the pickets by a body of Chinese troops who occupied the streets in the rear, but they were repulsed by the Marines with a loss of fourteen killed and wounded. The Marines and small-arm men who had come up from the ship were housed in the library and boathouse, and the admiral and his staff took up their quarters in Mr. Dent's house.

That portion of the town occupied by the English, called the Factories, included the merchants' houses, library, church, billiard-room, and boat-house, all of which were garrisoned by our people.

The Dutch Folly Fort (a Chinese fort, although so curiously named), mounting 50 guns, was taken possession of on the 25th, and garrisoned by 150 men of H.M.S. Calcutta. The Dutch Folly was a strong fort, built like the Macao Fort upon an island abreast the town, commanding both approaches of the river. In the middle was a joss-house surrounded by trees, the whole enclosed by a strong granite wall.

We mounted some of our guns and mortars in this fort, which could play upon the city walls at a distance of not more than 400 yards.

In consequence of Governor Yeh's obstinate refusal to redress the wrong committed by the officials under his orders in having on October 8 forcibly seized twelve of the crew of the British lorcha Arrow, and hauled down her flag, the admiral decided to bombard the city.

The 26th of October being Sunday was observed as a day of rest, and on the morning of the 27th the admiral addressed an ultimatum to Governor Yeh, warning him that should he refuse reparation he would open fire on the town at 1 P.M. the same day. As no answer was forthcoming, the first gun was fired from H.M.S Encounter punctually to time, and kept up at regular intervals till sunset.

The fire was principally directed against Yeh's "yamun" (palace), the Barracouta meantime shelling the troops assembled on the hills at the back of the town from a position she had taken up in Sulphur Creek. The bombardment was continued on the 28th, by which time a breach had been formed in the city walls abreast of the Dutch Folly Fort, and preparations were made for storming.

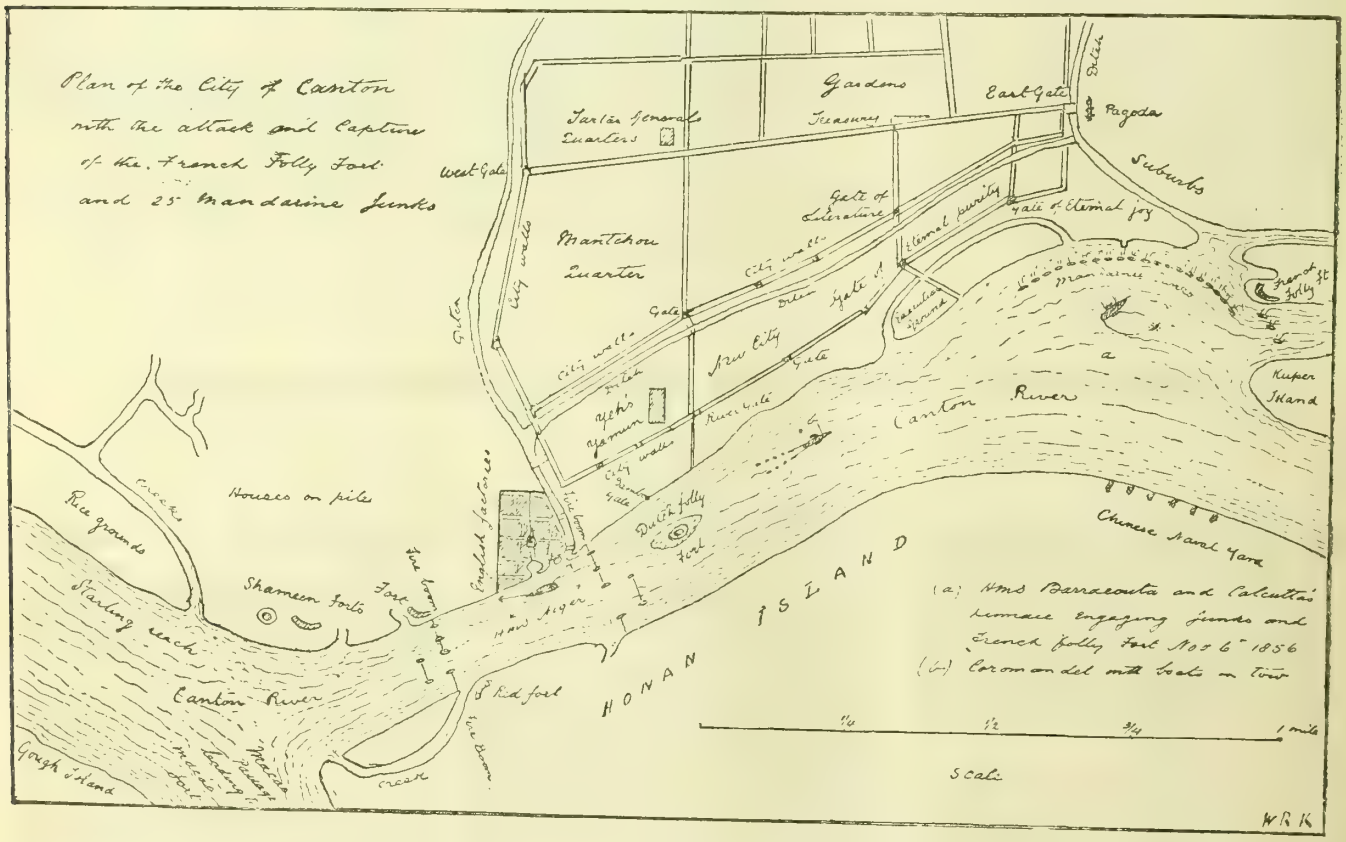
At daylight of the 29th the Marines and bluejackets, and part of the 59th regiment detailed for the storming party, were embarked in the boats. The space between the landing-place and the breach was not more than 300 yards, and had at one time been occupied by houses, but was now a heap of ruins. Firing a few shots from the boats to clear the way, we landed the storming party, who quickly made their way to the breach, where they were received by a sharp fire from gingalls (an antiquated musket), and other weapons, killing three and wounding several more of our men; but the party, gallantly led by Captain Bate, pushed on and soon obtained possession of the walls. This was all that was wanted, and indeed as much as could be done at the time. As the force at our disposal was not sufficient to hold the place, they were re-embarked and returned to the Factories. Our loss was not great, but the Chinamen suffered severely.

* The English quarter of the city.

At daylight next morning we found that the enemy had filled up the breach in the walls, so we scattered them with a few shells. The bombardment was continued every morning from October 30 to November 5 by H.M. ships Encounter and Sampson, and from the Dutch Folly Fort, the fire being directed against the government buildings in the Tartar city and a fortification in rear of it. As we had reason to believe that the Chinamen would set fire to the houses in the vicinity of the Factories, with the intention of burning us out, a party of bluejackets was employed for three days pulling them down, so as to leave a space clear. On the night of November 4 an attempt was made to blow us up by placing a boat full of powder under the platform of the Club House. Fortunately we received some of their kind attentions in the shape of a junk loaded with combustibles coming down with the current, and set on fire when close to us. Another very clever apparatus consisted of one or more iron tanks filled with powder and sunk till they were level with the water's edge. On the outside wire springs were connected with a trigger so as to explode on touching any object.

These were more dangerous than the junks, from being so low in the water, requiring the utmost vigilance to detect them. Our endeavours were to sink or explode them before they got near enough to do any harm, but it was not always possible. Sometimes we managed to destroy them, and others drifted wide of the mark, but they very nearly night, with a good chance of being blown up.

On the evening of November 5 I received orders to be in readiness to accompany the Barracouta on a secret expedition at daylight on the following morning. The object of the expedition was known only to the captain of the Barracouta, but it mattered little to us so long as there was to be some excitement. Daylight of the 6th saw us alongside the Barracouta, which ship immediately weighed and stood down the river towards the French Folly (another Chinese fort). This fort was situated on an island about a mile distant from the Dutch Folly, and mounted 26 heavy guns. It was, moreover, supported by 25 Mandarin junks moored under the guns of the fort. These



the explosion which followed did but little damage. After this performance all Chinese boats were cleared out of the river.

In the boats we were busily employed making a boom across the river by means of chains and spars to keep off fire rafts and infernal machines.

To make the booms, some old junks were moored in mid-stream both above and below the shipping, and connected with the shore by chains, thus closing the passage except through a space left for the purpose. Across this opening other chains were stretched, and these could be removed when necessary to allow of the passage of a friendly vessel. On board each junk a guard was placed, and a 32-pounder gun mounted, and as an additional precaution our boats rowed guard outside the boom all through the night.

These measures were rendered necessary on account of the Chinaman's well-known cunning and skill in the use of torpedoes, for which form of warfare the Canton River would seem to be well suited. Almost every night succeeded in blowing up the Barracouta and the Encounter, which were anchored outside the boom at the time.

On November 8, at 4 A.M., four fire junks came down with the tide, close on the top of the Barracouta, and had she not promptly slipped her cable she must have been set on fire or blown up. On the 13th two boats exploded under the bows of the Niger without doing any damage. The enemy's plan was to come down on board of their craft till close to our ships, when they set fire to the junks and jumped overboard, trusting to the darkness to reach the shore without being shot. In the case of the tanks they had ropes to the shore by which they guided them as desired.

At this time I had been transferred to the pinnace (of which boat I had charge), our launch having been sent back to the ship. Our life in the boats was not likely to be monotonous under the circumstances above recorded—in fact, we might be said to have had a lively time of it; hard work day and junks had been collected with a view to attacking our ships, and the object of our expedition was the destruction of the junks and the fort protecting them.

I append a plan showing the position of the fort and junks.

The Barracouta was to engage the junks, and our duty in the pinnace was to lay out her stern anchor and thus enable her to bring her broadside to bear upon the enemy. We soon came in sight of the junks, and a very pretty, not to say formidable show they made, moored in a crescent with the horns towards us, and backed by the fort, making altogether a very strong position, and in the hands of any other nation almost an impregnable one.

The Barracouta was a paddle-wheel sloop mounting only six guns, and in the pinnace we had a 12-pounder brass howitzer, an absurdly small force for the work we had to do, but we had already learnt to underrate our foes and laugh at any odds.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH;

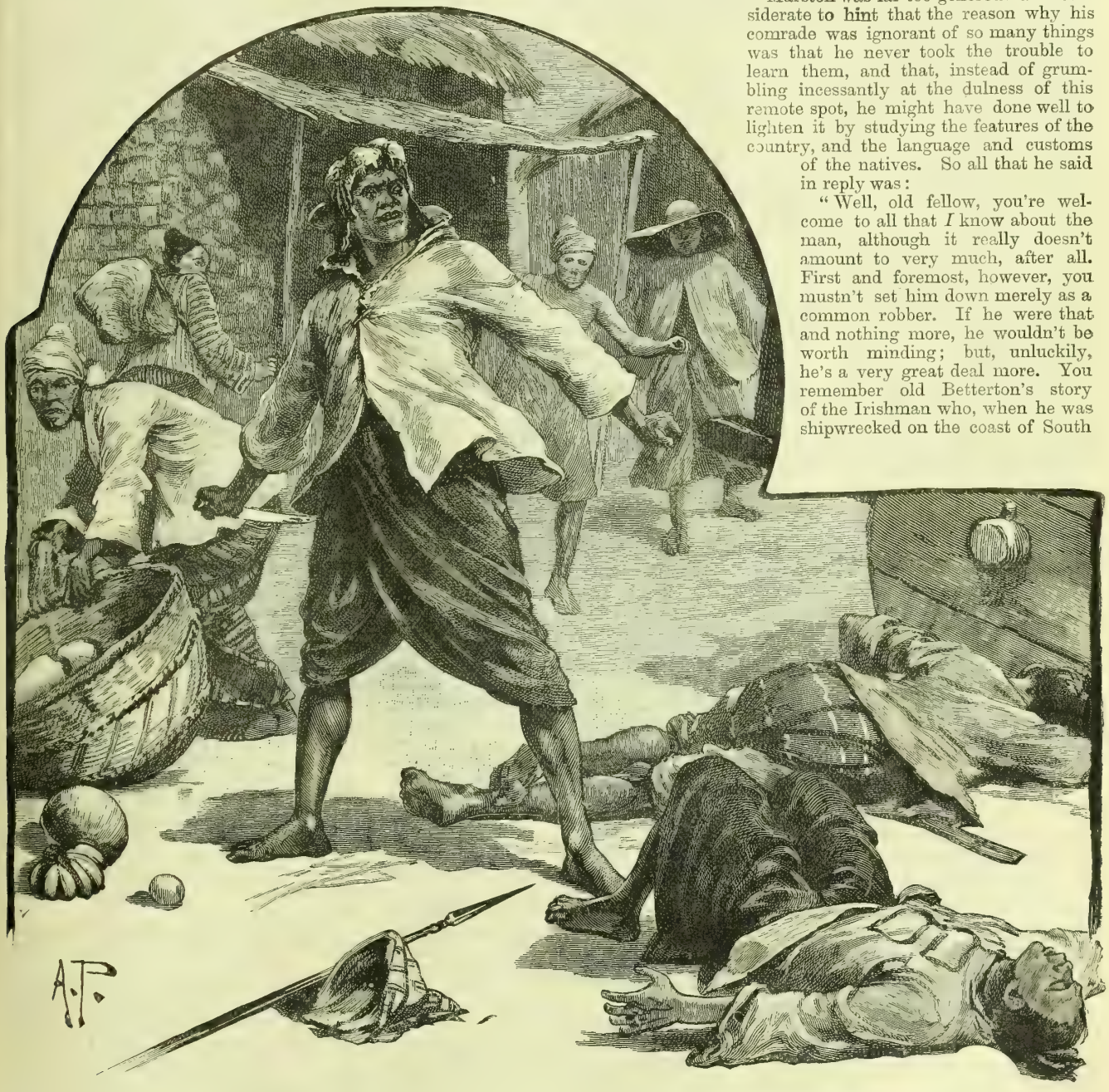
OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ilderim the Afghan," "A Coral Prison," etc.

CHAPTER II.—FACING A TIGER.

After the Ressaldar had withdrawn, the two young Englishmen sat silent for some time, as if pondering the momentous news which they had just heard.



"'Who dares to lay hands on the descendant of the great King Aloong Payah?'"

At length Frank Merrincourt looked up and called out:

"Look here, Alf, I've heard a good deal about this beauty that they call the War Tiger, but I never quite made out who he is or what he's after, except that he's a robber; and *that's* no great discovery in a country like this, where every man seems to be a robber for so many years as a necessary part of his education, just like every man serving as a soldier in Germany. Now, I wish you'd just tell me all you know about him; for, somehow, wherever we go, you manage to find out everything about everybody. I only wish I were half as clever."

Marston was far too generous and considerate to hint that the reason why his comrade was ignorant of so many things was that he never took the trouble to learn them, and that, instead of grumbling incessantly at the dulness of this remote spot, he might have done well to lighten it by studying the features of the country, and the language and customs of the natives. So all that he said in reply was:

"Well, old fellow, you're welcome to all that *I* know about the man, although it really doesn't amount to very much, after all. First and foremost, however, you mustn't set him down merely as a common robber. If he were that and nothing more, he wouldn't be worth minding; but, unluckily, he's a very great deal more. You remember old Betterton's story of the Irishman who, when he was shipwrecked on the coast of South America, asked the people who dragged him up out of the waves, 'Is there a government in this country?' 'Yes.' 'Then I'm agin it!' Well, that's just

what the Tiger Chief is. He represents the principle of resistance to the government and to all constituted authority; and, unhappily, the form of government under which these poor people have always lived was such a hideously bad one, that any man who dared to oppose and defy it would be in *their* eyes quite a national hero."

"But, if that's so," broke in Merrincourt, "what does the duffer want to fight *us* for, now that we've come and overthrown the government that he hated so?"

"Simply because we are foreigners who have invaded his country."

"But we've put down plundering and oppression, you know, and established a far better government instead of the one that we knocked over."

"Ah, my dear boy, that's just what Lord Dalhousie said in 1856, when he established a good government of his own instead of the tyranny of the King of Oude; but the Indian Mutiny followed within a year, for all that. We English never seem to learn that an Asiatic generally prefers a bad *Asiatic* government to a good *European* one; and it's just because of that fact that you and I, and all the other Englishmen in this province, are standing on the brink of a volcano at this very moment!"

Frank Merrincourt was silent, and looked unwontedly thoughtful; and his companion, after a brief pause, resumed in a somewhat less sombre tone:

"Well, I was going to tell you about the Tiger Chief. The first time that he began to attract attention, so far as I've been able to find out, was a good many years ago, in the time of the old king, Mindohn Min, the father of this fellow Theebaw, whom we've just turned out. Well, the Burmese Governor of this district, who was a prince of the blood-royal, and as fond of hunting as the king himself, was having a big hunt among the northern mountains, when he roused up a splendid tiger, and kept after him all the morning, determined to have him at any price. But the beast, after knocking over a couple of the 'beaters,' and getting wounded three or four times himself, bolted up a narrow gully, and scrambled up the rocks into a cave, where he lay snug, and didn't seem at all inclined to come out again.

"Then the prince was so savage at the thought of losing his game after all (for they had no rockets to drive the tiger out, and none of the prince's men appeared particularly eager to venture in after him) that he called out:

"'If any man will go up and kill that tiger for me, he shall name his own reward!'

"'Agreed!' answered a deep voice beside him; and a tall man whom nobody knew, appearing among the attendants as suddenly as if he had just risen through the earth, stepped forward, and, scrambling up the cliff as nimbly as a wild-cat, went right into the cave, without any weapon (so far as could be seen) except a big hunting-knife.

"Instantly there came a tremendous roar, and then a dead silence. Of course, every one thought that it was all over with the poor fellow; but, just as a few of the boldest hunters were clambering up to see what had happened, the stranger appeared at the cavern-mouth with his big knife in one hand and the tiger's head in the other, and a gash across his shoulder like the blow of a gardener's rake. He had actually provoked the beast into springing at him, and then flung himself on his back just as it leaped, crippled the brute's off-hind leg with an upward slash of his knife as it passed over him, and, with the second stroke, laid it dead on the spot, just as its claws touched his shoulder!" *

"And this man, I suppose, was the Tiger Chief himself," said Merrincourt, who was drinking in every word of the stirring tale as eagerly as an errand-boy spelling his way through the unwholesome and exciting pages of "Bloodthirsty Bill of the Barranca," or "The Pink Robber of the Blue Mountain."

"Just so; and it was certainly one of the most daring feats that I ever heard of. Well, every one shouted and praised him, and the prince himself came forward to meet him, and said:

"'You are the boldest man that I have ever seen, and you shall have your reward, even if you were to ask for the half of my estates.'

"'For myself I ask nothing,' answered the stranger, speaking as boldly and freely as if he were talking to a ploughman instead of a prince; 'but if I am to name my own reward, I ask that Shway-Yo may be released from prison.'

"Now, this Shway-Yo was a native trader at Bhamo, who, for some alleged crime, or for no crime at all (for his real offence was probably that he couldn't or wouldn't give a heavy bribe to the governor himself), had been thrown into prison, where he still lay. It came out afterwards that the Tiger Chief had once received some kindness from Shway-Yo, and this was how he repaid it."

"Well done the Tiger Chief!" cried the young cavalry officer, with an honest heartiness of admiration that became him very well. "Robber or not, he's a rattling fine fellow! But *was* What's-his-name released from prison, then?"

"Indeed he was. The prince was a man of his word—a very rare thing in Eastern Asia, worse luck—and the very next day Shway-Yo was set free. But his release came almost too late to save him, poor fellow! You've seen for yourself, at Ava and Mandalay, *what* a Burmese prison was in the good old times; and all that he had suffered there broke him up so utterly, that, for several years after that, he could hardly crawl out of his own house.

"As for the Tiger Chief himself, he gave the hide of the dead beast to the prince for a trophy; but the skin of its head (or, as some say, the skull itself) he made into a helmet, and wore it ever after; and thenceforward he was known throughout all Northern Burmah by the names of 'Tchar-Woon' (Tiger Chief) and 'Seteeti-Tchar' (Tiger of War). And when Shway-Yo's brother, Moong-Gley (who was at that time following the lucrative but not altogether creditable profession of a robber in the border hills) heard of the War Tiger's kindness, he sought him out, and vowed to be true to him for life and death; and ever since then he has acted as his lieutenant—a sort of Little John, in fact, to this Burmese Robin Hood."

"But you haven't told me yet how the War Tiger first came to be a robber himself," interrupted Merrincourt, who was evidently determined not to lose a single paragraph of this sensational serial.

"I'm just coming to that, old fellow. The governor who came after the prince was a very bad lot, and brought with him a band of soldiers as bad as himself, who robbed and abused the peasants right and left, and went on like the French in Germany under Napoleon, or the Turks nowadays in Armenia.

"One day a lot of them were swaggering through a northern village, and one man had just seized a basket of fruit brought for sale by a poor woman, who had nothing else to live on. The poor thing cried piteously for mercy, and the brute was just going to strike her, when a tall man stepped between them, and sternly told him to give the fruit back.

"The soldier stared at him for a moment as if amazed at his impudence, and then laughed scornfully, and struck him across the face with his bamboo staff. It was the unluckiest blow that soldier had ever given. In a moment the stranger had him by the throat, and dashed his head against the wheel of a cart with such force that he never moved again."

"Serve him right!" cried Merrincourt, excitedly. "And then?"

"And then, of course, the other soldiers flew at the stranger like wolves; but he whipped out a huge knife, and down went the two foremost, while the rest began to give back. Then the Unknown, throwing back a kind of hood that he wore, displayed the famous *tiger-skin helmet*, and shouted in a voice of thunder:

"'Who dares to lay hands on the descendant of the great King Aloong Payah?' †

"The last word was like a spark in a powder-barrel; for this Aloong Payah had made great conquests and done wonderful feats of strength, and was altogether a kind of Burmese Peter the Great. There was a prophecy, too, among the peasants, that a descendant of his should one day appear to free the people of Burmah from all their troubles; and so, when they saw the very man (as *they* thought) beating down their oppressors like bulrushes before their eyes, they set up a yell, and came rushing in like madmen, with whatever weapons they could get hold of. In ten minutes' time there were mighty few of the ruffianly soldiers left, and those few were flying for their lives."

"Hurrah for the Tiger Chief!" shouted Merrincourt; "for it *was* he, wasn't it?"

"Indeed it was; and as soon as the fight was over, he called upon the villagers to leave their homes and follow him, knowing that there would be no remaining *there* for them after what had been done. So the peasants took whatever they could carry, and then set fire to the village and trooped off with him to the hills, where, being joined by Moong-Gley (Shway-Yo's robber-brother, you know) and other desperate fellows, he took to

* On my way through the Lower Himalaya in 1882, a young Goorka soldier, scarcely past boyhood, was pointed out to me as having achieved a similar feat of tiger-slaying, with no weapon but his large Nepaulese knife.—D. K.

† Corrupted into "Alompra" by English writers.

raiding in earnest, and soon became the terror of the whole province."

"Of course, the rascally governor was furious when he heard of the attack upon his men, and gathered all the soldiers that he could muster, vowing to destroy every living thing in the offending district. But he didn't, for the very sufficient reason that he was found dead in his own house a few nights later, with a spear through him, to the shaft of which was tied a Burmese cloth with the figure of a *tiger* on it!"

"I see," said Frank; "a sort of calling-card left by the Tiger Chief, just to show who had paid the governor that little attention."

"When the news of all these doings got abroad," continued Marston, "and, above all, when it was known that the War Tiger had captured a large convoy of government money and stores, cutting off to a man the soldiers that guarded it, King Theebaw thought it high time to look into the matter himself; and he was just getting ready an army to send against the Chief and the border clans that had joined him, when the war with England broke out, and gave him something else to think about."

"But what was the Tiger Chief doing during the war?" asked the young lieutenant. "I don't remember to have heard anything of him while it was going on."

"No, because—fortunately for us—he fell dangerously ill about that time, and took no part in the war at all. But, by ill luck, his only brother, whom he fairly idolised, must needs come and try his strength against us. A splendid young fellow he was, brave as a lion, although only a mere boy; and if there had been a hundred more like *him*, we'd have had a tough time of it. If all I've heard be true, the War Tiger had good cause to be so fond of him. But all his courage didn't save him, poor lad, for he was killed in the only fight that we had which was worth talking about—that brush at Minhla, on the Lower Irrawaddy."

"Hold hard!" broke in the cavalryman eagerly, "I seem to remember something of that job, although I wasn't there myself, worse luck, for you can't very well go storming hill-forts with *cavalry*. Yes, to be sure! I recollect now hearing old Betterton say that when the Burmans were beginning to give way and to be driven back into the fort, a slim, smooth-faced young fellow (so slight and boyish that some of them took him for a woman in disguise) flew in among our fellows single-handed, and cut down three sepoys before he was shot."

"Yes, that was he," said Marston, "and it's a thousand pities that he couldn't be taken alive, for more reasons than one; for when the Tiger Chief heard that his brother was killed, he vowed to avenge his death a hundred-fold upon the English; and I'll be bound he'll keep his word!"

"But, surely," cried Merrincourt, "the fellow doesn't think that he can fight England single-handed?"

"You forget that the Burmans haven't the least idea what the British Empire really *is*. They've always heard England spoken of as a small island ever so far away, and most likely they picture it to themselves as something like one of those little bits of islets in the Gulf of Martaban. You can't think what queer notions the Asiatics have of England and Europe in general. Several of the native princes whom we fought in India last century—Suraj-ud-Dowlah, for example, the man of the Black Hole—used to say, quite as a well-known fact, that there were only ten thousand men in all Europe! And even as lately as 1857 (so I've heard my father say), when Nana Sahib's Hindoos saw the Highlanders coming against them in their kilts, they cried out that the English *Sirkar* (Government) had 'sent *women* to fight them because all the men had been killed.' Such fellows as our friend the War Tiger think the power of England quite insignificant compared with that of Burmah; and, in saying so, they're only repeating what their own native historians have been telling them ever since the first Englishman showed his face out here. According to *them*, we have not conquered their country, but only overrun it by surprise; and now it's their turn to come back and swallow us up, which is exactly what they're preparing to try just now."

"This Tiger Chief must be a fine fellow, though, for all that," cried Merrincourt heartily; "and if he ever happens to come this way, I should like nothing better than to have a round with him at the cold steel, just for good-fellowship's sake."

"I hope you'll never have the chance, my boy," answered Marston gravely. "You mustn't run away with the notion that this man's a 'chivalrous bandit' of the Robin Hood or Claude Duval school. There are fine points in him, I admit; but he's simply an Asiatic savage, with a savage's virtues and vices—a man who would be equally ready to peril his life in saving a child, and to burn alive fifty wounded men. To realise his dream of making Northern Burmah independent, he would commit any crime. You and I might show him all possible kindness to-day, and he'd be grateful for it too; but, if it could help the cause to which he's devoted, he'd butcher every man jack of us to-morrow."

"You don't say so?"

"Indeed I do. Stanley said to me once that the great mistake of Englishmen who go out to Africa is to forget that Africa's not England; and out here we all seem to forget that Asia's not Europe. We shall never govern these people properly till we can realise that we're dealing with men who have their own standard of right and wrong, their own way of thinking and acting, their own customs and feelings—which, as a rule, are flatly opposed to our own—and that what *we* think trifles not worth naming may be matters of life and death to *them*."

Then followed a long silence, broken at last by the appearance of a sepoy at the door, to announce that an old Buddhist Poongyee (monk) stood before the door of the fort, desiring admission to the presence of its commandant.

(To be continued.)

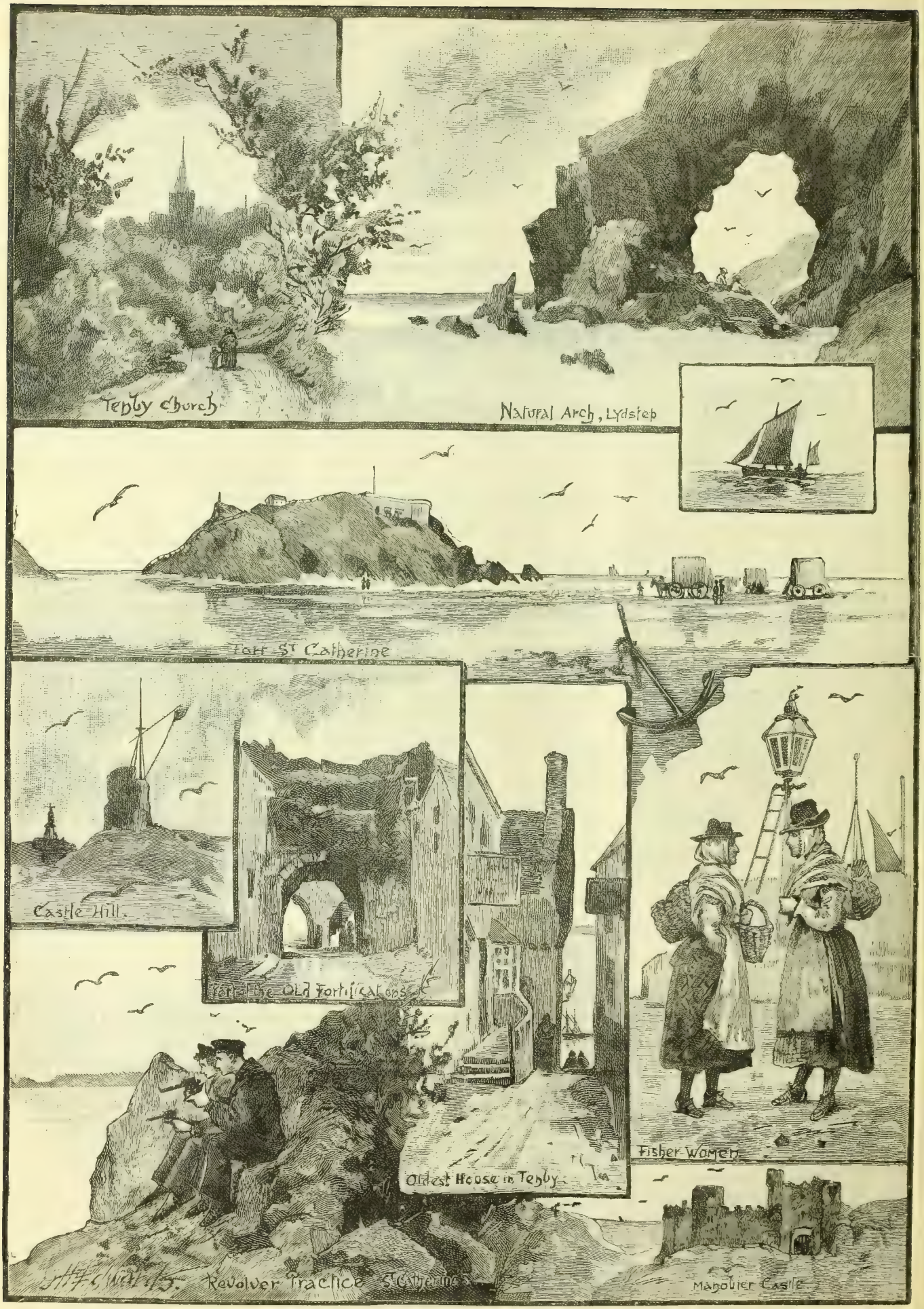
AN OUTING AT TENBY.

By W. J. Gordon.

Tenby looks its best when approached from the sea. The bay in which it stands is a double curve, with Proud Giltar, a lofty limestone cliff, to the left; Tenby, which the sea "peninsulateth," as Leland says, in the middle; and a long sweeping curve to the right ended by Monkstone. Edged with beautiful sands in front, capped by low wooded hills behind, and backed by the Pembrokeshire mountains, with a few towers and spires above the trees to point the view, Tenby is the pride of Carmarthen Bay, in which the curiously clean water takes every tint from deepest blue to palest green. "The nearer we get the better we like the view," so say the good sailors and the bad—particularly the bad—and as we round the bluff on which the town stands we are all pleased to make a closer acquaintance with the shore.

On the bluff is the ruined castle to which we climb our way. To the left is the distant smoke of Llanelly; to the right is Caldy Island; and beyond, like a little cloud on the horizon, is Lundy. Just below us is St. Catherine's, an island at high water, on which there is a battery: by our side is the tower of the old fortress from which young Henry of Richmond escaped to France with the aid of good Thomas White, when, as a lad of fourteen, he fled after the battle of Tewkesbury. Tenby was then of more importance commercially than now, but in these days of its giving itself over to the holiday-makers it has a larger population. Right and left of us are the bays, offering a choice of climate; you can look north and east, or you can look south and west, or you can come up here on the hill and have a blow and a look all round.

And now let us be off across the strip of sand and see what we can make of the fort and that curly-looking mass of limestone bored through and through by the waves. St. Catherine's used to be a famous place for the collector, being rich in every cranny in the lowlier inhabitants of the sea—but hear Mr. Gosse. "The black rocks overhang their bases, and from thousands of little holes in the stone project small crimson knobs which the fishermen felicitously call Rednoses. You touch one, and instantly it retreats into its hole, shooting at you a little squirt of clear water as it retires; a sort of Parthian warfare firing as it flies. But what manner of creature is it at all? Let us take a more careful look at him. Here is one with his crimson nose lolling out a good way; it is a white fleshy proboscis. We notice that it is composed of two parallel fleshy tubes soldered together, as it were, and that they open at the common extremity side by side. We nip it with our fingers, hoping to drag out the troglodyte to open day. Vain hope! he has slipped through our grasp and has vanished into his fortress like



Tenby.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* G. H. EDWARDS.)

his fellows. We must batter down his castle; there is nothing else for it. Whack! Whack! Rap! Rap! Bang! Bang! goes the hammer with its ringing strokes on the well-beaten head of the steel chisel. How tough and hard this limestone is! Ha! here is a fine fragment! and see, it is pierced through and through with smooth rounded tunnels, just wide enough to admit your little finger. And here lie, all exposed and helpless, the objects of our curiosity. Poor creatures! like the cat in the fable, they have but one shift, one resource; ordinarily that is quite sufficient for their defence; for the strong stone walls which gird them in, when retired, are an impregnable fortress to every enemy, almost; except man, who fights with hammers and steel chisels—weapons which, were a jury of Red-noses to decide, would doubtless be condemned as very unfair and unchivalrous. Well, here they are! little stumpy, thick-set, bivalve shell-fish, with shells of a dirty whitish hue, or what is known in homely tongue as whity-brown, rough of surface, and uncouth of form. They are the *Saxicava rugosa*. You say they are ugly, and are about to throw them away. Stay a moment; I won't say a word for their beauty. A red nose is not generally admired; and as that is certainly their handsomest feature, much cannot be said on this score. But this homespun gentleman has done what you would find a somewhat hard job. He has dug his own burrow. With no other implements than his own flimsy brittle shell and his soft fleshy body, he has pierced these cylindrical galleries through this uncommonly hard and solid limestone. 'How?' say you. 'Who knows?' say I. 'The carbonate of lime is dissolved by an acid secreted by the animal,' say some. 'There is no such acid,' replies another, 'and if there were it could not act as a solvent on substances so diverse as are perforated by these borers. No, it is by the incessant rotation of the animal, whereby the rough shell is made to rasp or file away the stone.' But others maintain that the rasping organ is not the shell, but the soft fleshy mouth or foot, which is said to be studded with grains of flint for the purpose. Others, again, assert that the ciliary currents of water constantly driven against the solid stone are the only, or at least the primary, agents employed in this apparently more than Herculean labour!"

But that will do as a sample of Gosse's "Tenby," a delightful book as well known almost as White's "Selborne," and even more appreciated by "those prowlers of the beach whose soul is in their aquarium." To such people hereabouts is classic ground, and numerous are the captives that daily reach their prison—and their death—on the small round table in the lodging-house windows. The water is delightful, even for those who care naught for the sea, except as a thing to sail on, row on, or swim in. Such smooth clean sand, such convenient rounded rocks and tiny caves, like "natural bathing machines!" as we have heard them described, and the true Atlantic water, "nothing between you, sir, and New England!"

And there are other attractions. The geologist can find specimens enough in the carboniferous limestone of the castle hill, and along to Giltar; in the Old Red about Penally; and in the Coal Measures to the north about Waterwinch, where, if he be a mere curiosity-hunter, he may find beetle-stones, or black nodules, to split and polish. The botanist will find quite enough to do from the time he begins with the rose-bushes—the Burnet-leaved rose, *spinosissima*, never more than a yard high and growing in little clumps—whose pale pink blossoms, almost as plentiful as their thorns, are the joy of the country round. And the mere walker and general excursionist will find something to tempt him at every point of the western half of the compass.

He can go along the cliffs to Lydstep, and explore the caves at low spring-tides. He can go further to Manorbier, and view the castle where, 700 years ago, more or less, Gerald de Barry, otherwise Giraldus Cambrensis, was born, who in his book tells us how the monks of his day used to quarrel with the Tenby fishermen about the tithe of fish; and he can moralise over the fact that the once proud home of the De Barrys and De Windsors now flies one flag when the admission to it is threepence, and two flags when it costs sixpence!

He can go for a short stroll to Penally, and make a closer acquaintance with the old round tower and the church where the third of St. Teilo was buried. A remarkable saint was St. Teilo; to oblige the three claimants for his remains, his body was miraculously triplicated, and one of the triplicates fell to Penally, the other to Llandilo, the other to Llandaff! Or he can go in the opposite direction up and down along the cliffs to pretty Saundersfoot, with its woods and springs and quiet valleys. And if he would go further afield he can "go west" to Pembroke with its castle, Pembroke Dock with its warships, and patronise the ferries on Milford Haven.

Tenby itself is of more interest than the ordinary seaside town. There is the old church, one of the largest in Wales, with as grand a flight of altar steps as a cathedral; and besides the castle there are the old fortifications and gateways which were all put in proper order for the reception of the Spaniards at the time of the Armada; and proved of use, and expense, in the days of the Cavaliers.

But the men of Tenby have always stood to their guns when fighting threatened—one of them took a privateer single-handed in the days of the long war—and during that long war, in 1797, when there was much talk of a French invasion, the men of Tenby were very busy indeed. The French did come—"invasion of Fishguard," just round St. David's Head, some distance away—about 1,400 of them, and were attacked by militia, the countrywomen in scarlet cloaks and round hats, looking like soldiers, watching the fray; one of them, Jemima Nicholas, pitchfork in hand, boldly advancing, and so frightening twelve Frenchmen that she drove them into a corner and marched them off to the guardhouse! A serio-comic invasion, in fact; the frigates which "strangely sailed away" being the Resistance and Constance, which, as related in "The Medals of the British Navy," in the "B. O. P." eleventh volume, were met by the San Fiorenzo and Nymphe and captured, the Resistance having her name changed to Fisgard in memory of the futile expedition. Little did Captain Laroque imagine, when he started, that the only thing his ship would capture would be the name of the place to which he was bound, and which name was afterwards to be "immortalised" in the British Navy as that of the capturer of the Immortalité.

Standing under the old arches or sketching the old houses we can easily imagine the gathering of the volunteers at the "assembly." And further back in the ages we can hear the roar of the footballers as they kicked the bladder through the town; or else watch them atoning for the noise they made on Shrove Tuesday by going to church barefoot on Good Friday "so as not to disturb the earth."

Some of these old customs we can even regret. Though it is early summer now, we can in our mind's eye part from old Tenby in the winter time. Then "gentlemen first" was the motto, at any rate on New Year's morning, when the crossing of the threshold by a woman or girl before a man or boy was sure to bring bad luck—at least so said the believers. Rap, rap would go the knockers early to knock in the New Year and knock up the lazy to hand out their contributions to the boys and girls who stood at the door with panikins full of water and a sprig of evergreen with which to sprinkle the opener of the much-knocked-upon door. Knock, knock, knock at every house; and amid the knockings a snatch of song:—

"Here we bring new water
From the well so clear,
For to worship God with,
This happy New Year;
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew,
The water and the wine,
With seven bright gold wires,
And bugles that do shine;
Sing reign of fair maid,
With gold upon her toe,
Open you the west door,
And turn the old year go;
Sing reign of fair maid,
With gold upon her chin,
Open you the east door,
And let the New Year in."

CHIVALRY.

By Albert E. Hooper,

Author of "Up the Moonstair," etc.

III.—THE INSTALLATION.

The candidate for knighthood was left, in the last paper, awaiting the ceremony of investiture. His education was finished; he was strong in body and sound of limb; his mind was filled with high and noble purposes; his heart was devoted to one "fayre ladye," in whom he worshipped the ideal purity of all womankind;—in a word, he was a courteous and honourable gentleman, and one in all points fitted to add fresh lustre to the glory of a noble institution.

The eve of his installation has come at last. Perhaps he has reached the age of twenty-one; or perhaps some act of gallantry in the field has brought him under the favourable notice of one who has the power of conferring the dignity of knighthood;—some such conflict against heavy odds, perchance, as the young Black Prince waged at Cressy when his father cried, "Let the boy win his spurs!"

A great concourse of knights and ladies has assembled in the castle over-night to witness the ceremony; and the clang of many hammers sounds without, where the lists are being prepared for the grand tournament which is to be held on the morrow.

But the novice, apart from the gay throng, has already begun the significant rites of his initiation. He has removed the short embroidered gown of the squire for the last time, and having bathed in sign of purification, he arrays himself in a white robe, symbolising the new and spotless life upon which he is entering. Then he betakes him-

self fasting to the chapel; and while all else in the castle are sleeping, he kneels before the altar, and keeps a solemn vigil, watching his arms until daybreak.

In the morning, the priests, the sponsors, and the lord who is to knight him assemble in the chapel, which is soon crowded with spectators; and the final ceremony commences. The novice kneels, and vows on the cross-hilt of his sword to discharge faithfully the duties of the order he is about to enter; and then his lord strikes him three times on the neck with the flat of his blade, saying, "In the name of St. George and St. Michael" (or in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost) "I dub thee knight." The priest next blesses the sword of the new knight, after which he is arrayed in his armour, and some lady—perhaps the lady of his love—binds on his heel the golden spur. Up the aisle an armed and richly caparisoned charger is led; and clothed from head to foot in steel as he is, the young knight vaults into the saddle without the aid of the stirrups; and, waving his lance in the air, he gallops out of the chapel and into the lists, or some open space before the castle, where he displays his skill in horsemanship and the use of his arms.

The lists are quickly thronged; the Queen of Beauty is led to her seat; the air rings with the blasts of the heralds' bannered trumpets; and the tournament begins. Opposing bands of knights gather at the two ends of the lists, charge thundering along the course, and meet with echoing shock. Lances are splintered and knights unhorsed; swords flash from their sheaths, and the *mêlée* becomes general; while riderless horses gallop wildly round the lists and the spectators shout aloud their encouragement and praise. Happy then is the new-made knight if he can hold his own against his veteran brothers-in-arms; thrice happy if, kneeling bareheaded before her throne, he receive the victor's garland of flowers and ribbons from the hands of the Queen of Beauty.

Thus we see the knight equipped. He may now ride forth in the service of his lady; or do battle for his king or the Church; or he may journey as a knight-errant through the land, caring not in whose name he fights so long as he succours the innocent and distressed.

Now is the time in which to prove the value of his training. He may be brave but treacherous like Lancelot, Tristram, and many others; or he may be brave, and at the same time noble, pure, and saintly, like Galahad and Arthur; and, despite the deplorable testimonies of some of the old romancers, we may believe that the knightly training of the Middle Ages produced many a character worthy to be ranked beside that of Chevalier Bayard himself, as "without fear, and without reproach."

Chaucer, whose description of a squire has been given, painted his portraits from life; that they were no fancy portraits is evident from the repulsive realism with which he pictures such characters as his Miller; and when he brings a noble knight before us, we know that we are looking upon a real representative of the great order. The words of the description are few, but the picture of the knight remains with us; and as we see him wend his way on holy pilgrimage from the old Tabard in Southwark, through the green lanes of "merrie England," to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury; and as we listen to the noble tale he tells of "Palamon and Arcite," we are forced to believe good things of the institution of Chivalry; while to those who shake their heads in doubt, as they tell us evil stories of those old days, we can still reply, on the authority of one who knew:

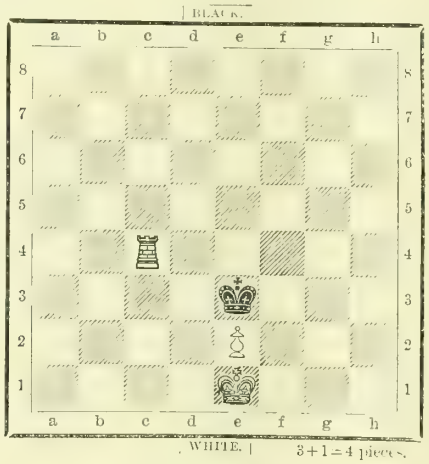
"A knight *there was*, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chivalrie,
Trouthe and honour, freedom and curtesie.
Full worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As wel in Christendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
. . . . . .
And evermore he hadde a sovereign pris.
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight."

(To be concluded.)

CHESS.

Problem No. 269.

By F. C. Glass.



White to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

Blindfold Game.

Played between H. F. L. Meyer (blindfold) and F. Möller, the latter playing with the black men.

White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. B—B 4	B—B 4
3. Kt—K B 3	P—Q 3
4. P—Q 3	B—K Kt 5
5. B—K 3	Kt—K B 3 (*a*)
6. B × B	B × Kt
7. Q × B	P × B
8. Q—B 5	Kt—B 3
9. P—Q B 3	P—Q R 3
10. P—Q R 4	Q—Q 3
11. Castles	Castles
12. Kt—Q 2	Kt—K 2
13. Q—R 3	P—B 3
14. Q—K 3	K R—Q sq.
15. Kt—B 3	P—Q Kt 4
16. B—Kt 3	P—R 3
17. P—R 3	Kt—Kt 3
18. Q R—Q sq.	Q R—Kt sq.
19. R—Q 2	P × P
20. B × R P	Kt—R 4
21. R—R sq.	K Kt—B 5
22. Kt—K sq.	P—Q R 4
23. B—Q sq.	R—R sq.
24. K—R 2	P—B 5
25. B—B 2	P × P (*b*)
26. B × P	P—Q B 4
27. K R—Q sq.	Q—K 2
28. B—B 4	R × R
29. R × R	K—R sq.
30. P—K Kt 3	Kt—K 3
31. B × Kt	P × B
32. Q—B 3	P—B 5
33. Q—Kt 4	Q—K B 2
34. Kt—B 3	R—K B sq.
35. K—Kt 2	Q—K sq.
36. R—Q 6	R—B 3
37. R—R 6	K—Kt sq. (*c*)
38. R × R P	P—R 4
39. Q—Kt 5	Kt—B 5 (ch.)
40. K—R 2 (*d*)	Kt—Q 6
41. Q—K 3	Q—K B sq.
42. K—Kt 2	R × Kt

and White resigned, for if Q × R, then Kt—K 8 (ch.), etc.

(*a*) B—Kt 3 would have prevented the double Pawns in the Q B file.

(*b*) If P—Q B 4, K R—Q sq.

(*c*) Played for the purpose of attacking the Q.

(*d*) White hesitated here, and said soon afterwards that it would have been better to take the Kt, for the play would then have been 40, P × Kt, R—Kt 3. 41, R × P, R × Q (ch.). 42, Kt × R, etc. Thus the game was resumed, and White won.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

A Helping Hand.

Mr. John Kirk, Secretary of the Ragged School Union, writes to us from the offices, Exeter Hall:—"We have some staunch friends already from amongst your big family of boys, as I have good and grateful reason to know; but we want and shall have more, if you will again kindly let me 'say my say.' We are busy every summer in getting some thousands of our poor and hard-up boys and girls away from the noise and smoke of the big village to the quiet and fresh air of the God-made country. Last year, in connection with the Holiday Homes' Fund of the Ragged School Union, we gave the health-giving benefit of a whole fortnight's country or sea air to over four thousand children, and a few hours in the country to ten thousand day trippers. All this costs money, and if it were not for the kind gifts of many friends, including some good-hearted readers of the 'Boy's Own Paper,' we should simply have to say to our poor pleaders—It can't be done! Now this summer—but need I go on? Yes, this summer we want to send a still larger number, and we can do it if your readers will help. Ten shillings will give a fortnight's holiday to a poor city waif, and sixpence will pay for a day's outing. Who will lend a hand in this health-giving enterprise? Collecting-cards or a box will be sent gladly, and all gifts, in money or in kind (for clothing, boots, games, scrap-books, toys, and sweets are acceptable), may be sent to me, at the Ragged School Union Offices, Exeter Hall, London, W.C."

A Manly Word to Young Men
by Rev. Dr. Cuyler.

I want to say a few kind words to young men who are going into the battle of life. You cannot swing through life in a hammock or escape fighting, if you try, and you cannot hire a substitute. Success or failure—one or the other—is inevitable. You may have critical conflicts with sickness and suffering; you will have mental conflicts with adversities, and disappointments, and the unkindness of ungrateful people. Every one of you has to contend with certain weaknesses and besetting sins. You cannot avoid that old and never ending contention which Paul so vividly describes,

"between the law of God and the law of sin in your members."

As if these internal foes were not enough, you are surrounded with forces that are hostile to both happiness and holiness. Evil fashions and customs must be encountered, and many a pathway is mined underneath with explosives that are deadly as dynamite. In these times there is no little malaria of scepticism in the air. But in spite of all these enemies, internal and external, you may come off conqueror if you will adopt one principle and stick to it. A certain glorious old field-marshal of the Lord condensed it into one line when he wrote to a young man, "Fight the good fight of faith!" Don't misunderstand this injunction. Paul did not exhort the youthful Timothy to do battle for the system of faith in Christ, although that was to be a part of his high calling. Chiefly, Paul meant to impress upon the young man's mind that faith was to be the actual weapon, and faith was to be the *fighting force*.

If you will look into the oldest book of biographies on the globe, you will find that men who have conquered the strongest of temptations have had not only the courage of their convictions, but have had the indwelling power of God. Joseph, spurning a tremendous temptation, not because Potipher saw him, but because God saw him; Daniel, facing both a laugh in the palace and the lions in the royal park; Paul, defying Nero because "the Lord stood with me and strengthened me"—these are the models for your imitation. Good impulses are abundant and cheap. They will never hold you in a sharp fight unless you have the staying power which Christ imparts. To stand the sneers of scoffers, to resist the sudden rush for wealth, to conquer fleshly appetites, to hold an unruly temper under control, to keep base passions subdued, and to direct all your plans and purposes straight toward the highest mark, requires a power above your own. Christ's mastery of you will give you self-mastery—yes, and mastery over the powers of darkness and of hell. Faith will fire the last shot, and when the battle of life ends, you will stand among the crowned conquerors in glory.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(THIRTEENTH SERIES.)

Writing Competition.

[*Continued from p.* 592.]

SEVENTH DIVISION (*aged* 16 *years*).

Prize—10*s.* 6*d.*

WILLIAM PEDDIE, Bridgend, Denny, N.B.

CERTIFICATES FIRST GRADE.

PHILIP OSMOND JARVIS, 56, Church Road, Hove, Brighton.

WM. F. RUSSELL, 97, Grove Lane, Denmark Hill, S.E.

R. W. AITKEN, 48, Bridge Street, Leith.

JOHN N. DOWNES, 1, Somerhill Terrace, Primrose Hill, Tonbridge, Kent.

LEONARD BARRETT, 41, Alexandra Road, South, Manchester.

MAY HEIN, Bellefield House, Wakefield.

WILFRED CLUNIES-ROSS, Aberdona Villa, Dollar, N.B.

ALEXANDER FOWLER, 9, Boundary Place, Liverpool.

H. E. SMITH, 28, Mather Road, Birkenhead.

ROBERT HARVEY, 5, Mansfield Place, Edinburgh.

T. W. PICKEN, High Street, Newport, Salop.

SECOND GRADE.

W. F. SMITH, Rother Cottage, Catcliffe, Rotherham.

A. W. GOLDIE, 9, Laurel Terrace, Broadgate Road, Catford, S.E.

GEORGE WHITE, 1, Thornhills, Maidstone.

JOHN E. LEWIS, 37, Fleet Street, E.C.

F. S. KNOWLAND, 329, Parliament Street, Toronto, Canada.

WM. HIGGINS, Langport, Somerset.

THOMAS G. BRAY, 59, Beaconsfield Road, West Green Road, Tottenham.

ROBERT H. W. DOBELL, 31, River Street, Truro.

EVELYN MARCY, 114, Holland Road, Kensington, W.

W. F. STEWART, 2, Bertram Villas, 190, Green Lanes, N.

COLLIN SANDERSON, The Manse, Christchurch Road, Roupell Park, S.W.

J. H. N. PEEL, 37, Hollis Street, Leeds.

ALEXANDER GILLESPIE, 92, Townhead, Kirkintilloch.

T. C. MANSFIELD, The Lindens, 50, Coombe Road, South Croydon.

D. R. ARMIT, Colliston, Arbroath, N.B.

G. EUNSON FAIRLEY, 431, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

CHARLES E. JACKSON, 22, King Street, Wrexham.

HELENA R. GALLOWAY, 10, Nevern Road, Earl's Court.

F. W. HEALD, Sunnyside, Ashtead, Surrey.

THIRD GRADE.

W. J. POTTER, 32, Reigate Villas, Elmhurst Road, Upton Lane, Forest Gate, E.

JOHN P. BIRCH, Royal Academic Institution, Belfast.

W. T. BOYTEN, 20, Savile Row, Regent Street, W.

STANLEY COOK, 45, Cecil Street, Stalybridge.

THOMAS SPENCE, 181, Stirling Road, Glasgow.

T. B. AIDLEY, Higher Road, Urmston, near Manchester.

LEONARD BRINLEY, 47, Woodstock Road, Finsbury, N.

EDGAR J. CANN, 11, Old Nelson Street, Lowestoft.

ETHEL M. ERWIN, 13, Albion Street, Rotherhithe.

M. S. A. YOUNG, Roebuck Villa, Rochester, Kent.

JOHN HALL, 96, King Street, Woolwich, S.E.

E. W. RODWELL, Trimdon Grange, R.S.O.

MAUD MALLINSON, 4, Mowbray Road, Kilburn, N.W.

ALFRED A. DIXON, 3, Priory Road, Kew.

AXEL L. BAUMGARTEN, 7, Skirving Street, Langside, Glasgow.

LADY ANNE COVENTRY, Croome Court, Severn Stoke, Worcestershire.

PERCY CHARLES, 2, Harley Street, Bath.

W. MCKELVIE, Armadale Villa, Uddingston by Glasgow.

LAURA STAMPER, Newtown Mt. Kennedy, Co. Wicklow.

F. R. BENTLEY, The Leys, Chipping Norton, Oxon.

MABEL R. GILBERT, "Halstede," Archer's Road, Southampton.

J. W. BELL, London Place, Dearham, *vid* Carlisle.

FRANK WILSON, 206, Nottingham Street, Sheffield.

CHARLOTTE M. ZIERVOGEL, Lady Grey, *vid* Aliwal North, South Africa.

LEONARD A. R. KIMMEL, 299, Camden Road, Holloway.

MARION MARSHALL, 103, Petherton Road, Highbury New Park, N.

LOUISE K. DURANT, 57, Park Road, West Dulwich.

(*To be continued.*)



Correspondence.

N. AMATUS.—Andrea Amati, the great violin maker, was born in 1565 and died in 1620. He had two sons, Antonius and Hieronymus, and Hieronymus had a son Nicholas. Your instrument is probably a copy. The 1730 is the date, not the number of the violin.

SINBAD THE ANXIOUS.—The only way in which to obtain all our volumes is to advertise either in the "Exchange and Mart," or through your bookseller, or the "Publisher's Circular" or "Bookseller."

J. J. SOWERBY.—The sketches are not very clear. All we can say is that one is an English silver penny, and that the other two are Scottish coins; the one with the crown and sceptre being a bodle and the other a bawbee. The date of the bodle is 1677, not 1077. The lot would be dear at half-a-crown.

TECK.—We exhaustively treated the subject in "Battles with the Sea," by Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, which articles are now obtainable in book form of Messrs. Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street, W.

L. G. T.—1. It is merely a question of fashion. At one time it was considered the proper thing to be bald. The ancient Egyptians shaved their heads, so do the Mahometans of to-day, so do the American Indians. 2. There are substances which will make the hair grow, amongst the commonest being ordinary paraffin oil, or, in its purer form, vaseline. 3. It is quite a mistake to suppose that you can tell any man's present or previous character by the scarcity or abundance of the hair on his head. The statement must have been made by somebody who would be better for having his hair cut.

HUGH.—The three balls over a pawnbroker's shop are the arms of the Medici, which, in their turn, are the three golden pills administered of old by the original Medicus, whoever he may have been. The Medici was the ruling family in Florence. Florence is the capital of Tuscany, and there pawnbroking seems to have been invented or adopted. The first pawnbrokers came to London from there and Lombardy, whence the three balls and Lombard Street. All the old trades had distinguishing signs before the particular sign of each shop came in. The survival of the general sign now shows the pawnbroker; the survival of the particular sign now shows the publican. At least, that is how the story goes.

H. A. DOUGLAS.—If you apply to L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, and send him half-a-crown, he will forward you a "Bookbinding for Amateurs" which you would probably find useful. Thanks for the note-book.

E. G. THEAKSTON.—Gum your cards and dust powdered alum over the gum while it is "tacky." Powdered glass is also used for hoar frost, but the alum is the safest and looks quite as well.

BANKING.—Gilbart and Maclaren, also Bagehot; but no books on banking are cheap.

W. W.—Not under fourteen; but you must have a nomination from the colonel or bandmaster, and you will have to go to Kneller Hall.

ALARIC.—Alaric was the great king of the Visigoths who captured Rome in 410, and had the strange burial in the bed of a river, the stream being turned out of its course till the funeral was over and then turned back again in order that the grave might be unknown and unviolated. Go to your bookseller and ask him to get you Bradley's "History of the Goths," which will cost you forty-five pence after deduction of discount.

NEMO.—1. The "Marvellous Conquest" was written by Mr. A. Laurie, a well-known French author, who at one time collaborated with Jules Verne. It was specially condensed and adapted for our columns. The full translation of the original work is now published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. under the title of "The Conquest of the Moon." The French title was "Selene Company, Limited." 2. There are a little over a quarter of a million efficient volunteers.

LILY.—The National Debt on April 5, 1890, was £689,944,027. When the Queen came to the throne it was £761,422,570; it has thus been reduced, not increased, by £71,478,543. It is not the largest national debt; France, Italy, Russia, all have larger debts. The French debt is the largest ever known; even its interest costs its population more than £1 per head per year.

EGG.—Which old St. Paul's do you mean? There was one built in 185 which was destroyed in 303. There was another on its site destroyed by the Saxons. There was another on the same site built in 610 and burnt in 1087. The next was nearly burnt down in 1137. The new steeple was built in 1221; the new choir was completed in 1240; the little church of St. Faith was contrived underneath it in 1256. The spire was struck by lightning in 1444, and again in 1561, when the lightning set it on fire and made it necessary to remove both roof and steeple. Then Inigo Jones built a portico to the old church in 1633, and then the Fire of London wiped it all away in 1666.

W. R. MARSHALL.—Mr. Langbridge has edited a good comic reciter; but we hope shortly to issue a "B. O. P." reciter which might suit you better.



A. M. S.—Photographs of Football Teams can probably be heard of at "Pastime" offices in Rose Street, Newgate Street, or at the "Cricket Press" in St. Andrew's Hill, Doctors' Commons. In each case there are some in the window; go and see.

Back Nos., Parts, and Volumes of the "B. O. P."—In reply to numerous inquiries as to these, we may state that the earliest now obtainable from our publisher are—Nos. 560, Parts 105, Volumes 8.

Bad Habits (Rufus and others).—If you value your life and happiness here and hereafter, abstain. We are glad you are penitent. Obey all the laws of health. Take no drugs. Read no quack books—that would mean destruction—and use a cold bath every morning.

Aviary (W. H. A.).—We can only say do not overcrowd. You might have a dozen in the space you name. But the corner seems rather dark. Put in birds of a size, British and foreign, but none with punishing beaks. Soft and hard food.

Nervous (N.).—It was only for special cases we recommended 10 grains of bromide of potassium before going to bed. It should be made up by a chemist, and not continued more than a week at a time. All narcotics are best avoided.

Rabbits (W. S. F.).—1. Boiled oatmeal mash with bran or pollard, oats, green food, etc. 2. Yes; but too nearly connected.

Nonconformist.—A book on "Letter Writing" you could procure from F. Warne & Co., 15, Bedford Street, Strand; one on "Mine Surveying" you could get from Crosby Lockwood & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.

Getting Fat (Medicus).—Go on with the Malt Extract, but use chiefly farinaceous diet. We do not, however, advise anyone to hanker after being fat. Athletes get rid of theirs.

Ferrets (H. Plude).—Bread and milk sop, with morsels of meat now and then.

Canary (Sunbeam).—Ten or a dozen years or over. It all depends on careful feeding and treatment.

Ants' Eggs (Inquirer).—From any bird shop, or where they sell gold fish, etc.

Black-heads (Reader).—They are not insects. You must squeeze them out, and same night rub in oxide of zinc ointment. Use a rough towel every day. Some people never get quite rid of them.

Selling Goat's Milk (F. O. B.).—Only by private bargain. Make the party send for it.

Pigeons (Ignoramus).—They will know better next time. That is all we can tell you.

Shamo.—1. The articles on "Moving Models" are out of print in the part form; but now appear in "Indoor Games." 2. You would have to have the escutcheon made for you by some brass-worker.

C. P. D.—We had an article on "How to Make a Flagstaff," but it was some time ago and is out of print except as reprinted in "Indoor Games." The topmast should have a sheave and a heel rope. Stays are best of wire rope with screw tighteners. A galvanised iron wire run up the mast and projecting a little from the top is the best lightning conductor; if you have a topmast you have two wires in metallic contact at the cross-trees. You can fly any flag you like on land in time of peace; and, as a rule, you fly the national flag of your guests if you give an entertainment in their honour, this being on the principle of making your house their own.

Deniliquin.—It is almost hopeless without interest. The premiums are very high and the boy must be apprenticed. One way would seem to be through Science and Art Department course of Honours, and then Whitworth Scholarship. There is a good school of engineering at the Crystal Palace. Why not write to the Secretary, Institute of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, S.W. for particulars as to examinations, etc.

Nero.—1. There are Prescott on "The Conquest of Mexico," Wallace's "Fair God," Charnay's "Ancient Cities of the New World," and, for the religion, Reville's "Hibbert Lectures." 2. The official books are the best. They are published by Clowes & Son, Charing Cross.

Marian.—Most of those you mention are not degrees at all, being merely the initials of some society of no standing whatever. Taking the rest in alphabetical order. Asso.Sc. is a Durham degree, it is Associate in Science. B.C.L. is Bachelor of Civil Law, a degree only granted by Oxford and Durham. B.S. is Bachelor of Surgery, given by Cambridge, London, Dublin, and Durham. B.Sc. is Bachelor of Science, given by London, Durham, Glasgow, St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Ireland, and Victoria. B.L. is Bachelor of Letters, given by Edinburgh. C.M. is Master in Surgery and is another form of M.Ch. or M.S. or M.C. D.Lit. is Doctor of Letters, given by London and Ireland. D.Sc. is Doctor of Science, given by London, Cambridge, Durham, St. Andrews, Edinburgh, and Ireland. LL.A. is Lady Literate in Arts, a woman's degree given by St. Andrews. LL.M. is Master of Laws, given by Cambridge. L.Th. is Licentiate in Theology, given by Durham. M.Sc. is Master of Science, given by Durham and Victoria. Mus.B. is Bachelor of Music, given everywhere except in Scotland.

James Percy.—A depth of 4,655 fathoms was once sounded off the north-east coast of Japan, but we are not aware that this is definitely held to be the greatest depth of the ocean. Near the Friendly Islands, a long way away, the lead went down to 4,430 fathoms.

George.—Zululand is divided from Natal by the Tugela River, and it is situated between the South African Republic and the sea. It became a British Colony in May 1887.

Alkitching.—Davy Jones's Locker is "the place where Jonah was sent to." Jones=Jonah; Davy=Duffy (the nigger colloquial for ghost or spirit); and Locker=the place of safe keeping. According to Smollett in "Peregrine Pickle" Davy Jones is "the fiend that presides over all the evil spirits of the deep, and is seen in various shapes warning the devoted wretch of death and woe."

F. M. Lea.—When you have got your child into the charitable institution by means of so many thousand old postage stamps, please let us know, but do not trouble to write before. At the same time give us full details in order that we may verify the case for the benefit of hundreds of our readers who have discovered after all their trouble that used penny postage stamps are worth waste paper prices and nothing more.

Inquirer.—Kavanagh's book, "How I won the Victoria Cross," was an autobiography. The best book on Hedley Vicars is undoubtedly Miss Marsh's, which can be obtained almost everywhere.

Tourist.—An excellent idea; we can suggest no pleasanter trip. But do the "parikrama," that is, go up one side of the river and come back along the other. Take Dickens's "Dictionary of the Thames" with you; it costs a shilling and is published by Macmillan & Co. You will find quite enough to interest you in the towns and villages on the banks without going further afield.

M. V. S. (Bristol).—Cassell & Co. publish a book on the Indian Civil Service with specimens of the examination papers. We had articles on the subject, but we did not give any examination questions.

Apprentice.—The Atlantic Mail Steamers do not carry apprentices. You must begin in a sailing vessel.

Parvus.—1. There is really nothing but exercise—walking, swimming, and gymnastics. 2. The examinations are not the same for Sandhurst as for Woolwich. If you are good at mathematics take the Woolwich one.

A Would-be Horse Guard.—Age, 19 to 25. Height, 5 ft. 8 in. to 5 ft. 11 inches. Chest, 35 inches. Weight, 130 lb. An examination for all steps. Extra strong gums are valuable, but there is no special requirement for them in the regiment. (P.S. On seeing this in type it occurs to us you may mean the gum sold in bottles; if so, you will find the information in another answer.)

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 650.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1891. Price One Penny.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

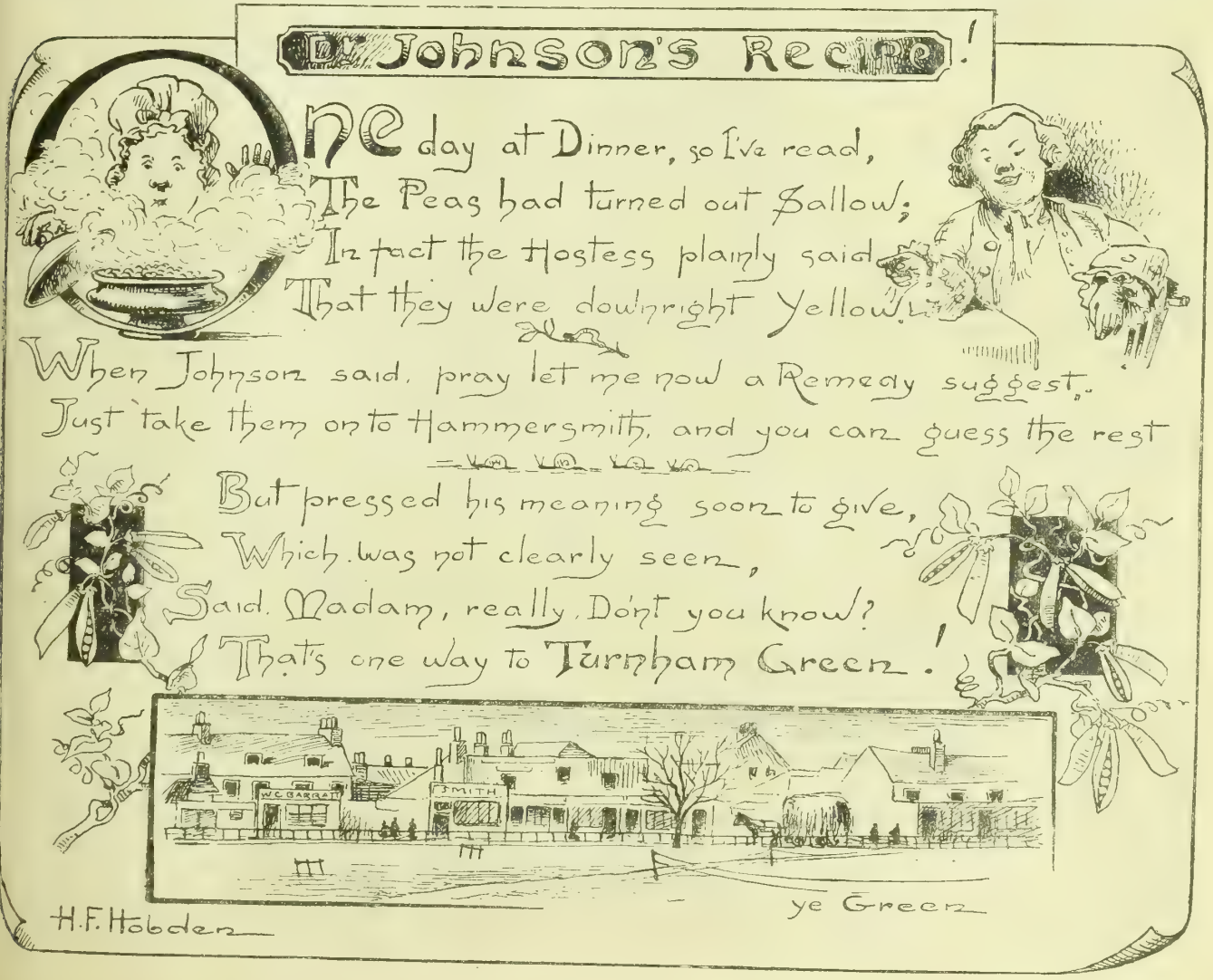
A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE WATCH TOWER.

Wally's study—he always liked to call it a "study," but his friends preferred to call it a den—could comfortably accommodate six. The juniors had frequently to own that nine, the normal size of the party, was a jam. When, in addition to that, a big, brawny man was thrown in, it came to be a serious question as to how the four walls would sustain the strain.



Wally, however, was determined to manage somehow. He indignantly rejected Percy's offer of his more spacious apartment over the way. No. He had captured the lion—he and D'Arcy—and they would entertain him in their own den.

After all, it was not so bad. It only meant letting the fire out and putting one chair in the fender, and shoving the other end of the table (which had been doubled in length by the addition of the table out of a neighbouring room, that was within four inches of the same height) close up against the door, which it was just possible to shut. As, however, the door opened outwards, it was necessary for the gentleman occupying the foot of the table to sit out in the passage, much to the inconvenience of the casual passers-by.

To a shy man like Mr. Rollitt, it was a difficult position to find himself the honoured guest of nine young gentlemen like these.

"Thank'ee kindly, young masters," said he, when Ashby relieved him of his hat and Fisher II of his bag, and Percy undermined him with a chair, and Cottle handed him the "Boy's Own Paper," and Cash came in with a hassock, and D'Arcy put a railway rug over his knees.

Wally, whose ideas of hospitality were of the old school, deemed it expedient, while tea was being served, to engage his guest on the subject of the weather.

"Rather finer the last few days than it was the other week when it rained?" said he. "Rollitt's having fine weather for his trip."

This was an artful way of introducing the topic of the hour.

"Thank you kindly, yes. He's bound to be somewheres, is my Alf," replied Mr. Rollitt.

"It's all right; we're backing him up. He made a ripping run for the school against Rendlesham. He bashed the ball through the scrimmage, you know, and then nipped it up right under their noses and ran it through. They couldn't collar him, he bowled 'em over right and left, and danced on 'em, and landed the touch clean behind the post."

"He meant no harm, young gents, didn't my Alf. He ain't often wiolent, he ain't. There's no offence, I hope?" said the father, quite overwhelmed by this alarming recital.

"No; it was a jolly good run. You ought to have seen it; I and my lot were up the oak, you know; we could have tucked you in. My young brother Percy and his Modern cads—k-i-d-s (I never can pronounce it)—were on the steps."

"Oh," said the poor guest, feeling he ought to reciprocate the civility of his entertainers. "Steps is nice things to be on when you ain't got nowheres else."

"Tea!" shouted Fisher II, who with Ashby had been busily charging the table.

It was now the turn of the hosts to be shy. At this late period of the term funds had run low, and "extras" were at a premium. A busy hour had been spent during the forenoon in both houses collecting outstanding debts, contracting loans at the point of the sword, and laying out the contents of the common purse at the shop in delicacies suitable to the occasion. Abernethys and ham, of course, figured prominently. The cake and jam were rather a "scratch lot," as they mostly consisted of "outsides" and "pot-ends" collected from various sources and amalgamated into one stock. But, to compensate for this, Wally had managed to get round the matron, and by representing to her the delicate nature of the entertainment, wheedled her out of a pot of "extra special" tea, and a small jug of cream. For the rest, there were the relics of the "Cock House" commissariat, a cocoa-nut, generously contributed by Fisher I, and the usual allowance of bread and butter.

The principal delicacy of the feast, however, was contributed by a fair lady, and to Percy belonged the honour and glory of its acquisition.

On his way from Hall he had run flop into the arms of Mrs. Stratton, who was carrying in her hands a small basket of hothouse grapes.

"I'm awfully sorry, I say, Mrs. Stratton," said the culprit, as the basket and its contents fell to the ground.

"So am I," said Mrs. Stratton.

"There's two bunches out of three not bashed," said Percy, on his knees picking up the ruin. "I say, Mrs. Stratton, if you'd let me pay for the other I can give you twopence a week, beginning next week. I'd rather, you know."

Mrs. Stratton laughed pleasantly. It was always a satisfaction, she told her husband, to come into collision with a junior. He always got the best of it.

"No, thank you, Wheatfield. But I tell you what you must do."

"All serene, Mrs. Stratton," said Percy submissively, preparing himself for a hundred lines at least.

"One of the bunches is damaged. You must take it and get your friends to help you eat it. Good-bye."

On the whole, therefore, the spread provided for Mr. Rollitt was a respectable one, and not likely to do discredit to his entertainers.

He was installed to the place of honour in the fender, Wally occupying the seat in the passage, the others ranging themselves on either side of the board. They watched their guest's eye somewhat anxiously to detect in it any signs of predilection for any particular dish. But he, poor man, was too bewildered by the novel experience he was undergoing to betray any symptoms of appetite.

"What'll you have?" said Percy, presently.

"Well, if you've got a bit of bread and cheese and a drop of something, I don't mind, thank you kindly."

This was rather a damper; but Wally was equal to the emergency.

"Have an Abernethy—that's what Rollitt's been living on. You'll like it. We keep a stock in our shop."

"Only a penny each," said Ramshaw, explanatorily.

"Better have some jam with it," said Cottle.

"Like some tea?" enquired D'Arcy, who had charge of the pot, beginning to fill up a mug the size of the slop basin with the matron's "extra special."

"The cake's not so bad—there's several lumps not a bit stale," said Ashby.

"If you like cocoa-nut," said Fisher II, "my brother's lent us one, and I'll cut you a chunk."

"And there's some grapes for you, when you're ready," said Percy, proudly; "a present from a lady."

The awkward thing was that, in their eagerness to see their guest eat, none of the juniors took anything. They continued to pile up the good man's plate till he didn't know where to begin, and fairly bewildered him by each commending the excellence of his own particular delicacy.

"Thank'ee, young gents. I ain't much of a eater when I'm away from home; no more ain't my Alf. But I'll take a snack, anyhow."

Whereupon, to their delight, he commenced an onslaught on the viands before him, every morsel he ate being followed by eighteen admiring eyes into his mouth. He made short work of the Abernethys and cake, tossed off the tea as if it were a thimbleful, jerked down the hunk of cocoa-nut, gulped the grapes, and generally gave the spectators an admirable and comprehensive performance.

They were charmed. So much so, that out of sheer pleasure they began to eat too. The meal, if brief, was a merry one. Mr. Rollitt took a special fancy to the Abernethys—a choice which of course put the shop-directors in an ecstasy. They only reproached themselves that they had not provided twelve instead of six.

At length, partly because there was nothing left but lukewarm water and the toughest crusts of the cake, and partly because the guest's appetite was beginning to flag, the solid portion of the meal came to an end, and the social began.

After sundry nudgings and whisperings and signals among the juniors, Wally filled up his cup with warm water and rose to his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I—you know—that is—shut up, young Cash, unless you want to do it instead of me—it's this way, you see, you chaps: I sort of think we ought to drink the health of Rollitt's governor. He's a good old sort, and we're backing up old Rollitt. It wasn't a very grand spread. There'd have been some sardines if you'd come last week; but that greedy pig, D'Arcy——"

"Go on, it was *you* finished them, three in two gulps," protested the outraged D'Arcy.

"Look here, young D'Arcy," said Wally, seriously, "am I making this speech, or are you? If you don't shut up, I'll jolly well make you. We hope you've liked it, and don't mind our drinking your health, you know. It'll be jolly when old Rollitt turns up. We'd ask you again to-morrow, you know, only the grub's run short. Therefore, I have much pleasure in proposing your health."

The toast was drunk with acclamation, the party joining in "For he's a jolly good fellow," much to the alarm of the occupants of the neighbouring studies, who flocked out in the passage to see what the noise was about.

Wally assured them there was no grub left, so they needn't hang about; but a good many of them remained all the same to hear Mr. Rollitt's speech.

"Thank'ee kindly, young masters," began he, with his usual formula. "I ain't no schollard like my Alf is. He could talk to you straight. I'm sorry he ain't here, gents. He's bound to be somewheres, and I'm sure it's no offence meant, his going away. I likes your style, and I hopes that young fly-by-

night who says my Alf's a thief will tell him so to his face. My Alf'll settle him proper. Them as pays for my Alf's schooling which it's two kind ladies, masters, as my missus was kinder foster-sister too—means to make a gent of my Alf. But, bless you, he'd sooner be along of me in the building trade. Not that my Alf ain't a schollard, and can't behave himself. He do behave beautiful to his mother, does Alf, and ain't nothink of the fine gent at home. So there, I tell you straight, and no offence meant, young masters. I like your style, I do. Don't you take on about my Alf bein' a missing. He's bound to be somewheres. I know'd him do it afore, when things went contrairy. But he wasn't fur off, and come back. On'y don't let 'im cop hold of that there jumper as says he's a thief, or there'll be a row in the 'ouse. Why, my Alf's that straight he wouldn't rob a dog of his bone, not if he was starving. That's flat. So here's to you, young gents; and if you happen to be passing near Crackstoke way, me and my missus'll be proud to see yer. Here's luck!"

The speech was rapturously applauded, not only by the party present, but by the knot of fellows in the passage, who were taking advantage of the necessarily open door to join in the proceedings as outsiders.

Wally, however, resented the intrusion, and as soon as the speech of the evening was ended, ordered one of the tables to be cleared, and placing his chair upon it, made room for the door to be closed on the intruders, much to their disappointment.

After the favourable reception of his speech, Mr. Rollitt became very much more at home, and produced a pipe from his pocket, which he proceeded in the most natural way to light. His hosts gazed in a somewhat awestruck way at the proceeding, but Wally gave the right cue.

"That's right, Mr. Rollitt; make yourself at home."

"So I are. You see, in my days, schooling worn't what it is. Now this here school must be a topper."

"It's not bad," said Percy. "You see there was a jolly row on this term between the Classics and our lot, and they had to be taken down a bit."

"*Did* they?" retorted Wally, very indignant; "how many pegs did *you* come down? Who had to get our chaps to come and give them a leg up every other day?"

"Who swindled at elections and got licked on the hands, eh?"

"Who got their football bagged, and couldn't get it back?"

"Who got kicked out of the front row at the Rendlesham match?"

"'Armony, gents, 'armony," said Mr. Rollitt, waving his pipe encouragingly.

The rebuke was opportune. It wasn't fair to the guest to squabble before him.

"We've stashed all that," said Percy, presently; "they got civil to us, so we got civil to them, and we're all in the shop together. And we're all backing up old Rollitt, ain't we, you chaps, and we're going down in a lump for the clubs; and we all shelled out for this do; so it's all right now. See?"

Mr. Rollitt thought he did, and nodded amiably.

"You see, it's not much larks unless we're all in it. We went up Hawk's Pike, you know."

"No," said Mr. Rollitt. "How did that happen?"

"Well, it was this way, you see," began Percy, taking up, as was his wont, the narrative at a remote period. "After those Classic cads—k-i-d-s, you know, had—(Shut up, Wally, I said k-i-d-s; can't you spell?) had caved in.

"Who caved in?" expostulated the Classics.

"Well, after Stratton's, you know, when we started the shop—I say, you'll have to come and see the shop—well—it was before that, though; it was when the row began about Corder not being stuck in—that was before that, you know—Brinkman screwed his foot, so there was a man short for the team, so Clapperton—that's our prefect, you know; he's all right now, but he——hullo, I say, he's gone asleep!"

Sure enough Mr. Rollitt, weary with his long journey, with the excitement of the day, and with the excellence of the tea, had dozed off comfortably, on his chair in the fender, with his pipe in his mouth.

Percy felt it unnecessary to pursue his lucid narrative, and the nine hosts sat watching their man as his head nodded forward, and the urgent necessity for a snore presently rendered the position of the pipe no longer tenable.

It was a triumph! No man could have gone off like that unless he had felt thoroughly comfortable. The railway rug was again produced and laid over his knees, and his feet were gently lifted on the hassock, and a pillow was neatly inserted at the back of the chair; and all looked so snug, and the hospitable juniors were so pleased with the result, that they had the vanity to let the door stand open so that all who passed by might see how comfortable they could make a guest when they liked.

To heighten the effect they decided to do their preparation on the spot, and so not only impress the sleeper when he awoke, but advertise themselves to the outside world as boys who by no means forewent the serious side of school-life for its lighter functions.

It must be owned that next day, when the work thus accomplished was subjected to the microscopic test of the master's eyes, it was not any better—some said it was even worse—than usual. That had nothing to do with the present.

Wally, who put his chair out again in the passage, had most of his time occupied in making pantomimic appeals for silence from passers-by, to whom he pointed out the figure of the sleeping Mr. Rollitt as a justification. The others, debarred from speech (for it was considered that even a whisper might awaken the sleeper, although the violent process of tucking him up just now had failed to do so), were reduced to communication with one another in writing, which took up so much time and paper, that very little of either was left for lessons.

At last, after half an hour's suspense, the clang of the house-bell for call-over broke the spell. Mr. Rollitt grunted and yawned and opened his eyes, looked about for his pipe, inspected the rug on his knees, took his feet off the hassock, and finally realised where he was.

"I was nigh 'andy asleep that time," said he, rummaging in his pocket for a lucifer.

"It's all right; we were doing our prep, you know. Now we've got to be called over. If you stick here we'll be back in a jiffy, and then we'll take you to see the shop," said Wally.

"Thank'ee kindly," said the guest; "don't put yourselves about for me. Take your time, young gents."

"We shan't be long. I say, wait for us, won't you? Don't you go out with any other chaps. They ain't in it, you know."

"I ain't a-goin' with nobody, don't you make no mistake," was the visitor's satisfactory assurance.

They had some thoughts about locking him in to make sure of him, but decided to trust his parole, and trooped down impatiently to call-over, binding one another to assemble at the shop immediately afterwards, whither Wally and Percy were to conduct their guest.

To the satisfaction of these young gentlemen, the bird was safely in his cage when they returned, dimly visible through the smoke, looking at the pictures in the illustrated paper. He meekly obeyed their summons, relieving their embarrassment somewhat by putting his pipe away in his pocket as he rose.

"Where's the rest of the pals?" asked he.

"Down at the shop. It's not the regular hour, you know. But we can get in with the key. Come along, Mr. Rollitt."

The old watch tower, which, as the reader knows, is the oldest remaining portion of Fellsgarth, was rather an imposing looking edifice for so mundane an establishment as the school-shop. The shop, indeed, occupied only a small apartment on the ground-floor, which had previously been used as a porter's lodge, the remainder of the structure, including the disused belfry and watch-turret, being abandoned to the owls and ghosts and ivy which accorded best with the ancient traditions of the place.

Mr. Rollitt, whose profession sharpened his observation for specimens of bygone achievements in his own line of business, noted the venerable exterior before him with admiration.

"That there bit of bricks and mortar," said he, "warn't built yesterday."

"Oh, it's millions of years old," said Wally; "but our shop, you know, has only just been started."

"They don't make copin's like them to-day," repeated Mr. Rollitt.

"We go in for good grub cheap," said Percy; "no shoe-leather, like Bob used to sell."

"I reckon them top courses is a hundred year after this here bottom part. Not much jerry there neither."

"We boss it among us, you know," said Wally, "and take turns to serve. We don't get a bad profit either."

Here they were joined by the rest of the party. But to their disappointment Mr. Rollitt's interest in the shop was small compared with that he showed in the lay of the bricks, the run of the beams, and the hardness of the mortar.

"They knowed their way about, straight, those days," said he, picking away between two of the bricks with his nail.

"Try one of our 'Rollitt's particular,'"

pleaded D'Arcy, in the hope that this invitation at least would interest him.

But no. He went "nosing round," taking no notice of the stores, and putting off all invitations with a "thank'ee kindly, not to-day."

It was a sore blow to his hosts. After what they had done for him, after the way they had nursed him all day, after the tea they had given him, and the pipes he had smoked in their study! They could have thrown him overboard in their mortification. But the dread lest some one else, some of the middle boys, for instance, should get hold of him and "run" him, decided them to pocket their feelings and back him up still.

"No offence, young gents," said he presently; "but if you've a ladder 'andy, I'd like to take a look up there."

"Oh, there's nothing up there—only bats and owls," said Wally, "and there's no ladder."

But Mr. Rollitt pointed out in a corner, behind the back of the shop, some protruding bits of stone let into the brick, evidently with a view to form a rude ladder or stair to the chambers above.

This promised well. An exploration of the Watch Tower offered some little compensation for the slight put on their shop.

"I never saw that before," said Wally. "I vote we go up."

Mr. Rollitt led the way with all the agility of a practical hodman. The steps ended with a trap-door in the ceiling, which he pushed up before him.

"Mind how you go, young gents," said he to his followers; "one at a time on them stones."

The trap-door opened into a sort of passage, at the end of which was a narrow brick corkscrew staircase.

It was too dark to do anything but feel their way up; Mr. Rollitt leading, and testing every step as he went along.

"Why," said Wally suddenly, and with a touch of alarm in his voice as they were halting a moment to allow Mr. Rollitt to inspect with the end of a lucifer one of the loophole windows, "why, look up there—there's a light!"

They looked. And there, struggling apparently from under a door which closed the head of the stairs, came a streak of light.

"I say—it's ghosts," said Fisher II. "Let's go back."

"More likely it's my Alf," said Mr. Rollitt. "I know'd he was somewheres not fur off."

He went up, followed at a more respectful distance than before by the boys, and pushed open the door.

They heard the sound of an exclamation within, and a noise as of some one starting to his feet. Next moment, as the light streamed down the staircase they heard a familiar voice say—

"Father!"

"That's me, Alf, my boy; I know'd you was somewheres 'andy."

"I say," said Wally, in an excited whisper to his followers, "we'd best cut back, you chaps. They don't want us up there."

The delicate suggestion was appreciated by the party, who forthwith made a precipitate retreat.

"We as good as found him, that's one thing, and nobody else was in it," said Percy triumphantly.

"Rather not. Keep it mum. Let's go and light the fire in his room and have some grub ready for him. Good old Rollitt, I'm jolly glad he's turned up."

"That's how he got the Abernethys," said D'Arcy. "Jolly honest to pay for them."

"You don't suppose anybody would collar things out of the shop and not pay for them, you lout, do you?"

Whereat, leaving the door on the latch, they marched arm in arm across the school green, kicking every junior they met, and mystifying everybody by whistling at the top of their voices, "See the conquering hero comes."

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frezols," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—EXPLANATIONS.

As the girls approached, Maurice, overwhelmed with fatigue, excitement, and hunger, fainted on the steps of the altar. The factitious energy which joy and surprise had for a moment given him had vanished.

"We have come too late!" said Catherine in terror.

"No!" said Leila, holding up the lamp, "it is only a faint. Quick, the cordial! and you have your salts, have you not, Catherine?"

In a few minutes Maurice had recovered, and thanked them with a smile; and after drinking a few drops of the cordial Leila gave him he felt himself revive, and, memory returning with strength, he rose full of surprise and questioned them.

"How did you come here? What does it mean? What imprudence! And yet I am glad to see you. But do you know the danger you are in? Goucha Nichin has declared that none of the profane shall enter the sanctuary and escape alive without his consent."

And at the thought of the danger threatening these dear heads, the young man's forehead again became pale.

"Come, sir," said Gargaridi, whose spirits the sight of the food brought by the girls had suddenly revived, "let us not think of evils to come, but let us have something to eat. We shall have plenty of time to think of them afterwards."

"Aristomenes is right," said Catherine, who, with Leila, was busy arranging the cold meat, and wine, and cakes they had brought. "First you must get back your strength, and then you shall hear how we came here."

"And you, Goucha Nichin," said Maurice to the old Guebre, who had been leaning against a pillar and remained unmoved while all this was going on; "will you not have something to eat? Are you not half dead with hunger?"

The magus contented himself with a violent gesture of negation, and, with a look of anger and scorn at the preparations for the meal, resumed his meditations.

"As for you, Gargaridi," said Maurice, "I hope you will do honour to the repast."

"You can depend upon me, sir," said the servant, going a few steps away with an air of intense satisfaction, and sitting down with his plate on his knees. "But—as I said a little before the fatal accident in which our victuals disappeared in a moment—be prudent. We know not how long we may be immured here; let us ration ourselves. And besides, I have always heard that after a long fast we should eat little and slowly."

And so saying he filled his mouth and was silent.

"To what accident does Gargaridi refer?" asked Catherine, putting the things in order.

"Oh! accident is a euphemism," said Maurice, smiling. "The fact is that the poor fellow, driven crazy with hunger the other night, could not help eating everything that was left."

"Oh! that is dreadful!" said Leila indignantly.

"I assure you he was furious with himself. And now you see I have recovered, tell me by what miracle you have managed to get in here."

"The honour belongs to Leila," said Catherine. "Without her I should only have wept and given way to vain despair."

"But Catherine is the real cause, after all," said Leila. "I should never have thought it right to interfere with the plans of Goucha Nichin; the sight of my friend's affliction made me risk my grandfather's anger."

And she cast a timid interrogating look at the old magus.

"Explain, Leila," said he curtly, without replying to the girl's half-expressed question. "How didst thou find thy way into the sanctuary?"

"You can easily imagine," said Leila, "to what anguish we were a prey when we could no longer doubt that some accident had befallen you. Catherine, warned by I know not what presentiment, had from the first shown great apprehension as to the result of your enterprise; as for me," and the girl as she spoke looked at him clearly, unshakenly, "confident in Goucha Nichin's prudence and rectitude, I had at first no anxiety. But the time came when I could no longer help sharing the doubts and terrors of my friend. Hours, days, passed. Either you were lost and we had to weep for you, or else you were in need of immediate help. All we could do was to think of the means of helping you. Chance had put me in the way of a secret, a terrible secret, which I should never

have revealed without a powerful motive; but it was a question of saving human lives; yours, Grand Mobed, so essential to your people; yours, young man, so precious to your sister; the life of a faithful servant—and I hesitated no longer."

The Guebre uttered a hollow groan.

"Your revelations had taught me little beyond the existence of this subterranean palace. To them you added afterwards in a simple and popular form the legend of the Swinging Stone, in which was hidden a part of the truth. The entrance into the labyrinth, the exact position of which remained unknown to you, was made, you know, by means of a moving stone, quite hidden in the wall, the spring of which it was impossible to find without special instructions or a lucky chance. Still, as in the legend, this chance was possible, and had been foreseen by the architect, who had hung the stone in such a way that it would close of itself if opened at hazard. These things made a great impression on me, and I often thought about them. I saw what a disappointment it would be for you to end your life without recovering the lost clue. I was not for nothing the descendant of the son of the Sun, and I also had at heart the recapture by your caste of the power that had escaped from your hands."

As Leila spoke these words the old man proudly raised his head, and in his look was a momentary flash of paternal pride. The others listened attentively.

"And as the answer comes to those who think constantly about one thing, and search their mind unceasingly, so I thought that some day or another I should find the solution of the mystery which was the cause of such long and cruel trouble. The solution was close to you. Without knowing it, you possessed it. All your life you had it at your hand."

"Wonderful!" muttered the Guebre.

"The very night before the day fixed for the last exploration, as I was turning over the sublime book you taught me to read, the 'Clavicle of Solomon,' my attention was suddenly arrested by a strange fact. I had ceased to understand what I was reading, and while my imagination in its flight wandered afar, my eyes fastened on the sacred letters, and seemed from moment to moment to fix themselves on them with a force independent of my will.

"The open page before me consisted of numerous paragraphs. Half awake, half under hallucination, it seemed to me all at once as though every letter on the page faded away except the first and last letters of each paragraph, and these stood out clearly by themselves, and following the tortuous lines they formed I put them together into words, and read distinctly —'Swinging Stone.' For a moment I remained as if paralysed, and then I rose and rubbed my eyes, and I thought I had been the sport of an illusion, for the page had become readable, and no letter stood out more than another. But it did not take me long to see that notwithstanding this difference I had read aright. Quite awake this time, I put together the first and last letter of each paragraph, and in due order I read the words, 'Swinging Stone.' You had so profoundly initiated me into the mysteries and proceedings of the Kabbala, that I at once saw the importance of this discovery——"

"Ah!" said the Guebre, shuddering, wondering, and despairing all at the same time. "Unhappy child! Why did Heaven make thee so great, and yet limit thy gifts? To so much intelligence and penetration why were there not joined prudence, wise dissimulation, and blind devotion to the interests of thy caste? Why, why didst thou not instantly tell me of thy marvellous discovery? Why hast thou profaned it by revealing it to the infidels? Thrice blessed be the star that presided over thy birth, Leila, and thrice cursed be the influence which drew thee from the straight line, softened thy heart, and made thee forget that before all thou wast the daughter of the magi! Say, why didst thou not instantly tell me of this precious key?"

"You were that evening more absent and silent than usual, and you had accustomed me, father, to respect your meditations. Have you not taught me to reflect on all things, and to say nothing unless I know? I was persuaded that I had found the way to a great discovery, but I was not sure."

"Well!" said the old man, with a deep sigh, "such has been the will of Mithra. But go on; continue thy story."

"In the morning," continued Leila, "I had but a few moments to give before your departure to the 'Clavicle of Solomon.' But I held the key, and henceforth I read easily. At the very moment when Catherine's brother brought her to the grotto, to start off with you without a moment's delay, I had just convinced myself that the sacred book contained the secret of the subterranean palace, and the way there, and I had just learnt that the first stage of that way was this very Goul Hek down which you were going."

"Yes," said the Guebre, in a whisper, "that I also knew, and cruel was my hesitation when for the first time I took down it the young Faranghi! Would to Heaven I had listened to the voice which called me back!"

"It was not a good time for explanations," continued Leila, "and I waited for your return to tell you of my discoveries. I need not say that nothing was further from my mind than to reveal them to another than you. However, time went on; you did not return; Catherine was dying of grief; I say nothing about myself. The conviction grew on my mind that in the underground palace you had been swallowed up. I understood what had happened. For long I hesitated. I prayed Mithra to inspire me; I studied the book to find in what direction I should go, and when I knew, in the early hours of the night we set out. I did not tell Catherine in what a horrible condition I expected to find you; but the provisions and cordials we brought speak



"We have come too late!"

for me. Father, she has endured cruel tortures."

"Poor sister!" said Maurice, pityingly, while Catherine, with her head on his shoulder, still wept at the remembrance of her past anguish.

"And you, Leila. I have no words to express to you my gratitude and admiration."

"Ah!" said Catherine, wiping away her tears, "you cannot know how well she is worthy of them. Not only did her genius discover the means of reaching you, but she has sustained me, encouraged me, and taught me during these dreadful hours. Will you believe it, Maurice, I found fault with you, and she defended you? In my confusion I found fault with everything; your enterprise, your refusal to take me with you, your temerity. And she insisted that you knew better than me what to do, that you were not rash, but as prudent as valiant and strong. She told me, the dear little preacher, that if she had the honour to have a brother like you, she would know how to encourage him and serve him with constancy in ordinary times, and support him without complaining in times of danger and difficulty——"

"Catherine!" murmured Leila, in confusion, "why recall such painful remembrances?"

"Oh! they are not painful," said Catherine cheerily. "But do not be angry with me, Leila; I forget that Maurice is not your brother, although for the future I shall look upon you as the dearest of sisters."

"Dear heroines both," said Maurice, "how can I acknowledge such devotion? If ever I return to daylight, Leila, I will do as much for you, and will be the most faithful of friends to you. But alas!" he continued dejectedly, "what is the use of my protestations? I forget that I am a prisoner!"

The old Guebre, deep in his reflections, had appeared for a moment to take no part in what was being said.

"Leila!" said he, suddenly looking up, "remember who thou art! Remember that the descendant of the Sons of the Sun can make no alliance with the Faranghis."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the girl with animation, "did I not tell you that the Faranghis are not strangers to us, that they are of the same race!"

"Relatives almost," said Catherine.

"Relatives!" said the old magus; "the girls must be out of their minds!"

"Relatives!" exclaimed Maurice, who was very far at the moment from thinking of his studies as to the origin of the ancient Bretons.

"If relatives be too strong a word," said Leila, "it is certain at least that we are of the same race. You do not know, father, that Catherine Kerdic and her brother are of pure Armorican birth. You thought as I did that as they came from Paris they were Parisians; Catherine has told me they are of a Celto-Breton family — their name shows it. Hence their ancestors must have been Druids, and the Druids, I need not tell you, came from Chaldea and were the brothers of the worshippers of Mithra, whom to-day we know as Guebres. There is no doubt, father, that we are of the same origin."

"The fact thou hast revealed to me," said the magus after a lengthy reflection, "is neither without interest nor importance. In other circumstances it would have been sufficient to assure the young stranger of my protection and support, and to remove all barriers between us. But it can in no way palliate the accomplished crime. That Kerdic may be of Chaldean origin is much; but is he of the priestly race? No. And had he been of that race our inflexible laws would none the less have punished him with death for his intrusion into the sanctuary. He is neither the Grand Mobed nor his heir——"

"He knew not that he was committing sacrilege!" pleaded Leila.

"The law knows no excuses."

"What cruel severity!" murmured Catherine.

"It is not severity!" said the Guebre, with his blue eyes gleaming with fanaticism; "it is justice! What knowest thou, young girl, of the grandeurs and responsibilities of our house? Thinkest thou that a man's life has the least weight in the deliberations of the magi, when there are concerned the interests and glory of Mithra? And even," he continued, after a silence, "even if we are to admit that the young Celto-Breton is privileged by his birth, that his crime is venial not being voluntary, what are we to say to the presence here of the others? What are Catherine and Gargaridi doing in this sanctuary? Woe! woe! The Temple is profaned! our glory is tarnished!"

And lifting his hands on high in despair he seemed torn by the bitterest grief.

"What is to be done?" said Catherine gently, while he moved away overcome by the tumult of his emotions. "Do you think, Leila, he will show no mercy?"

"I am afraid so. But do not judge him too severely. Neither you, nor I, nor any one, perhaps, can gauge the despair that has rent the soul of Goucha Nichin. Think of some family relic you have been brought up to consider venerable and sacred; imagine this relic broken, trampled on, dragged in the mud, and you will have some feeble idea of the tortures to which the high priest of Mithra is subject at seeing the temple profaned."

"Oh, my friend!" said Catherine, deeply affected by the thought of the old man's sorrow, "let us go to him, and speak to him, and try to console him!"

"Alas!" said Leila sadly, "we should only anger him. Goucha Nichin is not like other men; tears, prayers, and pity are only importunities to him. He is superior to them all, by the strength of his mind, the elevation of his thoughts, and he is reserved, haughty, silent, inaccessible, contemptuous of all human sympathy."

"What a miserable life must have been yours!" Catherine could not help saying.

"You brought me the only joy I ever knew," said Leila simply. "But I repeat, if it is possible for you to do so, forgive him. His long life has been nothing but a desperate struggle against the impossible, and behold it is crowned by a supreme disaster!"

"For my part," said Maurice, generously, "I forgive him with my whole heart, and I wish you had asked me to do something more difficult. Poor Goucha Nichin! I am sorry, I assure you, to have been in any way the cause of the torments he endures. But explain, Leila, how it is that so great a difference exists between his way of looking at things and yours. It was enough to hear you excuse his fanaticism (pardon the word) to be sure that you did not share it—even if you had not proved it by bringing Catherine into the sanctuary."

"How that is," said Leila, thoughtfully, "I do not know. I respect deeply all that my grandfather has taught me to revere, I admire and honour the grand memories he represents, I venerate the high functions he fulfils; but I cannot live like him exclusively in the past, cut myself off from the living and feed night and day on recollections. Perhaps if I had been his son he would have made of me a more fervent disciple, because he would have honoured me with more of his confidence and intimacy. But I am only a girl! That has been one of the great griefs of Goucha Nichin."

"Dear, dear Leila!" said Catherine, throwing her arms around her, "don't talk like that."

"Who would not be proud and happy to call you his daughter!" said Maurice.

"Oh! would I could lead you to a life less gloomy and more happy!" continued Catherine.

"Maurice, let us take her to Europe with us when we go back!"

"I am quite ready," said Maurice, while Leila smiled gently. "But for that we must first get out of here."

"Yes, yes, quite so," said Catherine. "If Goucha Nichin will not tell us it will rest with us to find the outlet. And that ought not to be impossible."

"Hum!" said Maurice, "I confess I have tried everywhere. My head swims through thinking of nothing but this dreadful maze. But unless I am mistaken the shrewdness which was able to read in the 'Key of Solomon' may discover some indication."

"We can certainly hope so," said Leila. "In the haste and anxiety in which we were I scarcely did anything but seek the way in. It never entered my head that we should find a difficulty in getting out. However, I did look through what it said about the matter, and I think that by earnest reflection I might recollect about it. We have brought something to support us and give us light for some days; but I have good hopes of seeing us all out of here before long."

As she finished speaking Catherine gave a sudden start. She had just noticed that Goucha Nichin had returned without being observed and was listening attentively to their conversation. His eyes gleamed; his features were convulsed.

"Young people," he said in a voice he tried to make pleasant, "do not waste your strength and courage in vain. The will of man is not unchangeable. I can alter mine. Listen! I have some doubts as to the legality of my decision, but I cannot resolve them in a moment. A day and a night I must remain prostrate before Mithra, praying for an inspiration; after that you will know my decision, which will be his. Till then, my daughter, I forbid thee to make use of the secrets thou hast discovered in the sacred book, or even to seek to recollect them. Profanations enough have been committed. Leave this matter in my hands, and until that hour not a word regarding the mysteries of the temple!"

(To be continued.)

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ilderim the Afghan," "A Coral Prison," etc.

CHAPTER III.—THE OLD MONK.

"An old monk!" echoed Merrincourt. "It must be that queer old chap who came to see us so often when we first arrived. He hasn't been here for an age, and I was just wondering what had become of him. You'll let him in, won't you, Alf? he's rather a joke."

"If you like, Frank; but he must leave at sunset, for I can't have any outsiders within the gates after dark. Admit him, Lal Singh."

"Why, are you afraid of one poor old scarecrow of a monk taking the fort single-handed?" laughed Frank. "Not that he's much of a monk, either; for, though he sports the yellow frock, he's got a mop of white hair all round his face instead of having his crown shaved as smooth as a billiard-ball, and he goes in for lots of good things that aren't quite according to the rules of his order. Do you remember how he used to peg into our sweetmeats and whisky? and as for *jam*, no 'lower-boy' at Eton in my time could have held a candle to him. He'll be grand fun for Harry Foster and that other boy when they turn up. But here the old swell comes, as large as life."

And in came a bowed, meagre old man in a long yellow "robe" composed of three separate cloths, whose bony face wore the dead, livid hue of extreme age. As Merrincourt had said, his thick white hair was an offence against the stricter discipline of his order; but this mattered little at a time when not a few Burmese monks had flung away the monastic robe altogether, and become members of the "church militant" as leaders of guerilla bands.

"*Mahyeh-lah?*" (Are you well?) asked Marston, who had made some progress (though not very much) in one of the hardest languages in the world.

"*Collah-teen apor-mah tine-bah!*" (sit down upon this chair) added Frank Merrincourt, making a great effort to show that *he* too knew something of Burmese.

The old Poongyee waved aside the proffered chair with a faint smile—for Frank's pronunciation was certainly enough to make a monk of La Trappe laugh—and seated himself upon the floor, where he seemed much more at his ease.

"I have been sick—very sick," said he, in a thin, cracked, tuneless voice, with a pause for breath almost after every word.

"Well, then, here's something to put you to rights—I know what you like, don't I?" cried Merrincourt, producing a tin of biscuits and a pot of jam (brought over in the last steamer from Calcutta), at sight of which the aged monk's dim and sunken eyes twinkled greedily.

"See how the old cock brightens up at sight of the grub," said the young lieutenant aside to his comrade, with a schoolboy grin. "Pitch in, old fellow—there's plenty more where that came from!"

This English invitation was naturally lost upon the Burmese, but the sight of the dainties was quite enough for him, and he fell to with a will, while Frank Merrincourt—to whom the idea of this wizened old greybeard of seventy eating jam as eagerly as a child of seven was a never-failing source of enjoyment—looked on approvingly.

Inspirited by the good cheer, the old man brightened up and began to talk. The two officers being not yet very strong in Burmese, the conversation was carried on in Hindoostanee, which the Poongyee seemed to speak pretty fluently for a man of his class.

"If you come and see us again in a few days' time, Poongyee," said Merrincourt, "you'll find some visitors to keep you company over the jam and biscuits, and one of them, at least, will eat as much as you, any day."

"Are you expecting guests, then?" asked the old man, with more interest than might have been looked for from *him*.

"Indeed we are; there are two boys coming to see us."

"*Boys*! what do boys want out here in the jungle?" said the old monk peevishly.

"To shoot tigers, of course, as they've done once or twice before now."

"Young boys shoot *tigers*?" cried the Poongyee, with a look of incredulous wonder.

"Why not? They ought to know something about hunting, for one's the son and the other the nephew of the best hunter in all Burmah, Foster Sahib."

"Foster Sahib!" echoed the Burman. "The Lonely Man of the Jungle?"

"Yes, that's what they call him here, I believe. Do you know him?"

"Every one knows *him*," said the old Burman, reverently; "he must be a wonderful man!"

And down went another spoonful of jam, as if he were eating Foster's health instead of drinking it.

In fact, Livingstone Foster's renown as an explorer stood as high just then in Eastern Asia as Stanley's in Central Africa. He had penetrated in disguise through some unheard-of region in Western China, crossed the Himalayas twice into Thibet, and visited several places unreached even by Dr. Leitner, or by the famous Russian traveller, Colonel Prjevalski. His hunting and fighting exploits (which, as his Burmese nickname implied, were always achieved alone) were talked of from Rangoon to the border of China; and in the legends of the northern mountaineers—among whom many of his boldest feats had been accomplished—his name figured almost as prominently as that of the Tiger Chief himself.

"Does Foster Sahib come with the boys, and is he going north?" asked the monk.

"He never tells any one what he's going to do," broke in Marston, with a warning glance at his comrade, who was just about to reply.

And then he whispered to Merrincourt in English:

"Don't talk too freely before this man, Frank. He's a chattering old fellow, who will be sure to repeat every word we say; and it might come to some ears for which it wasn't intended."

"If he *does* go north," said the old Poongyee, bolting another biscuit, "it won't be a very safe place for him just now. The report has got abroad that he wants to set '*Mee-yehtar*' (*i.e.* 'fire-carriages,' the Burmese term for railway-trains) running through the border hills; and the Tiger Chief and his people won't like that."

As he uttered that dreaded name, the old man gave an instinctive shudder.

"They are saying in the village here," observed Marston, turning to the monk, "that the Tiger Chief has appeared again, and was seen among the northern mountains only a few days ago."

"I hope it's not true," exclaimed the old man hastily, "for no man is safe when that demon is abroad. It is said that he has sworn to destroy not only every Englishman, but every Burman who has taken the English side; and I have heard that he shows as little respect for a monk's robe as for an officer's uniform."

"A hint to *us*—eh, Alf?" said Merrincourt, aside; "like that story of the Yankee and the Jew: 'Say, Moses, do you know they're hanging Jews and jackasses together, out West?' 'Ach, den, mine friend, let ush be tankful dat *you* and *I* are not dere dish minute!'"

Then the talk changed, and turned at length (neither of the young men knew how) upon feats of conjuring and stories of Eastern magic. The Poongyee related several startling instances of the latter, which Frank Merrincourt received with a thoroughly British contempt for everything fanciful and unseen.

"The young sahib speaks bold words," said the Burman gravely; "but he may yet have cause to change his mind."

"I'll change it if you can show me a genuine feat of magic, such as I can neither explain nor resist," retorted the young lieutenant; "and that's more than you're equal to, I fancy."

"I am no magician," answered the old man with a dignity which neither of them had remarked in him before; "but I may claim to possess some share of a power which is not granted to every man. If the young sahib wishes it, I can show him something which may perhaps change his opinion."

"All right, governor—fire away!" cried Merrincourt, with a sly wink to

Marston. "What am I to do?" added he to the monk in Hindoostanee.

"Be pleased to sit down* here," answered the Poongyee, very quietly, "and look me straight in the face."

"D'ye twig, Alf?" cried the lieutenant as he obeyed; "the old boy's going to try and mesmerise me! Isn't it a lark? I'll bet long odds he'll be pretty tired of the job before he can polish *me* off!"

Marston, expecting nothing beyond one of the clever juggling tricks which he had seen scores of times already, looked on with little interest; but what actually *did* take place, neither he nor any man living could have foreseen.

The old Burman took his stand just in front of Merrincourt, and, drawing himself up with a commanding air, of which his stooping and withered frame seemed incapable, threw back the uppermost of the three cloths in which he was swathed, leaving his left arm as bare as his right was already. He then opened both arms to their full extent, with the palms turned downward, and the fingers working in alternate motion like that of one playing the piano. Then he fixed his eyes intently upon Merrincourt's face, and began to sway himself slowly to and fro, drawing his bony head backward and forward like a snake about to spring upon its prey, and chanting meanwhile a low, monotonous, dirge-like cadence, which at once reminded Marston of the weird chant wherewith he had once heard a Hindoo serpent-charmer lure a cobra from its lair.

But he had barely time to take in all the points of this strange picture, when he saw a look of sudden surprise and uneasiness blot out the smile of good-humoured contempt with which Merrincourt had watched the preparations. Then the young officer made a movement as if to spring from his seat, but instantly sank back as if mastered by some overpowering force.

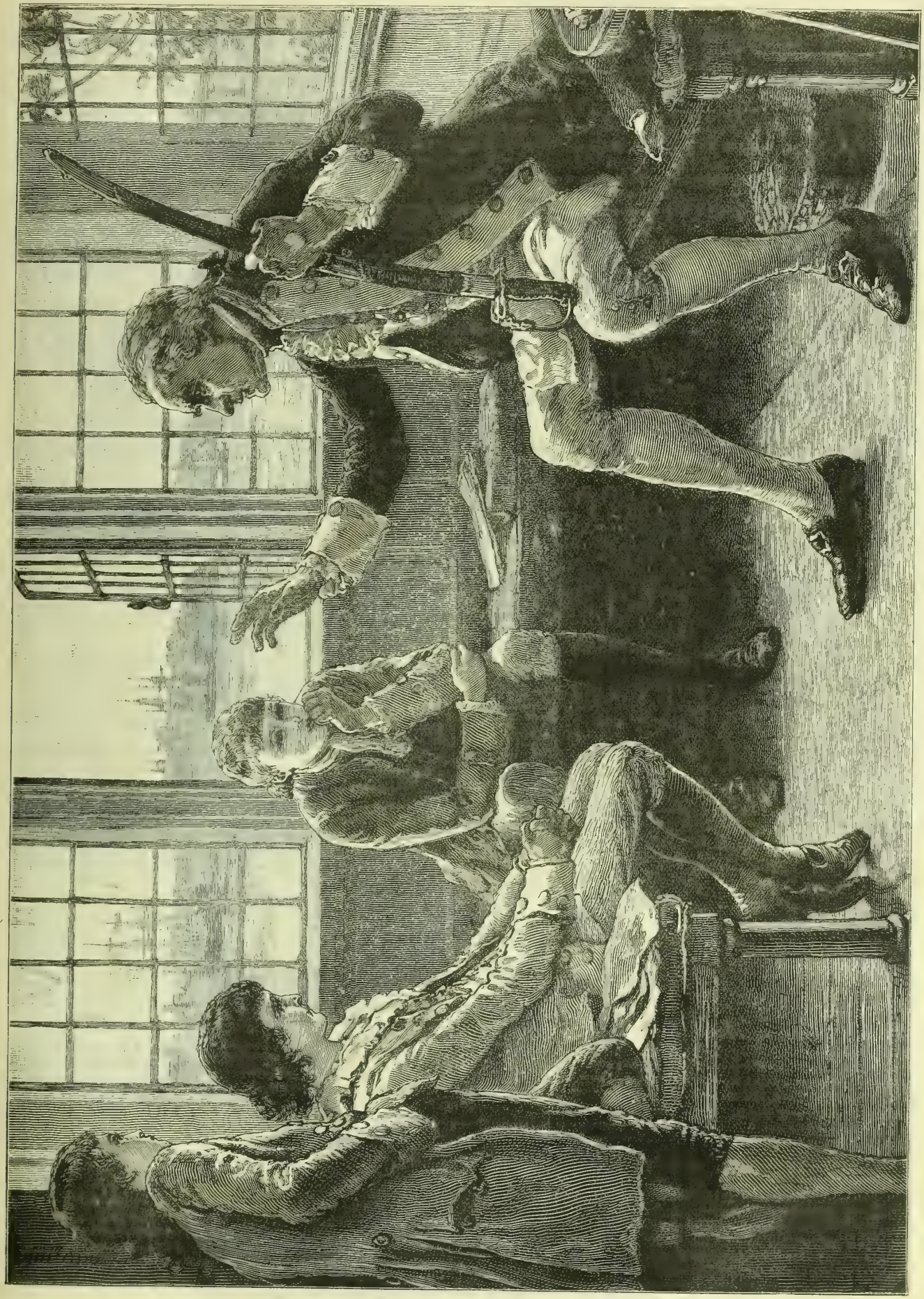
And now the Burman's wild chant grew deeper and stronger, and his sunken eyes seemed to dilate as they concentrated their cold, greenish, snaky glitter upon Merrincourt's whitening face. Quicker and fiercer grew the movements of his fleshless face and burning eyes—more and more violent the convulsive twitching of his outspread fingers—while the Englishman's struggles to free himself from the overmastering influence grew proportionately fainter and fainter, till at length they ceased altogether.

Then Marston saw his friend sitting upright before him, rigid and motionless as a statue, with his open eyes fixed in a



"Malignant power glared from his flaming eyes."

* In Hindoostanee this form of address is rendered by an inflection thus —"Baitho," sit down; "Baithie," be pleased to sit down.



The Story of a Sword.—*(Drawn by* FRANK DADD.*)*

blank, unseeing stare, and his stiffened features frozen into a look of bewildered horror, such as might be worn by one who suddenly felt himself wounded to the death by a child or an intimate friend.*

"Now, sahib," said the monk in Hindoostanee, turning to Marston with a smile which, to the Englishman's excited fancy, seemed filled with hideous mockery, "your friend has had a proof of what I can do. Will *you* make trial of my power in your turn, or do you fear to run the risk?"

This taunt, which would have been irresistible if addressed to the boyish and hot-headed Merrincourt, was thrown away upon his cooler and stronger comrade, who, letting it pass unheeded, hastily reviewed the situation.

His colleague was already helpless, and if *he*, too, should be overpowered in the same way, their Hindoo garrison would be left without a head; and what if a mutiny were impending within the fort, or an assault without, and this pretended magician were in the plot? In such case, to run any risk would be sheer madness.

But then, on the other hand, would it not be well to make the treachery expose itself fully, if treachery there were? Moreover, he felt a secret conviction (though he could not himself tell why) that, should he shrink from facing the monk's power openly, the latter would find some means of bringing it to bear upon him unawares; whereas, if he braved the trial and came off victorious, he knew enough of the East to be sure that he need not fear a second attempt. It was enough—the hazard must be run.

"Do what you can," said he, seating himself, and looking the Burman full in the face; "I fear you not!"

The old monk repeated his manipulations, and scarcely had he begun to do so when Marston felt a strange tingling and pricking through every limb, and then an overpowering restlessness, impelling him to spring from his place as Merrincourt had done before him. But he felt instinctively that this would be a concession to his adversary's power; and, restraining himself with an effort which was absolute torture to him, he sat firm as a rock.

Again the Burman deepened the cadence of his wild chant, and intensified the convulsive quickness of his movements—the savage preternatural strength of his writhings, and the malignant power that glared from his flaming eyes, contrasting so weirdly with his white hair, wrinkled face, and bowed, nerveless figure, that had a corpse started up from the grave before Marston's very eyes, it could hardly have been more utterly appalling.

Still the grim monk kept redoubling his exertions, and now this strife of contending wills became terrific beyond description. Even as a boy, Marston had been famous for that unbending firmness which had won him his regimental nickname of "Ironside"; but he felt that for once he had fairly met his match. More and more heavily every moment was his bold heart oppressed by a consciousness of the presence of some tremendous hostile force hemming him in and striving to crush him—a force so mighty that the very effort of bearing up against it seemed more than he could endure.

Nothing could have sustained him under this frightful strain, except the conviction that if he yielded for one instant all was lost. But he now felt certain that some treachery was intended, and, for his men's sake as well as his own, he was resolute to struggle to the very last.

And now the terrible old man put forth his whole power, and the brave young Englishman felt as if he had never known what suffering was till now. His head began to swim, his brain to reel, his mind to be disordered by strange and monstrous fancies. The room seemed filled with a red mist, through which the monk's grim figure loomed large as a giant, while from his burning eyes two long threads of fire fastened themselves to Marston's face and held him fast. Even the thought of all that depended on his victory ceased to sustain him, and unstrung his nerves instead of bracing them. And to think that scores of brave men were close beside him, ready to rush to his aid at the first sound of the call which this horrible enchantment had made him powerless to utter! Human nature could bear no more, and the gallant soldier, feeling that another moment would see him at the mercy of his enemy, lifted up his heart in one last silent prayer to God.

But just as all seemed over, he felt a sudden spasm (it was nothing less) of overwhelming relief, and at the same moment he saw the Burman's fiery eyes grow dim, his outstretched arms tremble and sink, and the whole man collapse in a crumpled mass upon the floor, utterly exhausted.

Thus released from the nightmare that had paralysed him, Marston rose feebly and dizzily to his feet; and the spell which fettered Merrincourt appeared to be broken likewise, for the latter lost his unnatural rigidity, and began to show signs of life.

But, for the moment, Marston had forgotten his comrade's very existence, and the one thought in his mind was to get rid of the Burman at once. Hardly knowing what he did, he seized the fallen man's arm, dragged him from the room, and led him off to the gate, the other obeying his impulse with the slow mechanical motion of a sleep-walker.

As the gate closed behind him, the last gleam of sunset disappeared from the darkening sky, and the ghostly form vanished as suddenly as if it had melted into the deepening gloom, or sunk through the earth.

"Is the old chap gone, Alf?" asked a well-known voice. "I suppose he's been playing some hocus-pocus, for I feel as giddy and queer as if I'd been awfully sea-sick; but I can't remember anything about it."

Marston himself could remember nothing clearly, now that all was over; and he would have found it hard to pronounce whether this strange scene were real, or only a dream. But, nevertheless, he tried in vain to shake off the vague but haunting sense of having just escaped a very great danger.

(To be continued.)

* It must be remembered that, in describing this strange fascination, I have only the experience of others to go upon, having always been able to resist the influence myself; but there can be no doubt that, whatever this mysterious power may be, and whatever name science may one day give to it, it is as far superior to mere mesmerism as mesmerism itself is to ordinary "will-force."—D. K.

NOTES FROM MY LOG; OR, TRUE STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By Rear-Admiral W. R. Kennedy.

VIII.—ADVENTURES IN THE CHINA SEAS (*continued*).

The Chinamen were fully prepared for us. The junks had all their guns run out on one side, banners flying, springs on their cables to keep their broadsides bearing, and stinkpots at their mast-heads. These offensive weapons are deserving of description. The stinkpot is an earthenware vessel filled with powder, sulphur, etc. Each junk had cages at the masthead which in action were occupied by one or more men whose duty was to light and throw these stinkpots on the decks of the enemy. If dropped into a boat alongside the result would be very discouraging to the crew, as they must jump overboard or be stifled. As soon as we came in sight the junks beat to quarters, and kept beating gongs and tom-toms during the fight. The Barracouta steamed slowly towards them, her guns cleared for action and her crew eager to begin. The Chinamen, nothing daunted, stood to their guns stripped to the waist, with matches in hand. Our little gun in the pinnace was loaded with grape and trained on the nearest junk. It was an exciting moment, the Chinamen, with their usual tactics, waiting for the first shot.

Slowly we advanced till we were within three hundred yards of the centre junk, and the horns of the crescent already overlapped us. The Barracouta now anchored, and simultaneously fired a shell from her bow pivot gun. In a second, as if the shot had ignited the powder of the Chinamen, the junks opened fire with a deafening roar, and were speedily enveloped in fire and smoke. Round shot and grape hurtled through the air, and the water was ploughed up around us. The Barracouta's men worked their gun well, directing their fire as best they could towards the thickest of the smoke, but owing to the ship being end on, only one gun—that on the forecastle—could bear. Shots were flying in all directions, knocking about spars and cutting away ropes, but fortunately too high to do much serious damage. Above the din could be heard the orders of the officers and the yells of the Chinamen.

It was impossible to tell who had the best of it up to this time. Captain Fortescue now ordered us to lay out his stern anchor, as his ship was being raked by the fire from

the junks and her forecastle swept by the storm of missiles. Having got the anchor into the boat we proceeded to lay it out, being exposed meantime to a murderous fire of grape. One shot struck a man in the head, killing him instantly, and covering us with his blood, but we dropped the anchor all right, and the Barracouta was thus able to bring her broadside to bear upon the junks, thereby bringing three or four more heavy guns into action. Our little brass gun also made itself felt amongst the enemy.

Having deposited the body of our poor shipmate on board the Barracouta, we continued the action. Meanwhile the heavy metal of that ship was beginning to tell upon the junks, some of which blew up with an awful crash as their magazines ignited. Several others were in flames, and the fire of the others began to decline. The fire of the fort also began to slacken. It was evident the Chinamen had had nearly enough of it, and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing all the junks on fire, and their crews making for the shore. The Coromandel with the admiral on board, and the boats of the squadron in tow, now made her appearance, coming to our support. The boats, forming in line, pulled for the shore. The fort fired a few guns as we approached, but was speedily abandoned, the enemy's fleet was utterly destroyed, and so ended the storming and capture of the French Folly, and the destruction of twenty-five of the finest Mandarin junks in the Imperial navy.

The remainder of the day was employed in spiking the guns and levelling the parapets of the fort, which operation concluded, we returned to Canton.

This action, although one of the sharpest while it lasted, did not attract much attention either at home or on the spot, the reason being that the casualties were but slight. In fact the only man killed was the man in my boat, and some were wounded on board the Barracouta. Fortunately the Chinamen's guns were fired with too much elevation, and as we were so close the bulk of the fire passed over us, cutting about the masts and rigging. Had it not been so, the Barracouta must have been sunk, for without doubt she and my boat bore the brunt of the action, the others only arriving when it was virtually over.

About this time H.M.S. Niger arrived from England, and took the place of the Encounter off the Factories. I was offered the option of living on board this ship, but much preferred the independent life in the pinnace; the boat's crew were of the same opinion.

On November 11 we all embarked on board the Coromandel and proceeded down the river to the Calcutta, then anchored above the Bogue Forts. We there learnt that the squadron was to bombard the forts the following morning, unless the Mandarin in charge was prepared to give them up without fighting. This we had little expectation of, for, according to the barbarous custom of the country, he would certainly be beheaded or disembowelled on the first opportunity by his own countrymen if he gave up the forts without resistance. Any doubts on the matter were removed the following morning by the old fellow sending off a message to the admiral to the effect that he was quite ready for us whenever we chose to begin. Certainly the Chinamen had reason for bravado seeing the enormous strength of these celebrated forts, four of which mounted four hundred and ten guns between them, besides three others equally well armed.

The admiral's reply to the polite invitation of the Governor was not made public; if any, it was doubtless concise and to the purpose, but our subsequent proceedings were sufficient answer, and admitted of no doubt whatever as to his intentions.

I have frequently made mention of the term "Mandarin," of which there are many grades; it may be of interest here to describe the different degrees of rank belonging to the order in the Chinese service.

There are altogether nine grades of Mandarins, their rank being distinguished by different coloured buttons worn on the cap.

The highest rank is a red button, only worn by nobles. 2nd. Red flowered gem. 3rd. Light blue stone. 4th. Dark blue stone. 5th. Light crystal. 6th. Opaque white. 7th, 8th, and 9th. Gold buttons. A peacock's feather is sometimes worn in the cap, an honour similar to a decoration. The feather is inserted in a hollow tube of green jade stone.

But to return. The following are the names of the batteries constituting the Bogue Forts:—

North Anunghoy South Anunghoy	210 guns.
North Wantung South Wantung	200 guns.
Chuenpee Fort . Ty-cock-tow Fort Tiger Island . .	Number of guns not known.

The ships opposed to them were:—

H.M.S.	Calcutta (flag)	84 guns.
,,	Nankin	50 ,,
,,	Encounter	14 ,,
,,	Hornet	17 ,,
,,	Barracouta	6 ,,
,,	Coromandel	4 (howitzers).

At daylight of November 12, all being in readiness, the ships cleared for action, and took up their appointed stations, the Calcutta having the post of honour within a few hundred yards of the South Wantung, the largest of the forts, mounting over 100 guns; but our position was so well chosen and the forts so badly des igned, that only a few guns could be brought to bear upon the ship.

The Chinamen, with their usual indifference, allowed the ships to approach and moor head and stern right under the guns of the batteries without firing a shot, nor was it until we had carefully laid our guns and delivered a concentrated broadside that they vouchsafed a reply. The result of these tactics was that we had it all our own way. The Nankin and the smaller craft had taken up a position to engage the other forts, and at a signal from the Calcutta the action commenced.

As anticipated, after an hour and a half's firing the batteries were silenced, having been crushed from the beginning by the terrific fire from the ships. Orders were now given to prepare to storm the forts, an operation which might be attended with danger, seeing that they were crowded with men before the action and it was not known how much they had suffered by our fire. However, the ships ceased firing, and the boats pulled for the shore.

But little resistance was offered. We had a bit of a scramble up a very steep hill to get to the wall, and while we were taking breath preparatory to climbing in through an embrasure, a Chinese soldier threw a stinkpot at us, but it exploded at our feet without doing any harm. We then rushed in, followed by the men as fast as they could come up. The Chinamen stood for a moment and then bolted towards the opposite side of the fort, where they had boats ready to receive them. Orders were at once given to cease firing and let the poor fellows go; but such was the panic that many of them, unable to find room in the boats, took to the water and endeavoured to swim across the river, in attempting which numbers were drowned.

The next day, November 13, we bombarded and captured the Anunghoy Forts. These, unlike the others, which were built upon islands in the river, were built upon the mainland, the whole commanding the passage of the river, and forming what should have been an impregnable position. We found many beautiful brass guns in these forts, some of enormous calibre and fine workmanship. For several days following a party was employed in blowing up the parapets, bursting or otherwise disabling the guns, and generally demolishing the forts, an arduous and very disagreeable duty under a burning sun, especially after the excitement of action is over.

On the 15th I was ordered up the river again, and started in tow of the Barracouta for Canton. There were three boats towing astern of the ship, viz., my boat (the Calcutta's pinnace), the cutter, in charge of a young master's assistant, and the Nankin's pinnace. All went well until we had reached within a few miles of Canton; the Barracouta was making about ten knots through the water, my boat was towing from the starboard sponson, the Nankin's from the port. For better security we had sent most of the crews in board, and had dismounted the boats' guns so as to raise their bows well out of the water, in which way with careful steering a boat may be towed almost any pace.

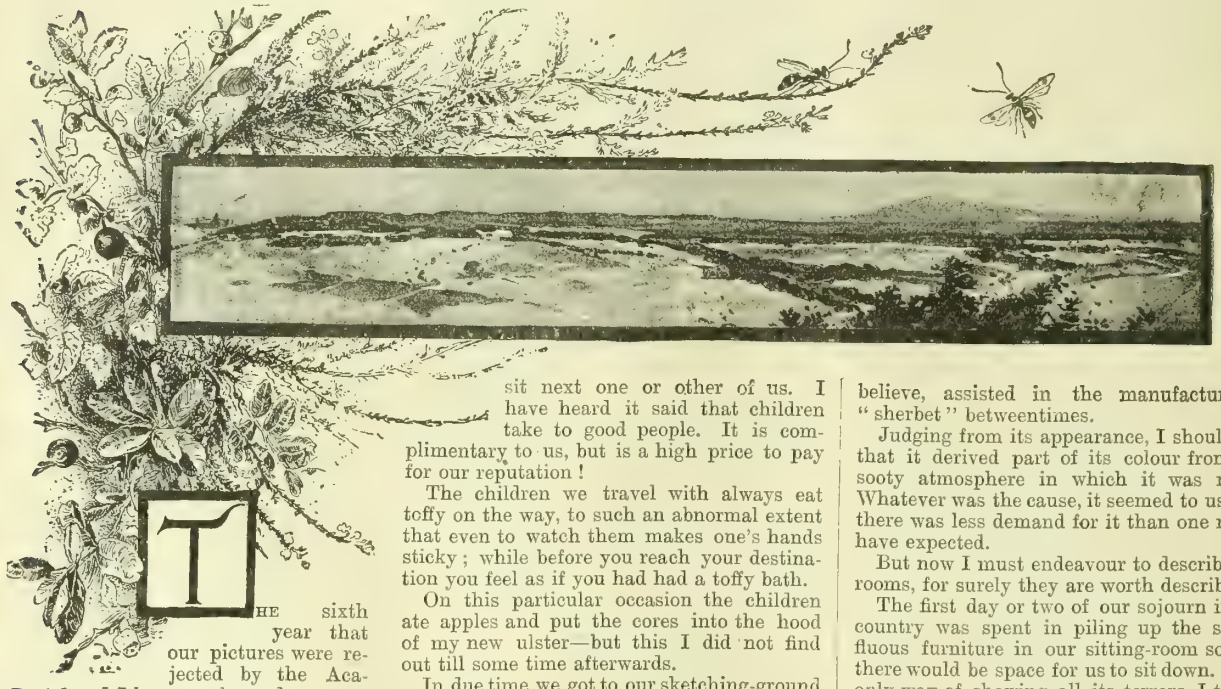
Suddenly the coxswain of the Nankin's pinnace left his helm. In an instant the boat sheered into the wake of the wheels and to our horror went down bows foremost, but soon appeared again some way astern, and bottom up. At the instant of the accident we had slipped our painter in the pinnace and went to the assistance of the Nankin's boat in time to pick up two of the crew and such gear as was floating about. The gun and all the heavy things were lost, and two men sunk to rise no more. Having saved what we could we again proceeded, and arrived without further adventure at Canton.

(*To be continued.*)



OUR SKETCHING TRIP.

By Will O. Charcole.



THE sixth year that our pictures were rejected by the Academy, Pastel and I became alarmed.

The morning after their return we held a solemn conclave in our studio. The presence of our seven rejected works of art reproached us. There was surely but one thing to be done—to ignominiously fly from them for a time—to bury ourselves in the country—to work very hard.

. . . . . .

It was with these virtuous intentions that Pastel and I locked our door some five days later, and ignobly fled from the seven packing-cases within.

We walked to the railway station, trying to look as if the porter in front, laden with somewhat untidy, disreputable luggage, was in no way connected with us—but whether we succeeded or not I cannot say. As we went along, Pastel (for the first time in his life, I believe) was seized with a profound admiration for the street we lived in. (I'm not going to tell you the name of it; why should I?) He stopped every now and then to point out to me how this and that bit of a street "would paint well."

Nor was his enthusiasm lessened when we reached the station, for after looking at an old porter through a circle made by his first finger and thumb—after the manner of artists—Pastel walked up and down the platform, murmuring that the station was "quite pictorial."

I suggested to him that if this were such a delightful sketching-ground, it was a pity to leave it, and that we might go home yet; the tickets were not taken.

This silenced him for a time, and considering all things, we thought it better to go on.

So some ten minutes later we were in the train, bound for—Arcadia.

It would be useless to describe our journey. All the journeys that Pastel and I make are pretty much the same—in one respect at any rate. We always get into a delightful empty compartment, and at the first station a horrible invasion takes place. A kind of fate seems to pursue us in this way. There must be a sort of attraction in Pastel and me, for children suffering from colds invariably sit next one or other of us. I have heard it said that children take to good people. It is complimentary to us, but is a high price to pay for our reputation!

The children we travel with always eat toffy on the way, to such an abnormal extent that even to watch them makes one's hands sticky; while before you reach your destination you feel as if you had had a toffy bath.

On this particular occasion the children ate apples and put the cores into the hood of my new ulster—but this I did not find out till some time afterwards.

In due time we got to our sketching-ground—the little village of Skellochie, let us call it. It was late by this time, so we proceeded at once to hunt for rooms; and this we found to be comparatively easy, as there was little or no choice.

Indeed, at first we could not hear of any rooms to let at all, except those of a fish-curer, and we did not fancy them.

The fish-curer, resenting, I suppose, our extreme fastidiousness, informed us that there were no other "apairtments" in Skellochie, but on asking another native we were told that a certain "Jannet McTurk" might take us in. And before we left the village, Pastel and I found this to be strictly true, in more senses than one.

Guided by the obliging native we reached her house, and found that "taking people in" was not her sole employment, as the signboard over her door testified:

> Mrs. J. McTURK.
>
> *GENERAL DEALER.*
>
> Lemonade, Sherbet, etc.

Pastel was so struck by the poetical glamour of the latter beverage, that he took the rooms almost then and there. He declared that the name "sherbet" reminded him of the Arabian Nights. It was not long, however, before we discovered that the signboard was the only thing in the house that savoured in the least degree of romance.

Indeed, before long we came to lament the existence of the board itself, for in hot weather, and after school hours, our dwelling was thronged by the youth of the village, to whom the antediluvian retailed gingerbread ladders and other edible bas-reliefs.

Our landlady had a son, who also had a prehistoric appearance and might have been any age.

This, however, may have been due partly to the fact that neither of us ever saw his features, except through a deposit of soot. He swept chimneys during the day, and, I believe, assisted in the manufacture of "sherbet" betweentimes.

Judging from its appearance, I should say that it derived part of its colour from the sooty atmosphere in which it was made. Whatever was the cause, it seemed to us that there was less demand for it than one might have expected.

But now I must endeavour to describe our rooms, for surely they are worth describing.

The first day or two of our sojourn in the country was spent in piling up the superfluous furniture in our sitting-room so that there would be space for us to sit down. The only way of showing all its terrors, I think, is to make a sort of inventory of its contents:

(1) A room ten feet by twelve, with one small window, hermetically sealed, and a row of flowerpots containing musk and other smelly plants on the sill. In this spacious apartment were:

Seven horsehair-and-mahogany chairs ranged along one wall. Opposite was the door, and on each side of it was a huge arm-chair (horsehair-and-mahogany of course!).

The window was at one end of the room. On one side of it stood a small table; on the other a "what-not." It was well named, for, as Pastel said, what was not on it?

An enormous table exactly filled the remaining space in the middle of the room.

There was, I believe, a fireplace, but it was almost hidden by the seven chairs, which were again lost to view by the myriad "tidies" and worked cushions which covered them. The mantelpiece groaned under a load of photographs, shells, dish dogs, and stuffed birds. The most striking thing on it was a cat made of black velveteen with a red flannel tongue and bead eyes. We had to ask the antediluvian to take it away—it gave us nightmare.

Rash persons attempting to go round our sitting-room table were either crushed to death between it and the seven chairs, or fell into a treacherous and pit-like sofa, which occupied the remaining end of the room.

As this home of the fine arts was the only available lodging, we had to put up with it; but did so only on condition that the antediluvian would cart out all the superfluous trash and open the window. And really, when the "tidies," the "what-not," the velveteen cat, and some of the chairs were away, we weren't so badly off after all.

The only thing about which our landlady was immovable was the sofa. She declared that as far back as she "could mind," it had been there; that her grandfather had brought it to the house: and that no one knew how he had got it into the room—it was so immense.

Therefore, as the antediluvian's grand-

father was no more, it stood to reason that (as they say in novels) "the secret had perished with him," and none of his afflicted descendants could get that wretched sofa out.

For my part, I have a strong conviction that it was put in when the house was half built, and the roof was put on afterwards; and Pastel agrees with me.

Meanwhile, it may have occurred to you that we were taking a long time to settle down, and that the "hard work" was long in making its appearance.

That was precisely what struck Pastel and me one afternoon, six days after our arrival. I hinted this to him as gently as possible, but he got quite indignant over it. He declared he would prove that we really had not wasted a single day.

"In the first place," said he, "we came and took these priceless rooms on a Saturday. Next day (naturally) was Sunday. On Monday we had to get the extra furniture and rubbish cleared out of here, and our goods and chattels arranged. (That took a good bit of Tuesday as well.) Every spare moment, I'm sure, we looked at the best subjects for painting in the neighbourhood. On Wednesday we had letters to write, papers to stretch, and we felt tired after Tuesday's work. Then yesterday, you know, we were just deciding what we should try first. It is very foolish to begin work in a hurry."

"True," said I, "but surely we might have begun something in six days?"

Pastel, however, received this with scorn, and said that the true artist spent much time in profound thought. He added that he had intended beginning something that afternoon, but that I did not seem inclined for work. This enraged me, and I replied that he had better start now, for though I might go too, it would probably be in a different direction.

Shortly after, Pastel departed with great banging of doors, and an air of intense enthusiasm. I had been reading, so I waited to finish the chapter I was at. Some people have an abominable habit of stopping at any part of a book, and going off to something else. This has always seemed to me the sign of a shallow mind. As it happened, the chapter I was reading had been so long, that the writer divided it into two parts; and as I had begun the first part, what could I do but finish it? I am not devoted to novels, mind; and finished that particular bit from a sense of duty. Thus it was a little while before I was ready to start. At the foot of our stair—lo and behold! here was Pastel.

"Will," said he, solemnly, "I have come back to tell you that it isn't the least use trying to begin a sketch to-day. It is quite impossible."

Strange to say, these words seemed to put new life into me. With a firm resolve to go and sketch at once, I said: "What is to hinder us going? It's a beautiful day."

"Yes," replied Pastel, "and for that very reason all the imps in Skellochie are out, playing and making mud-pies where we meant to sit. It's Saturday, you know."

Then it dawned upon me that the fates were against our working that afternoon. . . .

I said to myself, "I will be noble. Have I not all the other days of the week to do what I like, and yet I grudge these little children their one holiday?" I said to Pastel, "Let us give up all foolish ideas of work this afternoon. It is a sacrifice; but . . . ." No more was needed. We toiled upstairs with our easels and stools; and then set off for a walk.

Either George Washington or Charles I has said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and I must say that, considering our disappointment, we bore up wonderfully that Saturday.



We got quite merry at night over the antediluvian's photograph albums, which were wonders of their kind. We found them on the "what-not," and they were a source of perpetual enjoyment to us. The last thing we did that night was to take a vow to begin work on Monday.

. . . . . .

On Monday, therefore, we set out after breakfast, and decided to paint the street first.

Pastel sat at one end of it and I at the other. About mid-day I had got a sort of rough outline in, and went over to see how Pastel was getting on. He had got the drawing nearly done. It was a long, horizontal sketch, and he said that he believed it

would have been better to have made it upright.

"If it were upright," said he, "it would be quite different. It might be made 'the picture of the year.'" And the result was, that before I left him, he had rubbed it out.

Pastel says that if you paint for many hours in the sun, it brings on colour-blindness. So after dinner we took a walk. One must be careful, you know. Next morning, and the next again, we worked at our pictures. Pastel was still drawing his, but he said he wished he had made it square. The day after, I found that my sketch was not altogether right either, so I began another one.

On Friday Pastel said he hated the sight of his picture, and would begin a sunset, for a change. It was so dull for me when he left the street, that I laid aside my other sketches and went with him.

Next day, Saturday, we took a rest.

Then a horrible thing—which we had never dreamt of—happened.

Monday was wet.
Tuesday was wet.
Wednesday was wet.
Thursday was wet.
Friday was wet.
Saturday was wet.
Sunday was wet.

Before the middle of the week Pastel said we had better go home. I said we might just wait for a day or two, for it might clear up the very day we left. Next week we had packed up everything and were ready to start for home, when, behold! Monday was a beautiful day.

When Pastel saw that, he engaged the antediluvian's rooms for another week. We did not, however, begin sketching that afternoon—for one thing, we had to unpack all our things; for another, Pastel said the grass must be very damp. . . .

It rained all the rest of the week! I will draw a veil over our sufferings, and the ravings of Pastel.

About the middle of that week, Pastel had a letter from his friend Rubens Madder, saying he was coming to Skellochie.

He arrived on the following Monday, and took rooms in the fish-curer's house, which in the summer months rejoiced in the name of "Marlborough Cottage."

We thought the weather looked more settled, and took our rooms, such as they were, for yet another week. But little did we know what sort of person Mr. Madder was.

He insisted on taking long walks and seeing all the sights of the district. What could we do but accompany him?

People may say we should have worked hard, and never minded him; but we felt that it was only common politeness to take him about the country.

I will always maintain that nothing but a strong sense of duty and an iron will prevented me from working hard when Rubens Madder was with us. I never saw such glorious weather as we had then—it was simply marvellous.

. . . . . .

It was also marvellous how our funds went down. . . .

And it was on their account that Pastel and I had to hurry back to town—with fifteen small sketches, all just begun.

We had somehow no idea that we had so few of them; but Pastel is very hopeful, and he said: "Why, there are those pictures at home yet—we'll come back here when we get them sold!"

The antediluvian, who had taken quite a fancy to Pastel, shed tears on our departure, and pressed upon him a gingerbread bas-relief for nourishment during our journey. I think I recollect seeing something very like it between the line of rails as we left Skellochie Station. . . .

"Next year," said Pastel, "we will work hard."



CHIVALRY.

By Albert E. Hooper.

Author of "Up the Moonstair," etc.

IV.—MODERN CHIVALRY.

In the first of these papers it was said that the spirit of chivalry can never pass away; and it was shown that not only had such a spirit always existed in the world, but that the rules of knightly conduct which were so widely professed during the Middle Ages had deeply impressed the chivalrous ideal on the minds of men. This led to the conclusion that, although there have always been chivalrous men and women, the nineteenth century is more chivalrous than it would have been had the order never existed.

What an army of noble men have lived during the ninety years of the present century; men well worthy of wearing the golden spur; statesmen, preachers, men of letters, soldiers, sailors, men of science and of business; men whose characters have been formed on the noble precepts and examples of the past, and whose lives of high service and devotion could never have been lived but for that glorious heritage. Pages might be filled with their names; a library must be large to hold the volumes which record their deeds; but even with these before us, the depth to which the chivalrous ideal has penetrated our century cannot be calculated. There still remains unaccounted for the vast army of the world's incognitos; perhaps the very noblest portion of the human race—those men and women who have been content in humble spheres to live out their lives of secret service for the good of their fellows unnoticed and alone:

"The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

"Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
Sing with the welcome of their feet."

The world may be slow to learn its lessons, but they are not lost; and modern society

owes a debt to the Age of Chivalry which can only be paid by leaving a still richer legacy of "sweeter manners, purer laws," to the generations yet unborn.

But, as already hinted in an earlier paper, the full significance of the knightly ideal is not yet exhausted. We cannot close the history of Chivalry, and toss it aside like a mastered lesson-book. We have learned much from the training of a knight that is valuable for our modern culture; but the conviction remains with us that we have in a great measure neglected many lessons which might exercise a still greater refining influence on our lives. And "conviction," as Carlyle tells us, "were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct."

In several points the education of a knight compares favourably with that of the gentleman of to-day; and these points are worth noticing.

The first duty required of the page was service. He waited at table, and ran on errands for the ladies of his guardian's household. In these days, service is often deemed derogatory; and comparatively few boys would openly, and with full meaning, bear the motto of the Prince of Wales. A little independent thought would help those who are starting in life to see true nobility in the smallest service rendered to mankind; and this would remove all false estimates of the humbler trades and occupations from their minds, and enable them to agree with the wise words of Samuel Smiles:—"It is not the calling that degrades the man, but the man that degrades the calling. All work that brings honest gain is honourable, whether it be of hand or mind. The fingers may be soiled, yet the heart remain pure; for it is not material so much as moral dirt that defiles—greed far more than grime, and vice than verdigris."

The world's greatest men have often climbed from the lowest rounds of the ladder of life; and they have been all the stronger for the climbing. Æsop was a slave; Bunyan, a travelling tinker; Cervantes, a common soldier; Ben Jonson, a bricklayer; and Wordsworth was a barber's boy. Shakespeare, Pope, Haydn, Livingstone, and Burns were respectively the sons of a butcher, a linendraper, a wheelwright, a weaver, and a labourer. Carlyle, perhaps the greatest thinker of the present century, was the son of a stonemason. To these great men the theory of service was noble; and with the example of their lives before us we can afford to smile at the class-prejudices current in our day, and be content with the true dignity of "high thinking and simple living."

True, we are assured by writers on the times of Chivalry that the duties expected of a page "were not then considered menial." The better for those days of old; but better still will it be when, in the days to come, any service, however humble, that one man can render to another, shall receive its due share of honour from all members of the commonweal.

But there was another point in the page's service worthy of attention. He was ever at the beck of the ladies of the household,—not only of the dames, but also of the fair young *damoiselles*. And this he accounted a high honour. "Only a girl!" and other such expressions of modern boyhood, would have been utterly incomprehensible to him. At the bidding of a lady, small or great, he was ready to engage in any enterprise, at the risk of life or limb; and, although this often led to extravagance of command on the one part,* and foolhardiness on the other, a sweet courtesy towards the weaker sex was the result; and the manly character received a new beauty without losing any of its strength.

In these days, when various circumstances are forcing women to leave their homes and seek the means of livelihood in the overcrowded ways of the city—when, moreover, some women are demanding "a fair field and no favour"—it is growing harder for men to render them the reverence which should ever be their due. Courtesy is in danger of being forgotten in competition. But there is hope in the fact that the present time is a time of transition. Woman must win emancipation from all wrong and injustice; but in the process, her influence for good in the world must ever grow and increase, or all her gain will be swallowed up in an irreparable loss. The manly character cannot afford to lose the fair bloom of courtesy; humanity cannot afford to lose the noble grace of reverence; the world cannot afford to lose its greatest charm—the pure and sacred ideal of true womanhood.

The third lesson of the knightly training—that relating to bodily exercise—is now being carried out in the growing enthusiasm for gymnastics, and open-air sports; but there is still something to be learned from the tournaments of the Middle Ages.

There are those who characterise the tournament as a brutal pastime; who recall the accidental death of Henry II of France in one of them, and tell how they had to be suppressed by the Popes because of the frequent bloodshed and loss of life they caused. But it must not be lost sight of that the Middle Ages were times of war; and in the mimic battle of the lists the knights were effectually trained for the sterner conflict of the field. And, as a recent writer on the subject has pointed out, there was something far more ennobling and manly in the old tournament than we can find in the present-day racecourse or prize-ring. While the knights of the past gave and took shrewd blows, and hardened themselves, even in their amusements, for the duties of their lives, many sons of the enlightened nineteenth century waste their substance and brutalise their human nature by engaging in pastimes which are a disgrace to any civilised community.

To sum up: The knight of the Middle Ages held a chivalrous ideal which grew out of the threefold root of religion, courtesy, and courage; and it is from the same threefold root that the perfect flower of modern young-manhood alone can grow. A knight of the nineteenth century must love God, reverence women, and respect himself; and in exact proportion to the strength of these influences within him will be the measure of his true success in the battle of life.

In reviewing the training, the installation, and the ideal of the knight of old, there seem to be many things worthy to be incorporated in our modern culture, and much that may help each of us in our endeavour to bear

> "without abuse
> The grand old name of gentleman,
> Defamed by every charlatan,
> And soiled by all ignoble use."

(THE END.)

* As an instance of these fantastic demands, attention may be called to Sir Walter Scott's poem of "The Bloody Vest."

COINGS FOR THE MONTH.

JULY.

I.—In Poultry-Run, Pigeon-Loft, Aviary, Rabbitry, Kennel, etc.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

THE POULTRY-RUN.—As I write these "Doings," the rain coming down in tropical torrents reminds me to say a word about shelter sheds. In the keeping and breeding of poultry for profit, whether it be in eggs or in flesh, there is a regular A B C to be learned, and if you do not go by this you may as well try to turn the baser metals into gold as to expect to make any money from your poultry-run. I always pity poor fowls when I see them all huddled together on a drenching day with wet backs and drooping wings, because I know that not only are they suffering discomfort but probably contracting illnesses. Ducks stand wet far better, and for this reason, they are provided with a greater number of glands that secrete a lubricating oil which spreads outwards to the point of every feather. Wild birds are also so provided, and notably sea-birds. But civilisation has to a large extent done for these protective glands in our barn-door fowls, hence they need shelter from the weather.

Now I don't know anything more simple than the erection of such a shelter. Of course, if you have plenty of money you may get a live-stock paper such as the "Feathered World" and "Stock Keeper" or "Field," and you will see there the names and addresses of makers; but if living in the country there is always plenty of old wood to be had. Knock in a few posts in a corner of your run, roof it over roughly, and cover it by nailing on ordinary roofing felt; a twopenny bucket of tar, procurable at the village gasworks, and a few handfuls of sand complete the job, and there you are! And there the fowls will be, too, on a rainy day, as happy as a black boy in a barrel of treacle, especially if you throw a few handfuls of oats or maize among them at midday. In one corner of this shed, too, the water-pan may stand. But the dust bath should not be under it. That is quite a different affair.

This shelter shed will be a great saving to you. It will prevent the fowls from going off laying, save them from croup and colds and diarrhœa, and even bumble foot, and it will prevent egg-laying from being checked.

If you haven't got such a shed, take my advice: look about you and see what you can do about it. The happier you can make your fowls, the more comfortable in mind will you be yourself, if you haven't got a conscience like an indiarubber omnibus or a coal carter's horse.

Gapes you have heard of, but I hope have never seen; it is caused by a collection of worms in the windpipe, and is all but incurable. But it can be prevented by keeping your fowl-runs extra clean, and being most careful to see that the drinking-water is always sweet and clean.

What a deal there is in proper sanitation, if boys could only be got to believe it. And I speak now to all my readers, whatever kind of animal their fancy may lead them to keep, pigeons, birds, rabbits, or cavies. Keep them *clean*, give them pure water and fresh air, with dryness and warmth, and they won't forget to ask you for food.

You may fatten birds for the market now, and thus weed out, for overcrowding won't do. If you haven't a grass run, be careful to see that your fowls get plenty of green stuff, else they won't thrive well.

Have you lime-washed out your fowl house? Better do so, the hottest part of the summer is still before us. See that nesting straw is kept clean. Fowls often lay away from home for the simple reason that their nests are filthy.

THE PIGEON-LOFT.—Continue to keep everything sweet and clean, and to feed well on clean, wholesome food. In country places, where pigeons live in a dovecot, they usually feed with the fowls and really require very little attention. But the more fancy kind of pigeons that live in lofts or pigeonries require attention. Sometimes they are even too valuable to have their liberty. In such cases a large aviary in front of the loft is a *sine quâ non*. A boy may keep pigeons for a time without illness even in a filthy condition, and in defiance of all rules of health, but I never knew a case of this kind going on very long without some mishap being the result. Besides, birds bred and kept under such conditions have their constitutions undermined; and next season, when you go in for breeding from them, you find your mistake—egg-bound and going light, and canker perhaps, and all manner of evils happen, and you wonder why you have such ill-luck. Be warned in time.

THE AVIARY.—The breeding season ends with July. If for greed you go on breeding longer, why you only weaken your stock and no good comes of it in the long run. Sell off all the stock you do not want to keep. I hope you have done well. It really isn't my fault if you haven't. I try to think of everything for your good and the good of your stock in these little monthly lectures of mine.

Don't put away your breeding cages until they are thoroughly cleaned outside and in. You will want to scrub with boiling water and soda first, using a good penetrating brush. If you have had vermin, give a second water with carbolic acid, then rinse out and let dry in the open air. Lastly, get a bottle of spirits of wine, one ounce, containing one grain of *corrosive sublimate*, and labelled POISON, and go over all the cracks and inside bottom of the cage with this. You cannot be too cautious with this mixture. It is a terrible poison, so any that is over pour down the closet and then break the bottle.

Next, cover the entire cage with papers and gum it all round so as to effectually keep out the dust.

After you have done breeding for the year, and put your pets away in their flight cages, you might in your spare moments try your hand at cage-making.

THE RABBITRY.—Some lads have been writing to us lately about matted hair in Angoras. I have told them that long-haired rabbits want grooming occasionally. They must not have saw-dust bedding, but the driest of hay or softest of straw; and they should have larger hutches than ordinary rabbits. They are very

beautiful, these Angoras, when in good health, full-eyed and happy-looking. But once let a pet of this kind get out of order, and he is the most miserable little beast in existence. Exercise your rabbits now every fine day. Continue to collect bedding, and feed well. It is well, you know, to have a little hay-rack over one corner of the living-room.

THE KENNEL.—Beware of running dogs in hot weather behind either cycle or trap. It is abominably cruel. Tying them up under a trap is worse far, and ought to be penal if it isn't. See that your pet has plenty of exercise and a dip in the water now and then if he will take it. It is easy to teach any dog to swim by training him first to fetch and carry on dry land, then throwing his stick into the edge of a shallow pool, and next farther and farther in. But there must be no force work.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Watering will be needed this month. It is capital exercise, especially if you have to pump and carry the buckets a long way. It combines the beneficial effects of the tread-mill with those of the Turkish bath, and sweats all the mischief out of a boy. Plant all kinds of greens for winter use, and keep everything tidy and clean.

FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.—If the garden is not beautiful now it will never be. Only water your beds and keep down weeds. Remove dead leaves. Take geranium cuttings.

II.—Entomology.

BY REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.

THROUGHOUT the month of July the entomologist will still be among the busiest of mankind, and all his spare time will be fully occupied. Every sunny hour will furnish him with active employment for the net; palings and tree-trunks are more productive than ever; caterpillars swarm both by day and night; every lamp-post will have its visitors on almost every night; and the visitors to the treacle-patches will be perfectly bewildering in their abundance and variety. So that, by the end of the month, the cabinet or store-boxes ought to be very much better filled than at the beginning.

No less than forty-one different butterflies are on the wing during July. Among these is the Purple Emperor, which, in spite of its sounding title, is a creature of ignoble tastes. It soars high in air when flying, and some collectors are said to capture it with a forty-foot net; but how they contrive to wield that appalling implement I never could imagine. A far better plan is to get a few dead rats, lay them about in the open spaces of woods, and visit them on sunny days when they are well advanced in decomposition. For this repulsive diet is veritable ambrosia to the Purple Emperor, and he will be so absorbed in his feast, should you happen to come across him, that he may be netted without difficulty.

Look out for the Silver-washed and Dark Green Fritillaries, also in wood clearings. They have a most aggravating way of sunning themselves upon sprays of bramble, and, if you do not take the greatest care, the butterflies will escape unharmed, and your net will not. The Marbled White is sure to be plentiful where it occurs; but it is very local, and sometimes swarms in one field or lane, and not in another for miles around. The Silver-studded Blue flies on heaths.

Among the moths, most of the Footmen (*Lithosiæ*) are out. Look for them on the trunks of lichen-covered trees, especially oaks, beeches, and larches; or you may beat them out of foliage in the immediate neighbourhood. Remember that they do *not* look much like moths when their wings are closed. Several of the Emeralds are out. If you meet with any of these, do not forget that they *must* be kept in the dark. But you will not be able to preserve the delicate hues of one or two of the species with any amount of precaution. The Blotched Emerald (*Phorodesma abjudaria*), for some unknown reason, occasionally comes out in pink clothing. Pugs (*Eupitheciæ*) you will meet with in plenty. You will not be able to identify one in twenty—unless you have a really good collection to refer to; but they will afford you capital practice in setting.

Several columns of the "B. O. P." would be required for a list of the *Noctuæ* which come to treacle in July. On a favourable evening you will have your boxes full in no time. Always get your treacle on well before dark, and make your first round directly the operation is over. I have often taken good moths in this way even before it was necessary to light the lantern. If you work in couples, one should carry the net, and hold it beneath each treacle-patch as you turn the light of the lantern upon it. The man who bears the lantern should *always* manipulate the pill-box.

The light of an ordinary bull's eye is rather too powerful for this work, the best lanterns for which are those with flat fronts, and glasses of only moderate convexity. NEVER listen to people who advise you to carry the lamp by a strap round your body, in order that you may have a hand free for the net. If you are alone, carry the lantern in your left hand, and leave the net at home. To a solitary sugarer, if I may be allowed to coin a new word, it is mostly more trouble than it is worth.

As regards the times and places in which to look for beetles in July, I have only one piece of advice to give, which I quote from a well-known authority: "*the time is always, and the place is everywhere!*"

Correspondence.

SMEED, M.—The red deals of the timber merchant are the yellow deals of the builder. They are called red on account of their grain, and yellow on account of their general colour. White deal is white fir from Christiania, and is commonly used for furniture, but that is no reason why you should spell it "firniture."

F. B. K.—Read Franklin Fox's book on "How to Send a Boy to Sea." It costs a shilling and is published by F. Warne & Co., 15, Bedford Street, Strand.

A. J. CONDER.—We have already had articles on fret-work, giving all the details you wish to know. We do not think you can do better than send to Melhuish of Fetter Lane for his catalogue.

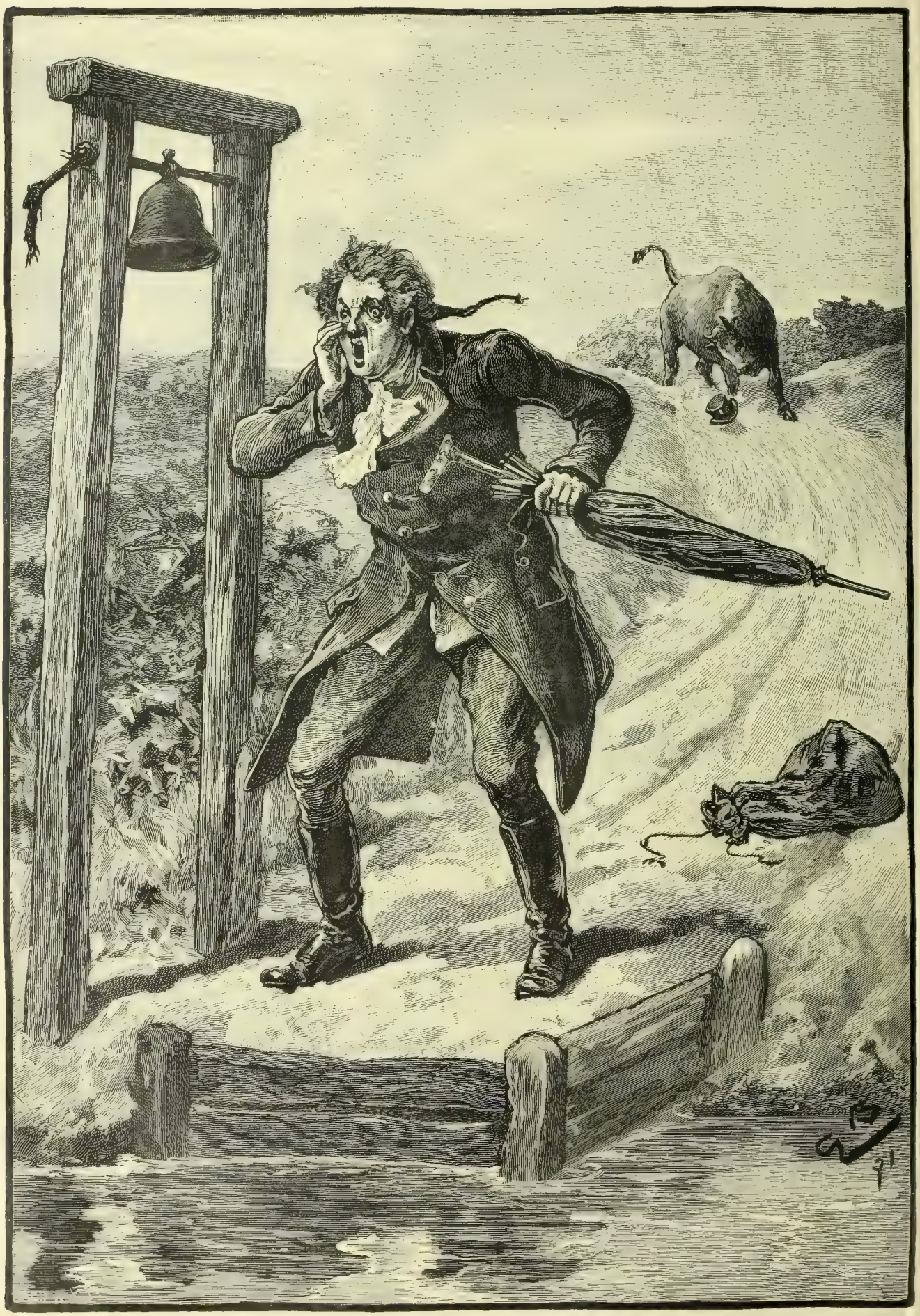
J. ANGUS.—A white blackbird is rare, but several instances are reported every year in the "Field" and other papers.

C. DAVIS.—At the close of every volume in September we reserve a few copies of the coloured plates in packets for the convenience of weekly readers; the price of these packets is always given in the last September number. We cannot supply single plates. If you want them you must buy them in the parts with which they were issued, or else in the packet.

SUBSCRIBER.—The Warspite office, otherwise the office of the Marine Society, is in Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C. You had better write to the Secretary there for particulars.



*** *Our* SUMMER NUMBER FOR 1891 *is now ready, and every "B. O. P." reader should endeavour to secure a copy.*



HI! FERRY! FERRY!

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* GORDON BROWNE.)

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 651.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"The flash and crack followed."

OF BURMAH:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS IN THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ilderim the Afghan," "A Coral Prison," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—WHAT FRED MILBURN THOUGHT OF BURMAH.

"MINHLA, on the Lower Irrawaddy, February 15.—I've seen so many queer things since I landed at Rangoon three days ago, that I haven't had time to write down half of 'em; so I must just make up my journal before the steamer gets up to Mandalay (that's the capital, you know), where we're due Thursday night or Friday morning. It's very snug travelling in these little river-steamers, which are built one deck above the other, same as the Hudson River boats at New York; and they really do feed you first-rate; and you sit and eat on deck under an awning, with both banks right before you all the time; and the state-rooms are all on deck too, and the walls and doors are all made of Venetian blinds, so that they're most always pretty cool; and there's heaps of room to walk about if you want to; and altogether it's quite grand.

"The river itself ain't much to look at, though, after all; it seems to *me* just like a great big dish of soup, with blobs of grease half a mile long floating in it. But of course they make quite a fuss over it here, for, with only two railways in the whole country (and small ones at that), this river's just the one great highway for all Burmah, same as the Mississippi was with us fifty years ago. And then there's plenty to look at as you go along, and no mistake. We've got a correspondent on board, who's writing off the whole country for one of the big English papers; and this morning I got him to let me copy a bit of his last letter, because it seemed to me to touch off the general hang of the river-view pretty smart:

"'The trees that clothe the flanking hills from base to summit have all shed their leaves, and the soft transparent grey of the leafless boughs covers the great slopes like a thin gauze veil, through which every curve and ridge looms in solemn and shadowy picturesqueness. Tiny Burmese villages peer out along the wooded shores every here and there, the overhanging thatch of the little hovels making them appear, at a distance, just like huge heaps of straw. Both banks literally bristle with pagodas, in the proportion of four or five to each hut—some bell-shaped, others rising Chinese fashion in successive storeys, and not a few wearing the exact form of a monstrous soda-water bottle. Several native boats (regular Noah's Arks roofed in with matting) drift slowly past, the stern rising pillar-wise straight up in the air, with a kind of perch on its top, upon which sits the gaunt, brown, bare-limbed scarecrow who manages the heavy steering-oar. Instead of one mast with two sails, each of these queer craft seems to have one sail with two masts; for the sail itself—a huge, clumsy, three-cornered affair—is supported between two long cross-sticks, diverging from each other like an open pair of scissors. And now appears the unusual spectacle of a scarlet-robed native gravely sitting upright in the water, with a floating tail as long as a comet's outstretched behind him; but the next moment we see that this long-tailed hobgoblin is nothing more than a Burmese boatman squatting on the tip-end of a very narrow bamboo raft.'

"But I'm beginning in the middle of my story, for I've not said a word all this time about how I got here. My stay in India was not a long one, for at Calcutta I had just time to skip from the in-coming British India mail-packet to the out-going coast steamer for Rangoon; so *that* part of my travels, if it's ever published, will have to come out as 'Half an Hour in India,' by the author of 'Fifty Minutes in Ceylon.' And then, as our Irish purser said, 'when we first *saw* Burmah, it was out of sight.' The first sign of it was a tall lighthouse, striped black and white, popping up right out of the sea like a big barber's pole—for not a thing of the coast could we see for another ten minutes, though we knew it must be there by the clear bright sea changing suddenly to a nasty brownish green, like weak tea made with salt water. And even when we *did* see it, it was so low and flat that it seemed as if we might sail right overland wherever it was a little damp, like Abe Lincoln's gunboats in the war.

"But we were still miles away from Rangoon, when we saw, far away over the great green smudge of low trees and bushes, that stood as thick along both banks as the bristles on a hair-brush, something like a huge tongue of fire shooting up into the sky; and this was the 'Shway Dagohn,' or Golden Pagoda, the greatest Buddhist temple in these parts, where the English had such a hard fight when they stormed it in 1852.

"The native fishermen seemed quite used to the 'Me-thim-boo' (fire boat) as they call the steamer, and hardly looked at it; but our captain told me that when the first steamer came up the river years ago, the Burmans, who took it for a fiery dragon, were awfully scared, and all the more because it just fulfilled an old native prophecy about the fall of Burmah:

"'When 'neath the sacred mountain
Where the Golden Tower doth stand,
A strange, hat-wearing people
Shall settle in our land;
When up the Irrawaddy,
Unhelped by sail or oar,
Shall come a stately vessel
Up from the southern shore;
Then (so hath said the prophet
Whose words are faithful all)
The golden-footed Princes [*i.e.* Kings of Burmah]
Shall totter and shall fall.'

"When we came up to the landing-place at Rangoon, there began all at once a great shouting and fuss on the shore, and people came running up from all sides as if they were following Barnum's circus; and even some English soldiers who were passing turned their heads to stare. But all I could see was a tall man in English dress, with a boy beside him, who didn't seem to mind all the stir a bit, though the niggers kept crowding round him till he could hardly move, and howling out some crack-jaw Burmese name, which, the captain told me, meant, 'The lonely man of the jungle.'

"'And who on earth is *he*?' I asked.

"'You'll see directly,' said the captain, with a queer kind of grin.

"And sure enough I *did* see, in another minute; for as soon as the gang-plank was laid, the tall man stepped aboard, and, after a word or two with the captain, came right up to where I stood, and held out his hand to me.

"'Very glad to see you, my boy,' he said. 'Do you know me?'

"And what do you think? This man, who could bring the whole town after him just by showing himself in the streets, was Uncle Livingstone Foster, and the boy who was with him was cousin Harry!

"He spoke so cheerily and pleasantly that I quite took to him at the first start; and then there was a look in his face that I liked—just the sort of quiet, confident look that you told me General Grant used to have in the middle of his biggest battles. Altogether, he was just the sort of man you'd like to have with you out on the plains when the Indians are looking ugly.

"After breakfast (which we got at a queer little hotel in Merchant St., where a big crow flew in through the window, and nearly smashed the whole concern in trying to get out again) uncle said we must take the night express to Prome, away up the river, where we'd catch the steamer for Mandalay; and as he'd got to be busy right on till evening, cousin Harry would take me around, and show me all there was to see.

"And so he did; and the first thing we saw was that place just outside the town, close to the river bank, where the two American missionaries were brought out to be beheaded in 1824, when the mob went mad because the English were coming to bombard the place; and then, just as the executioner had his knife up to chop their heads off, the first shot from the British squadron struck him dead, and scared all the rest away; and then the British blue-jackets broke in and saved 'em both. You remember how we read all about it in the long winter evenings out West? But I didn't think *then* that I'd be seeing the place so soon myself.

"Then we went over one of the great rice mills, and a queer sight it was. You can't think what funny figures the native workmen were, with their brown skins turned quite white with rice dust; and if we'd taken one of them and scraped him clean, I'm sure we'd have got enough rice off him to feed three or four starving families.

"Then we went up to the Golden Pagoda in a street steam-car (fancy that!) along with a jumble of Hindoos, Malays, Chinamen, and Burmese ladies with flowers in their hair and cigars in their mouths, that would have made a big stir in New York if they had come along Broadway in a car. But the queerest sight was the Shans from the northern mountains, with straw hats as big as an umbrella, and little pouches no larger than your hand. I asked Harry why they didn't wear the pouches on their heads, and carry things in their hats instead; and he said they *did* sometimes.

"At the foot of the stone stair leading up to the temple were two awful-looking hobgoblins, twenty feet high at least, with red eyes and green hair, standing one on each side of the entrance. They'd have puzzled a Professor of Natural History, for they had elephants' bodies, lions' heads, snakes' tongues, dogs' paws, and donkeys' tails.

"The stair was all roofed-in with a ceiling of gilt teak-wood, supported on square wooden pillars; and about half way up there was a deep ditch and a great high wall, making a regular fort of

the place. Beyond that, the roof and pillars were all blood-red, and painted with the awfullest pictures you ever saw—men being tortured and cut to bits, and gobbled up by vultures or wild beasts—till they fairly turned me sick. And even when I looked away, it didn't mend matters much; for all in a moment a whole gang of *lepers* came crawling around me to beg (as they always do here at the gates of the temples and palaces), and *they* were such a horrid sight that I was glad to throw 'em a handful of *pice* (that's what they call cents here, you know), and run off up the stair as hard as I could go.

"But the temple itself *was* a gay show, and no mistake. At the top of the stair was a great stone platform, from which you could see the whole country for miles round; and right in the middle, like a sort of life-guard, were ever so many small pagodas of gilt marble, built in a hollow square round the Golden Pagoda itself, which shot up like a great fire, yards and yards into the air, so bright in the sunshine that you could hardly look at it; and on the top was an open-work turret of gilt iron (the natives call it 'Htee,' or umbrella) with jewels all over it worth 50,000 dollars.

"The whole place looked as gay as a flower-bed with the coloured dresses, for there were hundreds and hundreds of Burmans there in all the colours of the rainbow—green, blue, red, yellow, and white—some selling flowers and toys, some putting down offerings of fruit and cakes, or burning incense-sticks before the little shrines and gilt images of Buddha, and a good many striking the great bronze bells that stood all around the platform. There was one tremendous big one there, that had lain ever so long at the bottom of the river, till the Burmans themselves fished it up; and they call it 'Maha Gunga' (great sweet voice).

"Beside each bell lay a stick or a deer's horn to tap it with; and when a man's going to make a prayer or an offering, he strikes one of these bells to call the attention of the *Nauts*—that's a sort of spirits or fairies that they believe in and pray to, like the South Americans with their patron saints. Harry told me that if you happen to come up and ring a bell while they're at prayers, instead of being mad at you, they'll be quite pleased; for they think that the more noise there is, the more likely the Nauts will be to pay attention.

"In one corner I saw the graves of some British officers who were killed at the storming of the place in 1852; and a little farther on I found a man lifting in both hands a big stone, carved into the shape of a turtle (which is a sacred beast with the Buddhists), and muttering something as he lifted it. Uncle Livingstone told me that it was called a 'wishing-stone,' and that the custom is for every man to make a wish as he picks it up, and then to say, 'If my wish is granted, let this stone feel light!' and of course he's pretty safe to *think* it feels light, whether it does or not.

"In the evening there was a 'pwé' (native play) on an open space near the river-bank, just behind the great fish-market; and after dinner, as there was plenty of time yet before the train started, we all three went to have a look at it. It wasn't much of a play, either—much more like a Punch-and-Judy show, in fact, for the whole affair was just a big wooden booth with canvas screens, and a lot of tiny lanterns twinkling faintly along its top and sides; and the performers were nothing but pasteboard puppets worked by strings, and you could see the fellow pulling the strings from behind as plain as print.

"It was a tremendously aristocratic play, everybody being either a king or a queen; but the dialogue was all done by the clown, who seemed to be a good hand at it, for he set the whole crowd laughing every time he opened his mouth, although the jokes, when Harry translated 'em for me, didn't seem to amount to very much, after all.

"But the best part of the show, to *my* mind, was not the play, but the people that came to see it. Such jolly, happy, contented folks you never saw in your life; and I could hardly believe that they were really the same people that tortured all those prisoners to death, and made those missionaries tramp barefoot to Oong-pen-lay, till they marked every step with blood. The ground was damp and dirty, the mosquitoes were going for them like fury all the time, and they were so crowded together that (as Huckleberry Finn said) 'there warn't even room to think;' but every one seemed quite happy, and Uncle Livingstone said they would stay there quite contentedly all night long. Picking my way among them in the dark, I trod on a baby, and was awfully scared, thinking I'd killed it, or broken some of its bones; but the papa and mamma only laughed, and seemed quite tickled at my making such a fuss.

"The night-train to Prome was a queer affair, the first-class cars having a lounge along either side, with a hanging shelf above each of them—just room for two to sleep below, and two overhead; and there was a notice over the door, 'Passengers are advised to bolt the door and pull up the side-windows, as a precaution against thieves.' As for the native cars, all I could see when I looked into *them* (and I had to hold my nose tight as I did it, I can tell you) was a sort of paste of all nations jammed together like herrings in a barrel—a Shan's straw hat poking out a Burman's eye, and a Chinaman's pigtail halfway down a Hindoo's throat.

"Harry and I slept right through the journey, but just about daybreak we were awakened by a yell like an Indian war-whoop, and there were a lot of grim-looking brown faces, all eyes and teeth, grinning at us through the window. The next moment the train stopped, and there came swarming up to it on both sides a host of long, lean, coffee-coloured fellows in much the same kind of costume as the African chief in the story, whose full dress consisted of an eye-glass and a pair of spurs.

"I thought we were attacked by robbers, and was getting out my revolver; but uncle only laughed, and told me that we had got to Prome, and that these were the native porters come for the baggage. And, sure enough, in another couple of minutes we found ourselves picking our way happy-go-lucky down a sand-ridge as steep as the side of a house, at the foot of which the steamer lay waiting for us.

"I've just been over the fort here, and a good strong one it is; the taking of it was the only fight worth talking about that the English had in 1885, when they marched up to Mandalay to dethrone Theebaw. I meant to have told you all about the place, and about the battle too; but I shan't have time now, for here's the down steamer coming along, and I must shut up my letter and get it on board of her while she stops here.

"To-morrow we shall pass Yenang-yoong, where those petroleum wells are that you talked of buying; and, if we halt there long enough, I'll go ashore and have a look at them.

"I shouldn't wonder if we have some fighting to employ us when we get higher up the river. Our captain tells me that, the last time he went up, some native brigands fired at the steamer from a thick bit of jungle just below Mandalay, and hit two men on board; and Uncle Livingstone says that there's a robber-chief called Moong-Gley raiding the Pagahn district with a strong band, and that he and his men killed an English Government Inspector in one of the villages just the other day. If he *does* happen round while we're there, uncle means to go for him at once, in which case I hope you won't have any cause to be ashamed of

"Your affectionate son,

"FRED."

The next day the low, dusty, greyish-yellow bluffs that inclosed the famous petroleum field (poetically compared by Fred to "a heap of buckwheat cakes with a few streaks of maple-syrup on 'em") were the only break in the weary sameness of the flat sandy shore lying between the river and the flanking fields of rice or Indian corn, half hidden by the flying dust which the breeze stirred up in clouds. At every halting-place, half-a-dozen of the native crew coolly jumped overboard and swam ashore; and Fred, supposing this to be the regular Burmese way of landing, expected the native passengers to follow suit with their baggage tied on their heads, till his uncle told him that this was only a primitive local method of carrying a rope ashore to moor the steamer to the bank.

Toward evening the shore began to grow higher and steeper, till at Sin-pew-kyoong (White Elephant Island) it rose almost sheer up from the water's edge in a wall of hard sand more than thirty feet high, on the top of which the cable was made fast by a gang of nimble Burmese coolies. The hindmost of the gang, who had lagged a little behind the rest, was scrambling up the treacherous bank when the ground broke away beneath him, and he fell sprawling on his back, while the cable overhead, scraping away the brittle edge of the bank, sent down upon him a perfect cart-load of white dust, making him look like a fly that had just tumbled into a cream-jug.

At nightfall they reached Sinamui, a tiny cluster of thatched huts in a sandy hollow at the foot of a steep frowning cliff. On the brow of this precipice stood out against the red sunset the usual quantity of tall tapering pagodas (looking very much like rolled-up white parasols) surmounted with the usual turrets of gilt iron, which, by some accident, had all got tipped on one side, suggesting to Harry Foster the idea of a group of sleepy giants with their hats knocked over their eyes.

At daybreak next morning, Mr. Foster roused them both to look at the ruins of Pagahn, the old capital of Burmah, which was at the height of its splendour when Alfred the Great was reigning in England. And certainly the sight was well worth seeing. The first rays of sunrise were just streaming through a purple hollow between the two mighty peaks of Mount Popa, and lighting up the sea of dark-green foliage out of which the ancient temples rose like islands, mile after mile, as far as the eye could reach. The entire plain was one vast grave-yard of dead pagodas—huge masses of crumbling brick-work and fallen stones, walls buried in wild grass, and towers strangled in the wiry coils of snake-like creepers.

Seldom indeed had such a museum of temples been gathered in one spot. There were the bell-shaped pagodas of Burmah with their gilded turrets, the carved cornices and spear-pointed pinnacles of Siam, the Mongol pyramid of dark-red brick with a stair up each of its four sides, the broad, solid dome of Central Tartary, and the ladder-like storeys of China. And there, too, was the tall central tower, rising far above its encircling life-guard of smaller ones, which one sees in the great temples of Northern India.

"Burmese historians assert," said Mr. Foster, "that when the king fortified this place against a Chinese invasion in 1284, he pulled down 6,000 temples to get materials for his defences, and then, getting frightened, ran away without any resistance at all! But you see there are plenty of pagodas left, and the natives say that they number in all just 9,999."

"Why don't they say 10,000 while they're about it?" laughed Harry.

"What's the good of telling a lie for the sake of one pagoda?" said his Yankee cousin, with a sly chuckle.

At the last halting-place before Mandalay itself, there was a sudden stir and bustle around the landing, and a great show of excitement amid the crowd assembled on the bank, as if some very important person or thing were being brought on board.

Fred and Harry pressed forward to see "what it was all about;" but, in the thick of the jostling throng of excited natives, they could see nothing plainly except the huge turbans, tall, soldier-like forms, and calm stern faces of a group of armed Sikhs. Not till the steamer was fairly under way again did the eager boys learn that five dacoits (brigands), who had just been captured in the jungle, were being sent up with an armed escort to Mandalay, where two of them were to be publicly executed as a warning to their fellow-marauders, and the other three imprisoned for life.

As a matter of course, our two heroes rushed off at once to have a look at these creditable passengers, Fred in particular being quite excited at this unexpected chance of seeing what a gang of "real live robbers" were like. But their appearance was a great shock to his romantic notions, for never till now had he seen in all its fullness the hideous contrast between the dashing, handsome, impossible robber of silly "penny serials," and the coarse, filthy, sneaking, brutal robber of real life.

The five foul creatures were curled up like snakes in a corner of the upper deck abaft, and, as the boys came up, were laughing loudly, in a childish and almost idiotic way, at some absurd mishap of one of the passengers. Two of them seemed to be Hindoos, and the faces of both showed unquestionable power, though of an evil sort. The three others were evidently Burmans, and, in addition to their heavy irons, were all linked together by a strong chain, as being the most dangerous of the whole gang. The low, receding foreheads of all three, their brute-like heaviness of mouth and jaw, their flat noses and gaping nostrils, their small, dull, half-shut eyes, marked them as ruffians for whom no crime was too black; but their hideousness lay not so much in the features themselves as in the dreadful expressionless blankness of the whole countenance—the look not of a man from whom the human soul had been crushed out, but of a brute in which it had never existed.

"Ugh!" said Fred Milburn, turning away with a shudder of disgust, "if *these* are robbers, I don't want to see any more of 'em! Why, they're worse than our prairie 'Indians out West—and that's saying a good deal!"

The increasing numbers of white bell-shaped pagodas along the low green slopes of the right bank warned our travellers of the nearness of Mandalay some time before they glided into the broad shallow "reach" where the steamers were moored, and where, close to the bank, lay the late King Theebaw's state-barge, a long, low, junk-shaped craft, with a gilded stern and a deck-house amidships, above which rose a white seven-storeyed pagoda as long as the boat itself.

Then, in the midst of the universal bustle and confusion of arrival, a sudden clamour of hoarse voices and trampling of feet on the upper deck drew Fred and Harry from their seats just in time to see one of the Burmese convicts (who had contrived to free himself from his fetters, no one ever knew how) make a desperate leap to the vessel's side, and plunge headlong over it into the water!

Quick as thought, two of the Sikhs snatched up their rifles, and the flash and crack followed as thunder follows lightning. When the smoke cleared away, all eyes were turned toward the river in quest of the missing man; but not a ripple appeared on its smooth, brown, oily surface, and the convict was seen no more.

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frèzols," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—BLACK MAGIC.

The twenty-four hours the magus asked for had elapsed. Goucha Nichin remained seated in his favourite position, his elbow resting on one of the altar steps, his long beard clasped in his right hand. With his eyes fixed on the ground and his look severe, he sat without moving, deep in reverie, his long garments reflecting a tremulous light. With his snow-white beard and sculpturesque attitude, the old man might have been taken for an emblem of Regret meditating by the side of a tomb; for he had all its sadness and rigidity.

The others dared not break in on his meditations. The sombre Goucha Nichin inspired them all, even his grand-daughter, with a feeling of isolation and alarm. Before that silent anger, even Maurice, notwithstanding his archæological enthusiasm, had come to regret that chance had associated him with the secrets the divulging of which had inflicted on the old man so bitter a sorrow. Catherine, seeing Leila's eyes fixed with so much anxiety on her grandfather's face, became subject to a curious mingling of pity and fear. Oppressed by the atmosphere of constraint and anguish which weighed on all, Gargaridi, for once, kept silence. All of them were waiting, and the more the hours advanced the deeper became the silence, the blacker the future.

At last the magus raised his head and fixed on Maurice his ardent eyes. The majestic visage of the Guebre expressed implacable resolution and mortal sorrow. The sufferings of the last days had hollowed, refined, and, so to speak, immaterialised the features already so pure; alone the eyes lived in that austere face, and the indefinable expression of the look he gave her brother made Catherine shudder to the heart. Involuntarily, her fingers tightened in Leila's hand, and Leila replied by a nervous clasp, for she also felt cold with terror at her grandfather's look.

Goucha Nichin arose, and stretching out his arm towards Maurice, began to speak to him slowly in a hollow voice.

"Listen, young Faranghi! Thou hast entered here in spite of me. Thou, an impure stranger, hast dared to penetrate into the sanctuary consecrated by the devotion of ages. Thou hast searched it in all directions. Thou hast brought thy profane curiosity even into the holy place; thou hast searched with thy vain science to discover our religion and our philosophy. Mithra be praised! thou hast not succeeded. Foiled in thy effort, outwitted in thy search, deprived of air, light, and food, thou shouldst infallibly expiate thy crime by death.

"I had resolved to punish thee in that way. And to punish me—me, the guardian of the violated secret—me, who allowed

myself to be surprised, I would have died with thee in this sepulchre.

"But Mithra hath deemed it otherwise. By his all-powerful will, the only hope of my race, this young girl, whose innocent head bears the burden of so great an honour, and who has shown herself worthy of so high a fate by her intelligence, has come here, as by the hand Destiny hath brought her to our meeting-place. And when I heard her light footstep under these vaults I felt that the honour of my race was sullied, and my heart dried up within me; for I, the high priest, had divined what was about to happen; yes, to save this girl, this last bud on the dry branch of my house, I was about to commit a grievous wickedness! I was to allow of the escape from the holy place of the infidels who had entered it."

Maurice would have moved, but the magus with an imperious gesture stopped him.

"Attend! Do not rejoice yet, stranger! Yes, I was about to let thee depart with thy sister and thy imbecile companion. Yes! those eyes which have dared to look on the mysteries would not for ever be closed to the light. Yes! young man, thou wert to ascend to the surface of the earth, to follow, without doubt, thy imperious investigations—but on one condition!

"That condition it remained only with me to impose, for my power is boundless, and you are but playthings in my hand. But now that I have heard from this child that we are of common origin, some affection for thee is awakened in my breast. Thy curiosity, even so culpable in itself, appears to me less odious now I know that this sacred soil was the cradle of thy race. I see now why thou hast inspired me with less hatred than strangers in general, that vain and frivolous race, men with the brains of a butterfly. And for that reason I give thee a choice of thy fate.

"Thou canst go from here, with thy sister and thy servant—thou canst go from here, I say, on one condition.

"*I will submit you to a ceremony which will deprive you of your memory.*

"On that condition only wilt thou escape a slow and terrible death, thou wilt save thy sister, and I will take back to the light of day the youthful heiress of the grandeurs of my race."

He was silent a moment; then he writhed and murmured with a groan:

"Alas! alas! that it should be necessary for me to live long enough to abase the priest of Mithra to such a subterfuge. What penances, what sorrows must I undergo to expiate my sin! The few years that remain to me I must pass in fasting and prayer. May my sufferings find pardon and pity from the Divinity!"

He bowed his head and sobbed, but soon he was erect again.

"Decide!" said he in a solemn voice. "Reflect! Take thy resolution, but know that once taken it will be irrevocable."

Again the magus prostrated himself on the altar steps, and Maurice, drawing a little aside with his sister, motioned to Gargaridi to come near.

"What do you think of this proposition, Catherine?" said he, in a low tone. "Does it not hide some imposture of this unhappy old man's? What do you think of this threat of losing your memory? What does he mean? What is he going to do?"

"I fancy," said Catherine, after a moment's thought, "that it is Leila's presence here which has suggested the plan to him. He cannot persuade himself to sign his daughter's death warrant. He cannot make up his mind to see his family end with her, and, in spite of the coldness and severity which have always distinguished him, he wishes to save her if he can; but he does not like to admit that he has changed, that he is going to give in, and permit the escape of people who can boast that they have learnt the secrets of the Temple. So he has devised the pretext of depriving us of memory to excuse himself in our eyes—and, who knows? perhaps he hopes he may, for with their immense knowledge they often display puerilities which raise a smile. As if you could believe that when this poor magus has taken us out of here we shall really lose our memories! That is to say, that we shall never reveal to a living soul the secret we have discovered against his will!"

"That generous thought is worthy of you, dear girl! Your advice, then, is to submit to the ceremony?"

"Unless you see some other way out of this horrible place?"

"Alas! I can find none. After all, if this jugglery will satisfy him, I don't suppose we risk much by consenting to it."

"Without reckoning," said Gargaridi judiciously, "that if we remain here we may lose something more precious than our memories, namely, our lives."

"That is so. Then you both say, accept?"

"I do not see how we can do otherwise," said Catherine.

"And for my part, I confess that when I again find myself in Mithra's welcome light, as they call it, I shall not care much whether I lose my memory or not—though it is a prodigious one!" said Gargaridi.



"Father! Stop! Enough!" she murmured.

"It has done nothing to help me on in the world as yet!" And he shrugged his shoulders.

"The die is cast then!" said Maurice.

They approached the altar.

"Goucha Nichin," said Kerdic, "we accept the condition you require of us. But first allow me to ask what you mean by losing our memory?"

A spasm of grief seemed to pass across the features of the magus, who seemed to turn pale, and a flash leapt from his eyes.

"Be not uneasy, Faranghi!" said he, after a pause, and with a strange look he continued: "Thou wilt have as much memory left as thou wilt want. But it must not be—it must not be, O Mithra, that any mortal beyond the high priest and his daughter should know the secret of thy sanctuary! Thou wilt lose all remembrance, young man, of what has happened since thou camest down the Goul Hek: thou wilt even forget the position of the well. All the time which has elapsed since the fatal hour when for the first time I brought thee down will be as if it had never been."

The magus suddenly stopped and pressed his two hands on his forehead, and sighed deeply. It seemed as though intense agony was drawing his features, and the look he gave Maurice and Catherine expressed the bitterest grief. He seemed to speak with sorrow; the words escaped curt and hard from his lips as if uttered against his will.

His companions also felt overcome with sorrow. there was a dismal impression over all, and the scared look on the face of the magus chilled the heart of the girls with involuntary terror.

"Magus," said Maurice in a solemn voice, "we agree to your conditions as I have said; I can no longer bear to see my sister and your noble daughter within this tomb. Save them then! Poor girls! It was not a vain curiosity which urged them here. They came here impelled by their loving hearts! Have pity on them, Goucha Nichin, and think of my first offer. If you wish, I will remain here; willingly will I sacrifice my life if it can be taken as the ransom for theirs."

The magus shuddered and made a gesture of despair, as if to escape from the young man's words.

"Silence! Silence!" he exclaimed. "You will all go out! All! I have said it. Yield to Destiny. You have learnt the awful secret. Let the recollection be effaced—effaced—effaced for ever!"

"Father," suddenly said the pure voice of Leila, "you will also submit me to this ceremony! I will have it so. If you consent that your daughter may undergo it, the rite must be without danger, for on the sorrowful head of Leila reposes the hope of your race. Let me also lose my memory, Grand Mobed. Only on condition that I share their fate, will I allow my friends to submit to the condition you require of them."

Standing face to face, the old man's look and the young girl's look, blue and keen as blades of steel, crossed each other. But although the priest grew pale his look did not quail under that of his grandchild.

"Be it according to thy wishes!" said he slowly. "Thou shalt undergo the common fate, as thou desirest. Lose thy memory also, Leila! Forget that thy hand led the stranger into the Holy of Holies. May the remembrance of thy fault be effaced like the fugitive print of a human foot on the sand of the sea shore! Forget, child! Keep only the remembrance of the grandeur of thy race and of the immensity of the Divinity thou servest!"

And so saying, the magus with a majestic air extended his arms towards the girl, who bowed before him and returned unsteadily to Catherine, who clasped her in her arms. The effort of courage which had impelled her to face the priest had mantled her pure visage with pallor and moistened her eyes with tears. The two girls, once so daring, now found themselves chilled by a vague terror; and a nameless suspicion of her grandfather's intentions made Leila's heart grow heavy.

And now the Grand Mobed took from a corner at the back of the sanctuary a gigantic pair of compasses. With one of their points he traced on the ground a semicircle before the altar, and on the line thus traced he made Maurice, Catherine, Leila, and Gargaridi kneel.

Then he suddenly assumed an air of majesty they had never before noticed in him. His features seemed to be changed, his look glowed like that of an eagle. He took the lamp from Leila—the lamp lighted from the sacred fire always kept burning in the cave—and placed it on a silver tripod, which he took without hesitation from the same corner of the altar. From a small scent-box of pure gold which he drew from the folds of his garments he took a pinch of powder which he threw on the brazier, covering his mouth at the moment with the end of his muslin turban. A rosy flame leapt up, then a light smoke with a strange strong perfume formed a spiral and slowly rose into the vault, while he murmured some words unknown to all, even to Leila.

He took the silver key and opened the casket.

Slowly and solemnly he lifted up the jewelled sun, which appeared to be fixed to the end of a long pliant rod of gold, and fixed it over the casket. From the bottom of the casket he drew forth a strange-looking apparatus of gold and silver reflectors, retorts, and long shining bars of steel; for a moment he handled these objects, and suddenly a blinding light illuminated the whole sanctuary.

In the middle of the glaring white light shone the jewelled sun. The central diamond shot forth its rays of fire repeated a thousand times by the myriads of smaller stones that powdered its circumference. The sapphires rayed forth blue; the garnets, rubies, and carbuncles rayed forth red; the topazes, amethysts, and aquamarines dispersed their paler light; the beryls rayed forth their changing fires, glistening, flaming, glowing, sparkling with all the colours of the prism in the dazzling brilliancy which forced the spectators to shade their eyes to avoid being blinded.

The magus, upright on the lower step of the altar, with his face turned towards his companions, stood, black as a shadow, against the screen of dazzling light.

Round his head he slowly moved an enormous opal the prismatic fires of which gleamed softly and threateningly like a serpent's eye. In the centre of this stone could be read the Greek word Abraxas, the seven letters of which, according to their Greek numerical value, formed the mystic astronomical number 365. Around the opal sparkled a livid glittering circle of girasols and cat's eyes. The bottom of the casket was covered with jewels, prase, agate, sardonyx, chalcedony, chrysoprase, turquoise, onyx and lapis-lazuli, which with a softened glow reflected the fires of the gems.

The magus accompanied his solemn movement with a chant in a low voice, a kind of monotonous psalmody which sent a stupefying torpor through the veins of those who watched him.

At the grave chant of the mobed, images innumerable, strange, formless, rose in their minds. They seemed to be assisting at the birth of a world; in their eyes vegetation appeared on the earth, the extinct animals, the mammoth and the megatherium, the subtle serpents with the angled feet, and other creatures long forgotten, seemed to crawl or leap from their original slime. The Kerdics appeared to be plunged in an abyss in which these unknown monsters lived; and suddenly, with a mighty sweep of the wing, they saw them spring to the stars and roll them under their feet.

And a sound like that of the waves breaking on the beach, like the music of the empty shell, filled their ears and mounted to their brain. With eyes dilated and faces ghastly, they could not take their gaze from off that flaming sun of jewels. And the movements of the magus became freer; his stature seemed to grow till he reached the summit of the vault through the light blue smoke which continued to float aloft in subtle scented spirals. The old man's eyes sparkled like the sapphires of the magic star; his face and his hands appeared to have become transparent, and to shine like the diamond.

Where were they? Was it a dream? What were these enveloping gestures, this mournful, icy voice?

Leila made an effort to shake off the torpor.

"Father! Stop! Enough!" she murmured in a broken voice, stretching out her hands to the priest; but sinking to the ground, she remained prostrate and deprived of consciousness.

At the same moment Catherine fell by her side, and Maurice and Gargaridi remained motionless with a fixed and glassy stare. An invincible slumber was weighing upon them. In vain did Kerdic strive to struggle against it and retain the free possession of his faculties. A more powerful force than his was at work and curbing his will. A few minutes after the magus had commenced his incantations the two men and the two girls were deep in the darkness of a magnetic sleep. And as soon as Goucha Nichin saw them at rest he ceased his chanting and gesticulations.

With a sharp crisp step he approached the semicircle where they lay.

Then, without closing the casket, he left the magic sun to burn and radiate under the convergent fire of the gold reflectors, and took up in his arms the inanimate body of Leila. Lifting the girl as if she had been a feather, he rushed out

of the sanctuary without a look at those he had condemned to die.

With a firm and assured step he followed the windings of the labyrinth and reached the entrance discovered by Maurice. He advanced through the scientific museum, and arrived without hesitation at the Swinging-Stone, which fell back into its place with a mournful sound, which lasted after he had passed through. He traversed the galleries at a rapid rate without seeming to notice that he carried Leila. The girl's long hair had become loose and swept the ground and raised the dust of ages. With rigid face and haggard look the fierce old man continued his way.

An hour after he had left the Temple, he appeared at the margin of the Goul Hek, carrying the inanimate Leila.

(To be continued.)

He laid her on the ground; then he put back the stone; then he leant over it, and, drawing a pointed tool from his breast, engraved on the stone a few mysterious characters.

Then he arose, resumed his journey, and, bowing to the moon, which was rising pale and troubled on the horizon, pursued his way with heavy steps towards the Tower of Silence.

THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE FINAL KICK.

Rollitt's return to Fellsgarth was almost as mysterious as his disappearance. He answered to his name at call-over next morning as if he had never missed a day this term. And as Dr. Ringwood and the other masters were present, and made no remark, it was generally concluded that the truant had turned up overnight and had it out with the authorities before bedtime.

Mr. Rollitt, senior, had departed. He had looked into Wally's study after the owner and his crew were in bed to get his bag, and had been driven down in the Doctor's fly to Penchurch.

It was also understood that most of the Classic seniors had dropped into Rollitt's study early that morning. To some he had said "Get out;" with others he had shaken hands. The captain had evidently been among the latter; as, on the notice board that morning, among the names of the fifteen who were to play the first match for the new clubs on Saturday against Penchurch, was that of Rollitt. The excitement caused by this discovery almost put into the shade for the time the equally remarkable fact that Clapperton and Brinkman were included in the same team.

Where Rollitt had been, and what he had been doing, remained a mystery. It was, of course, out of the question to ask him. Conjecture was rife, and was greatly assisted by the juniors, who hazarded all sorts of plausible explanations for the general benefit.

"Think he's been to Land's End?" said Wally. "I hear you can do it in a week—sharp walking."

"You can get to America in that time," said Lickford.

"Yes—he does seem to have rather a twang on him. Perhaps that's where he's been to," remarked D'Arcy.

"Pennybank coal mine's only fifty miles away," said Percy. "It runs under the sea ever so far. I should say it was a ripping place to hide in."

From which and other similar remarks it was concluded that the juniors had a much better notion as to where Rollitt had been than they chose to admit.

They eagerly embraced the first opportunity of going to the shop and investigating the scene of the mystery for themselves. They carefully locked the outer door against possible intruders, and then in Indian file ascended the stone ladder, and after it the corkscrew staircase.

The room in which they found themselves was pretty much as Rollitt had left it. It had evidently been made use of by a former lodge-keeper as a dwelling room, for there was a ragged paper on the wall, and an attempt here and there to board over dangerous holes in the floor. Besides which there was a rude shutter to the tiny window, by means of which no doubt Rollitt had succeeded in concealing his presence at night. The remains of a wood fire were on the hearth, and a candle end showed (what they already knew) that the hermit did not spend all his evenings in darkness.

More than this, in one corner still lay some of the wraps which he had evidently used to extemporise a bed. And an empty box on end in the window convinced them he had sat down during part of his residence. There was also a leaf of exercise paper and a Horace lying on the floor, which evidently had not been brought there by the owls. Altogether, as they looked round, they concluded that, but for the cold, he might have had worse quarters during his temporary exile.

But the discovery that delighted them most was a fragment of a newspaper in which were wrapped the not yet exhausted end of a ham, and half a biscuit!

Over these relics they dwelt with quite an affectionate interest, till somebody said:

"What did he have to drink? He didn't take any of our ginger beer, and there's no water here."

"Why, you duffer, of course he could get out any time he liked. It's only a latch on the door; any one can open it from inside. He could easily get down to the river in the night, and have a tub, and fetch up some water."

They decided that in future the shop committee, except when Mr. or Mrs. Stratton were present, should meet nowhere but in "Rollitt's chamber," as they forthwith christened the room, and proceeded to dedicate it to that use there and then.

"Do you know," said Wally, "that after we pay back Mr. Stratton what he lent us to start with, there'll be a clear £5 to give to the clubs out of the profits?"

"Not bad," said Percy. "They ought to put us in the first fifteen for that."

"Never mind," said D'Arcy; "they've got a jolly hot fifteen for Saturday, Rollitt and all of 'em. We ought to put the Penchurch chaps to bed for once, I fancy."

This was the general impression throughout the school; and as if to make up for the abstinence of the past few weeks, the fervour of the athletic set waxed high as the eventful day drew near. Yorke had out his men once or twice, practising kicks, and selecting where in the field each player could work to best advantage.

Rollitt, of course, did not attend these practices; but Clapperton and Brinkman did, and soon lost the embarrassment with which they first faced their old rivals and enemies. Corder was down too; dreadfully afraid lest by some mishap he should discredit himself and so be knocked out of his coveted place in the team. Mr. Stratton was on the spot also, advising and admonishing—as no one knew better how to do. Even the Doctor showed his interest in the new departure of the clubs by coming down too, and by giving directions to reserve seats in the pavilion for a party of his friends.

The only unenthusiastic person, except Rollitt, was Dangle. He tried at first to brazen it out, and came down to the field with a sneer on his face to look, so he said, "at the good boys exercising themselves." But the juniors soon routed him out of that attitude.

"Booh, hoo! Rollitt's coming! Wants to hear you call him a thief. Run—he'll catch you! Put it on, well run, Dangle, you've missed him this time. Coast's clear, now; you can come back. We'll protect you," and so on.

These attentions made Dangle's visits to the field less frequent. In school he kept the swagger up still longer.

"So," said he one day to Clapperton, "I thought you didn't approve of cutting fellows dead?"

"No more I do."

"Why do you do it, then?"

"Have you apologised to Rollitt?"

"No."

"Has Rollitt thrashed you?"

"No."

"When one or the other has happened

I shall be delighted to shake hands," said Clapperton.

The alternative was a dismal one, but Dangle saw no third way. Which course was least to be desired he could not for the life of him decide. A fight with Rollitt he knew would end disastrously. But to apologise—and in public!

. . . . . .

The reader has already had two football matches in the course of this story. He shall not be wearied with a third.

Suffice it to say the Penchurch men—men, not boys—presented themselves on the appointed day, and all Fellsgarth turned out to see the battle.

Fisher II scored one more triumph by bringing Rollitt up to the scratch, and so completing as sound and taut a team as Yorke had ever led on to victory.

Mrs. Stratton was there, wearing the school colours round her hat; and the Doctor was there with his field-glasses, pointing out the heroes of the school to his distinguished visitors.

This time, by much squeezing and mutual accommodation, the oak tree was made to hold nine persons. Who those nine were none could guess, unless indeed they happened to be standing within a hundred yards of the spot without cotton-wool in their ears.

From the first it went hard with Penchurch men. The school had never played up better. The scrimmages were beautifully packed, and the quarter and half backs were never off the spot. Only when, above the crowd, Rollitt's head was seen to be at work, and it was apparent he had waked up for a time, was there any risk of confusion. But Yorke's "Play on, Rollitt!" generally pulled the scrimmage together again, and warned friend and (after a time) foe what to expect.

There was no holding Rollitt back when he once made up his mind to get the ball through; and no stopping him when once he got fairly started on a run. Twice before half time and once after he scored a touch down. Twice Yorke did the same, and once Clapperton.

Corder discovered that a fellow does not always score, and yet may play a steady, useful game. He was disappointed that it was only left him to do the latter; and he set himself down as a failure. But Mr. Stratton put him on his feet wonderfully at the end.

"You've improved, Corder. You never played as well."

The others worked well, and contributed to the great result, and perhaps, better still, grudged no one his greater glory. It was Fellsgarth that was playing, not Fullerton, Ranger, Brinkman, Fisher I, or anybody else.

The final goal was Clapperton's. It was an historic event. For the first time in the match the Penchurch men had worked the ball up into the boys' quarters, and fears were being entertained lest, after all, they would save their "duck." The half backs and quarter backs of the school were squeezed in, all of a lump, between touch and goal; and those who looked on noticed with alarm that, as matters now stood, an easy drop kick from any of the enemy's forwards might capture the goal.

Rollitt was the first to put an end to this dangerous state of things. He bore down the scrimmage after his usual fashion, and succeeded, as he broke through, in getting the ball into his hands. But for once he could get no further. Twenty hands seized him and carried him to the ground, but not before he had sent back the ball into Fisher's hands.

"Back up now—hard and fast!" cried Yorke.

Never was order more beautifully carried out. Fisher held the leather long enough to pass it to Brinkman. Brinkman staggered on a yard or two and slipped it back to Denton. Denton made a yard or two more and passed it to Corder. Corder fell back with it into the arms of Ranger. Ranger let Corder drop, but captured the ball, and with one of his lightning swoops carried it out of the ruck for twenty yards, when, as he fell, Yorke came up and captured it. Yorke, alas, was cut short in his career before he had gone ten yards, but Clapperton was there to take it. Away he went, shaking off the nearest of his assailants and distancing others, till he too fell gloriously, with his body in play, and his hands in touch, thirty yards from the enemy's lines. The serried ranks formed up on either side. Clapperton, as he stood ball in hand, ready to throw in, passed his eye along the line of his friends, and stopped short of Yorke. Yorke understood. He caught the ball, and quick as thought, returned it to Clapperton; who, swooping round behind the line, got clear with it once more, and crossing the field, curving in all the way, carried into the enemy's lines at their far corner, whence with a wide sweep he brought it round right behind their posts, a beautiful climax to a beautiful piece of co-operative play.

As Mr. Stratton said, nothing all that term had been more hopeful of the new spirit of mutual confidence and support in the school, than this triumphant rally.

But the goal was yet to be kicked. To Yorke of course belonged the honour.

But Yorke, to every one's surprise, stood out.

"No," said he. "It's Clapperton's goal; he shall kick it."

So Fellsgarth, perhaps for the first and only time in its records, stood by and witnessed the phenomenon of its captain carrying out the ball and placing it for the vice-captain to kick.

It needed all Clapperton's nerve to save him from flurry and failure even over an easy task like this. But he pulled himself together and kicked the goal.

And with that kick he sent flying into the air the last remnant of the bad blood and jealousy which had marred the term and all but wrecked the good old school.

. . . . . .

Here let us say good-bye—perhaps not for good. For Yorke and Rollitt, and Clapperton and Fisher, and all of them, are still alive and kicking.

Rollitt, to the general regret, but to his own satisfaction, left Fellsgarth at the end of the term for the more congenial course of a school of engineering. Before he left he invited Fisher II to tea in his room, and alarmed that young gentleman by sitting for a whole hour without uttering a word. At length, when the guest had to leave, he said:

"Thanks, Fisher II. Thank those fellows of yours. Tell Yorke the money that bought the boat was what I had been saving for something else. I'll write to you. Get out, now."

That was the last of Rollitt.

Dangle never made up his mind either to apologise or take a thrashing. He never met Rollitt after the return of the latter. When breaking-up day came, he got an excuse to go home earlier than the general crowd; and when school reassembled in January it was known he had left Fellsgarth for good.

The two events of the breaking up "Hall" were—first the announcement by the Doctor that, at his request, Yorke would stay on another term at Fellsgarth; secondly, the presentation of a purse containing five pounds to the school clubs by the nine juniors, as the profits for the term on the business of the school shop.

Which of these two events produced the most terrific cheers the reader must take upon himself to decide.

. . . . . .

An hour later, Messrs. Wally, D'Arcy, Ashby, Fisher II, Percy, Cottle, Lickford, Ramshaw, and Cash, limited, walked arm-in-arm across the green, after a farewell call on Mrs. Stratton, on their way to the school omnibus which waited at the Watch Tower. Their progress was temporarily interrupted by the sudden bolt of Fisher II in pursuit of a lank, cadaverous figure, wearing the Modern colours, who was strolling innocently off in the direction of Mr. Forder's house.

"The young un's got 'em again," said Wally. "Here, come back, young Fisher II, can't you? We shan't wait."

Fisher II pulled up. He looked wistfully first at the retreating figure in the distance, then at his eight friends. With a sigh he decided on the latter; and for that term, at least, finally abandoned the quest of his unlucky half-crown.

It took some little time to arrange matters on the omnibus, as one or two innocent middle boys had had the audacity to occupy the box seat and the row behind, and had to be cajoled or pulled down. How could any one dare, when those two seats just held nine, to imagine that they were not sacred property?

"That's better," said Wally, when at last the party were safely up, with two rugs over their eighteen knees, and a gross of brandy balls circulating for the common comfort. "Touch 'em up, driver. Give 'em their heads! I tell you what, you chaps, this has been rather a slow half. I vote we have some larks next term."

"Rather!" chimed in the chorus.

(THE END.)



A very Rural Cricket Match.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* THOMAS DOWNEY.)

KANGAROOS AT A CRICKET MATCH.

A TRUE STORY.

ALLAN and Robert Hart prided themselves upon the fact that they had lived all their lives in the Bush. They were Bush boys, and desired no better fate. Their father owned what is called a station or run, in a thinly-populated part of New South Wales. People who lived fifteen miles away were called neighbours, and a distance of eight or ten miles was spoken of as next door.

Under these circumstances you would suppose a cricket match impossible; but our Bush boys are not fond of that word, and, except during the busy shearing or lambing seasons, they contrived to meet pretty often for a game.

One afternoon so large a party of young men and boys had assembled, that Mr. Hart's home was nearly surrounded by horses; some tied to rings in the wall, others to branches of trees. Cricket was the order of the day, and no one had eyes or thoughts for anything else. All at once a cry was heard, "Look at the kangaroos!" and there, sure enough, were two large kangaroos, sitting up side by side in a corner of the field, watching the game with grave interest.

In one moment the scene was changed as if by magic. The field was deserted, and each man and boy made a rush for his horse.

The sporting instinct is keen in young Australia. He is fond of cricket, but fonder still of a hunt. He will tell you that, as a kangaroo eats as much grass as a cow, it is the duty of every farmer's son to kill one when he can.

Our cricketers were only too eager to perform this duty. They sprang upon their horses, whistled up their dogs, and gave chase to the kangaroos. One was speedily overtaken and killed; the other bolted straight towards the house. The door stood open, and, to Mrs. Hart's dismay, it seemed disposed to seek refuge within; but, fortunately, it bounded past the door, round the corner, and over the hedge into the fields beyond.

Helter-skelter went the pursuing crowd of men, boys, and dogs, and the air was filled with shouts of laughter. At a little distance flowed a stream, called in the bush a creek. The kangaroo wisely decided to put this creek between himself and his pursuers. He reached the bank, and prepared for the vigorous bound needed to carry him to the further side. At this moment Allan rushed down the bank, and, as the animal rose, he caught hold of his tail and held on firmly with both hands.

A trial of strength between an "old man" kangaroo and a boy of fourteen could have but one end. Away went the kangaroo, boy and all, amidst the laughter of the spectators on the bank. But after all Allan had the best of it, for the "old man" in calculating his spring had not reckoned upon a stout boy hanging on to his tail; so, instead of landing, as he would have done, on the opposite bank, his jump ended in the middle of the creek, when he plunged his unwelcome follower into ten feet of cold water. Here the dogs soon put an end to the conflict, and Allan emerged from the creek, dripping from head to foot, but looking very jolly in spite of his ducking. His companions greeted him with peals of laughter and clapping of hands.

"Let those laugh who win," cried Allan, as he marched off homewards. "I caught the kangaroo."

And so he maintains to this day. J. C.

AMONGST THE FISHES.

A STRANGE STORY.

By C. J. HYNE,

Author of "Beneath Your Very Boots," "Currie Curtis & Co., Crammers," "Four Red Nightcaps," etc., etc.

PART I.

THERE could be no doubt of it. The valley was a *cul-de-sac*, and it could be entered and left only by the path we had come along.

The high grey rocks which bounded its sides glistened with the wet and shone with the slime of fungi. Ladders or wings alone could have taken a body to their summits. At the point where the two sides joined in semi-circle, a lusty stream leaped from a narrow self-cut dyke, glistening up there in its compactness like some huge polished icicle. By degrees it spread and whitened in its solid descent, passing from colourless water to white floury foam. Coming farther, it grew grey as the foam changed to mist, and falling on the chaos of tumbled boulders beneath in a fine close spray, with never so much as a splash or a hiss, soaked off in a myriad tiny tricklets to join the placid waters of the tarn. Small chance of a man ascending the channel of that stream.

The rocky walls were unscalable to the very heels of the horseshoe. There was but one way out of the valley, and that was by the path which had brought us in.

It did not take us long to discover this. Nor should we have had time for a lengthened survey had one been needed, for the foremost of the pursuers would crest the ridge in less than ten minutes' time. We understood now why they had slackened their pace when they saw us head towards this stony lake-basin. Knowing the country perfectly, they must have been fully aware that, once in the trap, they could deal with us at their leisure.

Mercy there was none to expect. There seldom was much of the divine quality in a Peruvian guerilla of the "'Eighties," and this particular band—that of José Esquinez—had shortly before been captured and punished by decimation.

Both my companion and I bore commissions in the Chilian service, and were even then in uniform. We had fought in the battle of Tacua in May 1880, when the main Peruvian army was routed, and again at Arica, when their southern force was exterminated. We had assisted in the defeat of that *levée en masse* which did battle before Lima in January 1881. I had been present at the unopposed occupation of the city. Since then we had both been engaged in suppressing the guerilla bands that, under a pretence of patriotism, plundered and slaughtered indiscriminately, and kept their unfortunate country in a state of perpetual anarchy.

For the original war there was, perhaps, some excuse. It was the natural boiling over of a long-simmering hate. For the desultory Peruvian warfare of '81–'82 not a good word could be said. It was simply the unauthorised resistance of individuals; and as such the Chilian authorities sought to put it down with a high hand. Most of the guerilla bands had been stamped out, and the haciendas and the villages were once more becoming the residences of civilians, and ceasing to be mere military garrisons.

Vaughan and I—we were both English by birth—tired of the unvarying round of life in Lima, where we were quartered, and thinking that at last the country had become tolerably quiet again, had taken our guns and ridden off to a village some thirty miles from the capital to try for a little sport. We lodged at a small posada in tolerable discomfort, but without the slightest dread of molestation. We had shared with all the villagers the hospitable glass of *yerba maté* (tea) and smoked with them the friendly cigarette. There was no disguising the fact that they were heartily glad the troubles were over, for now the country might have some chance of raising up its aching head again. And so we stayed on at our posada for a week.

But one morning, as we were discussing the thews and sinews of a particularly patriarchal specimen of the farmyard fowl, a girl came running into the patio with news that was the reverse of reassuring.

José Esquinez was "out," and, what was more to the point, was after us.

No; it was no use trying to ride back to Lima. He had strong patrols on each road, and both they and his main body were fast closing on the village.

It would be a bad hour for everyone when he came, and well might those small Peruvian farmers cry, "Preserve us from our friends;" for it seems that, after killing us, he would proceed to rob them for the crime of being our hosts.

For our own safety immediate action was necessary. José Esquinez was the most ruthless member of his unscrupulous profession. He never spared a prisoner, or hanged him, or knifed him, or had him shot. He lashed him up to a tree with raw-hide ropes, piled faggots around, and burnt his victim to death.

Now Vaughan and I had both risked death in battle and skirmish more than two score of times apiece, and I do not think that we were either of us given to showing the white feather. But when staying in a place meant a certainty of getting caught by a barbarian who would tie you up and roast you like an apple, why, then none but a fool would hesitate to bolt. And being quite of opinion that

two men—although English born—armed with shot-guns, cannot fight forty—although native Peruvian ragamuffins—armed with rifle and macheté, we made off for the hills as hard as we could go, forming no definite plan for eventual escape, but trusting that circumstances would suggest one.

As it turned out, our start was not a sufficiently long one, for we were "viewed" before we had cleared the village, and the chase continued at a hot pace for many miles. We could not increase the distance, for the pursuers were doggedly persistent; and they could not diminish it, for we were grimly determined. And so, with about two thousand yards separating the two parties, we tore across a plain that boasted of not an atom of cover, making for the rocky hills ahead, whose fastnesses would, we hoped, offer us a temporary asylum till nightfall.

We had both noticed the pace of the pursuers growing slacker as we breasted the slope, and, hoping that they were getting tired out, sprang forward with redoubled energy; but a brief exploration of the gorge we had run into showed us their reason in a flash.

Neither wasted breath in useless regrets. Vaughan said simply, "They're not going to get me alive;" and I added, "Same with me."

We both intended to cross the Styx with as large a company as possible, and so looked about us for some position that would serve as a temporary fort. No place could have been less adapted for the purpose. The lake filled almost all the floor of the valley, and the cliffs came down to meet its narrow foreshore in lines that were almost as straight as the side of an unbuttressed house.

"We must get amongst these boulders under the fall," said I, and Vaughan remarked, "Oh, very well," as if it didn't in the least matter whether we went or not. He did not offer to move though, so I said impatiently, "Come along; there's no time to waste, and we may find a snug nook that is hidden from here."

"Wait a bit," said he. And then, after a momentary silence, broke out again. "By the Incas' crown, I've got it. Fill your pockets with stones. There, don't stop to argue, but do as I tell you. Now come into the water. Quick, quick! Here, take this reed. I've cut a hole in it just below the flowering top. Now wade out till the water is shoulder deep, and sit down on the bottom, with the end of the stem in your mouth. You'll be able to breathe easily. Down with you. Here they come!"

. . . . . .

Instinctively I had drawn a deep breath before diving beneath the surface; and what with that, and the air in my clothes, and the natural inclination of a non-swimmer to battle the unstable element with his hands, my legs were off the oozy bottom before my head was well under the surface. But the water soaking rapidly through the garments, aided by the stones with which they were laden, adjusted matters, and down I sank on to the soft, pulpy mud.

Again guided by instinct, I suppose, one hand closed my nostrils, whilst the other steadied the reed; but for a full minute I was too dazed to change the air-supply of my lungs. The cold, swishing water buzzed in my ears and filled my brain with din indescribable. It slid in and about my heated body, almost paralysing me with its snowy shock. The weird feeling of bodily lightness was, to one utterly unaccustomed to it, unnerving to the highest degree.

A squirming eel, disturbed in his noisome bed, moved from beneath my legs with convulsive wriggles. Some slimy weed-tendrils crept like living creatures against my cheek. Everything militated against keeping the position. Indeed, so great was the initial horror that, had it not been through fear of betraying Vaughan by doing so, I should have stood up and taken my chance. But the knowledge that I held his life in the same hand as my own fairly shamed the terror out of me; and, with a violent effort of will, I dragged my scattered senses into action again.

Perhaps the air in my lungs, which was momentarily becoming thicker and fouler, had something to do with this mental recollection. My head was beginning to throb violently, as though the curdled blood could scarce pass through its accustomed channels, and my closed eyelids were brightened with meteors, the cause of whose flashings was not far to seek. A myriad daggers were stabbing my chest, and there was not a limb but had its own separate ache.

I emptied my surcharged lungs through the reed with a convulsive gasp, and felt the lower portions of my frame sink deeper into the soft mud beneath. And then, with a timorous tremble, I began to suck down a fresh draught of the pure, sweet air from above.

What nectar! 'Twas a draught for the gods! The very same air that I had breathed for two and thirty years, and still never appreciated. One hears of shipwrecked men going into ecstasies over a cup of water. But air, air is the greatest gift. Water one can do without for a day, two days, sometimes nearly a whole week. But air, sweet, life-giving air, is never valued at its full till once for a few short seconds it has been cruelly withheld. And then one classes the world's riches from a far different standpoint.

The great joy of that aërial draught changed me to another man—brought me back, in fact, to my old self; and, with returning volition, I noticed the extreme chill of the medium which surrounded me. Snow water originally, it had coursed down deep ravines, whose glowering shades were little kissed by the sunlight, and lay, black and sullen, in this high mountain tarn. My teeth chattered behind closed lips, and my knees beat a silent rat-tat against one another.

Of course I could not hear the knees. I could hear nothing, in fact, for the buzzing had ceased in my ears, and all around was a dead and solemn silence. That I was not surprised at. A professional diver had once told me that he never heard the explosion of a mine which had inadvertently been fired close to him. He saw it, though, from behind the glasses of his helmet; and the memory of that episode reminded me that good swimmers can always open their eyes when under water.

The obvious deduction was that I could open mine, for a non-swimmer should surely labour under no disability in this respect.

I tried—and failed.

The eyelids strained upwards in response to the muscular effort, but the lashes remained immovably glued to the lower lids. I pondered over this phenomenon for a minute or so, taking copious draughts of the new-found joy in the meanwhile to refresh my thoughts. My eyelids had never failed me in similar fashion before, and there was no apparent reason why they should do so now. They had received no injury. The water pressure was trivial, and, though cold, they were not at all numbed. Besides, none of the other facial muscles were in the least degree paralysed; for, when I twitched at them, they answered readily enough to the call.

So bent on discovery, I forced up the left lid with the fingers of the hand which held my nose. The result was satisfactory. There was a slight sting as the cold water impinged upon the eye-ball, but nothing further. And, moreover, the right eye, as if taking example from its fellow, opened of its own accord.

A new world lay before me, with a ground, an atmosphere, and a sky—or, rather, a kind of flat glazed ceiling—all complete. Everything was novel. The shrubs and the trees and the flowers were a law unto themselves, and in no wise resembled those draggled vegetables which dredge or grappling iron brings up into the open air. In their own medium the delicate fronds and foliage wave gracefully to the gusts and then sweep proudly back to rest again. The birds of this strange region had scales instead of feathers, but in other points they were vastly like the rest of birds. Here was one poising motionless, like a sparrow-hawk. There, one swooped like a rook. There was another darting about in intricate zig-zag like a jack, snipe.

But the roof of this strange world was its most marvellous attribute.

Looking straight upwards, nothing intervened between my eyes and a bank of fleecy white cloud, sailing in stately grandeur some five miles overhead. Glancing in a more horizontal direction, the lake-bottom was reflected in what appeared to be a transparent mirror floating on the surface.

Vaughan I could see nowhere, and so turned round in some apprehension, but only to find him just behind me. His back was turned, and I noted that a shoal of small fish, evidently mistaking him for food, were darting amongst the floating ends of his hair; and, shuddering, wondered whether others were paying me a similar piece of attention.

That shudder very nearly brought about a catastrophe. Having grown familiar with the breathing apparatus, I neglected to treat it with jealous care, and allowed my teeth to grip tightly on the green stalk. It split, and immediately I began to feel water trickling into my mouth. I spluttered and coughed, and well-nigh choked, but luckily preserved presence of mind enough to keep the hollow tube covered with my lips. Had it been left open for a minute, the water would instantly have filled the cavity, and I should have had perforce to come to the surface. But, as it was, although well-nigh strangled with the exertion, I managed to keep the communication clear, and by degrees to manipulate the crack so that its leakage was infinitesimal.

But the mental and physical strain of the little adventure was so great, that I was fain to sit quiet for some time without making any more hazardous experiments. Besides, the movement of my body had stirred up the fine silt all around, and the water was consequently so turbid that vision was for the nonce wholly obstructed.

Then a cramp seized my right leg, and I suffered an agony, awful even to look back upon. It was as if red-hot pincers were tearing the flesh from the bone, and yet, like Prometheus' liver, the flesh grew again, to endure fresh tortures. Had the trial occurred sooner I should have dropped the reed and sunk back to die. But now, like the cannula in the throat of one who has undergone tracheotomy, the breathing tube, so to speak, worked without irritation or conscious effort, and, life being sweet, I grimly bore the pain though it made me fairly sick. By degrees it passed away, and the limb grew almost dead, and I sat on my slimy seat dully careless of what was going on around me. I had but one wish, and that was that the leaden minutes would fly by without harassing me with further thought or further pain.

(To be continued.)

SEASIDE BIRDS AS PETS.

By W. T. Greene, M.D., M.A., etc.,

Author of "Some Favourite Foreign Birds," etc.

PART I.

At first sight it does not appear likely that creatures accustomed to "a life on the ocean wave," and the enjoyment of unbounded space and perfect freedom, could be reconciled to an existence in captivity, but rather that they would, as soon as they found themselves prisoners—"cribbed, cabined and confined" within the restricted boundaries of even the largest aviary—dash violently against the bars, and perish from their self-inflicted injuries, or sulk and pine away, preferring a slow and lingering death from inanition, to life under such conditions as would alone be theirs to endure for the remainder of their days.

Not at all; they are far too sensible for any such sentimental nonsense, and know the value of life too well to voluntarily sacrifice it for any considerations of the kind; so they wisely make a virtue of necessity, and not only continue to exist, but live very happily and contentedly too, making the most of such accommodation as may be provided for them, be it ample, or moderate only.

The question now arises, what is the best way to keep sea and shore birds in confinement? To which I reply: the large enclosure at the "Zoo," recently constructed for the use of the waders and various kinds of aquatic fowl forming part of the Society's unrivalled collection, comes up pretty nearly to my ideal of what an aviary for their reception should be.

There is a sloping bank covered with trees and shrubs, a good-sized sheet of water, with plenty of flags, water lilies, and oth er aquatic plants growing in and around it, and a broad strip of grass also furnished with plenty of cover, the whole surmounted and enclosed by a framework of iron covered with wire, which effectually keeps in the birds, and cats, rats, and other predacious animals out.

Of course it is not every boy who can afford to have such an aviary, even on a reduced scale, but if there is a small pond available, and a wire fence some three or four feet high be placed about it, at a convenient distance from the water, a very nice collection of water-fowl may be kept with very little trouble.

An island in the pond is very desirable, and if the birds are pinioned no covering will be necessary, that is no wire covering, for little sheds and shrubs should always be provided, the former for the birds to sleep in, and the latter for shelter from the sun. Pinioned birds, I may add, can always be obtained from Mr. Castang in Leadenhall Market; and as the operation of pinioning requires to be done skilfully, I advise the boy who thinks of starting a duckery not to attempt it himself, but to buy his birds ready prepared for the aviary; of course, if the latter can be covered over, no such operation will be required.

I do not think it necessary to enter minutely into details of construction, as these will of necessity depend on a variety of circumstances, but given the land, the pond, some iron rods, or wooden stakes, and a sufficient quantity of suitable wire netting, an ingenious boy will soon be able to construct a fitting receptacle for a nice collection of aquatic pets.

Such being the case, I shall at once proceed to indicate the species that I consider most likely to thrive in confinement, and will begin with the gulls, many of which have been kept for years at the "Zoo," where some of them have even bred, and all appear to be of opinion that a life in captivity is still very well worth living.

As I have stated elsewhere, there are a great many kinds of gulls, and very beautiful objects they are, whether seen gracefully poised on buoyant wing, or lightly riding on the foam-tipped wave, but always on the look-out for prey, and in confinement they are very pretty too, and adapt themselves very quickly to their altered circumstances.

The herring-gull (*Larus argentatus*) is perhaps that most frequently met with on our coasts; it is readily tamed, and is often kept in gardens and plantations, where it is found to be of use in destroying worms and snails.

The lesser black-backed gull (*Larus fuscus*) is another familiar species, equally susceptible of domestication as the former, with which it has on several occasions paired in the Zoological Gardens, where the hybrids have been successfully reared.

In confinement both species may be fed on any scraps of meat and fish, as well as snails and worms; mice and small birds, too, are readily eaten, and Mr. Morris relates an anecdote of a tame herring-gull that used to catch sparrows and swallow them alive. He was on the best of terms with some pigeons, and when these birds were being fed, the sparrows, of course, would come down for their share, and the gull, walking among them, with head down, as if intent on picking up the corn, would pick up the poor little birds themselves instead, and bolt them whole, "without giving them time to shut their eyes." Occasionally, too, the same gull would spring from the ground and catch a bird as it flew past, or he would knock it down with a blow of his wing.

The common or white gull (*Larus canus*) is a smaller bird than either of the preceding, than which it is of a more amiable disposition, so that it may be allowed to consort with smaller and more defenceless creatures, without fear of its doing them an injury.

Without entering into further particulars concerning these birds, I may say that all gulls are susceptible of being tamed, and may be kept in confinement with the greatest readiness, providing they have access to water and are fed on the lines indicated; they are exhaustively treated of in Morris's "British Birds," where a life-like portrait in colours is given of every species that has even once been seen in the British Isles.

Nearly related to the gull family, and occupying in the "List" of the Zoological Society the place immediately succeeding them, are the terns, which are among the most beautiful and graceful of birds. Many of them have been included in private as well as in public collections, where they should be fed as suggested for their larger relations, with the addition of as much insect food as possible; they are very partial to shrimps and sand-hoppers, which a boy living anywhere near the sea would have no difficulty in obtaining for them, but they should not be placed in the company of such tyrants as the skuas and other large gulls.

The cormorants (*Phalacrocoracidæ*) have done very well at the "Zoo," where they have bred repeatedly, and successfully reared their young. Their diet should consist mainly of fish, but they will also eat a little raw meat. The nest is made of sticks, which are massed together on a flat stone so as to make a very considerable pile.

A pair of these birds will live amicably with gulls, ducks, geese, or other large birds, but are not to be trusted with those that are less powerful than themselves. Two species frequent the British Isles, namely, the common cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carbo*), and the green cormorant or shag (*P. graculus*). They are trained to fish for their owner by the Chinese, and are very graceful and active in their movements in the water, if a trifle clumsy on land.

In swimming, the head and neck only are seen above the surface, the body being entirely submerged. They like a high perch, where they can sit and preen their feathers and flap their wings by the hour together.

Nearly related to the cormorants is the gannet or solan goose (*Sula bassana*), one of the largest of our native marine birds, and a handsome one to boot; it is capable of domestication, and can be perfectly tamed.

The shear-waters (*Puffini*) come next, and differ from the birds we have been briefly considering by making their nests in burrows under ground, so that if it is thought desirable to include a pair of them in a collection of marine, or littoral, birds, their aviary should be provided with a substantial bank sloping up gradually from the water's edge, in which they would be able to dig a burrow suitable for containing their eggs and young.

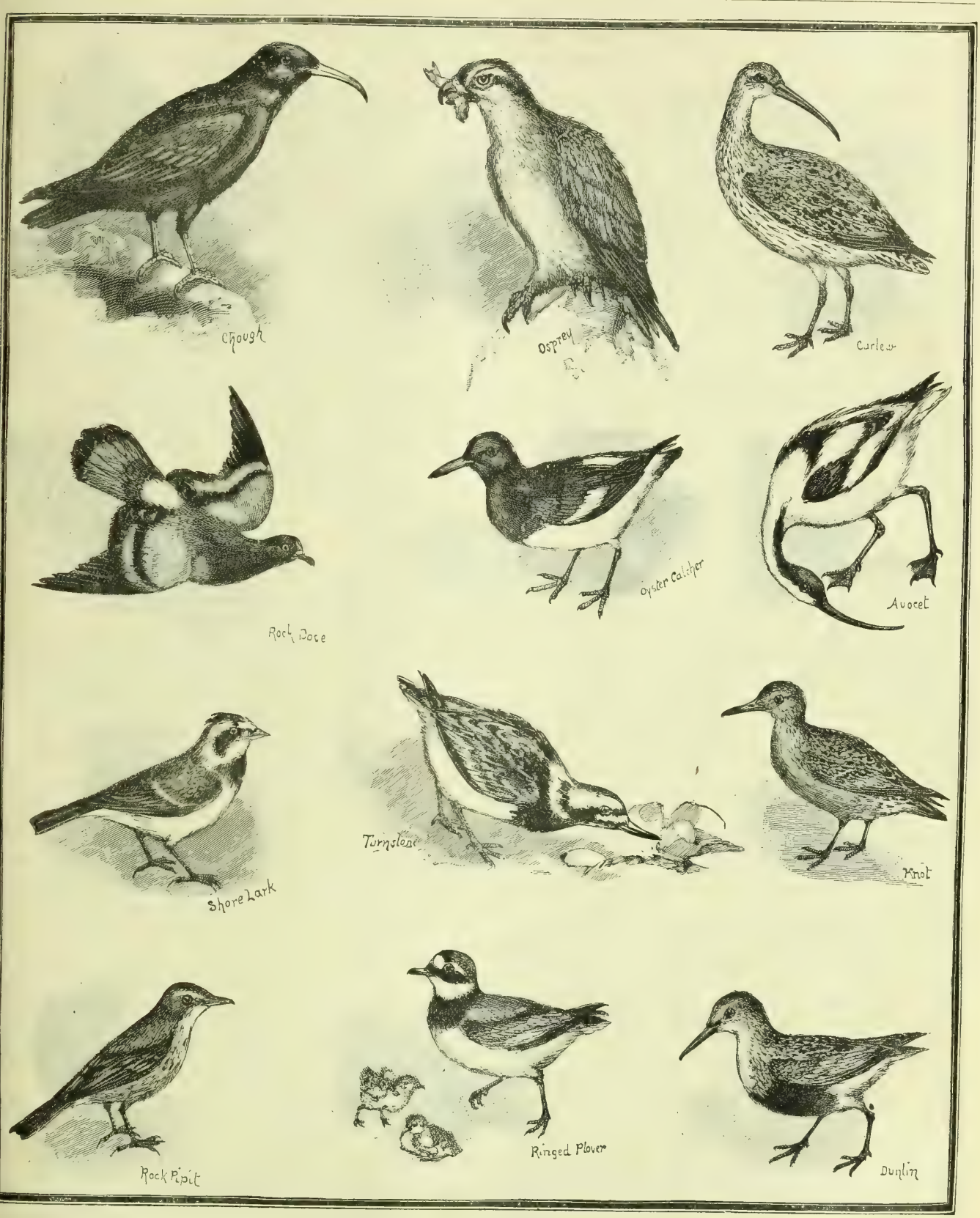
The name of shear-water is given to these handsome birds in consequence of their peculiar habit of swimming with their mouths wide open, and their lower mandible submerged beneath the surface; they are mainly nocturnal in their habits, and not very active in the day-time, which they pass either snugly ensconced in their burrows or under the shelter of a clump of grass or flags or some thick shrub.

The petrels are the next on our list, but I know of no instance in which any of them have been domesticated; yet, given a suitable enclosure and appropriate food, I see no reason why they should not be tamed as well as their larger relations, though, from their dingy colour and unattractive appearance when on land, I must admit there is not much inducement for keeping them.

The divers, on the contrary (*Colymbidæ*), are handsome and graceful creatures, and can be readily accustomed to confinement.

The most desirable species are the great northern diver (*Colymbus glacialis*), essentially a shore bird, about the size of a small goose; the black-throated diver (*C. arcticus*); and the red-throated diver (*C. septentrionalis*); all of which are birds of swift and powerful flight, and swim and dive with graceful ease, so that in captivity, when debarred from exercising themselves in the air, they require free access to a plentiful supply of water.

The auk family (*Alcidæ*), which includes the razorbill, the puffin, the little auk, and the guillemot, may all be kept in confinement, but are not as well adapted for such an existence as the species already mentioned; however, I have known of instances where the last-named (the guillemot) has



(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* A. F. Lydon.)

been thoroughly tamed and made a most delightful pet.

Swans are too big, unless there is a good-sized lake for their reception, in which case they constitute one of the greatest attractions of a sheet of ornamental water, but there are some of our native geese that are well suited for forming part of such a collection of marine birds as I am writing about; the pink-footed goose (*Anser brachyrhynchus*), for instance, the bean goose (*A. segetum*), and the bernacle goose (*A. bernicla* or *Bernicla leucopsis*), are handsome birds of medium size that occur to me; they can all be perfectly tamed, and are easier to cater for than the fish-eaters, seeing that their diet consists almost entirely of vegetables and grain.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO SET BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.

By Rev. Theodore Wood, f.e.s.

As quite a number of letters have lately been received by the Editor of the "B. O. P.," begging that full instructions may be given in the Correspondence column for setting and preserving butterflies and moths —a task about as possible, by the way, as that of putting a gallon of water into a pint vessel —I propose, in this paper, to offer a few practical hints upon the subject, which is one of the greatest importance to every lepidopterist.

In the first place, then, several corked setting-boards of different sizes will be required. Do not attempt to make these for yourself. Cork is an awkward material to work with, and everything depends upon getting the two sides of the board smoothly and evenly bevelled.

If you can afford it, purchase a "drying-cage" at once. This will cost you from 10*s.* 6*d.* to 15*s.* 6*d.*, according to size, and will contain a number of actual setting-boards, a flat board, also corked, for the temporary storage of specimens, and a drawer divided into four compartments, for the accommodation of pins, card braces, and setting-needles. The centre of the door will be cut away, and the space filled in by a sheet of perforated zinc. If you are wise, you will remove the whole of the back, and replace it by the same material. The great requisite for thorough drying is a free passage of air; and by taking this precaution you will be saved from many a "sprung" specimen in after days.

If you cannot manage a drying-cage, get a few separate boards. These are sold of different widths, from half an inch (for "pugs," and other small *geometræ*) to about five inches (for the larger hawk-moths). The most useful sizes are the inch and a half and two inch. These will cost you about 8*d.* or 9*d.* apiece, while the larger sizes run up to 1*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.* You *must* have several boards of different sizes, for it is quite impossible properly to set a large moth upon a small board, or *vice versâ*.

Now as regards setting-needles. Do not waste money in buying these, for you can easily make them by thrusting a few fine needles, eye end first, for about two-thirds of their length, into lucifer matches. It will be as well to turn the tip of one of the needles into a hook, by the aid of a spirit lamp and a pair of pliers, for the purpose of getting at refractory legs

You will want a quantity of card braces, too. These are mostly triangular in shape, with a base sufficiently broad to bear the passage of a stout pin without splitting. For the larger moths, however, it is best to cut them in the form of very much elongated parallelograms, so that they can be fastened down by pins at both ends. The thickness of the card should depend upon the size of the insects. For most of the *geometræ* ordinary visiting cards will do very well; for the "pugs" note paper will be better still; while for the tiger and puss moths and the larger hawks the "thick" form of post-card will not be at all too stout. It is a good plan always to have a stock of these braces in readiness.

Of pins you will require two kinds. The first of these will be the ordinary pins of the drapers' shops, of which you will need a goodly supply, for use with the card braces; the second, the true "entomological" pins, you must procure from one of the natural history dealers. E. G. Meek, of 56 Brompton Rd., London, S.W., supplies them in all sizes, gilt or plain, at 1*s.* the box. Or you can get an ounce, consisting of four sizes mixed, at the same price. I do not recommend this latter plan, as my own experience convinced me that dealers have a notion that one only cares about collecting such big creatures as goat-moths, hawks, and red underwings; for pins of the "hedge-stake" character abound, while those of the really useful sizes are scarcely represented. The best plan is to write for a pattern-card of sizes.

Gilt pins, although rather more expensive, are far better than plain, inasmuch as they are not liable to become coated with verdigris. I do not know anything much more annoying than to find the thorax of a valuable moth almost concealed from sight by a mass of this horrible green stuff, as a consequence of the corrosion of the metal. You cannot remove the pin without damaging the insect, and the specimen is practically ruined.

Some of the dealers sell pins coated with black varnish. These are not equal in appearance to the gilt, but are said to answer the purpose equally well.

Now let us suppose that you have boards, needles, pins, and braces all in readiness, and are anxious to begin operations.

First of all, select a pin ("entomological," of course) proportioned to the size of your insect. The great mistake made by all beginners is that of using pins of too large a size; and one sees a poor little "blue" butterfly transfixed by a weapon that would have done duty for a hawk-moth! Here is a list of the proper sizes to employ:—

For the larger hawk-moths, No. 12; for the smaller, No. 13; for stout-bodied *noctuæ*, such as the great yellow underwing, No 6; for the smaller *noctuæ*, swifts, burnets, etc., No. 8; for the larger *geometræ* (swallow-tail, etc.), No. 17; for the smaller ("carpets" and "thorns"), No. 15; for the "waves" and "pugs," No. 10. The pins should *not* be too thin, or they are sure sooner or later to bend.

Having chosen your pin, hold the butterfly or moth which is to be set between the finger and thumb of the left hand, so that the wings are pressed slightly upwards. Then pass the pin carefully through the exact centre of the thorax, but in a slightly slanting direction, so that while the head leans slightly forwards, the point comes out between the third pair of legs. Hold the pin very firmly and steadily during this operation, for the thorax of some moths is very hard and slippery, so that the point may glance, and tear away some of the delicate plumes. Run the pin through to such a distance that the moth, when subsequently transferred to the cabinet, may be raised well above the surface of the papered cork.

Some moths bleed when they are pinned, and you must have a piece of blotting paper at hand to soak up the liquid before it can mat the hairs. If this is not done *at once*, the specimen will be completely spoiled.

Now fasten the insect down upon a setting-board of appropriate size, taking care to pin the body in the exact centre of the groove. Prepare the necessary number of card braces by passing a stout pin a little way through the base of each, and place them ready to hand. Then, with one of the setting-needles, draw one of the fore-wings carefully forward, until the tip is just a very little in advance of the head. Fasten it down with a brace, so placed as to press upon it firmly, but not too hard, and then draw up the lower wing into position behind it, and secure it in the same manner. Do the same with the wings of the opposite side, taking great care to make them correspond with those which you have already braced down.

The setting-needle should never be allowed to pierce the wing. Some clumsy setters are very careless about this, and in the wings of all their specimens you may notice more or less jagged holes, quite ruining the appearance of the insects. Place the point *against* the principal nervure of the wing, and in almost every case you will be able to draw it into position without difficulty.

Occasionally the hinder wing of a moth becomes dislocated, so that it lies *above* instead of below the upper. In such a case it must be replaced with very great care. Close by the base is a slender but strong hook, which fits into a groove beneath the upper wing, and locks the two firmly together; and most of the failures in replacing a dislocated wing are due to forgetfulness of the existence of this hook.

The number of braces required for a butterfly or moth depends entirely upon the species. It is far better to have too many than too few. Some of the smaller *geometræ* can be set quite well with only a single brace for the two wings of each side; large moths, such as the goat, the tiger, and the hawks, will require four or five. Be very careful about the edges of the wings. These, especially in large but thin-bodied moths, have a decided tendency to curl up; and it is well, therefore, to press them down upon the board by an extra brace, fastened, if need be, by a pin at either end.

Now see to the antennæ and legs. The former are sometimes very troublesome, and require a lot of manipulation before they will consent to lie evenly in position. Remember that they are very delicate organs; and bear this in mind especially in *removing* the pins, before lifting the dried insects from the boards. The front and hinder legs should always be shown, if possible. You can mostly hook these out by the judicious use of the curved needle; and a couple of crossed pins will fasten them down in their place.

It is well, also, to secure the abdomen in the same manner, for this is very apt, in many species, to be drawn upwards as the body dries, so that the specimen presents a very unsightly appearance.

A few hours after setting, just give a look at your boards, to see that nothing has gone wrong. Until I learnt wisdom by experience, I lost many a valued specimen through neglecting this precaution.

It is a good plan to pencil on one of the braces of each insect the date on which it was set. A glance at this will tell you when it is ready to be taken off the board. As a general rule, no insect should ever be removed in less than a week, and that only in warm, dry weather; and the large, stout-bodied species should be left for a fortnight or three weeks.

Some collectors put their setting boards in a warm oven, in order to accelerate the process of drying. But I do not at all recommend the practice. It has a great tendency to shrivel the wings, for one thing; and if the oven should be the least little bit *too* hot, your specimens will be completely spoilt.

If you do not possess a drying cage, put the boards away in a dry place, where they will be protected from mice, earwigs, and dust. If you are anything of a carpenter, you will no doubt rig up a very satisfactory drying house for yourself. A lump or two of camphor—or, better still, a little napthaline —placed inside the cage, will keep away the mites. And of course you will have a supply of the same substance in each of your drawers or store-boxes. If this be placed in a flat cardboard pill-box (white, not red), it can be firmly pinned in the corner of the case, without presenting the unsightly appearance of the ordinary bag of muslin. Of course a number of holes must be pierced in the lid of the pill-box; and the contents must be renewed from time to time.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

"B. O. P." Canoes on the Shannon.

J. White, of Limerick, sends us quite a lengthy account of an interesting trip he and other members of his family made last year on the Shannon. "My brother and I," he writes, "made two canvas canoes according to the instructions given in the 'B. O. P.' a few years ago [*now reprinted in 'Indoor Games and Recreations'*]. Mine is 15 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 14 inches deep, and could carry three persons nicely. Bob's was 11½ feet long by 2½ feet beam, and could comfortably carry one person, as well as a small box we brought to keep provisions in." The canoe-builders were accompanied by their father and younger brother, and the cruise seems to have been a most successful one.

Thomas and John.

Thomas and John were the best of good boys:
They studied their books, and cared nothing for toys;
They went to a highly respectable school,
Where they learnt every lesson and kept every rule.
And whenever a stranger dropped in to request
The master to tell him which boys were the best,
The master would say, while the boys all looked on,
"The best of my pupils are Thomas and John."

And then if the stranger, desiring to test
The reply of the master that these were the best,
Had asked which was Thomas, and which was young John,
And which was the bench they were sitting upon,
He would probably walk to the place where they were,
And take up his stand just in front of the pair;
While Thomas his lesson would eagerly con,
And *his* lesson, equally fixedly, John.

Then the stranger would say, while with kindness he shone,
"Well, John!" or "Well, Thomas!" Then Thomas or John,
Whichever he spoke to, would start from his pose,
And express by his new one, right down to his toes,
The deepest respect and the greatest attention
To whatever the stranger should happen to mention.
The one not addressed, whether Thomas or John,
Would, resisting temptation, read stolidly on.

"Well, John," or "Well, Thomas," the stranger would ask,
"Do you like, then, to work at your difficult task?"
Then the smile, as of heaven, that lit up the lad's face,
And his ardent "Oh yes, sir!" had moved the most base.
Delighted, the stranger would question the two,
And their "Yes, sirs," and "No, sirs," fell sweet as the dew.
And the chances were great that, before he was gone,
He had tipped pretty well both young Thomas and John.

All went well with the twain till the day fixed by fate
For the master to rise and to solemnly state,
That the gentleman who in the neighbourhood saved best
Had promised a prize to the boy who behaved best.
Thus betwixt John and Thomas a rivalry grew,
Which should be counted the first of the two.
And this is the course that was entered upon
With ardour unflinching by Thomas and John:

They came in the morning as soon as they rose,
They traversed the floor on the tips of their toes,
They set down their books with no atom of noise,
And they spoke not a word to the rest of the boys.
They pleaded to come to the school on half-holidays,
And this when the days were especially jolly days;
And whenever the master the school would dismiss,
They were sure to cry, "Please, sir, can't I finish this?"

Matters came to a climax. The master one day,
Having something important to Thomas to say,
Called him up to his desk. What amazement he feels
When young Tom hobbles up on the points of his heels!
"Why, Tom, what's the matter?" astonished, he cries.
"Please, sir, my boots creak," young Thomas replies.
With behaviour like this there can nothing compete,
And John is compelled to take quite a back seat.

It was too much for John. That unfortunate lad,
From the best among good boys, grew worst among bad.
The lines that he wrote, and the times he stayed in,
Showed a really appalling persistence in sin.
Young Tom gained the prize, and from all that I hear
Has since had a highly successful career;
The less said the better of John's goings on.
Here ends the dull fable of Thomas and John.

My Friend Bean.

Among my desk-neighbours at Chelminster, I think the liveliest and the least lucky was a Yorkshire boy of the name of Bean. He was known as French Bean because of his *not* distinguishing himself in the study of the polite tongue, and because he distinguished himself not a little in his endeavour to discover the limits of endurance on the part of the unfortunate gentleman whose unhappy lot it was to instruct us graceless urchins in "parlayvoo."

Poor M. Dubarle! How we worried him! I see him now, a big stout man, who stood at least 5 feet 11 inches, and whose circumference I hardly like to guess. His large head was covered with a wild mass of iron-grey hair, which "Mossoo" seemed able to erect at will, like quills upon the fretful porcupine when that most uncomfortable of creatures gets into a "wax."

You already see that our French master was no miserable, half-educated starveling, as we are too often apt to read about. Dubarle was of high University standing, and a linguist of more than usual attainments, speaking six languages well; English, however, was not one of them. Always scrupulously clean and neat in person and dress, and with a courtesy that only a born Frenchman can dare to aspire to, Dubarle was rather liked by the better-disposed boys; but the lazy and cheeky ones had reason to be careful, for when Mossoo got on the warpath it was no joke.

Bean loved him not, and was for ever wrangling about impôts left undone. I must say it was rather jolly to listen to these two engaged in a wordy war. I only wish I could do justice to it. Fancy the unfortunate Mossoo, in a towering passion, pouring forth a mixture of the queerest English and most unparliamentary French; while Bean replied in the broadest North-country twang, purposely exaggerated for the amusement of an ever-admiring audience.

I remember one afternoon particularly well. Bean said to me as we went into the class-room, "Look out for larks, old fellow. They say music hath charms to soothe the 'savage beast.' I am going to try it on that old 'French beast' to-day."

"How do you mean to do it?" I asked.

"See!" said Bean; and he triumphantly produced a tiny musical box playing four airs. "I mean to start this if old Dubarle goes on at me to-day. He is pretty safe to, for I don't know a word of my *Rouillon* (dialogue), and can't show a line of *Charley Doo*" (Charles XII., Life by Voltaire, which we were translating).

"I say, Bean," I replied; "surely you won't be such an ass as to start that thing in form? You will get the worst of it."

"Long der sla mongammy!" said Bean, who meant "loin de cela"=slang for "Not a bit of it, my friend!"

Presently in came the Professor, radiant with smiles consequent upon a good dinner. I was rather a favourite of his.

"Ah, Smeeth, monpetitbonom! I do hope you learn your lessong again *parfaitement*."

"Ohweem'su!" I would reply, in the choicest Chelminster accent.

"Eh, bien! Allons! Commençons! Ah, Beeen! please show me your *poena* (impôt). *Vot* you say? Not have done it? Expliquez donc! Queek—vaste no time!"

"Just what *I* say—no time, m'soo."

"Ah, you idle Beeeen! vot for I tell you these lots of times? You shall surely be caned! Well—write it out *seex* time. Now for the translation. Beeen, your *traduction*. Eh! Not have done it? O! you terrible Beeen! Oh, méchant! You writes her out seex times." And so on.

We next come to dialogue, which goes pretty well until the luckless Bean is put on. "Combien de livres le garçon a-t-il?" asks the master. "Elle ar—ar—ellenar—ar—!" says Bean, and sticks. "Ah, you incomprehensible Bean, you—you—! *Vot* is that? —Eh?" The musical box, muffled in a handkerchief and buried in the depths of Bean's desk, began to discourse sweet melody. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" flowed forth *con expressione* as music books say. The class was already set by the ears, but the savage beast was *not* soothed in the least. Rather the reverse. In due course "Annie Laurie" followed on, and Dubarle became savage. Of course no one knew whence the sound came. Oh, no! Click! "Bonnie Dundee" now booms forth. I saw Bean slip his hand into the desk furtively, as if endeavouring to stop the machinery, but in vain. By this time all work was at an end.

Dubarle was furious, and rose from his seat to investigate. A pause in the music. Click! "A Cure, a Cure, a perfect Cure; you are a perfect Cure!" burst forth in all its grandeur. Quite a shout of laughter followed. This was too much. Mossoo made a wild swoop at Bean, hauled him out, cuffing him well right and left, and opened the desk, while the dying notes of the offending box of music asserted that M. Dubarle, Bachelier ès Lettres, University of Paris, was a *Perfect Cure*.

"Ingle," said Mossoo, when he could breathe again, "you take this name to the Head Master this *instant même!*"

It happened that the Head was in London for some days on business. We grinned. But Mr. Stanton was in command *pro tem.*, and we soon knew it.

"Ah, I see how it is," said Stanton. "Bean, fetch my cane from my room."

Now Bean was a well-grown, plump lad of 15, still in short Eton jacket and remarkably close-fitting trousers, which showed off the style of his build to perfection. Presently he came back with the cane, demure enough, I assure you.

"Stand out against that wall," said the master, grasping the cane. Bean gave one imploring look. But he had gone just a *leetle* too far with his tricks, and retribution had come. Then he received as sound a hiding as cane, well laid on by a strong and well-practised arm, could give him, before the whole form.

When Bean stripped for bed that night, the state of his skin was neither fair nor beautiful to see; and if he reckons Stanton's cane as an "*auld* acquaintance," I am sure it will not be forgot, though whether it proved a perfect cure it is not for me to say!

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

Writing Competition.

[*Continued from p.* 607.]

Eighth Division (*aged* 17 *years*).

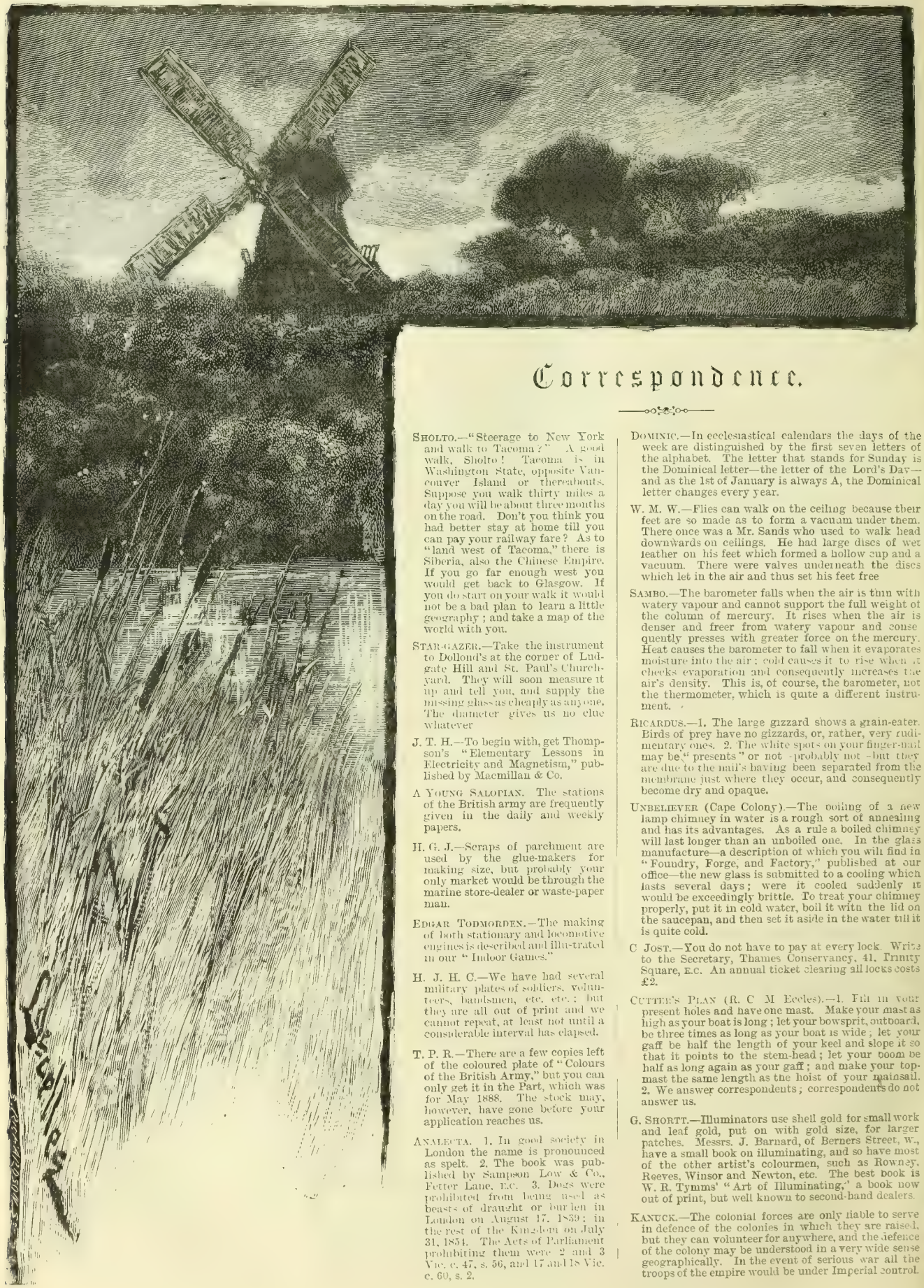
Prize—10*s.* 6*d.*

John Greenslade, Home Farm, Knightshayes, Tiverton, Devon.

Certificates.

E. L. Monteith, 55, Buckingham Palace Road.
John Rundle, 103, Middle Street, Yeovil.
George H. Potter, 68, Lever Street, Bolton.
Joseph Burgess, 20, Lever Street, Bolton.
J. T. Shinton, 27, Cuckoo Road, Birmingham.
Joseph L. Atkinson, 3, Corney Place, Penrith.
W. H. Bezley, High Cross Street, St. Austell, Cornwall.
Alfred A. Yeoman, 47, Shenley Road, S.E.
John H. Ayres, 20, Leckford Road, Oxford.
D. J. Bevan, Park House, Herbert Road, Birmingham.
John Seeley, 80, High Street, Uxbridge, Middlesex.
Mary Viner, 1, The Oaklands, Worple Road, Wimbledon.
A. P. Bolland, 36, Carter Street, Wakefield.
Wm. McConnell, 93, My Lady's Road, Belfast.
Andrew Fowler, 9, Boundary Place, Liverpool.
Harold B. Knight, St. Mary's Street, Whittlesea, Peterborough.
Isabella Barrowman, 91, Kent Road, Glasgow.
B. F. Ramsey,
Amy Silvers, 25, Camberwell Green, S.E.
Alfred E. Holey, 19, Rosslyn Terrace, Sunderland.
Joseph Lewis, 15, Lawton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Alfred C. Scully, 20, Rokeby Road, Lewisham High Road, S.E.
L. Hulse, 30, Stanhope Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.
Mabel F. Weston, 4, Gordon Villas, Whyke, Chichester.
W. P. Martin, 7, Leamington Terrace, Edinburgh.
John W. Barkla, Elizabeth Terrace, Ditton, near Widnes.
E. J. Hagon, 32, Applegarth Road, Brook Green, West Kensington.
C. B. R. Griffiths, 3, Station Street, Newport, Mon.
M. H. Hunter, Deer Park, Honiton, Devon.
J. D. Ray, 284, Roman Road, North Bow, E.
Gertrude Morley, 14, Chipstone Avenue, Nottingham.
F. Fenwick, 5, Wynell Road, Forest Hill.
O. S. Burge, 9, Commercial Street, Newport, Mon.
Lionel Purvis, 38, Royal Hill, Greenwich.
Harry G. Dent, 161, Alderton Road, South Bermondsey.
Alfred S. Fisher, Park View, Liverpool Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey.
W. F. Chandler, 15, Holmesdale Road, Reigate.
E. G. Ord, 46, Copland Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Robert White, High Street, Girvan, Ayrshire.
R. B. Finlayson, 3, Belvidere Place, Aberdeen.

(*To be continued.*)



Correspondence.

SHOLTO.—"Steerage to New York and walk to Tacoma?" A good walk, Sholto! Tacoma is in Washington State, opposite Vancouver Island or thereabouts. Suppose you walk thirty miles a day you will be about three months on the road. Don't you think you had better stay at home till you can pay your railway fare? As to "land west of Tacoma," there is Siberia, also the Chinese Empire. If you go far enough west you would get back to Glasgow. If you do start on your walk it would not be a bad plan to learn a little geography; and take a map of the world with you.

STAR-GAZER.—Take the instrument to Dollond's at the corner of Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's Churchyard. They will soon measure it up and tell you, and supply the missing glass as cheaply as anyone. The diameter gives us no clue whatever

J. T. H.—To begin with, get Thompson's "Elementary Lessons in Electricity and Magnetism," published by Macmillan & Co.

A YOUNG SALOPIAN. The stations of the British army are frequently given in the daily and weekly papers.

H. G. J.—Scraps of parchment are used by the glue-makers for making size, but probably your only market would be through the marine store-dealer or waste-paper man.

EDGAR TODMORDEN.—The making of both stationary and locomotive engines is described and illustrated in our "Indoor Games."

H. J. H. C.—We have had several military plates of soldiers, volunteers, bandsmen, etc. etc.; but they are all out of print and we cannot repeat, at least not until a considerable interval has elapsed.

T. P. R.—There are a few copies left of the coloured plate of "Colours of the British Army," but you can only get it in the Part, which was for May 1888. The stock may, however, have gone before your application reaches us.

ANALECTA. 1. In good society in London the name is pronounced as spelt. 2. The book was published by Sampson Low & Co., Fetter Lane, E.C. 3. Dogs were prohibited from being used as beasts of draught or burden in London on August 17, 1839; in the rest of the Kingdom on July 31, 1854. The Acts of Parliament prohibiting them were 2 and 3 Vic. c. 47, s. 56, and 17 and 18 Vic. c. 60, s. 2.

DOMINIC.—In ecclesiastical calendars the days of the week are distinguished by the first seven letters of the alphabet. The letter that stands for Sunday is the Dominical letter—the letter of the Lord's Day—and as the 1st of January is always A, the Dominical letter changes every year.

W. M. W.—Flies can walk on the ceiling because their feet are so made as to form a vacuum under them. There once was a Mr. Sands who used to walk head downwards on ceilings. He had large discs of wet leather on his feet which formed a hollow cup and a vacuum. There were valves underneath the discs which let in the air and thus set his feet free

SAMBO.—The barometer falls when the air is thin with watery vapour and cannot support the full weight of the column of mercury. It rises when the air is denser and freer from watery vapour and consequently presses with greater force on the mercury. Heat causes the barometer to fall when it evaporates moisture into the air; cold causes it to rise when it checks evaporation and consequently increases the air's density. This is, of course, the barometer, not the thermometer, which is quite a different instrument.

RICARDUS.—1. The large gizzard shows a grain-eater. Birds of prey have no gizzards, or, rather, very rudimentary ones. 2. The white spots on your finger-nail may be "presents" or not—probably not—but they are due to the nail's having been separated from the membrane just where they occur, and consequently become dry and opaque.

UNBELIEVER (Cape Colony).—The boiling of a new lamp chimney in water is a rough sort of annealing and has its advantages. As a rule a boiled chimney will last longer than an unboiled one. In the glass manufacture—a description of which you will find in "Foundry, Forge, and Factory," published at our office—the new glass is submitted to a cooling which lasts several days; were it cooled suddenly it would be exceedingly brittle. To treat your chimney properly, put it in cold water, boil it with the lid on the saucepan, and then set it aside in the water till it is quite cold.

C JOST.—You do not have to pay at every lock. Write to the Secretary, Thames Conservancy, 41, Trinity Square, E.C. An annual ticket clearing all locks costs £2.

CUTTER'S PLAN (R. C. M. Eccles).—1. Fill in your present holes and have one mast. Make your mast as high as your boat is long; let your bowsprit, outboard, be three times as long as your boat is wide; let your gaff be half the length of your keel and slope it so that it points to the stem-head; let your boom be half as long again as your gaff; and make your topmast the same length as the hoist of your mainsail. 2. We answer correspondents; correspondents do not answer us.

G. SHORTT.—Illuminators use shell gold for small work and leaf gold, put on with gold size, for larger patches. Messrs. J. Barnard, of Berners Street, W., have a small book on illuminating, and so have most of the other artist's colourmen, such as Rowney, Reeves, Winsor and Newton, etc. The best book is W. R. Tymms' "Art of Illuminating," a book now out of print, but well known to second-hand dealers.

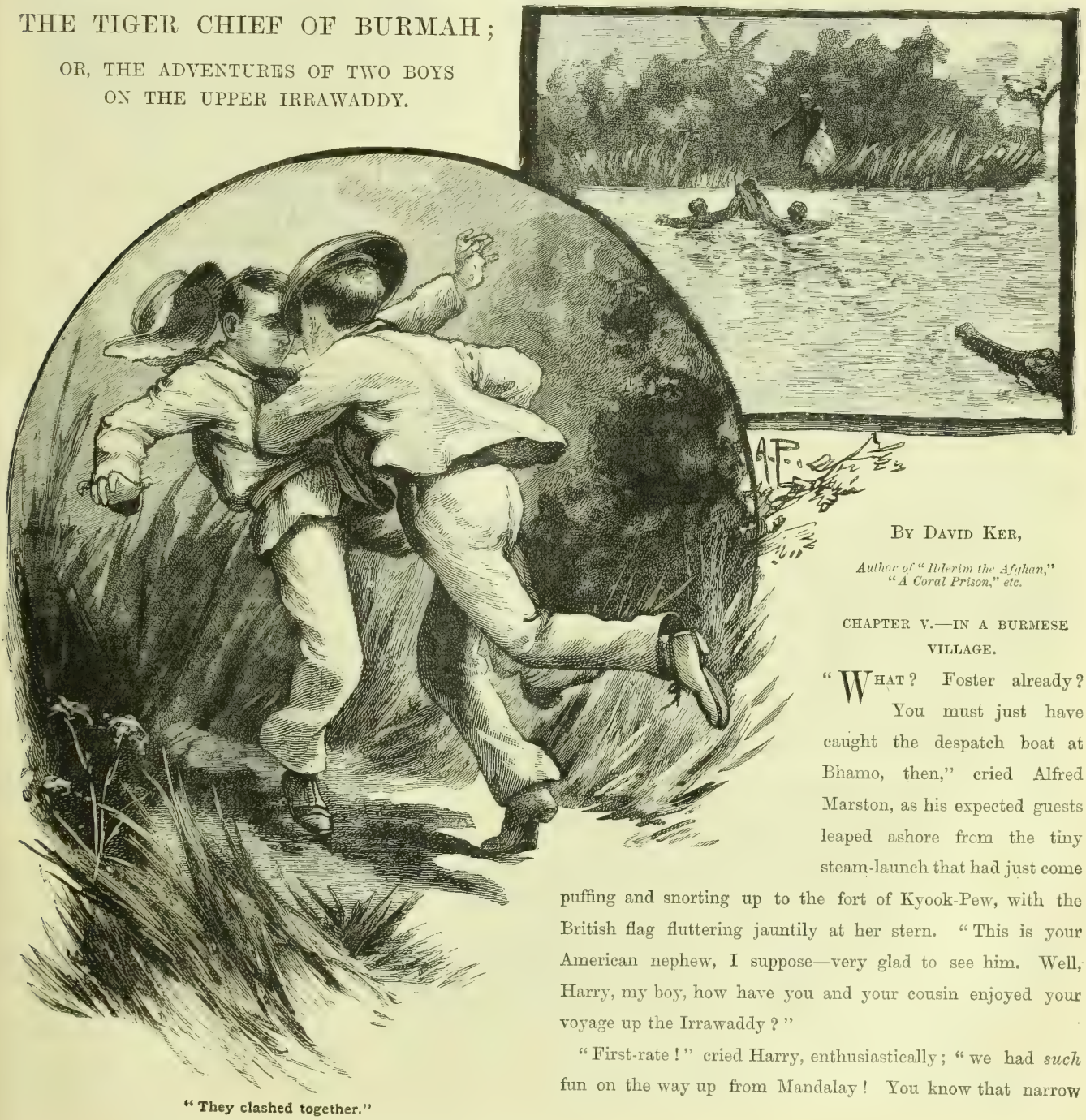
KANUCK.—The colonial forces are only liable to serve in defence of the colonies in which they are raised, but they can volunteer for anywhere, and the defence of the colony may be understood in a very wide sense geographically. In the event of serious war all the troops of the empire would be under Imperial control.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 652.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.



"They clashed together."

By David Ker,

Author of "Iskerim the Afghan," "A Coral Prison," etc.

CHAPTER V.—IN A BURMESE VILLAGE.

"What? Foster already? You must just have caught the despatch boat at Bhamo, then," cried Alfred Marston, as his expected guests leaped ashore from the tiny steam-launch that had just come puffing and snorting up to the fort of Kyook-Pew, with the British flag fluttering jauntily at her stern. "This is your American nephew, I suppose—very glad to see him. Well, Harry, my boy, how have you and your cousin enjoyed your voyage up the Irrawaddy?"

"First-rate!" cried Harry, enthusiastically; "we had *such* fun on the way up from Mandalay! You know that narrow

place between Mandalay and Bhamo, where it's all rocks on each side, with bushes on the top? Well, just there some dacoits (at least, I suppose they were dacoits) began firing at our steamer from the thickets, and hit one of the crew.* So then father and Fred and I got out our rifles, and cracked away at *them*! Father hit one of 'em, I'm sure, and I think we did too."

"Well, if *that*'s your notion of fun, Master Harry," said the young commandant, laughing in spite of himself, "you've come to the right place for enjoying a good deal of it. Come along in—you're just in good time for dinner."

"And it's just in good time for *us*," said Livingstone Foster, "for we're all three pretty hungry. You remember that Irish landlord who met one of his tenants out early one morning, and said to him, 'Good morning, Pat; you see I'm out to try and get an appetite for my breakfast.' 'Troth, yer honour,' says Pat, 'it's just t'other way with *me*, for I'm out to thry and git a breakfast for my appetite!'"

For the next two or three days Fred and Harry enjoyed to the full their first experience of "a real *live* Burmese fort"—which, indeed, it was in only too literal a sense, thanks to the mosquitoes, ants, and other tropical plagues that infested it. They were delighted with everything that they saw, and made the grumbling Merrincourt feel rather ashamed of himself as he listened to their enthusiastic praises of the very spot which *he* had found so intolerably dull. Harry was especially pleased with what Marston jocularly called his "telescope," viz., a small Gatling gun, fixed upon an iron pivot in the centre of the entrenchment, so that it could be turned and pointed in any direction.

"I reckon that telescope can make other folks *see stars*, even if it don't help one to see 'em oneself," said Fred Milburn with a grin, as he turned the gun to and fro.

As might be expected, the boys talked continually of their adventures on the voyage up the Irrawaddy, and the episode of the Burmese convict's desperate leap into the river at Mandalay naturally came up among the rest. At the first mention of this incident, Marston showed signs of unusual interest, questioned them closely as to the man's personal appearance, and ended by asking very gravely:

"Are you sure the man *was* drowned?"

"Looked like it," answered Fred Milburn, "for he never came up again, anyhow."

"Well, if so," rejoined the lieutenant, "it's the very best thing that could have happened. That convict can have been no one else than the notorious border brigand, Moong-Gley, the right-hand man of the Tiger Chief himself; and by what you tell me of his having confessed to a simple robbery, I've no doubt he did so for fear that, if he denied it, witnesses might be called, and some of them might recognise him as the famous robber-chief, in which case, instead of mere imprisonment, he'd have been sentenced to death. Well, if he's really dead, many an honest man will live all the quieter for it."

* The same thing happened a little lower down the Irrawaddy, when Mrs. Ker and I were ascending it in February 1887.—D. K.

Both lads were unanimous in pronouncing their residence in this queer little jungle-nest "out-and-out the best treat they had ever had;" which was very good of them, inasmuch as the drawbacks were neither few nor slight. When they went to bed, they could hardly be said to "retire to rest," for a summer night in Upper Burmah is best described by a variation of the famous popular couplet:

"Early to bed, and early to rise
Because you can't sleep for mosquitoes and flies."

And, moreover, what with the ceaseless crowing of native cocks in every key from the most bronchitic bass to the most neuralgic falsetto, the shrill bleating of goats, the barking of piratical dogs, and every now and then a stray bull that bellows as senselessly and annoyingly as if he were a mob orator, an English officer stationed anywhere near a Burmese village has no more chance of rest (as Fred Milburn remarked with a chuckle) than the New York night-watchman who gave up his post because "the children next door made such a noise that he couldn't get *a wink of sleep*."

In the cookery, too, there was not very much variety, breakfast being the same as lunch, and dinner a mixture of the first two. But this was not to be wondered at in Higher Burmah, where the ordinary bill of fare is on a par with that of a certain renowned "hotel" in Australia:—"Breakfast—tea, *damper* (coarse bread), and mutton; lunch—mutton, damper, and tea; dinner—damper, mutton, and tea; supper—mutton, tea, and damper;" and so on indefinitely.

Nor did they fare much better with the hunting to which they had looked forward so ecstatically. The building of the fort, and the cutting down of the encircling jungle, had frightened away all the "big game," and not a tiger nor even a deer was to be had. In fact, after three or four hours' tearing and scratching through thickets, which Harry savagely compared to "fifty thousand rakes and pitch-forks tied together with telegraph-wires," they very often came back with nothing but a wild pigeon or a jungle-fowl, and once or twice brought home only a large and well-assorted collection of indigenous thorns, stuck into every part of them so thickly as to give them the look of a new and complicated style of pin-cushion.

But our two friends had one never-failing source of entertainment, viz., the Burmese village beyond the fort, to which they paid flying visits at all hours of the day, sometimes in company with Frank Merrincourt, but more often alone. It was an almost equal treat to both of them, for Fred Milburn had never seen anything like it before, and Harry Foster had almost forgotten it during his five or six years at school in England.

The friendliness on the part of the natives, however, was of very recent growth. Had Fred and Harry visited the hamlet a few months earlier, they would have found no one there to make friends with. When the English first established themselves at Kyook-Pew, its inhabitants, like those of every other village in the province, fled panic-stricken into the depths of the jungle before the approach of the terrible "Yellow Faces;" and even when they at length *did* summon up resolution enough to venture back to their deserted homes, and found them uninjured, many days passed before they ventured to show themselves out of doors.

But Alfred Marston's patient kindness and unerring tact did wonders in conciliating these overgrown children. Little by little the conviction dawned upon them that the "Uppiser Ingrez" (English officer) was not the cannibal demon whom they had been led to expect, and that, let him be what he might, he was at least disposed to pay for whatever he took—a marked contrast to the usual proceedings of their own native officials. Such a chance of a permanent market for their fruit, fish, vegetables, and other produce, was not to be despised, and supplies flowed in apace.

This naturally brought the villagers into contact with the soldiers of the garrison, who soon became surprisingly friendly with these good-natured peasants, though neither party could understand a word of what the other said. Almost every day two or three of the Sikhs might be seen in the village, displaying their rifles to an admiring crowd of Burmans. Marston himself became a special favourite with the natives from his familiarity with their language and customs, which, unlike most English officers in the East, he had carefully studied before his arrival; and, as we have seen, he frequently received an afternoon call from some sly-looking old Buddhist monk with a shaven crown and yellow wrapper, who found the jam and sweet biscuits of the "stranger chief" much more to his taste than the meagre fare of the monastery.

These old fellows and their queer ways were a source of unbounded entertainment to both boys, and more especially to Fred Milburn, who, through the medium of Harry's interpretation, had many long talks with them, and asked them all sorts of strange questions, some of which rather puzzled the interpreter himself to translate.

Meanwhile, Marston and Livingstone Foster were constantly together, and held several long consultations in private, after each of which both men looked much graver than before. The upshot of all this was, that, on the fourth morning after their arrival, the boys discovered that their guardian was missing; and Marston explained to them that Mr. Foster had been obliged to start off suddenly to another station, but that he would be back again by-and-by, and that, in the meanwhile, they were to remain at the fort till he came to fetch them.

This explanation was quite satisfactory to both our friends, who were delighted with the idea of remaining a little longer in a spot so much to their taste. But they might have felt less joyful, had they known the whole truth. In reality, Livingstone Foster had just started upon the most perilous and difficult of all his wonderful expeditions—nothing less, in fact, than an attempt to penetrate, alone and in disguise, through the terrible "border mountains" of the north, the British Government having sent him to discover by actual observation whether the route of the proposed railway to the Chinese frontier (alluded to, as will be remembered, by Marston's old monk) was really practicable or no. Moreover, he was charged to ascertain the meaning of certain threatening demonstrations among the border tribes, and to find out if there was any

fear of their actually taking arms against the English rule; which was very much the same thing as if he had been ordered to go into the den of a hungry tiger and see whether it were in a good humour or not.

So dangerous, indeed, was the mission, that even the daring traveller had taken every possible precaution to keep any one from knowing that he was bound upon it at all. Having spread a report among the natives that he was going south again, he had assumed his disguise during the hours of darkness, and had stolen out of the fort in the dead of night, heading up-stream toward the north.

During the first few hours that followed his departure, Marston (who was the only man in the secret) felt intolerably restless and uneasy. Had any one guessed Foster's real object? Had his midnight start been watched by any native spy? If the bold explorer were detected in such an attempt, his life (as Marston well knew) would not be worth a straw; and the sound of Harry's merry voice outside, promising Fred all kinds of native curiosities when "father comes back," drew a shudder from the stout-hearted commandant which no peril of his own could ever have extorted.

And then came another disquieting thought. What of the mysterious monk? Nothing had been seen or heard of him since the memorable night when he had made such a formidable display of magnetism at the expense of the two young officers; and if he were really an enemy and a spy (as Marston still believed), this unaccountable absence suggested only too forcibly that he must be worse employed elsewhere. The thought that he might be dogging Foster's steps was by no means a pleasant one; but, as if to give the lie to all these apprehensions, the old Poongyee made his appearance at the fort on the very morning after the great traveller's secret departure.

"I shall never try my magic upon *you* again, Marston Sahib," said he in Hindoostanee, with a tittering, childish kind of laugh. "You are altogether too strong for me. Do you know that my strength was so exhausted by that trial, that I've been sick ever since?"

And then, before the young Englishman—who was utterly confounded by this unexpectedly frank allusion to what he himself regarded as a deliberate though unsuccessful treason—had time to make any reply, Harry Foster, who had pricked up his ears at the first mention of the word "magic," broke in with an eager demand for an explanation, which the Poongyee promptly gave him.

Poor Harry—to whom this strange story conveyed no idea beyond the fun of the "would-be magician having found an Englishman one too many for him"—laughed unrestrainedly at the whole narrative, and declared at the top of his voice that the monk must "try his hand at magicianising *him*, and see how he got on." Then he insisted on giving the wondering Poongyee a tremendous spoonful of jam "to wet his whistle after his yarn"; and, in a word, the English schoolboy and the grey-headed Burman became so friendly that, when the latter rose to depart, Harry insisted on going back with him as far as the village, in order (as he phrased it) to see that the old man "didn't get into any mischief by the way."

Fred Milburn, who happened to be on the river-bank outside when the Poongyee called, no sooner heard of the visit which he had missed than he tore off toward the village at full speed in the hope of still catching up the departing visitor. But scarcely had he got half way across the clearing, when Harry came flying back over it at such a headlong pace, that, before they could get out of each other's way, they clashed together like two billiard balls, and went sprawling on the ground together, Milburn undermost.

"Fred! Fred!" yelled Harry, frantically, "a race, a race!"

"I could have told *you* that," grumbled Fred, wiping the blood from his nose, which had suffered considerably from the collision, "and a race where you don't look which way you're going, at that!"

"Pooh! I didn't mean *that*," cried Harry, scrambling to his feet again, and brushing a perfect whirlwind of dust off his clothes. "What do you think that old chap's just told me? There's going to be an ELEPHANT RACE here at the village!"

This magnificent announcement, so far surpassing all Fred's brightest dreams of the wonders of Upper Burmah, literally struck him dumb for the moment. At length he remarked, with a solemnity befitting the occasion:

"Well! I've heard of horse-races, and donkey-races, and foot-races, but an *elephant* race is what one don't see every day. But when's it to come off?"

"Some time next week, he says. Ain't it grand? Just the very thing I've always been wanting to see. I saw most of the Burmese games when we lived down the river, before I went to England; but I've never seen an elephant race yet."

Just at that moment, however, a piercing shriek, seemingly uttered close at hand, interrupted the conversation.

They were by this time close to the brink of the river (which made a sudden bend just behind the fort), and one glance showed them a child struggling in the water, and an old woman wringing her hands helplessly on the bank.

With one bound Harry Foster splashed into the stream, ten good feet from the shore. In a trice he had clutched the drowning infant, and, holding it above the water, turned his face toward the land.

But just at this point the narrowed stream ran with a powerful current, against which the brave lad found it no easy matter to maintain himself, hampered as he was by his wet clothes, and having one hand occupied with the helpless child. He was on the point of being swept down, when Fred Milburn (who had run along the bank till he came right opposite to the struggling pair) threw off his jacket and shoes, and plunged in to the rescue.

A few powerful strokes brought him to the spot, just in time to help in supporting the weight of the child; and, holding it between them, the bold boys struggled toward the shore. At that instant there came a swirl and a splash in the water, and up rose through the thick coffee-brown stream, not ten yards away from them, the horny snout gaping jaws, and small, narrow, cruel eye of an enormous crocodile!

One moment more, and all would have been over; but happily the cries of the woman, and the shouts of several Burmans who were rushing toward the spot, had attracted the attention of the sentry on the nearest angle of the fort. Quick as lightning, the Sikh brought his rifle to his shoulder, and, aiming right at the foul creature's scaly head, let fly.

The shot came just in time. Whether wounded by the bullet or not, the monster was evidently scared, and vanished with a hoarse snort into the slimy depths below, just as the two adventurous swimmers brought their prize safe to land.

"Catch hold, auntie!" shouted Fred, replacing the rescued child in the arms of its overjoyed grandmother, "and the next time you let the pickaninny slip through your fingers, don't do it so near a river!"

This feat made our two friends the "lions" of the whole village for several days; but, before the week was over, it was eclipsed by another adventure more sensational still.

One of the periodical native markets had just been opened among the trees in front of the British entrenchment, to which the peasants flocked from all parts of the surrounding country; for the Burman knows the value of a silver rupee as well as any man living, and, with all his seeming carelessness, is as keenly alive to a chance of making "little piecee dollar" as John Chinaman himself.

For yards round the spot, the warm, dry, dusty earth was piled with perfect *stacks* of splendid fruit, vegetables, and tobacco; and among these heaps, carefully disposed so as to make the best possible show, were Burmese cloths and slippers, native knives with handles of ivory or crocodile-skin, bamboo spears, old-fashioned guns, quaint wood-carvings, gongs of all shapes and sizes from the circular war-gong to the three-cornered gong of the Buddhist monasteries, gilt umbrellas, betel-nut boxes of rusty metal, and "precious stones" made of coloured glass.

Around these different wares eddied incessantly a crowd of dark faces, bare brown limbs, and many-coloured robes, while the air rang with a ceaseless din of voices, chatting, bargaining, joking, laughing, like boys just out of school.

Fred speedily expended all the money he had upon these "curios," and Harry was in a fair way to do the same, when both were startled by a shrill cry of pain or distress, and a sudden rush of people to one spot. From the exclamations of the bystanders, Harry gathered that some one had fallen into a muddy ditch, and he naturally wondered why no one offered to help him out; but, on reaching the brink of the trench, our hero saw, with a sudden thrill of horror, that there was only too good cause for this seemingly unfeeling hesitation.

The fallen man was a leper!

Even the daring boys drew back instinctively at that hideous sight, a sight which the strongest man cannot look upon without a shudder. The poor wretch was evidently in great pain from the cramped posture in which he lay, and was sinking deeper and deeper into the mire with every moment. It was plain that he could not get out without help, and equally plain that no one dared to help him.

For one instant Harry hesitated, look-

ing from the shrinking crowd around him to the imploring face below. Then he muttered through his clenched teeth—

"Hit or miss, the poor beggar mustn't lie there. Here goes!"

And, twisting his handkerchief tightly round his hand, he seized the leper's outstretched arm, while at the same moment Fred Milburn put both hands under the latter's shoulder; and then, with one vigorous heave, they dragged him up on to the firm ground, amid a murmur of wondering admiration from the lookers on, among whom they caught a momentary glimpse of Harry's new friend, the magician monk.

"Now, Fred," cried his cousin, flinging away the tainted handkerchief, "let's go and have a duck in the river at once—there's nothing like being on the safe side!"

Into the water they plunged, clothes and all; and then went straight off, all dripping as they were, to report the occurrence to Alfred Marston, as commandant of the fort.

Marston looked rather grave when he heard the story, and lost no time in rummaging out every disinfectant in his medicine chest. But to his no small relief, and the unbounded astonishment of the Burmans, the adventure was followed by no ill consequences whatever.*

Two days later, Harry Foster was fishing in a small boat belonging to the fort, when he heard Fred's voice shouting to him:

"Harry! where are you? They've fixed up the old steam-launch at last, and she's going a bit of a way up the river, to see if the machine works all right now; and Mr. Marston's going with her, and I'm going too. Come along! all aboard for New York!"

In fact, the steam-launch had been delayed in starting on her return voyage down the river, after landing her stores, by the discovery of an injury to her engines, which, though not at all serious, was troublesome to repair in this out-of-the-way place, where tools and materials were equally difficult to obtain. But it had been put to rights at last, and now (as Milburn said) the repaired machine was about to be tested by a short trip.

But the fish happened to be biting so famously just then, that our friend could not bring himself to break off his sport; so the launch went off without him, Marston's last words to him being an emphatic warning to keep abreast of the clearing beside the fort, and on no account to let his boat drift down toward the dense and gloomy thickets which almost hid the opposite bank. But the boy scarcely heard the admonition, in his eagerness to follow up his success; for no shadow of a presentiment came to warn him that he was even then standing upon the very brink of the most grim and startling experience of his whole life.

(*To be continued.*)

* I myself touched the hands of at least a score of lepers during my stay in Northern India without any evil result, though it did not occur to me to adopt the precautions mentioned.—D. K.

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frezols," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—THE PROFESSOR EXPLORES.

The sun was pouring its ardent rays on the plain of Hamadan, and the perspiration gathered on the foreheads of the workmen, who, overcome with weariness, frequently rested on their spades and pickaxes, notwithstanding the shouts and objurgations of the foremen.

The works were going on then?

The works were going on; and the sound of the pickaxe and spade digging deep trenches in the hard ground resounded as it had done in the best period of the Kerdic mission. But in place of the slender figures of Maurice and his sister, there was the elephantine frame of Professor Hasselfratz, who was heavily moving about, dabbing his perspiring forehead, and clumsily talking to his men in a jargon of his own invention, a mixture of German and Persian, which seemed to make little impression on them. The workmen were those who had deserted Maurice after the eclipse, saying that never again would they serve a stranger. With their customary apathy, their idleness, and their traditional ill-will, they were at work for the professor, troubling themselves little about the falsehood they were acting, and caring not to inquire how a thing could be wrong to-day and praiseworthy to-morrow.

The professor knew what he was about. Abandoning for the moment all thought of curing the eyes of the King of Kings, he had devoted himself body and soul to the conquest of Prince Abdul Azim. The first results of this enterprise had been the interdiction of the works to the Kerdic mission; secondly, the transfer of a respectable number of tomans from the coffers of the governor to the travelling bag of the wideawake oculist, for services rendered and to come with regard to a certain eye-salve of which he was the inventor, and which would restore his highness's eyes to the state they were in when he was twenty; and finally, and this was the most important result, the governor, by a firman in due form, had granted Hasselfratz the exclusive privilege of excavating in the tumuli of the plain under the express condition that all he discovered should be handed over to the governor in return for a good round sum in tomans. And in addition to this Hasselfratz had by a second treaty—a secret one this—agreed to hand over to the governor what he thought fit, and without either drum or trumpet present him with what appeared to be the most valuable things he found.

Work was begun three or four days after the Kerdics had abandoned the new trenches, and continued incessantly; and on a line parallel to the old works the Hasselfratz people laboured away furiously, the zeal of the workmen being constantly stimulated by the professor in person, seconded by the foremen in the government pay, who did not fear on occasion to accompany their orders with a good cut of the whip on the backs of the idle. Thus encouraged, the men pushed rapidly ahead, and the trenches grew daily in depth and length.

But all the same, they had found nothing as yet; and, notwithstanding the protection of Abdul Azim, the professor dared not seize on the trenches begun by Kerdic where the Guebre had pointed out. He did not mind prowling about the camp and casting a greedy glance on the open diggings, which here and there showed fragments of wall half cleared from the soil; but the fear of finding himself face to face with Maurice still restrained him, and, owing to the care he took to avoid a collision, they had never met since their passing encounter in the governor's palace.

For several days, too, there had been strange rumours in the country. There was talk of the sudden disappearance of all the Faranghis, and the natives were persuaded that Chitan in person had carried them away. The more superstitious began even to persuade themselves that they had seen signs and warnings: fires in the sky, mirages of armed men in the clouds, mysterious noises at dead of night, lights flickering on the mountain to lead mortals into some abyss.

One thing was certain, that for some days—it was not known exactly when—nothing had been seen of Maurice or Catherine or Gargaridi. Their gourbis remained shut and silent; the hobbled horses browsed in solitude in the meadow round the camp. The travelling merchants found no customers at the French mission. The report began to spread that the Faranghis had started for Teheran to appeal to the King of Kings.

These rumours further increased the professor's ardour, and he pursued his researches with devouring activity. As soon as the disappearance of the French mission appeared to be confirmed he began to run his trenches obliquely so as to converge on those opened by the Kerdics. One fine morning the pickaxe of one of his workmen struck against a work of masonry convex in form, with huge masses of stone solidly cemented.

Great was the excitement of the professor.

By his orders this mass of masonry was attacked on all sides; a large surface was cleared of earth; under the eyes of the workmen a section of a dome was developed with an apparent circumference of about ninety feet. The whole gang was concentrated at one point. They found themselves before a vast cupola, seen from above, and like an enormous bell standing in the trench.

What did this copula cover? What secret of the ages lay hid below it?

The professor was in a state of unheard-of excitement. He ran about all over the place, his long overcoat floating behind him, his forehead dripping with perspiration, and his spectacles glowing like light-house lamps.

He saw before him the memoir he would send to the Academy of Sciences at Lutzenbautzen; he saw himself crowned with laurel; in thought he added to his already long list of titles that of Glory and Light of Archæology. The museum of his native town seemed to him enriched by priceless documents; he forgot, voluntarily, that he had given his word to hand over everything to the governor, and he saw long lines of glass cases filled with the precious fragments. His Serene Highness, His Luminosity the Hereditary Prince Otho XXIV had conferred on him the directorship of the scientific museum, and there, also in imagination, he saw himself installed, and after long years dying in gold and glory. And further, the professor's dreams included an ennobling by his royal master and a wedding with a baroness of striking beauty, resulting in a crowd of little barons, inheriting in equal degrees the beauty of their mother and the scientific capabilities of their other parent.

And all the time he drove ahead, digging and clearing away round this mysterious dome. If, as he supposed, it covered some chamber, some subterranean cavern, it would probably be lighted by some lantern or skylight, down which it would be possible to peep, and through which he might descend. And the professor worried his workmen, and the foremen redoubled their activity, and the blows of the whip descended like hail.

The evening came before the dome had been entirely cleared; but it rose majestically from the ground without any entrance or even ventilator. The stones were joined together without a break; it was like a cup hollowed out of a single block of granite, and stood on the ground without any indication of what it covered.

At nightfall the men went home to rest, and the professor, intoxicated with joy, lay down on the spot.

At dawn he was up; and soon at his command the men had resumed their tools. At last the dome was entirely revealed. It presented no opening; under the professor's directions the ground was sounded round the edifice; everywhere the pick was blunted and broken against a granite of extraordinary hardness. It seemed as though the rock had opened to bud out the cupola like a gigantic flower; but it was to be feared that no human tool would have effect on its surface of adamant.

The men had need of rest; and, besides, this mysterious monument began to inspire them with a vague sort of fear. If it was so well shut in, would it not be sacrilege to open it? If it covered some terrible object, some formidable monster who would punish the audacity of those who had dared to disturb it! Superstition began to seize them. Perhaps the professor would in turn be abandoned by his men?

But suddenly there resounded over the plain the noisy gallop of several horses. Mounting to the top of the trench, with the eyes at the level of the ground, it was possible to see what the noise meant.

Amid a cloud of dust there could be distinguished a group of striking colours and a French uniform. It was Lieutenant Guyon, accompanied by Dr. Hardy and a numerous escort. They rode straight for the French camp. From afar Hasselfratz saw them dismount, knock at the gourbi, shake the door, and finally enter without ceremony. The professor thought the moment had come for his intervention; besides, he would produce a good impression by showing his interest in the French mission; so he hoisted himself up laboriously out of the trench and approached the central gourbi, from which floated the tricolour. Just as he reached it the lieutenant and the doctor came out, looking pale and uneasy. The three men bowed. The professor asked, with well-feigned interest, for news of the young Kerdics.

Were they at Teheran? It was reported that they had gone there. But at the same time their horses were at the camp. Could the new-comers tell the professor what had become of their young friends? He was surprised, and indeed quite hurt, that they should have taken the key of the fields without letting him know. There was in the whole proceeding such culpable levity, that the Teutonic soul of the professor could not but reprove it.

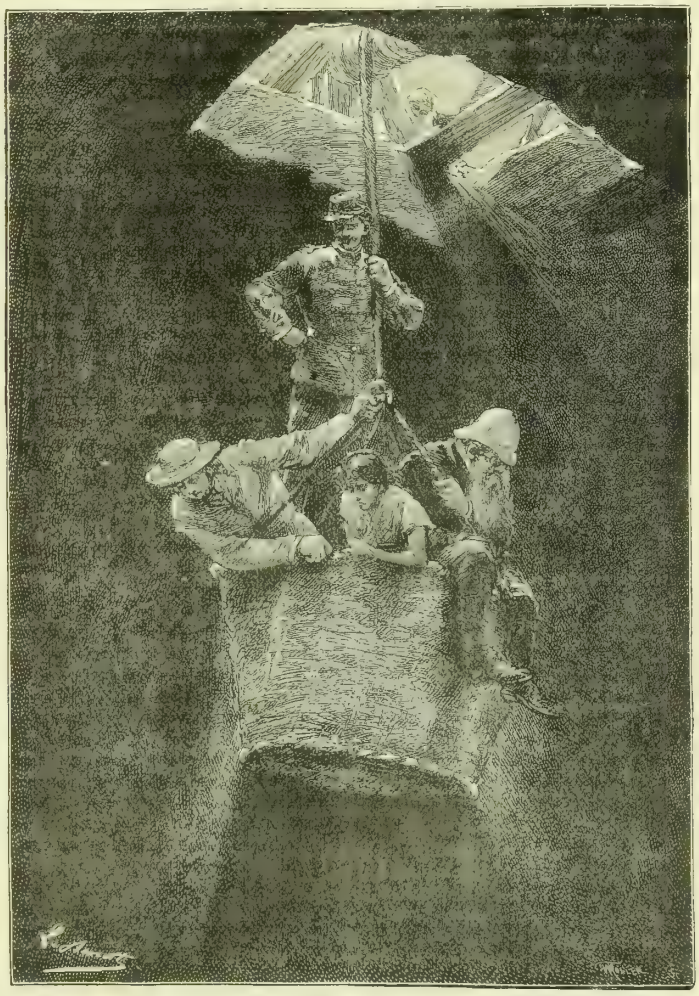
"What are you talking about?" asked Guyon, sharply. "Our friends are not here now?"

"Alas! my dear sir! No one knows what has become of them. There are strange rumours about them. But we must excuse the poor ignorant folks for having false ideas. Doubtless Mr. and Miss Kerdic, humiliated at their defeat, have departed on the quiet to avoid observation, and no one having assisted at their departure, our workmen imagine that they have been carried away by Chitan. By the devil! Just imagine such a thing!"

And the professor shrugged his shoulders in pity.

"Gone!" said the doctor and lieutenant. "When? How? Where?"

"That is exactly what we do not know. But for ten days and more nothing has been seen of them; the camp is empty;



The descent began.

and even the Greek servant has become invisible."

"But has any inquiry been made? Have you visited the camp? Every gourbi in detail? Are you sure they have not gone to Hamadan? Are they with the magus? These people cannot disappear like peas under a thimble."

"Ah! sir," said the savant, with a profound shake of his heavy head. "Anything can be believed; there is some mystery here. But I presume to say that people noticed a certain regrettable reserve on the part of these poor children, a tendency to keep folks at a distance, which is doubtless the reason that those who were interested in them kept their distance. And who knows? Who knows to what extremity their wounded pride may have led them? The desire to prove that they knew better than their elders, that they also could discover curious——"

"What do you mean by 'they also'?" interrupted the lieutenant. "I was not aware that they waited for any one else to begin. But we thought just now that we heard the sound of a pickaxe. Has the governor removed the interdict?"

The professor modestly looked at the ground.

"The Governor of Hamadan, His Highness Prince Abdul Azim," said he with humility, "taking into consideration my age, a certain reputation I have acquired, as shown by my distinctions, and real services I have had the happiness to render him, has deigned to authorise me to undertake certain researches, the results of which will be handed over to his Excellency."

"In other words, sir," brusquely interrupted the lieutenant, "you have managed to oust Mr. Kerdic to instal yourself in his place. It is a clever move. But I cannot say I think it is an honest one."

"Sir," said Hasselfratz, "the powerless insults of a child cannot reach me."

"Then," said Dr. Hardy, "allow me to say in my turn that I am exactly of the same way of thinking as the lieutenant, and to add that your performances here seem to me very suspicious, and quite unworthy of an honest man!"

"Is there not a legal axiom," added Guyon, "which attributes the crime to him who profits by it? And are we not justified in attributing our friends' disappearance to you, since we see you in their place?"

"It is a calumny!" said the professor, raising his arms to the sky. "But from all time the just have been oppressed and the wicked have built themselves a throne on their shoulders. I am calumniated, vilified, but I shall emerge unspotted from it all, I assure you."

And he turned to go. But the lieutenant made a sign to two of the men to stop the learned oculist.

"Halt, sir," said he politely but firmly. "I am the bearer of a firman signed by the Shah in person, giving to Maurice Kerdic authority to carry on, to the exclusion of any other person, all the explorations that may be made around Hamadan. His Majesty has besides given me full powers to execute his commands; and finding your conduct under the circumstances extremely suspicious, I arrest you until the French mission has been found. If you know where Maurice Kerdic and his sister now are, you had better tell us without delay, in your own interest.

"Eh, sir! Do you think I have them in my pocket," exclaimed the professor, in a rage. "I protest! I protest against these arbitrary acts. I will appeal to the governor."

"Here is his Majesty's firman," said the lieutenant, showing him a parchment bound with green silk and sealed with the royal seal.

At the sight of the royal signature the men of the escort prostrated themselves with respect and threw dust on their foreheads.

"It is well!" retorted Hasselfratz, furiously. "You have the upper hand for a moment, sir, I admit. But we shall see! He laughs loudest who laughs last!"

Giving orders for him to be retained in custody, and after reading aloud to the men the Shah's orders to immediately stop all works not directed by Maurice Kerdic, the lieutenant and doctor went off to begin a systematic inquiry for their friends. But in vain they searched the neighbourhood, examined the workmen, and asked the travelling merchants; they could obtain no news whatever.

Doctor Hardy then decided to push on to Hamadan to pursue the investigation, while the lieutenant went to the Guebre's cave to see what Goucha Nichin knew about the matter.

Leaving the good doctor in his vain interrogation of the echoes of the town of sixteen hundred fountains, let us follow Louis Guyon to the Grand Mobed's.

Arriving at the entrance to the cave, he called the magus several times in a loud voice. Receiving no reply he resolved to enter, and was at first surprised by the deep obscurity. It took him some time to become accustomed to the half light which filtered through an aperture in the rock; and then only did he see that the cave was empty. He was struck at the aspect of abandonment the place presented. Everything was in order; but the flame in the sacred tripod was extinct and no heat was yielded by the cinders. The lieutenant had with him one of those silver pocket-lanterns, hardly larger than a box of matches. He lighted it, and carefully explored the inner and outer caverns. Everything was empty and cold, and a dismal feeling came over him at this silence and solitude. Again in a loud voice he called Maurice, the Guebre, and Catherine and Leila. No one replied, and, convinced of the uselessness of his efforts, he came out of the cave.

Not only, therefore, had Maurice, Catherine, and Aristomenes disappeared, but the Guebre and his granddaughter had also gone. What had happened? To what circumstance could he attribute this sudden vanishing of five people? The more he thought, the more Louis Guyon began to fear that there was some dark palace intrigue at the bottom of it all, some scheme between the governor and Hasselfratz; and he also decided to be off to Hamadan to assist the doctor.

While he was thinking of this, and was standing near his horse with his fingers on the animal's mane ready to leap to his saddle, he heard a light step behind him. Turning quickly he saw little Hassan coming up to him. The boy's face was pale and scared, and his big dark eyes looked woefully sad.

"At last!" exclaimed the lieutenant, joyfully. "Here is a face I know! I began to think you were all dead. Where are the others, my dear boy? Where is the Guebre? Where's Leila? Where are the Faranghis?"

Hassan made a gesture of despair.

"Alas! Sahib," he said, "many evenings has the moon risen, and the night has eaten its first quarter, and my master does not return. Oh! Assuredly he has been swallowed up in the earth with Sahib Maurice and his Faranghi servant. At first Leila and the Khanoum waited—for long they waited patiently—and every day that passed made the Khanoum more pale and more sad. In vain Leila tried to console her. And at last they went away, they also leaving poor Hassan alone and with his heart breaking. And none of them have come back. The sacred fire that only the Mobed had the right to touch has gone out. I dare not move from here. I do not know where the girls have gone whom the master entrusted to my care. Have they gone to him? Then never will the greedy earth give them up again to the blessed light of the Sun."

"What is that?" exclaimed the lieutenant. "What makes you think they are underground? Whereabouts? Speak, in the name of Heaven!"

"The master descended into the earth down the Goul-Hek with the Faranghis, I know. The girls also knew it and they must have gone after them."

"The Goul-Hek?"

"Yes, the hidden well which the Grand Mobed alone knew of."

"Can you find the well?"

"Yes, Sahib, but the master will never allow me to go down it."

"Well, not only do I allow you, but I order you to go down it. Think! it concerns the life of your master, of Leila, of my friends! If there is any question of disobedience in your going down, I will take it all on myself, my dear boy. Come! perhaps at this very moment they may be swallowed up by some fall and are calling on us in vain. Get on my horse with me. Let us save them! And if we get a scolding, we must put up with it, that is all!"

Hassan still hesitated, so great was his respect for the Mobed's commands. But at last he allowed himself to be persuaded, and with him on the crupper, Guyon rode off rapidly towards the Goul-Hek.

Arriving there, they found the rope-ladder hanging down, and down it they went, the lieutenant going first with his little lantern. They had no difficulty in traversing the tunnel dug by the workmen, and entering the gallery leading to the Swinging Stone.

But when they reached the rotunda they thought it was the end of their journey, and seeing no other issue from the gallery, they returned sadly to the bottom of the well, persuaded that their friends had gone some other way.

But an idea suddenly occurred to the lieutenant. This cupola unearthed by Professor Hasselfratz, of which he had had a glimpse, probably covered an underground construction like that he had just been exploring. Why not try to reach the lost explorers that way? Although the German had been forbidden to work, that was no reason why he in Kerdic's name should not try every means of solving

the mystery. More and more the conviction grew on him that they had gone astray in some subterranean gallery.

Hurriedly ascending the well, Guyon and Hassan rode off towards the trenches. Doctor Hardy had just returned from Hamadan, and in a few words explained that his expedition had been futile.

After studying the structure of the dome for some time, the lieutenant, who had acquired some experience under Kerdic's instruction, decided on the spot where he would attack the masonry with the pickaxe. And, notwithstanding night was coming on, he ordered the work to begin at once. The workmen, trembling at the royal firman, obeyed his least sign, and soon their resolute efforts made one of the huge blocks begin to yield.

At the very moment when, under the rays of the rising moon, Goucha Nichin was emerging from the Goul-Hek, the dome was opened. What would he have thought if two hours before he had seen the lieutenant and Hassan exploring the subterranean gallery? And now, if he had suspected that the impious curiosity of the stranger was attacking another part of the temple! But, ignorant of this new profanation, the old man, with his heart weighed down by sorrow, dragged himself slowly towards his home, fearing, in spite of himself, the moment in which he would have to reveal to his child the terrible sacrifice he had accomplished.

The block of granite had been moved, and it had rolled down at the feet of the men, opening a wide hole through which it seemed possible to look down into the very centre of the abyss. By the lieutenant's orders a system of pulleys was erected over it by which long ropes could haul up or down a wicker basket holding four people.

The short night of summer passed in these preparations. Just as the arrangement was in working order the rays of the sun glided like golden arrows above the mountain and lighted the summit of the dome with a rosy reflection.

The emotion of Professor Hasselfratz was so great at seeing this hole pierced in the dome he had discovered, that the lieutenant took pity on him. With his chivalrous frankness he made him an offer to take part in the expedition.

"Ah! Sir! Heaven bless you!" said the savant, his eyes filling with tears. "I accept! I accept with joy, young man, and I forgive you all the ill-treatment to which you have subjected me."

"Come," said Dr. Hardy, roundly, "there has been nothing very bad about the treatment, sir, and as you stopped Mr. Kerdic's works for so long, it serves you right to have yours interrupted. Come, if you like, but just stop your complaints, for you have nothing to complain about."

"Now then! Get in!" said the lieutenant. And he, and Dr. Hardy, and Professor Hasselfratz, and Hassan got into the basket, taking with them some food and a lantern.

The descent began. As the basket sank into the abyss and the light of the sun died away, the explorers noticed a white, inexplicable light which seemed to rise from below. But they could not lean over for fear of upsetting the equilibrium of their car, and although the doctor and the lieutenant called Maurice and Catherine loudly several times there was no answer to their shouts.

At last the car touched the ground. By a signal agreed upon with the workmen, the descent was stopped and the four travellers jumped out.

They stood amazed.

Before them on the mystic altar blazed and glowed the Sun of jewels in the fire of the mystic radiance. Almost blinded at first by the unbearable dazzle of the jewels, they turned their eyes away.

A surprise greater than before made them recoil.

At their feet were the three motionless bodies.

They recognised Catherine, Maurice, and Gargaridi. They thought they were dead.

With an exclamation of dismay, Doctor Hardy hastened to kneel by them and rapidly examine them. He soon rose, looking relieved.

"They are not dead, not even fainted. They are merely asleep," he said.

(To be continued.)

BECALMED.

By Rev. R. B. Matson, B.A.

Scene: An Australian clipper-ship with every stitch of canvas set. The Mid-Atlantic Ocean as smooth as glass! Becalmed! Yes, first for ten days, and then again for fourteen.

Oh, how dull! In these go-ahead days of steam and other motive power, who would be motionless, becalmed? Surely it must be almost unbearable! Not at all. Here are a few extracts from the diary of my voyage from the Cape of Good Hope to England, which will give some idea as to what happened whilst our ship

"Was like a painted thing upon a painted ocean."

In a voyage from the Cape to England there are two places where a sailing vessel is likely to be becalmed; these are the Doldrums, or Horse Latitudes, and the Calms of Cancer.

On leaving the Cape, a ship is carried by the SE. trade winds to about 2° N. of the Equator. The NE. trade winds are seldom met with before about 6° or 8° N. The region between these winds is called the Doldrums, or Horse Latitudes, because Spanish vessels crossing from South America with horses and mules were often in this region compelled to throw many of them overboard.

Here, then, we were becalmed for our first period. Many of us seized this opportunity to have a bath in the Mid-Atlantic.

What a luxury such a swim was in the tropics! What splendid diving we had from the end of the bowsprit! What fun for six or seven of us to drop, feet first, holding on to umbrellas; thus, owing to the pressure of the air, we descended very slowly, and the umbrellas on coming in contact with the water, made a loud report! What excitement there was, too, in the idea that a shark might appear at any moment! On one occasion we had not been out of the water more than half an hour, and were just going to tea, when there was a cry of "Shark caught!" All ran on deck at once. Yes, there was the shark at the end of a stout rope, to which a hook had been fastened baited with a piece of pork. With some difficulty we hauled the monster up to the stern of the ship. To haul him on board at once would have been madness. Ropes were coiled round him, or her rather, being a female shark, several times, so as to check her mighty struggles; and when she was well bound, she was then safely shipped on to the poop. Her length was 10 feet 6 inches. The butcher cut her up, and we witnessed the performance. The vitality and muscular action of the separate and divided parts were astonishing. The body continued to jump about after the head was cut off. Some of the passengers, thinking at first that they might safely approach to have a close view, quickly started back, for a blow from the tail would even then have broken the leg of a man. The heart was not so large as a man's fist; this continued to move violently for ten minutes after it had been cut out. The backbone also moved after extraction, and after every vital organ had been removed the sides continued to contract. This shark had a sharp nose and a blue back, with white stomach, and the captain called it a "bottle-nosed shark."

Sharks have to turn on their backs in order to seize their prey. The natives of some coasts are able to take advantage of this, and dive underneath and stab the shark whilst he is turning round.

Having at last caught the NE. trade winds they carried us along merrily to 32° N. and 40° W., and here again we were forced "to bide a wee." This time we were in the midst of the Sargasso Sea. The Sargasso Sea is full of weed, logs, barrels—all sorts of stray things from everywhere in the North Atlantic. How is this? The answer is simple. If the water in a tub is stirred for some time round and round, any articles floating on the surface gradually but surely find their way to the centre. The water in the North Atlantic continues going the same round; starting from the Gulf of Mexico, it goes from the coast of America across to England, down to Portugal, and along the Equator back to the Gulf of Mexico. Thus everything that gets into this current after a time reaches the centre, which is called the Sargasso Sea. The most plentiful thing is the sargasso, or gulf-weed. For days we saw this pretty corn-brown weed lying in long lines on the dark-blue sea. We often caught some with a net, and found it covered with coral lace-work, and the abode of small crabs and fishes.

What thoughts the sight of this weed day after day for fully a week recalled! This it was that caused Columbus to think that he was approaching land, when—and perhaps it was fortunate he did not know it—he was in the very middle of the ocean. One day while in the Sargasso Sea there was a cry during breakfast-time of "Turtle on the port-bow!" A boat was lowered; the turtle was caught, and we had real turtle soup and turtle steaks for dinner for two days. How did this solitary turtle get to this place? The answer is simple. He had wandered too far—he was a young turtle—from his home near the West Indian islands, and having got into the current that is ever going its changeless round, he was powerless to swim out of it.

I have only mentioned one or two things of interest that occurred while we were becalmed, but these are enough to show that much can be learnt even at such apparently dull times.

SEASIDE BIRDS AS PETS.

By W. T. Greene, M.D., M.A., etc.,

Author of "Favourite Foreign Birds," etc.

PART II.

The next family on my list are the ducks (*Anatinæ*), among which are numerous most desirable species, all capable of domestication, and adapting themselves readily to a life in captivity.

The sheldrake (*Tadorna vulpanser*) is the first to occur to me; it is a handsome bird, strictly maritime in its habits, but susceptible of being perfectly tamed, and breeding freely in confinement; it lays from ten to twelve white eggs in a shallow burrow scooped out in a sandhill, or merely under the shelter of some protecting bush; its near relation, the ruddy sheldrake (*T. casarca*), is even handsomer than it is, and is equally desirable as an inmate of the duckery.

The familiar wild duck (*Anas boscas*), or mallard, will occur to every intending preserver of water-fowl as a most desirable addition to his collection, and needs no recommendation from me; nor does the common teal (*Querquedula crecca*), one of the very prettiest of our smaller ducks, and perhaps as frequent a visitor to inland waters as it is to the sea.

Both birds are rather nocturnal than diurnal in their habits, and, as a rule, spend the hours of daylight on the water, either under cover of some sheltering bank, or among the tall stems of aquatic plants. Both will lay and hatch their eggs in confinement if supplied with suitable cover.

The gadwall (*Chaulelasmus streperus*) and the gargany (*Querquedula circia*) are two very desirable ducks, and, like the other members of their family, omnivorous in their habits, so that they are especially easy to keep in an aviary in which, of course, they have access to a sufficient supply of water on which to swim and paddle about.

The pintail duck (*Dafila acuta*) has received its names from the length of the central pair of feathers in its tail, and scarcely needs a word of commendation, for it is handsome and gentle, and adapts itself readily to a life in captivity.

The wigeon (*Mareca penelope*) is a larger bird than the teal, but it bears confinement equally well.

The shoveller (*Spatula clypeata*) is a very desirable species in every sense; its food consists of animal and vegetable matter, nothing appearing to come amiss to this exceedingly handsome duck, with the ugly name, which it derives from the relatively large size of its dusky black bill.

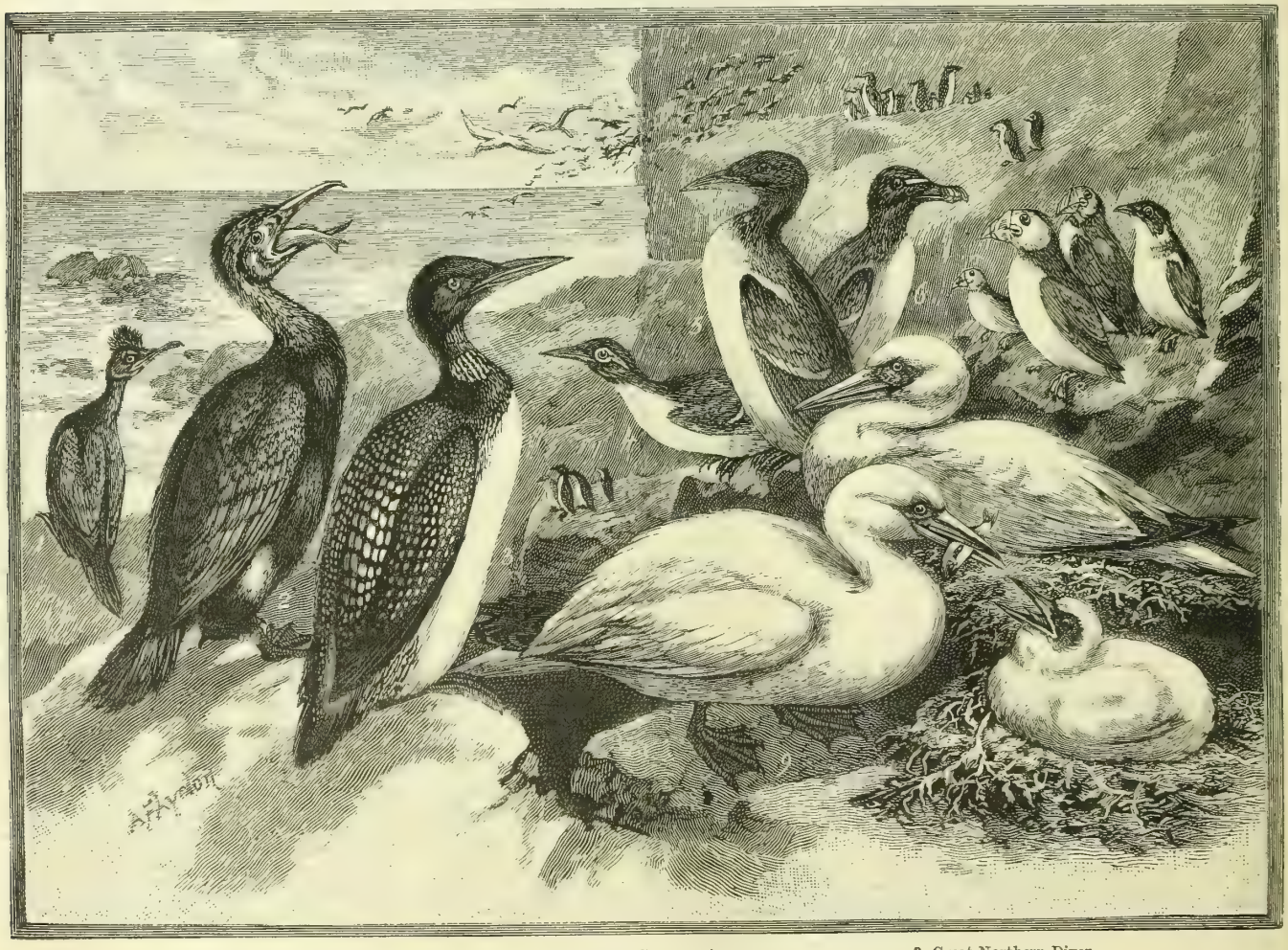
The tufted ducks (*Fuligulinæ*) constitute a separate division of the duck family, and are as suitable and desirable as inmates of the aviary as their relations. The tufted duck proper (*Fuligula cristata*) is a widely diffused bird which, contrary to the habit of most of the feathered tribes, loses the rich metallic lustre of its plumage in summer, changing to a dull blackish-brown hue, its "bravest" attire being reserved for the cold, dark days of winter.

The scaup (*F. marila*) is also a conspicuously handsome creature, and, like the last-named, breeds freely in confinement.

The pochard (*F. ferina*), the red-crested pochard (*F. rufina*), and the golden-eye (*Anas clangula*), need only be named; they are in every way as desirable as those previously mentioned.

I may now pass on to the scoters. The common scoter (*Œdimia nigra*) is a handsome bird that might very readily be mistaken for a black East-Indian duck, but for its harsh and grating cry. The velvet scoter (*Œ. fusca*) and the surf-scoter (*Œ. perspicillata*) are also handsome birds, allied to the ducks, and as easy to keep in confinement as the latter.

The eider duck (*Somateria mollissima*) need only be named to be commended, but is so jealously guarded by the inhabitants of the



1. Green Cormorant. 2. Common Cormorant. 3. Great Northern Diver.
4–8. Guillemots, Razorbill, Rotche, and Puffins. 9. Gannets and Young.

northern islands it frequents, that it is seldom in the market. The male is a conspicuously handsome creature, and the female a very trim, nice-looking duck.

The eider is rather a large bird, weighing seven or more pounds, and has some near relations almost as handsome and good as himself, namely, Steller's western duck (*Somateria dispar*) and the king duck (*S. spectabilis*), which, however, are American species, and of very rare occurrence in Great Britain.

The last sub-family of the ducks that I propose to review is that of the mergansers (*Merginæ*), which includes the goosander (*Mergus merganser*), the red-breasted merganser (*M. serrator*), and the smew (*M. albellus*).

The first of these birds, which form a sort of connecting link between the ducks and the gulls, is a handsome creature about the size of a wigeon, but provided with a bill that approaches in configuration that of a gull rather than the flat, broad beak of a member of the duck family; it is a handsome bird, but in point of beauty of colouring does not approach its congener with the red-breast, one of the most lovely of our seaside birds, though it bears away the palm for colour from the smew, which, however, should not be overlooked by any one intent on stocking an aviary with our native seaside birds.

There is also a hooded merganser (*Mergus fuscus* or *cucullatus*), which is very rarely met with on our coasts, but is a strikingly handsome bird; it makes its nest on a tree in the vicinity of water. The food consists of fish, marine insects, mollusca and vegetable matter.

Many of the birds I am now coming to may be kept successfully in an aviary, which should, when practicable, be provided with a shallow stream of running water passing through it, and plenty of artificial rock-work, with an abundance of projecting stones for the birds to perch and rest on.

The first division of the waders, or small long-legged birds to which I am now referring, has been named *Scolopacidæ*, from the Greek name of the best-known member belonging to it, the woodcock, which cannot be described as a seaside bird, notwithstanding that it has occasionally been seen on the coast during the prevalence of very severe weather.

The avocet (*Avocetta recurvirostra*) is the most conspicuous member of the group, and has a long narrow beak, very much turned up at the tip, which renders it very conspicuous, but which was, no doubt, as Montagu well says, specially designed or configured to meet the bird's requirements, though other naturalists have looked upon it as "a deformity" and "an error or essay of nature.'

The dunlin (*Tringa alpina*) and the knot (*T. canutus*) are common species and have been frequently kept in aviaries; the young run about almost directly upon leaving the shell, and are not difficult to rear, if fed with marine insects and scraps of lean raw meat.

The ruff (*Machetes pugnax*) is a curious bird, belonging to the same group as the foregoing species, and is found inland as well as on the coast; as its name indicates, it is of a combative disposition and apt to fall out with its neighbours, but is utterly intolerant of the presence of another male of its own species in the same inclosure. The female is known by the name of reeve, and lacks the ruff round the neck which renders her mate so conspicuous.

With the precautions mentioned above, the ruff and reeve can be successfully kept in confinement, feeding as suggested for the dunlin, knot, and avocet.

All the sandpipers are not, strictly speaking, seaside birds, but as they frequent the coast for at least some days after their arrival here and before their departure, they may be conveniently included in our list.

All of them are of extremely shy and solitary habits, and if kept in an aviary should be provided with plenty of cover to which they may retire when alarmed, as otherwise there would be much danger of their injuring themselves by dashing wildly at the wires in their frantic efforts to escape.

Needless to observe that any place intended for the reception of these and similar birds must be covered over with wire, as they do not thrive, or, indeed, look well, when their wings are cut or pinioned.

Those most frequently encountered in this country are the common sandpiper (*Tringoides hypoleucus*), the spotted sandpiper (*T.*



1. Black-headed Gull.
2. Arctic Tern.
3. Common Gull.
4. Lesser Black-backed Gull.
5. Herring Gull.
6. Black Tern.
7. Common Tern.
8. Shearwater.
9. Common Skua.
10. Stormy Petrel.

macularius), the green sandpiper (*T. ochropus*), and the wood sandpiper (*T. glareola*), which, notwithstanding its English name, is much more of a coast bird than the others, and, far from resorting to woods and coppices, prefers marshy ground in the vicinity of the sea.

The redshank (*Totanus calidris*) and the sanderling (*Calidris arenaria*) are sometimes classed with the plovers (*Charadriidæ*); but the London Zoological Society places both among the sandpipers, where I am content to leave them; both are pretty and interesting birds, but call for no special remark at present.

The greenshank (*Limosa glottis*) only differs from the redshank by having legs and feet of an olive-green instead of an orange-red colour; it is a pretty bird, and a winter visitor to Britain; the nest, however, has occasionally been found in the north of Scotland.

The godwits (*Limosæ*) are the next birds on the list; they are strictly shore birds, and are generally confounded by ordinary observers with the other frequenters of the sea-coast, but a field-glass will enable the youthful ornithologist to distinguish them from their companions, even at a considerable distance; their food consists of marine insects, small crustacea and molluscs, in search of which they wade deeply into the water, but do not swim or dive; in confinement they may be fed on scraps of meat, fish, and any insects available.

The stilt (*Himantopus melanopterus*) is a very remarkable bird, and should not on any account be absent from a collection of shore or sea-side birds; its total length is about 14 inches, and its weight five ounces or thereabouts; its long, thin, slender bill is black, and its stilt-like legs and long toes reddish-orange.

The genus *Numenius* comprises the various birds known as curlews, and a few others; the whimbrel (*N. phæopus*) is a common but not a conspicuous-looking species; the curlew (*N. arquata*), as well known in poultry shops as on the coast, or its breeding ground in marshy places inland, etc.

The plovers (*Charadrii*) are so well known, that it will be sufficient to name them, viz. the golden plover (*C. pluvialis*); the grey plover (*Squatarola helvetica*), which, notwithstanding its foreign specific name, is a native of the British Isles; the ringed plover (*Ægialitis hiaticula*), otherwise called the dottrel; and the green plover (*Tringa vanellus*); all these birds can be readily kept in a large garden aviary, where worms will form their principal diet, supplemented with lean meat, and any kind of insects obtainable; they can be readily tamed and made very delightful pets; water is necessary, either in large shallow pans, in a small pond, or, best of all, a little stream trickling over a pebbly bed, in which they will much delight to paddle.

The turnstone (*Strepsilas interpres*) is a very interesting bird, and derives its English name from the habit it has of turning over small stones on the sea-shore in search of the insects usually to be met with sheltering in such places. Mr. Morris derives its scientific name from the Greek στρέφω, I turn, and λαας, a stone, and *interpres*, an interpreter, adding, "I conjecture from the bird's habit of careful investigation and turning over, as a translator does in the case of the words of a book."

Mr. H. G. Adams endorses this explanation, and adds: "So we may set down our feathered friend, who goes poking and prying into holes and turning up stones, as one who likes to see the bottom of things. It is well for my readers to have the like inclination, to possess an inquiring mind, so that they pursue their investigations with a due regard to the wishes and interests of others, and are not merely curious and Paul Pryish, if I may use the term. The secrets of nature cannot be too closely and perseveringly investigated, and in her domains much information may often be gained by becoming a turnstone."

This is excellent advice, no doubt, for "the young naturalists," to whom it was addressed; but the bird in question has less exalted ends in view when it turns over stones on the beach, or elsewhere, for it is merely searching for food, which instinct, or perhaps experience, has taught it, is apt to lie concealed in such convenient hiding-places.

The oyster-catcher (*Hæmantopus ostralegus*) brings me to the end of my list of seaside birds suitable for pets; it is a very charming creature, and comes in very appropriately to close what I hope has not been an uninteresting paper for such of my young friends as take an interest in birds—and what readers of the "B. O. P." do not?

At first sight it looks like an unusually fine blackbird, owing to its orange coloured beak and its jet-black upper surface; but there the resemblance ceases, for it is rather more than twice the size of our familiar friend with the "orange dagger of a bill," and has, moreover, a white rump and belly.

As may be gathered from its name, this bird is essentially a seaside bird, whose food consists of shell-fish, so that it would be hopeless for any boy to try to make a pet of it, unless he lived near the sea and had access to a bountiful supply of limpets, mussels, and periwinkles wherewith to furnish the oyster-catcher with its natural diet, without which it would soon pine away and die.

Jam satis! in the foregoing paragraphs I have glanced, very cursorily, at a favourite subject with me, our seaside birds, but trust I have said enough and in such a manner as to awaken a true interest in them on the part of my readers, who, I hope, will never be seen, gun in hand, prowling about the coasts seeking what they may destroy, or wantonly disturbing the nesting arrangements of our feathered friends.

Judiciously managed in an appropriate aviary, I know of no more delightful pets than most of the species to which I have referred, and if they demand and require a little more care and attention in the matters of lodgment and food than canaries or sparrows, I believe in the good of giving my boys something to care for with intelligent supervision, sure that nothing but benefit can result to all concerned from the inculcation of constant watchful kindness to dependents.

(THE END.)

AMONGST THE FISHES.

A STRANGE STORY.

By C. J. Hyne,

Author of "Beneath Your Very Boots," "Currie Curtis & Co., Crammers," etc., etc.

PART II.

How long I had stolidly sat in this despondent attitude I cannot tell with any degree of accuracy—perhaps an hour, perhaps two hours, perhaps only thirty minutes. Time crawled so slowly that no arbitrary chronometric graduations could give its relative value. One can sometimes seem to live through thrice threescore years and ten whilst the hour-hand is taking a quarter of its daily journey.

After awhile the chill of the water acted as myrrh on my bodily nerves, and the cold ceased to cause me any physical discomfort. But it had no similar soothing effect on the inner action of the brain, and the agony of thought was terribly poignant. Should I escape in the end? If not, why prolong the struggle? The helplessness of my position was its greatest bane. I would willingly have sacrificed not only all I was worth, but all of the wealth that would ever be mine, for the simple knowledge of what José Esquinez and his myrmidons were about; whether they knew we were in the lake; whether they were searching its margin; whether, indeed, they had gone away. And when this idea flashed on me, the sense of impotence was so tantalising that I had much ado to resist standing up and seeing matters with my own eyes.

Long and anxiously did I debate with myself what their course of action would have been, and, though always arriving at a conclusion that they must be in the neighbourhood, still the temptation to see for myself was too strong to be withstood—in fact, I was on the point of rising to my legs when the initiative was taken from me.

I looked round, and saw Vaughan in the very act of standing up.

To my shame, be it said, I had hitherto scarcely bestowed more than a passing thought on him. My own pains, my own hopes, my own fears had selfishly occupied every attention. Besides, he was an experienced swimmer. He had frequently boasted of being as much at home as a duck on the water. And, till the moment when he stood up, it never struck me that even a duck would feel out of place down amongst the fishes.

As it was, I watched him rise, and was in the process of bending my stiffened limbs to follow his example. But scarcely had his head protruded from the surface when there was a tearing splash alongside it, and he came down under cover again.

There was no need for him to point to the gun lying, half covered in slime, by my side, to tell me that a bullet had been fired from a guerilla's rifle.

When he had squatted down again, resting on one knee this time, and not sitting, we looked at one another, conveying, as clearly as facial expression and limited pantomime were able, that our remaining chance was a very poor one indeed. But somehow or

other, whether through the mild excitement of seeing a bullet impinge upon the water, or from knowing that the guerillas had discovered our *ruse de guerre*, we had both of us become grimly determined to hold our position to the bitter end, being pretty confident that we could resist all offensive attacks upon it, and that we should be able to die hard, killed only by the wear and tear of the defence.

To this end, being warned of an attempt to carry our entrenchment by wading, by the sight of half-a-dozen pairs of legs advancing from the edge of the lake, though more or less hiding themselves in a halo of mud as they came, we walked directly out into deeper water, only stopping when the surface was some three feet above our heads. This much, as the gradient of the lake-floor was gradual, took us fully a hundred and thirty yards from the shore, and we saw the waders get one by one as far as they dared, till all came to a standstill.

They halted where they were for awhile, and one, putting his head under the surface, peered at us as long as his breath would let him. His observation was apparently incomplete, or unsatisfactory, for, directly afterwards, another pair of eyes focussed us with their gaze, and a knife was shaken at us with a gesture of impotent hate. This last, a bull-necked fellow with a shaggy red head, was not content with viewing us from a distance; and, apparently satisfied from his scrutiny that there was but little active harm to be feared from us, he undertook himself to cut the remaining threads of our three-parts-spent existences. In other words, he intended to swim out and destroy the reeds which served us with air, full well knowing that when they were once gone we must either come to the surface or drown like rats in a basket. And so, stripping off his clothes, he clapped a macheté between his teeth, and struck out from the shore.

He was an indifferent swimmer, and came on but slowly, heralding his onset with a mighty splashing and a circlet of silvery bubbles. But he came on surely none the less, and Vaughan signed to me what was to be our system of defence.

We first of all stirred up a great cloud of mud. This would mask our operations, whilst the enemy's every movement we could see (when he was nearly over us) silhouetted in black against the sky. Then, taking Vaughan, who, owing to the water's buoyancy, seemed to weigh but a few pounds, in my arms, I held him up in a sitting position on my shoulder. This would bring his head, when he chose to raise it, out on the surface. But till the red-haired guerilla was quite close he kept concealed by the stirred-up mud, and crouched down, with a heavy clasp-knife clutched in his right hand.

The bandit above swam unsuspiciously on, either being too foolish to suspect danger, or having satisfied himself by his former scrutiny that there was none, and advanced unmolested till he attempted to shift the hilt of the macheté from his teeth to his right hand. Then Vaughan struck out with all his force.

Though prepared for a shock, the exertion of the blow nearly knocked me off my legs, and Vaughan from my shoulders; but by a violent effort I maintained our mutual equilibrium, and then at a sign once more set my companion on his feet. He motioned me to move away, and we did so, walking cautiously till we had stepped out of the zone of muddy water. Then looking up, I saw the guerilla, amid a ghastly framing of reddened bubbles, making for the shore. His movements were feeble and spasmodic.

Three of his companions came ploughing out into the lake as fast as they could press into it to render him a helping hand. But they were too late. The wounded guerilla's red head drooped farther and farther downwards, till at last both mouth and nostrils were completely submerged, though his hands and legs still continued automaton-like movements which served to keep the body afloat. At last these spasmodic throbbings of the members ceased, and the man, who, as I believe, was actually suffocated on the surface, began to sink, just as the foremost of his would-be rescuers came up with him.

The living man's fingers clutched at the smooth skin of the dead one's back, but, failing to take a hold, spun the corpse round, and caused it to sink out of reach. And then, as none of the three had power or inclination to dive for the body, and as the neighbourhood doubtless seemed to them a dangerous one, they turned about and floundered somewhat hastily into shallow water.

It was very evident that the result of this first contact had not softened José Esquinez' feelings in our favour, for no sooner had the three swimmers turned their heads towards shore than a spattering rifle-fire broke out, in the hopes that some bullets, luckier than their fellows, might decapitate the reeds from a safe distance. We could not hear the explosions of the rifles, but the course of the bullets was easily traced. Each struck the water more or less near the mark, swished out the arc of a circle in an outline of tiny white bubbles, and then ricochetted away into the distance.

What the marksmen thought of their sport I cannot tell; but, from our standpoint, watching the practice was perhaps as exciting an occupation as could be invented. As has been said, both Vaughan and I had been under fire a liberal number of times, and, having grasped the fulness of that great truth which tells how it takes a man's weight in lead to kill him, we had both of us forgotten the natural timidity of the novice. One gets callous to rifle-fire after a while, and, though never forgetful of the chances of war, quite ready to hazard them, given they come clad in conventional garb. But to stand still and watch bullets hailing around the slender reed which is practically coincident with your life, and to have neither the chance of retreat nor that of resistance, is more discomfiting than one perhaps might readily imagine.

Though each of the two targets represented a man's life, neither was very large. And as the range was fairly long, and the marksmanship passably bad, a great weight of Peruvian lead was expended without much practical result, as water disturbed by a shot returns to its normal position before many seconds are over, and bullets, when they are ricochetted on to a hard stone cliff, are callously flattened. As could not very well help being the case with so heavy a fire, now and then a shot would clip the tuft of herbage which crowned the reeds, and sometimes they would "zip" along so near that a portion of the ensuing fount of spray would splash into the knife-slits, and, trickling down, cause a slight addition to our discomfort. But these scorings were few, and we counted that a good shot which did not miss the mark by more than a couple of feet.

Use accustoms one to everything, and, though at first it had made me somewhat disgracefully nervous, before the fusillade had been kept up an hour I personally had ceased to take any particular interest in it. If some more fortunate bullet than its fellows fluked on to the mark—well, my earthly troubles would be settled in about a minute, with a moderate absence of pain. And if, on the other hand, the perilous shower still continued to be consistently erratic, why, then, whilst there was life there was hope. And so, when, just before sundown, the bombardment, after dwindling down from furious volleys to straggling shots, ceased altogether, I began to miss the excitement.

The deathly chill of the water was beginning to tell its tale, and a spirit that was buoyed up only by a hope whose slenderness approached the diminishing point, was failing by rapid degrees. Vaughan, too, seemed in poor plight. He was swaying about all ways, like a drunken man, and every now and then recovered himself with a half-hearted effort from a lurch which bade fair to throw him off his legs.

I went to him, and he linked his arm in mine and drew me towards the shore. His proposal was written in his eyes—"Let us try to die by bullet as soldiers should, and if we are refused that courtesy, why, then we need but lie down to escape the guerilla's tortures, after all."

With slow and tottering steps we made the little journey; and, when failing strength would scarce carry us another step, first my eyes, and then Vaughan's, came above the surface. For the nonce, the strangeness of the medium and the keen expectation of an instant death dazed our vision and we saw but dully. But, as the mental and physical films cleared away, I was aware of something strange on the bank. There were three distinct bodies of men there. Some were lying down, some were mustered in a close mass, and the others were clustered round.

Mercy!—The first were dead men; the second, prisoners; and the third, Chilian soldiers!

We were saved. An eager voice hailed us from the bank, and it was taken up by others in a roar of welcome. Willing hands stretched towards us. Friends rushed in to aid our tottering strides. In another minute we were lying, cold, worn out, but exultant, on a soft, green, mossy bank.

(THE END.)

PONGO'S STRATAGEM.

By George Farquhar.

The expedition of Lieutenant Sistoni, of the Italian Navy, up the river Jubb in Eastern Africa, did not attract the attention in England that it naturally did in Italy. As, however, there is a probability of the lieutenant's two volumes on the results of his enterprise—geological, ethnological, and commercial—being translated into English, it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to forestall him. But there are several incidents that seemed important enough—at least to the participators in them—which the lieutenant has omitted, as, I presume, of insufficient interest to the learned society by which he was sent out. Certain it is that they had no bearing upon the purely scientific object of the expedition. It is one of these that I purpose putting on record.

We left Juba, at the mouth of the Jubb, with seventy negroes and a boy. Lieutenant Sistoni, three other Italians and myself, Henry Hudson—the only Englishman in the party—were all fully equipped with large and small bore rifles and revolvers, whilst a few of the more trustworthy of the negroes also carried firearms.

The narrative of dangers encountered both on land and river in our outward journey will be found detailed and commented upon in the lieutenant's book. They were mostly of the nature usually met with in African travel, the most terrible in our case being the malignant intermittent fever that attacked us in the pestilential neighbourhood of the inland swamps. These once left behind, our further progress was one of almost unqualified success. The headwaters of the Jubb being reached, and the surrounding country thoroughly explored, we started on the return march.

In ascending the river we made a considerable *détour* by land to avoid meeting any straggling members of the Wagonti tribe, a cruel and bloodthirsty offshoot of the Somauli race, occupying with their villages some twenty miles of the river's bank. This hostile territory Lieutenant Sistoni determined to explore on our return, avoiding whenever possible any actual contact with the natives.

It happened that when we were within the confines of this inhospitable land our provisions gave out. I was accordingly deputed by the lieutenant to replenish our larder with what game the country afforded, and, elated with the prospect of sport, I set out accompanied by the negro boy, Pongo.

Pongo—his real name was Pontodeniqui, but the shorter name stuck to him—Pongo was a Wagonti who had found his way—nobody knew how—down to Juba, and had there been picked up by our leader, who thought he might prove useful to the expedition. And useful he had been, too. His knowledge of the region we were now traversing was complete—without him we should often have had a brush with the warlike Wagonti. I liked the lad in spite of his descent, and he returned my affection. Since I saved him from the cowhiding that the headman of our blacks was about to administer to him for practical joking, he had become to me as a faithful dog. He always accompanied me on my quests for provender, and never seemed content unless he was obeying my beck and call.

"Antelope over there, Mas' Hudson," he said, soon after we left the camp, "in the *utomsi* (valley) behind the trees."

A few dark points, showing black against the greensward, were indistinctly discernible in the distance.

"Mas' Hudson stay here, so no smell you, and Pongo go round by there," pointing to the forest on the left, "and frighten them this way."

I acquiesced in this plan, and standing to leeward of the path I imagined the animals would take in their flight, I waited patiently for the game to be driven thither.

When Pongo emerged from the forest the startled animals, raising their heads and sniffing the air, set off with lightning speed in my direction.

Crack! Down dropped their leader. Crack again! Missed! No, another runs slowly, dragging a limb laboriously along the ground. I followed after it as quickly as I could, leaving Pongo to come after me as best he might. For three miles the wounded animal continued its course, and then it staggered and fell. I rushed forward with a cry to give the merciful *coup de grace*.

What was that harsh, guttural shout that answered mine?

I looked round. In the eagerness of the chase I had rushed into a band of about twenty Wagonti, who now came towards me with threatening gestures and uplifted assegais.

Instinctively I stood on the defensive, but a sudden blow from behind rendered me insensible.

Returning consciousness found me lying bound and helpless, with a splitting headache, on the rough earth flooring of a small circular hut of boughs. A tall negro stood as sentinel at the doorway—if an opening four feet high deserves the name—and he, on hearing me move, stepped on one side to allow of the entrance of—Pongo!

Pongo advanced on me, assegai in hand, as if to put an end to my existence. The sentinel reached forward and, grasping him by the shoulders, drew him aside, whispering as he did so the word

"N'ganassa!"

"N'ganassa! N'ganassa!" cried Pongo, dancing round me in glee.

Had Pongo, then, turned traitor? No, for although his actions seemed hostile, his words—except those in the Wagonti tongue—were quite the reverse. Without ceasing his threatening and warlike movements toward me, nay, intensifying them, he said—

"Mas' Hudson, no fear. Pongo must pretend to be enemy to you, or Wagonti kill him too. My uncle is headman of Wagonti and his warriors capture you. Me pretend to be glad and thank my uncle for getting me out of your power. He bad, cruel man, and say you shall be 'n'ganassa.'"

The meaning of this word I knew too well. "N'ganassa" was a slow torture applied by the Wagonti to their captured enemies; it was equal to the most horrible barbarities of the North American Indians.

Two hours afterwards I was led out to undergo this awful agony. A huge square plot of ground, denuded of trees, behind the village, was the place of torture. On one side was the village, opposite to which and on the left was the tropical forest; to the right ran the river, here a broad and rapid stream. At the further end of the square, which was crowded with people, yelling and rejoicing at the treat in store for them, a huge stake had been erected. About six feet from the ground, a crossbar projected from it.

Under this crossbar, my hands securely bound to my sides with vegetable fibre, I was dragged, my legs being left free. A great quantity of twigs and dry leaves were then brought from the adjoining forest and placed under my feet, and upon these a flat slab of the hard wood of the *tongo* tree was deposited. On this slab I was directed by signs to stand. Then, a great hulking negro, whose forbidding visage was streaked with red pigment, tied my hair, grown very long, in a knot with more vegetable fibre, the ends of which he finally fixed to the crossbar above my head.

All being now ready, gongs and tomtoms were beaten vigorously and the yells of the black multitude redoubled, the whole producing a most fearful cacophony.

"N'ganassa! N'ganassa!" shouted the chief—Pongo's relative—rushing forward with a lighted torch and applying it to the combustible twigs under me.

"N'ganassa! N'ganassa!" echoed the people, gleefully.

The flames spread round, but placed as I was on the big square block of *tongo* wood, they did not greatly incommode me at first, save when a sudden breath of wind swept them against my defenceless body. But after a few minutes the *tongo* wood itself began to burn, its upper surface becoming pleasantly warm, then gradually hotter, till at last the heat so scorched my feet and occasioned me such intolerable pain that I longed for the time when the Wagonti assegais would put an end to my torments. To ease the pain of my position I lifted my feet alternately from the burning log; at every movement I thought my scalp would be torn off, so tightly had my hair been tied to the overhanging bar. But these contortions only excited the risible faculties of the savage onlookers.

I could not have endured such agony much longer when a sudden diversion was seen in the crowd, and by degrees it melted away. Within three minutes the square was deserted.

This strange manœuvre surprised me, but I quickly perceived its cause. The village was on fire!

Great pointed flames, in half a dozen different places, rose above the circular wooden huts, and these, constructed of dry and inflammable materials, rapidly transmitted the flames to their neighbours. Now, the Wagonti, like all cruel people, are eminently venal and miserly, and I made no doubt that it was the desire of saving their ill-got stores that overcame even their delight in witnessing the dying pangs of their captive.

Scarcely had the last of the Wagonti hurried away when Pongo, whom I had not seen since the morning, issued from the thick underwood on my right. Regardless of the heat, he sprang over the blazing twigs and with his jack knife cut the thongs that bound me to the stake.

"Run!" he cried, himself setting the example. "The river—canoe."

I ran—as you may imagine—and entered with him the solitary canoe that was moored close to the banks of the river. We pushed off and paddled for dear life, ignoring the half dozen assegais that, thrown by a few observers of the escape, fell harmlessly around us.

Half an hour's hard paddling brought us upon a detachment of our own companions, who, alarmed at my prolonged and unaccountable absence, had been sent by Lieutenant Sistoni to search for us higher up the river. Pursuit by water had happily been rendered impossible by Pongo's forethought.

"I first set fire to huts, and then cut canoes loose," he said, laughing as if the whole affair was a great joke. "Lots of *engade* (crocodiles) in river, and Wagonti afraid. But better get out of Wagonti country at once, or *impi* (warriors) will be after us."

Needless to relate, we speedily followed Pongo's advice.

"FROM SUDDEN DEATH."

By C. N. Barham,

Author of "Flyte," etc.

As seen from the sea the town of Newhaven, Massachusetts, appears embosomed between two hills. These hills are not more than 500 feet in height; but what they lack in altitude they make up for in picturesqueness. They present a bold front of trappean rock, which, combined with the harbour in the foreground, and a long line of low hills stretching away towards the sky line, constitute a scene of loveliness which is not easily forgotten. The whole neighbourhood is of historical interest. It was in one of these two hills, that which is called the West Rock, that the celebrated regicides, Goffe and Whalley, once found refuge. A cleft in its rugged sides is known, far and wide, by the name of the "Judges' Cave."

This cave is a mere den; lying between two



A Water Tournament in the Fifteenth Century.—(*Drawn by* E. Morant Cox.)

immense boulders of about twenty feet perpendicular. One of these is somewhat conical in shape, while the other is almost a perfect parallelogram. Between these, at some remote period, another large stone would seem to have fallen, and become tightly wedged. This is all that justifies the name of a cave. The place must have been a fitter dwelling for the bears and cougars which at that period infested the Eastern States, than for the two famous Englishmen.

On one of the stones, which is covered with inscriptions, some visitor has taken pains to renew the inscription which, tradition says, the occupants placed over their retreat. His enthusiasm must have been brighter than his orthography, for he has only succeeded in informing posterity that "oposition to tyrants is obedience to God."

Hither 120 years ago came Reginald Flanders, an English soldier who had served in the wars against the Canadas. It was a solitary situation for such a man to have chosen as a settlement; but he knew no fear, and craved for no strange companionship. He cultivated a patch of the wilderness which stretched far away inland, and, as the Indians were quiet, the wild hillside seemed to him, his wife and son, an earthly paradise.

It was a September morning; the leaves, beginning to change, shone like gold in the sun. Reginald Flanders, up betimes, had thrown a sack of corn across the back of his plough-horse, and was taking farewell of his wife and child, preparatory to starting for Newhaven, where he purposed to exchange his marketable commodity for household necessaries. Throwing his gun over his shoulder—for no prudent man would then go on a journey without his tried weapon of defence—he strode away, and was almost immediately lost to view.

Shortly after the dispatch of a frugal breakfast, the boy left the log-house and wandered towards the verge of the woods. A small stream came trickling down towards the sea, and beside it the boy halted. A floating acorn, the first of the season, caught his eye; and, with the thoughtlessness of childhood, he drew it to the bank. Somehow that early fruit of the wilderness appealed to his roaming instinct. He craved for more; and, reasoning that there must be plenty upstream, perceiving that his mother's eye was not upon him, he started on his quest. The rivulet ran through a ravine. The banks, composed of rocks, fretted by storm and decay, rose almost perpendicularly on either side. A few scattered trees and shrubs sought nourishment from the earth which had fallen from above. Beyond these, up the gorge, the boy pushed on, whither he did not know.

The mother soon missed her son; but, at first, thinking he was in the vicinity, checked her fears. The hours passed, and, as he did not return, her anxiety changed to absolute terror. Forsaking all else, the woman flew to the tiny fields, and, with rapid footsteps, traversed the gloomy glades. Search as she would, she could discover no trace of the missing one. She shouted, wrung her hands, even prayed aloud in her agony, but there was no response.

At length she came to the stream. There, with a cry, half of gladness, half of dismay, she hailed the child's footprints in the soft, yielding soil. She saw that they pointed upwards to the gorge, into which she had never before ventured. But a mother's love fears no consequences. She entered.

For some time, it seemed hours to the wretched woman, yet it could not have been so, she rushed onwards and upwards, experiencing all the bitterness of hope deferred. The cry "My boy, my boy!" rang out of the stillness of the wood; but no answer came. Away to the left of her a turkey buzzard rose slowly, as if gorged with prey, and, after flying heavily for a few yards, settled upon a rotten tree stump. As it did so she

> "Felt the shadow on her brow,
> The sickness at her heart."

For it seemed to point to the wanderer's fate.

Suddenly she stopped, and gazed into the gloom with straining eyes. Then she pressed her hand to her heart, reeled, and almost fainted. There, not fifty yards away, stood the boy.

It was but for a moment that she so yielded to her conflicting emotions. Conquering her feelings, she rushed forward, and clasped the cause of the trouble to her breast. As the now overjoyed mother did so, to her horror, looking up into the tangled foliage, she perceived a huge panther, stretched, crouching, upon an extended bough, apparently ready to spring.

Probably the brute had only then observed the boy; for now, upon her approach, it hesitated to attack, lashing its tawny sides with its tail, as if to work itself into a state of greater fury. What was to be done? A weak woman was powerless against the strongest and fiercest denizen of the American woods. True, there remained prayer; and, with parched lips, and scarcely knowing what she did, the frenzied mother, whose plight now seemed worse than before, tried to pray.

It is easy enough to commend one's soul to the keeping of the God of all grace when no temptation is near and no dangers threaten. It is a far harder matter when one is battling for life. The poor drunkard knows this; and the man who has lost his character knows it too. Well is it, when standing face to face either with panthers or with evil, if prayer has become an integral part of life.

Scarcely knowing what she did, the poor woman seized her child and turned to fly. As she did so the panther made its spring.

Owing to the height and the distance, it sprang short, barely touching the rock upon which the two were standing, and fell backwards.

The respite was but brief. Recovering itself, the savage beast returned to the attack. The danger was imminent.

Mrs. Flanders clasped her boy closer, being resolved, in her desperation, that the destroyer should only reach his life through herself.

"My son," she said, laughing with wild and terrible delirious excitement, "the panther must try it again before it parts us. Parts us!" and her voice rose into a shrill cry of excitement. "We won't part. God won't allow it."

Once more the assailant made its attack, this time with a greater measure of success. It struck the edge of the rock, and managed to cling to it. Struggling desperately to recover itself, it stretched forward until its jaws seemed but a short yard from its intended victim.

At this moment merciful heaven must have intervened on the mother's behalf, for she swooned. As for the boy, he had hidden his face in his mother's gown.

. . . . .

Reginald Flanders sold his corn; and expended the proceeds in flour, maple sugar, a tiny prized packet of tea for his wife, powder and lead, and other simple necessaries. Having transacted his business, he set out on the journey homeward. The sun rose high in the heavens, and, anticipating no evil, he, for the merciful man is merciful to his beast, suffered the heavy-limbed, slow-paced plough-horse to subside into a walk.

There was joy in the calm peacefulness of the surrounding wilderness. The birds were merry, the sea gleamed behind him like glass, the hills rose on either side; he was surrounded by the pure beauties of nature, and the sweetness of contentment filled his soul. He seemed to dream, and left the jaded horse to wander as it liked.

How it occurred Reginald Flanders could never tell. To his surprise, arousing himself from pleasing reverie, he found that Dobbin must have taken a wrong course, for they were on the upper instead of the nether side of the "West Rock."

This mattered little, excepting that it made the journey somewhat longer; for which he was sorry, as he knew the good wife would be looking out for his coming; only now they must cross the stream high up in the woods. So, pressing the faithful old horse into an apology for a trot, he pursued his way.

At length he came to the precipitous bank of the brook, down which, with some difficulty, he guided his horse. Pursuing a downward course in the direction of his home, he was suddenly startled by a shrill weird cry.

It sounded as if it were the voice of his wife, and yet it was strangely unlike. What was it? What could it portend?

There it rang again. Was it a laugh? If so, it was a laugh in which was agony.

There was no time for delay. The untoward mystery must be solved at once. Forward!

The old horse lumbered heavily on, over rocks and projecting tree-stumps, but its best efforts failed to keep pace with its master's ever-increasing anxiety.

The cries had ceased. All was once more as silent as nature, on an early autumnal day, can be. With the recurring silence the man's fears became intensified.

As he came within sight of the rock, he was surprised to perceive an enormous panther making strenuous endeavours to climb its slippery sides.

With the instinct of the hunter and the coolness of the practised soldier, Reginald Flanders grasped his rifle, shook the priming in his hand, placed a fresh flint in the lock, and took a long and deliberate aim.

Why were all those precautions taken? Who shall dare to say? Is there not a divinity that shapes our ends? In great crises men are not infrequently controlled by a power which is not their own. It must have been so here.

And now the savage animal has made its foot-hold good. With a snarling cry it crouches, leaps, and—rolls back, lifeless, into the stream, with a settler's bullet through its brain.

Curious to find out what had been the panther's object, yet not for a single moment guessing the truth, the marksman, after having, with the prudence which seems natural to all Americans, dragged his quarry to the banks, set himself to climb the rock.

Who shall describe the mingled horror and thankfulness with which he perceived the unconscious forms of his loved ones, and realised that he had been providentially enabled to save them from an awful fate?

With difficulty the loving husband won the two back to life, and bore them, weeping, almost distraught, but safe, to his wilderness cottage.

That evening the sun went down into the west with his last red rays resting upon a family kneeling at the homely altar of adoration, and thanking God for that He had, according to His promise, encamped round about them that feared Him, and delivered them.

HINTS ON PRINTING AND TONING PHOTOGRAPHS.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A. Oxon.,

Author of "Bromide Papers: how to work them," "Photographic Developers: and how to use them," etc., etc.

PART I.

In a former paper ("Photographic Developers," Number 630, March part, 1891) I told you of various developers and the way to use them to obtain their especial advantages. It seems only right now, that, having made the negatives, we should proceed to consider how they are to be represented in our albums for the edification of our friends.

The rage for negative-making is one which seizes so fiercely upon its votaries that the resultant process of making prints from the negatives is apt to get left out of sight. In fact, to some amateurs the temptation to add to their stock of negatives is so strong that all their time is taken up in producing them, and they have scores of negatives from which not even one print has ever been taken. To some who read this paper it may seem impossible that such a state of things should exist as that an amateur should pile up negatives from some of which (not necessarily bad in any way) he has never taken a print. As a matter of fact, those who are "in the swim" know that it is not merely possible but exceedingly common. I would, therefore, advise all my readers to take one print at least from every negative they make. If it is too bad for the purpose throw it away, and thus gain additional space in your box for a good one.

There is a sort of idea amongst amateurs that the printing part of the business is quite easy and simple, and hardly worth the trouble of learning from a scientific point of view. It is on record that an amateur, being asked how he did his printing, responded that, "as that required no brains, he allowed his gardener to print them." The gardener may have learnt the requisite details, and so have been competent to produce good results, but I expect a glance at that gentleman's album would have revealed a very dubious state of things indeed. Still, the fact remains that printing, toning, and fixing are looked upon in very many quarters as being merely the "mechanical part of the art, and not nearly deserving of so much study as exposure and development."

Now you may take my word for it, and it will be backed up by everyone who is accustomed to assist beginners, that there is absolutely no other part of the work of photography, from the time the plate is placed in the dark slide for exposure, until the finished print is mounted in the album, in which the beginner fails so often, so ignominiously, and, above all, so conspicuously, as in the work of producing prints from his negatives. A good negative may be the work of chance, and every amateur succeeds now and then; but a glance at his album by one who knows what good prints from those negatives ought to be like will at once reveal the fact that he has not mastered the difficulties of his work. It is rather unkind, but I cannot help saying that those who think this work so easy that many of their negatives remain unprinted because they do not trouble to perform it are generally those whose work somehow does not give one the impression of too great ability to do so.

In this paper, then, we will consider how to produce prints from our negatives which will do us credit when we exhibit our album. Before you have been working at photography for very long, you will find that the sort of negative from which you are printing has a mostdecided influence on the results. "Flat" negatives give prints wanting in contrast, and these will not tone properly; you will find, therefore, that the tone of your prints depends considerably on the negatives from which they were produced, and that, if you are to get prints of a satisfactory colour, you must first master the art of getting negatives with good contrast.

These negatives having been provided, we have to print from them in the ordinary way. I do not think I need describe this process, as every boy who knows anything of the details of photography knows how to set to work. One thing I may say—take care not to touch the sensitised paper with your hands more than you can possibly help. It is a good plan to wear gloves while cutting it up; only take care the gloves are clean. Also, do not cut it up in too strong a light; if possible, do it by lamplight the night before using. It keeps best either rolled up tightly, in cardboard cases, or, when cut, pressed flat under a weight. Boxes of tin can be procured from any dealer in which there is a tray to hold the paper and a flat cover to place over it. This cover is provided with a spring, and when the box is shut, the spring, pressing against the side of the box inside, keeps the paper pressed flat.

If it is winter you can print your negatives in the sun, but in the summer it should be done in the shade in the case of weak negatives, or a certain appearance known as "bronzing," caused by reduction of the silver, is liable to appear in the deep shadows. With dense negatives there is not much fear of this. If possible, I much prefer to print in the sun, whereas some people say this should never be done. I may console myself with the thought that I am backed up in my opinion by Captain Abney, who says that certain chemical changes taking place more quickly in the sun render the resulting print more liable to tone to a good colour.

However you print your negatives, keep a sharp look-out on them, for, to find one or two as black as ink on looking at them after too long an interval, is not calculated to gratify the printer. The prints should be allowed to get darker than they are meant to be eventually, as you will find that toning and fixing reduces their strength considerably; if over-printed, and not too far gone, they can still be toned, and, if left in the hyposulphite bath for an hour or two, will get sufficiently light. A bad case can be left in a weak solution all night, on the chance of its coming to the right shade by morning.

There are many ways of toning, and every amateur must use that which suits him best. There is no pursuit in which the old proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison," holds good more than in photography. It is very odd how A tries a method of printing and a toning bath, and finds it work better than any he has tried before, and communicates his method to B, who does exactly the same, and yet utterly fails! All I can do, therefore, is to describe my own plan, and hope that it may suit others.

To begin with, we have to consider the toning bath. It used to be the fashion to make up large quantities of toning solution at a time, and keep it as long as it would last, rejuvenating it by the addition of more chloride of gold after using it each time. This is a plan I certainly do not recommend anyone to adopt—at any rate, not beginners; it has no earthly advantage, and it has incalculable disadvantages. In the case of professionals, who tone several sheets at once, it may work with great care, but not in the case of an amateur, who only tones now and then. The latter had much better make up small quantities of the toning bath every time he wants it, and throw it away when used. The great drawback to the first plan is the fact that, when kept for some time, the gold has a trick of depositing itself all over the inside of the bottle, and nothing can be more exasperating than to see the contents of a two-shilling tube of chloride of gold disappearing down the sink, which is the only thing to be done with it, practically, after it has deposited.

There are several formulæ for toning baths, all of which have their advocates. The one made with acetate of soda is certainly the most used, and for small quantities I should recommend the following formula—

Chloride of gold . .	2 grains
Acetate of soda . .	60 „
Water	10 fluid ounces

When you first get the tube of chloride of gold, make a solution of definite strength at once with it—it will not keep dry, as it is very deliquescent, *i.e.* it absorbs moisture from the air, and if it did not it would be far too much trouble to weigh out a grain or two whenever wanted. In your tube you will have 15 grains of chloride. Now take a bottle containing 15 ounces of water, and break the tube into it by filing a notch in the side and then bending it at that place, when it will easily crack across. Shake out the chloride into the bottle carefully, so as not to lose any of this precious material. It should be a bottle just the size to hold the 15 ounces of water, and then, after shaking in the powder, you will only have to fill up the bottle with water—which, by the way, ought to be *distilled*, if possible. Having done this, you have a solution in which every ounce contains 1 grain of gold chloride, and, therefore, when you mix up the toning bath, if you take 2 ounces of this solution, 8 ounces of water, and the 60 grains of acetate of soda, it will be mixed up directly. Both the solution of gold and the mixed toning bath are affected by light, and, therefore, both should be kept in the dark. It is the best plan to cover the bottles containing them with brown paper, to exclude the light. This is easily moulded to the shape of the bottles and gummed on; but an easier way of darkening the bottles is to paint on the outside several coats of gold size and lampblack, mixed to form a thick black varnish. This soon dries, and is quite opaque if painted on evenly, so as to leave no holes. This toning bath must be made up twenty-four hours before use, as it has to become neutral, the chloride being acid and the acetate serving to neutralise it. If wanted at once, you can add a little carbonate of soda, which will neutralise the acid at once, but you will not get such good tones as if acetate is used and the bath left to mature.

Another toning solution, preferred by some amateurs, is that made by adding a solution of 100 grains of borax in 10 ounces of water to a solution of 1 grain of gold chloride in 10 ounces of water. This bath will not keep, so it must be mixed as required, and, when used, thrown away. One grain of gold is

said to be enough to tone one sheet of paper. In practice you will do well to allow 1½ or even 2 grains; but a great deal depends on the paper, of which various brands differ enormously in the amount of gold required to tone them. The borax bath is said to give warm brown tones: in my hands it gives tones so very warm and brown that, greatly as I prefer purple, I have discarded it.

(To be continued.)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(THIRTEENTH SERIES.)

Writing Competition.

[*Continued from p.* 639.]

NINTH DIVISION (*ages* 18 *to* 20 *years*).

Prize—10*s.* 6*d.*

JOSEPH HARTSHORN (aged 19), 27, Seymour Street, Carlton Road, Nottingham.

CERTIFICATES.

H. F. OTWAY, 1, Gordon Grove, Camberwell, S.E.

WM. BAINES, 105, Ivydale Road, Nunhead, S.E.

H. G. GARDNER, 10, Thistlewaite Road, Clapton, N.E.

HARRY CROSS, 32, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, London, W.

DAVID DUTHIE LAWSON, 11, Cluny Avenue, Morningside.

D. T. FORBES, 297, Peel Street, Montreal, Canada.

ROBERT INNES, 10, Dryden Street, Edinburgh.

ERNEST A. EVANS, 16, Willis Road, Gosport.

W. C. JACOB, 17, Somerville Road, New Cross Gate, S.E.

F. O. BUCKLEY, 73, Bevington Road, Aston, Birmingham.

CHAS. BRITTON, 6, Aden Grove, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, N.

FRED TINDLE, 20, Chillingham Road, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

GEORGE PHILLIPS, 70, High Street, Bewdley, Worcestershire.

ALFRED KEENLEYSIDE, 7, Roseworth Terrace, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ALEXANDER PROTHEROE, 101, Fentham Road, Birchfield, Birmingham.

F. CLARKE, Barley Thorpe, Oakham.

JOHN CRUMBY, 38, Stead Street, Jarrow-on-Tyne.

E. ROBERTS, Southsea, Wrexham.

YSMENIA DE ARTOLA, 7, Calle del Puerto, San Sebastian, Spain.

ETHEL GIBSON, The Manse, Weymouth.

LADY DOROTHY COVENTRY, Croome Court, Severn Stoke, Worcestershire.

THEODORE L. HURRY, 58, Jubilee Street, Commercial Road, E.

CHARLOTTE NOBLE, Anscroft Vicarage, Shrewsbury.

E. C. HIGGS, 44, Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.

C. E. SLESSOR, Monkerton Manor, Pinhoe, near Exeter.

ROBERT W HALL, c/o Mrs. Smith, 24, Hall Grove, Leeds.

EDGAR PENMAN, 82, Parrock Street, Gravesend.

EMMA S. MURRELL, Bridge Villa, Brandon, Suffolk.

H. E. HEALD, Sunnyside, Ashtead, Surrey.

JOHN G. REID, 30, Hamilton Place, Aberdeen, N.B.

KATE BARNARD, 195, Upper Richmond Road, Putney.

G. W. ENGLAND, Vicarage Road, Wollaston, Stourbridge.

LEONARD L. BURTON, London Hospital, Whitechapel.

F. C. FAULKNER, 3, Air Street, Sculcoates, Hull.

(To be continued.)



"Oyez! Oyez! This is to give notice that the B.O.P. 'Summer Number' is nearly out of print. Order *at once!*"

NEM. CON.—The best English Dictionary is undoubtedly the one now publishing by the Oxford University Press, under the editorship of Dr. J. A. H Murray; but it costs money, and the parts come at such rare intervals that it is extremely unlikely to be finished in your lifetime. Another good one—but at a long distance from it—is the "Century," published by Fisher Unwin. Another wide gap and you have Blackie's Imperial and Cassell's Encyclopædic, the latter a good working dictionary, costing complete in its latest edition, £7 7*s.* Of the ordinary desk dictionaries, there are few better than Wood's edition of Nuttall, price 3*s.* 6*d.*, published by F. Warne & Co., 15, Bedford Street, Strand.

MOTH HUNTER.—We are hoping to publish a cheap book on Entomology in general in our Bookshelf Series.

A SUBSCRIBER, NOTTS.—If it is a good old violin leave it till you can afford to pay some good maker to clean it and varnish it for you. If it is a bad one, clean it with spirits of turpentine and leave it unvarnished. In either case we should very much doubt if the cleaning would improve it.

A DELIGHTED READER.—1. Best book on football is ours. "Football," price eighteenpence, obtainable from our office, 56, Paternoster Row. 2. Follow our instructions. 3. See back. 4. Five shillings. 5. See back. Pilchards and sardines are the same fish. All fish migrate and follow their food. The sardine moves from the Bay of Biscay to the Cornish coast for the same reason that the herring and the mackerel make the circuit of Great Britain. Look at the first box of sardines you see: you will find that they do not come from Sardinia, but from Finisterre and the French western coast.

J. N. A.—The Deveron is in Aberdeen and Banff shires. The Devon is in Perth, Kinross, Clackmannan, and Stirling shires. There is another Devon in Fife; but the one of the "fairest maid" is the Perthshire one. The "Fairest Maid on Devon Banks" was the last song of Robert Burns, written as he lay dying at Brow, July 12, 1796. The Devon is a fine enough river, but it cannot be compared with the beautiful Deveron for which your friend has mistaken it.

XYLONITE.—All our articles on Graph Making are out of print; but one of them appears in "Indoor Games."

GEORGE FREEBORN.—Climbing irons can be bought at Cooke & Sons, Museum Street, Oxford Street, W. Mudie's Library is at the corner of the street. There is no mention of eggs in the Act of Parliament.

OLD READER.—The prints were transferred from the steel plates to stone and printed on a lithographic machine. They are worth about a halfpenny each to produce, and probably cost sixpence. Their present value is the value of the frames.

JOEY.—The bulk of Civil Service labour is clerk's work of the most mechanical description—such work as in the near future will be done wholesale by merely turning a handle.

CORNERMAN.—You can get nigger bones at Haynes & Co.'s, 14, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. The best cost half-a-crown a set, the cheapest about eightpence.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOY.—1. Your best plan would be to write to Stanford, Cockspur Street, W., for a Civil Service Guide; he will tell you the prices. 2. We have had articles and coloured plates of birds' eggs, but that is no reason why we should not have some more.

TED.—1. Mr. W. H. G. Kingston was born in 1814 and died in 1880. 2. Fourpence.

J. H.—Thorburn's "Guide to British Coins," price 7*s.* 6*d.*, published by L. H. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.

O'LESTHER.—The revolving lamp shades or consumers are sold by Chappuis, Reflector Manufacturer, Fleet Street, E.C.

S. T. WATTS.—All Mr. Ruskin's books can be obtained of his publisher, George Allen, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, E.C., alongside the Law Courts.

RANGOON.—Your short sight would disqualify you for the navy, but in the mercantile marine there is no medical examination and you might pass muster. Your eyesight is by no means good, and you would do well to choose another profession.

G. H. R.—Yes. There was a thief named Richard Turpin, but he never rode to York or did any of the things generally associated with his name. The story is "founded on facts," and the facts referred to other people, but were worked in by the romancist in "combining his information."

TOM PARKER.—Maundy money of the Queen's reign is worth from half-a-crown to three shillings and sixpence a set. Single pieces like your twopenny bit are worth the value they bear, and no more.

ADOLPHUS.—The cheap clock driven by sand was in the third volume, now out of print; but it is in "Indoor Games."

W. J. M.—How to curl your hair without tongs? Certainly. Procure a box of slate pencils; break the pencils up into short cylinders two inches long; then wrap not more than sixteen hairs round each cylinder. When the hair is all used up round the cylinders, sponge your head well with very warm water; and when it is dry go to bed, but do not sleep. In the morning remove the cylinders, and your hair will be curly. If it is not you can do something else!

PATER.—There are good technical classes, with workshops, laboratories, gymnasium, swimming bath, etc. at the Polytechnic Day School for Boys, 309, Regent Street. Write to the Secretary for prospectus. The highest charge is two and a half guineas a term.

FERRUM.—"The Boy's Own Model Locomotive" began in the November Part for 1887. It has been reprinted in "Indoor Games."

WILKERSON.—Take a plaster of Paris cast from the sealingwax impression; then take an ordinary wax mould from the plaster of Paris; then dust on your black lead. Your wire was too fine. Get "Workshop Receipts," Third Series, price 5*s.*, published by E. & F. N. Spon, Strand, London.

P. STINTON.—At all dockyards there are sales of rejected boats, etc. No pass is necessary. But write to the Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard for particulars. The letter will be handed over to the proper officer to answer.

H. RITCHIE.—In the "Engineer" for February 13 last, there was a long article on marine engineers, with particulars as to education, pay, and prospects.

F. SMITH.—Yes. All numbers, parts, and volumes in print are sold by us at published prices; we make no difference as to their being current or not.

A. SHEPHERD.—The Mint Reports for the years in question, which are included in the Parliamentary Papers in your Free Library, would show the numbers of each piece coined during those years.

BARNES, H. L.—All the books have been republished in book form by Hodder & Stoughton except "The Two Cabin Boys" and "Ivan Dobroff," which have not yet been reprinted.

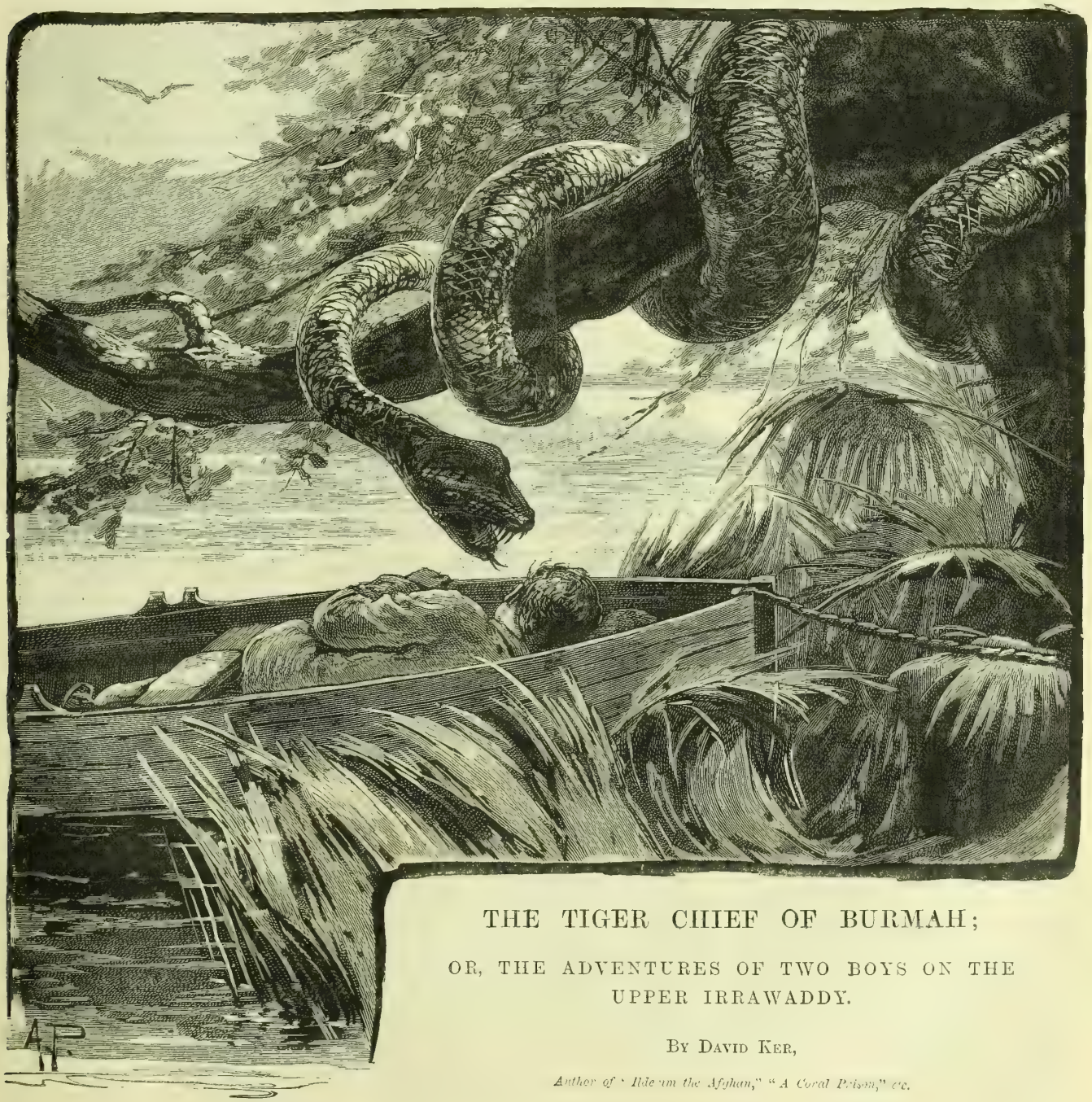
HARRY.—We hear from Mr. F. Terry, of 161, Clifford Street, Lozells, Birmingham, who is an expert, that Preston, the violin maker, made instruments at York from 1789 to 1798. His instruments are of dark brown colour, have deep ribs, are high built, and are unpurfled.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—You will occasionally see it on a bookstall. "Curious old work—price 4*d.*" That is the sort of thing.

S. A K. WILSON.—There was no mint in Ireland in 1722; small change was much wanted there; and the Duchess of Kendal procured a patent for coining the needful in favour of an ironmonger named Wood. He was to coin £108,000 worth of halfpence and farthings at the rate of thirty pennies to the pound of copper. The English rate was twenty-three pennies to the pound, but to this had to be added the freight and—of all things remarkable—the duty on the import. Wood's profit on the transaction would have been £4,000, but the Irish, who forgot all about the freight and the duty, worked themselves into such excitement over the proposed halfpence, that the patent was withdrawn, and, instead of £4,000 for his trouble, Wood had nothing at all to do and received 24,000 guineas as compensation!

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 653.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"Its hot, foul breath actually stirred his hair."

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of 'Ilderim the Afghan,' "A Coral Prison," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—THE WORST DANGER OF ALL.

LEFT to himself, our young angler resumed his sport, but not with the same success as before. The fish seemed to have grown suddenly wary, and after half an hour's assiduous angling, he had only added one more to his list.

"Tiresome things!" he growled; "it's just like one of their spiteful tricks, to go getting shy of me just when I've thrown up my trip in the launch on purpose to catch 'em! One can see that they're Burmese fish by their being so frightened of an Englishman. Well, what's to be done now, I wonder?"

It was an unlucky question for Master Harry to ask himself in such a place and at such a time. In the story-books of last century there always comes a fatal crisis when the good boy of the piece, having valiantly remained in his appointed place till just upon the stroke of the hour when some one was to come and fetch him, suddenly runs toward the edge of the forbidden precipice to pick a flower, or darts into the gipsy-haunted wood in pursuit of a squirrel; and then, of course, we know that he will be kidnapped, drowned, or gobbled up by that obliging bear which is always ready when it is wanted in these thrilling narratives; while his bereaved relatives, shaking their heads gravely, remark with a sigh, that "disobedience never goes unpunished."

So it was now with poor Harry. Scarcely had he asked himself so disconsolately what he should do next, when, as if on purpose to answer this question, he caught sight of a strong eddy a little farther down the stream, at the tail of which, as he well knew, he would be certain to catch (if he went the right way to work) as many fish as he wanted.

It is always easy to find good reasons for doing what one particularly wishes to do; and Harry argued to himself that there could not possibly be any danger,—that, even if there were, a good basket of fish was always worth running some risk for—that his new fishing-ground would, after all, be quite near the fort—that Lieutenant Marston's anxiety about the safety of his garrison made him see perils everywhere—and, finally, that he would only stay half an hour or so (just long enough to catch a few good ones, in fact), and then come straight back again.

No sooner said than done. In a trice our adventurous Harry was snugly moored beneath the opposite bank, just below the eddy, under the shade of a mighty tree that stretched out one huge limb over the water, like the arm of a giant extended to clutch some unwary passer-by.

The result justified his expectations, for he at once began pulling up the "good ones" at a great rate; and, so thoroughly absorbed was he in his successful sport, that he never thought of noticing that he was now quite out of sight of the fort, and shut in on either side by gloomy thickets, which covered both banks down to the very water's edge with a perfect wall of matted boughs and coiling leaves, dense and dark enough to hide any number of brigands or wild beasts.

But by this time the sun was pretty high in the sky, and the scorching heat of a genuine tropical day was beginning to make itself felt in earnest. The great banner-like leaves drooped languidly upon the hot breezeless air, the reeds and wild-grass ceased to rustle, and the wide-winged vulture that was hovering like a wreath of dark-grey cloud far up against the blue sunny sky, hung poised in mid-air, as if he were falling asleep on the wing.

Harry himself seemed to feel the universal drowsiness, as well he might; for he had risen at daybreak, and had been in pretty constant action ever since. He laid down his rod and leaned back in the boat, closed his eyes for a moment, opened them again with a start, shut them once more, and in another minute was fast asleep.

For a few instants the whole panorama was as silent and solitary as if the world had just been created. Then there came a slight rustling in the thicket (a sound so faint that even the ear of a hungry tiger would barely have caught it), and from the tangled mass of dark, snaky leaves peered forth a *face*.

It was a human face, but there was certainly little that was human in the small, deep-set, snake-like eyes, the teeth black as ink from chewing *betel*, the gaunt, hollow, corpse-like features, or the wolfish glare of mingled ferocity, suspicion, and cruel eagerness, which this grim apparition cast around him as he looked forth.

For a moment or two nothing was visible of the new-comer but his appalling countenance, for he was evidently in no haste to quit his hiding-place, and gazed around him—as if wishing to assure himself that all was safe—with a glance so sharp, cunning, and suspicious, that it would have sufficed of itself to show that he was there for no good purpose. At length, apparently satisfied that he had nothing to fear, he crept forth from his lair, and crawled, noiselessly as a shadow, toward the slumbering boy, with a look of cruel and ferocious triumph on his ghastly features such as no words can describe.

Just then the sleeper stirred and turned over (though without waking), leaving his face fully visible.

As the prowling savage—who had by this time got within a few paces of his intended victim—caught sight of the latter's face, he stopped short as suddenly as if struck by lightning, letting fall the huge knife that he clutched in his strong, sinewy hand. For an instant he remained motionless as a statue, though every line of his dark, stern visage quivered with the agitation of a fearful struggle, in which inflexible determination appeared to contend with a kind of regretful tenderness, such a look as that of Othello when he bent over the slumbering Desdemona, or of Brutus when he raised his dagger to deal a final stab to the overmatched and wounded Cæsar.

How that inward conflict would have ended, no one can tell; for, before the would-be murderer could come to any decision, the question was unexpectedly settled for him.

A faint rustle, which no ear less quick than his own would have caught at all, was heard among the higher branches of the vast tree that overhung the sleeping boy and his boat. Then came the sharp snap of a breaking twig, and the lighter boughs began to move gently to and fro as if swayed by a breeze, though not a breath of air was stirring.

For a moment the Burman's keen black eyes watched this strange phenomenon with a look of intelligence, as if it were no novelty to *him*. Then he drew back into the shadow of a thick clump of bushes, and waited to see what would come next.

What came next was a curious glimmer amid the overhanging mass of leaves—a kind of dim, many-coloured sheen, like the light cast by the sun upon a wet cobweb. Then (as when the Burman himself had made his first appearance) the leaves shook and parted, and a head was thrust forth—but this time the head was that of a monstrous serpent!

Downward came the reptile, coil after coil, with the slow, ponderous motion of overwhelming strength, snapping off twigs and even small branches with the mere passing pressure of its mighty folds. It was a boa-constrictor of the largest size, fully thirty feet in length, and quite as thick in the middle as a man's body; and as the light of its emerald eyes and the many-coloured glitter of its shining scales played in and out of the dark, glossy leaves like a vast living rainbow, the monster, horrible as it was, certainly made a picture which any artist would have loved to copy.

At first the snake seemed to intend gliding down the tree to the ground, as if to attack the ambushed Burman; but it soon became apparent that this was not its object. Arrived at the point where the huge limb already described projected from the main trunk and jutted out over the water, the serpent paused for a moment, and then proceeded to writhe itself out along the bough, till its vast scaly bulk hung like a coiled-up cable right over the light boat and the sleeping boy who lay unconscious and defenceless within it!

The fierce glitter of the monster's small bright eye, and the impatient movements of its gaping jaws, showed that it had marked its destined prey, and was bent upon seizing it forthwith. For a few seconds it remained coiled round the branch, and then began slowly to untwist itself, and to swing its scaly length downward toward the helpless sleeper, evidently meaning to seize and crush him in those tremendous folds, one squeeze of which would have broken like twigs the bones of a buffalo or a tiger.

While this was going on, a series of startling changes were passing over the grim, swarthy face of the hidden spectator. When the serpent first came forth, he had eyed it with a strange and horrible admiration, as if the fierce man and the fierce monster were akin to each other, and the one destroyer could recognise in the other a creature worthy of himself. When the boa came glancing and glittering down the mighty tree, he had looked on with the air of quiet approval wherewith a man might watch a well-acted play or a clever feat of juggling, changing gradually to a look of cold, cruel satisfaction as the snake's intention to seize and destroy the slumbering lad became manifest.

But, strangely enough, just when the sleeper's doom appeared certain, the Burman—who evidently wished him to perish, and had so lately been about to kill him with his own hand—began to display an extraordinary agitation, which grew more and more violent in propor-

tion as the serpent drew nearer to its prey. Twice he half raised himself from the ground, and twice he sank back again, with every fibre of his dark face quivering convulsively, and his hand clenching the haft of his knife till the knuckles grew white.

And now, just as the monster's head was so close to the sleeping boy that its hot, foul breath actually stirred his hair, and another moment would have seen him enfolded in the terrible coils, there broke over his unconscious face a bright, happy smile.

There came a sudden crash in the thicket—a loud, sharp hiss—a dull thud. Something like a large and very wet top-boot fell down upon Harry's face, and he awoke to find a boa-constrictor's severed head lying on his chest, its headless body flapping and writhing close beside him, and a tall, grim, brigand-like Burman standing over him knife in hand.

"Thanks, friend—you have saved my life," said the lad in his best Burmese, as soon as he could collect his confused ideas.

"Thank not me," answered the stranger, fiercely, "for I had meant to slay you with my own hand!"

"Why?" asked Harry, wonderingly. "Have I ever done you any harm?"

"You are *English*, and the English are the mortal foes of my country and my people. But you have been merciful, and it is right that they who show mercy should receive it. It is said among my people that you aided a helpless leper, whose very touch might be death, and that you and your comrade perilled your lives to save a drowning infant of my race. Yet not for this did I stay my hand from striking you, but because, even now, your face looked like the face of a boy who was very dear to me, and whom I shall never see again."

"Is he dead, then?" asked Harry, pityingly; "I'm very sorry for that!"

"He died in the front of the battle, ere he was as old as you are," answered the Burman, in a tone of gloomy pride, "even as I hope to die myself!"

But just at this point their talk was interrupted by the harsh screech of the launch's steam-whistle, and then Alfred Marston's voice was heard shouting:

"Harry, my boy, are you there?"

"Farewell!" cried the Burman, hastily; "we shall meet again!"

And, with a spring like the bound of a hunted tiger, he vanished into the thicket.

"Oh, we shall meet again, shall we?" muttered Harry, looking after him with a meaning grin. "Well, I think, on the whole, I'd just as soon we *didn't*!"

"Harry! where are you?" shouted Marston's voice again.

"Here I am—I'm just coming!" roared Harry in reply, as he unmoored his boat and pushed off up the stream again.

Our hero's story was soon told, to the amazement of all his hearers, and the undisguised envy of Fred Milburn, who was heart-broken at having missed such a splendid "adventure." But Marston—who had listened to the startling tale with a deepening air of very unwonted agitation upon his usually calm and unrevealing face—no sooner heard Harry quote the Burman's mention of the boy who had been so dear to him, and who had "died in the front of the battle," than he broke forth excitedly:

"You *have* had a narrow escape, my boy; *that man was the Tiger Chief himself!*"

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frèzols," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE TREASURE.

"Asleep!" said the lieutenant. "But you are dreaming, I fancy, my dear doctor! What sleep could resist this light, or the noise we must have made in coming down, and the shouts we gave?"

"I did not speak of a natural sleep," said the doctor quietly. "We are, I believe, in the presence of an artificial sleep, magnetic, hypnotic, or whatever you like to call it. Some one has hypnotised these people by making them look at that sun, which is quite blinding. I should not advise you to look at it too much, if you do not wish to copy our friends' example. There have been some magnetic passes here, too, I suspect; and as I took a deal of interest in magnetism in my youth, I will try my hand and awake them with a reversal. If I do not succeed, we shall see what else to do."

"They are in a very curious state," said the lieutenant, looking anxiously into the faces of his friends. "They look as though they were in ordinary sleep. The colour is in repose, the expression of the features is calm, the breathing equal and gentle. If it had not been for the things I mentioned just now, I could have sworn they had gone to sleep for their own pleasure."

"What makes me uneasy," said Dr. Hardy, "is that I do not know who has sent them to sleep. But they will tell us when they wake. To work!"

And placing himself in front of the sleepers—without knowing it, he had taken the very place and attitude of the magus—the doctor began to move his hands in grand gestures and incomprehensible passes.

He worked hard; the veins on his forehead began to swell, and the lieutenant could see the drops of perspiration gathering and falling. At the end of ten minutes there was still no result.

Fixed as it were in the attitude in which the sleep had surprised them, it would have been easy to believe that the sleepers had passed from slumber into death, were it not that the movement of their chests and the colour of their faces showed that life still animated their inert forms.

The lieutenant did not move, for fear of spoiling the experiment, and Hassan, standing behind him, held his breath, and looked alternately at the doctor and his "subjects." As to Professor Hasselfratz, he had never moved after he jumped out of the basket. Motionless at the sight of the jewelled sun, with his eyes fixed and himself scarcely breathing, it seemed as though he also had been magnetised. He had not a glance for the sleepers.

Doctor Hardy continued his passes.

At last, Catherine sighed gently. Raising herself a little, and passing her hand across her forehead, she murmured in a troubled, uncertain voice,—

"Maurice! Leila!"

Then she opened her eyes and looked around her with surprise.

At that moment her brother awoke. His first movement was to try to get to Catherine; but suddenly his eyes fell on Doctor Hardy, Guyon, Hasselfratz, and Hassan. His friends surrounded him and clasped his hands, explaining their presence and forcing him to collect his wandering faculties. Both he and his sister were still under the influence of the sleep, and could hardly collect their ideas. At first they could only reply to the questions of their friends in confused phrases.

Suddenly, little Hassan threw himself at Catherine's feet, and with a great gush of tears, exclaimed—

"Khanoum! Khanoum! Where is Leila? Where is the master? How is it we find you here without Leila, for you went away together? And how does the Sahib, who came with the Mobed, find himself here without him? Where are they? Tell me, where is the Grand Mobed? Where is Leila?"

Catherine again passed her hand across her forehead, making a visible effort to collect her thoughts.

"But," she murmured, "Leila was close to me! I held her hand, I am sure. And the magus, do you remember, Maurice, was he not here in front of us? Oh, he looked tall and sombre and strange against the screen of light! As I looked I thought a mist rose between him and my eyes. His sleeves floated slowly, long and heavily—and I know not if what I saw was a man, or a bird of the night, or something fantastic, terrible, a nightmare I saw with open eyes. And Leila was afraid! Yes! I remember! She called out 'Grandfather! Enough! Stop!' and I remember no more."

Doctor Hardy and Guyon listened attentively to what she said.

"Then it was the magus who sent you to sleep?" asked the doctor, continuing his passes over Catherine's forehead.

"Asleep?" said brother and sister.

"That is all that has been the matter with you—like your companion," said the doctor, indicating Gargaridi, who lay full length on the ground, and had just begun to give a snore and groan like the humming of an enormous top.

The sight seemed to wake Maurice completely. He stepped up to his ser-

vant, and by shaking him, calling him, and dragging him by the arms, succeeded in setting him on his feet. A few supplementary passes from Doctor Hardy called the interesting Aristomenes back to consciousness.

His first words were—

"Give me a drink."

And his next,—

"I could eat a morsel now! A man might die of hunger in this place!"

There was a rush to satisfy his wishes, and without further parley he began to enjoy his breakfast immensely.

The doctor made Maurice and Catherine her, to tell her we are saved! Let us get out of here! The place fills me with horror! Be quick, gentlemen, I pray you! I want to see the light of day and to be able to comfort my poor friend."

"Certainly, my child," said the doctor. "I am eager, too, to get you out of this and see you safe and sound in the open air. But first, ought we not to decide what we shall do with this treasure? There are jewels there of inestimable value," and, sinking his voice, he continued, "and I should advise you, Maurice, to take some care to keep them out of the sight of those workmen above. There is



A gaping chasm opened beneath the steps.

swallow a few drops of brandy which he had brought in a pocket flask, and soon the young people were wide awake and able to understand what had passed overhead, the arrival of their friends, and to tell for themselves what a concurrence of circumstances had brought them into so pitiful a condition. The same conclusion occurred to all; under pretext of making them lose their memory, the magus had sent them to sleep, and then, when his object was obtained, he had abandoned them and carried off his unconscious granddaughter.

Catherine could not restrain her tears at the thought of the old man's treachery.

"Oh! my poor Leila!" she said, "What sorrow for her if the magus has really done this? Let us run to console everything to fear if once they suspect what this place conceals."

"But you should know, my dear friend," said the lieutenant, "that the royal firman gives you the exclusive right of search, but on the express condition that you take away nothing—not a pebble, not a brick. Certainly not a stone of that sort," said he, pointing to the mystic sun, the ardent fires of which seemed to live and throb in the sanctuary.

"The fact is," said Maurice, "that it would turn the heads of our people. How could we carry it to the King of Kings? I confess I have no idea. But I am afraid it would be a difficult task. His Majesty would do well, I think, to send us a regiment or two to escort the jewels to Teheran. And we may think ourselves lucky if the armed force does not begin by pillaging the coffers."

"Take those jewels to Teheran!" suddenly interrupted the professor in a voice of thunder. "Give them to the Shah? Ho! ho! not at all, gentlemen, not at all! You will do nothing of the sort!"

"And who will hinder us?" said Maurice.

"I will, sir," replied Hasselfratz, striking his chest. "I, who discovered this temple, and excavated this rotunda. I, to whom the world is indebted for this immense discovery. I claim the jewels as my share! It is the only reward I want for what I have done. I leave you the rest!"

"In the first place, sir, I would have you observe that it is I who discovered this treasure some days ago in company with my servant, while you were engaged overhead digging trenches on my ground with the workmen you stole from me. Next, I would remind you that we are in Persia, where the government does not permit us to carry away anything we find, and consequently we must give up the treasure to the rightful owners. Some one more competent than I am must decide whether it should be given to the Shah, who governs the country, or to the Guebres, whose ancestors buried it here."

The professor gave a yell of anger.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Indeed, my good sir! And you think, young whippersnapper, that I, Hans Hasselfratz, I, a member of a score of learned societies, I, covered with titles and honours, am to allow myself to be checkmated by a mere prig like you? Ah! ah! We will see, sir, we will see!"

And in a fury he turned towards the altar.

"Take care, sir," said Maurice, quietly, "I warn you that I will not suffer you to take away a single stone. I take these gentlemen to witness. I discovered this altar before you, with my servant Gargaridi. The magus Goucha Nichin, who was here a moment ago, can testify to the same fact. The treasure is not yours, and if you touch it you will repent it."

"We will see about that," said Hasselfratz.

And he ran up to the altar steps. But at the same moment the valorous Aristomenes, incapable of restraining himself any longer, rushed after the professor, threw his arms around him, and with hands, head, and feet all at work, dragged him back. The oculist was staggered by this unexpected attack, but caught firm hold of the edge of the coffer and kicked out vigorously behind at his assailant. Gargaridi would not let go, and shouted with rage. In a moment it looked as though both of them would roll over at the foot of the altar. But suddenly, by a violent effort, Hasselfratz got free, butted Gargaridi full in the stomach, and sent him flying to the ground, taking with him in his grip the two tails of the professorial coat.

The triumphant Hasselfratz seized with both hands the gold rod which supported the sun of jewels, and tried to tear it from the casket.

At that moment came a clap as of thunder; a fearful uproar filled the vault; and, before any of the spectators of the scene could make a move, a gaping chasm

opened beneath the steps, and coffer, sun, professor, and altar were in an instant swallowed up, while the walls and pillars of the galleries trembled and cracked and split as if in an earthquake.

The spectators had just time to scramble into the basket, carrying Catherine, who had fainted with horror. As they were drawn aloft, the ground beneath was filled with a tumult of crashing and crumbling, and in the chasm that had opened they could hear the roar of water, the dashing of the waves of a subterranean river, which had for ever swept away the professor and the sun of jewels into the interior of the earth.

(To be continued.)

THE COMEDY OF ST. VESPER'S.

By A. G. Munro, B.A., City of London School,

Author of "The Tragedy of St. Vesper's," etc.

"Hastings, old man, you're in for a licking this afternoon."

But the captain of the St. Vesper's cricket club heeded not Howard's remark, and slammed his study door in the speaker's face.

"Bother that fellow Howard," said Hastings, as soon as he was alone and free to give vent to his pent-up feelings, "he'd only whistle if St. Vesper's itself was on fire."

"But what's more," mused the captain, stroking an embryo moustache, "it's really *too* bad of Philpot to detain a fellow for Latin prose just on *the* day of all the cricket season. I wonder now if I ought to appeal to the Doctor."

But such a course was contrary to all precedent at St. Vesper's, where boys and masters had from time immemorial been on the best of terms.

Stanleigh, now in the fifth form, had been chosen to play for the school team *versus* the County club and ground, a fixture in which two or three members of the County eleven were expected to take part; but though the boy had developed, since we last saw him, into a slow left-arm bowler with a big break, he was still the Stanleigh of old, and it was only because an unusual number of the sixth had gone up last year to the Universities that he got into the fifth form at all. He had that morning made sad havoc with his Latin prose, so that Mr. Philpot had ordered him to remain in bounds for the afternoon and—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*.

And here a word about Mr. Philpot, who had succeeded Mr. Moulter at St. Vesper's.

Mr. Philpot had vacated his fellowship at Oxford in order to take the mastership of the fifth form. At Oxford he had carried everything before him in the schools, but had never gone in for athletics. Consequently he could not sympathise with the exuberant athletic proclivities of the boys, was all for routine and exercises done up to date, on no account accepting an excuse—however reasonable—and was therefore, if not disliked, at any rate unpopular. A slightly pedagogic manner, not uncommon with very able Oxford and Cambridge scholars who do not appreciate cricket and athletics generally, by no means increased the esteem with which the boys regarded him.

But Mr. Philpot was not really a bad sort. A brilliant scholar and accomplished gentleman, all he needed was a little more sympathy and general comprehension of boyhood. Had he come down to the nets once or twice a week like most of the other St. Vesper masters did, he would have been as popular as the rest of them.

But on the afternoon of the great match *versus* the County club and ground the fellows felt very sore against Mr. Philpot. Hastings, Boyle, and the rest of them were rooted and grounded in loyalty to the Head Master and all his colleagues; but that loyalty, be it remembered, was founded on the wisdom with which the "teachers, spiritual pastors and masters" of St. Vesper's managed the boys, and this afternoon all the cricket eleven—or ten rather—set about packing up flannels, pads, and stumps like the sore-eared bruin of fable.

No creatures on the face of this earth are trained to a keener sense of justice than boys in our great public schools, and the detention of Stanleigh, their crack left-arm bowler, on whom Hastings was almost relying to pull off the match, went sorely against the grain. It was, let us confess it, a mistake. To spoil the chance of winning the important fixture of the year, merely on account of Stanleigh's Latin prose, was neither just nor wise. The Head Master was known to express subsequent grave disapproval, but this was in private, and consequently behind the scenes of the present story.

However, to return to the course of events.

The early midday lunch was over, the waggonette and four had borne away the cricket eleven to the county town, whither the Head Master and his wife had followed in a landau; all the other fellows had straggled off in twos and threes on foot, and, save for the presence of four boys who were detained on account of failing in the morning's lessons or otherwise, the classic shades and antique towers of St. Vesper's were wrapped in afternoon silence. Besides Stanleigh, two other fellows, Fosse and Carter, were also prisoners, as well as a boy low down in the school called Gummer, who was classed both by masters and boys as a regular duffer.

"Hello, Tommy Fosse, you here too!" said Carter, as Stanleigh and the former boy emerged from the dining hall into the quadrangle, "what's gone wrong to-day?"

"Caught designing a profile of the Doctor during Roman History by Old Mortimer and refused a permit for the cricket match," said Tommy; "but what's been your little game, Mr. Billy Carter?"

"Cooing whilst Giles was nearly tearing off his nails in a rage because the fellows didn't know their Euclid," replied Carter.

And here be it observed, for the benefit of those who are ignorant of the offence for which Carter had forfeited his afternoon's liberty, that it is a kind of misconduct not at all unfamiliar to classes in large public schools.

You, general reader, may not understand it, but your youthful acquaintances Tommy Fosse and Carter, with countenances sweet with the cherubic innocence of Paradise itself thrice beatifically personified, had many a time caused their preceptors Messrs. Giles and Mortimer to look round the room, at windows, ceiling, floor, door, desks, boys and everything, in wonder whether their aural faculties were impaired, or if the gentle sound which from time to time divided allegiance with Cæsar or Euclid might not be wafted from some purer and more celestial sphere.

Whether it were to coo like a pigeon or turtle-dove, hum like a bee, chirp after the manner of a cricket, or execute some popular air in semi-audible strains, in all these arts both Fosse and Carter were adepts.

The guileless simplicity on Tommy Fosse's face when the magic sounds suddenly ceased, and the corresponding curious innocence on the faces of the other thirty-nine boys in the class as their wistful eyes followed the orbs of Mr. Giles slowly round every region of the room whence earthly music might originate, was a powerful argument in favour of the original depravity of man.

But that morning Carter had overshot the mark. In the middle of the performance, Mr. Giles suddenly ceased raging about $x\ y\ z$, and the cooing of the pigeon broke on the silence of the morning. After examining every nook of Carter's desk to bring to light that young gentleman's live stock, and finding nothing worthy of the name, a gleam of intelligence illuminated the master's features.

"Was it you?" said Mr. Giles, transfixing the boy.

Now Carter was a truthful boy and owned up. He lost that afternoon's liberty, and awoke to the conviction that he must coo nor hum no more until advanced to a higher class.

Tommy Fosse was confined to school bounds, as has been said, for making the terrible features of the Doctor a ground-work for one of his many efforts at fine art.

The caricature included gold spectacles, white cravat, stock, D.D. hood, and all other emblems of the great man's dignity, and Mr. Mortimer expected in his horror at the discovery that the walls of the old school would tumble into ruins. He put the drawing into his pocket, and determined to show it to the Head Master as the latter left big school at noon for his private residence, but on approaching his chief wisely thought twice what he was doing, assented to the Doctor's incontrovertible declaration that it was a fine day, and passed on to the common room.

Tommy Fosse, by the way, is now a famous engineer out in India. His architectural powers also are considerable. He can design almost anything—from a man-of-war to a church-steeple—in fact, he can, like the famous Pecksniff, construct the latter fabric by squinting at a sheet of foolscap. It is, in a great measure, owing to the boy's wonderful faculties for contriving, designing, and planning, that the "Comedy of St. Vesper's" comes to be recorded in the annals of the school.

The afternoon was, as the Head Master said to Mr. Mortimer, fine, but that rather added to the painful sentiments caused by being limited to school bounds. Like the little victims immortalised by Gray, the boys felt the limits of their little reign horribly circumscribed on this public holiday, and they would gladly have set about "exploring unknown dangers." But the prohibition was definite, and not to be disregarded.

At any rate, they might walk as far as the stile on the other side of the playing fields, and have a look into Roger's garden. Roger

inhabited the white cottage adjoining the dairy which supplied the school with butter and milk, and a kind of half-witted brother of Roger, Old Sam by name, was generally either pottering about in the little garden or milking the cows. Roger's wife kept a small sweet-shop, patronised by the boys, so that they were constantly passing over the stile during play hours. Two lanes met close to the stile, from both of which was a good view into the garden, one leading from St. Vesper's into the main road, the other a private approach to the Vicarage.

"Why, Stanleigh, how is it you are not at the match this afternoon? Detained? Why, surely not to-day!" exclaimed Mr. Norman—for it was he—in surprise. "And you, too, Fosse and Carter. Well, this is quite a public calamity in your case, Stanleigh, as I had put you down as safe for six wickets at least. The county ground is just the thing for your left-arm break after last week's rain."

Mr. Norman hurried on to make a call at the Vicarage, and whatever his musings might have been as he entered the Vicar's gates, they were the reverse of complimentary to his colleague, Mr. Philpot.

"A regular stunner!" exclaimed Tommy Fosse after a minute's pause, to which remark Stanleigh and Carter gave assent, whilst Gummer looked, as usual, transfixed in space.

Carter had coo'd and hummed, and Tommy Fosse drawn caricatures during the first week in Mr. Norman's class; but somehow they had got on much better with their work there than they did under their present masters. On the first morning the popular master pounced upon Tommy engaged in a striking facsimile of his own teacher's physiognomy, including even the eye-glass. The boy expected terrible retribution, but Mr. Norman merely laughed and put the portrait as a relic into his pocket-book, where it now lies, a valued memento of a famous engineer, to whom he means to show it some day.

But young Fosse was the son of a good old English gentleman and a baronet, so that, like Carter, he was not only truthful, but recognised the motto *Noblesse oblige*; and since Mr. Norman had treated him so leniently, he not only forswore caricatures for a term, but passed on the signal for good behaviour to his friend Carter. The other masters could not for the life of them comprehend how Mr. Norman's class, containing two such reprobates as Tommy Fosse and Billy Carter, gained more good conduct half-holidays that term than any other form in the school.

"Come on, Stan; let's draw Old Sam," cried Carter, jumping over the style.

Old Sam was at that moment weeding a bed of radishes in his brother Roger's garden.

Roger's half-witted brother was a common object of charity with the Vicar's wife and the masters at St. Vesper's, and a most ungrateful object withal.

If the Vicar's cook brought him out a bit of hot mutton from the family joint, Old Sam merely grunted out that "he'd 'oped as it ud been a bit o' pork," or something to a similar effect.

The boys at the great school during one of his rheumatic bouts, in a sudden burst of charity, subscribed nineteen shillings and ten pence halfpenny for his benefit. Old Sam's only thanks consisted of a regret that they hadn't made it a pound!

The passer-by that glorious June afternoon might have noticed that close beside the spot where Old Sam was weeding stood a scare-crow. A very striking object was that scare-crow. It was almost as much so as the rheumatic horticulturist himself. There was a solidity so to speak, a material well-being about that scare-crow both as regards limb-formation and the profuse supply of tattered haberdashery with which the almost human formation was bedecked, which distinguished it from all other scare-crows in the parish. Strangers were rare in the neighbourhood of St. Vesper's, but many parents of the boys had put on their spectacles as they drove by on the main road specially to see whether their eyes had not deceived them after all.

Now Tommy Fosse had seen that scare-crow many a time, but probably because he had never yet brought *fully* to bear on it that inventive faculty and wondrous power of imagination for which he was so renowned, the scope for the exercise of his talents on the effigy had always escaped his notice.

Whilst Stanleigh and Carter were soothing their vexation at being forbidden the cricket match, Tommy Fosse had already discovered source of ample compensation for his sufferings. There was balm for Tommy, and Roger's scare-crow was the source from which it flowed. The boy's face as he examined his new-found treasure, now adjusting the folds of the old clerical coat, which had done triple duty, first for the Vicar, secondly for Old Sam, and thirdly and lastly for the scare-crow, now shifting one leg a trifle, then an arm, was a perfect study. Stanleigh and Carter were engrossed with Old Sam, and the only eyes watching Fosse were those of Gummer, who was gradually opening them so wide that they resembled two small moons.

"Got any 'rhino,' Stan?" said Carter, tired of Old Sam's selfish grumbling and nodding towards Mrs. Roger's sweet-shop.

But Stanleigh's thoughts were just then travelling to the county ground.

"Got any shekels about you, Stan—don't you hear?" persisted Carter the irrepressible.

"I wonder if the first innings is over!" Stanleigh replied vacantly, his absent mind still dwelling on the severity of Mr. Philpot.

"Got any . . . why, what on earth is up with old Gummer?" went on Carter, catching sight of Gummer's full moons just then gauged to the very furthest extent of incredulity. "Gummer, what are you looking at, you staring mooncalf?"

"Mr. Philpot," was the reply.

The mention of Mr. Philpot roused the attention of the other two boys, whose eyes, after travelling along the two lanes surrounding Roger's garden, finally came to a thunder-struck pause at sight of the scare-crow.

Poor Gummer probably believed he was speaking the truth, so wondrous a transformation had Fosse's handiwork effected. The old cabbage stalks tucked under the effigy's left arm in place of the ponderous authors commonly resting beneath that portion of the fifth-form master's anatomy, made the likeness complete.

Mrs. Fortescue, the Vicar's wife, who was short-sighted and returning from her parish rounds, caught the word "Philpot," and noticing the boys in the garden forgot the scare-crow and thought it was none other than he.

Mr. Norman, who, returning from the Vicarage, was coming down the lane on the other side of the privet hedge, actually took off his eye-glass three times to give it a good rub before convincing himself that his colleague was not in the flesh before him.

"Now for the fun of the fair, boys," shouted Tommy Fosse, unconscious that the eyes of two spectators were on him; "you've had your turn as a master, Mr. Philpot, and a pretty good turn too; it's only fair that we take our innings also; just for a change, you know," spoke out the boy, mimicking the master's tones.

"What on earth's your game now?" said Carter.

"Going to give Philpot a licking," sang out Tommy Fosse.

Mr. Norman hereupon did his best not to burst out laughing; and Mrs. Fortescue, her wits somewhat at sea, pricked up her ears.

"Come on, Stan, the entertainment is provided for your special benefit. Here, Philpot, right form company—so—now that will do nicely," and by the time the boys drew near, Fosse had provided himself with a stalwart cabbage stalk and was preparing for action.

Mr. Norman wouldn't have missed it for the world.

"Now Mr. Philpot, sir, this is the third time. Your Latin prose on Monday was distinctly bad, yes, *distinctly* bad; yesterday it was worse; and to-day it is execrable. Natural ignorance we masters *can* and *will* tolerate, but *wilful* indolence, Mr. Phil—pot, no ne—ver." And with the last syllable the cabbage stalk came down with such a blow on the poor scare-crow as nearly to shiver it into atoms.

The Vicar's wife began to think something was amiss.

"Now, Billy Carter, your turn next; will you have a go in?"

"Rather," said Carter shouldering the cabbage stalk and presenting arms.

Carter dispensed with a preliminary oration, and working the improvised cane in and out to secure full leverage, took his turn.

"Oh, wasn't it good?" was all Carter said as he handed the cabbage stalk to Stanleigh.

Poor Mr. Norman had to hold his sides to prevent an explosion.

"Yes, Stan, that's right; take a good volley, you're the principal sufferer," cried Tommy Fosse, as the first eleven boy, really enjoying what seemed innocent fun, assumed the aggressive. Stanleigh gave such a resounding whack, that the tottering effigy collapsed with a crack in its backbone, and the cabbage stalk flying off at a tangent caught Carter in the eye, so that the boy yelled out "Murder! murder!"

The Vicar's wife for the first time for twenty years broke into a sudden trot, and would have run right into the arms of Mr. Norman behind the privet hedge, had not that gentleman suddenly collapsed on the grassy bank in a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"I say, Hastings, some of these fellows are saying that Mr. Philpot's been half murdered," said Howard, as the waggonette drew up in front of the Norman archway.

"A good job, too," began the captain, thinking Howard was trying a joke. "Here, Oliver, catch hold of these bags."

Hastings was in no enviable frame of mind. County club and ground had won the match. With only three wickets to go down they still wanted forty runs to win, but Hastings and Boyle bowled throughout the innings, and at this juncture the latter got off the spot, so for want of Stanleigh's break-backs the school had lost by one run.

That thunder was in the air was evident. The fellows were gathered in groups making all sorts of surmises. The Vicar was waiting for the Head Master when the latter returned, and for the last quarter of an hour the two had been closeted together.

Whatever the Vicar's wife had reported at the Vicarage we cannot say, but coupled with the advent of the Vicar and a notice posted at the chapel door ordering all the fellows into big school immediately after tea, a general sense of discomfort prevailed.

The Doctor himself was at his desk as the boys filed in, and a cloud on the great man's brow predicted the coming storm. The very words that fell from the Head Master's lips added emphasis to the dire omen.

"Springer, pick up that piece of paper!"

The words were mostly monosyllabic, but it is a curious fact that the Head Master of St. Vesper's never dispensed judgment in more terrific form than after making use of this simple formula.

He is not the only eminent head master of the century from whose lips the words have indicated a torrent of coming wrath.

Then came the awful truth. Several boys whose names the Doctor would not condescend to mention had, in order to gratify the petty meanness of their malice, used violence against the person of one of his colleagues. The Vicar's wife had witnessed the dastardly attack in Roger's garden. Expulsion and disgrace were the inevitable consequences, and there remained nothing but publicly to ask the offenders if they had any plea of justification before expunging their names from the school roll.

Poor Tommy Fosse and Billy Carter, being summoned first, trembled with fright, and, cowering before the angry Doctor, said not a word and were formally expelled. Stanleigh's name was next called, and amid the death-like silence the old clock sounded a solemn tick tick to the awe-struck boys. Nobody expected that Stanleigh would have a word to say in self-defence.

But they were, nevertheless, mistaken.

"Please, sir," humbly suggested the fifth form boy, strong in conviction of his innocence.

Stanleigh's protest may seem mild enough on paper, but, as all schoolboys know, the immortal "please, sir" may be, on occasion, uttered with tremendous significance.

"Well then, quick about it; what is it now?" menaced the furious Head Master.

"Please, sir, wouldn't it be as well to hear what Mr. Philpot says?" replied the poor boy, though in a fright at what the possible consequence of this suggestion might be.

"Mr. Philpot, sir," said the Doctor; and then paused, "well, yes, if he feels strong enough to be present." It suddenly struck the Head Master as curious that he had not taken this course already, and the furious white heat of passion somewhat abated.

Strangely enough, Mr. Philpot himself at that moment entered the big school, and seeing himself the cynosure of three hundred pair of eyes looked round in perplexity. Whatever could the Doctor be doing in big school at preparation, and after a cricket match, too? But Mr. Philpot only wanted a Greek Lexicon, and was withdrawing when he heard his name suddenly and solemnly uttered by his chief.

What fate might have had in store for Stanleigh and his friends had the conference desired by the Head Master only transpired before all the school is for those boys still a constant source of mystery.

Fortunately, at that moment Mr. Norman made his appearance in big school. Mr. Norman's appearance was, however, the reverse of accidental.

Although enjoying the afternoon's sport immensely, he knew the strong probability that the visit of the Vicar might be fraught with awkward consequences for the boys unless the Doctor had heard the real facts of the case, and the good-hearted master had been waiting in the school porch for some minutes, intending to enter as soon as the Head Master had cooled down. Stanleigh's request was the opportunity he waited, and before Mr. Philpot understood that his presence in the school was longer necessary, Mr. Norman was whispering some explanatory words into the great man's ears.

Whatever could those words be? So marvellous was their effect that the Head Master bent down his ears to make sure he heard aright, and then looked strangely mollified. Finally, for once in the annals of the school, his face broke out into a broad smile, so that most of the fellows thought it safe to follow suit, and so contagious is the effect of example that, without knowing why or wherefore, big school was soon a mass of smiles.

But the Head Master of St. Vesper's was unable to tolerate such outward signs of mirth in his presence. He was equal to the occasion.

"Springer, pick up that bit of paper," said the Doctor, pillorying up his dignified head above the white choker, and silence once more reigned supreme.

Stanleigh and the others were forgiven, though, singularly enough, no one ever thought of Gummer in the matter.

Since the enactment of the comedy of St. Vesper's, Mr. Philpot made great advances in popularity. He came down to the nets once or twice during the remainder of the cricket season, though without joining in the games. The belief was that Mr. Norman gave his colleague a vivid description of his chastisement in Roger's garden, and that Mr. Philpot, on thinking it quietly over, came to the conclusion that to keep in the best bowler during a public school cricket match was a mistake.

MY EXPERIENCES AS A THOUGHT-READER.

By D. Ernest Watson,

Author of "How I became a Conjurer," etc.

I gained considerable notoriety, in one portion of the British Empire, as a thought-reader some years ago. It originated in this way.

One evening late in the autumn, we sat round the fire talking very seriously about the wonderful things that Mr. Irving Bishop was reported to have done. We had been for a long walk across country, and the same thing formed the chief topic of conversation during our walk and continued whilst we made a successful attack upon what is generally known as a "high-tea." And then we drew our chairs near the fire, and, as I have just said, talked very seriously about the newly discovered wonders of so-called thought-reading.

There were three of us, old friends, who, although sent to different schools, had kept up a correspondence throughout, and now we were reading for separate appointments and spent as much of our time together as opportunity would allow. Fred was a firm believer in the possibility of the various phenomena of which we read in the papers. Bacchus (I give the old school nickname, which is likely to stick to him through life) was open to conviction, but had then formed no decided opinion one way or the other; and I was quite convinced there was nothing in it at all, and that the whole thing was bunkum.

Thus we were in hot argument, when the door opened and my brother walked in, and, after listening to what was said, made a very quiet but practical observation to the effect that it would be an easy solution of the whole question in dispute if we complied with the known regulations and gave it a fair trial. "You can't object to that, you old sceptic," said Fred.

"Certainly not," I replied, "provided you all give me your word you will play no tricks, but give the thing a fair, honest trial."

"That's just what we want to do, Sing" (my nickname), said Bacchus; "but you fellows who conjure are such awful frauds you can't believe anything is genuine, but think trickery lies at the bottom of all."

"Shut up!" I answered, "and let us get to work. Now then, how shall we start?" It was arranged that Fred should be the first to try the experiment.

We brought my sisters, much against their will, to help as an audience; we securely bandaged Fred's eyes and bundled him out of the room, and after some deliberation agreed to hide a wooden match under a plate on the table.

My brother acted as medium to the amateur thought-reader, and, when all arrangements were made, opened the door; and placing both his hands at the back of Fred's head, he told us to keep quite quiet, and the performance began.

For fully ten minutes the couple remained perfectly still, and so much resembled a *tableau vivant*—"The capture of the blind beggar"—that I had great difficulty in sitting still; but when at last, like a wound-up wax-work, Fred did move by spasmodic jerks towards the table, and suddenly plunged his hand into a pat of butter, I could keep quiet no longer, and simply screamed with laughter, in which the girls joined.

Bacchus only saved himself by pitching into me for making a row; my brother looked very cross; Fred remained passive till silence was established, and then continued to stretch over the table. At length, in about half an hour's time, after having upset sundry things and having burned his hand on the urn, he found the match that was hidden, amidst great applause.

Bacchus' turn came next, and in about ten minutes' time he had done what was required.

Then came my turn, and I felt how very foolish it looked to stand in the doorway doing nothing, but consoled myself with the idea that the others had done the same thing with success; and then I thought it was very hard lines on my brother to let him stand there patiently resting his hands against my head if I made no real attempt to do whatever had been willed; and lastly, that I had promised to give the thing a fair trial. With that I endeavoured to think of nothing at all, and to go to sleep if possible. No sooner had I banished all outside thoughts from my mind, than I became aware of some strange force pulling me in a certain direction, and that I was actually moving towards the point of attraction. I began to wonder what the power was that drew me towards it, and to speculate what had been done, and immediately the strange sensation departed, and I stood still.

Again I tried to sleep, and again I moved forward. No one stirred or spoke, and to what part of the room I had wandered I had not the faintest idea. I stopped, and my left arm gradually rose, apparently of its own accord, till my hand rested on somebody's head. Then the whole thing struck me as too absurd; I pulled that somebody's nose, and took off the bandage from my eyes. "*Well*, you are an idiot!" said Bacchus. "The match was hidden in my hair, and you actually touched it with your fingers." There was a general chorus that I

might have made an attempt at any rate; but, as I confessed myself quite certain there was something in it, and Fred was right, and I was wrong, the matter dropped for a time.

Some weeks now elapsed. Bacchus was staying at S——, and he wrote me a letter saying that Mr. Alfred Capper, the well-known thought-reader, was coming to the school, and that he had accepted an invitation for himself and for me to meet him at dinner and to spend the evening with him after the entertainment at the house of one of the masters. Bacchus had a quaint way of accepting invitations for me, but as a rule he knew very well where I cared to go, and in this case I was only too glad of the opportunity of witnessing a performance that was quite new to me, and of which I had read and talked so much.

I went to S—— and met Mr. Capper at the station; I never let him go out of my sight the whole day, except when he went to his room to dress, and I felt quite sure that whatever he would do would be genuine and without accomplices. It is needless to speak of the extraordinary things that were done during the entertainment. One thing I noticed particularly, and that was, that having once accepted the theory of so-called thought-reading, people readily believed in every new experiment. The honest man cannot easily understand dishonesty, the dishonest man does not believe in honesty, and the conjurer suspects a trick in all he sees. It came to pass, therefore, that when I told the number of Mr. Capper's watch, after we had settled ourselves in the study of one of the masters, when the performance was over, he was of all present the most astonished, and actually suggested my making a study of thought-reading, and prophesied wonderful things of me if I would do so. This trick was so bare-faced that it must have been seen through by all unless they were enthusiasts, but they were, and never suspected fraud of any sort, and I was regarded as little less clever than the eminent thought-reader himself.

This was the origin of my appearing before the public as a thought-reader. Had anyone suggested such a thing then, I should have been the first to laugh at the idea, but before three weeks elapsed I gave my first performance, and it came to pass thus.

I had promised to help at a variety entertainment which was to be given in connection with a bazaar. My part of the performance—as some of the readers of the "B. O. P." will know—was conjuring. The understanding was that the platform would be cleared, and ready for my sole use, *one hour* before the advertised time. You see, a conjuring trick is like a sky-rocket—it requires a deal of careful preparation, and the quicker it goes the better it is.

It so happened on this particular occasion that, provided I had absolute control of the platform and was not disturbed in any way, I could arrange my tricks in thirty minutes; but, knowing from painful experience that many people treat a conjurer as if he actually performed miracles instead of commonplace tricks, I had stipulated for one hour to myself. The arrangement was that all rehearsals should be over by seven o'clock, and from seven till eight I should be unmolested. At 7.30 I strolled into the hall and found the whole platform in confusion! Musical instruments, books, and fiddle cases covered it. One girl was just tuning a violin, and another sitting down to the piano. Two or three girls were chatting and laughing, and in the centre, at *my* table, sat an old gentleman reading a newspaper. He was the prime mover of the Bazaar, and the very man who had asked me to help. I shook hands with him and the ladies, and then sat on the edge of the platform waiting for them to move. After five minutes, matters began to look serious. I had driven the time as late as possible to make quite sure of a clear place to work in, and every minute that now went by made a careful preparation more impossible. I began to fidget about, and at length mustered up courage to ask one of the ladies if they were likely to be there much longer, to which she replied, with a sweet smile, "Oh, yes."

The old gentleman overheard my question, and, looking up from his paper, said, "Pray go on with your preparations and don't mind us; we are not in your way."

He actually said those *very* words, and said them as if he really believed what he said! I shall never forget how I felt when I heard him; I simply picked up my bag of tricks, raised my hat, and said "Good night." I left the building by a side door and started to walk home.

I feel cross now; I was too stunned to feel cross at the moment—I walked right into the arms of a man who said, "Hullo, old chap, just taking a stroll before the show begins." I said, "I'm just going home." "What! do you know it's nearly eight, and you are advertised all over the place to come on at eight?" I answered, "Yes, but I'm going home all the same." He then saw that something was amiss, and it required little pressing to ascertain how matters stood. He said: "It's a horrid shame, but you *must* do something—do some thought-reading!" At first I would listen to no suggestion, but he whispered in my ear, and I became interested—we talked together for five or six minutes, and at eight o'clock I entered the hall from the opposite end.

The curtains were drawn back, but there was no appearance of that sort of show which usually belongs to a conjuring entertainment. The hall was packed, and I could overhear a nasty murmur in the room, and my own name mentioned in anything but a complimentary manner. The overture was evidently prolonged. I waited till it was quite finished, and just as the old gentleman was on the point of giving some sort of explanation why the conjurer was missing, I walked rapidly up the room and ascended the platform.

Fortunately, I had been often on a public platform, and I was, moreover, too cross at first to feel very nervous; but when I boldly announced there was an alteration in the programme, and that, by "special request," I should have much pleasure in giving an exhibition of *thought-reading* instead of *conjuring*, the very audacity of the thing struck me as so great that I became frightened. Things had gone too far to retreat now, so I asked any six well-known gentlemen, who were above suspicion as accomplices, to come on the platform to form a committee of investigation.

I began by asking one of them if he knew the number of his watch. He said he did not. After getting his assurance that he was in no way an accomplice, and telling the audience that I had never seen the watch in my life (which was quite true), I asked him to press it against my forehead. I then slowly read out the number. He looked at it, and said, with astonishment, it was quite correct!

This rather took the audience aback. The gentlemen assured them he did not know it himself, and he was *perfectly certain* I had never seen the watch before.

After this my eyes were bandaged, and I was led out of the room. On my return I took a man's hand and started down the centre of the hall; I touched various things, and finally pulled a pin out of a lady's hat where it was hidden. There was immense applause, as it appears I had imitated the actions and done precisely the same thing as the man who hid the pin. The local newspapers praised this performance in very glowing terms, and I was henceforth, for some time to come, regarded as an eminent thought-reader. In fact, so notorious did these mystic powers become, that it was quite usual to be stopped in the street and asked by men, dangling watches in their hands, to tell them the numbers thereof. I was very successful in nearly every case, and thought-reading now became the rage. It was quite against my wish; I offered to conjure as of old when any entertainment was set on foot in which I was asked to take part, but my remonstrances were overruled, and, as a thought-reader, I appeared throughout the small towns and villages of that part of the country.

The performances usually consisted in pin-finding and telling the numbers of watches and bank-notes. Sometimes I told the numbers straight away, at other times the committee of investigation knew them and we would take hold of each other's hands and I wrote the numbers in chalk on a black board. When working in this manner a piece of copper wire was attached to my right wrist, and the other end of the wire was held by the last man from me, so the circuit was completed.

It is almost impossible to describe the sensation caused by this method of thought-reading. It was not a bit of use for me to say over and over again "I am *not* a thought-reader." The more I protested, the more people smiled; and when at length some one remarked in rather a nasty tone that I wanted to take a lot of credit on myself for inventing tricks which could only be accounted for in one way, I made up my mind to confine myself in future to legitimate conjuring, and if that would not please an audience, to give up the thing altogether.

[It may strike some of my readers that this is a very egotistical style of writing, but those who have taken up any particular hobby meant for the amusement of others, whether it be vocal, instrumental, or what not, will know, provided of course they have persevered, and carried it to a certain pitch, that there is a great demand for their services at the innumerable entertainments which are continually provided for one thing or another.

Moreover, when writing of oneself, it is impossible not to be a little bit of an egotist, no matter how one tries to guard against it; —with this apology I will proceed.]

Both Fred and Bacchus would hear of no explanation, especially after the fair trial we had given match-finding, which they regarded as an equivalent, so it was no use arguing the matter with them, unless, by the way, I divulged the secret. One person only knew what a fraud the whole thing was, and I had promised him to keep it to myself.

For six months thought-reading was, with me, a thing of the past, and I had good reason to hope I had done with it entirely, when it so chanced that I gave my final performance in a most unexpected manner.

A new vicar had been appointed in a country town where I was well known, and he met his parishioners in a large hall at a festive gathering which was called "A tea-pot."

After tea and other things had been conjured away in the alarming manner usual on such occasions, there were instrumental and vocal music, readings, recitations, and an "exhibition of modern magic." I figured as the magician, and divided the magic into two parts. Everything went very nicely, and as I stepped on the platform for the second part a small piece of paper was slipped into my hand. I looked up hastily, and, to my



IX.—Lunch-time.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* FRANK H. WALKER.)

dismay, saw that the man who gave it to me was my friend who had suggested my first appearance as a thought-reader, and that he was at that moment whispering something in the vicar's ear. Just as I was making a start the vicar rose and asked me if I would mind giving them an exhibition of thought-reading. The suggestion was received with loud shouts, and "thought-reading—thought-reading!" resounded from every part of the house. I did my best to fight against the wishes of the audience, but without success: the clamour was very great. I raised my hand for silence, and addressing an exceedingly popular clergyman, who was sitting in the front row, asked him if he were a good medium. He replied he thought not.

I then asked him if he would be good enough to step on to the platform, which he did.

I was pale with excitement, and trembled violently, for a reason I will explain later on, but this added greatly to the effect of what followed. I said in a low tone, but one that was heard distinctly on account of the breathless silence of the audience, "I want to prove to you that you *are* a medium, and a good one." (Medium is a capital word: it sounds well.) "Will you please," I continued, "be good enough to state that you are in no way an accomplice of mine, and that you had no idea of being called upon the platform by me."

This he did emphatically. I then asked him if he were wearing a watch, and if so did he think I had ever seen it? He answered he had his watch in his pocket, and he believed I had never seen it. I then gave my testimony that, unless in church, I had never seen it in my life. Here the vicar remarked that it would be far less likely to be seen in church than the watches of the laity. This observation created a laugh, and then I asked for the watch to be pressed against my forehead.

There was a deathly stillness in the room, and the proverbial pin might have been heard, had it dropped.

Now began a series of stage movements that must have looked very ludicrous had I not been so earnest in what I said.

"The number is hidden—I can't see it," I exclaimed, as we swayed from side to side. "It is obscured by a face!"

"A face? Are you quite sure?" asked the clergyman, in a bewildered sort of way.

"It is—it is—" I continued. "Isn't that rather unusual?" he said. I heeded not, but went on. "I see the face of a man—of your brother!" I then described the appearance of the face; upon which the watch was hastily withdrawn. "This is *most* extraordinary," he said to himself, as he pressed the spring and disclosed the photograph of a man fastened in the lid of the watch. The vicar jumped on the platform, looked at the watch, and seemed strangely puzzled.

Then I told the numbers of watches of well-known people, as they sat in the hall, without leaving the platform.

After the entertainment was over, I went to the vicarage to supper. There were several guests present, and the one great topic of conversation was of this wonderful power. I had long determined to have nothing more to do with this "wonderful power," and would have left it alone had I not been forced into it that night; so, when closely questioned as to how I felt when describing the face in the watch, I replied, "Nervously excited."

"Precisely, but can you account for your excitement?"

"Most easily; I had received no information about that watch for more than six months, and I had very serious doubts in my mind whether the photograph was still there."

I shall take precious good care that the next time I take part in any similar kind of deception, I shall content myself with saying (as I had done all through), "It is a trick;" and if people don't choose to believe it, they can believe what they like. I would not have thought it possible how horrified everyone looked. Nor did I know till that moment on what a high pinnacle I had stood, and with what a crash I had fallen. However, I made a clean breast of the thing from beginning to end, and told of the first night at the bazaar, when my friend had ascertained, without any suspicion, certain numbers, which I had used, and how from time to time he furnished me with many extra ones; even down to that very night, when he had coolly handed me, under the vicar's nose, a paper containing fresh information, and to which he had added a rider in pencil saying that he couldn't get hold of particulars of the vicar's own watch, which was a pity, as it would have been a rare joke! Every word I uttered added a fresh nail to the list, especially as the mystery of pin-finding (in my case) was explained by working with an accomplice, who took whatever was agreed upon from one person, and touched others who occupied certain positions, such, *e.g.* as the third person from one end of the sixth row of seats from the front, and so on.

Then again, when an unknown watch or banknote turned up, and the committee joined hands, I took hold of my accomplice, who pressed my fingers so many distinct times for each number, which I wrote down singly on the blackboard. Pressing my thumb once denoted a cipher. Of course the committee saw the number in each case, and were requested to fix their minds intently upon it. The copper wire was used only for effect. As for being blindfold, it was a most easy matter to raise the pocket-handkerchief sufficiently to see under it.

Thus ended "my experiences as a thought-reader." I am not likely to practise again, and I do not advise any of my readers to go in for the same style of performance. As for genuine thought-reading, it is still, to me, as great a puzzle as on that night when Fred laid hold of the pat of butter.

DEUCHARY OF THE MACBROGANS.

By William Sutherland, M.A.

CHAPTER I.

"1st V. B. Macbrogan Highlanders, Murdoch Lachlan Deuchary, Gent., to be Second Lieutenant."

I read this sentence in the "Broad Arrow and Naval and Military Gazette" a dozen times. I read it backwards and tried to read it upside down. Then I capered round the room, cracked my thumbs, gave a piercing Highland "Hoo," and danced the first step of the Highland fling.

Mrs. Macdonald, my worthy landlady, came running into the room, and stared at me in blank amazement. I was dancing with my back towards the door and did not observe that excellent lady, until I finished the step by twirling round on the left foot and moving the right round the left calf at the rate of two hundred and fifty "shakes" a minute. I stopped instantly in confusion.

"Weel! laddie, what's the matter wi' ye? Ye're goin' on awful like.'

Mrs. Macdonald, you observe, was rather familiar in her address, but then, bless her kind heart! she was such a motherly person—such a contrast to most landladies—that I readily forgave her homely speech.

"Oh! it's all right, Mrs. Macdonald, just a little exercise, you know; so good for a young fellow boxed up all day in a lawyer's office. I—I've got good news. That's all. And, I say, let me have something extra for supper to-night—yes, and moreover, lay supper for two—for two, please."

The good dame raised her hands in pious horror at this unusual extravagance, for I was a most frugal lodger (as a struggling young lawyer must needs be), who, in her own language, "would almost take ennything"—a very convenient sort of young fellow for stout landladies to wait on. So she bustled out of the room, and I—I, Lieutenant Deuchary was alone.

Lieutenant Deuchary! I repeated the phrase aloud, with a good martial intonation, as if some major-general or other were summoning me to receive the Victoria Cross from the hands of Royalty. I stood in front of the cracked mirror on the mantelshelf as I spoke, and I could observe the flush in my usually pale face, could see the heaving of my manly chest, and I felt proud—proud of the Macbrogan Highland Rifles. Then for a moment I looked anxiously at a faint dark strip on my upper lip, but—ah! that would come on by-and-by.

What a noble thing to be enrolled amongst the defenders of one's country, to be in command of Highland soldiers, to wear Her Majesty's uniform! I seized my shepherd's crook in the flush of my military ardour, came down to the "cha-r-r-r-ge," and accidentally knocked the waterbottle under the table, where it splintered into a thousand atoms, just as Mrs. Macdonald came in to lay the supper.

"Weel, Mr. Deuchary, ye'll just hev to pick up the pieces yersel. I gave wan-and-six for it the day afore yesterday, and ye canna expect me to buy another."

"Never mind, my good woman," I replied, as I groped under the table and gingerly picked up the broken glass. "I'll put that all right; and if you will send out to ask Mr. Stewart, with my compliments, to supper, I shall feel much obliged."

Stewart, though much my senior in years, was my junior in the office, as he was a broken-down, seedy sort of a fellow, who could never pass his exams., a fact that might partly be explained by his rubicund nasal organ, which was the not unnatural aversion of all the teetotallers in the town. He added to his five-and-twenty shillings a week by reporting local events for the "Embo Observer" and the "Dunnet Head Weekly." Not a bad sort of fellow, Stewart: though, of course, we were not regular associates, but it is always well to be on good terms with the "gentlemen of the press," and a neat little paragraph about the honour conferred on Mr. Deuchary, and the value of a young enthusiastic officer to the Macbrogans, was all that was required to complete my happiness.

By the time supper was finished my mental

thermometer was about 150°. I had no idea Stewart was such a military fellow! Why, he fairly revelled in fighting—and as for shooting! Well, it's my firm belief that jealousy, and jealousy alone, on the part of A Company's "ten" prevented his going to Wimbledon to shoot for the Queen's. However, he resigned—and quite right too, said I.

When he took leave of me, some time in the small hours of the morning, he vowed undying friendship, and the most eulogistic of paragraphs in the following week's papers, and carried away with him a fine copy of Burns' Poems that I presented him with in token of my respect and regard.

Next morning I felt quite nervous about walking through the long High Street to my office, as I was sure to be the object of general admiration; but, to my astonishment, no one paid the slightest regard to me. One impertinent youngster, to be sure, yelled out, "Hullo, old inkpot!" but as a pillar of law and order I deigned not to chastise him.

Stewart was at the office before me, hard at work, but, beyond wishing me good morning in the gruffest of tones, made not the faintest allusion to my good fortune or to the hospitality of the previous night. However, I had my revenge on the surly bear. I detained him copying out deeds for an hour and a half beyond his usual time, a piece of attention that he rewarded by utterly ignoring in the weekly papers the appointment of Lieutenant Deuchary.

I will pass over the long period of private drill I underwent at the hands of Sergeant-Instructor Mackay. My trials began with squad drill. I started with the recruits, and if these rustics were not put through their paces it was not the fault of Deuchary. I confess that occasionally in the "manual exercise" I brought them from the "port" to the "slope" without first returning to the "shoulder," greatly to the confusion of their ideas; but the sergeant was generally at my elbow, and on the whole I got swimmingly through the "manual and firing exercises."

But the "bayonet exercise"! It was so confusing when the men went "about"; everything seemed inverted, until it struck me that if I were to shut my eyes so as not to be distracted by the altered position of the squad, I could give the words of command in their proper order. Unfortunately, I could not judge the time at which the men were working, and, in musical language, I was "a bar ahead" most of the time. The fellows, I am sorry to say, laughed right out—a piece of gross insubordination—and one of the spectators at the back part of the drill hall yelled out "*Amadan*" (idiot).

Of course, the villain must be ejected, and Sergeant Mackay went to perform that task, but he spent such a time in finding out the offender, that I more than suspected the sergeant was enjoying the joke—as he would have called it—and so I ordered the hall to be cleared. But, as the spectators were mostly big, burly ploughmen and crofters, and the recruits were young lads of eighteen or so, it was more difficult than I anticipated. However, Captain Munro opportunely arrived, and, as he was six feet three in his stockings, and could throw the hammer further than any man in the county, he got the men out in less than half a minute.

But company drill was my particular bane. What with "out guides and markers," "change front to the right on No. 4," and a lot of other confusing orders, I became quite careworn, so much so that Mrs. Macdonald considered the whole affair a huge mistake. "The Valanteers," she said, "was only fit for heathens; shootin' and stabbin' with horrid bagonets, it wus a wonder they didn't call down a judgment on them."

Mrs. Macdonald, you will observe, had a sovereign contempt for the Queen's men as well as for the Queen's English.

The month of May of that year was a very busy time for me with company and battalion drill, and I distinguished myself whenever opportunity offered. I flatter myself that on one occasion I let the Adjutant—Major Smith-Brown of the Leicester Regiment—see what a Highland officer could do in an emergency. I was in charge of the company, and had extended the men in skirmishing order over very rough broken ground, full of drains and whin-bushes, when the Major directed me to prepare for cavalry.

This order brought the men into a heap, half the company standing anyhow in the drains, half huddled up amongst the bushes, from which position the Major triumphantly exclaimed no military word of command in the world could extricate them. But I, thoroughly put upon my mettle before the men, roared out, "Come this way, lads," and dashing over intervening obstacles into an open field hard by, had the gallant boys after me in ten seconds like a pack of hounds after a fox.

Smith-Brown laughed immoderately (before the men, too!), and said "Whist, Mr. Dookary, that beats everything I have ever seen in the field." Very likely too, I should think, considering how little *he* ever saw in the field, or anywhere else; and had it not been for the fact that I was essentially a man of law and an officer who knew his duty to his superiors, I verily believe I should have punched the major's head. As it was, I treated his laughter and his remarks with a proper amount of silence and contempt, knowing well how jealous the Army men are of us Volunteers.

(To be continued.)

IN THE DOLDRUMS.

By Captain W. Wilmer.

Have you ever been in the Doldrums? Do you even know what the Doldrums are? I confess that I did not, until I was placed in such a position that I was absolutely obliged to learn the meaning of the word, by practical experience of it.

Doldrums, then, derived from the Latin "dolores," is a condition of dejection, and that exactly represents the condition of the A 1 clipper ship Conflict, and also of the people on board of her, when they found themselves three-parts of the way on the journey to Demerara in lat. 10° and long. 50°.

Well was the Conflict classed as A 1; she was a real spanker and no mistake, quite capable of doing her 12 knots, under a fresh breeze.

I was one of a detachment of officers who had embarked at Gravesend with recruits bound for British Guiana, and who now suddenly found themselves in the Doldrums, that is to say, becalmed, when nearly within hail of their destination.

How hot it was! the sun pouring down upon the ship, so as almost to start the oakum with which the deck was caulked.

Even the awning on the quarter-deck failed to diminish the oppressiveness of the air—not the faintest breath of wind was stirring to cool the ardour of the atmosphere; and a dull, monotonous thud was heard at regular intervals, as the spars banged against the masts with each successive roll of the grand old ship.

We were decidedly bored—it was too hot for active exertion of any kind, and for mental exertion, too, as far as that goes; we had exhausted our resources of amusement—our books, our games, ay, even our conversation.

Many of us were taking a siesta; and, far away in the land of dreams, had for the time lost all consciousness of passing events. Suddenly a happy thought flashed like a sunbeam across my sleepy brain—a bathe, a plunge into the briny deep, which, at the lowest computation, must here be five miles in depth. Why, the very idea was exhilarating! But I must have companions to profit with me by so brilliant a thought—why not one and all of the officers of the detachment?

I was a cheeky subaltern in those days, and, partly from ignorance, partly from downright brass inherent in my nature, I jumped up, and making straight for the old colonel who commanded the troops on board, and who at that moment was buried in an armchair on the quarter-deck, addressed myself to him as follows—touching my cap to him at the same time with a sort of mock reverence:—"Sir, if you will give me half an hour's leave of absence, I will jump into five miles deep of water."

"What do you mean, you young rascal—are you tired of life already?"

"By no means, sir," said I; "I am far from being tired of my life, but I am very hot, and a plunge in the sea will cool me and make me enjoy my life all the more when I come out of the water freshened and invigorated."

The captain of the Conflict, a bluff old salt, who was standing within hail and enjoying the conversation between the colonel and his junior sub, here turned away with a smile, and I saw him go for'ard and speak to his quartermaster, as though he had something important to communicate to him.

Meantime the vessel kept creaking and groaning as she swayed from side to side in the swell of the tide, almost dipping into it an able-bodied seaman who was employed for'ard in cleaning the ship's side.

All this time I stuck to the colonel and to my point. "I can improve, sir," said I, "upon my original idea, in this way: Let each officer on board stake half-a-crown, you yourself being stakeholder. We will muster on deck, and at a given signal from you, we'll all rush below, undress in our cabins, and whoever among us is first overboard from the bows of the ship shall claim the stakes. We will ask you to act as starter, umpire, stakeholder, and referee—no less than four staff appointments in one!"

"Capital," said the colonel; "issue the orders and plan of compaign; in a quarter of an hour, muster every one on deck ready for the contest; remember, it is a bathing parade—a sanitary measure all must conform to."

The news spread like wildfire; it caused quite a commotion, and when it became known below hatches, all the men came tumbling up to see the fun.

In less than a quarter of an hour every officer was on deck; we were placed in line,



The Two Bears—"Bear and Forbear."

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

with the colonel on one flank, ready to give us the start.

"When I say 'three,' gentlemen, away you go! Are you ready? One—two—three!"

We were off as hard as we could lay legs to the ground: I was the first to gain the companion ladder, and, swinging myself down by the balustrade, I reached my cabin, unbuttoning my coat as I ran.

Off came coat and waistcoat, my shirt was literally torn to pieces as I pulled it violently over my head; what cared I for clothes, when there was a race to be won?

I kicked off boots and socks, and then, opening the door, ran, clothed in nothing but nature's simple raiment of buff, on the deck, and made straight for the forecastle.

I reached the spot where the able-bodied seaman was still busy at his work, standing upon a plank, which had been slewed over the side, and retained in position for him to stand upon by strong ropes.

I scarcely at first noticed the throng of faces around me, but just as I sprang on to the bulwarks, preparatory to leaping overboard, the whole scene seemed imprinted upon my mind's eye like some indelible picture. I saw the vast crowd of soldiers and sailors mixed up in confusion on the deck, all with eager and expectant countenances, thronging to the ship's side; and among them one face in particular engaged my attention. It was that of a swarthy negro, of powerful build—I could even note and remember his glossy curly hair, his shining teeth, and the whites of his great lustrous eyes.

But as I sprang from the side of the ship, another detail of the scene was imprinted on my mind, amidst a perfect rush of memories that seemed concentrated into what was going to be, for me, a supremely awful moment.

I saw the old quartermaster rushing forward in the vain endeavour to stop me from taking the fatal plunge; his arms were waving above his head, and horror was written upon every seam and wrinkle of his weather-beaten face.

"The shark! The shark!" cried he in an agony of excitement.

But the race had been so rapid and so fierce, I had rushed onward with such vehemence, that the poor old salt was too late to intercept my passage.

The ship, at the very moment I sprang from the bulwarks, gave a lurch to port—the water was clear, limpid, pellucid, so that the eye could see yards down into its mysterious depths—and a thrill of fear and consternation overcame me, as I heard the despairing cry of the quartermaster echoed by the sailor at the ship's side, over whose head I passed in making my adventurous leap.

At the same instant I discerned the cause of their dismay and mine, and realised my desperate position; for in the water just below me was a huge shark, awaiting, with sulky patience, whatever chance might throw in his way.

I felt a thrill run through my body as I reached the water—a thrill like a shock of electricity, and one whose effect was nearly as paralysing. When I rose to the surface again, after being completely submerged, I knew that little short of a miracle could save me from destruction; but I struck out for the ship with a dull and terrible feeling of despair in my heart.

I don't think I am wanting in courage under ordinary circumstances, but this was indeed a terrible position to be in; all day long the crafty monster had been skulking close alongside of the ship unknown to most of those on board.

The fact of the shark being there had been reported to the captain, who had instructed the quartermaster to prevent us from bathing.

Every instant I expected to feel the shark's cruel teeth in my writhing limbs, and could, in anticipation as it were, see the gleam of his silver belly as he turned to seize me, and I could fancy the water tinged to a deep red colour with my life's blood.

It was only by a miracle that I was saved. Of course all that has taken time to relate, in reality took place in the space of a few seconds; but just as I reached the surface of the water, and almost before I commenced to strike out for the ship, I spied once more the shiny face of the negro, who, without an instant's hesitation, followed me into the water. Drawing, as he sprang from the ship, a large and very formidable knife from a sheath at his side, he entered the water not a yard from where I was striking out with desperation for the ship, and so cleanly did he make his plunge that the surface of the glassy water was but little disturbed.

Below me was the terrible outline of the shark, and I fancied I saw him half turn over, with the intention of attacking me at once.

But a great commotion now took place. The negro had dived below the brute and had, with great dexterity, made many rapid passes at the shark and ripped and slashed him about with his formidable knife. The sea was instantly tinged with blood for yards around, and the shark was lashing his tail in his death agonies, for the negro never ceased hacking and slashing and ripping and cutting at his enemy.

I could hardly realise all that happened; I felt confused and dulled like one in a dream, but I knew enough to appreciatet he splendid courage of the man who had, by his intrepidity and daring, saved me from the jaws of a cruel monster of the deep—and my gratitude knew no bounds.

We were both quickly hauled up on deck, and the negro was received with loud cheers from the lusty throats of the surging mass of soldiers and sailors.

He on his part was exultant at the success of his bold venture, and expressed his approval of the hurrahs sounding in his ears by spreading his mouth out into a broad smile and displaying his magnificent set of teeth.

A handsome subscription was immediately raised among the officers for his benefit, to which was added, of course, the half-crown stakes, all of which he received with profuse thanks, as though he had done nothing to deserve so large a reward.

The skull and huge jaws of the shark now adorn our "ancestral halls."

HINTS ON PRINTING AND TONING PHOTOGRAPHS.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A. Oxon.,

Author of "Bromide Papers: how to work them," "Photographic Developers: and how to use them," etc., etc.

PART II.

Toning and Fixing Solution in one Bath.

Phosphate of soda . . .	15 grains
Sulphocyanide of ammonium .	25 "
Hyposulphite of soda . .	240 "
Water	2 ounces

Some will find it much more difficult than others to obtain purple tones; for those who feel inclined to despair I can recommend the following bath. It has often been a great boon to me when things were going wrong, and when I was first beginning I used no other for some time. Dissolve 20 grains of phosphate of soda in 6 ounces of water, and add an ounce of your solution of gold chloride. This bath is tremendously strong, and you must take care to keep the prints moving the whole time they are in it, or you will get untoned patches in places, which, though they brighten up the sombre aspect of the print, will not improve its appearance. The purple tone will soon appear; you must mind it does not go too far, or they get to a grey shade, which is very "flat" and not pleasing. The bath will not keep, and must be used directly after mixing.

Readers of an experimental turn of mind can try the following bath; it is a favourite one with users of "Aristotype" and "Obernetter's Chloride Emulsion" papers. Personally I prefer the old process, even for these, but others may be more successful with the new.

(Take care of No. 2, which is very poisonous.)

To this mixture add an ounce of your gold solution and proceed to tone. The prints will go the most awful colour when they are put in first, but will gradually regain their tone; when they are the colour you most admire take them out and wash them; if they are not fixed by that time they never will be, so you need not keep them in any longer. They are far more likely to be fixed than toned.

Now for the actual details of the process. We shall require four dishes the size of the prints to be toned. They should be of porcelain, and each should be marked outside, by means of the black varnish previously described, with the name of the solution for which it is to be used, and it should never be used for anything else. The one which is to contain the gold solution should never contain anything but that; the one for the salt you can use for developer if you like, and the other, for hypo will of course, be used for that, both in developing and toning. Keep all your dishes scrupulously clean. A great deal depends on this—a little hydrochloric acid will generally remove any stains of developer or toning bath.

The three dishes are to be arranged in front of you—the salt bath in the middle, the toning bath on the left hand, and the fixing bath on the right. Behind the toning bath you should have a dish containing pure cold water, and behind the fixing bath another, also containing plain water.

The prints, after coming out of the printing frames, have to be washed for some time in running water. One of the many "washers" in the market should be used, as it is necessary for the prints to be kept turning over and over while washing. As to whether all the free silver chloride should be washed out of them or not opinions are divided. Some say that if purple tones are required it is best to remove the prints while the water is still milky with the chloride of silver liberated; others say that the tones given when the prints

have been well washed are more permanent. On the whole, as it is quite possible to get purple tones with the well-washed prints, the writer inclines to the latter opinion, and prefers to thoroughly wash the prints. Let them, therefore, remain in the washer till the water is perfectly clean, and then, taking them out, one by one, put them into the basin of clean water that is behind the toning bath. The toning bath had better not be removed from its bottle until just before it is required.

The prints are then taken, one by one, out of the basin of clear water and placed in the toning bath. Many writers say they ought to be placed face downwards the first minute; but a sensible reason for such a course has yet to be found. I asked the question once in a photographic paper, and got the reply, "Because the paper is sensitised on one side only"! I felt so small when I read that reply that I have not dared to ask the same question again in any paper. However, if the reader finds his prints in any way improved by so doing, by all means let him stick to it.

The toning must be conducted in a feeble light—it should be yellow; but you cannot judge properly of the colour of the prints by yellow light, and, therefore, a feeble white light—at any rate, one that you can get to at intervals—is best. After the prints have been round several times (you must keep continually lifting out the bottom one and putting it on the top, in order to keep them moving, or red places, untoned, will be left on their surfaces) you will find that their red colour is changing to brown, and, after a short time longer, to purple. When they have got to the right shade they should be lifted out and placed in the fresh water again, an equal number of untoned prints going in to take their place.

In practice only one will require to come out at intervals, and another can be placed at the top to fill up the gap. The number to be kept in the dish at a time varies completely with the size of the dish and the amount of fluid, but there must not be more than can be easily kept turning over and over and so separated; as a general rule, it may be said that the time to stop is when the desired tone is reached, but, as a certain loss of tone occurs when fixed in most beginners' hands, it is safest to tone a little more than required.

This loss of tone on fixing is *the* grand difficulty to be confronted, and the ability to overcome it constitutes the skill of the successful toner. Different brands of paper differ so entirely in their behaviour that it is not possible to give an absolutely safe system to work on. The following is recommended for many papers; it is that especially designed for the treatment of the paper sold by Edwards & Co. (6–8 The Grove, Hackney, E.), which the writer prefers to any other, as it tones so much more quickly and easily, and requires far less gold. Let the reader, however, use any brand that suits him.

When all the prints have been toned and are in the clean water we pour the toning bath back into its bottle. If it is desired to keep it for future use it must be poured back at once, out of harm's way, as, if any of the hypo-solution should get into it, it would be irretrievably ruined. *A propos* of this, I should say that the least drop of hypo getting into it while toning is being carried on will very likely cause failure; you must not even take your fingers out of one and put them into the other unless they are well washed between. The toning bath should be filtered back into the bottle through an ordinary funnel and chemical filter-paper. Swedish is the best. The dish must be cleaned after use.

The prints are now in the clean water, and they have to be transferred to the salt solution one by one. This is simply a solution of 1 ounce of salt in 1 pint of water. It is not used by every one; but for those who are troubled by loss of tone I strongly recommend it, especially if they use Edwards's paper. The prints remain in it for five minutes, and are then taken out singly and placed in the hypo bath. The best strength for this is—hyposulphite of soda, 1 pound; water, 6 pints; or, if you are only toning a small quantity, I use—hypo, 1 ounce; water, 8 ounces. One ounce of hypo will fix three sheets of sensitised paper. To both the fixing bath and the salt bath should be added two drops of strong liquor ammonia—in the former it has a slight fixing action; and, as it does not destroy the tone of the prints, it renders them less likely to change colour in the fixing bath; in the latter, it is necessary to prevent any acidity which may exist in the hypo, as, if this bath were acid, the tone of the prints would return no more. This should be remembered, as it is a very common source of failure to amateurs.

The same persons who say that the prints ought to be immersed face downwards the first few minutes in the toning bath also say that the same plan should be carried out in the fixing bath. It has, at any rate, an advantage in the latter case which did not accrue to it in the former—viz., that the loss of tone which invariably takes place the first minute is not visible to the agonised operator. The prints will be almost sure to lose their purple colour the first minute, but, if they have been properly toned, it will return to its pristine beauty in a few minutes before they come out of the fixing bath. They must be kept turning over and over in this bath as they were in the other two—in fact, it is rather more necessary than before, as insufficient fixing ruins their permanence. A certain amount of judgment can be given as to whether or not they are sufficiently fixed by holding them up to the light and observing whether they are clear right through the paper, as they will be when fixed; it is, however, a slender foundation to build upon, and the best plan is to make sure by leaving them in a solution of the right strength for a given time. Fifteen minutes is not at all too long; it is better to make quite sure—they will not suffer even if left in a few minutes too long. At the end of the fifteen minutes they are put back into bath No. 2 (salt) for five minutes more. I think this is hardly necessary, but Messrs. Edwards advise it, and I always carry out their instructions—it does no harm, at any rate. At the end of this five minutes the prints are finished, and have now to be taken out and washed. This should be done in a regular washing vessel, as they have to be kept turning about for several hours. The number of hours required to eliminate all the hypo varies according to the method of washing. You may safely allow them to remain washing for an hour longer than the time which the maker of the vessel you use says is necessary. With Jefferies' "Perfect" washer, which I use myself, I believe four hours is quite sufficient, and I have never known one of my prints show the slightest sign of fading. Washers of all kinds crowd the advertising pages of the annuals—in fact, if I were given to levity, I might say the market is flooded with them—and the reader must go to a dealer, or examine into the printed circulars, and exercise his own judgment as to which he will purchase. In districts where no water is laid on, or in the summer, when it is scarce sometimes, the prints can be washed individually by placing them in a large basin of water and keeping them moving, for a minute or two at intervals, for about half an hour; each print is then placed on a clean sheet of glass and a rubber "squeegee" rolled over it; it is then taken off the glass and placed in a fresh basin of clean water, the first being thrown away when all the prints are in No. 2. They stay here for another half-hour, moving at intervals, and are then "squeegeed" again and returned to basin No. 1, which has meanwhile been filled with clean water, and so on. The "squeegeeing" of the prints is analogous to the wringing out of clothes, the hypo being forced out with the water each time, so that it is soon got rid of. Those who advocate this method of washing say that six "squeegeeings" and washings are usually sufficient to eliminate every trace of hypo. It is, however, an arduous task, and has the disadvantage that the prints may get torn in the process, and I should therefore advise you not to try it if easier means of washing are at hand.

The washing ended, the prints have now to be dried. This is easily accomplished by taking them singly out of the washer, and pressing them for a moment between two soft towels, the bottom one of which is laid flat on a flat table. Any small amount of moisture which may remain afterwards can be removed by means of blotting-paper, which must be *perfectly clean*. I prefer to dry them flat, which I achieve by placing them in rows on a flat surface, and putting toy bricks round the edges of each, to prevent their curling up as they dry. When dry they are removed and well pressed.

An alternative method of drying, which gives a brilliant surface to the prints, is to dry them on talced glass. In nine cases out of ten this is a failure, so I use instead ferrotype plates. These can be obtained from a dealer cut the size of prints to be dried. One side of each plate is shiny, the other is dull. Take one plate for each print, and, removing the print from the water, place it face downwards on the shiny surface of the plate; it is best to put both into the washer and remove them in contact together. Now place several thicknesses of clean blotting-paper on the back of the print, and roll it well with a rubber roller. This will nearly dry the print and press it into contact with the plate. When it gets quite dry it will fall off, which does not by any means always happen with the talced glass. The surface given by the ferrotype plate is quite equal to that given by the glass, and there is no risk of failure. If you are in a hurry, hold the back of the plate to the fire and the photo will drop off in a few minutes. I prefer, however, to leave them to dry naturally, as they do not curl up when they tumble off so much as in the former case.

In trimming the prints be very careful to have the vertical lines parallel with the vertical sides of the print, and the same with the horizontal lines, if possible, as it should be if they are horizontal and your lens does not distort.

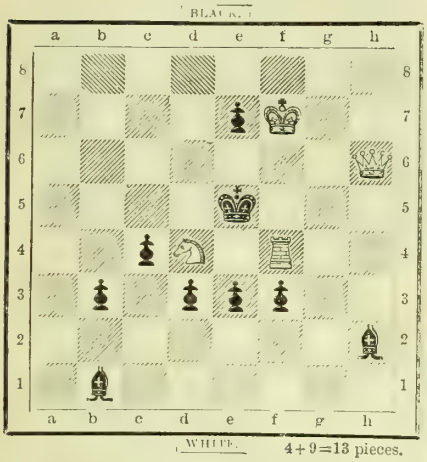
For a mountant you must choose your own, some preferring one and some another. I always use the spirituous solution of glue mentioned in my article on "Bromide Papers," which you will find on page 270 of the February part (weekly number 628), so I need not repeat it here. Care should be taken to get the print exactly in the centre of and straight with the mount on which it is placed. Careless mounting frequently spoils the look of what would otherwise be a good photograph, while careful mounting considerably enhances its attractions.

(THE END.)

CHESS.

Problem No. 270.

By K. Bayer.



4+9=13 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

One of the games to the Cunningham Gambit in Bilguer's "Handbuch" is this, between R. v. Bilguer (White) and C. Mayet (Black):—

White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. P—K B 4	P × P
3. Kt—K B 3	B—K 2
4. B—B 4	B—R 5 (ch.)
5. P—K Kt 3	P × P
6. Castles	P × P (ch.)
7. K—R sq.	P—Q 3
8. B × P (ch.)	K × B
9. Kt × B (ch.)	Kt—K B 3
10. P—Q 4	B—R 6
11. R—B 3	B—Kt 5 (*a*)
12. R × Kt (ch.)	Q × R
13. Q × B	Q—B 8 (ch.)
14. K × P	Q × B
15. Kt—Q B 3	Q × R
16. Q—B 5 (ch.)	K—K sq. (*b*)
17. Q—Q B 8 (ch.)	K—B 2
18. Q × B P (ch.)	K—K sq.
19. Q—B 8 (ch.)	K—B 2
20. Q × P (ch.)	K—K sq.
21. Kt—B 5, and White wins.	

(*a*) Better was Q—Q 2.

(*b*) If 16, —, K—K 2, then 17, Kt—Q 5 (ch.), K—Q sq. 18, Q—Kt 5 (ch.), K—B sq. 19, Q × P, Kt—R 3. 20, Q × R (ch.), K—Q 2. 21, Q × R, and wins. After 16, —, K—Kt sq., follows the main play as above, Q—Q B 8 (ch.), etc.

TO CHESS CORRESPONDENTS.

R. W.—That clever problem of about thirty years ago by the "King of Chess Artists" appears on the above diagram. Young solvers must be careful to play the right defences.

A. E. W.—The following problems from our volumes will be suitable for your collection:—Nos. 3, 40, 43, 44, 51, 53, 66, 70, 72, 73, 74, 76, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 86, 91, 95, 100, 102, 103, 104, 110, 122, 124, 125, 132, 138, 141, 145, 148, 155, 162, 167, 170, 182, 190, 193, 196, 201, 202, 203, 208, 210, 211, 213, 215, 217, 218, 220, 227, 230, 239, 251, 252, 254, 256, 258, 261, 264, 267, 270. Several of these are published in letters only. No. 221 may be called "silver," but the author has now turned it into "gold" thus:—White, K—K R sq.; Q—Q Kt 6; Kts—Q B 5 and K B 5; P—K R 3. Black, K—K R 2; R—K R sq.; B—Q R 6; Kts—K B 6 and K Kt sq.; P—K R 5. White mates in five moves. This was a three-mover in 1863, and proves now that perseverance produces a thing of beauty.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

Writing Competition.

[*Continued from p.* 656.]

Tenth Division (*ages 21 to 24 years*).

Prize 10*s.* 6*d.*

Egbert Milton Williams, 59, Carter Street, Walworth, S.E.

CERTIFICATES.

Benjamin H. McKelcken, 13, Baggally Street, Burdett Road, E.

Chas. W. Rimington, 3, Clarence Terrace, Maidstone Road, Rochester, Kent.

John W. Atkinson, 42, Exe Street, Liverpool.

J. R. Chandler, 4, Holly Terrace, Holly Road, Wanstead.

G. F. Wilson, 49, Holbein House, London, S.W.

W. J. Gilroy, Queen Street, Maidenhead, Berks.

K. M. Warren, The Priory, St. Ives, Hunts.

W. R. Glare, 40, Arbery Road, Victoria Park, E.

Harold H. Sissons, 84, Beverley Road, Hull.

C. H. Whitney, c/o Mrs. Jones, Bersham Road, Wrexham.

A. E. Manders, West Green Board School, Tottenham, N.

T. D. Greenland, 17, The Rise, Beaufort, Mon.

John Richardson, c/o D. Williamson, 5, Drummond Street, Edinburgh.

W. Henry Tee, 15, Cornford Grove, Balham, S.W.

Hebron Elliott, 14, Georgiana Street, South Stockton-on-Tees.

George Hay, 53, High Street, Elgin, N.B.

Herbert Whatley, 96, The Butts, Frome.

A. M. Brailsford, Park Nook, near Derby.

Wm. Gill, 103, Kensington Street, Bradford.

F. Wynn Hellings, Cemetery Lodge, Ipswich.

George Dennett, Bull Lane, St. Michael's, Lewes.

A. I. Parrott, Walton House, Aylesbury, Bucks.

Thomas Hawson, West Melton, near Rotherham, Yorks.

Andrew Cant, 8, Ardmillan Terrace, Edinburgh.

Herbert Sandoe, 2, The Limes, Hornyold Road, Malvern.

H. A. Heaton, Sans Souci, Watford, Herts.

Ewald B. Ziervogel, Lady Grey, Dist. Aliwal North, S. Africa.

W. J. Price, 82, Soho Hill, Birmingham.

T. W. Byfield, Ford, near Devonport, Devon.

G. Burley Potts, Thanington, Portman Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth.

Gertrude M. Lillie, 10, Portland Road, Finsbury Park, N.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

THE CAPTAIN.

A Legend of the Eleven.

[*With apologies where apologies are due.*]

He that only rules by terror
  Doeth grievous wrong.
Deep as Styx I count his error:
  Let him hear my song.
Smart the Captain was: the Eleven
  Made a gallant team,
Gallant sons of English freemen,
  Of their school the cream.
But they hated his oppression,
  Stern he was and sour,
And for every light transgression
  Rated them an hour.

Day by day more harsh and cruel
  Seemed the Captain's mood,
Secret wrath like smother'd fuel
  Burnt in each boy's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,
  Hoped to make the name
Of the Eleven great in story
  Wheresoe'er they came.
Slowly passing was the summer,
  Many a match was played,
But though the team grew glum and glummer,
  Revenge was still delayed,
Till the Old Boys' Match—wise haters!—
  When, with eyes askance
At the throng of fair spectators,
  Lo! they seized their chance.
Then a cloudy gladness lightened
  In the eyes of each,
But the Captain's colour heightened,
  Rougher came his speech:
"Dolts!" he cried, their innings ended,
  Score but twenty-two,
"This fiasco must be mended;
  Play up, or you'll rue!"
Then they looked at him they hated,
  Scarce a ball was stopped;
Mute with careless hands they waited,
  Every catch was dropped.
Oh, it was a thing to witness,
  How the foemen's score
Rose with an exceeding swiftness
  Never seen before!
One bowled wides, another no-balls;
  Ends were changed in vain;
"Slows" were tossed, as girls toss snowballs,
  Runs came thick as rain.
The Captain's heart was well-nigh broken,
  Yet each mother's boy—
There they stood—no word was spoken—
  Nor concealed their joy.
At his wild threats of reprisal
  Were their faces grim;
In their places, standing idle,
  Did they smile on him.
Those, in whom he had reliance
  For his noble name,
With one smile of still defiance
  Sold him unto shame.
Shame and wrath his heart confounded,
  Pale he grew, then red,
Till in agony unbounded
  Swift he turn'd and fled.
Dismal error! Sorry fooling!
  Years have wandered on,
Long since done with school and schooling,
  Captain, team, are gone—
Scattered where life's ocean tosses
  Round them, buffeting
With the grown man's trials and crosses—
  Youth a vanished thing.

An Old Boy.

The Threshold of Life.

Fast my boyhood's days are fleeting,
  To life's battle I draw near,
Dangers dread may close around me,
  When from home and friends most dear;
    Great Jehovah! loving Father!
    Guard me with Thy powerful arm!

Manhood's time is now approaching,
  Childish things I lay aside,
Still may thoughts both pure and lovely,
  Good and true, with me abide;
    Great Jehovah! guide and save me,
    Lest from virtue's path I stray.

All too swiftly time is passing,
  Friends may fail me, hope may die,
Be Thou near me, lead me onward
  To my home beyond the sky;
    Great Jehovah! ever shield me
    Till my pilgrimage is o'er.

Frank Smith.

Correspondence.

R. ARNOLD.—The late Doctor Scoffern wrote us a descriptive article on "Pharaoh's Serpents," which you will find on page 451 of the third volume. The ash is very poisonous.

HERBERT.—There is a "Shop Boys' and Errand Boys' Parochial Registration and Hiring Association," particulars of which can be obtained of Mr. Augustus Harvey, 12, Landridge Road, Fulham.

H. BLUNDELL.—Look at page 295 of our third volume and see a coloured plate of the "Arms of England from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria," and read the article. You will then smile at your mistakes. Where did James the First get the white horse of Hanover from? Edward the Third is nearly right; but your lilies are not France Ancient. You say crests when you mean arms.

H. D. E. BANJO.—Get a second-hand banjo by advertising in the "Exchange and Mart"; buy a shilling book at any music shop; furnish yourself with a few spare strings; retire into a quiet spot—and stay there!

R. KAY.—See our articles on "Golf" in the February and March Parts for 1884, forming part of the sixth volume.

T. CLARKE.—See "How London Lives," published at 56, Paternoster Row. It give a full description of the London police and their duties.

JUDEX.—We are including our articles on swimming in our new volume of "Outdoor Sports." There is nothing like them in book form.

SIGMA.—1. Paul Blake's story of "The Marquis of Torchester" was in the May and following parts of 1887—that is, in our ninth volume. 2. The coloured plates for the last two or three years are on sale in packets; but very few are now left. 3. A shilling; anywhere.

E. P. WILSON.—Royal Navy, for officers (naval cadet), limit of age is 14½; for crew (second class boy), 16½.

PAPER BAG.—You have turned it the wrong way, that is all. There are only two ways in which to do it; try again. Another "Paper Bag" says he has made the kettle but cannot boil the water; to whom we also say "try again."

F. S. NEWTON.—Ulrich Zwingli, latinised into Zuinglius, the Swiss reformer, was born in 1484 and died in 1531.

S. CASTLE.—The articles on "Knots and Cordage" appeared a long time ago and are now out of print. They were in the second volume.

M. BOWELLY.—Nothing of the sort has appeared elsewhere. The article was written by the collector and the illustrations were from the coins. It was the first time the subject had been attempted.

C. S.—Almost anyone can be a ventriloquist; but the art requires practice. We have no articles on the subject now in their original form; but all we have to say has been reprinted in "Indoor Games."

R. PATERSON.—"How to Build Bird-cages" has been long out of print, but it now appears in "Indoor Games."

H. C. (M).—1. "Dumb-bells and How to Use Them" cannot be got in the numbers; but the articles have been reprinted in full in "Indoor Games." 2. The same with regard to "Indian Clubs."

OLIVER TWIST and LIZ.—"How to Cure and Set Up a Birdskin" is now included in "Indoor Games." The older articles are out of print, but you may see them by referring to the third, fourth, and fifth volumes.

A. S. H. (Flagstaff) and CUI. A. G. K.—"My Flagstaff and How I Rigged It," first appeared in our pages, and is now one of the chapters in "Indoor Games."

SHIP'S CLOCKER.—The old "shipp's clock" was a glass which had to be turned every half hour; and every time the glass was turned the bell was struck with a sort of postman's knock. Half the number of times the bell is struck is the number of bells. Taking the hours from midnight round: 1 A.M.=2 bells; 2 A.M.=4 bells; 3 A.M.=6 bells; 4 A.M.=8 bells; 5 A.M.=2 bells; 6 A.M.=4 bells; 7 A.M.=6 bells; 8 A.M.=8 bells; 9 A.M.=2 bells; 10 A.M.=4 bells; 11 A.M.=6 bells; noon=8 bells. And so on, every four hours completing the series, the hours being marked by an equal number of bells. But the half-hours are also struck, and for them the odd numbers are used. Thus 12.30 A.M.=1 bell; 1·30 A.M.=3 bells; 2.30 A.M.=5 bells; 3.30 A.M.=7 bells; 4.30 A.M.=1 bell; 5.30 A.M.=3 bells; 6.30 A.M.=5 bells; 7.30 A.M.=7 bells. "Five bells in the middle watch" would be half-past two in the morning. The best way to learn the bells is to make a clock face and write in the number of strokes, or, rather, half the number of strokes, for you have to strike twice for each bell, and hence 8 bells—sixteen strokes of the clapper.

INCOGNITO.—"That Penny Whistle!" Out of print; but still obtainable in "Indoor Games." By the bye, it is "ence" not "ance" in correspondence. "Stick Polishing" is also out of print, but it does not appear in that encyclopædic treasury, "Indoor Games."

GINGER JIM.—Take a small sheet of thick blotting paper; soak it in a strong solution of oxalic acid; dry it. When you make an ink-blot lay this blotting paper on it. The blot will vanish like magic and leave not a trace behind. But, remember, the paper is poisonous; and it is not advisable to chew it or leave it about.

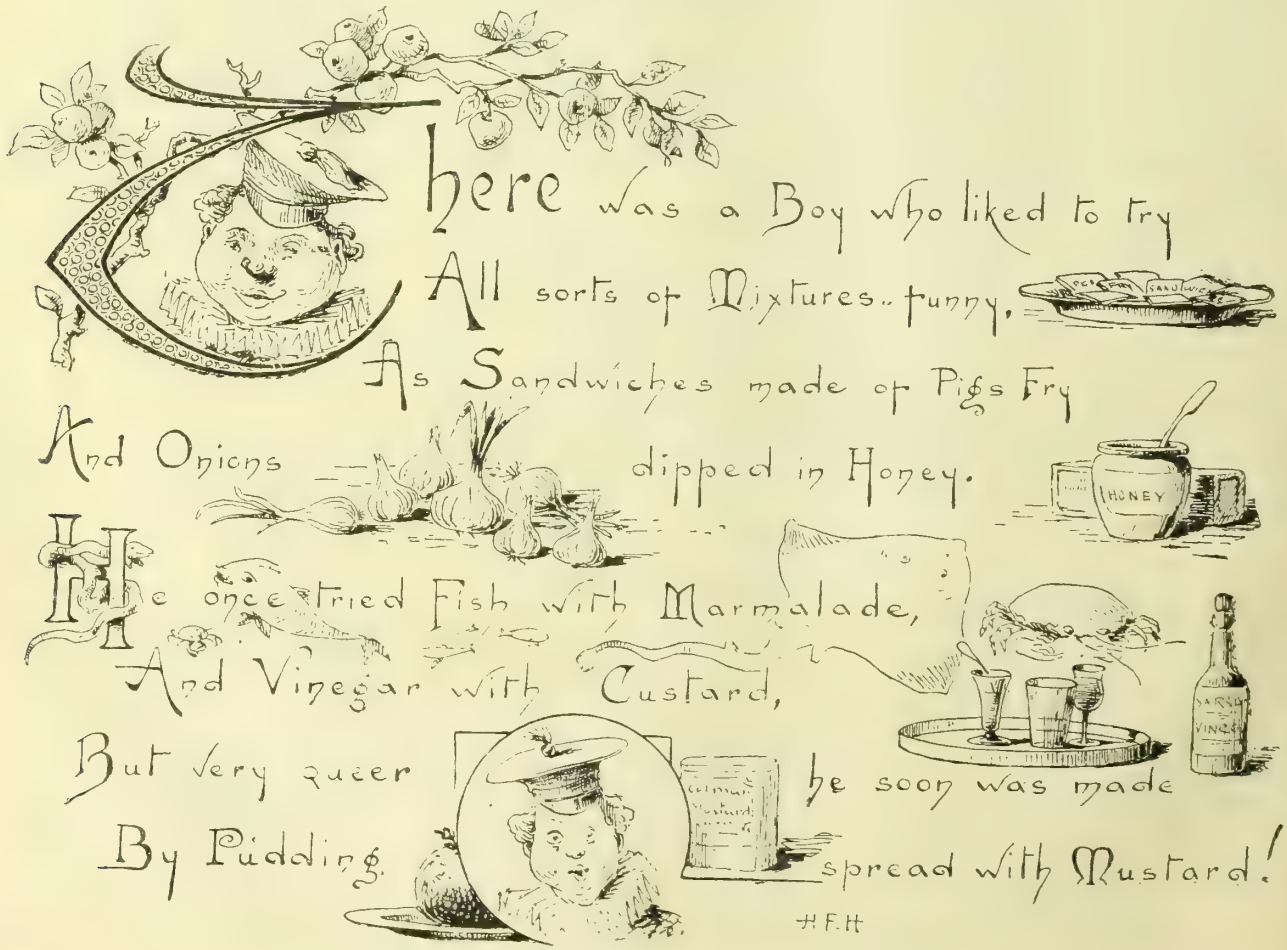
A. J. PRIDE.—1. The King of the Romans was the heir of the Emperor of the West, much in the same way—only different—as the Prince of Wales is the heir of the British Monarch. The title was first assumed, previous to his coronation, by the Emperor Henry the Second in 1014; it was first conferred on Henry the Third's eldest son in 1055. 2. It depends on colour, date, face value, etc. 3. The Great Western Railway had 2,477 miles of line and 1,620 engines in December 1889. It has now more miles and more engines, but not many more.

A. J. URQUHART.—You should have got the Christmas Number for 1889. The index to the Christmas Number of 1890 is not likely to be published three months before the number—do you think so? "Stars of the Month" was in the sixth volume; "The Planets and Where to find Them" in the twelfth.

J. S. C. R.—1. A history of Lord Ellenborough's Indian Administration, by Lord Colchester, was published in 1874. 2. Yes. Dumb-bells should be wooden, and not weigh more than two pounds each. 3. Consult your friends.

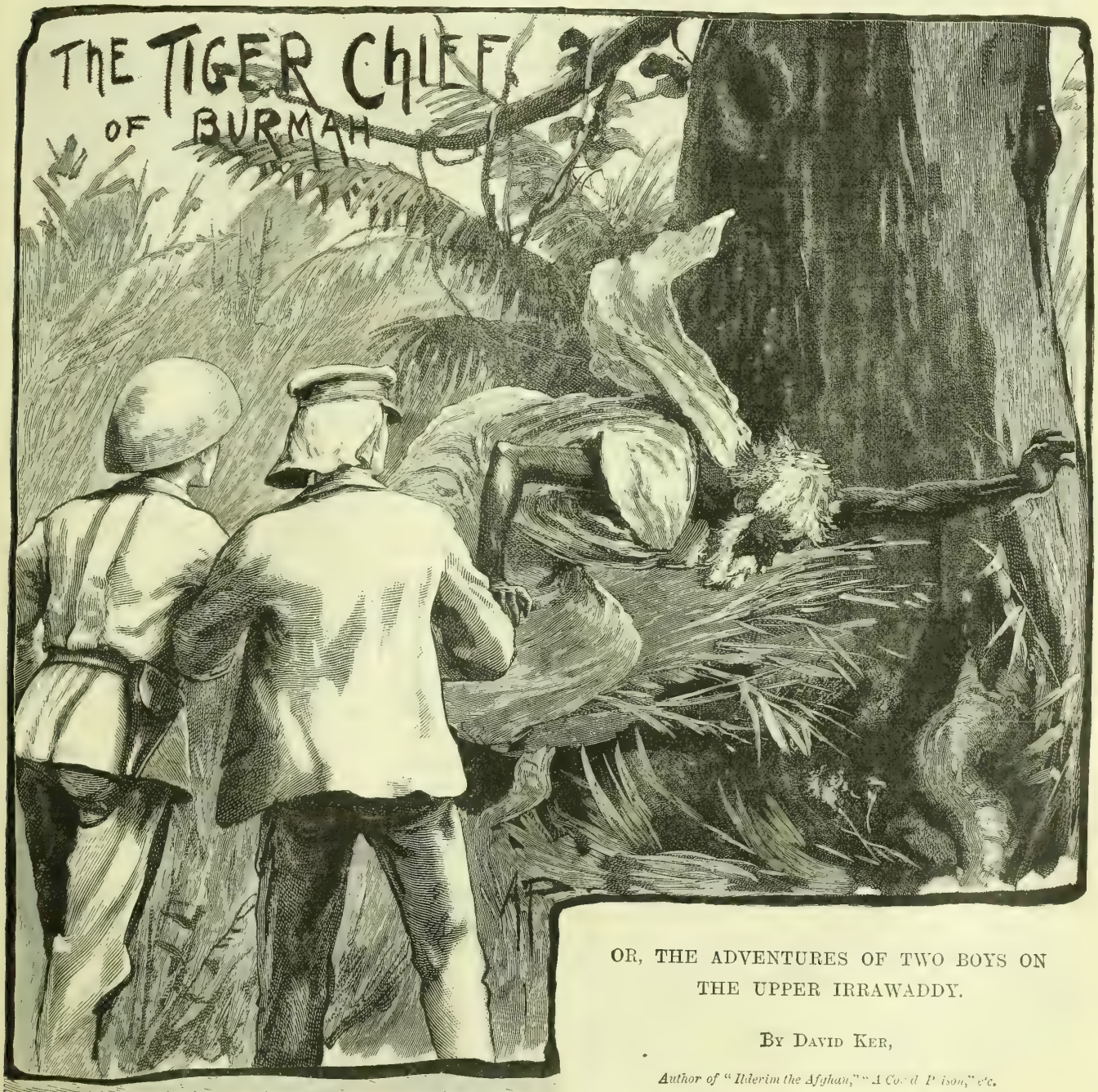
H. SHAW.—1. The "Boy's Own Paper" is on sale in every capital in the world and in all the chief towns of Australia and America. 2. There was no clan Bruce. 3. There was no clan Brown. 4. Consequently there are no tartans for these clans. 5. "Scottish Claus" was the frontispiece of our fifth volume.

W. C. TAYLOR.—Hang the coral upside down in a saucepan full of water, to which you have added a spoonful of oxalic acid; boil the solution till it leaves the coral dry; and clean the saucepan thoroughly well after you have done with it. Some of the coral is boiled in water and then bleached in a weak solution of chloride of lime; but in dealing with coral always work with it upside down so that the dirt can drop out of the septa.



THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 654.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"Tripped over a projecting root, and fell forward with great violence."

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ilderim the Afghan," "A Cornish Prison," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—THE ELEPHANT RACE.

ONE morning, about a week after Harry Foster's sensational meeting with the famous "War-Tiger," there was an unwonted stir and bustle throughout the whole village of Kyook-Pew, which seemed to have communicated itself in a more moderate degree even to the stately Sikhs of the garrison. The day of the long-looked-for elephant race, which had so greatly excited Harry and his cousin when announced by their old monk, had really come at last; and every man in the Burmese hamlet had laid a wager of some kind upon the great event, even if only to the amount of half a farthing, the ordinary Burman being unfortunately as inveterate a gambler as either the Mexican or the Chinese.

The two huge beasts that were to contest this novel kind of race were already standing side by side at the end of the course, which ran from one end of the clearing to the other. Both were motionless as statues, except for an occasional flap of their enormous ears to drive away the flies that buzzed around them; and the vast brownish-black bodies stood like rocks amid an eddying tide of excited faces and struggling figures, and hands raised in eager gesticulation, and dresses gay with every tint of the rainbow.

The native women had put on all their finery, and assumed their gayest colours, in honour of the great occasion. Even the very babies seemed to take *their* part in the general excitement, clapping their tiny brown hands gleefully, and crowing with delight at the surrounding bustle.

The elephants certainly could not complain of having too few people to look at them; for, not only had the entire population of the village turned out in a body (including three or four withered old grandpapas who were hardly able to crawl), but hundreds of peasants had flocked in from every part of the surrounding country, many of whom combined business with pleasure by bringing various kinds of eatables for sale. The whole upper end of the clearing was as gay as a flower-bed with bright-coloured robes, and the air rang with a ceaseless din of voices, criticising, admiring, disputing, speculating upon the chances of the race, and making fresh bets every moment, although in many cases the amount of those which they had already made greatly exceeded that of their whole worldly possessions.

Harry and Fred, delighted beyond measure at this chance of witnessing a sport which was equally new to them both, were eager to rush out of the fort at once, and mingle with the motley assemblage on the racecourse. But, to their no small dismay, they found the gate of the entrenchment shut; and the sentinel who guarded it informed them, with a stately salaam, that strict orders had been given to let no one quit the fort that morning without a special permission from the "Commandant Sahib" himself.

Away rushed Harry, with his cousin at his heels, to obtain the required permission as speedily as possible, never doubting for a moment that it would be granted at once. But they were doomed to be grievously disappointed.

"I'm very sorry indeed, my dear boys," said Marston kindly, "to have to disappoint you both; but I really can't let any one out of the fort while this is going on. You see, these Burmans are an excitable set, and no better than children when they *are* excited, and (considering that more than half those fellows yonder are peasants from the country round, who haven't got to be friendly with my soldiers like the villagers here) if I were to let any of my men go in among them with arms in their hands just when the whole crowd's wild over this race, it would certainly end in a quarrel and a fight, with perhaps the loss of several lives on each side, and the stirring up of bitter feeling against us all through the province, which is just what I want to avoid. Now, as the soldiers mustn't go out, it's better for no one to go at all, so as to avoid all chance of discontent; and therefore I'm not even going myself. I know you're always ready to do anything you can to help me, like good fellows; and so I tell you just how matters stand, that you may see I have no choice. You'll be able to see the whole show quite well from the roof of the storehouse yonder, and you're welcome to go up *there* whenever you like."

The boys assented at once, and hurried off to take their places upon this new kind of "Grand Stand."

"Mr. Marston's right," said Fred Milburn, as they scrambled up the ladder, "for you never know what tricks these niggers are going to be up to. I remember, when we were at Fort Robinson, out West, the Indians came round and wanted to start a market inside the fort; but it was a good job that father wouldn't let 'em, for we found out afterwards that every man of 'em had a weapon of some sort under his blanket, and at a given signal they were all to jump up and wipe out the whole garrison!"

"And we've got a better view up here, out-and-out," chuckled Harry, "than if we were down yonder in the middle of all that crowd. We're in the reserved seats—and we've got 'em all to ourselves too. Hollo! there go the jockeys mounting already!"

Sure enough, just at that moment the two elephants—which rejoiced in the poetical names of "Pickled Tea" and "Golden Fool"—were seen to move a few paces apart, while two small, dark figures, unburdened by any clothing save a white cotton waistcoat, scrambled up and perched themselves upon the necks of the animals.

But, just as the two lads were straining their eyes to watch the start, two other men were seen to clamber up after the first two, and plant themselves, not very securely, on the smooth, broad, rounded backs of these moving mountains.

"What? two jockeys apiece?" cried Fred Milburn, laughing.

"Why not? I should hope the beasts are big enough!" said Harry, with a grin. "Seems to me they might carry half a dozen passengers on the after-deck, and three or four more on the fo'c'stle, without overloading."

But just then their talk was interrupted by the deep, booming roll of a gong, which seemed to be the starting signal, for instantly the two monsters—motionless as rocks till then—were seen to shoot forward from their places, and away they went!

And then began such an uproar as even Harry Foster himself, although familiar from his childhood with all the clamours of the noisy East, had never heard before. Every man in the crowd cheered on one or other of the contending beasts with a succession of ear-piercing yells, to which the elephants replied by making a din like fifty cracked trumpets all blowing at once. The shriller cries of the women and children formed a screeching treble to this hideous concert, which was further swelled, by the addition of a constant blowing of horns and banging of gongs, into an uproar which was enough (as Harry spitefully remarked) to "make one as deaf as a Government *post*."

"Well done, Harry!" said Marston, who had just clambered up beside them, with Merrincourt at his heels; "you're as good as the critic who pronounced some author's meaning to be 'as obscure as an explanatory note.'"

For the first few yards the four-footed giants kept neck-and-neck, or, as Merrincourt phrased it, "trunk-and-trunk." Then Pickled Tea began to draw slightly to the front. Instantly the partisans of Golden Fool increased their clamour (if it *could* be increased), and, had the lookers-on shut their eyes, they might have supposed themselves in a lunatic asylum where five hundred madmen were battling with an equal number of mad cats.

Fred Milburn laughed heartily at the spectacle of the huge, unwieldy brutes lumbering along at a clumsy canter, and loudly declared that "old Barnum ought to be there to see 'em himself."

"Do they only go to the end of the course?" asked Harry, "or have they to turn round and come back again?"

"They have to come back again," answered Marston, "and the turning round is always the critical part. Whichever of them gets ahead *there* generally wins the race."

The words were hardly spoken when their truth was shown. In making the bend at the extremity of the course, Golden Fool gained a slight advantage over Pickled Tea, and drew to the front in his turn.

All the previous uproar was merciful compared with the ear-splitting din that arose now, and many of the spectators, in the fury of their excitement, danced and capered like scalded monkeys, till Harry and Fred almost tumbled off the roof with laughing.

Golden Fool kept his lead so well that the race appeared to be his beyond a doubt; but just as he was within a few yards of the goal, some backer of Pickled Tea treacherously threw down a large sugar-cake right in the victorious elephant's path.

No baby on earth is so passionately fond of sweets as an elephant; and the huge beast instantly whirled round to seize the dainty, with an unexpected swing which sent both its jockeys flying like bombshells into the thick of the crowd, amid a shower of very forcible Burmese compliments from those upon whose heads and shoulders they alighted. Meanwhile Pickled Tea, improving this unlooked-for chance, made a sudden dash to the front, and came in winner by nearly two yards!

Instantly a roaring whirlpool of furious faces and tossing arms was surging around the spot; and then a solitary figure (evidently the man who had played the trick) was seen to burst from the throng and dart frantically across the clearing toward the fort, as if flying for his life, with nearly a hundred fierce-looking men, knife in hand, yelling at his heels.

"They're going to kill him!" cried Harry Foster, springing forward excitedly. "Run! Keep it up! We'll help you!"

On seeing that the fort-gate was shut, the hunted man slackened his pace for a moment (as if confounded, and uncertain what to do next), and then shot round the angle of the entrenchment, and headed down toward the river.

On came the pursuers with wolfish yells; but, as they neared the palisade, Marston's voice rang out clear and stern above all the uproar:

"Keep back!"

The young commandant's menacing tone, and the sight of the closed gate, seemed to stagger the pursuers as well as their intended victim. The furious crowd halted irresolutely, though without showing any sign of retreating.

"Keep off!" shouted Marston again. "If you come a step nearer, I'll fire upon you."

Even the careless Merrincourt looked startled at this unwonted harshness on the part of his colleague, who had hitherto been so eager to conciliate the natives in every possible way. But, with the formidable Gatling gun which Marston called his "telescope" full in their view, this threat was quite enough for the Burmans, whose superstitious terror of these deadly and mysterious engines had expressed itself in a terrific native nickname of fifteen or sixteen syllables, implying, "The-gun-that-goes-on-talking-till-you-tell-it-to-stop." The whirl of fierce faces and brandished knives melted away as if by magic, and in a few seconds that scene of uproar and bustle was utterly silent and deserted.

"Why, Alf, what on earth's the matter with you to-day?" cried Frank Merrincourt, staring amazedly at his comrade. "Were you really going to fire into those fellows just for running past the fort?"

"Just for running to *take* the fort, you mean," said Marston, grimly. "Don't you see that all this riot was got up on purpose? Bless you, it's as plain as print. Those fellows were Burmese guerrillas in disguise, and that man was to have fled from them into the fort, and they'd have rushed in after him; and then, expecting to find us off our guard, and a lot of our men away on the racecourse, they counted upon taking the fort, and murdering every man in it."

"But how do you know all that?" asked Merrincourt, incredulously.

"Well, first and foremost, didn't you see how, first, that runaway man, and then all the rest, stopped and looked blank when they saw our gate *shut*? Then, if they had really meant to kill that fellow, do you think they'd have let him go so easily? I tell you, they'd have followed him to the end of the world rather than let him escape them. But I have another proof still, which would be quite enough by itself. Whom do you think I saw in the thick of the crowd, evidently directing and egging on the whole business? Why, the War-Tiger's friend, Moong-Gley, the robber-chief of the mountains, whom Fred and Harry thought they saw drowned at Mandalay!"

"What! wasn't he drowned after all, then?" cried both boys at once.

"No!" answered Marston, gloomily. "I saw his face among those fellows as plain as I see you now; and *his* being alive means death to many a better man. We've all had a very narrow escape of being murdered, and we may thank God that we're alive to talk about it."

This hairbreadth escape from destruction in the very midst of a friendly neighbourhood, and this startling resurrection of the ferocious ruffian whom our two young friends had seen (as they thought) perish before their very eyes, fell upon the whole party like lightning from a clear sky. Merrincourt himself looked unwontedly grave for several days after the race, and even the reckless boys were very careful in confining their rambles to the immediate neighbourhood of the fort.

As for Marston, what *he* thought of it was sufficiently shown by his organising a working party early in the following week to cut away the brushwood for some distance along the opposite bank of the river, which was not broad enough of itself to protect the fort effectually against the fire of ambushed riflemen on the farther side should the place be besieged.

But when the day came for this expedition, Merrincourt had to head the party instead of his leader, who was laid up with a passing touch of fever, which, though happily not dangerous, was an effectual bar to exertion of any kind.

The boys eagerly asked leave to go too, and at any other time our careless Frank would have assented without thinking twice about it; but now—a very unwonted thing with *him*—he hesitated and looked thoughtful.

"Pooh!" said he at length, "it's not worth while rousing up poor old Alf just when he's getting a little sleep at last, only to bother him about a trifle like that. You can go, boys; come along!"

Many a time and oft, in the terrible days which were now close at hand, did Frank Merrincourt bitterly recall that lightly-spoken decision, and feel that he could gladly peril his life to undo what he had done. But it was too late.

For a time, however, all went well; and the hacking, and sawing, and chopping were just drawing to a close, when Fred and Harry, tired of doing nothing but look on while other people were working, strolled away unnoticed along a narrow path through the brushwood, evidently made by the passage of elephants or other "big game." They followed it for some distance (somewhat regretting that they had not brought their rifles, in case anything worth shooting should present itself), and were just supposing themselves to be heading right down into the heart of the jungle, when they suddenly came out upon the river again!

"Hollo!" cried Fred, "we've been steering pretty wild, or else either the path or the river's taken a big twist. If this is how we're going on, we'll want the Pathfinder or the Big Serpent, or some of those fellows, to come and pilot us."

"Listen!" said Harry, holding up his hand, "here's somebody coming to meet us now; and whoever he is, he can't be an enemy, or he wouldn't make such a noise."

Sure enough, the crackling and crashing of the matted boughs told them that some one was forcing his way through the bushes at no great distance from them, and apparently taking no pains whatever to conceal his presence in doing so.

Nearer and nearer came the sound, and the lads (who were both well read in Fenimore Cooper) had just time to wonder what Hawk-eye or Chingachgook would have said to any man who traversed a perilous forest in this noisy and reckless fashion, when the tangled branches were thrust aside, and a tall figure broke from the thicket within a few paces of the spot where they stood.

At sight of the two lads the new-comer gave a start of surprise, and, missing his footing, tripped over a projecting root, and fell forward with great violence, striking his head against another root with such force that he lay stunned and senseless.

"Most haste, worst speed!" said Harry Foster, springing forward to raise the fallen man. "Hollo! Why, I declare, it's that old monk of ours, who ate such a lot of jam and tried to mesmerise Mr. Marston. Poor old boy! see how he's cut his forehead!"

"Here's what he wants, then," rejoined his cousin, whipping out his handkerchief and emptying upon it all the water in his pocket-flask—always an inseparable companion in that burning climate. "Just you wash the blood from his face, while I go down to the river and get some more water."

To work went Harry with true English energy, scrubbing away as if he were trying to wash a blackamoor white, instead of moistening the face of a fainting man. And, in truth, he accomplished an almost equally startling result; for beneath the touch of his fingers the wrinkles and livid hue of the old monk's withered skin vanished as if by magic, and the sunken, fleshless visage bloomed into the bold, firm, swarthy face of a man in the prime of life!

"I say, Fred," cried Foster to his cousin, as the latter came up from the river-bank with the flask of water, "this chap must be a witch, or a juggler, or something—I'll be shot if he doesn't get a year younger with every scrub I give him!"

"Does he?" cried Milburn. "Well, that's the sort of lotion to advertise, and no mistake; we might make a big thing by trading. Now, hold his head up a bit, while I pour some water into his mouth."

Harry obeyed; but as he struggled to raise the helpless man's head, an awkward jerk of his hand brought away the Poongyee's white hair and beard all in one mass!

The transformation was complete. The aged monk had vanished, and beneath their eyes lay a face which Harry Foster had beheld only once before, but which, considering *where* and *how* he had seen it, he was not very likely to forget.

"Here's a go, Fred!" cried he, excitedly. "Do you know who this fellow is? It's *the Tiger Chief himself!*"

"Is it?" replied Milburn, with a loud laugh. "What a joke!"

(To be continued.)

MAURICE KERDIC; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ECBATANA.

By A. Laurie,

Author of "A Marvellous Conquest," "Raymond Frèzols," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONCLUSION.

The moon grew paler in the light of the coming day, and still Leila had not opened her eyes.

For many hours Goucha Nichin, anxiously bending over her, had exhausted in vain all the resources of his medical knowledge to wake her from this disquieting sleep. The effect produced by the magic mirrors had exceeded his intentions. It seemed that under their powerful radiance her life had been called to some mysterious region from which it would not return.

Exhausted with lassitude and apprehension the magus sank on to a seat near the couch where his granddaughter remained stiff and still.

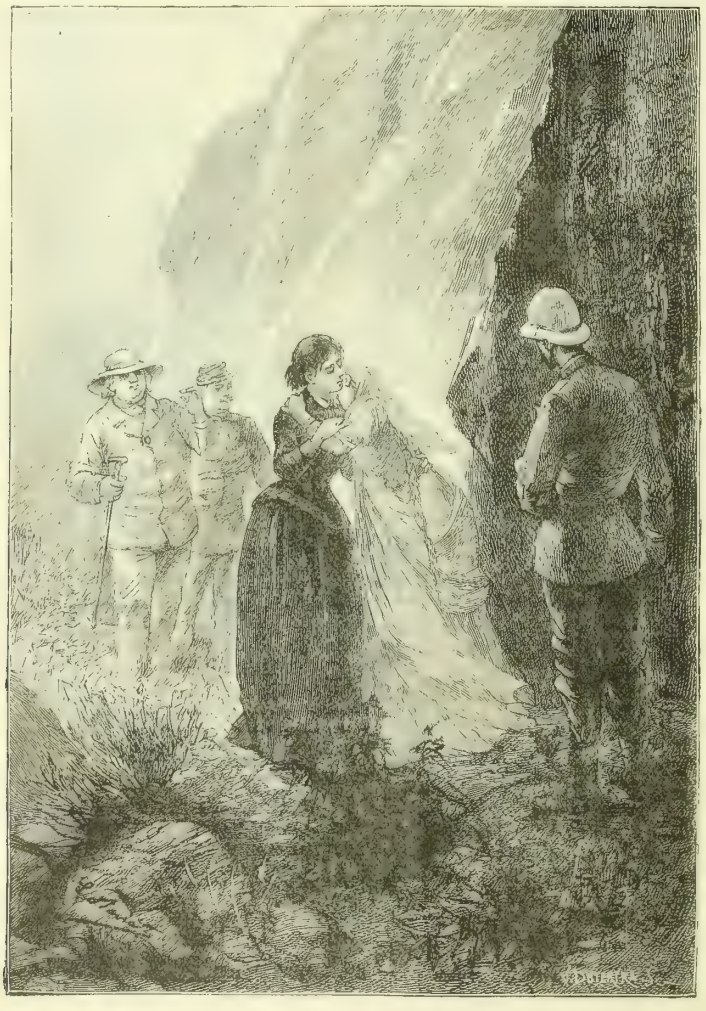
"Woe to us!" he groaned. "Her spirit has gone for ever, and it was I that drove it away! Leila! Leila, the last and graceful flower of a noble stem, was it by my hand that thou shouldst fall?"

The energy which during these long days had sustained him as by a miracle, had kept him from hunger or thirst or fatigue—this superhuman strength had suddenly abandoned him and he sank into gloomy exhaustion.

Was this the end? Were all his hopes to vanish one by one? Was not one to remain?

For the first time the indomitable old man felt a doubt enter into him. A mortal chill ran through his veins, and in that minute he lived many years.

Was the whole edifice to crumble?



"All right! all right!" said Dr. Hardy.

What was the good of all these devouring cares, these elaborate schemes, these plots woven in the darkness? To what end was his treachery? To what end his long life?

And a question full of anguish came to him in that solemn hour.

"Could I have been wrong? Have I discerned the true course and followed the right path? Signs from on high have been given me lavishly; have I understood them? When Mithra deprived me of the secret, our secular glory, was it really zeal for his house that incited me to seek it so desperately? Was it not rather my pride? When, multiplying his warnings, he took from me one by one my sons and refused me a male heir, why did I persist? Why did I pitilessly load this young head with a burden too heavy for her to bear? Have I not often seen that in spite of all I could do she bent beneath the load? Madman! this is thy work. Seeing she was so young, if the thread of her life had to be cut she might have been left some happiness—and I! miserable man! will barely survive her. I feel that my minutes are counted. Mithra, I shall soon see thy Eye of beauty. Would that before that last hour I could again hear the voice of my child!"

Absorbed in his emotions he had not noticed that for an instant the eyes of Leila were open.

Still stupefied and without memory she was looking dreamily around her. By degrees, however, the spark of intelligence began to kindle. She raised herself on her elbow.

"Grandfather!" she said, in a voice that was hardly audible.

The old man turned to her with a sudden exclamation.

"My daughter! Leila! Art thou given back to me? Mithra be praised!"

And for the first time, perhaps, the inflexible Mobed wept tears of joy, and kissed his child with all the tenderness of a father.

Leila had closed her eyes again, tired by this first effort of returning to life. Suddenly she opened them wide; memory had returned to her.

"How is it I am here?" she said.

Her eyes opened wider with fear.

"Catherine—her brother—where are they?"

Goucha Nichin was capable of stratagem when he believed the interest of his creed required it; but he did not know how to tell a lie. Besides, what would be the good of deceit which would be so quickly discovered?

"Where are they?" repeated Leila.

"Underground," said the magus resolutely.

"Mithra!" exclaimed Leila. "Did I hear truly?" And, holding her temples in her hands, she strove to gather the thoughts which were escaping her.

"I have slept, have I not, grandfather? slept a long time," said she, in a scared way. "And the others? Yes, I remember"—and she shuddered—"we fell down one by one. And I, at the last moment, was sorry I had obeyed you. I would tear myself away from this terrible sleep. I felt I was betraying myself in sleeping. Oh, grandfather!" she said, suddenly bursting into a storm of tears, "do not tell me you have left them to a frightful death; those who trusted in us; that we have fled like thieves of the night. Oh, grandfather! tell me I am wrong, and that all this is a terrible dream!"

"My daughter," said the old Guebre, "it had to be done! Dost thou think it

cost me nothing? Dost thou think that, any more than thou, Goucha Nichin delights in works of darkness? Hast thou ever known me before betray the confidence of a mortal? But here superior interests spoke higher than justice or humanity. I had to submit and brave my own repugnance to accomplish the sacrifice required by Mithra."

"Ah!" sobbed Leila, writhing her arms in despair. "Perish him who requires such sacrifices! It is a vain idol—or rather, it is the very genius of Evil!"

"Leila! do not blaspheme!"

"Where are your lessons, Goucha Nichin?" said the girl, her face flooded with tears. "Why have you taught me to know a tree by its fruits? No, he can be neither just nor good who requires such sacrifices. But do not think," said she, jumping to the ground, "that I will permit such a crime. Once I found the way to the sanctuary; I will go again! May it not be too late when I get there!"

"Leila!" said the Guebre, in a trembling voice, which contrasted strangely with the tone of authority habitual to him, "my heart breaks to see thee in such sorrow. Would I could have spared it thee! But it did not depend on me! And now cease to speak thy impious words; abandon thy mad projects. Thou hast never disobeyed me till now. I forbid thee to return to the sanctuary."

"Father," said Leila, sadly but firmly, "you have done your duty in yielding justice to the interests of Mithra; now I must yield obedience to justice."

"What dost thou hope?" said the Guebre, in the same broken voice, which in her agitation Leila did not notice.

"To find them; to recall them to life; to bring them to the light of day!"

"They cannot be restored to consciousness without powerful medical aid, which thou art incapable of giving them."

"Then I will die with them!"

"For strangers?"

"They are no longer strangers!"

"Thou wouldst betray the interests of Mithra!"

"Mithra has required things that are barbarous and shameful," said the girl, again in tears. "I am no longer one of his faithful! Farewell, grandfather!" And she threw her cloak around her.

"I will remain alone, then," murmured the old man, almost in a whisper; "alone with my bitter thoughts; alone at the gate of the tomb!"

"Oh, no! no!" cried Leila, running to him and putting her arms round him with the greatest tenderness. "Let me go where I ought; then I will come back to you, grandfather, and console you in your last days!"

"Alone!" said Goucha Nichin, without hearing her; "alone, to watch the sacred fire!"

But suddenly he interrupted himself, horror and terror shown in every feature.

"Heavenly powers!" he exclaimed. "The fire is extinct!"

And so it was.

Left to itself at Leila's departure, the sacred charcoal had been gradually consumed. The old man had been so engrossed in his granddaughter that he had not noticed it when he entered the cave. The fire was dead, irrevocably!

At this catastrophe the Mobed's remaining strength abandoned him.

"Woe be to us, our glory has gone!"

And without another word, he rose and glided to the ground, unconscious.

Wailing and despairing, Leila fell to her knees by his side.

"Grandfather! Grandfather! Awake!" she implored. "Oh! Powers on high, do not allow so great a sacrifice to be accomplished! Miserable girl! between two duties equally imperious, whichever way I go I abandon to death those who are dear to me and who are justified in claiming my help. Oh! grandfather, do not leave the world with the weight of this injustice! Give me time to make amends. I see, I feel you have been wrong. Mithra could not have demanded such victims. No beneficent deity could have asked for them. This fire extinct is not a disaster; it is a sign, a message from the skies, that we should abandon this place and go where justice and pity call us. Oh, grandfather! return, be quick, or there will be no time!"

The minutes passed like centuries.



Stretched full length by the extinguished fire Goucha Nichin had the stiffness and immobility of death. In vain did Leila try to lift him, and all her efforts to bring him to warmth or life seemed vain. Torn by contradictory impulses, burning to fly to the help of her friends, daring not to abandon the old man, tortured by anguish and uncertainties, the poor girl felt despair overwhelming her.

Suddenly a loud knocking was heard at the entrance to the cave.

"Beneficent Heaven! what charitable soul hast thou sent? Oh! may he be one of the faithful, for in his hands the mobed will be in safety, and I can get away to deliver the prisoners!"

Recalled to hope, she moved at a rapid step across the caves to the entrance. With a feverish hand she lifted the curtain, and seeing Maurice and his sister she gave a cry of joy and fell into Catherine's arms.

Exclamations, ejaculations, questions without reply, crossed each other wildly; the girls, clasped in each other's arms, wept with emotion and gladness.

"All right! all right!" said Dr. Hardy, who came up with the lieutenant. "They have nothing to say to us? It seems to me that we ought to have just a word of greeting, Khanoum Leila, for having restored you your friends."

"Ah, Monsieur Guyon, welcome!" said the girl, raising her head. "Hakim! Heaven has sent you here. My poor grandfather has need of you."

"Then take me to him at once!" said the doctor. "What is the matter with him?"

"We found the sacred fire extinguished; and then he fell, and I have not been able to raise him or revive him."

And Leila's tears began to flow.

"Revive him! Poor child, I can easily believe it. It would be too much for all three of us. Young people, give me a hand here. Ahem!" said he between his teeth, as he examined the majestic body that lay motionless by the tripod.

"It is a bad case. Come, light the fire!" he said loudly. "We will try fomentations, and then give him a warm draught."

And as they hastened away to execute his orders, he said in a low voice:

"Nothing can be done. I have only sent them off to spare them a painful scene. Maurice, take him by the shoulders; you come here, Guyon. Good! Put him on the bed. Poor old man!"

"Dead!" said Maurice, with a shudder. "Poor Leila!"

"There is no doubt of it," said the doctor, after another examination. "A stroke of apoplexy! It was the best thing for him after the ruin of all his hopes."

"Poor Goucha Nichin!" said Maurice, sadly. "I wish I had not contributed to his end!"

"What makes you think that?" asked Guyon. "He was full of years."

"Without being as old as little Hassan believed, he must long have passed the fourteen lustres the Psalmist gives as the duration of human life," added the doctor. "But the question now is to tell and console Leila. Poor girl! her isolation is pitiable!"

"She is not alone," said Maurice, quickly. "Catherine has adopted her as her sister."

"Ah!" said the doctor.

Then after a long pause he continued:

"I congratulate her from the bottom of my heart. But what do you think of doing? What have you decided for the future?"

"Nothing at present!" said Maurice, in astonishment.

"Well, this is what I propose; stay here long enough for Leila to do the last honours to her grandfather. Then take her to Teheran. My wife will be delighted to know so charming a girl, and Catherine and you will be welcome. As to the explorations, I do not know if I am mistaken, but I imagine you have had enough of them for the present."

"I think I want a rest," said Maurice. "Besides, after the important events of this night, my Government and that of the Shah ought to be informed of what has happened before I resume work. I accept with thanks your kindly hospitality."

"And I propose as an amendment," said Guyon, "that Maurice stays with me."

"That I agree to," said the doctor. "I am not egotist enough to want them all and leave nothing to others."

A fortnight later the burial rights had all been accomplished. The Guebres came in crowds to render the last honours to their Grand Mobed. Goucha Nichin reposed for ever in the Tower of Silence, and Leila started for Teheran with her friends.

Soon the happy doctor introduced the two girls to his wife, who gave them a motherly welcome, while Louis Guyon, none the less happy and hospitable, took home with him Maurice and Hassan and the faithful Gargaridi.

Every day the young men spent a good deal of time with the doctor; and Madame Hardy, delighted to see youthful happiness making cheerful a home that had previously been rather dull, declared that she would never part with Leila or Catherine. But the sly doctor foretold that some day his young visitors would certainly be carried off; his opinion being that a double marriage was in prospect to more closely unite the young people whom ties of reciprocal sympathy and common suffering had already bound together.

(THE END.)

DEUCHARY OF THE MACBROGANS.

By William Sutherland, M.A.

CHAPTER II.

In the beginning of June my uniform arrived! Brand-new from an eminent firm of military tailors in Inverness. The bonnet of blue—the tunic of British red—the plaid—the kilt—the sporran—the hose—the spats!

Ah! the kilt and plaid—of gallant Macbrogan tartan, full of miniature squares like those of a chess-board, painted successively with the primary colours, and crossed and recrossed with diagonal lines of green and black in a fearful and wonderful fashion.

But the effect was startling—terrific!

If there are any soldiers in the world that could face such a combination of colours, as in the Macbrogan tartan, for instance, all I can say is they deservedly ought to win.

It is needless to remark that I tried my uniform on the moment it arrived. The kilt hung too low at first, and on the second attempt it went to the other extreme. Then I remembered that the proper way to test the length of the kilt is to go down on one's knees, and, when the kilt just touches the floor, button it, for it is secured by two buttons on the right side above the hip. As I was doing this, Mrs. Macdonald entered the room with the toast, for I was about to sit down to tea when my uniform came.

"Och! laddie? What are ye doin'? Are ye sayin' yer grace on yer knees?"

"Get out, Mrs. Macdonald, I'm trying on my *uniform*. Can't you give a fellow some peace and quietness?" For I was fairly roused; and so was she, for she flounced indignantly out of the room, banging the door with such violence that the crockery on the table rattled a vigorous protest against such an unnecessary exhibition of temper.

At last I was fully equipped in my martial gear, and in the mirror caught a glimpse of my splendid appearance. My bonnet reclined on my right ear at the most raking and taking angle you could imagine; the tunic fitted like a glove, and the cairngorm in my silver brooch was a very gem of its kind. As for the sporran, it must have got its hair from the longest-bearded billy-goat that ever frisked in Mull; and it was of such a dazzling white that the clean table-cloth looked quite dingy in comparison. I stood upon a chair to get a full view of my nether extremities, and with a little judicious padding I considered the result would be eminently satisfactory, and I felt convinced that a better-dressed officer than Deuchary of the Macbrogans had yet to come forward.

The annual review of the regiment by the Colonel—the Macbrogan of that ilk—usually took place at the end of June, and I looked forward to June 29 of that year with feelings of the keenest expectation, as that would be the first opportunity afforded me of appearing in public in "The Garb of Old Gaul."

June seemed to me to drag out its weary length with tantalising slowness, but at length the day arrived. The manœuvres were timed to begin at 11 a.m., but I was up with the lark, and after dressing myself with the most scrupulous care, spent the hours that remained before breakfast in practising "the salute," and in cutting down, with many preliminary flourishes, imaginary foemen with my sword!

Mrs. Macdonald, in the midst of this military ardour, came in to lay the breakfast, but immediately fled from the room when she felt the swish of the sword as it swept past her nose *parvo intervallo*. She flatly refused to return until I put "that horrible thing" out of sight.

It was a splendid day. The people turned out in their thousands; the Macbrogans mustered almost to a man. The manœuvres passed off without a hitch; the charging was tremendous; the march past was a sight never to be forgotten, and when the Colonel, in addressing us at the close of the day's work, said it was the proudest day of his life, the cheer we gave could be heard at the top of Ben Achnaluachrach.

Just before dismissing us for luncheon, he said his old friend the Macslashan of Deochandorus had kindly offered substantial prizes to be competed for by teams of twenty men from each company, the competition to be limited to the manual, firing, and bayonet exercises, and the teams to be commanded by their respective junior officers.

Luncheon! I did not taste a morsel. If ever there were a lot of men eager to beat anything that might be brought against them, that lot was A company of the Macbrogans, of which company I had the honour to be the junior officer. These men positively thirsted for glory, and nothing in this world could give them greater pleasure than to show the other companies how to make the rifles spin.

Before they had finished luncheon Captain Munro had selected twenty smart young fellows of four- and five-and-twenty to uphold the credit of the company, and then he gave me a few words of advice as to delivering the words of command smartly and clearly, and, above all, as to keeping cool.

Keeping cool! Why I could not have kept cool although I were locked up for a couple of hours in a refrigerator, or were taking a bath at the North Pole. My pocket-handkerchief speedily became useless, and after that I had to mop my face with my plaid, which left fluffy bunches of wool all over my visage, and made it look like a piece of bread-and-butter that had fallen on a very dirty carpet.

Luncheon, at length, was over; the competing squads fell in; a ballot was taken, and it fell to the lot of A company to be the last of all to compete. The other squads went through their work very well, although I honestly believed that A company in any other hands than mine could beat them.

Then our men began. They went through the manual and firing exercises splendidly; their supporters cheered them to the echo; I felt my own spirits rising and was proud of my men. But in the bayonet exercise I began to falter. The commands seemed to slip from my memory. I gave them anyhow. The men looked disgusted, then got angry, but finally entered into the spirit of the thing and faithfully executed every command, no matter how absurd or in what order given. The whole world seemed to be going round; the trees were upside down; the men's faces were like the grinning faces of demons I have seen in my dreams; the only fixed unchangeable thing was the stern glare in Sergeant Mackay's eyes.

"Shoulder arms—right turn—quick march!" It was all over, and I could scarcely step out with the squad, so shamefaced, so miserable was I. I must resign, however; I would never make such an ass of myself again or expose the company to ridicule.

But in the morning Captain Munro came in to see me, and he was so kind and sympathetic that I began to hesitate about resigning, and when Sergeant Mackay called and in a cheery tone said that I was not the first young officer he had seen break down on parade, and that after the first plunge the shivering fit invariably passed away, I felt as if I could embrace the ruddy-nosed instructor on the spot; and, recollecting that he had just got an addition to his already large family, slipped half-a-sovereign into his hand,

as a "hansel" for the latest member of the Clan Mackay.

No, I would not resign. I would brave public opinion, and show what a Deuchary, when roused, could do. So I took no notice of the shouts of the urchins at the street corners, or the scowls of the men at drill, but worked away harder than ever at everything pertaining to the management of the company, and paid particular attention to shooting. Now I was by no means a bad shot, and, if only I could keep cool at an emergency, there were few of "the ten" who could give me two points at any of the ranges. But keeping cool at critical moments was hitherto my weak point, and on that account little attention was paid to my big scores on ordinary practice days, and it was confidently assumed that when anything was at stake, "Deuchary's shooting would be all over the shop."

B company of the Macbrogans were the most formidable rivals, both in drill and shooting, that A company had to contend with. Every year, in the lull between "the stackin' o' the hay" and the reaping of the corn, a great shooting match took place between these companies, and this match caused more excitement and more bad blood than any Irish fair from Donaghadee to Macgillicuddy Reeks. The clans mustered from the hills and the glens for miles around, and every shot was watched with interest from start to finish; and the scenes that occurred *after* the match were of the liveliest description.

The B "ten" were the crack shots of the regiment, but A company had beaten them for the last two years, and wanted only one more win to draw up level with the redoubtable marksmen from Balnamisge. Both teams were confident of victory; both practised assiduously for three weeks before the great event; both were in good shooting form; and the whole regiment felt proud of such renowned marksmen.

Now, I was not one of A's "ten," although from my shooting form I was entitled to a place amongst them; but, though they distrusted my nerve, I practised at the ranges every day and did everything in my power to qualify for admission into that exclusive circle when occasion offered.

On the morning of the great day, huge crowds wended their way to the ranges, and it was evident from the hubbub that prevailed that unusual importance was attached to the result. The B men were the favourites, and as they appeared in a four-horse break were received with tumultuous cheering. They looked calm and cool as men who felt assured of victory.

Then Captain Munro led his men to the firing point, and certainly they were as collected in their bearing as their gallant opponents. Suddenly the energetic Sergeant Mackay roared out at the top of his voice—and it was a voice, too, strong as a foghorn—"Corporal Macquorish, A company!"

No response; repeated blasts of the foghorn voice, but, alas! no Macquorish. Macquorish was our second best shot, and on a day like this was good for eighty-eight or ninety points. But he was at times of a convivial nature, and on the previous night had been making merry with other bachelor souls, and at the moment Sergeant Mackay was making the woods ring with his name, was plunged in profound slumber. So no Macquorish came, and our men gazed blankly into each other's faces.

Captain Munro and Sergeant Mackay engaged in a hasty colloquy, the upshot of which was that I was invited to step into the breach, to fill the shoes of the famous Macquorish, to redeem myself in the eyes of the Macbrogans, or utterly wreck my reputation, already sadly damaged. I could see that my comrades-in-arms did not approve of Captain Munro's choice, and as for the supporters of A company, they yelled and groaned and reviled me vigorously, while the opposing section of the crowd cheered lustily, delighted with the increasing chance of victory for the favourites.

We were paired off with our opponents, and one Private Macnab was my partner. A sly sort of fellow was Macnab—a carpenter by trade, dry as a shaving and sharp as a chisel. Versed in verniers and the various mechanical appliances used by crack shots, he watched every fluttering of the flags, every movement of the clouds.

The firing commenced; Macnab and I were the last pair to shoot. The 200 yards range was usually my weak point, but on this momentous occasion I was fairly successful in scoring 31 points out of a possible 35. Macnab, however, had scored 33, but Captain Munro topped that with a very fine 34.

A company retired to the 500 yards range, leading by 6 points, and their supporters felt jubilant. However, 6 points was a very small lead; the long ranges tell most in a shooting competition, and a difference of a few points one way or another counts for little between men like the A's and B's of the Macbrogans, until the last range is reached. Most of my best scores were made at 500 yards, and I felt pretty confident of doing myself justice on this occasion. But there was a flukey rear-wind blowing from the left, and upsetting good and tried men in an unaccountable fashion, so that by the time my turn came I was in a very uneasy mood.

To increase my nervousness, Macnab found the "bull" with his first shot, to which I responded with a bad "magpie." I ventured to ask Macnab what allowance he was making for the wind.

"Oh! haud straight on," replied the wily carpenter. And "haud straight on" I did with my remaining six shots, and finished with a miserable score of 25 points—the lowest on the ground. Macnab lost the "bull" only once in his seven shots, and, as he thought of his 67 at the two ranges, he looked very knowing.

I felt profoundly miserable, and as disinclined for shooting as one could well be. Thanks chiefly to my feeble display at this range, we were five points behind the B men, and this was the range we had calculated on for obtaining a good lead, as the B's were strongest at 600 yards.

The shooting was nearly over: Macnab and I alone remained. I was adjusting the back-sight when I heard the captain of the opposing team remark, unintentionally of course, that the teams up to this point were level—the match depended on Macnab and Mr. Deuchary. The vernier trembled in my hands; the growls of the spectators in rear told me they knew the state of matters and distrusted me.

But Sergeant Mackay, cool as a cucumber, lay down alongside of me, and bade me watch how the flag behind the butts blew.

"Steady, sir," said he, "and if Macnab begins to talk, I'll walk into him!"

Crack—whe-e-w—ping! Macnab's first shot was on—a splendid "bull" in the centre of the target. A long pause. Puff. Through the thin cloud of smoke lazily driving to the right I saw the red disc answer my first bullet.

"An 'inner' at 9 o'clock," said the sergeant; "capital elevation; not quite so much windage, sir, and you'll get the 'bull' next time."

Macnab let his second shot go quickly. A magpie! "Bah!" said the sergeant, but Macnab coolly blew down the barrel of his rifle, bit his next cartridge, and inserted it in the chamber as stolidly as he did everything.

"Steady, sir, steady—not so much windage, not so much windage."

The ring of my second shot on the target came faintly up the range—a pleasant sound, but an anxious one.

"An 'inner,' close to the bull! Another inch would have done it," said Mackay, as he turned to watch Macnab, who was holding the rifle as in a vice.

So the first two shots found us still level; so did the third, fourth, and fifth.

The men behind us were bursting with excitement; even the sergeant was gnawing at his fierce red moustache; but Macnab was aiming as coolly as if he were merely practising "snapping" in his own back parlour, and I, strange to say, interested in the movements of those around me, and speculating on the circumstances of the situation, forgot to be nervous and got the "bull" again with the sixth shot; my opponent had found but the "inner," and so I was one point ahead!

Macnab finished with a "bull," leaving me an "inner" to tie, a "bull" to win.

"Watch the flag, sir," said the sergeant quietly, as I ran my eye along the barrel and tightened my forefinger round the trigger.

The smoke was clearing away as we sprang to our feet and strained our eyes in the direction of the butts. Out at last came the disc. White! the "bull!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" yelled the crowd, as it trampled down the ropes and crowded round us. "Hip-hip-hurrah," roared the sergeant, hoarse as a crow with excitement; and then Captain Munro, in all the majesty of his inches and his flowing beard, called out in stentorian tones, "Three cheers, boys, for Lieutenant Deuchary of the Macbrogans!" "Hip-hip-hip-hurra-a-a-a-ah!"

(THE END.)



COUNT RUDOLPH'S BEARD.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

By the Author of "The Bishop and the Caterpillar," etc., etc.

(*With Illustrations by* THOMAS DOWNEY.)



COUNT RUDOLPH VON RATZ was a noble knight,
Quite ready at all times to dance or to fight:
His name was a terror to every foe,
His battle-axe dealt a most deadly blow;
He usually fought with a dozen or so
At once, but that was the custom, you know,
In the knightly days of long ago,
When to fight with one man was accounted "low"
For a noble knight not at all *comme il faut!*



Count Rudolph.

While in softer mood, all the world would agree,
None bowed with more courtly grace than he,
Or more featly served, on his bended knee,
The ladies at tennis or afternoon tea.
In short, he was equally loved and feared;
And besides,—he possessed such a *gem* of a beard!
'Twas soft, and long,
And silky, and brown;
The boast of the country, the talk of the town;
The envy of many a beardless youth
Who dashed down razor, and groaned, forsooth,
In wan despair!
For the unguents rare
Of Rowland, Latreille, or Professor Brown
Could never produce
E'en by constant use
Such a beard as grew, quite spontaneously,
On the chin of Count Rudolph, surnamed the Free!

And many a maid heaved a secret sigh
As the knight on his coal-black steed rode by;
And delicate fingers would often trace
On banner of silk, or cigarette case,
The arms that flashed on his silver shield,
The arms that none but he might wield:
Two oobits proper on a verdant field!

But little recked he,
This knight so free,
Of youth who frowned, or of maid who sighed;
And he laughed out loud as he gaily cried,
"Come weal, or come woe, the whole of my trade is
To fight all the knights, and to serve all the ladies;
Yet nor knight nor maiden of high degree
Shall e'er boast of the capture of Rudolph the Free."

Full oft the pitcher may go to the well,
Yet one day ringeth its funeral knell!
And "the god of love
Who sits above"
(So Shakespeare says, and he's always right)
Sent a shaft to the heart of the careless knight,
Who turned round quick
And, like Benedick,
Thus all tiresome jokes on the subject parried:
"When I vowed that I
Would a bachelor die,
I did not think I should live to be married!"

On a "castled crag" by the "lonely Rhine"
Dwelt the lordly Baron von Blumenstein;
And henchmen true
In doublets of blue,
Who mostly had nothing at all to do,
Stood waiting about, in doorway and hall,
In case the Baron should please to call,
"What ho, without there!" (in tone of dread),
"Remove the banquet," or "somebody's head."



"The henchmen true, with nothing to do."

'Twas all the same to those vassals bold,
Who did, without murmur, just what they were told;
Or I trow there'd have been what is termed "a shine"
In the stately halls of Blumenstein!

The Baron was blessed with a gentle wife,
The joy of his heart and the pride of his life;
She never spoke word that engendered strife;



The Baron and Baroness von Blumenstein.

But cabbages red
She pickled instead,
She rose with the lark, and went early to bed.
The fame of her beer and *sauer-kraut*
Was noised through the country round about:
And the Baron's retainers would often vow
That no lord in the land had a better *Haus-frau.*

But beyond compare
Was the daughter fair
Who graced the home of the worthy pair.
She had lovely blue eyes, and bright golden hair,



Sweet Hilda von Blumenstein.

And plenty of frocks all of white to wear;
She'd a heart quite light and free from care,
And cheeks like the blush on the Cath'rine pear;
Such a winsome smile, such a charming air
Would have softened the heart of a grizzly bear;
And before you had time to say "Beware!"
Every youth who beheld her began to pine
For the love of sweet Hilda von Blumenstein.
I trow, there is little need for me
To tell any lover of chivalry
That this was the lady of high degree
Who was born to lead captive Rudolph the Free.

Behold him now, as he kneels at her feet,
And pleadeth his cause in accents sweet:
"Let my love be proven, my lady fair,
Show me what for thy sake I shall do or dare,
And 'tis done at once, whatever it be,
For thou alone rulest o'er Rudolph the Free."

The lady blushed, and the lady sighed;
She knew that his love would be sorely tried.
"Now lithe and listen, sir knight," quoth she,
"I claim no service of bended knee,
I put thy love to no simple test
Of doughty deed or of knightly quest;
Far harder task must, I ween, be thine
Ere thou winnest Hilda von Blumenstein."

"Now prove me, and try me, my lady fair,
What man may do, or what man may dare,
That Rudolph dares, for thy sake, to try;
An he fail or falter, then let him die."

Full sweetly smiled that lady bright,
To hear the vow of her gallant knight,
Yet ashen pale grew her lovely cheek,
And vainly awhile she strove to speak;
But at last came the words which to breathe she feared,
The tremulous murmur, "Cut off thy beard!"



"Cut off thy beard!"

With sudden anger the knight flushed red,
"Nay, lady mine," he proudly said,
"Hadst thou asked for my heart, or my hand, or my head,
The thing were more quickly done than said;
But I trow 'tis merely a mockery
To lay such command on Rudolph the Free."

For a withered crone o'er my cradle sung
This ancient rhyme in an ancient tongue:

"'With health and with strength thy beard shall grow,
In fire and flame 'twill vanish, I trow.'

"Yet say but the word, and e'en Fate I brave,
For Rudolph the Free is thine humble slave."



"And the beard was soon in a blaze."

"Alack and alas," the lady cried,
"My love for thee overcometh my pride;
Yet never mayst thou be knight of mine,
For thus runs the legend of Blumenstein:

"'When a lady of Blumenstein, fair and bright,
Shall list to the lobe of a bearded knight,
A cry shall be heard at dead of night,
And fire and flame rouse the warders all
That keep their watch on the castle wall!'

"Our castle is planned by my lordly sire,
Who feareth no foe, save the crafty fire!
In every bower is a hand-grenade;
In the courtyard, a volunteer fire-brigade;
O'er each noble steed, as he standeth in stall,
Hangs the harness ready at need to fall;
In every corridor, I ween,
Gleams the scarlet robe of the fire-queen,
With her motto which speaketh to every one;
'Place thine arms through the straps and run,'
Yet, I fear me that all would naught avail,
Should Hilda list to thy flatt'ring tale."

"Now Fate divides us," Sir Rudolph said,
"Were ever lovers so sore bested?

"Nay now, nay now,
'Twere vain, I trow,
To Fate's decree to refuse to bow;
An thou diedst," quoth she,
"All for love of me,
I don't think matters improved would be—
So I think, on the whole, I'll go home to tea.
And I charge thee for ever all hope to resign
Of wedding Hilda von Blumenstein."

By the castle gate,
When night fell late,
Linger'd Rudolph von Ratz, in a doleful state;
On a Hebrew harp he sadly played,
And he sang to his lady a serenade;—
His words and his tune ne'er had met before,
And 'twere much to be wished they should meet no more;
'Tis ill to sing when the heart is sore.

On the ear of the watchful sentinel
The sound discordant at midnight fell,
And he said to himself: "This is not well."
So, raising his crossbow high in the air,
He sternly demanded, "Who goes there?"
But the knight, I suppose,
Was lost in his woes,
And he only longed to disturb the repose
Of the maiden who caused to his heart such throes;
So he went on chanting his tuneless prayer,
"Awake and listen, O lady fair!"

I pause to remark
That the night it was dark;
And the sentinel, fearing to make a mistake,
Came up to the knight, gave his shoulder a shake,
As a gentle hint for the worst to prepare,
And repeated his query of "Who goes there?"
But Rudolph still called on his lady fair.

The watchman, his patience exhausted quite,
Determined to view the stranger aright,
Put his hand in his pocket, to feel for a light,
Struck a match on the box (it was Bryant and May's),
And the beard of the knight was soon in a blaze!

A cry of "fire" through the still night rang.
Loud pealed the alarm-bell with crash and with clang;
And out came pouring the warders all,
Who kept their watch on the castle wall.
In fifty seconds, or rather less,
The engine came dashing along express;
Quick the firemen saw where the mischief lay,
So they "married their stand-pipes" without delay,
And straight on Count Rudolph began to play,
While the trusty henchmen formed in a line
And passed the buckets right up from the Rhine;
And the Baron himself, his wife, and his daughter,
Descended by rope-ladders into the water.

'Twas a terrible rout,
Though the fire was put out
Ere Rudolph quite knew what 'twas all about;
But alas and alack!
A remnant black
Alone remained, for the world to see,
Of the noble beard of Count Rudolph the Free.
A passing sigh for that vanished grace,
Count Rudolph heaved for a moment's space;
'Twas a thousand pities he wasn't insured,
But he thought, "'Tis an evil that cannot be cured,
So I trow it will e'en have to be endured."
Then a sudden joy through his bosom thrilled!
"Beshrew me, the portents are both fulfilled!
And no one's the worse, except by a fright,
Sir Rudolph, no longer a bearded knight—
May claim the hand of his lady bright!"
So he did. And the bells rang right merrily
For the wedding of Hilda with Rudolph the Free.

(THE END.)

NOTES FROM MY LOG; OR, TRUE STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By Rear-Admiral W. R. Kennedy.

IX.—OPERATIONS ON THE CANTON RIVER.

A few days after our return to Canton we were ordered to proceed down the river in tow of the Coromandel to destroy some Mandarin junks which were in process of construction at a kind of dockyard on the river's bank.

We soon found the place; thirty-five junks were on the stocks, some only in frame, some ready for launching. The whole of them were committed to the flames and made an impressive conflagration. It seemed a pity to burn such fine craft, as they were handsome vessels, and well built. But war knows little pity: they would have been no use to us, and might have been soon used against us.

For the next few weeks we were busy in the boats making and repairing fire-booms, and at night guarding them against the enemy's fire rafts, etc. The work was hard, as there were only four boats to do it,—viz. the Calcutta's pinnace and cutter and two boats of the Nankin. It must be borne in mind that in those days we had no steam launches or pinnaces or torpedo boats, everything had to be done by manual labour in rowing boats, even sails were not of any use for that work.

The life in an open boat would have been very monotonous but for the amount of excitement and adventure we always had on hand. There was not much room to move, and only a plank to lie upon at night; our food consisted of ship's pork, hard biscuit, and the river water to drink. No room for clothes or any comforts. My kit consisted of a blanket, two flannel shirts, one on and one off, toothbrush, comb, soap and towel, with no other society but that of the coxswain and boat's crew, working under a broiling sun by day, with a good prospect of being blown up by night or having one's head taken off by a round shot in the morning. But there is a charm in having a command of one's own at eighteen years of age, be it ever so humble, with a fine set of fellows for a boat's crew.

My coxswain, Jim Parnell, was as gallant a seaman as ever I came across; being thrown so much together I got to know his value. We were not only shipmates but messmates, for our stock of crockery having been much diminished by a shot which smashed the greater part, we had but one basin in which to eat our pea-soup out of, which was afterwards rinsed out for grog. The evenings used to be spent according to fancy, some sleeping, others smoking or joining in a song with a rousing chorus, whilst I generally played some game in the stern sheets with the coxswain or gunner's mate, until the time came for us to go to our stations, rowing guard for the night, caring little whether by daylight the next morning we should be hammer and tongs with a fleet of junks.

I often think that it is on detached service of this sort that our bluejackets show to advantage, always cheerful and contented and respectful to their officers, at a time when it is not easy to enforce the discipline of a man-of-war. No matter whether the food was good or bad, or whether the water stank, I never saw anything like discontent or heard any grumbling amongst them. One day our copper (the only cooking apparatus we had) was lost overboard, and it could not be replaced for some days, so we had to eat our pork raw, instead of cooked, but we all shared alike. I had no medicines in the boat, but I told the men if any of them were really ill they should have an extra glass of rum, although it would have to come from our limited store and some of us would have to go without. I never had a single application, nor did I have a case of sickness in the boat, although we drank the river water, and at this very time the Calcutta's men were dying in the hospital at Hong Kong from dysentery caused by drinking impure water. The Calcutta being a sailing ship had no condenser on board.

Meanwhile the Chinamen had not been idle; they had repaired the French Folly Fort, and mounted some more guns in it, making it as strong as it was before. It therefore became necessary for us to give them another lesson, and on December 4, H.M. ships Encounter and Coromandel, with the boats of the squadron in tow, steamed down the river and opened fire on the fort. The boat lay alongside of the ships so as to be protected by their hulls until the fort was silenced, when our turn came, and we pulled in to storm, under a scattering fire of "gingalls" and rockets, which were ill directed and did but little harm. Having driven out the garrison, a party remained to dismount the guns and destroy the fort. Our casualties were slight. One marine was killed by a rocket, the spear head of which pierced his heart. But as a rule the Chinese rockets were very harmless things, and as often as not they doubled back in the direction whence they came. Whilst we in the pinnace were eating our pork and biscuit, the boat lying quietly at anchor off the fort, a sneaking rascal fired a rocket at us from amongst the ruins. The rocket came over one side of the boat, set fire to some bread bags in the bottom, and popped over the opposite gunwale without doing us any harm. Our cutter was also struck by a rocket which burnt a hole in her.

About this time we heard reports that the enemy intended to burn the English factories in return for the injuries we had inflicted on them. We had always expected something of this sort, and to a certain extent prepared for it by placing a guard about the place. The merchants had removed most of their goods to Hong Kong, so that beyond the value of the property and the fact of its being our headquarters at Canton, its destruction would not be of very much consequence. However, the sentries were doubled, and we kept a sharp look-out every night. Notwithstanding all precautions, the Chinamen were too many for us, for in this kind of warfare they are adepts.

One night about the middle of December there was an alarm of fire in the factories. The boats were at this time moored in a camber close by, so we were quickly on the spot and were able to be of the greatest assistance. It was to no purpose, for the Chinamen, regardless of life, ran from house to house with lighted torches in their hands, and as fast as we shot them down, others would take their place. All that night the fire raged, and the next day it was still burning. We made desperate attempts to save the consul's house by blowing down the adjacent walls with gunpowder, but without avail. Every one, from the admiral downwards, worked with a will, and it was amusing to see captains, lieutenants, bluejackets, and soldiers passing water in every conceivable conveyance. Two of us were pointing a hose till we could hold it no longer, and every stitch we had on was wet through.

About dark I was working in a house trying to get the fire under when some one shouted out that the roof was falling, and that if there was anyone inside, to come out directly. The room I was in was filled to the roof with boxes of prime Manilla cigars, so taking a box under each arm I bolted from the house just as the walls caved in with a crash.

After the fire we managed now and then to pick up a few things which were of use to us, living as we were on the meanest fare.

These expeditions were not unattended with danger, for we knew that our heads were valued at 500 dollars, that being the sum offered for the head of any Englishman dead or alive. Already several poor fellows had been captured and their heads were at the moment adorning the gates of the city.

The following adventure will show the risks that we ran by venturing only a few hundred yards from our boats.

One day in company with a young friend of mine, a year younger than myself, we took advantage of a spare hour whilst the men were at dinner, to ramble amongst the ruins of the factories. We were engaged in exploring the inside of a house, the walls of which, together with the staircase, remained standing, and had not long been upstairs when we heard a noise in the street, and on looking out we perceived to our horror an armed mob of Chinamen congregated round the only entrance to the house, with the evident intention of taking us alive or dead. The prospect was not cheerful; there was but one stair, and our retreat was completely cut off. There was no time for reflection; fortunately we had our revolvers with us, and were familiar with the use of them, so without a moment's delay, further than a grasp of each other's hands, we rushed down the stairs into the street. Our sudden appearance took the Chinamen by surprise, and that saved us; before they had made up their minds as to whether we were alone or supported, my friend fired his pistol full in the leader's face. Whether he missed him or not, we never knew, but the man, though staggered, did not fall; at the same time I fired at a big brawny fellow armed with a pike. My friend also fired again, and the whole mob, panic-stricken, bolted from two boys, for we were nothing more—and we were saved. We never made mention of this adventure lest we should be forbidden to leave our boats in future.

A short time after this occurrence the admiral decided to burn down part of the suburbs of the city as a reprisal for the destruction of the factories, and we were ordered to prepare fireballs for the purpose. The necessary arrangements being complete, we were attached as before to the Barracouta, and proceeded with her to a spot about a mile or so from our headquarters. Another party went in the opposite direction so as to fire the city simultaneously in several places. The Barracouta having anchored, we pulled up a creek in the pinnace and threaded our way through the streets (the houses in the suburbs being built on piles), keeping a sharp look-out for any ambuscade. Having advanced as far as we could, we landed and set to work firing the houses right and left. Having accomplished this the captain of the Barracouta, who had accompanied us so far in his gig, returned on board, leaving me in the pinnace with orders to shoot down any one who attempted to interfere with us. Presently a mob of Chinamen arrived on the scene, and would have made short work of us, but were received with a few rounds of canister which dispersed them.

The creek up which we had got was

blocked with a barricade of piles, the boat's bow was lashed to the piles with the brass gun pointing through them, and when the soldiers appeared, our gunner's mate, who was in the stern attending to the boat's magazine, passed the powder and projectiles forward to me at the gun, exclaiming in his excitement, "Give them some 'spiritual' case, sir" (meaning spherical case, a canister containing musket balls, a very deadly missile at close quarters). Having effected our purpose we returned to the Barracouta without casualty on our side.

Christmas came round in due time, and we determined to keep it in good old-fashioned style and enjoy a good dinner if it could be procured. So we cleared away the billiard room, the only building left standing, and had our dinner there, and a very good dinner it was considering the circumstances. The toasts went merrily round, absent friends not being forgotten.

At midnight it was my turn to row guard ahead of the Hornet, which vessel was lying at anchor outside the boom. On going to my boat I found that the boat's crew had also been keeping up the old custom, having probably cleared the consul's cellar for the purpose, and alas! they were all drunk except the coxswain and one other. What was to be done; I dare not report my boat's crew as unfit for duty, as I was partly to blame for not looking after them, so making the only two sober men take an oar, and taking the helm myself, I pushed off into the stream, having first refreshed the rest of the crew by throwing buckets of water over them. We managed to reach a position ahead of the Hornet, when seeing the impossibility of rowing guard, I dropped anchor, and making the two sober men take a couple of oars each and keep dipping them in the water. I kept a good look-out till daylight, when I returned to the camber. Fortunately for us, the Chinamen did not think fit to molest us that night, otherwise the consequences might have been serious. The joke was that I was complimented by the captain of the Hornet for the admirable way we had kept guard during the night.

(*To be continued.*)

ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various representative Artists.



X.—**A Country Cousin.**—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* Arthur Greenbank.)

A DAY'S FISHING.

By Ashmore Russan,

Author of "The Last of the Great Auks," "A Strange Epidemic," etc.

PART I.

A jovial old gentleman was Mr. Pinter, of the Moat House Farm; ruddy-faced, and merry-eyed. Never, most likely, in his life had he marched truant and trespassing schoolboy to angry head master. But that may have been because the nearest school of any account was at Bromfield, six miles distant. Truant schoolboys rarely, I should think, wandered so far. What he would have done had a pack of youngsters chasing paper made a practice of smashing his fences and leaving open his gates once a week or so, I cannot guess.

He was a Worcestershire farmer, of a type that is fast dying out. At home, on the farm, he wore, winter and summer, a long white smock-frock, and a long black hat with a nap almost as rough as a furze-bush; at least it generally looked as if its wearer and it had been dragged through a furze-bush backwards a great many times. Beneath the frock gleamed the bright brass buttons that fastened his moleskin gaiters; between which and his Bedford-cord breeches two inches of blue worsted stocking might be seen when he took off the frock to work. On Tuesdays—Bromfield market-day—he discarded the smock-frock in favour of a black jacket with immense pockets, each capable of holding at least three rabbits, and wore a very tall hat comparatively smooth. So was he clad when he invited me to the Moat House Farm for "a bit of fishing," as he expressed himself.

"The moat swarms with 'em," he added. "There's cart-loads, I'm certain sure."

I "bit" at once. "What kind are they, Mr. Pinter?" I asked.

"Prooshian carp. There may be an eel or two, but they're mostly Prooshian carp. Now do come. You needn't trouble about bait; I'll get it. I can find you a rod an' line, too, I dessay. Only say as you'll come an' *when* you'll come, an' I'll have the bait ready; I know just what they'll take."

"Has the moat been fished much?" I asked.

"I don't believe as anybody's put a hook in it for more than two years. You come, an' I'll warrant as you'll catch as many as you can carry. I was only sayin' to a neighbour of mine, the other day, as if we ran the water off, we'd want a wagon to take the fish away. Well—well—I never saw such a many. Now will you come?"

"With pleasure, Mr. Pinter. I'll be with you early to-morrow morning, and I'll make a day of it."

"That's right! As soon as ever I get home I'll have a lot o' them nice red worms found, an' some wasp-grubs, an' the missus shall get a lump o' dough all ready for you. I'd fish myself, but—well—well—I reckon I must help with the haymaking."

Wagon loads of carp in a pond that had not been fished for two years! No wonder they haunted my sleep—monstrous fish longer than my arm and thicker than my leg! Impossible fish with great bearded gills and a red face like Mr. Pinter's! Perpendicular fish in white linen smock-frock, tall hat, and moleskin gaiters, walking on their tails! Fish that "bit" as fiercely as hungry hounds!

At six o'clock in the morning I set out with two rods, a creel, and half-a-dozen lines. A walk of an hour and a half took me to the Moat House Farm. Mr. Pinter was at breakfast. I joined the family. The meal over, I followed the hearty farmer into the garden.

"Here you are!" cried he. "There's the bait an' the tackle, an' the Prooshian carp are in there—" pointing to the moat which skirted the lawn. "There's a seat; an' all you have to do is to pull it up to the garden hedge, an' fish away. If you get thirsty there's a fresh barrel o' cider just tapped, an' you're heartily welcome, I'm sure. I must go an' set the men on now; I'll be back at dinner time to see what you've caught."

The smock-frock and tall hat disappeared behind a laurel bush, and I eagerly put together a rod. Never had angler more pleasant prospect and surroundings. No awkward standing on one leg on a more or less steep bank in constant trepidation lest the soil should give way, with a ducking as the immediate consequence. No overhanging bushes for the hook to catch upon every ten minutes or so—perhaps as good a test of a man's patience as can be imagined. Before me was a strong, well-trimmed privet hedge, not more than three feet high; beyond was the broad, still moat, margined with masses of purple and yellow blossomed "flags" on the further side, but here clear to the privet fence. Behind and beneath my feet was a smooth lawn, dotted here and there with rose and apple trees, and beds of sweet-scented mignonette and pansies, with a densely leaved lilac to shade me when the sun should be high in the heavens. I drew the garden seat to the fence, baited a hook, and began to fish. I sat myself down, leant back, and watched the float, eagerly expecting its instant disappearance. Never before had I felt so comfortable when fishing. I recalled previous experiences—how on one occasion I had shivered in the rain for four hours and caught nothing, how I had perched in a willow until stiff, and then found my right foot fast between branch and trunk—and contrasted them with the present ease to my great satisfaction.

The porcupine's quill floated upright, just as it should do. The water was stagnant; there was no current and no wind to carry the float hither and thither; the rod required no manipulation whatever. All I had to do was to watch and wait for a "bite." I watched and waited in happy assurance that no previous angling of mine had been so pleasant—so comfortable as this.

Fifteen minutes passed. The "Prooshian" carp did not appear to be hungry. The float did not move—did not even sway from side to side with that gentle motion which leads the angler to believe that a fish is playing with the bait previous to swallowing it. I gently lifted the rod and looked at the worm. That was all right, bright and clean. I tested the depth of the water with the spare rod. That, also, was all right, or, rather, my "bottom" was. Then I resumed the watching and waiting.

Half an hour passed. The "Prooshian" carp were no hungrier. I had no "bite," not even a nibble. "Perhaps," I thought, "they don't care for worms." I tried a wasp grub, and watched and waited. The dairymaid came out with the newly scoured milk-pans and put them to dry against the wall beneath the great clematis-covered porch. Pleasant music she made with them—ting—ting—tang! A slight breeze filled my nostrils with scent of mignonette and jessamine and clematis. But the "Prooshian" carp did not seem to care for the wasp-grub. Beautifully, but motionless, floated the porcupine quill.

An hour passed. A bright-eyed water-rat swam silently towards me, its nose forming the apex of two ripples that seemed to stretch right across to the further bank. Comically for a moment it appeared to regard me, then turned and swam back to the mass of purple-blossomed "flags" whence it had issued apparently on reconnaissance bent. A moorhen flew across the moat with its pendant feet dip-dipping into the water at every yard, and disappeared among the "flags" on a tiny willow-crowned island, where it clucked and chuckled in seeming laughter—at what? In the verdant meadow beyond the moat a landrail croaked out its note, not yet become monotonous, at measured intervals. How pleasant it all was! How peaceful! A poetic inspiration came to me. "A country life is a joyous one," I murmured; but remembering that I had heard or read something like it before, recollecting also the "Prooshian" carp that did not seem to care for either wasp-grub or worm, I put the inspiration by. Carefully I lifted the rod and changed the wasp-grub for dough.

(To be continued.)

HOW I BECAME A BOTANIST.

By the Rev. J. Vaughan, M.A.

I am sometimes asked how it was that I became a botanist. Well, I hardly know, unless I say with Topsy, "I spects I growed." I don't know the date of my conversion. It was not at any rate a sudden and violent convulsion, such as we may suppose a geologist might experience; it was a slow and gradual process, in keeping with the science of "first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." But if you are curious, I will try to set down in order the steps of my converson.

From my earliest boyhood I was fond of natural history. The oldest book I possess is a copy of Wood's "Boys' Own Natural History," which I received from my father, at nine years of age, for "great attention to Latin." I soon got to know that book by heart; at least the facts of it that relate to English birds and animals and fishes. As I grew older, I passed through the birds-nesting stage, and loved nothing so much as a walk round the copses and hedgerows with a young farmer-friend of our acquaintance. For my brothers were quite as keen as myself in the pursuit of natural history. Our very heaven of delight was an afternoon's ramble over our friend's farm, with an old single-barrelled gun, in pursuit of anything and everything, from a blackbird screaming

down the hedge to a water-rat nibbling herbage beside the stream. Sometimes after tea on a dark winter's evening we would go sparrow-catching around the old, ivy-covered buildings of the farm, and this we held to be famous sport.

In the Easter-holidays there were trout to be caught up the well-known brook, and perhaps a crow's nest to be taken. In the twilight of a summer's evening the rabbits would be out feeding down the warren, and perhaps a white owl might be seen near the great barn. Now and then a rare bird was met with, and one winter my brother shot a specimen of the Great Grey Shrike.

Directly we got home for the holidays, up to the old farm-house we went, and sitting in the ancient parlour, would discuss with our friend whatever of interest had happened since last we cracked walnuts and drank raisin-wine together. Then we would take a stroll up the "Garlands," as the off-farm was called, and look at the lambs, or walk round the wheat-field, or have a chat with old Master Cowell who lived in a cottage hard by.

On our return to school the very first piece of household work our prudent mother undertook was to thoroughly "turn out" the room in which we were wont to pass our time indoors, for experience had taught her that it was not impossible that a dead bird, or a skinned mole, might be lurking at the back of the cupboard, or on the top of the book-case.

Thus childhood and boyhood passed by, alas! only too quickly. With birds and their ways I was fairly familiar, and could stuff them decently; but of botany I knew nothing; I don't believe I knew a daisy from a dandelion; I cared just nothing at all for wild-flowers.

And then I went to Cambridge, and at the University I never so much as thought of botany at all. After the University I became a parson, and took a curacy in Gloucestershire. I was still as keen as ever about natural history, and enjoyed nothing so much as a ramble in the country. Now and then I stuffed a bird by way of practice, and once I skinned a badger which the V. W. H. hounds had killed. But I was perfectly ignorant of botany, and cared—well, *just a little*, for wild-flowers. But the sense of my ignorance had been awakened. I was struck with the beauty of the common centaury which I noticed flowering on a bank, and I wished that I knew its name. Eyebright, too, attracted my attention, and the delicate harebell by the wayside. My senses were aroused to the wealth of interest and beauty which existed in the vegetable world. I began to wonder at my former indifference, and forthwith I bought myself a copy of Johns' "Flowers of the Field."

Next summer I found myself in a secluded village in the west of England far away from the busy haunts of men. Fortunately the interest awakened the year before had not died. I spent my solitary evenings wandering about the copses and hedgerows of the parish, in search of wild-flowers. These I carried home, and after supper tried to identify with the aid of Johns' "Flowers of the Field." Thus I gained a little insight into botany, and learned to know the commoner plants by the wayside.

Not long afterwards I accepted the curacy of a town within a few miles of the village of Selborne. The first thing I did was to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Gilbert White. Henceforth Selborne became my favourite hunting-ground. I tried to identify every field and copse and every particular spot mentioned by the great naturalist. With his "history," if not in my hand, at any rate in my head, I would often spend an afternoon in climbing the Hanger, or strolling down the Lyth, or wandering about the fields in the neighbourhood of Selborne. My love of nature was, if possible, strengthened. At any rate my love of botany was. I determined not merely to know the names of plants, but to understand them scientifically. I set to work with Oliver (and afterwards with Thomé); I religiously dissected one or more flowers every day, and before long I had mastered the A B C of botany.

And now the pleasure and interest of the study cannot be exaggerated. My walks became even more delightful than before. For a knowledge of wild-flowers had been added to my former knowledge of birds and animals. Johns' "Flowers of the Field" was soon supplanted by Bentham, and afterwards by Hooker's "Flora"; and I began to form an herbarium. I have before told the readers of the "B. O. P." how I press and mount my specimens, and so I need not touch on that subject again.

Of course at first the plants about which I was specially interested were those mentioned by Gilbert White in his LXI. letter to Daines Barrington. It was an immense interest to search the old localities for the rarer plants the veteran naturalist had enumerated a hundred years ago. Some still flourished on the same spot, but others I searched for in vain. On the picturesque Hanger, now as in White's time, may be seen the "stinking hellebore," a rare and handsome plant, sometimes called "setterwort," because, says old Gerarde, "husbandmen are used to make a hole, and put a piece of the root into the dewlap of their cattle, as a *seton*, in cases of diseased lungs; and this is called pegging or *settering*." On the same Hanger may still be seen in abundance every August, but in some years more plentifully than in others, the curious yellow monotropa or "bird's-nest," which feeds on decayed vegetable matter. Among "the bushes at the foot of the Lyth, near the path" trail the stems of the wild lathyrus, as in White's time. In "the bogs of Bin's Pond" the creeping cranberries still open their beautiful red petals to the sunlight; and in "the dry hillocks of Wolmer Forest" the peasants, now as of old, gather the fruit of the whortleberry, which they call "whorts." The spurge laurel is still abundant on Selborne Hanger, but for the rarer and more beautiful mezereon, which formerly grew "among the shrubs at the south-east end above the cottages," I have repeatedly searched in vain.

But I must bring this confession to a close. At some other time I may perhaps tell you more of the botany of Selborne. Let me only say that it is now some ten years since I became a botanist, and that it would be impossible for me to exaggerate the pleasure which the pursuit has given me. It may be that none but a botanist can understand the feeling. Things are to us what we are to them. "Music can be nothing to the deaf ear, nor the glories of the sunset to the blind eye, nor the highest utterances of poetry to the dead and callous heart." We can only see that which we have the faculty of seeing. The great Swedish botanist, Linnæus, was so overcome with the beauty of a vast expanse of golden gorse that he knelt down bareheaded on the turf, and thanked God in an ecstasy of gladness. Thomas Arnold of Rugby used to say, "Wild-flowers are my music." And to how many besides the greatest of modern schoolmasters have wild-flowers been music, and music which has broken the monotony of daily life, and charmed away depression! Let me just mention the names of John Stuart Mill, of Charles Kingsley, of Professor Henslow of Cambridge. They, at any rate, could say with the poet—

"This world's no blot for me,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good."

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

TRUTHFUL JONES.

A Tale of a Tuck-shop.

Full long in our esteem and grace
The village tuck-shop held a place
Of love—and in this special case,
Love to the very letter;
For in a troop when school was o'er
We hovered round its mystic door,
With pence and promises galore
To change for something better.

But John Jovinian Smith, M.A.,
From Oxford came one fatal day
With stores of classic learning:
And o'er the College, in his might,
Began to rule, a shining light,
To set our hearts a-burning.

We viewed him with supreme disgust,
Of which the cause, if know you must,
We won't go far to seek, sir;
The tuck-shop fell beneath his ban,
And he ordained, misguided man,
We should not see it oftener than
Three times in every week, sir.

Then many a heart made sudden moan,
And Bean Secundus, with a groan,
Exclaimed, in quite a tragic tone,
"O, temporandomories!"*
But Smith, whose ears were very keen,
Remarked, "Your phrase is faulty, Bean,
So write me out the first fifteen
Of Bennett's Latin Stories."

Extinguished, Master Bean withdrew,
While we averred that Smith should rue
The day on which he overthrew
Our innocent excursions:
Yet feared the sceptre that he swayed,
And knew the laws that he had made
Were rather harder to evade
Than those of Medes and Persians.

But Jones, that grand and gallant boy,
The hero of the Fourth, whose joy
It was on rules to trample—
Said boldly that *he'd* put to shame
All laws a tyrant's mind could frame,
And we, who loved a Briton's name,
Might follow his example.

One afternoon, the coast being clear,
He made his way, devoid of fear,
To where the shop, so known and dear,
He recognised with glee, sir;
He entered with a joyous bound,
But lo! within the shop he found
That Mr. Smith, all capped and gowned,
Was buying cakes for tea, sir.

Jones turned—but 'twas too late to fly,
He quailed beneath the master's eye,
And several people, standing by,
Gave vent to curious laughter.
He gasped and shook in terror, while
Said Smith, in most portentous style,
"Return to school this instant—I'll
Be there to see you, after."

He went, and e'en his gallant heart
Failed to assume an easy part,
Or fearful feelings smother:
But, like a dog that pity begs,
He hung one tail between his legs,
And told his chums the other.

. . . . . .

"Now, Jones," the master sternly cried,
"My rules you've wantonly defied
Your guilty looks declare, sir;
'Tis scarcely half-an-hour—not more—
I saw you at the village store—
What business had you there, sir?"

Here Jones completely lost his head,
His sweet excuses wildly fled;
And every noble heart, 'tis said,
A coward lie abjures, sir.
He stammered out with many a pause,
"I w-went down to the v-village, 'c-cause
My b-business at t-the t-tuck-shop w-was
The v-very s-same as y-yours, s-sir."

W. E. Cule.

* *O tempora, O mores!*

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

AUGUST.

I.—In Poultry-Run, Pigeon-Loft, Aviary, Rabbitry, Kennel, Garden, etc

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.

The Poultry-Run.—This may either be the hottest or the wettest and gloomiest month of all the year. Anyhow, the wise are always prepared for any sort of weather. And, as far as our fowl-runs are concerned, it is the wise who "collar"—pardon the slang—all the nice new-laid eggs and all the fat fowls. The wise are never weary in well-doing. They are always having a look around for the benefit of the creatures they own, knowing right well, not only that property hath its duties, but that it pays to tend the live-stock they happen to possess.

Now in this month of August, whether it be mostly wet or mostly fine, the dust bath should be well kept up: and if it be wet, shelter is a bounden necessity. Fowls are not like birds of the air, they soon get soaked through to the skin; a chill is the result, and, if nothing worse happens, the egg-producing capabilities are seriously interfered with.

I was asked the other day if egg-shells were good for fowls. The answer is "Yes, if they be crushed, reduced almost to powder I mean, and mixed with the food." But to throw down egg-shells in the run that have simply been broken may lead to the vile habit of egg-eating. This habit is more easily acquired than cured. Some fill an egg-shell with mustard and pepper and put down, others lay down a boiling-hot one. These practices are not only cruel but often unavailing, and prevention is far better than cure.

Feather-eating is another malpractice in the run. It is usually brought about by careless feeding. The delinquent should be separated from the others and fed well, and have plenty of access to grass.

While talking about the troubles of the run I may say a word or two about what is called the "Gapes," from the prominent symptoms the unhappy fowls that have been attacked exhibit, gaping and gasping. Nothing proves the danger of leaving our runs in a filthy, disinfected condition more than this terrible and usually intractable disorder. Food is thrown down in a dirty run, the eggs of a worm are picked up therewith, and these are hatched in the throat, choking the poor victim. Desperate diseases require desperate cures, and that for gapes is dreadful enough in all conscience. Sometimes the fowl is held over the fumes of burning sulphur till half choked, a feather introduced may then rid the throat of the worms. There is also Spratt's cure for the gapes, which, knowing what it is, I can recommend.

Overhaul your fowl-houses now, and while making sure of plenty of ventilation, beware of draughts, and by judicious repairing secure the birds against wet from leakage. It will be time now to weed out. Overcrowding is the curse of our fowl-houses as well as our pigeon-lofts, so beware of it.

Feed well and regularly, and see that cocks and cockerels and pullets as well have an equal share. A fowl should just have enough to eat and no more. As soon as they display no further eagerness in running after the food it is time to withhold it. I need hardly tell my older readers that a few handfuls of oats should be given at night just before roosting time to stay their stomachs all night. I had meant to say a word or two about ducks, but must defer it.

The Pigeon-Loft.—In this department it will be well also to see after repairs and a thorough clear out and clean out. A triangular scraper is a handy thing in a loft. The most healthy lofts are undoubtedly those that are *always* kept tidy and clean. Leaving masses of filth for a month or more and then stirring it up is often productive of the worst forms of disease, even of canker itself.

Well, now, the first thing to be done in a business way this month, some time, is to unmate or unpair your birds. To breed longer only weakens them, and you and they suffer for it next season. Choose a nice, dry, breezy day for your autumn cleaning. You have already, I suppose, weeded out the loft. Pen up the rest, feeding well, and go in for sanitation. Scrape, scrub, wash, disinfect, whitewash, putting plenty of size in the lime. The safest disinfectant for the places where the pigeons run is Sanitas, but in all corners, etc. you can't do better than have Calvert's carbolic acid. It is so sure.

Have the place well dry before you return the birds.

If you have a dove-cot on a pole or against the wall, have a go at that also.

The Aviary.—Your pet canaries will now be in their flight or ordinary cages. I forgot to say last week that even these should be cleaned out well and disinfected before the birds are returned. If kept in good order I do not know that there is much to beat the good old-fashioned wood-and-wire cages of mahogany. The danger of those iron or zinc painted businesses is the paint itself, which the birds may pick, and so either poison themselves outright or breed illness.

Moulting will be commencing. With ordinary healthy birds that have been plainly and comfortably fed and have had a due allowance of green food and pure soft water, there is seldom any bother with the moulting. Only keep warm, and about the second week you may just put a small rusty nail in the water by way of tonic, and give perhaps a morsel of egg and bread-crumb daily. Be sure, however, to hang the cage in pure air. Do not give dainties.

Sell off all useless stock.

The Rabbitry.—Should rabbits have exercise? was a query asked the other day. Most certainly, all animals should have exercise, from the white mouse to the white bear, if you choose to keep so interesting a pet. Don't let them out in wet weather, of course, but always in fine. And while they are jumping about take the opportunity of cleaning out their hutches and giving dry bedding. There should always be an abundance of this latter.

See to it that the hutches are now dry and kept away from draughts. Do not keep extra stock to eat their heads off.

The Kennel.—In washing dogs you will find it the greatest economy to use the mildest and best soaps. We have a good selection: Naldire, Spratt, Frazer's best sulphur, Vinolia for small dogs, etc. But brush and comb daily and there will be no matting even in long-haired dogs. The appearance of an ill-groomed dog is very unsightly and certainly reflects small credit on the owner, whether boy or girl.

Kitchen Garden.—Earth up celery if you have any, so that it may be blanched and tender. Plant greens for winter use. In case we have another long hard winter it would be as well to put in plenty of Scotch kale. Not the dwarf sort, but the tall sturdy plant. Give abundance of manure, and get strong, healthy, but not overgrown plants. They defy all weathers. Keep the hoe among weeds still. The rule is never to let a weed come to seed.

Flower and Window Gardens.—Both ought still to be blooming bonnily. Geraniums will still be in flower, and it is hardly yet too late to take cuttings. Asters make a fine show about this time of the year, and so do nasturtiums, while many of our prettiest annuals are in full flower. But the earth should not be allowed to cake around them, nor weeds grow near them, while dead leaves should be trimmed, and such flowers as are inclined to fall must be tied to a stake neatly.

II.—Entomology.

By Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.

In August the entomologist's work begins to change. The shaking-stick may be left at home, for most of the *Geometræ* are over, and those which are still on the wing are more likely to be met with on palings or at light. Tree-trunks, too, I have never found very productive during this month, although one sometimes comes across such nice things as the Black Arches (*Liparis monacha*), some of the Prominents (*Notodonta*), or the Small Chocolate Tip (*Clostera reclusa*); the latter on willow.

With the net, however, there is plenty to be done. Look out in clover and lucerne fields, especially near the sea, for the Clouded and Pale Clouded Yellows. These two handsome butterflies are generally fairly plentiful about every seven years; but there are very few seasons in which at least a few specimens may not be met with. Keep a sharp watch for the rare variety *Helice* of the former. You may know it by its very pale colour, and by the deep orange colour of the central spot in the hinder wings. The rare Queen of Spain Fritillary (*Argynnis Lutona*) may *perhaps* turn up in the same fields. N.B.—Farmers have not much sympathy with butterfly-hunters who trample down their crops.

A second brood of the Wood White (*Leucophasia sinapis*) appear. Look out for these in glades and ridings of woods. The Brown Hairstreak (*Thecla betulæ*) frequents lanes and roadside hedges, but is very local. The Silver-studded Blue (*Lycæna Ægon*) flies on heaths.

Among the day-flying moths, too, there is something to be done. The very rare Crimson-speckled Footman (*Deiopeia pulchella*) is occasionally kicked up from among stubble. I once saw a specimen taken by a little girl of ten, who had only just begun collecting. But beginners always have the greatest luck; do they not tell of one fortunate youth who took *six* Bath Whites, one after the other, on the same day? This, however, was "in the brave days of old," and I fear that such good fortune is in store for few of us now. Still, there are plenty of good things which may fall in our way.

Treacle is more productive than ever. On favourable nights moths literally swarm at the patches. I have counted over fifty upon one tree. The majority, no doubt, will consist of Yellow Underwings and that pest of the entomologist, *Noctua xanthographa*; but still one's boxes are likely to be filled long before it is time to turn in.

The Broad-bordered Yellow Underwing (*Triphæna fimbria*) will perhaps put in an appearance. This is a moth which used to send me half mad with excitement when I was a boy. The lovely White-spotted Pinion (*Cosmia diffinis*) will probably be met with among elms. The Red Underwing (*Catocala nupta*) ought to be tolerably common; you will want your biggest pill-boxes to accommodate it. If you should happen to visit the New Forest, that happy hunting-ground for the entomologist, you will, of course, expect to find the two "crimsons" (*C. promissa* and *C. sponsa*), and probably a specimen or two of the Heart Moth (*Dicycla Oo*) as well.

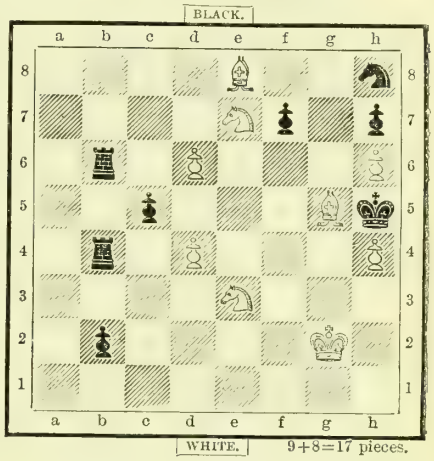
Now is the time for caterpillar-hunting. Beat branches and bushes over a sheet or umbrella; search low plants; take the lantern out at night, and hunt again. Don't crowd your caterpillars by bringing home a great number in the same box; if you do, they will "sweat" and die. Be careful to note the proper food plant of each, and change the food *at least* once in every day.

Oddly enough, August is about the worst month in all the twelve for beetles, and there are scarcely any to be met with except a few of the wood-boring species. Look for these under the bark of logs and stumps, and *especially* of standing dead trees. Faggot stacks sometimes yield good species. Towards the end of the month fungi will be coming on, and then you will have more work.

CHESS.

Problem No. 271.

By J. Swyer.



9+8=17 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

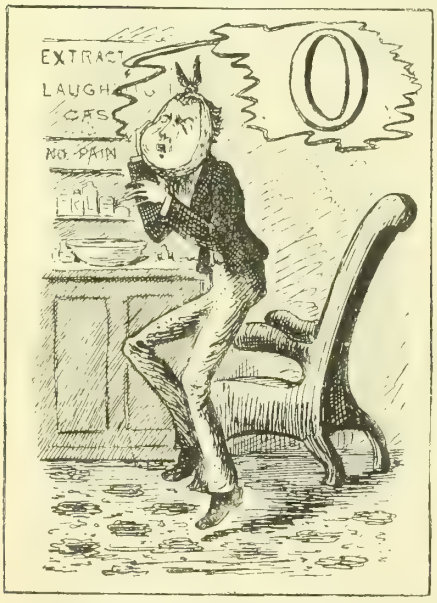
Solutions.

Problem No. 261.—1, Kt—B 6, K × Kt (or *a*, *b*, *c*). 2, P – R 7, K × R (or *d*, *e*). 3, P—R 8 = Q (ch.), K × Q. 4, B—Q 4 mate. (*d*) B × P. 3, R—B 7 (ch.), K—K 4. 4, B—B 4 mate. (*e*) K—K 4. 3, P—R 8 = Q, K—Q 3. 4, Q—R 2 mate. (*a*) B × P. 2, R—K 7 (ch.), K × Kt. 3, P—R 7, B × P. 4, Kt × B mate. (*b*) B—B 2. 2, R × B, Kt—B 5. 3, Kt × P (ch.), K—Q 3. 4, B or R mates. (*c*) P—Q 5. 2, R—K 7 (ch.), B—K 3. 3, Kt—B 7 (ch.), K × Kt. 4, B mates. Solved by W. T. Hurley, J. D. Tucker, J. Swyer.

Problem No. 262.—1, K—Q 5 (or *a*, *b*), B—R 7. 2, P—K 4 (or *c*), B—Kt 8. 3, P—K 5, B × P. 4, P—K 6, B—R 5. 5, K—Q 6, K—B 4. 6, P—Q 5, K—K 5 and draws. (*c*) P—B 4, K—B 6. 3, P—B 5, K × P. 4, P—B 6, B—B 5. 5, P—B 7, B—R 3. 6, K—B 4, K—K 5, etc. (*a*) K—Q 3, B—R 7. 2, K—K 2, B—Kt 8. 3, K—B sq., B—R 7. 4, K—Kt 2, B—Q 3. 5, P—B 3 (ch.), K—B 4. 6, K—B 2, B—R 7. 7, K—K 2, B—Kt 8. 8, K—Q 3, B—B 7. 9, P—Q 4 (ch.), K—B 5. 10, K—B 4, K × P. 11, K—Q 5, K—B 5. 12, P—K 5, K—B 4. 13, P—K 6, K—B 3. 14, K—Q 6, B × P. 15, P—K 7, B—B 4 (ch.) draws. (*b*) P—B 3 (ch.), K—Kt 4. 2, K—Q 5, B—Kt 6. 3, K—K 6, B—B 7. 4, P—B 4 (ch.), K—Kt 3. 5, P—B 5 (ch.), K—Kt 2. 6, K—K 7, B × P. 7, P—B 6 (ch.), K—Kt 3. 8, P—B 7, B × P, draws. There are many more moves, but they lead to a draw, for instance: 1, P—B 4 (or *d*), B—R 6. 2, P—B 5, K—Kt 4. 3, K—K 5, B—B 8. 4, P—K 4, B—Kt 7. 5, K—Q 5, K—B 3. 6, K—B 4, K—Kt 4. 7, P—Q 5, B—K 4. 8, K—B 5, K—B 5, etc. (*d*) P—Q 5, K—Kt 4. 2, P—B 4 (ch.), K—B 3. 3, K—B 3 or Q 4, K—B 4, etc. If there be a Kt instead of the B, then White has three moves: *a*, K—Q 3; *b*, K—K 5; and *c*, K—Q 5. *a*, K—Q 3, K—B 6. 2, P—Q 5, Kt—K 5. 3, K—Q 4, Kt—Q 3. 4, K—K 5

Kt—B 5 (c.). 5, K—K 6, K×P. 6, P—K 4, K—K 6. 7, P—K 5, K—K 5, and draws. *b*, K—K 5, Kt—B 5 (ch.). 2, K—Q 5, Kt—Q 7. 3, P—K 4 (or *e*), K—B 5. 4, P—K 5, Kt—K 5. 5, P—K 6 (or *f*), Kt—B 3 (ch.). 6, K—Q 6, K—K 5. 7, P—B 4 (or *g*), K×B P. 8, P—Q 5 (or *h*), K—K 5. 9, P—K 7, Kt—K sq. (ch.). 10, K—Q 7, Kt—B 3 (ch.). 11, K—K 6, Kt×P. 12, P—K 8=Q, Kt—B 7 (ch.), etc. (*h*) P—K 7, K—B 4. 9, P—Q 5, Kt checks, etc. (*g*) P—K 7, K×P. 8, K—K 6, Kt—Q 4, etc. (*f*) P—B 3, K×P. 6, P—K 6, K—B 5. 7, P—K 7, K—B 4. 8, K—B 6, Kt—B 3. 9, P—Q 5, K—K 4. 10, P—Q 6, K—K 3. 11, P—K 8=Q (ch.), Kt×Q. 12, P—Q 7, K—K 2, etc. (*e*) P—B 4, K—B 4. 4, K—B 6, Kt—B 5. 5, P—Q 5, Kt×P. 6, P—Q 6, K—K 3. 7, P—Q 7, K—K 2. 8, P—B 5, K—Q sq. 9, P—B 6, Kt—Kt 5, etc. *c*, K—Q 5. Now the Kt must move to K sq. or B 2, for in all other cases he would lose. Joh. Berger says this is too much for a second edition of his book, but others consider it an excellent study, and quite suitable for his book. The above is about one-eighth of the solution which J. Swyer has written down.

Correspondence.



NE ANXIOUS TO BE ONE.—Particulars as to the admission of engine room artificers are given in the quarterly Navy List, price 3s., obtainable of the Queen's Printers, Eyre & Spottiswoode, East Harding Street, Fetter Lane, E.C.

W. J. M. H.—"Cricket Notabilities of 1890" was in the October part for that year.

C. STACY.—Let the screw shaft pass through a chamber containing packing of some sort, and keep the packing well lubricated.

ROGATOR.—The Science and Art Department pays, or did pay a short time ago, two pounds to the teacher for every pupil he passes first class, and one pound for every second class. In Practical Chemistry or Metallurgy, the payments are two pounds and one pound in the elementary stage, and three pounds and two pounds in the advanced stage. A pupil passed first class in honours brings four pounds to the teacher, if he passes only second class he brings the teacher two pounds. In Practical Chemistry or Metallurgy a second class in honours is worth three pounds to the teacher.

B. R. E.—From the seventh to the twelfth centuries the New Year began at Christmas. In the twelfth century the Church introduced the fashion of beginning the new year at Lady Day. In the fourteenth century the civil year began to be dated from Lady Day like the ecclesiastical year. In 1753, the year in this country began for the first time officially on the 1st of January. We had a long answer about this in last volume. See back.

H. GOODE.—There is no better cheap book on Ancient Egypt than "Dwellers on the Nile," price 3s., in "Bypaths of Bible Knowledge," published at 56, Paternoster Row.

QUÆSTOR GEOGRAPHICUS.—Sungei Ujong is a small native State under British protection, north-west of Malacca. It has about 20,000 inhabitants, and is under the same administration as Jelebu, where there are such quantities of tin.

WATCHES AT SEA (Rule Britannia).—Morning Watch from 4 A.M. to 8 A.M.; Forenoon Watch from 8 A.M. to noon; Afternoon Watch from noon to 4 P.M.; First Dog Watch from 4 P.M. to 6 P.M.; Second Dog Watch from 6 P.M. to 8 P.M.; First Watch from 8 P.M. to midnight; Middle Watch from midnight to 4 A.M. Total, seven watches during twenty-four hours, the two dog watches being brought in so that the same men may not be on duty during the same hours two days running.

AERONAUT.—1. Our articles on the construction of balloons are all out of print in the original form, but several of them have been reprinted in "Indoor Games." 2. Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Fetter Lane, London, E.C., publish all Jules Verne's works. If you get "Barbicane & Co.," now called "The Purchase of the North Pole," you will find a list in it up to date of all his books.

HENRY M. N.—You might find all the facts you want in Bradley's "History of the Goths," in the "Story of the Nations" series published by Fisher Unwin. Any bookseller will get it for you. It costs five shillings.

FREDO.—Any of the wax modellers in the London Directory; but why not write to Madame Tussaud's?

A. DAVIS.—It may be true that the freezing point of water is 32 degrees Fahrenheit, but, like all such things, the statement must be received with certain qualifications. It is only exactly true of pure water, that is, H_2O; and water at ordnance datum, which is the level of the mean tide at Liverpool; and water in a state of more or less agitation. If you keep water quite still you can get it down to much lower temperatures than 32 without solidifying—in fact, it is possible to bring it actually below zero in a liquid state. But the instant you give it the least shake it solidifies in a mass. Look at Roscoe and Schorlemmer's "Chemistry;" it is in most free libraries. All the same, 32° is good enough generally for the freezing point; only do not be dogmatic about it, and never argue on any subject unless you know all the facts of the case.

HORATIO S. R.—1. Beautiful! 2. Martin's "Navigation and Nautical Astronomy," published by Longmans. 3. It is impossible to say which is really the largest. Do you mean tonnage or displacement? War-ships are usually measured by displacement, and hence, though a ship may be much smaller to look at than another, it may be of greater tonnage, owing to the weight of the armour. 4. We have had the full-rigged ship.

C. H. IRONSIDE.—It is not a coin but a token. We have said frequently in these columns that a coin has the monarch's head.

NUMMUS.—Really you ought to get some one to wake you up! "An Anglo-Saxon sixpence of 1100!" Look at your history book. There were no Anglo-Saxon coins in 1100; and no sixpences until Edward the Sixth.

TEES SCORIÆ.—Indiarubber will dissolve in either oil of turpentine, benzine, coal-tar naphtha, sulphuric ether, or bisulphide of carbon. This is pure indiarubber, not the vulcanised stuff; indiarubber is not white. Cut the rubber into very thin slices with a wet knife, boil it to make it thoroughly soft, and then place it in the solvent. Try with benzine, using a piece of rubber as large as a walnut to a pint of the liquid.

COX, H. A.—A column is a long, round, regular body, with base, shaft, and capital. A pillar is an irregular column. A pier is a mass of stonework supporting an arch or the substitute for an arch. The "traces" are the boundaries.

SIMON.—One of the simplest furniture polishes is made by mixing a quartern of vinegar with twice as much spirits of wine and two drachms of raw linseed oil. Another is made of two ounces of raw linseed oil and an ounce each of lac varnish and methylated spirit. The best plan is to buy your polish ready made; it is cheap enough. The larger the bottle the cheaper the contents—that is, of course, of the same stuff—owing to the glass or crockery bottle itself costing about the same in all sizes.

PHARAIG.—The part is out of print. "Indoor Games" is published at our office, and costs eight shillings in volume form, or 6*d.* per part.

RAWLEY.—1. The "Board of Green Cloth" is attached to the Royal Household and is presided over by the Lord Steward. It had power to punish offenders within the palace, and issued warrants which were necessary before a servant of the household could be arrested for debt. 2. Predisposition. 3. You must either pass through Sandhurst or obtain a direct commission by examination. Give up all notion of doing so unless you have a very large private income. It requires a fortune to belong to such a regiment.

J. CANNON.—Captain Chapman's "All about Ships" was published by Wilson, 156, Minories, E.

A. EARNSEY.—1. "Armour in History and Romance" was a series of articles in the seventh volume, now out of print in part and number form.

G. F. HENSTOCK.—It is a private museum, and can only be visited by written permission of one of the members of the college; and it is only open during daylight.

P. H. COOKE.—"Boat Sailing for Amateurs" was a series of six articles beginning in the July Part for 1889. See our eleventh volume, or Part 3 of our "Indoor Games."

T. H. M.—1. You must buy the part with the picture in it; that is the only way. 2. Nothing better than our articles on Gymnastics in "Indoor Games."

E. W. L.—See the "Boy's Own Portable Bookcase" in the July Part for 1888. As a book there is none better than "Every Man His Own Mechanic," price 7*s.* 6*d.*, published by Ward, Lock & Co.

A. P. J. G.—"Mazes, Ancient and Modern" was a long series of articles in the fifth volume, now out of print, but which you could probably see at the nearest Free Library.

CHRYSALINDE.—See the "Bottle Bells" in our April Part for 1890. The larger the bells the better; but sometimes one particular note will puzzle you. The only thing to do is to try bottle after bottle till you get it.

W. OSBORNE.—Do not send us your eggs. It is so very seldom that they travel safely. Take them to the curator of your town museum; he will identify them for you or tell you where you can get them identified. In Seebohm's "British Birds" there is a coloured figure of every egg; refer to this book in your Free Library.

C. B. TYLER.—There is no University where the degrees of B.Sc. or D.Sc. can be bought; and if there were we would not tell you, as the whole system of buying degrees is, in plain language, a swindle.

C. B. COOK.—"How Bill Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo" is published by S. French, 89, Strand, W.C.

CAMBRIA.—The paper would hardly be worth the time spent on it. You would have to stretch it and prime it; and what would suit the paper would not suit the linen. For oil painting use either canvas, properly prepared, or which you can prepare yourself, or else some thick substance like millboard, cardboard, zinc, slate, or wood. Flimsy things never do for the purpose in the long run.

CASTRA.—An instance of one regular town in Britain? Well, there is Kirkcudbright, which was enclosed with a wall and was exactly square, being just 350 yards long on each side. It had a tidal moat around it; and there was a gate at each end of its one main street. Is that regular enough for you?

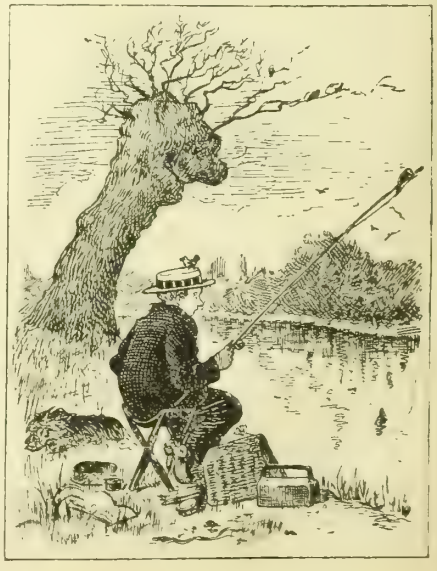
P. FINDLAY.—See "The Clans and their Tartans" in the March Part for 1883. There was a coloured plate of all the tartans with the same part. There are no cheap books on the subject.

JOE BAND.—"How to Build a Banjo" was in the January Part for 1889; and that part was in the eleventh volume.

ENTOMOLOGY (A. L. C.).—See our article on "How to Preserve Caterpillars," in the "B. O. P." for May 1884.

PEACOCK.—By the time that this appears, an answer to your first question would be useless. You can take nearly all the vanessas upon flowers, etc., in the autumn. Thistles and ivy are especial favourites.

JOSEPH GANTER.—You will find very few birds' eggs after May. A few birds, however, such as the spotted fly-catcher, lay in June.





A NEAPOLITAN FISHER-BOY.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* V. ROBERTSON.)

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 655.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH



"The bandit was upon him."

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ilderim the Afghan," "A Coral Prison," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—CARRIED AWAY CAPTIVE.

While our reckless boys were hailing as a first-rate joke this meeting in the depths of the jungle with the most dreaded and formidable bandit in all Burmah, the Chief (for it was indeed he) began to awake from his swoon, aroused either by Harry Foster's

rough nursing, or by the loud voices of the two boys close to his ear.

One glance at the two faces that bent over him, and at the mass of false hair which lay by his side, told the *Dacoit* leader that he was discovered. His right hand went instantly to his girdle as if in search of a weapon, and, fixing his piercing eyes upon the two cousins, he said in Hindostanee, with a look and tone as stern and commanding as if they had been in his power, and not he in theirs:

"You know who I am, I see. Do you mean to kill me?"

"We *can't*, for you're not able to stand up and fight," said Harry simply.

As the two lads, one on each side, raised him carefully on to his feet, the guerilla chief—who was by this time sufficiently restored to understand pretty clearly how matters stood—eyed them both with a look of wondering amusement, not wholly unmixed with admiration.

"Do you English always let your enemies get up before you strike at them?" asked he, smiling grimly.

"*Always*," answered Harry emphatically; "and if any Englishman didn't do it, he'd lose his caste for good and all, and be a pariah (outcast) all the rest of his life."

And here our friend Harry—who (forgetting that he was talking to a Burmese Buddhist instead of a Hindoo) thought that he had put this last point rather neatly, and adapted his explanation with some skill to the ordinary Asiatic understanding—nodded his head complacently, and looked round for applause.

"We Burmans," rejoined the Tiger Chief, with a momentary flash of fierceness in his keen black eyes, "show no such consideration to *our* enemies; we strike them when and where we can."

"Well, that's your own look-out," said the outspoken Foster. "Every country has its own way of fighting, and of course *you* can't be expected to know anything of English fair-play. How do you feel now? Are you able to stand?"

"Not very steadily yet, I'm afraid," answered the War-Tiger, pressing his hand to his dizzy and aching head; "but I'm not so defenceless as I seem."

So saying, he uttered a piercing imitation of the scream of a bird of prey, so admirable that the most practised hunter might well have been deceived by it.

The cry was instantly answered by a distant echo from several parts of the forest at once, and presently a crackling and rustling were heard in the surrounding thickets, the ghostly shadow of which seemed suddenly to shape itself into dark, lean, wolfish faces, and gaunt brown hands, and wild figures, and supple, leathery limbs. Look which way they would, the entrapped lads saw a ring of armed enemies closing in upon them on every side.

Harry Foster, setting his teeth grimly, clutched at his revolver, thinking that, whether he lived or died, he would free his countrymen from the dreaded foe who had sworn to destroy them all. But it had fallen from his belt as he stooped over the prostrate man, and he was seized and bound ere he could make any resistance.

In another moment Fred Milburn's only weapon was torn from his grasp, and he was a prisoner like his comrade.

"Bind them fast, but do them no harm," said the Chief to his men.

"Well, I call that a mean trick!" cried Harry wrathfully, facing round upon the War-Tiger with a boldness that electrified the ruffianly gang around him. "Look here, do you call it fair-play to come sneaking into our fort made up as a monk, and eat our bread and jam, and then turn round and serve us this way? *You* a chief! you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

The excited boy had instinctively vented his rage in his own language, forgetting that the Burmese leader could not (as *he* thought) understand a word of it. But, to his amazement, the War-Tiger replied at once, in very good English:

"Your people and my people are at war, and we must fight each other in any way we can. Say no more."

Then he turned and gave some orders to his men, who instantly stripped off the cotton jackets and white sun-helmets of the two boys, and muffled their heads in silken scarfs in such a way as to blindfold them completely, and to deaden effectually any cries which they might utter, though still leaving them room to breathe. Then our captives felt themselves lifted from the ground, and borne away with a speed which, in the heart of that pathless jungle, seemed little short of miraculous.

The War-Tiger's wily stratagem succeeded only too well. When the boys were missed, the search made for them by their party led to the immediate discovery of their sun-helmets and jackets among the reeds by the water's edge, where they had been purposely placed by the crafty Chief, hacked and stained in a way which, combined with the numerous marks of bare feet in the soft soil of the bank, naturally carried to the minds of all who saw it the conviction that the poor lads had been murdered and flung into the river by native brigands.

This was just what the cunning Burman had intended. He knew well that, if any one guessed that the two boys had been carried away as captives, a hot pursuit would instantly follow as a matter of course; and this happened to be just then the very thing which, for reasons of his own, he was most especially anxious to avoid. But if the lads were given up as dead, the matter must necessarily end there.

Moreover, apart from all this, the dark schemes which the Tiger Chief was just preparing to execute would be greatly aided by the possession of two such hostages as the son and nephew of a man like Livingstone Foster, the ablest scout of the Anglo-Indian Government, and the most formidable enemy whom the guerillas of Northern Burmah had ever encountered—a consideration which probably weighed quite as much with the ferocious bandit as any mere impulse of mercy.

Poor Marston, already almost worn out with the constant anxieties of his post, felt quite overwhelmed when his men returned with seemingly conclusive proofs of the lads' death, and, though certainly in no way to blame for the disaster, felt as if it were somehow his own fault. When Livingstone Foster came back to ask for his son and nephew, what was he to answer?

But, perhaps fortunately for the brave young commandant, other and more pressing cares left him no time to brood over these haunting thoughts. For now signs of evil, all the more terrible because so utterly vague and undefined, began to multiply on every side. It seemed as if there were a feeling of danger and death in the very air. The former friendliness of the villagers was gone, and instead of being, as before, "hail fellow well met" with every soldier of the garrison, they now stood aloof with an air of sullen and hesitating distrust. More ominous still, the native monks had disappeared altogether. Supplies of provisions and forage, which had till now been brought in by the Burmese peasants with the utmost alacrity, suddenly ceased. A native messenger in the English service was found murdered in the woods not far from the fort, and the scouting party that discovered him was fired upon from the thickets on its way back, though no enemy could be detected.

But worse than all was their complete and mysterious isolation from all communication with the outer world. For weeks not a word of news had reached them either from the outer outposts or from the towns lower down the Irrawaddy; and, brave as they were, they felt chilled by the haunting consciousness of being imprisoned in an unseen circle of danger and treachery, which seemed to draw closer and closer around them with every day that passed.

A few days after the discovery of the slain messenger's body, a native fisherman, who had come up the river from Bhamo, brought them word that the navigation of the Irrawaddy was blocked by the stranding of a huge tree right across one of the narrowest channels. Such a mischance was nothing uncommon, especially at this dry season of the year, when the great river was especially low; but the shrewd Marston strongly suspected that it was not wholly by *accident* that this tree had drifted into the only channel which was safely navigable at that point, and had stuck crosswise just at the very spot where two sand-banks narrowed the passage so much that this new obstacle sufficed to make it completely impassable, not merely for any British gunboat which might be sent up the river, but even for the light steam-launches that were wont to carry the Government despatches.

This ominous discovery was quickly followed by another, more sinister still. Early one morning, the young commandant was struck with the peculiar stillness of the native village, which (as has been said) lay about a quarter of a mile from the fort, at the other side of the clearing. Of late it had always been quiet enough, but now not a sound of any kind was to be heard; and Marston, auguring nothing good from this unaccountable silence, sent out a party to see what it meant.

The whole village was deserted!

Whatever might be the reason of this strange proceeding, the inhabitants had evidently stolen away during the night, carrying all their live-stock along with them. Not a living thing was left in the whole place!

When Marston heard the news his face

seemed to harden suddenly, and there was a grim earnestness in his tone which no one could mistake, as he said:

"We're going to be attacked, then, and it won't do to leave that village to shelter the enemy. Down it must come, and the pagoda too!"

He gave the necessary orders at once, and by sunset that evening both village and pagoda had ceased to exist.

As the work of destruction drew to a close, Marston, who had superintended it throughout, quitted the spot, and moved forward into the brushwood beyond the fallen pagoda, in order to satisfy himself whether it would be necessary to cut away any more of the jungle in order to make his position quite secure.

He had halted for a moment to look about him, when his quick ear suddenly caught a faint sound in the thicket in front of him, as if some heavy body were crawling stealthily through the bushes.

A wild beast it could hardly be, for the game had long since been scared from the neighbourhood by the presence of his garrison. It must, therefore, be a man; and no man who moved with such caution in the vicinity of a British fort could well be anything but an enemy.

Quick as lightning, the young Englishman threw himself noiselessly on the earth, and, with the dexterity taught him by long practice in hunting and bush-fighting, began to creep cautiously in the direction of the sound.

But all at once the noise ceased, as if this unknown prowler had stopped short to listen. Marston instantly stopped too, and held his very breath till the stranger, apparently reassured, resumed his crawling advance.

Suddenly the young commandant found himself on the very edge of a small clearing (whether natural or artificial he could not tell) in the very thickest of the jungle; and scarcely had he reached it, when the matted boughs on the farther side of it shook and parted, and a *head* was put cautiously forth.

Man or ape? The huge heavy jaw, low retreating forehead, small, cunning eyes, and short, thick neck, were certainly more suggestive of the latter idea than of the former. But Marston had seen that coarse brute-like visage before, and it was not a face to be easily forgotten. The creature before him was no other than the hero of that desperate plunge into the Irrawaddy witnessed by Harry and Fred at Mandalay—the notorious robber chief of the mountains, Moong-Gley, lieutenant and right-hand man of the War-Tiger himself!

At sight of this monster actually within his grasp, the brave Englishman forgot in a moment all his wonted caution. He fired his revolver point-blank at the hideous face, and dashed across the clearing like a madman.

The goblin form vanished ere Marston could see whether his shot had told; but in another moment the brigand (having apparently discovered that he had only one man to deal with) turned and came bursting through the bushes at him like a charging tiger.

Again Marston's revolver cracked, and a momentary stagger of the Burman showed that it had not been discharged in vain; but ere he could fire again, the bandit was upon him, with a shock which sent the weapon flying out of his hand. The next instant he felt himself seized in a hug as terrible as that of a Polar bear.

Marston was a powerful man and a splendid wrestler; but against the colossal strength and ferocious energy of his cruel foe he had no more chance than a child against a giant. Had not the Burman's left arm been partially disabled by the last shot, the fight would have ended there and then; but, even as it was, the young lieutenant was borne down like a reed, while Moong-Gley, planting his knee on the fallen man's chest, grasped his throat with one hand, and with the other snatched up the short sword which he had let fall as they grappled.

But, overmatched though he was, Marston, like a true Englishman, never knew when he was beaten; and, even at this disadvantage, he fought like a lion. Bracing his muscles against that merciless pressure, he seized and held fast with his left hand the arm that brandished the sword over his head, while with his right he struggled to force away the strangling grasp that compressed his throat.

In this he at length succeeded, the ruffian's left arm being deprived by his wound of half its wonted power; but at the same moment he felt his clutch of Moong-Gley's right wrist giving way, for so terrific were the struggles of the Herculean bandit, that even the strength of desperation could not enable Marston to make good his hold in spite of them. Another moment, and the savage, with a growl of ferocious triumph, wrenched his sword-hand free, and raised his murderous blade for the death-blow.

There was a crash of broken boughs, a trampling of hurrying feet, a flash, a crack, a whirl of smoke, a dim vision before Marston's swimming eyes of soldiers rushing to his aid, a sudden relief from the crushing weight that was stifling him, and then he lost consciousness.

When the young officer came to himself again in the midst of his Sepoys (who, alarmed by the revolver shots, had come up just in time to save him) he found himself unwounded, though sorely bruised and shaken. But his terrible enemy, who had escaped death so often, had met his doom at last. That hasty volley had done its work, and the terror of the hills was harmless for ever.

Shrewd and far-seeing as he was, the brave lieutenant was very far from guessing what the consequences of that evening's work were to be, and saw nothing more in the affair than the destruction of a notorious robber. He was pleased, indeed, to have been the means of freeing the new British province from one of its most formidable scourges; but he little dreamed that he had just achieved the most important action of his whole life, and changed the entire course of events in Northern Burmah.

A whole fortnight passed after this without any event of note, during which time Marston fully recovered from the effects of the combat; for, thanks to his temperate life and constant exercise, he was capable of defying injuries which would have quite disabled any less seasoned man.

Night and day, the young commandant was busy with preparations of every kind for the assault which he now expected daily, hardly giving himself time for food or sleep; and Frank Merrincourt (who seconded him gallantly and took his full share of the labour) repeatedly urged his comrade to take more rest, and not wear himself out. But to all remonstrances Marston only answered:

"I've no *time* to be ill now, Frank."

One morning at daybreak the indefatigable leader was roused from a brief snatch of feverish, unrefreshing slumber after a whole night of toil, by a loud shout, and, hurrying out, saw a body of armed men moving across the clearing towards the gate of the fort.

His first idea naturally was that the long-expected attack had come at last; but the ranked order of these men was quite unlike the straggling, mob-like advance of a Burmese force; and, though the sun had not yet risen, there was light enough for him to distinguish Sepoy uniforms and English bayonets!

"Hurrah!" cried Merrincourt's voice beside him; "here's a reinforcement at last. *Now* we'll be all right!"

"Salaam, Sahib!" said one of the newcomers in Hindostanee, stepping forward and saluting. "The garrison of Now-Lay" (the nearest British post) "has been strengthened, and the Commandant Sahib has detached us to reinforce *you*. We should have been here before, but we were delayed by a skirmish with some of the Tiger Chief's men on the way."

In fact, Marston now perceived that some of the men's uniforms were torn and bloodstained, and that one or two of them wore bandages round their heads or arms.

"The Capitan Browne Sahib, who commands us," continued the man, "sends his compliments to your honour, and bids me tell you that he is following with the main body, having stayed behind to bring up the wounded."

This seemed all right, and Merrincourt was eager to open the gate and welcome in the brave fellows who had marched so far to aid them; but Marston (though he could not tell why) still hesitated. It seemed the very madness of suspicion to dread any stratagem *here*; but the young leader's Eastern service had taught him to see treachery everywhere.

All at once he remembered a gallant young Hindoo soldier whom he knew well, the servant of that Captain Browne who was said to be in command of the detachment. Wherever the Captain was, Peer Buksh was sure to be; and *he* might be trusted to tell the truth.

"Is Peer Buksh there?" called out Marston.

"Here he is, Sahib," answered the former speaker; "he will come forward and speak with your honour himself."

Forward came the young hero, a smooth-faced lad hardly beyond boyhood, but already promoted and decorated for a bravery which was conspicuous even where all were brave. His face was strangely set and rigid, and there was a sad and solemn earnestness in the fixed look of his large black eyes; but his deep, firm tones never wavered as he spoke:

"Treachery, Sahib! don't let them in—they're Burmans in disguise! They've massacred all the garrison of Now-Lay but me, and——"

That warning was never completed. Some of the ruffians around him—who had spared his life only to make him the instrument of the treason by which they hoped to win this last British stronghold—understood enough English to guess that he had revealed their plot. With a yell of fury, the thirsty weapons flashed and fell, and the young martyr of duty lay dead before the fort which he had saved at the cost of his own life.

(To be continued.)

THE HUNCHBACK.

By Albert E. Hooper,

Author of "Up the Moonstair," "Only a Red," etc.

PART I.

"Only the prism's obstruction shows aright
The secret of a sunbeam, breaks its light
Into the jewelled bow from blankest white,
So may a glory from defect arise."

Browning.

"Gentlemen, let me introduce to you your new companion—Horace Sinclair. I hope you will make him welcome."

The Head Master left the schoolroom; and the new boy was left standing alone near the door, under the fire of fifty pairs of curious eyes.

It was a trying ordeal; for although his broad forehead, luminous grey eyes, and beautifully-formed mouth were well worth looking at, none of these things could claim any attention until one melancholy fact had fully asserted itself.

Horace Sinclair was a hunchback!

A second glance showed that his arms were so unnaturally long that the thin delicate-looking fingers, which curled and uncurled themselves so nervously, hung as low as his knees.

There was a momentary hush in the schoolroom, and then the clamour of many voices began again.

But during that moment Horace Sinclair's eyes had flashed swiftly over the crowd of strange faces, and he had made a rapid analysis of the new world in which he found himself.

Having completed his diagnosis, the new boy calmly fronted the fire of questions and exclamations that was rained in upon him.

"How old are you? Where d'you live? Who's your father? Shut up! can't you see the fellow's in mourning? Ever been to school before? What class are you in?"

Horace Sinclair waited until the fire slackened a little, and then he said, speaking quickly:

"I'm fifteen, and I haven't got any home but this school, because my mother died a month ago, and my father is in America. I have never been inside a school before to-day, and my father taught me all I didn't teach myself. I believe the Doctor has put me in the fifth form. That's all, I think. Now perhaps somebody will tell me the name of that boy standing by the fire."

"Which?"

"Why, the only one worth looking at—the one with the beautiful face. There, see; he's raising his hand and talking."

"Oh, that's Dawlish—Charley Dawlish. He's one of the Fifth," was the laughing reply.

The Hunchback did not answer for a moment. He gazed with eager eyes at Dawlish—a tall young fellow, straight as a dart, with clustering yellow curls, fair girlish skin, and eyes of bright blue which sparkled with health and fun.

But Sinclair quickly noticed the surprised looks of the boys who had gathered round him, and he turned to them again, and spoke in a sharp, high-pitched voice.

"There were two questions you didn't like to ask," he said. "Why haven't I got straight shoulders? and why are my arms several inches too long? Well, I never had any choice in the matter; I was born so."

With this he broke away from the little group of astonished boys, and made his way into a shadowed corner of the schoolroom, where he sat down and drew a small and shabby book from his pocket. It was a volume of Byron; and it opened of its own accord at "The Deformed Transformed."

The boys he had left glanced at one another with puzzled faces; and then, shrugging their shoulders, they voted him "a queer fish" and dispersed about the room to exchange holiday-talk with their friends.

In his corner the Hunchback read his book with morbid satisfaction; but from time to time, when a merry laugh pealed out from the boys round the fireplace, his grey eyes would light up and rest for a moment on the animated face of handsome Charley Dawlish.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE CHIEF OFFICER WEATHERED ON THE SHARKS.

I have knocked about a good deal at sea for a landsman, but my first voyage is still fresh in my momory, after a lapse of more than thirty years.

In February 1857 I sailed from Calcutta to England in the good ship Sutlej, a frigate-built sailing-vessel with roomy cabins, very different from the rabbit hutches into which passengers are crammed nowadays. The voyage to Gravesend took us four months; but it was so full of interest that the time seemed to glide swiftly away, and we were almost sorry when the chalk cliffs of Old England hove in sight.

The easy gliding motion of a sailing-vessel is to my mind the height of luxury as compared with the eternal *chug-chug-chug* of a screw-steamer and the jarring vibration of her shaft. Then a well-ordered sailing-vessel is spotlessly clean, and free from evil smells; while even in the first class of steamers one is begrimed with coal-dust and smoke, and one's nose is assailed with such odours as Coleridge met with in Cologne, where he

"counted three-and-seventy stinks,
All well defined, and several stenches."

Instead of the dirty, shivering, chattering, opium-chewing Lascars who man many passengers-steamers of the present day, the Sutlej was served by a crew of stalwart sailors, mostly English, with just a sprinkling of yellow-bearded Danes and Norwegians.

I was soon made free of the foc'sle, having first been enticed up the main rigging, "spread-eagled," and made to pay my footing. There (in the foc'sle, be it understood—*not* in the rigging) I spent many a happy hour listening to the sailors' yarns, and overhauling the curiosities which they had collected during years of voyaging to all parts of the world—elaborately carved ostrich-eggs, Australian waddies and womeras (or, as Jack calls them, boomerangs), strange wooden and stone pipes, canoe-paddles from the Pacific, traced with the most intricate designs, shells, quaint carvings, and last, but not least, the dried head of a New Zealand chieftain, elaborately tattooed all over, and with its lips parted in a ferocious grin, disclosing two rows of sharp white teeth.

Most of the sailors themselves were living curiosities. Not one of them was without tattoo-marks of some kind or other; and I specially remember a big main-topman whose brawny chest was tattooed with a picture of the Crucifixion, done in different colours. I wanted him to do a ship on my arm; but he told me that I must get my mother's permission, which was wisely refused.

If I were to relate every incident of that voyage I should fill a good-sized book. Let me content myself with one adventure of which I was an eye-witness.

We were lying becalmed one hot day off the Cape, when a deputation of seamen came aft, asking for permission to bathe. The chief officer was on watch. He sent a middy to the captain's cabin and permission was given. The lady passengers discreetly retired below, but we boys remained on deck to see the fun.

Most of the sailors were content with a header from the gangway; but some of the more adventurous among them, led by my friend the big topman, went out on the main-yard and leaped from the end of it, feet foremost. The sea was almost like a huge sheet of glass, only just heaving gently; and the white bodies of the sailors could be seen gleaming, fathoms below the surface. Then they came up one after another, and swam to a considerable distance from the ship, larking with one another like a lot of big schoolboys.

I was sitting on the taffrail enjoying the fun, and wishing that I could join in it, when I happened to cast a glance astern—and saw five or six triangular objects moving just above the surface of the sea. From my reading and talks with my father (himself a retired ship-captain) I knew what these were, though it was the first time I had seen them.

I dashed off to the chief officer, who was pacing the quarter-deck, and said, "Mr. Deacon, aren't those sharks astern?" He swung himself into the rigging, uttered a startled exclamation, hailed a quarter-master, and ordered a boat to be lowered on the weather side, with a crew of the best men aboard, half-a-dozen boarding-pikes, and a harpoon or two. All this was the work of a few seconds. Then he ran up the rat-lines to leeward and hailed the swimmers in a stentorian voice. Had he called out "Sharks astern! swim for your lives!" there would have been a panic, and some of the swimmers must inevitably have been lost. But old Deacon knew what he was about. He roared out, "Bathers ahoy! Half-a-sovereign to the first man aboard." You should have seen those Jacks tear through the water!

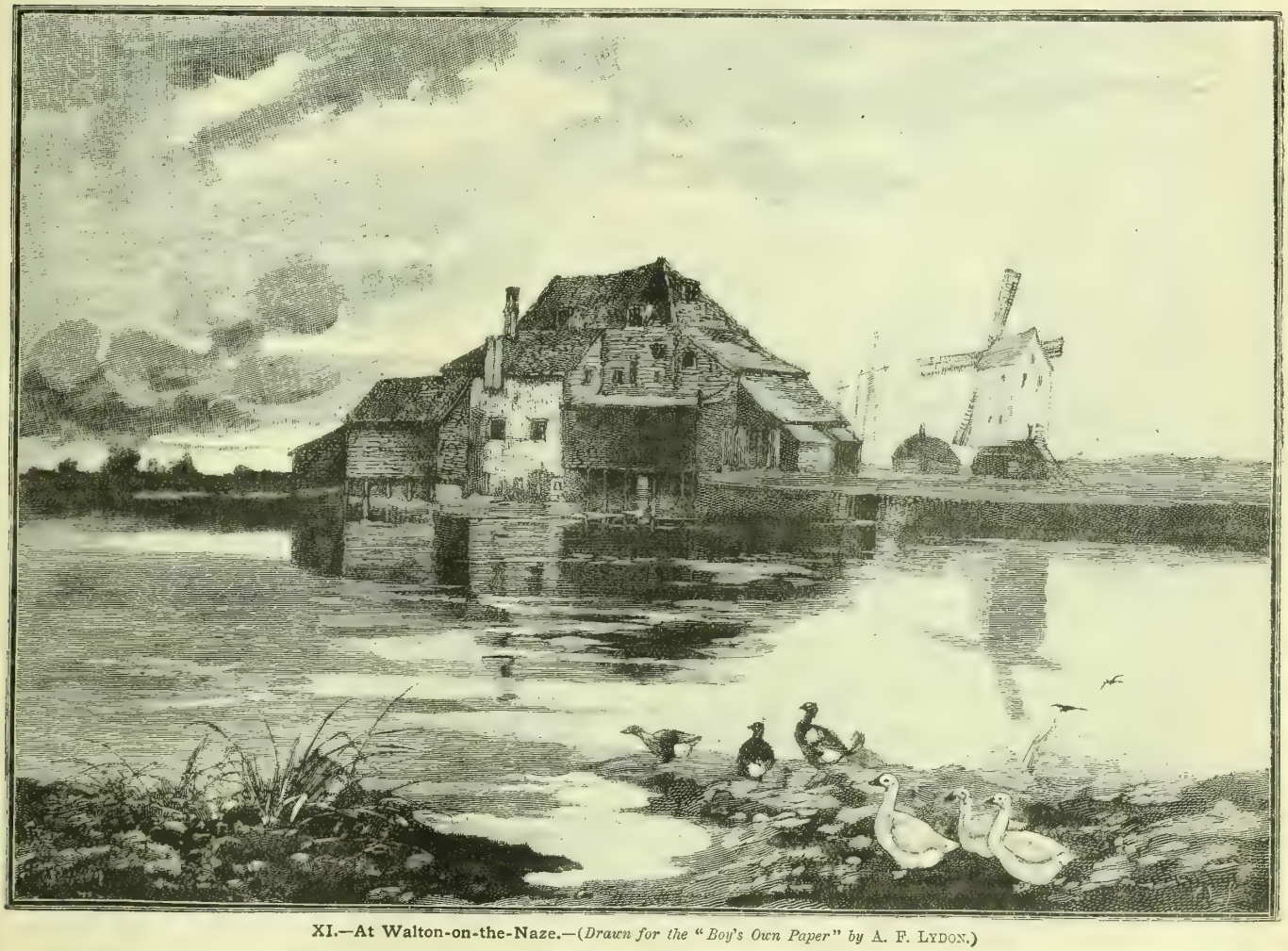
Down went Mr. Deacon on deck, giving a hasty order to lower both ladders to leeward. He slid lightly down a rope into the boat, which was by this time manned and lowered, and sang out, "Give way, my men, for your lives!" The boat was shoved clear, and rowed swiftly out between the bathers and the ominous-looking black fins which were gliding up. On dashed the bathers with noise and splashing enough to frighten any ordinary shark. Mr. Deacon gave the order "Avast rowing!" and stood up in the stern-sheets, harpoon in hand. Down sank one back fin after another, and there was an interval of agonising suspense, as we expected every moment to hear a shriek, and to see one of the brave swimmers dragged down in the jaws of a shark. But the monsters must have been alarmed by the noise and splashing, for not one of them reappeared until some days after, when—"but that's another story."

The first man aboard was my friend the big topman. Mr. Deacon shoved half-a-sovereign into his hairy paw, and slipped away below without saying a word. But when he returned on deck, you should have heard the hearty British cheer with which he was welcomed by the men whom his presence of mind had saved from a horrible death.

T. M. Francis.

ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various Representative Artists.



XI.—At Walton-on-the-Naze.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* A. F. Lydon.)

A DAY'S FISHING.

By Ashmore Russan,

Author of "The Last of the Great Auks," "A Strange Epidemic," etc.

PART II.

Two hours passed. A cuckoo alighted on an apple tree not thirty yards distant, and defiantly proclaimed its presence to all the little birds around, which, angrily twittering, flew at once to the attack. Away went the cuckoo, followed by a swarm of house and hedge sparrows, tomtits, linnets, and finches, all chirping their loudest, threatening, perhaps, what they would do if the robber dared to suck their treasured eggs. A terrible coward is the blustering cuckoo, and the "Prooshian" carp were no bolder. So far not one had touched the bait dangled so temptingly among the "swarms," the "cart-loads," which Mr. Pinter had assured me the moat contained. Not once had the float bobbed downwards, or any other way, except when I raised it.

Good Mrs. Pinter brought a mug of cider, and seemed very much surprised that I had caught no fish.

"Perhaps it's too hot," she said.

"Perhaps it is," I rejoined.

"About three years ago," she went on,

"some young fellows from Bromfield as came to see us caught a bucketful in about an hour."

The information was cheering, at any rate, and I watched the porcupine's quill with a better heart, every now and again ringing changes on the bait. Worm, wasp-grub, and dough; wasp-grub, dough, and worm; dough, worm, and wasp-grub! But the "Prooshian" carp did not seem to fancy any.

Three hours passed. No "bite" had I. From time to time the water-rat, or another, showed itself; the moorhen clucked and flew a short distance. With a persistence that had become annoying the corncrake uttered its "k-r-r-r-k—k-r-r-r-k!" Scores of swallows and martens skimmed over the water, dipping their wings here and there, as if playing "ducks and drakes." Half a dozen swifts—"jack-squealers"—circled about at almost lightning speed high in the air, discordantly screeching. An insolent grey and silver water-wagtail perched on a floating stick, and impudently flirted its long tail in my face. Two radiant, azure and green dragon-flies alighted on a waterlily leaf, careless of the presence of the hungry swallows whose tiny beaks would scarce have held them. A tribe of noisy ducks swam out to the middle of the moat, where it appeared to be shallow, led by a drake, green and brown and blue. Cheerfully they dipped their heads and cocked up their tails in their efforts to reach the insects and worms in the mud at the bottom. Now and again one disappeared, returning to the surface with a quack of satisfaction.

"Did you see anything of any 'Prooshian' carp?" I asked of the bright-feathered drake after such a voyage of discovery. No answer.

Four hours passed. Butterflies—lemon-yellow, brown, yellow with scarlet bordered wings, blue, and yellow spotted with black, fluttered about, hovering over the water. I saw their reflections on its glassy surface; the "Prooshian" carp remained invisible. Where, oh, where were they? The maid-servant entered the garden with an old tin kettle, which she hammered lustily with a piece of iron.

"Are the bees swarming?" I asked.

"No, sir; it's the dinner bell," she replied.

Dinner-time—and I had not caught one fish, not even a "jack bannock!" Dinner-time—and I had not even had a "bite." But I, at least, was hungry, which was much more than could be said for the "Prooshian" carp.

When the farmer's heavy tread sounded on the gravel path I went to meet him. He carried a rusty horse-shoe.

"What luck?" he cried, his ruddy honest face shining with perspiration. Without waiting for an answer he added: "Let's have a look at 'em?"

I led the way to the garden seat. With suggestive pantomime I turned my empty creel bottom upwards.

"Why—why, d'ye mean to say as you haven't caught any? Well—well—well!"

Mr. Pinter took a red bandanna out of the crown of the tall hat and mopped his shining face.

"I haven't had a bite," I said.

"Well—well—that's the rummest go as ever I heard on! Why, there's wagon-loads in the moat!"

"There they evidently mean to stay, Mr. Pinter."

"Well—well—let us see! Look here—here's a horse-shoe I picked up; I always pick up horse-shoes. Now I'll just hang it on your seat, an' you see if it don't bring you good luck after dinner. Well—well—who'd ha' thought it? But come along. I'd been reckoning all the way hoam as the missus 'd have a dish o' them Prooshian carp ready, never thinking as you hadn't caught any. Well—well—well!"

After dinner I asked for a book. I really could not stare at a motionless porcupine's quill all day. Mr. Pinter looked puzzled. So did his better half.

"A book!" he cried. "What, to read?"

"Just to help to pass the time, you know."

"Oh, ay, a book! Well—well—let me see, now? There's the 'Bromfield Messengers' for ten years back; we've kept 'em every one; an' there's 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

I chose every boy's old friend in preference to the local newspapers, of course. After a rather long search it was found; one cover and half-a-dozen pages were missing; what remained, though, was "Robinson Crusoe." With it I returned to the garden seat on the lawn, and looked at the porcupine's quill. It did not appear to have moved; I was almost sure it had not. The bait, also, was as I had left it. I put on a worm and raised the float two feet, intending to fish on the bottom. If the "Prooshian" carp would not "bite," an eel might. Now the porcupine's quill floated horizontally; it was a change, anyhow.

The wheezy time-piece in the farmer's kitchen struck two. I had no occasion to strike at all; not with the rod.

The water-rat brought out a family of little water-rats, and gave them a swimming lesson. I watched a water-lily bud open. So passed another hour. Two moor-hens swam across the moat, jerking their tails. A robin perched on the arm of the garden seat, and looked at me, I fancied, inquiringly, turning its head from side to side, as if it disbelieved the evidence of one bright eye, and would bring the other to bear upon me. It seemed to ask: "Are you alive, or are you a 'mawkin' to frighten the birds?" When I said: "Did you ever see a 'Prooshian' carp in this neighbourhood?" it flew away with a satisfied chirp.

Wh-r-r-r—ting—ting—ting—ting! Four o'clock! The eels were no hungrier than the "Prooshian" carp. The horse-shoe had brought no luck. I flung it away. I dragged the garden seat opposite another part of the moat, and tried there, desperate. Behind me were sunflowers, and hollyhocks six feet high. Humble bees explored their blossoms one by one, and, unlike me, flew away laden with spoil. A perky "jenny" wren popped about the privet hedge, and, unlike me, caught something which it carried to the ivy-covered trunk of an elm where it had built its leafy nest. I, alone, caught nothing. The porcupine's quill still floated motionless. Scarcely a ripple stirred the surface of the moat.

"'Prooshian' carp," I muttered, in disgust. "I don't believe there's a fish of any sort in the pond."

The ducks found me out, and came to see, perhaps, how I was getting on—a large family, of all ages.

"Wonder if I could catch a duck?" I thought. "There's nothing else to catch."

I lifted the rod and trailed the worm along the surface of the water. With a loud quack a curly-tailed drake made for it. Before I could jerk it out of the way he had gobbled it up. I had caught a duck! Earnestly I wished I hadn't. The drake tugged, and flapped its wings, quacking in affright. All his relations swelled the clamour. I had, indeed, caught a duck, and half a hundred ducks were bent on letting Mrs. Pinter know it. Fortunately the hook had fastened upon the drake's beak. I managed to jerk it free; the bird plunged back, turned, and swam off at its best speed, followed by all the others. Now even the ducks had deserted me.

Five o'clock struck! The maid-servant again appeared with the tin kettle and rang the "tea-bell." I had been fishing since nine A.M., and had no "bite." I took my rod to pieces and put it away in its bag, twined the tackle on its winder, and went to the hay-field to meet Mr. Pinter.

"What luck, now!" cried the farmer.

"None. I don't believe there's a fish in the pool!"

Mr. Pinter stopped suddenly, redder in the face than ever.

"Well—well—well! You—you don't believe as there's a fish in the pool? Why, there's wagon loads! You just come along o' me, an' I'll soon convince you."

Believing an opposite conviction to the one arrived at impossible, I followed him. He led the way to a meadow near the house, as yet untouched by mowing machine or scythe. Parting the long grass with the hay-fork he carried, he cried:

"Look there!"

I looked. "Fish-bones!"

The field had evidently been strewn with fish-bones. Every tuft of grass, almost, showed traces at the roots.

"Fish-bones!" he echoed. "They was fish not so long since—Prooshian carp! Two cart-loads was spread here for manure—two cart-loads!"

"What! You caught the fish and used them as manure?"

"They died—froze to death!"

"Last winter?"

"Last winter. Two cart-loads o' Prooshian carp we raked off the moat when the thaw came. You see, the ice was broke at the shallow end for the cattle to drink. The fish went there, I suppose, but the water froze right down to the mud, an' stuck them fast; they couldn't get back to the deep part, so they died, an' floated on the top when it thawed."

"And do you expect them to bite now?" I cried.

"Bite?"

"The dead fish you manured this meadow with?"

Mr. Pinter tilted aside the tall hat, and scratched his head, puzzled.

"Depend upon it the frost killed every fish in the moat," I added. "You should have broken the ice at the deep end."

"Well—well—well! Belike it did; belike I should. I never thought of it—never thought of it. Well—well—well! Now look here! I'll have the moat stocked again—I will! And as soon as ever the fish are big enough you shall have a day among 'em—you shall!'

"Nevermore," thought I. "Nevermore."

I may yet catch "Prooshian" carp in Mr. Pinter's moat, but it is very unlikely. "The burnt child dreads the fire." "Once caught," or, rather, no catch at all, "twice shy"—as shy, in fact, as the "Prooshian" carp that were not caught because they had ceased to exist. There are other proverbs; the above will suffice.

(THE END.)

DOG-WATCH YARNS: THE CHIEF MATE'S STORY.

By J. A. Higginson (late Royal Mail Service),

Author of "Mutineers of the May Queen," "A Tale of the Roaring Forties," etc.

"By dead reckoning," said the master of the Golden Eagle, rising from the study of the chart, which had lain open on the cabin table between us for some time —"by dead reckoning that is about our position," and he indicated a spot representing something like fifty miles south of Cape Horn. "How is the barometer?"

"Steady since noon," I said.

"Then we have seen the worst of the gale," he added. "Let us go on deck."

Under close-reefed canvas, the Golden Eagle was running before a fierce westerly gale. The murky light was darkened by frequent snow squalls. The waves, like famished wolves, leaped on our ship's quarters as though they would claim their prey; but she, like a living thing, plunged into the hollows, throwing off her foes, and rising on the forward wave flew on unharmed.

All hands were on deck, and a sharp look-out was kept, for a moment's inattention, under circumstances such as these, might mean instant destruction.

About midnight a tremendous squall struck the ship, and I thought for a moment that she was on her beam-ends; but she recovered herself, and rose to a less perilous inclination.

"All hands shorten sail!" cried the master.

The seamen struggled aloft through the wind-swept shrouds, but the squall swept to leeward, and a cry of alarm rose from the look-out at the bow.

"Starboard! hard a-starboard!"

I ran forward, and there, like an awful spectre, towered above us a huge iceberg.

"Ice right ahead!" I shouted as I fled aft.

The wheel-chains groaned under our united efforts. The sailors aloft abandoned their work and came hurrying to the deck. I knew, as they knew, that our ship was doomed, yet knowing it, and realising in some degree all that our terrible position involved, every man was ready to meet death resolutely, and perfect discipline was maintained.

"Stand by the braces!" the master shouted.

Before the men could obey the order another cry arose:

"Look out! she's into it," and the Golden Eagle, rising on the crest of a wave, dashed headlong into the iceberg. The impact was terrific. The three topmasts snapped short off. An immense block of ice fell on the bow, crushing the foc'sle-head into splinters. Amid the roar of the wind and sea, the rending of spars, and the cries of injured seamen, the master's voice rang out:

"Clear away the boats!"

There was a gallant effort made to obey the order; the port lifeboat was cut adrift, and turned upon her keel, but the ship gave a violent roll, and men and boat fell to leeward in a confused heap. The next moment the Golden Eagle trembled beneath our feet, and, without further warning, sank beneath the dark waters off bleak Cape Horn.

I went down with the ship, conscious only of the cries of the seamen, which rang horribly in my ears. My next sensation was one of deadly chill, as I rose to the surface, amid the tumult of the wind and sea. The iceberg was invisible owing to the flying spray and snow, and the night was so dark that nothing could be distinguished a few feet away. My boots and heavy clothes were saturated, and the numbness of my hands told me that I could not remain afloat much longer. Something large and black loomed alongside out of the snow squall, and instinctively I grasped at it. It was the gunwale of the released lifeboat. Several men were clinging to it, and two had succeeded in removing their sea-boots, and were bailing the water out. As she rose, we scrambled aboard, and, finding ourselves nearing the berg, we tore up the bottom boards and managed to clear it. We were evidently now under the lee of the berg, and therefore in comparatively smooth water. We managed to keep the boat from drifting out to sea again, and having done all that was possible under the circumstances, we awaited the dawn. It came at length—a sickly gleam across the wild waste of waters. There was no joy in it, no warmth, no comfort; yet we thanked God for it; it was daylight!

Then we looked at one another—the master, myself and the second mate, and three seamen—in all six dazed and half-frozen wretches, barely delivered from the jaws of death, whose faces had grown prematurely old during that terrible night. Of the Golden Eagle and the rest of her crew not a vestige remained; out of a ship's company of twenty-six all told, twenty had perished when our gallant ship met her doom.

Our present position was serious. Before us the vast iceberg, piercing the clouds, its pinnacled summits touched with the cold light of returning day; astern a waste of waters, seething like a caldron, in which no boat could live.

As the day advanced the gale abated, but the sea continued to run so high that we were compelled to remain close under the berg until the following morning. We tried to relieve the pangs of hunger by chewing pieces of leather cut from our sea-boots, and we managed to get some sleep by taking it in turns to keep the boat in a safe position. At daybreak next morning we were able to put into more open water, the sea being calmer. Our one hope was that we might sight a passing vessel. The second mate was standing on a thwart, anxiously searching with straining eyes across the grey waters. Suddenly he threw his arm up and shouted in wild excitement, "A sail! A sail!"

The cry sent the blood coursing through our veins once more, as we followed the direction of his gaze, and saw towards the north-east the welcome sight.

Our first sensation of joy was soon followed by anxious doubts. Our lives depended on the course she was steering, and of that we must remain in ignorance for some time. If she proved to be close-hauled, she would bear down on us in a few hours; but if her course was northward, we were doomed men.

"What is she?" asked the master.

"Homeward bound!" cried one.

"No. I can see her head-sails," said the master.

She was standing towards the berg—of that there could be no doubt—and our hearts were lifted up again. Suddenly her after-sails darkened, whilst those forward still shone white.

"She has tacked! We are lost!"

She had come as close to the berg as was prudent, and was now standing away on the opposite tack.

"Now, men! Let us make a last effort for our lives!" cried the master, taking off his coat, and jumping on a thwart, and waving it as a signal of distress. We all shouted till our voices failed us, but the vessel kept her course, and sank below the horizon, and we were alone again on the sullen sea.

We all sank into the boat, crushed and hopeless. This bitter disappointment, coupled with our long exposure to cold and wet and the want of food, quite unmanned us. It turned me sick and faint. My head swam as though the boat were in the vortex of a whirlpool, and I swooned away.

When I recovered consciousness I became aware, from the motion of our boat, that we were in comparatively smooth sea. A few stars were visible, and I could see the outlines of my companions huddled together in the stern. Their listless conversation reached me, and they were talking of our probable position, which was supposed to be somewhere near the South Shetland Island, a barren rock lying quite out of the track of ships.

They talked like men resigned to their fate. They had abandoned all hope, and considered themselves doomed.

Just before dawn a cold sea fog settled upon us, making our position even more miserable than before. When the dawn appeared there were indications of a clear sky, and when the sun rose the fog rolled away like a curtain. To us the effect was like that of a stage spectacle, for every man staggered simultaneously to his feet and stared with incredulous eyes at the sight before him. I am certain that for a second or so we all thought we were dreaming. Right ahead of us lay a large brig, her fore-topmast, main-top-gallant-mast, and jib-boom carried away, and the wreckage still floating alongside.

"Brig ahoy!" shouted the master, but there was no response.

Again and again he shouted, whilst we, with suddenly revived energies, worked the boat alongside. No sound or sign of life came to us, and she was evidently abandoned. She proved to be an Italian brig, laden with coal, but with both her hatches stove in. Our first care was to sound the well. There were four feet of water in the hold. The pumps were choked, and we were powerless, therefore, to keep her afloat. Her crew had evidently abandoned her in a panic, for we found clothes in the foc'sle and ample provisions on board.

After a hearty meal and a welcome exchange of our wet clothes for dry, we returned to the well, and found that the water in the hold had not increased in depth.

"I do not believe she is leaking. The water must have gone down through the hatches," the master said. And this proved to be the case. You may imagine our feelings of relief and joy. The food, so much needed, and the change of clothes, added to this new hope of escape, revived our energies, and we set to work to clear the wreckage and rig up a jury-top-mast and jib-boom. The hatches were secured against further accidents, and before night set in we had shaped a course for the Falkland Islands.

The log book showed that the brig was

bound from Cardiff to Valparaiso, and we afterwards learnt that the crew had been picked up by the vesssel we had sighted.

Next day we succeeded in clearing the pumps. The wind freshened into another gale, but by careful seamanship we weathered it without much further damage, and had the satisfaction of bringing the brig to our destination in safety.

The salvage money came to a pretty good sum, which, when it was divided, compensated in some measure for the hardships we had endured owing to the loss of our fine ship the Golden Eagle.

(THE END.)

KAFIR LADS.

By Rev. Robin B. Matson, B.A.

Great events are taking place in South Africa now. What about the people who live there? the native inhabitants of the land? the Kafirs? and what about Kafir lads? Such questions are often asked either in a tone or accompanied by some sign of contempt, or it may be at times of curiosity, as a man would feel curious of any other animals that lived there; and occasionally with a tone of patronage and pity as much as to say, "Ah! what can we do for these inferior races, these poor heathen?"

But you who read this are English lads, with young, free, and generous hearts, not yet hardened by prejudices, and ready to own what is good and true and manly wherever you find it. Treat a Kafir as a fellow man and you will then know that the Kafirs are as fine a race as any made by God on this earth, and an example in some ways to many of us English who mistakenly think and speak of the Kafirs as an inferior race!

The Kafir lads are a fine set of fellows—that's how I found them, and I simply could not help loving and admiring them.

Mind, I speak of *Kafir* lads only.

In South Africa, where I was for two years, there are many other races, as Hottentots and Damaras. Some of these are far inferior to the Kafir, but being nearly the same in colour are often confounded one with the other. Then again South Africa is a large country and contains many tribes of Kafirs, as the Basutos, Bechuanas, Galekas, Gaikas, and Zulus; and as even in England there is a marked difference between the north and south country people, so in South Africa, which covers a much vaster area, it must be expected that there are some differences between the various tribes of Kafirs. But of all genuine Kafirs it may be truly and fearlessly said they are physically, mentally, and morally a splendid race.

I was in South Africa at the time of the Zulu War, and had charge of about thirty young Kafirs, mostly Basutos. One of them, Motsueni, was heir to the chieftainship of the Basutos.

The names of some of the others were Sinykuto, Mahau, Modiboa, Moshesh, Lepoqa, Masopha, and Tsetlana.

They had come down from Basutoland wearing only a kaross, that is, a large square rug made of sheepskins, and very handsome they looked. They only spoke the Basuto dialect of the Kafir language.

I did not learn it, for three reasons—it is impossible for any European to learn it perfectly, owing to the "clicks"; they did not like me to try to speak to them in their language; and thirdly, they soon learnt English. In fact, they seemed to work at it like—well! like niggers!—I cannot give a better example of their perseverance than this; one boy, Sinykuto, not satisfied with the ordinary writing lesson, set to work to teach himself, but he actually learnt to write all words, figures, and letters upside down, and he did it so well that I gave up as hopeless trying to teach him the usual way of writing. Sinykuto also got a book of tunes arranged according to the tonic sol-fa system, and he taught himself to play two or three tunes in different keys on a harmonium.

The Kafirs are very musical, and we encouraged this trait by having a singing master to teach them songs in English; and on wet half-holidays you might often have heard four or five of them singing English songs in two, three, and even four parts quite correctly. The hymn tunes in the daily chapel services were generally sung properly in parts, as we had three or four Kafir men, besides teachers and pupil-teachers.

I had a piano in my room adjoining the school, and often some of the Basutos came in to hear it. A trick of mine caused some of them to have a very great respect for that piano. It was out of order. I took off the front board above the keys, and exposed all the strings. Then I half opened the bottom board below the keys. I asked a good-natured, merry-hearted Basuto to put his head behind the board and he would see what made the music. He did so, and I then drew a ruler across the bass strings. That Basuto quickly jumped back, exclaiming, "It is a god! It thunders."

Many games peculiar to themselves, and good for training the eye and hand, the Basutos used to play, and they took well to cricket. Their quickness of eye, hand, and body was wonderfully shown by the longstop. On the rough grassless ground, where the balls hopped and jumped all manners of ways, he seldom let one pass him.

We had a carpenter's shop, and they soon were able to handle the tools well. In school they learned arithmetic, and made rapid progress. They also learned Latin, which I thought a cruelly foolish subject to give them, but I was helpless in the matter. At first I found it very difficult to distinguish one Kafir from another—all being black made them seem alike to me; but by degrees I noticed there were many different shades of black and even of brown.

They had a great desire to be and do everything that was English. This desire was sometimes shown in very amusing ways. It seemed to them English, and, therefore, the correct thing, to have a parting in the hair. With their short crisp curly hair, or wool as some call it, they found that a parting was impossible. Determined, however, not to be beaten, they met together periodically and operated on one another's heads with a pair of scissors, cutting out a parting in the desired place!

After two years of very hard work and still harder worry my health broke down, and reluctantly I had to part from my Kafir lads, and returned to England.

I often think of them, their well-made figures and active rounded limbs; their innocent mirth and fun; their childlike simplicity, their anxiety and keenness to learn, and their complete trust. I know that some are otherwise, but it is too often because they have learned their vices from the white man, from so-called Christians.

Where, I often think, are my Kafir lads now? Many of them, I fear, killed in the foolish wars which so often break out in South Africa among the Kafirs, because, owing to different orders from different Governments, they do not know what is really meant, and so, like children as they mentally are, they at last rebel.

I will finish with a letter from one of my Basuto lads, who was fighting on the Government side when last I heard.

To Mr. R. B. Matson.

Basutoland.

Sir,—I have the honour to send this my despatch unto you with great respect. The only thing that I will make information it is concerning Moorosi's war. I will tell you what I have seen and what I have done.

We were all at home, no one knew anything should happen, one day the chief commander ordered all the people of Basutoland to go fight with Moorosi. We arrived at Phathtalla, where we captured many cattle and horses, and sheep, goats. We sent them home with our shepherds, and the rest went to across the river named Orange river. Next day we matched at Moorosi's country, we acrossed the another brook named Tele, where the first war has taken place between the English and Baphuthi. Our eyes were expected. We fought a great battle with Baphuthi. We captured many head of cattle and on our side we lost one chief named Lenknane, the brother of Moshesh, the son of Mokhachane. I and my father's people were one side of the river which is named Zehapali, and came with us many head of cattle and sheep, goats, 500 cattle and 800 sheep goats, altogether.

When we came back the sun was gone down already and our friends were gone to the camp and our horses were very tired. I told my father's men to get off on horses' back, even those who have strong horses' but the enemies came in front of us; some of them came side of us, nevertheless we could not afraid of them; we walked bravely as the brave men always do; Oh! how brave are we! but even you, you should surprised, if you could see us, we walked on foot all night, I did save much people by walking on foot. Jonathan Molappo the uncle of John Motsueni send his messenger unto me, that I should leave the men alone and sheep goats because the enemies were in front of us. I refused to the Jonathan's messenger and said, I could not leave my father's men and this flock unless the enemies should come and take them from us. I should rather suffer for them, and I said to the Jonathan's man: I have taken these things from the enemies; how hard is to me to leave them behind; go just now to tell your chief that I am refusing to leave these cattle and sheep goats. This action of mine is well-known among all my countrymen.

Will you oblige answer me, then I shall tell you more about Moorosi's war.

I have the honour
Yours faithfully
D. W. Lepoqo Masopha.



Charge!—(*Drawn by* H. M. PAGET.)—*See page* 698.

"CHARGE!"

(*See page* 697.)

By Robert Richardson, B.A.

As I sit beside the fire here, idle hand and idle brain,
Memories of the past are crowding through my dreaming heart again;
While I watch the dying embers flickering in a feeble blaze,
Fondly I recall the faded glory of the olden days.

Hark! once more I hear the bugles sound the charge, high, shrill, and clear,
And it sends my old heart leaping as the music strikes my ear;
Now the breathless rush of onset makes my failing pulses beat,
And my brain throbs with the thunder of our horses' flying feet.

Once more as of yore I'm leading to the fray my old brigade,
Fast behind me pricking fifty trusty spears in rest are laid;
All the air is filled with battle, clang of shield, and clash of steel,
And before our fierce assault, lad, I can see the foemen reel.

Hither, now, my grandson Hubert, stand a while beside my knee,
Hold you fast the bright tradition of the ancient chivalry;
Yes, you keep your father's stature, and your mother's eyes and face,
See you keep unbroken, Hubert, the long record of our race.

Ne'er be forward in a quarrel, hold thy knighthood clear of blame;
Be the last to bare thy sword, boy, and the first to sheathe the same;
Never draw on weaker foeman, never launch an empty vaunt,
Slow to heed an idle jest, lad, swift to check a braggart's taunt.

The old days were great and glorious, days of splendid victory,
When a wily foeman threatened England's realm on land and sea;
When each morning brought adventure, and to every man the chance,
Ere the night, his spurs of winning by the prowess of his lance.

Now, thank God, the times are lighter, foreign perils few and far,
England knows a little respite from the blood-red hand of war;
But the day may happen, Hubert, sooner than our wisest know,
When she'll need her stoutest hearts and hands against the sudden foe.

Yes, my time is drawing closer, and my day is nearly run,
As yon smouldering embers dwindle ebbs away life's little sun;
But I know that I am leaving those who'll keep our name and shield
Bright as they were ever, Hubert,—first in court and first in field.

NOTES FROM MY LOG; OR, TRUE STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By Rear-Admiral W. R. Kennedy.

(*With Illustrations by the Author.*)

X.—OPERATIONS ON THE CANTON RIVER (*continued*).

Whilst in the river I used frequently to be sent away with despatches to various posts, and I always took advantage of these occasions to replenish our larder. Having delivered my despatches I devoted the return journey to sport, shooting along the banks whilst the boat was being tracked against the current by the boat's crew, like a canal boat, this being less labour than pulling, and I often succeeded in making tolerable bags of ducks and snipe in this way. On one occasion whilst pulling slowly up the river we espied two fat ducks on the bank, so we pulled in and bagged them both. The bowman who got out to retrieve the birds said there was a whole flock of them in the field, so we landed and blazed into the brown of them till the ammunition was expended, when we proceeded to gather up the slain, amounting to the prodigious number of 180, sufficient to supply the fleet. It is almost needless to say that these were tame ducks. The "game" was distributed amongst the ships, and the balance amongst the boats' crews, and lasted us for a long time.

New Year's Day had come and gone, and we entered the year 1857, which brings me to a very sad part of my story. At this time we had three of the Calcutta's boats up the river, the launch, pinnace, and cutter. The latter was in charge of a young master's assistant, the same one who had been with me in the adventure in Canton when we had been so nearly caught. We had been up the river together the whole time from the first, and had shared many perilous adventures side by side. Being nearly of the same age and having been thrown so much together, we had formed a sincere friendship for each other, and I felt for him the affection of a brother, coupled with admiration for his coolness and gallantry.

On Sunday, January 4, we heard that our captain was going to read service and preach a sermon in the little English Church attached to the factories, which had escaped from the general destruction. As we had not had the opportunity of attending church since we left the ship three months before, we agreed to go and hear what the skipper had to say, so we put on our best clothes, such as they were, and made ourselves as respectable as our scanty means allowed. Amongst our treasures was a pot of pomatum which we had picked up somewhere and turned to account, I rubbing the pomatum into my chum's curly pate with both hands. So to church we went and heard a very good extempore sermon from our kind old captain about being always ready to die, &c. I remember it so well. Coming out of church I met the commander, who told me I was required to go down the river with despatches to Macao Fort, the same that we had taken in the early days, and which was now garrisoned by a lieutenant and a party belonging to H.M.S. Sibylla.

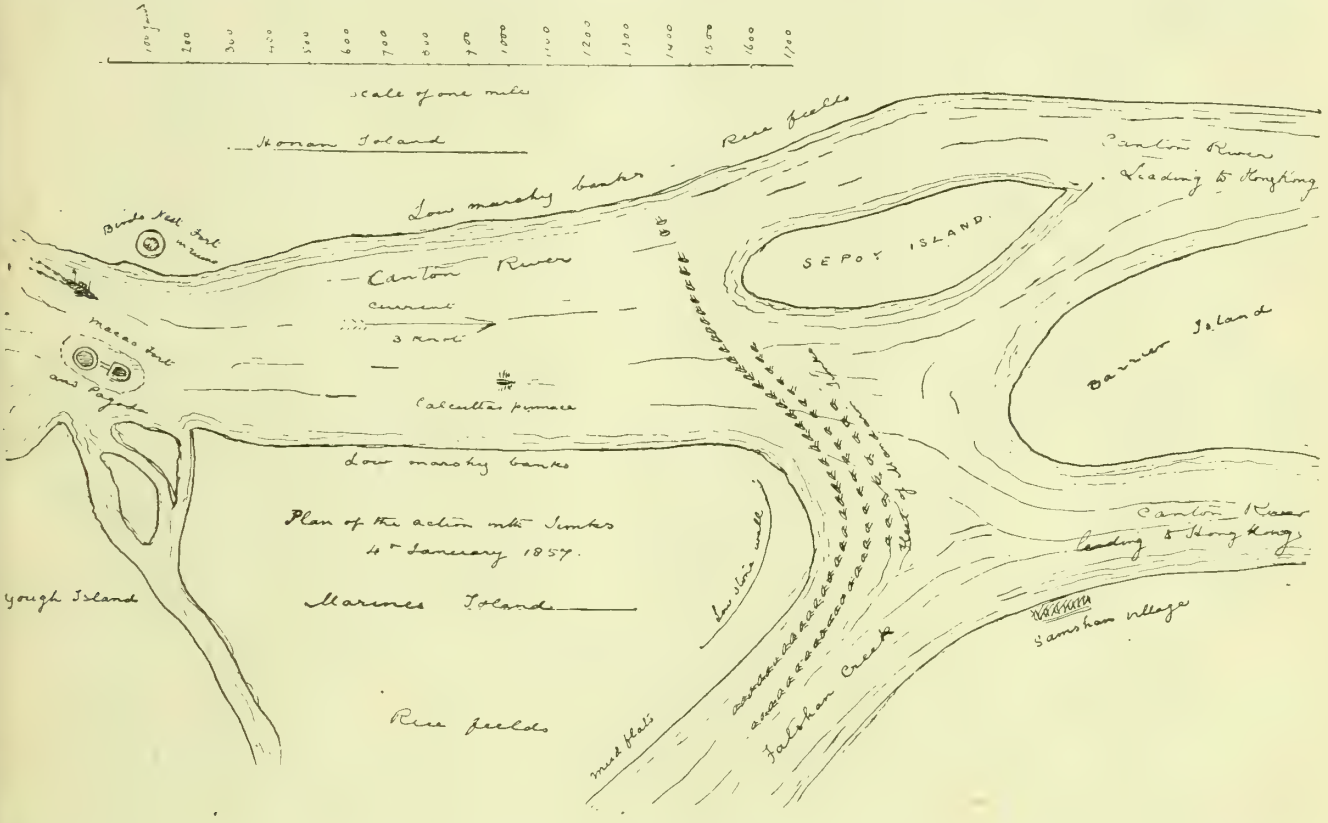
Nothing suited me better, and as soon as my men had had their dinner, I started in the pinnace, calling alongside the Coromandel to pick up another young midshipman named Byles, now a captain, who had arranged to accompany me for the trip.

We had got about a mile down the river from Canton when we met with a boat coming up with all speed from Macao Fort. They reported that a large fleet of Mandarin junks had come down the Fatshan Creek with the evident intention of attacking the fort, and this boat was on her way to Canton to inform the admiral and ask for immediate assistance. Having told us this much, the boat proceeded on her way. We immediately held a council of war in the pinnace, and having taken the coxswain into our confidence we decided to attack the junks. My duty was clearly to deliver my despatches to the fort and place myself under the orders of the lieutenant in charge, especially as the junks, which we could now plainly see drawn up in battle array, were beyond the fort. But such a chance was not to be thrown away, and we thought there could be no harm in reconnoitring the junks and having a brush with them before the boats of the squadron could arrive. Having thus decided we swept rapidly down the river with the current. On passing the fort we were hailed to know where we were going; the answer was pointing to the junks ahead.

I am not prepared to justify this foolish proceeding, which was not only contrary to orders, but quite preposterous, seeing that the junks numbered at least eighty, heavily armed with 32-pounders; whilst we were in an open boat armed only with a 12-pounder brass howitzer. But at eighteen years of age midshipmen are not always gifted with discretion. On getting within range we opened fire with our little gun, pitching our shot well into the brown of them. The junks were at anchor lying with their heads up the river; they were moored in a half moon right across the river and extending partly up the creek. (*See plan*, p. 699.)

At first the Chinamen took no notice of us, apparently disdaining so insignificant a foe, but as our shots began to tell and we drew closer and closer to them, they suddenly, with one accord, opened fire on us right along the line, and in an instant the water alongside us was ploughed into a sheet of foam. Some of the junks now slewed broadside on, and others, manning their oars, advanced with loud shouts to the attack. We saw at once that we had gone too far, and had fallen into a trap. The current was sweeping us down on to the junks, and retreat was impossible. There was nothing

for it but to do our best, so, putting a bold face on it, we blazed away, keeping the boat's bow to the enemy, and backing with the oars against the stream. I was forward at the gun with four men loading and firing as fast as we could. My young friend was at the helm and the coxswain passing the powder forward, when one of those panics occurred which sometimes takes place with the best men, and, to their shame be it said, ten men out of the fourteen comprising the boat's crew lay down in the bottom of the boat. In vain I ordered, entreated, even threatened them with my revolver. My friend gallantly supported me, and so did the coxswain, using the boat's tiller upon their heads with effect. The boat meanwhile was drifting helplessly to destruction, and the Chinamen were yelling with delight as their prey seemed



almost within their reach. In the Macao Fort they had no guns to help us, but we could hear the cheers of the garrison as they manned the parapet to encourage us. At last the boat's crew became alive to the danger and returned to their duty. Manning the oars and facing forward, they backed the boat against the stream. To turn tail would have been fatal, as the junks pulling 100 oars apiece could have caught us in no time, so we managed to keep our front to the enemy and used the gun with effect.

But this unequal contest could not last long. The shots were dropping round us, wetting us with the spray or whizzing over us. They dropped about the oars, plunged under the bows, shook the ensign staff, and in fact did everything but hit us! It was only a question of time, however, for at last a shot would be sure to strike the boat, and then it would have been all over with us, and I should not be alive to tell the tale.

The Chinamen were slowly but surely advancing, when looking backwards, to our joy and relief, we beheld the Coromandel with the admiral's flag flying aboard her, and the boats of the squadron in tow coming down the river to our assistance. It was indeed none too soon, for we were nearly done. The little brass gun had served us well, but was now so hot we could hardly bear to touch it, and it kicked so that at the 56th round the breeching broke and the gun came in nearly on the top of me and became useless. At this critical moment the Coromandel had got within range, and the Chinamen turned their attention to her, she returning the fire with her 24 pounder howitzers and rockets. But it was even now a most unequal contest, for these popguns were no match for eighty heavily armed junks with 32 pounders in the bows, and 20 broadside guns apiece besides.

As soon as the steamer stopped I took the opportunity of slipping alongside and putting my young friend on board his own ship. The admiral was on the bridge, and sent for me just to say that I had no business to be where I had been; but it was no time for explanation, for the Chinamen had got our range and the shot were flying about us. Just as I stepped back into my boat I met my chum with whom I had been to church in the morning; he was in charge of the cutter, and was longing to make for the enemy. His name was Pearn. "Why don't they let us go at the beggars," said he. Poor fellow! they were his last words, for at that moment a round shot came skipping along the water and struck him on the chest.

The admiral now ordered the boats to land and protect the Macao Fort, as the junks were sweeping towards it, and the Coromandel backed astern, as there was no room for her to turn in that part of the river.

We landed at the back of the fort, and manning the parapets kept up a fire from our rifles at the junks, as we had no large gun there. The junks approached within 300 yards and hammered away at us, sending the stones flying but doing us no harm, when, finding they were getting well peppered themselves, they retreated leisurely to their old quarters in the Fatshan Creek.

We then found out that their object in coming out was to sink some junks loaded with stones on the bar, and thus block the river and cut off our retreat, which they succeeded in doing. The Encounter had come down the river to our assistance, but too late to be of any use. As soon as ever I could get away I went on board her to see the last of my poor shipmate, whose body had been sent to that ship. I found him in a cot in the cockpit; he looked as if he were asleep, and his countenance was quite composed; the shot appeared to have grazed his chest and a piece of iron had pierced his lungs. I had a knife in my pocket with which I cut off a lock of his hair, and I thought of how but a few hours before I had rubbed the pomatum into his curly pate which he laughingly put down for me to operate upon.

Having kissed the cold forehead I reverently covered the remains with the Union Jack and returned sadly in my boat to Canton. Next day the body was sent down to Hong Kong to be laid beside other of his shipmates in the burial ground at Happy Valley.

(To be continued.)

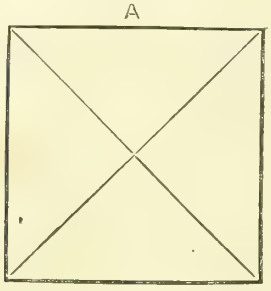
SOME PAPER NOVELTIES.

I.—CHINESE JUNK.

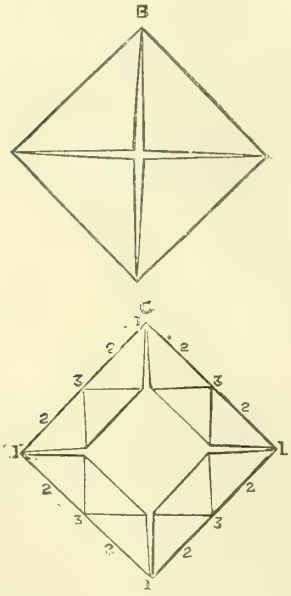
Among the many curiosities made from a single piece of paper, I have seen boats, tea-cups, fish, frogs, and even a kettle in which you could boil water. The last two were made from descriptions given in the "Boy's Own Paper," and I may say that the kettle worked admirably.

The greatest curiosity in my collection, however, is a paper "Junk" made by a friend of mine out of a square piece of paper. It has sails, two seats, and a hold, and for the benefit of those who would like to "try a hand" at making one, I will endeavour to give a description of this simple yet ingenious toy.

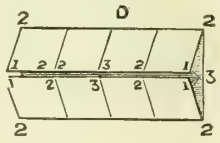
Take a square piece of paper (not too thick, but of medium quality) and fold it in half at the opposite angles, then unfold it



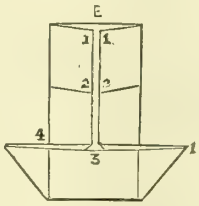
and fold it again at the other opposite angles, producing the creases as shown in A.

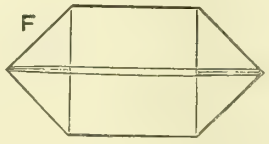


Now take each corner and fold it in to the centre, or where the creases cross, producing fig. B. Next turn the corners from the centre back to the edge (fig. C); now take any two corners on the same side of the square (corners marked 1, 1) and fold at 2, 2, so that the points 1, 1 shall be directly in a line with the points 3, 3; repeat this on the opposite side, then unfold and repeat on the two remaining sides, leaving it in the form D; fold

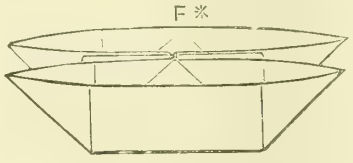


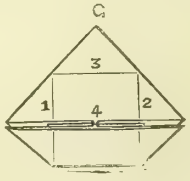
on the dotted lines in D back towards the centre of the figure, and pull the corners 1, 1 outwards, and fold the underneath part 3, towards the centre 3, producing fig. E; repeat





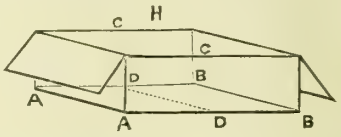
on the other side and it will give you F, and by doubling this backwards you will have two boats, side by side, F*.



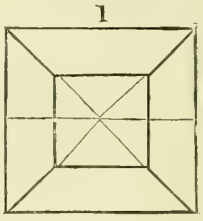


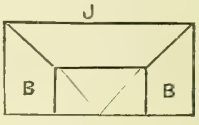
By pulling the flap on the inside of each boat outwards (fig. G), and folding across the dotted lines in fig. G in the order of the numerals, you will have a purse; extend this by pushing the centre-piece downwards and you will have a box (H).

Now depress the sides, C C, and turn the lower corners, A A, B B, to the centre D, at the

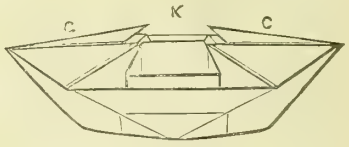


back or underneath, and you will have a figure resembling a picture frame without a picture (fig. I); fold backwards across the

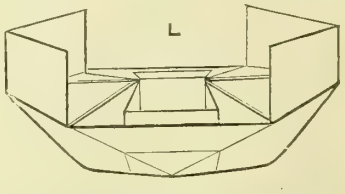




dotted line and you will have J, and by pulling the ends B B gently outwards you will produce fig. K, or a "Chinese Junk."



Now raise the upper part of the deck, C C, and you will have sails for your boat (L).



A small piece of gravel placed in the centre will do for ballast, and you will find that she will sail moderately well in a light breeze.

This may look difficult at first, but stick to it, and follow the instructions closely, and you cannot fail to get it right at last. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

(To be continued.)

ON PIGEONS AND DOVES AS PETS.

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.

From the very earliest times of which we have any record, pigeons and doves have been favourites with mankind. It was a dove, you know, that was sent forth from the ark, twice, to find out if the waters were assuaged, and returned the second time with a sprig of green in its bill.

Both pigeons and doves are such gentle creatures that one cannot help liking them. I had a lovely pure white pigeon once, who was my companion for many a long month on the coast of Africa. How he came into my possession was this. I was in the habit of making feather flowers, and before sailing from the Cape I sent a boy on shore to go to market to purchase me a white pigeon for the feathers. I had no idea he would bring me a live one. But he did.

"I'll twist his neck for you, sir, in a moment," said the steward.

"Steward," I replied, assuming my sternest demeanour, "I'd kick you all round the ship if you did, and end up by twisting your neck."

So the pigeon became my pet, living in my

cabin, with my cocked-hat box for a dove-cot, and making himself generally jolly. During my absence on shore, however, at Delagoa Bay, my pet was scared and flew away.

It is always the way with creatures we love in this world; they fly away, or get killed, or something. Mary had a little lamb, you know, and I had my pet pigeon.

Well, pigeons for boys, and doves for my girl readers, of whom I believe the "B.O.P." has now a large number, which is ever on the increase.

Pigeons may be kept either in a specially prepared loft, or in a garden pigeonry; or, if you only desire to go in for the commoner sorts, such as fantails, runts, etc., they will do excellently well in a cot placed upon a pole, or one fastened to the side of a house.

They will breed in the cot if it be not too small, and, really, in a cot they give very little trouble indeed; they find most of their food about the grounds or neighbourhood, and are quite contented if they get a handful or two of corn thrown down to them now and then; and this they will even share with the fowls. But by tending them carefully in the matter of feeding, pigeons of this sort become very tame; they will come at call, perching on one's head or shoulders, and eating either from hand or mouth.

But the cot should be kept clean; if you allow it to get blocked up with filth you cannot expect your favourites to be either very healthy or very happy.

Just a line or two about carriers—I mean, properly speaking, homers, for carriers are different. The best are probably the Belgian voyageurs. They fly by sight, at least so it is said by *savants*, and not by some sense or other that human beings know nothing about. There are many, however, who still believe in this instinct or second sense; yet if they possessed it darkness would hardly baffle them, nor fog either, and it is a well-known fact that both do.

Voyageurs that are intended to be the bearers of messages must be bred and born on the premises. They are trained to distance flying gradually, and the fancy is a very, very pretty one.

They do not take messages *from* home, as some boys believe, but *to* their home. But if you are going to a distance—away into the country, for example—by taking a couple of pigeons with you, you are quite independent of the post or telegraph. You have a post of your own. You write your message home with a tiny pen on foreign note paper, seal it up in a small quill, and attach it to a tail-feather, for instance, and throw up your messenger. Away he goes, after soaring about for a brief spell, and no express train can beat the speed of his flight. Arrived at home, he enters through a kind of trap, which may be made to communicate with the house by means of an electric or ordinary bell, and so your little letter is received.

The pigeon-post of armies is a very remarkable one, and was first inaugurated during the terrible siege of Paris by the Germans.

Pigeons were taken away in balloons, and returned laden with photographic communications.

On the whole, a boy could hardly have a better hobby than that of homing pigeons.

Well, I advise your having a good book if you mean to go in for pigeons. As in canaries, the Cassells have a very large book, which gives coloured plates. They have also a smaller. Then there is Lyell's 3*s.* 6*d.* book—a capital work. If you mean to go thoroughly in for the fancy, no smaller book would be of very much use.

I am often asked what is the price of this or that breed of pigeon. There really is no fixed price, so much depends upon properties and pedigree. I believe £50 to £100 have been ungrudgingly paid often enough for certain pigeons.

In mentioning ordinary dove-cot pigeons, I ought to have said that the quarters of each pair should be so contrived, by means of partitions, that they can stand together and bill and coo on their own balconies, without seeing or being seen by their next-door neighbours. The living or nesting boxes in the cot should not be less than 14 inches × 14, and a foot high. They ought to be square too, and thus easily cleaned out, whereas if there are corners here and there, filth is accumulated and proper sanitation rendered impossible.

The Pigeon Loft.—This may be above a barn, byre, or stable—preferably the barn. An attic in towns is sometimes used as a pigeon loft, but, if it is, extra precautions as to cleanliness must be taken. Suppose, then, that your parents permit you to go in for pigeons, and allow you to take possession of a loft. Your desires will naturally turn to fancy pigeons, yet I always advise my boys to gain experience first with, say, pouters and tumblers. The former are curious, the latter, if you have a good strain, are most interesting in their strange flights, and very pretty as well. As the very choice and fancy varieties are not permitted to fly where they please, they must have a nice large flight built for them in front of the loft.

Not having space here to describe this aviary, I advise you, before you begin to throw it out or up, to have a look at some really good one. You would thus in a quarter of an hour learn more than I could tell you in a column. It had best be supported from the ground by wooden pillars well let into the earth. This rough work some one else must do for you. Then the top of this porch arrangement is floored over, and the aviary built above, from light woodwork and wire mesh. The roof should be protected by felt, and one side as well: that towards the north and east.

In such an aviary as this the birds would have plenty of fresh air and sunshine as well.

Its floor should be plentifully sprinkled with sand, gravel, and the lime off old walls.

A garden pigeonry may be made quite a thing of beauty and a joy, if not for ever, at least until you become a man, and go forth arrayed in wisdom and determination to fight the battle of life successfully. But returning to the loft: you must have a nice hopper, one from which the seed cannot be easily spilt. This must always be kept clean, and kept also well supplied with food.

Food should be given at night, because the birds get up in the morning long before lazy boys, and it will be a losing game for you if you starve them.

The drinking fountain also stands on the loft floor, and you must see that this, too, is always kept clean and well filled with the purest soft water. It should be rinsed out every morning, else, if you let it get foul, you may look out for diarrhœa and even canker in the loft, and that will spoil your pleasure and profit as well.

It is bad enough in all conscience to have unclean rabbit hutches, but ten times worse to have a dirty pigeon loft.

Well, on the walls of your loft you will have perches here and there, suitable in thickness to the birds' feet, and so placed that nothing underneath can be fouled by droppings.

At the sides of the loft are the nesting boxes or shelves with L-shaped screens, inside which are placed the nesting pans with a little sawdust in them.

The breeding pigeon may probably despise these and choose for herself a nesting-place in some corner. If she does so, she must on no account be disturbed. Any kind of rough building material might be supplied, such as twigs, straw, or heather.

Put gravel and old lime on the floor.

The bath is a shallow earthenware pan, roomy and round, which you had best place in the aviary, to save the floor of the loft from being wetted.

Salt-cat is a mixture of rough salt, gravel and old lime from walls wetted with water, and stood in any old dish in the corner of the loft.

You will need some tools if you mean to go in thoroughly for pigeons, such as a scraper, a broom, and a strong iron shovel. Also mouse-proof boxes in which to keep your grain and seeds.

Whitewashing the loft and thoroughly disinfecting it with Calvert's carbolic must be done about once in four or five months, all repairs being seen to at the same time.

If you have a large loft, it is a good plan to partition off a portion of it as a place for young birds.

A hospital pen or two should be made. But these, of course, would not be kept in the loft. A sick bird is placed therein, and put in a warm place, perhaps near the kitchen fire. There is nothing better for an ailing pigeon than a moderate degree of heat.

The feeding of pigeons is one of the most important considerations in connection with their keep. It is very poor economy giving your birds old or cheap grain.

It is destructive to their health and capabilities of breeding well to give them dusty or worm-eaten seeds.

During the breeding season, as the old birds have to feed the squeakers on the half-digested contents of their stomachs, called by pigeon-keepers pigeon's-milk, it is evident we should supply them with a somewhat softer food, and good wheat should form a large proportion of the food in the hopper. The ordinary food may be tick-beans, small grey peas, maize, wheat, dari, tares, rice, etc., or a nice mixture of all these.

Those fancy pigeons that are kept in loft and aviary flights must, moreover, have a daily supply of green food.

I have already mentioned water for the bath and the drinking fountain.

Regarding the purchase of pigeons, pretty much the same rules ought to be observed as those recommended in the buying of canaries. The boy who believes all he reads in an advertisement should try to eat all he sees in a restaurant. Never believe half you hear or read in this world. Think first. Be like a cow, for a cow always smells a thing before she swallows it. There are good pigeons advertised, however, and if you do make up your mind to purchase in this way, have the birds on sight first, and get somebody "in the know" to see them and advise you.

The birds bought must be young and strong and healthy, and it will be as well to secure your stock a month or two before the breeding time commences; they thus get better accustomed to the loft, and to the look of things altogether.

Boys possessing pigeons that they mean to breed with are usually all too anxious to hurry on matters, and this very frequently to the detriment of the birds and their own prospects. I know many who pair early in February—yes, and keep the breeding up, too, till long into August. No wonder they have troubles.

The middle of March is early enough.

Mating is thus accomplished. The two birds you desire to pair are taken into the same loft, and being put in pens these are placed in juxtaposition. It will not be long before the male bird begins to play up to the hen, and if she does not resent his

advances, then in a day or so you may let them free to complete their own arrangements as to housekeeping.

Just about a week after the nesting arrangements have been satisfactorily concluded, and in the evening, your anxiety will be considerably relieved by the finding of a beautiful round white egg in the nest. The cock will be in a state of proud fluster, and perhaps strutting about croodling, making a noise that sounds wonderfully like the words "Troubled wi' you; troubled wi' you."

He will be still further "troubled wi' you," however, because you must take that first egg away and put it carefully in a box among cotton wadding.

Then it is the hen's turn to get cross.

"Did you ever?" she says to the cock.

"No, I never," he says.

"Stolen my egg! What impudence!"

"Lay another, my dear; lay another," he says.

"It's all very well for you to strut about," she answers haughtily, "and cry 'lay another—lay another;' laying an egg isn't such fun as you think; why don't you lay another yourself?"

"Oh, my dear!" he says, "really now! It isn't customary, or I would in a minute."

However, the pair regain their tempers, and about two o'clock on the second day after this, behold another egg is deposited.

You now put the first carefully alongside of it. Then perhaps the hen tells the cock that though *you* are an exceedingly ugly boy, with large ears and a freckled nose, you are not half so bad as you look.

So hatching commences, and lo! in about seventeen days, if all goes well, the young are out.

Miserable little beggars they do look, to be sure, but they soon begin to assume shape and form and even beauty; and it is truly wonderful how quickly a squeaker grows, that is, if you feed the parents carefully and regularly.

The less noise and disturbance there is in the pigeon loft during the breeding season the better; so you had better yourself take charge of the key.

A Word about Doves.—This is the name usually given to small pigeons. They are of many kinds and colours, and are better as pets for girls than for boys.

Well, now, these affectionate and lovely creatures are generally kept in a wicker cage similar to that used for magpies, starlings, etc. But this is a sadly draughty arrangement at best, and so I am in the habit of recommending a large and longish cage, with the back gables and roof of wood, and just under the roof inside a piece of canvas stretched across, so that if the birds fly upwards they may not injure their pretty heads.

The height of this cage will of course depend entirely on the size of the bird or birds. Perches, too, should be suited to the size of the feet and always kept very clean.

But I also recommend a largish aviary for doves; and in this they would breed, which you cannot expect they will if confined in small space.

It might be built in the garden, if you have shed-protection from nor'-easters and reasonable exposure to the sunny south.

Food.—Doves are fed on the smaller grains and seeds. It is well, if in an aviary, they should have a hopper, else they will soil and scatter the seed. Of course these would eat wheat and oats, but if you do give some of these, mix with dari or tares. Hemp may be given sparingly in cold weather. They are very fond of millet seed, and this may be mixed with canary seed.

Everything about and around your pet doves must be the acme of cleanliness—cage, hopper, fountain and perches. They will all go to pieces, figuratively speaking, if this is not seen to.

Then the water must be pure and soft, and when you fill the fountain of a morning just rinse it out, and thus get rid of what doctors call *bacteria*. Doves do not drink a deal, but they need water all the same. If they will have a bath, all the better.

I have also recommended a dust bath for the corner of an aviary in summer-time. Peat earth with a little sulphur would be best.

Clean small gravel and clean shelly sea sand should be put in the bottom of the cage or aviary.

I am writing to my girls now, and I must remind them that, as birds have no teeth, gravel is swallowed in order that, in the powerful gizzard, the seeds half crushed by the bill may be broken up. It is terribly cruel to keep any bird without sand and gravel.

Doves are often very amusing, and can be taught a variety of pretty tricks.

They are, moreover, most affectionate; and if your doves' cage is in the house, let the bird or birds out every day and give them tit-bits from the hands or mouth.

Pigeons are subject to a variety of ailments, yet I am convinced that they can all be prevented. Pigeons—fancy ones—are not likely to be subject to infection, as they are generally confined to their lofts. So, if you succeed in keeping this free from filth and everything likely to breed disease, you will be secure.

I advocate *daily* cleaning up of the loft, and any boy who is too lazy or procrastinating to do this should not have a pigeonry.

There should be judicious *ventilation* without draughts.

Light and sunshine are also most important, while moisture or dampness is oftentimes deadly.

I shall not go into the subject of diseases further here, simply finishing my paper by repeating the wholesome, healthful old adage,

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

All Sorts of Boys.

There's the witty boy, and the pretty boy,
And the boy who oils his hair;
There's the cat-faced boy, and the rat-faced boy,
And the boy with a bovine stare.

There's the steamy boy, and the dreamy boy,
And the boy who is "up to date";
There's the boy who smokes, and the boy who jokes,
And the boy who is always late.

There's the tender boy, and the slender boy,
And the boy with limbs like a bear's;
There's the stoutish boy, and the loutish boy,
And the boy who slides downstairs.

There's the cheerful boy, and "that fearful boy,"
And the boy who deserves a flogging;
There's the boy with a heart, and the boy too "smart,"
And the boy whose brain wants jogging.

There's the grass-green boy, and the bright, keen boy,
And the boy who is always blubbing;
There's the "climby" boy, and the grimy boy,
And the boy who shirks his tubbing.

There are many others, oh men and brothers,
And none are all bad, you bet;
There are boys and boys—yet through griefs and joys
They are Somebody's Darlings yet.

F. S.

John Barleycorn Junior.

He grew with his fellows—stout and strong;
Tough, though pliant, was he;
And as that cane grew straight and long,
Quoth he, with a satisfied chuckle, "All wrong
Will soon be set right by me!"

And there came a time when they clipped his stem,
And cut him in bits for use,
Then they lied him away—a priceless gem—
Though from boys—altho' he was meant for *them*—
He came in for a deal of abuse!

And as with a graceful curve he swept,
Round plump, chubby legs galore,
He gloated with joy as his victims wept,
For pity ne'er into that hard heart crept,
And he "stung them up" all the more.

So they tried him with pins, and with horsehair too,
And in every conceivable way,
They practised upon him the methods they knew
Of breaking a cane—and they weren't a few—
But that obstinate stick said "Nay!"

At last—tired out—they found him a berth,
Buried deep, deep down in the ground,
And over his grave, with unseemly mirth,
They piled and piled and piled the earth,
In a huge, implacable mound!

But alas! for the schemes of my Lord Misrule,
And alas! for those murderers' pains,
With a cheek that even in winter was "cool,"
Quite close to the walls of that self-same school,
There grew a *plantation of canes!*

R. S. Warren-Bell.

My Dog, The "Undertaker."

Yes, I had a dog once.

He was not a large dog, neither was he, strictly speaking, a handsome dog. Even his dearest friends, and they were not many, could not, unless they were utterly regardless of the truth, call him beautiful; while his bitterest enemies, without any great fear of contradiction, did not hesitate to affirm that he was positively ugly.

He was about the same size as a fox-terrier, and his appearance gave evidence that he was the joint representative of at least ten different breeds. His near foreleg was spavined, while the off *ditto* terminated in an undeniable club-foot; and as for his hindlegs, they were the most oddly assorted pair I ever had the misfortune to clap eyes on. His tail had, at some earlier period in his history, suffered from fracture or dislocation, and ever afterwards assumed a curve highly suggestive of a note of interrogation laid upon its back (thus ~), or a "pothook" afflicted with spinal complaint. To crown all, he had a pair of chronic sore eyes, and one of them was a "cock" eye. Immediately after being washed his coat was as white as driven snow; but, like a meerschaum pipe, it gradually deepened in colour, and it would rapidly and successively assume all the various shades from "French grey" to "Oxford mixture" until, within two days of the ablution, it would have degenerated to a dingy black.

It was owing to no pecuniary consideration that I became his owner. He came to us entirely of his own free will. There was no coercion in the matter at all. He came to us homeless and an outcast. We took him in, and he repaid our generosity with the basest ingratitude. Never again will I harbour a canine "casual" unless he brings with him a written certificate of good conduct from his last employer.

The way in which I made his acquaintance was in this wise. One summer evening I was seated in the porch of my little domestic castle, puffing contentedly at my pipe, and meditating upon the vanities and frivolities of my fellow-creatures, when my attention was attracted by a most unaccountable din upon the high road which passes my little demesne. Rattle—bang—rattle—rattle—bang—rattle. Nearer and nearer came the discordant sound which had disturbed my philosophical reverie, until it was quite close, and my garden gate being slightly ajar, a dirty little mongrel cur made his appearance, with a huge tin kettle in a very battered and dilapidated condition securely attached to his caudal appendage.

For a moment he eyed me distrustfully, but my benevolent air must have quickly disarmed him of suspicion, for he dragged his weary weight of woe across the little lawn to where I sat, and brought himself to an anchor at my feet.

While his swivel eye was roving about, taking note of all the little advantages and conveniences of my desirable detached villa residence, his other optic was fixed upon my face with a pitiful expression of mute appeal, which I found it impossible to resist. I removed the obnoxious kettle, and deposited it without rite or ceremony in the dust-bin; the dog expressing entire approval at this happy release by wagging his crippled tail most vigorously.

At this stage of the proceedings my wife made her appearance upon the scene, and was quickly melted to

tears as I related to her the sad story of the cruelties the poor fugitive had suffered. She was vehement in her expressions of indignation towards the perpetrators of such an atrocity, and she fondled and caressed the dog so much that I felt assured he had found a vacant corner in her heart already. Oh, the inconstancy of woman! Before a week had passed I distinctly saw her chasing the wretched brute round and round the kitchen with a rolling-pin in her hand, until, in sheer desperation, he bolted smash through the window in order to escape her.

As Mrs. V. seemed to have taken so kindly to the dog it was decided that we should allow him to remain with us, and from that moment our home became his home. Not that I think our consent to this arrangement influenced his choice at all, for I very much doubt if we could have driven him away had we tried. With his depraved instinct he quickly observed that we were kind-hearted people who might be readily imposed upon, and this I do most sincerely believe to be the true reason which prompted him to take up his quarters beneath our hospitable roof.

Owing to his mournful visage and general melancholy aspect I facetiously dubbed him "The Undertaker"—a name to which he ever afterwards answered—that is, when he would condescend to answer to a name at all, which he did only on very rare occasions when it suited his own particular purpose to do so.

The "Undertaker" having been duly enrolled as an inmate of our dwelling, the edict went forth that he must be washed; and I was the happy individual deputed to perform this pleasing duty.

Up to that time I had never washed a dog in my life, nor had I ever seen one washed, so the first thing I did was to sit quietly down and consider how it was to be done.

The thought struck me that there were several ways in which this interesting operation might be effectually accomplished. I might put the dog in the children's bath, and remove the dirt with the assistance of a sponge and a cake of Pears' soap; or I might tie him up in the back yard, and play upon him with the garden hose. Then the idea suggested itself to me that we might send him to the laundry with the week's wash; or, better still, we might put him in the kitchen copper, with plenty of water and a pound or so of soda, and let him simmer a while. This last method, however, I thought might possibly have a tendency to weaken him, and so, after mature deliberation, I finally determined to try him first in the bath.

I decided that it would be best to place the bath near the kitchen fire so that the dog might not catch cold, and, having settled all preliminaries, I gently invited him to come and be washed. Then I discovered that the "Undertaker" possessed a deeply-rooted prejudice against soap and water, for at the sight of them he had withdrawn as far as possible under the dresser, and no amount of coaxing would persuade him to come forth.

Eventually, with the assistance of a broomstick, I ousted him from his retreat, and after five minutes of intense excitement, during which he managed to trip me up three times, I secured him and bore him in triumph to the "tub."

Acting upon the suggestion of my wife, I tied up his head in a towel, so that he could not possibly injure me with his teeth if he happened to be so disposed, and placed him in the bath. He submitted to the remainder of the ceremony in sullen silence, but ever after, at the sight of that bath, he would beat a precipitous retreat, and we should see him no more for a couple of days, so that I had to resort to all sorts of ingenious stratagems to get him washed at all.

After his bath he presented a much better appearance, and, as he curled himself up for a snooze before the fire, I retired to my little sanctum to woo the poetic muse, leaving Mrs. Veritas and the hired girl gazing upon him with rapt admiration.

Half an hour later, while wrestling with *dactyl* and *spondee* in the throes of composition, I was almost startled out of my senses by hearing a terrific shriek, followed by a series of crashes. Throwing down the pen I was chewing to bits in my poetic frenzy, I hurried off to the kitchen, whence proceeded the cries of distress, and there I quickly found myself in the thick of a battle royal.

It seems that while the "Undertaker" was taking his ease before the fire, our domestic cat had returned from her after-supper constitutional for a drink of milk previous to attending rehearsal for the "Grand Feline Classical Chamber-roof Concert," and had discovered that some delinquent had stolen the precious fluid. Espying her natural enemy coolly usurping her own favourite spot in the centre of the hearthrug, she stalked up to him with arched back and tail erect, and angrily demanded an explanation. High words ensued between the two animals; and, as they could come to no amicable settlement, they concluded to decide the question of supremacy by single combat.

As I entered the scene of action my wife was standing terrified on the top of the dresser; while the hired girl, with her skirts clutched tightly round her legs, was watching the combat from her vantage-ground on the table, and screaming ten thousand murders. The floor was strewed with broken pots, china ornaments, tea-caddies, toasting-forks, flat-irons, and every conceivable variety of kitchen-utensils; and I was just in time to catch the "long-case," grandfather's clock (a priceless heirloom), as it toppled over into my arms from its accustomed position against the wall.

In the middle of the floor I could dimly discern, through the cloud of dust, the two combatants rolling and tumbling about in a confused heap like an animated ball. Not daring to interfere in the hostilities in any other way, I opened the back door and swept the belligerents out into the yard with the besom brush. In half an hour the "Undertaker" came sneaking in again, covered with honourable scars, while Tabitha doubtless went off to tell the story of her woes to a sympathetic audience.

From that day my pet theories concerning dogs were, one by one, rapidly exploded. I had held a strong opinion that dogs who were given an abundant supply of wholesome food would not steal or worry; and I determined that my dog, like Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion, so I gave strict orders that his supply of food should be unstinted. Alas! my hopes were quickly shattered, for, though he gorged himself well-nigh to bursting-point three or four times a day, I detected him, on the third morning, in the very act of removing half a cold chicken from the larder. The same week I had to pay my neighbour, Farmer Giles, two-and-sixpence, at which figure he valued one of his ducks that the "Undertaker," in his innocent playfulness, had worried to death; and before many more days had elapsed the scamp triumphantly brought home and proudly deposited upon the hearthrug the shank end of a leg of mutton, the owner of which I have never to this day discovered.

It was evident that the "Undertaker's" moral education had been shamefully neglected, and I determined to remedy the defect. I first tethered him to a post in the yard, gave him a dish of water, and resolved that he should remain there for two or three days without anything to eat. Next morning, when I went to see how he was getting along, I found him coolly sitting upon the doorstep, waiting to come in. He had not only gnawed himself loose, but he had made his supper off the rope which tied him. I never saw an animal with such a voracious appetite as he had. Like the lodging-house cat, he could digest almost anything.

Next I tried to thrash him, but he kept so persistently between my legs that I could not hit him without endangering my own shins, and he looked at me in such a penitent way that I determined to give him another trial.

I regret to say that he did not reform—had no idea how to set about it, and to the end of his days remained a hardened criminal. Whatever he could put his teeth on he would steal—from my worked slippers down to the axe we keep in the woodshed—and not only steal, but bury in out-of-the-way corners of the garden, together with a collection of bones in various stages of decomposition.

The evil deeds the "Undertaker" was guilty of were many; those he left undone were few, and I firmly believe that, had he lived a little while longer than he did, he would have succeeded in working down these few to the lowest possible minimum. When he was not stealing, ten to one he was fighting; and when he was doing neither, he was either planning or carrying out some other of his nefarious schemes. He acquired a wicked habit of sucking the milk out of the baby's feeding-bottle; he worried all the squirrel-tails off Mrs. V.'s best mantle; he ate up all the tallow candles—wicks and all; he followed us to church, and was forcibly ejected by the verger while attempting to join in the singing; he disgraced us at every turn, and behaved generally like the degenerate brute that he was.

The "Undertaker" came to an untimely end. He was shot by a gamekeeper while poaching in some adjacent preserves. He went down to an unhonoured grave unwept and unlamented, and my only regret was that his fate had not met him sooner.

I have never owned a dog since.

ENLISTED.

By Edith E. Smyth, Author of "Flash Lights."

At Thy feet falling,
Answering Thy calling,
Lord, we bow down;
Sin's service leaving,
Now to Thee cleaving,
Mark us Thine own.

For Thee enlisted,
By Thee assisted,
With all our might
May we endeavour
Now, and for ever,
For Thee to fight.

Can we dissemble?
Ah, Lord, we tremble,
Foes are so strong;
Pity our fearing,
Speak Thy words cheering—
Our battle song.

Thine armour taking,
Vain trusts forsaking,
Forward we go;
So valiant waxing,
Never relaxing
Thy will to do.

Great Captain, watching,
Need with strength matching,
In Thee our trust.
Nothing confounding
Thy grace abounding,
Conquer we must.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

Writing Competition.

[*Continued from p.* 671.]

Over Age Class (*running from* 25 *up to* 66 *years.*)

Prize—10*s.* 6*d.*

R. J. Parr, Mount Pleasant, Redditch.

CERTIFICATES.

John G. C. Neill, 16, Balgray Terrace, Springburn, Glasgow.

C. A. Storry, 3, Albert Road, Dover.

Wm. Kilshaw, 12, Ravenstone Road, Stratford, E.

Thos. Gore, 29, Dane Hill, Margate.

G. H. F. Nye, 30, Lorne Road, Brixton, S.W.

H. F. Stanley, Chace Green Avenue, Enfield.

E. J. Painter, Cholsey House, 58, Dartmouth Park Road, Highgate Road.

Harry Weir, 50, Stackpool Road, Southville, Bristol.

Emily Cosens, c/o Mrs. Turner, Moor Street, Brierley Hill, Staffs.

Wm. Ross, 29, Scarisbrook New Road.

Jamie Duffin, 2, St. James Villas, Woodlands, Isleworth.

John Holey, 19, Rosslyn Terrace, Sunderland.

M. M. Edis, 3, Albert Road, Staple Park, near Bristol.

E. Bevan, Park House, Herbert Road, Birmingham.

F. G. C. Weir, 50, Stackpool Road, Southville, Bristol.

*** The prodigious number of papers sent in for this Writing Competition has involved the expenditure of a great deal of time and care in the adjudication, and we congratulate our readers on the very high standard of excellence attained. There is evidently no real cause to fear that our stock of good penmen for commercial houses, the lawyer's desk, and other positions where handwriting is appreciated, will run short at present. We have, as will have been noticed, in several of the divisions arranged the certificates in "grades," a plan that has been almost necessitated by the marks running so very close. Competitors may therefore understand that there is practically little difference between the first and the last in each grade. Where grades have not been needful, the names have been arranged as far as practicable in the order of merit. Now a word or two of warning. There are not wanting evidences of carelessness in copying on the part of many competitors; words being omitted in several cases, and extra words added in others, while the spelling presents evidence of the same fault—*e.g.*, debters, kindom, kingdome, tresspass, debpts, depts, Our Farther, temtation, wich, etc. There can be no excuse for such errors with the copy before one's eyes, and it betrays a want of attention and concentration which competitors, however excellent their manual dexterity, must be careful to guard against. Why, too, do so many writers forget to dot the i? It is a careless habit which should be promptly corrected. If there be one weakness more general than any other, it is in regard to the finish of the capital letters; yet how much they affect the style of the whole production will hardly be credited by those who have never given the matter thought. It is time that our readers clearly understood that the very high standard of excellence reached in our Competitions makes it all but fatal to display any signs of indifference.

CORRESPONDENCE.



R. A. DUNCAN.—The stamp is a Herzegovinan one. We should not have answered had you not taken so much pains with the drawing. Another time, get a catalogue from one of the dealers, such as Lincoln, Stanley Gibbons, etc.

CLERGY.—1. You can obtain a collegiate training for Holy Orders at any of the Universities, or at one of the Theological Colleges. The former require a three years', the latter a two years' course. 2. At Oxford or Cambridge, with *very* great economy, a student might complete his course for something under £250. At the Theological Colleges the expenses vary, from £90 per annum inclusive at Salisbury, to £20 per annum at St. Bees; students in the latter case finding their own board and lodging. If you can manage it, take the University course, which is the better in every way. 3. After you are qualified, you must get the rector or vicar of a parish to undertake to accept you as his curate for a space of two years at the least. This is called obtaining a "title" for Holy Orders. All that then remains to be done is to request the bishop of the diocese to accept you as a candidate for Ordination.

CHARLES CRASS. Cardboard boxes are of very little use for preserving lepidoptera. You can obtain corked store-boxes for about four shillings each at a dealer's; and very often you may pick them up, as good as new, for about half that price.

R. JONES.—1. Get a thin, strong walking-stick; bore a hole through it an inch from the tip, and another fourteen inches higher up; take two umbrella ribs, pass the ends through these holes, on opposite sides of the stick, and fasten them with fine wire. You will then have the frame of the net. Make the bag of white mosquito net, fairly deep, and with a rounded bottom. 2. We never heard of the King George butterfly. The name of the *commonest* white butterfly is *Pieris rapæ*.

A. WATSON, JUNIOR.—You are not likely to rear the larvæ, which require *living* wood. Apple, pear, and ash are the trees usually attacked.

MOTHS (E. Thomas).—1. There is no general rule for separating the sexes of moths. 2. The proper food for caterpillars *must* depend upon the species. 3. Chloroform; or a killing-bottle charged with cyanide of potassium (a deadly poison). 4. Gum tragacanth, mixed with a *very* small quantity of gum arabic, and brought to the consistency of jelly. 5. Would take too long to answer. 6. Cooke's, 30, Museum Street, London, W.C.

OVUM COLLECTOR.—We presume you mean *ovorum*. The book you want is Atkinson's "British Birds' Eggs and Nests," published by Messrs. Routledge & Co. at 1*s*.

MAKING DYNAMO (A. T. Wright).—The length of the line C in your diagram, that is, of the bottom of each of the legs of the magnet (Fig. 1, page 318), is nearly ⅝ inch. The *diameter* of the soft-iron cylinder is one inch, but it should be filed to go round easily in the groove between the poles of the magnet, the diameter of this space may be slightly over an inch, but an inch allows room for the armature to rotate. If you consider, you will see that the circle of which the grooves form a part is much larger in diameter than the distance between top and bottom of the grooves, as the poles are some distance apart. The distance across G (which, of course, ought to have been called the *diameter!*) is about one inch, just so large as will allow the armature to turn freely.

ELECTRICITY ($a\beta\pi$).—Why didn't you put "constant reader" in Greek? 1. The mercury ought to sink right into the zinc, and last as long as *it* does. You don't put on enough, probably. Let it get dry before using the zinc. 2. Unfortunately this can't be helped, unless a different battery is used, and one that would run it for longer without dying away would be far more trouble and have to be set up every time it was used. It ought to last ten minutes or so anyhow. 3. The insulation must be wrong somewhere, so that the current simply runs through it. Take care no odd sheet of tinfoil touches any even sheet, and that there are no holes, however small, in the sheets of paper between the tinfoil.

PHOTOGRAPHY (H. Hutton).—Apparently you have not yet read the March Part, or on page 301 you would have found plenty of "good developers." Either the pyro and sulphite (Berkeley's formula), or the hydroquinone, will develop several plates in succession. If you get No. 630 you will find directions for using both. A correspondent says we ought to mention that the purity of the sodium sulphite is of great importance; you should get it from some well-known large establishment, and buy large crystals, as it deteriorates by keeping, becoming sulphate, which is objectionable in the developer.

INTERESTED IN DYNAMO (J. C.). The word "circumference" was unfortunately inserted on pages 318 and 333 of the current volume instead of "diameter." You will find with this erratum the dimensions are all right as given. Another correspondent ("A New Reader") has pointed out the same error, which was a *lapsus calami* pure and simple.

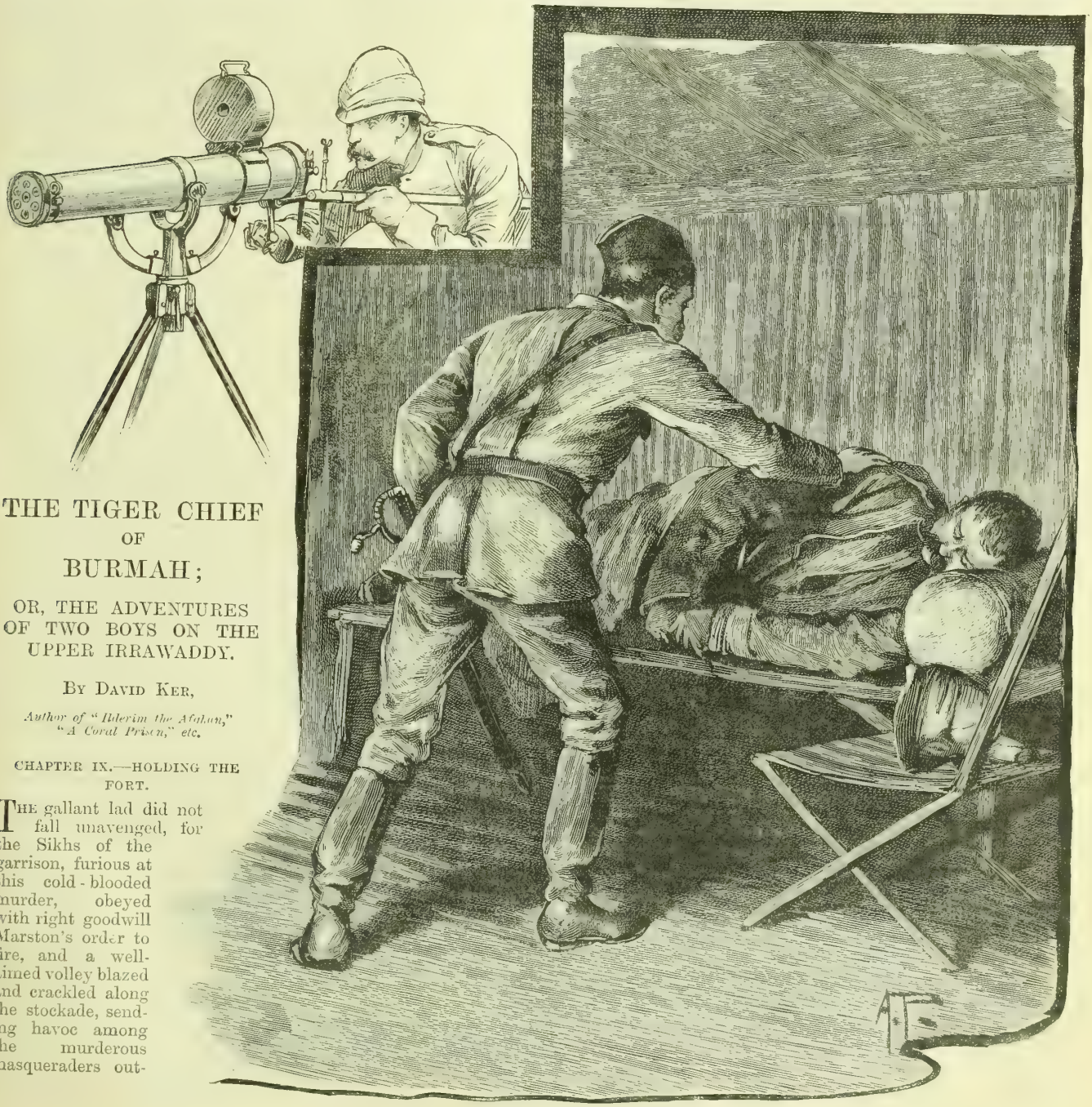
GEORGE MARSH (Newark, Nebraska).—Your communication is most interesting. The question of snakes affording *protection* to their young in the manner alleged is still an open one, but the weight of scientific opinion is decidedly against the probability of their doing so. But that one snake will swallow another from the purest alimentary motives is, unfortunately, only too well known to every keeper of a reptilium; and when the swallower is considerably larger than the swallowee, the latter would be little, if at all, injured by the deglutition, and might very possibly revisit daylight alive and kicking after a temporary sojourn (perhaps half an hour or more) in its captor's stomach. This actually happens with frogs sometimes.

CROCODILIANS (H. Thorp).—No true alligator lives in the Ganges—probably you mean the gavial. All the alligators (with one exception) are found in tropical and sub-tropical America and the West Indies; crocodiles in both hemispheres, while the gavial is confined to India. The only alligator as yet discovered in the Old World is met with in China. It is almost impossible to lay down any broad general rules to be observed in the transmission of a crocodile from India. Much would depend on the size of the reptile, the time of year, the facilities of transport, the question of personal conveyance and attention, and many other things. A living specimen of the gavial would be a great rarity here.

H. G. S.—You will find a good description of Pompeii in W. Butler's "Pompeii, Descriptive and Picturesque."

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 656.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"Wake up, Alf; they're coming!"

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Iderim the Afghan," "A Coral Prison," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—HOLDING THE FORT.

The gallant lad did not fall unavenged, for the Sikhs of the garrison, furious at this cold-blooded murder, obeyed with right goodwill Marston's order to fire, and a well-aimed volley blazed and crackled along the stockade, sending havoc among the murderous masqueraders out-

side. Several fell, more were wounded, and the rest scampered off pellmell to the sheltering thickets.

For the moment the defenders were safe, but even Marston's nerves trembled at the thought of the snare which they had so narrowly escaped. It was now plain that the victorious Burmans, having actually disguised themselves in the uniforms of the Sepoys whom they had butchered, had come up to the fort in the hope of being admitted as friends; that poor Peer Buksh, as a known man, was to have been employed to answer any awkward questions, and to remove any possible shadow of distrust which might arise—and that nothing but Marston's "over-caution" had saved the whole garrison from being slaughtered to a man!

"I'll never call you over-careful again, old fellow," said Frank Merrincourt, grasping his comrade's hand emphatically, "for if it hadn't been for you, every man Jack of us would have been cut into chops by this time!"

But there was no leisure for dwelling on past dangers, when all their energies were needed to meet present ones; for now the two young Lieutenants found themselves confronted, suddenly and terribly, by a task from which far older and more experienced soldiers might well have shrunk.

It was now certain that the Burmese insurrection foretold by Marston had broken out in earnest, and the capture of so strong and well-manned a post as Now-Lay showed that the rising must have already made great progress. It was only too probable that the other outlying British forts had shared the same fate; and even if not, they must by this time be as completely surrounded by foes as Kyook-Pew itself, and could send no help whatever. There was no British force of any strength nearer than Mandalay. The river—the sole avenue by which they could receive aid or attempt escape—was effectually blocked. The entire country was in a blaze of rebellion around them, and they were left to confront with fifty-six men the whole fighting power of Northern Burmah! It was Cawnpore over again!

But though to all appearance not less hopeless of escape than the defenders of Cawnpore itself, the two stout-hearted young Englishmen were as little inclined to yield as they. They could still fight for honour, if not for life; and the resolute and prolonged defence of a post which commanded the river on one side and an important jungle-path on the other, would at any rate hamper the enemy's movements, find employment for some hundreds who would otherwise be robbing and murdering elsewhere, and perhaps contribute in some degree, however slight, to the final triumph of England.

"Right you are!" cried Merrincourt, when Marston conveyed to him, in a few strong, simple words, this view of the situation. "The native team have got the best of the match so far, but we'll make a few more runs before we're bowled out!"

"That we will," rejoined Marston, heartily. "And after this, Frank, we mustn't think of ourselves at all, but only of our duty, and, however hopeless *we* know the case to be, we must put a bold face on it before the men. It all depends on us officers now, and if they see *us* beginning to look chopfallen, they'll lose heart at once. Come along, and let's give 'em a cheery word to hearten them up!"

And well indeed did the brave man do his work. The keenest observer could not have guessed from his bright, fearless look and cheery voice that he had already given himself up for lost. He reminded his soldiers how often they had longed for the chance of active service which had just presented itself; he spoke confidently of a speedy advance of the British troops in Lower Burmah to sweep away these guerilla bands like morning mist; and then, in a few stirring words, he called upon them to remember that it now lay with *them* to maintain the honour of the flag, and prove to this Burmese rabble that they were the warriors of Runjeet Singh.

This allusion to the renowned king under whom their most famous exploits had been achieved, touched the warlike Sikhs in the right place; and they answered Marston's appeal with a shout which told him that he might trust them to stand by him to the very last.

But, in truth, they were likely to need all their courage and resolution. For now began one of those wearing Eastern sieges which are less like an actual trial of human strength and skill than like the fitful and unreal torment of a nightmare. You have to deal, not with the regular and foreseen advances of scientific warfare, but with the unexpected and impromptu stratagems of savages. Unseen enemies hem you in. Bullets fired by invisible hands strike down your best men by your side. Flame-tipped arrows, shot no one knows whence or how, set fire to your palisades, and threaten to explode your powder. You start up at midnight from a brief snatch of restless, feverish sleep, roused by a shouting and firing of shots on the part of your sentries; and, rushing out, you find no trace of a foe, and are disposed to regard the whole thing as a false alarm, till, when morning comes, you discover that your stockade has been cut half-way through from the outside. Even the very earth and air seem to be in league with your enemies, and send miasma and fever to wither your strength and drain your life slowly away. Truly indeed said one who had himself passed through the fearful trial, that "to defend an outlying fort in the East is like being stung to death by one bee at a time."

All this, and more, did Marston and his gallant band have to endure; for from that day their enemies gave them no rest. Sheltered by the surrounding thickets, they pelted the fort with a ceaseless rain of bullets, which was all the more galling to the defenders inasmuch as they had to bear it without reply; for Marston, foreseeing a long siege, and determined to spare his ammunition as much as possible, had strictly forbidden his men to fire unless they were quite certain of hitting. They sent men down the stream at night in boats to cut through the bamboo stockade on the side that overhung the water. They tried to burn it with fire-tipped arrows. They made feints of assault again and again just before daybreak, with the double purpose of wearing out the defenders by continually breaking their rest, and throwing them off their guard by a constant succession of false alarms, which were meant to be followed up by a real attack just when it was least expected.

But after about a week of this kind of work, the Burmese leaders began to grow dissatisfied. To all appearance, the siege, if continued at this rate, might last for another century. In seven days they had not gained the slightest advantage, nor even—as far as they could ascertain—so much as wounded a single man of the besieged. By night or by day, the garrison seemed always on the alert, and fully prepared to meet them; and the splendid tropical moonlight made any attempt to creep up to the fort undetected absolutely hopeless.

Nor was this all. Not merely had they gained nothing, but they had suffered considerable loss. Emboldened by seeing that the garrison did not return their fire, and misled by this abstinence into the belief that the defenders were actually short of ammunition, the Burmans had gathered a number of their best marksmen behind a thick clump of bushes which was the nearest point of the thicket to the entrenchment, hoping to annoy it more effectually from this vantage-ground; for hitherto the great breadth of the clearing that lay between them and the fort had rendered their fire almost harmless.

But they were reckoning without their host; for, although they attempted to mask this device by keeping up a hot fire from other parts of the thicket as well, Marston's keen eye soon noticed that a good many of the shots were fired from the same point, a sure proof of the presence of a strong party of ambushed sharpshooters.

For a short time the young commandant allowed them to go on firing unmolested, till he had satisfied himself of the exact spot where the hidden marksmen must be. Then suddenly the sharp grinding crackle of the Gatling gun, worked by his own hand, was heard through the pattering musketry, and a shower of balls went hissing and crashing into the thicket.

The outcry which instantly followed, and the headlong flight of all who were left unhurt, showed how fatally the discharge had told; and this discomfiture, which cost the Burmans eleven of their best riflemen, raised to a height the growing discontent that prevailed among the besiegers. They had already (so the baffled assailants grumbled) wasted more time over this petty fort than it was worth, and they were daily missing splendid chances of victory and plunder elsewhere. It was high time that this should end. They had plainly but a mere handful of men to deal with, whom one determined rush would easily overpower. Let them, then, storm the fort at once, massacre the garrison, and march away to fresh fields of battle and booty.

This suggestion chimed in exactly with the humour of the chiefs, who had not now the War-Tiger's crafty brain and long experience to direct their counsels; and an immediate assault was unanimously resolved upon.

But at what point should it be made? Hitherto the besiegers had regarded that side of the entrenchment which overhung the river as the most easily assailable part; but they had now learned to their cost

that it was not so. Marston's vigilant care had cut away the sloping bank before the siege began, till it rose up from the water as straight as the palisade above it, and though bamboo ladders were easily made, no ladder could be securely planted in an unsteady boat, and to attempt an escalade under such conditions would be sheer madness. On the whole, therefore, it appeared to the native leaders that their best plan was to distract the attention of the besieged by a *feigned* attack on this side, while making their real assault upon the opposite face of the entrenchment, viz: that which fronted the thicket.

It was just before dawn on the ninth morning of the siege, and Marston, after having been, as usual, "everywhere at once" during the greater part of the night, had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion, when he was suddenly aroused by a violent shake and the sound of Merrincourt's voice in his ear:

"Wake up, Alf; *they're coming!*"

At that moment a hoarse challenge and the crack of a rifle broke the ghostly silence, and all at once the encircling shadows seemed to shape themselves into a phantasmagoria of dark fierce faces and wild figures, swarming up along the opposite bank, plunging into the sullen waters, or springing ashore from drifting boats at the foot of the stockade—firing, yelling, clambering, leaping, like the confused vision of a nightmare.

But Alfred Marston possessed at least one quality of a great general, viz. that quickness of perception which seizes instantly the one important point of any situation, and sees at a glance what less gifted men must spell out by slow degrees. A very few moments sufficed to assure him that this seemingly vigorous attack was a mere pretence; and, guessing at once what such a feint must mean, he left Merrincourt and a dozen men to keep watch over the river-face, while he himself hurried with the bulk of his small force to see what was going on at the landward side of the entrenchment.

He was not a moment too soon. The "flare" of tarred rope kept in readiness for such emergencies had been promptly kindled, and beneath its red glare there started up suddenly out of the darkness a ghostly vision of grim faces, and glittering eyes, and gaunt limbs, and brandished weapons, as if the very boughs of the thicket whence this procession of spectres was issuing had transformed themselves all at once into armed enemies.

The Burmans, having thrown aside nearly all their clothing lest its light hue should betray them in the darkness, had hoped to steal up to the palisade unseen. But the moment they saw themselves detected, the wolfish yell of their war-cry made the air ring, and on they came like the rush of a wave.

But they were stoutly encountered; for, whether in the open field or behind entrenchments, no man living fights better than the Sikh. Gatling gun and rifle spoke out, sending havoc through the mob-like mass of assailants; for at that close range every shot told, and the trained soldiers aimed and fired as coolly as if at a review.

Still, however, the Burmans came savagely on, and, leaping into the trench, flew at the stockade like tigers, some clambering up the bamboo ladders which they had planted, while others actually climbed upon each other's shoulders. But their unprotected feet and hands were fearfully torn by the sharp stakes thickly set in the bottom of the ditch, and by the fork-headed spike-nails that bristled along the top of the palisade; and as fast as the stormers mounted, they were hurled down again, every soldier of the little garrison fighting like ten men in one.

"Courage, Punjaubees!" shouted Marston, bringing down with his revolver a daring assailant who had just succeeded in clambering to the top of the stockade; "these jackals cannot stand against the lions of Runjeet Singh!"

The fall of this man—one of the principal Burman leaders—additionally discouraged the enemy, who were already beginning to lose heart; for the impulsive Asiatic, when he has failed to win the day by his first rush, is already more than half beaten. The fury of the assault began to slacken, and just then Merrincourt, seeing that nothing was to be feared from the sham assault on *his* side, sent to Marston's aid six of his own men, who came on with a lusty shout.

Slight as this reinforcement was, it sufficed to turn the scale against the wavering assailants, who, having now lost all the advantage given them by darkness and surprise, saw that their attempt was hopeless. Just as the first gleam of sunrise flashed along the eastern sky, the fierce men vanished, ghost-like, into the black shadowy thickets from which they had emerged.

"Well, you've given 'em a lesson this time, old fellow," said Frank Merrincourt, clapping his colleague on the shoulder; "I'll be bound they won't be in a hurry to try it on again."

"One killed, four wounded, Sahib," reported old Hadji Mahmood, saluting.

Even this small loss, however, made a formidable gap in the strength of a garrison which numbered only fifty-six men altogether, exclusive of the two English officers. But, on the other hand, the enemy's losses had been enormous, considering the actual number engaged; and the brunt of the slaughter having fallen as usual upon the bravest and most active assailants, the injury inflicted upon the besieging force was far more than a mere withdrawal of so many men from the sum-total.

In fact, what with the disheartening effect of this crushing defeat, and the fall of so many of their best fighting men, the spirit of the Burmans was so completely broken for the time being, that, could the defenders have fallen upon them vigorously in that first moment of confusion and dismay, the siege might have ended there and then. But the wary Marston knew better than to risk his little handful of men amid those pathless thickets against enemies whose strength was unknown, and who, in the irregular warfare of their native jungles, were a match for the best soldiers alive.

For the time, however, the daring young commandant had fully attained his object. There were no more assaults after that, and the Burmans seemed very cautious of even venturing within rifle-shot of the fatal entrenchment that had cost them the lives of so many of their bravest warriors. The siege was turned into a blockade, which troubled Marston very little; for, thanks to his foresight in storing up abundant supplies before the war broke out, they ran (for the present, at least) no risk of being starved into a surrender, and the two wells inside the fort secured them against any want of water.

But the deadly climate fought for the Burmans more effectually than either shot, steel, or famine, against men who had now no fighting to rouse them from the deadening influence of the dull, monotonous suffering that weighed them down like lead. Despite all the care taken of them, two of the wounded Sikhs died. A few days later, the first case of fever was reported—then a second—then a third; and even Marston's bold heart, which had never quailed before any peril of his own, sank as he thought of the fearful sufferings which were about to overwhelm his devoted followers.

But now, to the amazement and delight of the overtasked commandant, his seemingly careless and rattle-brained colleague, Frank Merrincourt, suddenly rose into a hero. Sharing the burden of the weary night-watches, helping to nurse the sick, scaring the ambushed enemy with a well-aimed rifle-shot, encouraging the hard-pressed soldiers with cheery words, toiling with his own hands to strengthen the defences, or assisting to carry out Marston's contrivances for the health and comfort of his men, the young lieutenant seemed to be everywhere at once. But he felt himself amply repaid for all when, one night, as Marston and he were standing side by side behind the stockade, straining their eyes into the gloom for any sign of danger, the Commandant grasped his old schoolfellow's hand, and said, with a ring of very unwonted emotion in his deep, firm tones:

"Frank, my boy, you're a brick! I don't know what I should do without you!"

Slowly and wearily, day after day, the long weeks of that terrible summer rolled on; and still the defenders of this Burmese Lucknow were as utterly cut off from all tidings of the outer world as if they had been becalmed in the midst of a sailless ocean, thousands of miles from land. Whether other British forts were holding out like their own, or whether all the English in Northern Burmah had been slaughtered to the last man, they could not tell, and they had no means of ascertaining.

But news reached them at length, sooner than they had expected, and in a very startling form. Early one morning, a tremendous shouting, or rather yelling, was heard from the thickets behind which the besiegers lay encamped; and the repeated utterance of the dreaded name "Seteeti-Tchar" warned the defenders—even before the famous tiger-skin helmet became visible among a shouting group of besiegers—that their arch-enemy, the "Tiger of War," was upon them at last.

"It's all over with us now, old fellow," said Marston to Merrincourt, with the grim emphasis of one who fully meant what he said. "The only thing left for us to do is to die like men, for there's no more mercy in that fellow yonder than in his namesake."

(To be continued.)

THE HUNCHBACK.

By Albert E. Hooper,

Author of "Up the Moonstair," "Only a Red," etc.

PART II.

When school began, Horace Sinclair took a high place in the Fifth, and fell into the work with an easy assurance that won him golden opinions from the masters, and not a little surprise from the boys.

But he was not a favourite in the school. Public opinion, which had pronounced him a "muff," veered a point or two and proclaimed him a "sap," but the change did not increase his popularity.

He was stand-offish and stood upon his dignity; he met friendly advances with suspicion, and showed an aptitude for sarcasm which made the boys shy of him. He read school-books during play-hours, and, worse still, *Poetry*; and besides—softly be it whispered—he was more than suspected of writing verses "out of his own head."

With such a list of crimes it was not to be expected that he should make many friends. Nobody seemed to think it worth while to interfere with him, so—although in a crowd—he was left severely alone; and he appeared quite satisfied to follow his own devices uninterrupted. Charley Dawlish was the only one among his schoolfellows whom he seemed to wish to conciliate; and in this he was anything but successful.

Charley was the pride of the Fifth, and the hero of all the juniors; and even the all-potent Sixth relaxed its stern exclusiveness in his favour, and graciously acknowledged his existence. He did not stand in need of friends; and he met the advances of the new boy with a mixture of indifference and quizzical banter that raised a barrier between them hard to break down.

The fact was that Dawlish could not understand what he called Sinclair's "mooning."

"Why can't the fellow come into the playground instead of reading rubbish?" he said one day to several of the Fifth-formers.

As he spoke he picked up a little white and gold volume of Keats from Sinclair's desk, and contemptuously whirled open the dainty leaves.

A sheet of paper fell out, as he did so, and fluttered to the floor.

Dawlish swooped upon it, and then burst into a light laugh.

"Look here, you fellows," he cried, "we've found him out at last. Hark! it's in his own writing, 'Ode to the Apollo Belvedere'!"

A roar of laughter followed; and then Dawlish, striking an attitude, read in a dramatic voice from the paper:

"*O thou most perfect type of manly grace—*"

A sudden hush fell upon the tittering audience. Dawlish looked quickly up, and there, standing before him, white and trembling, he saw the Hunchback.

"Give me that paper!" said Sinclair, in a strange, husky whisper, holding out his hand, while a steely gleam shot from his eyes.

A flush of genuine shame sprang into Dawlish's cheeks; but something in Sinclair's tragic look irritated him, and he took a step back, holding the paper over his head.

"What if I don't?" he asked banteringly.

The Hunchback did not answer; he leapt forward, his long arm shot out with the force of a piston-stroke, there was a sickening crash, and Charley Dawlish lay stunned and bleeding on the floor.

Sinclair stood still for a moment with his arms hanging loosely at his sides; and then with a cry of agony he flung himself on his knees at Charley's side.

"Oh, his beautiful—beautiful face!" he cried, while the boys stared at him in open-eyed astonishment. "Look! look! I forgot how strong I was."

"The fellow's mad!" exclaimed a Sixth-former, attracted to the spot by the confusion. "Come, get up, man, and help me carry Dawlish to my room. We must get him out of the way before the next class is called."

Sinclair sprang to his feet, and, seemingly without the least exertion, lifted the insensible Charley in his arms and carried him from the room.

There was a good deal of talk among the boys about "that mad Sinclair's" sudden outburst of passion and girlish sentiment; but neither he nor Charley Dawlish was seen again in the school until the following day.

At morning prayers they both appeared, and the sight of Dawlish's disfigured face caused quite a sensation in the ranks of the juniors.

When the books were closed, and just as the classes were about to be dismissed to their different rooms, Horace Sinclair quietly left his seat and walked up to the Head Master's desk.

A murmur of expectancy passed over the room, but it was instantly hushed as Sinclair's high, nervous voice was heard to say:

"Have you noticed Dawlish, sir?"

The Doctor glanced rapidly along the rows of faces; then he slightly raised his eyebrows, and looked again at the boy before him.

"I did it," said the Hunchback.

There was a pause; and then came the sound of a hasty stride across the floor, and Dawlish was standing at Sinclair's side.

"The fault was mine, sir," he said. "I insulted Sinclair, and he was quite right —"

"That is my business, sir," returned the Doctor sternly. "You have broken the rules that guide all gentlemanly conduct, and your punishment is to know it. Sinclair, you have broken a rule of the school. Fighting is altogether brutal, and I won't have it. Come to my study at twelve o'clock.—Dismissed."

After school a knot of small boys gathered in the passage which led to the Head Master's room. Sinclair was shut in with the Doctor; and, although these small boys knew that the double doors effectually muffled the sounds of the shrill-singing cane, they waited patiently to see the victim emerge.

If they expected to see any signs of confusion they were disappointed; for when the door opened and Sinclair stepped out his face was inscrutable; and in one of his tingling hands he held the Doctor's favourite vellum-bound Homer.

When the small boys saw this, they scuttled round the corner with looks of blank amazement. A fellow who could take his swishing and then borrow a classic was beyond their comprehension, and they gave him up as a hopeless enigma.

But when they had disappeared, a deep flush reddened the Hunchback's face, for he heard a quick, light step behind him, and felt a hand on his shoulder; and a moment later he was walking across the playground arm-in-arm with Charley Dawlish.

From this time the two boys were known in the school as Damon and Pythias.

(To be continued.)

HOW I GOT A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BOMBAY.

By Franklin Fox, late Captain P. and O. Service,

Author of "Afloat and Ashore," etc., etc.

"Where's Mr. Smart?"

"Here, sir," replied I, running aft towards the break of the poop of the Honourable East India Company's ship Bombay, where the chief officer, Mr. Clinch, from whom the above query had emanated, was standing.

"You are to be ready at ten o'clock to take Captain and Mrs. Furlett on shore," continued he.

"Very good, sir. In the gig, I suppose," replied I.

"No, not in the gig—the first cutter; and mind and have everything ready at the time I have named. Duncan, the quartermaster, will go as coxswain of the boat, and I have picked out eight of the smartest men in the ship for a crew. There's one thing I wish to caution you about, Mr. Smart, and that is you will on no account permit any of the men to go ashore out of the boat."

"All right, sir," replied I, cheerfully.

"You will be in absolute charge of the cutter, remember, Mr. Smart, and after you have landed the captain and his wife at the Apollo Bunder you are to shove off and return to the ship at once. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," said I.

"Mind, you are to listen to no representations or persuasions from either Duncan himself or any of the boat's crew, which they may use to induce you to allow them to leave the boat, but you are to return to the ship at once."

"I shall attend to your orders, sir," said I promptly, wondering in my own mind what made old Charlie (as we called our chief in the midshipmen's berth) so awfully par-

ticular about the men taking a run ashore for a minute or two.

"Mind you do, sir," rejoined Mr. Clinch; "and now get your breakfast and see that the boat is ready at ten o'clock."

I ran down to the berth full of delight at the prospect of the slight change this trip to the shore and back promised, and also filled with pride at the honour conferred upon me in being selected from out of the six middies the old Bombay carried, for this duty. It is true I had been appointed gig midshipman on the passage out from England to Bombay, where our dear old ship was now lying moored, and I had spent many and many an hour in plaiting white sennit yoke lines, getting little fancy mats made for the stern sheets, and in other embellishments for that craft, in anticipation of her being honoured by having to take the captain's beautiful young wife on shore when we reached port; but as another and more roomy craft, the first cutter, had been selected—no doubt for the lady's convenience—I had hardly expected I should have been transferred from my own special charge, the gig, to undertake the duty in the cutter. But so it was, and when I got down in the berth, the pride and delight with which I was overflowing met with a cold douche from my messmates.

"Upon my word, Smart, you must be a grasping, mean fellow to go and work round the chief to get me out of my boat as you have done," said young Orridge, who had been appointed midshipman of the first cutter at boat stations. "I heard old Charlie telling you to go away in charge of her, with the captain and Mrs. Furlett."

"Well, if you heard all that took place, Orridge," said I, "you must know I haven't worked round old Charlie, as you call it, to get sent on this duty. I never asked for it, I assure you."

"Oh, ah! that's all very fine, Master Smart," said young Spraggs. "I suppose you are to have all the boats in turn when there's any pleasant, show-off, dandyfied job to be done. I'll take jolly good care you don't go in my boat—the second cutter—without there being a row about it."

"I wonder if Smart will be so ready to take our boats if it's to go watering, or towing some spars off against the tide, or any other fine job, where there's lots of hard work and no fine ladies to dance attendance upon."

"I haven't had anything to do with it; you fellows know that just as well as I do," said I, indignantly; "how can I help it if Charlie picks me out for the job? I cannot tell him I won't go because Orridge doesn't like it, can I?"

"Oh yes, I dare say. It's all very fine, Master Smart," replied Orridge, who was regularly upset at being ousted from his own particular charge in this way. "It isn't a bit likely old Charlie would have told you to go if you hadn't asked him. Besides, didn't you say the day after we got in you wanted to get ashore and deliver your letters of introduction, and you should look out for the first chance!"

"Yes, I know I said that," replied I; "but, as a matter of fact, Orridge, let me tell you that when I found no one was to have any leave until the cargo was all out, I sent the letters on shore by the steward, so you see you are out again in your reckoning."

"I say it's too bad of you, Smart," said Spraggs, "and if it was my boat and I were Orridge, I should take it out of you."

"Would you?" replied I. "Well, you must be a fool, Spraggs, for, after all, it's not such a catch as you make out, just to go ashore to the Bunder and come back again without stopping any time."

"That's all very well," argued Orridge, "but how about the glory of being picked out from all of us? Because you are the captain's pet, I suppose; that's what sticks in my gizzard."

"Oh, well, it must stick then," said I, "for I can't help it. Whether or no, I must get some breakfast into mine, and I hope that won't offend you, old fellow."

"Pets are generally sneaks," muttered Spraggs, moving off out of the berth, for it was his forenoon watch on deck, and eight bells had just struck.

It was in the north-east monsoon, the sky bright and clear, and the sun of course magnificently hot. We had been in Bombay about a week, and the cargo was rapidly being got out. Some few days had been occupied in procuring a suitable house for our captain and his wife to occupy, as there was a great demand for the bungalows at Malabar Point, which was considered the best locality. This had all been arranged at last, and now our skipper was about to take up his abode on shore.

Captain Furlett was quite a young man; he had been only third officer when the charter of the Honourable East India Company was withdrawn, but had obtained command of the Bombay, which was kept on "under engagement" to the Company for some years after the abolition of the great trading monopoly held by the East India Company. It was the custom in the Company's service for those officers who had interest to skip over the hard drudgery work incidental to the chief officer's post, who was the responsible man for the whole duty and discipline of the ship, and jump from third or second officer to command. Of course it required good interest with some of the members of the Court of Directors in Leadenhall Street to do this, but it was not a very uncommon thing to occur, and Captain Furlett's was a case in point.

Captains were supposed to make their fortunes in three voyages to the East Indies and China, and it was generally understood when I went to sea that it was their own faults if they did not do this. Still, a chief officer's berth, or in fact any officer's berth, in the "old" Company's service was not to be despised; the pay was good all round; there were lots of "pickings" in the shape of presents from merchants, allowance of a small space for freightage of any little venture, and so on. Those were the days when we used to hear of fortunes being picked up "under the pagoda tree," and no doubt there really were many opportunities for sailors and others who had their heads shipped the right way to make money in the East.

In addition to this, the ships of the Honourable Company were splendid specimens of the best known type of naval architecture of the day; they were liberally found, well and fully manned by the finest seamen that Great Britain could supply, and the service was a popular one. The uniform of the officers was the handsomest naval uniform I ever saw, blue turned up with white, and richly embroidered with broad gold lace fashioned after the pattern of oak leaves. This was worked or sewn upon collars, cuffs, and facings of the coat, down the back and on the lapels of the pockets, and down the sides of the trousers. The junior officers below the third had no lace on their jackets or coats, but all wore buttons, gold lace bands round their caps, and a crest in front over the peak, the design being a rampant lion holding a crown up in his paws, irreverently styled a "kid" or dish of rice by us youngsters. All the buttons had this same emblem of "John Company" upon them.

Immediately I had swallowed my breakfast I hurried upon deck, and calling for Duncan, the coxswain of the first cutter, I began to worry that worthy and apparently steady-going old seaman into a succession of fits of irritation by my reiterated injunctions about the cleanliness of the boat and her gear, and my nervous excitement that everything should be fit and ready at the appointed hour gave the quartermaster no peace until the cutter was lowered down into the water and brought alongside the little platform at the bottom of the Bombay's massive accommodation ladder, which was draped in snow-white canvas at the back and sides and all round its upper and lower platforms for the occasion.

Directly the cutter was alongside I proceeded to arrange such of the embellishments as I had designed for the gig, but which would serve the purpose of the larger boat as well, in their places. I had cushions and stern-sheet cloths of snow-white duck, with red and blue piping round the edges, placed aft in the boat, a neat flagstaff at the stern with a boat ensign upon it flying, and variegated mats of white manilla yarn placed upon the stern grating. At last all was ready, and before the great ship's bell struck out four bells for ten o'clock, my boat's crew were all in their places, dressed in white frocks and trousers, each man holding his oar perpendicularly poised up aloft, ready to be dropped into the water at the given signal.

The sound of the bell had scarcely ceased echoing through the ship when Captain and Mrs. Furlett made their appearance. All the officers raised their caps as the pair emerged from under the poop awning by the great sliding doors giving admission to the cuddy—as the saloons of the old Indiamen were called—and proceeded to the gangway. The two nicest looking lads in the ship held out the side ropes, the boatswain "piped the side," winding his silver call most musically, giving out those prolonged notes which are reserved as marks of distinction for superior officers and distinguished persons in the naval service. I stood in the stern sheets of the cutter cap in hand, ready to hand Mrs. Furlett to a seat, and old Duncan, the coxswain, stood up behind the back board of the stern sheets, like all the rest of the boat's crew, his head uncovered. The lady took her seat. Captain Furlett assumed his place beside her and nodded to me.

"Shove off!" exclaimed I, in the most manly tones I could command, and Mowat, the bowman, breasting the bow of the cutter away from the ship's side with his brass headed and polished boathook, pushed her off, so that the tide catching her, swung her away from the vessel.

"Down oars!" cried I, and as the bright blades simultaneously cleft the water without a splash, "Give way," I added, and the men stretched out for the shore.

The sun was hot even at that hour, and but little was said during the row on shore. The Bombay was moored outside a host of other smaller vessels, and as we approached the landing place at the Apollo Bunder, we quite lost sight of the old craft in the crowd of shipping which intervened between us and her. As we neared the steep stone masonry of which the Bunder (or little pier) was built, I stood up in the stern sheets, the better to see the way to the landing place, marked by a flight of stone steps. A crowd of boats, patemars, Bunder boats, and dinghies hung about the Bunder end, and through these we threaded our way cleverly. Nearing the steps I gave the order in the most approved man-of-war style, "In bow!" upon hearing which the foremost oarsman boated his oar, and seizing his boathook stood up ready to hook on to the landing.

"Rowed of all!" cried I, as the distance to the steps diminished, and at the word the oars were swung up and neatly placed in the boat,

which, keeping her way from the impetus already given, shot smoothly alongside the steps.

The captain and his wife immediately disembarked and stepped into a well appointed carriage with four splendid horses and postillions awaiting their arrival.

"Go on board at once, Mr. Smart," said the captain, as he drove off and acknowledged the bow I made to him as a parting salutation.

"All right, sir," replied I, and turned to re-enter the boat I had for the moment quitted.

"Now, Duncan—shove off!" said I, taking my seat.

"Yes, sir—certainly, sir," replied Duncan. "But would your honour mind just allowing me to step across the Bunder, sir. I sees an old shipmate of mine there, sir. He's in the Indian navy, sir, and I wants to have a word with him."

"Well, really, Duncan, I am afraid I can't allow you to leave the boat even for a moment; my orders were so very strict upon that point."

"Bless you, sir, them's only the usual horders Mr. Clinch gives hall the young gents at fust. That ain't nothing, sir. That's of no consekence whatever. I shan't be a second, sir, just running across the Bunder."

As Duncan spoke I looked at the rest of the boat's crew, and noted the eager wistful gaze with which they were attending to what was passing between Duncan and myself.

"I am very sorry indeed, Duncan," said I, "to refuse you so small a favour; but really, I dare not give you leave."

"Oh yes, Mr. Smart; come now, sir. Just turn your head the other way, then you need not see me go, sir."

"Oh, but that's just the same thing as giving you leave, Duncan," replied I.

"Well, but do, sir; let me run over, only for two seconds," persisted Duncan. "Why, I might have been and come back before this, you know, sir."

I looked round hesitatingly; the man's request seemed so plausible that I had hardly the heart to refuse it. Duncan in a moment perceived the advantage he had gained.

"Come, Mr. Smart. Do be a reasonable young officer this once. Every one knows as how you're the smartest and best looking young gentleman in the ship, and the captain will never find fault with what you do, sir."

"I'm afraid I can't let you go, Duncan," said I, in tones which betrayed my hesitation.

"Oh yes, you can, sir; come now. Just give a nod like, sir, and I'll be off and back again before you can tie a reef knot."

With these words Duncan sprang out of the boat upon the steps, pretending that he had seen me nod. As he did so two of the boat's crew put in their words.

"Just let us run up the Bunder, sir, to stretch our legs. Haven't felt the ground, you know, sir, for four months. May we go, sir?"

"No, certainly not!" cried I.

But before the words were uttered two of my men had sprung ashore on one side, and two others had jumped into a native boat, and from there gained the Bunder.

I ran up the steps to look after the men, and saw them not many yards distant at the head of the Bunder talking to some natives who had cocoa-nuts and red earthen jars of some kind of liquid in their hands. Two men still remained in the boat, and to them I turned.

"Go at once and tell Duncan and the others to return to the boat immediately!" said I.

The men obeyed me at once; and so after about five minutes' delay the whole of the party came back to the boat.

I felt very indignant indeed at the men's conduct, and shouted out in angry tones to the bowman to "shove off."

"Steer for the ship, Duncan—where are you going to?" said I, as I noticed the cutter's head yaw out of our course.

"Yes, sir," replied the coxswain; but it struck me his voice sounded queer and his utterance thick.

The hot sun blazed down upon us, and I noticed the men pulled irregularly. Then Myers, the stroke, caught a crab, and went head over heels among the rest. Then another man began to sing, "Hurrah for the toddy!" Of course I silenced him at once, but the awful truth flashed upon my mind, that the men had taken advantage of those few minutes on the Bunder to swill the fermented palm wine got from the cocoa-nut tree, and that they were all tipsy.

As we neared the ship the rowing became more wild and careless, and the steering worse. I took the tiller from Duncan's hand and steered the boat towards the gangway myself. I could see "old Charley" standing on the accommodation-ladder watching our approach, and my heart fell within me. Nobody could mistake what was the matter. Now one man pulled a stroke, then another in different time, then a third would roll over his thwart and drop his oar overboard. I felt half mad with anger, disgust, and dismay. How I managed to get alongside I know not. At last I did do so, however, and mounted the ladder.

"What's the meaning of this, Mr. Smart?" said the chief officer in stern tones as I stepped on the quarter deck and touched my cap.

"I'm very sorry, sir," stammered I.

"Sorry, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Clinch. "Go up to the masthead, sir—the maintopmast crosstrees—and stay there till I call you down. I'm ashamed of you, sir."

I touched my cap; made no reply, but wended my way slowly and sadly up the rigging, feeling ashamed of myself. I looked on deck as I mounted the ratlins step by step, and saw my wretched boat's crew reeling about the deck. One man tumbled down the open main hatchway into the hold and was seriously injured, whilst the rest staggered away to their berths. I could also see Orridge and Spraggs laughing and jeering at me from the door of the berth on the main deck. Duncan was disrated on the spot, and one of the men who answered the chief officer popped into irons at once.

After I arrived at the maintop-masthead I took my seat upon the two little crosstrees about two and a half inches wide and three feet long, and gazed down and around upon the scene.

All Bombay, from Elephanta Island to Colaba lighthouse and Malabar Point, was mapped out before me. I gazed and gazed at it as the hours sounded out from the ship's bell. I formed a more elevated impression of the harbour and its surroundings than I have found a more intimate acquaintance confirm, and I gained from my lofty perch a thorough knowledge of the geography of the locality.

Perhaps I need hardly trouble you, dear reader, with a description of the town, of the buildings I could see prominently standing out over the dusty roads and green groves of palm trees in the background, but I had in truth for many hours a complete and bird's-eye view of the place. My mind was too full for a long time of the disgrace which had befallen me to permit me to appreciate fully the view. I could do nothing but repeat a line or two from "Paradise Lost" which I had recently been reading:

> Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree,

kept running in my head, and I bewailed my own dereliction of duty.

Hour after hour passed on, and still no call to descend reached me.

Twelve, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight o'clock struck, and still I sat at the maintop-masthead. I was hungry, thirsty, weary, and sad, Nine, ten, eleven struck, and still no hail from the deck reached my ears. I began to think I should faint, and looked for a piece of rope to make myself fast with, but found none. Fatigue and chagrin seized my frame and mind, I was almost tempted to throw myself down and end my disgraced career, but a prayer came to my lips at the moment and dispelled the thought. My head ached and burnt—my limbs trembled. I was on the point of shouting out to the deck that I should fall, when a hail reached me.

"Masthead there?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Come down from aloft."

I did not need a second call, and descended from my perch a sadder and a wiser youngster than I was when I rose that morning. I was not disrated from being the captain's gig midshipman, for Mrs. Furlett interceded with Mr. Clinch for me, but I never afterwards allowed myself to be inveigled into disobedience of orders.

THE MAXIM.

By M. Park Gill, M.A.

"Carpe diem."—Horace.
"Act—act in the living present."—Longfellow.
"Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long."—Kingsley.

The world is all before you, boys,
So fight to win—not lose—
Let each, according to his bent,
His own vocation choose.
This golden maxim should, I think,
Within your bosoms dwell:
"Whatever's worth the doing, boys,
Is worth the doing well."

So few can scale the giddy heights,
To Fame's alluring seat;
But all may reach some wished-for goal,
With steady, plodding feet.
And in whatever sphere stands out
Your duty, great or small,
"It's worth the doing well, my boys,
If worth the deed at all."

Procrastination—"thief of time"—
Is mankind's fellest foe;
The present only is our own,
The future none may know;
And idle dreaming, howe'er sweet,
Can naught attain, I trow,
"Whatever's worth the doing, boys,
Is worth the DOING NOW."

Rome was not built in one brief day,
And so, to form the soul,
'Tis littles, done with manly nerve,
Construct the perfect whole.
The aching brain, the heated brow,
Of lengthened labour tell,
"But if it's worth the doing, boys,
It's worth the doing well."

Then lay this maxim well to heart;
'Twill aid you in the fight,
'Tis recompense alone to know
One's duty was done right;
But when, the battle past, you lie
Within the grave's low cell,
Your soul, beyond, God's voice shall hear:
"Servant, thou hast done well."

CALEB WESTROP'S FRIGHT.

A TALE OF MILFORD HAVEN.

By Richard Beynon.

Milford Haven is very truly described as the finest harbour in the world, and capable of accommodating the whole of the British Fleet at one time. It has always been a harbour of refuge for vessels caught by storms in the Bristol Channel, and many are the sailors who have been thankful for the sight of the revolving light at St. Ann's Head when foul weather has threatened. The rocks around the Welsh coast are so dangerous that if a ship should lose her course and be thrown upon them, there is very little hope for the safety of any of the crew.

The possibilities of the harbour becoming one of the great centres of shipping are growing greater every year, and the natives have an infallible belief that some day in the dim future Milford Haven will vie with Liverpool both in magnitude and importance, for, as every one knows, at least twenty-four hours might be saved by American steamers putting into Milford instead of going on to Liverpool.

As a harbour of refuge it is historical, for in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" we find Leonatus writing to his wife: "Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford Haven; what your own love will out of this, advise you follow. So he wishes you all happiness that remains loyal to his vow, and you increasing in love," which leads Imogen to inquire

> "How far it is
> To this blessèd Milford; and, by the way,
> Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
> To inherit such a haven."

But at the time I am writing of, a calm evening in September some few years ago, there were very few ships of any kind in the harbour, but those that were there were of sufficient importance to attract attention.

First of all there was the Great Eastern, which had recently accomplished the gigantic task of laying the Atlantic cable, and now anchored in Milford Bay as a matter of convenience, and a sort of white elephant to her owners, there being no more Atlantic cables to be laid. Not a soul could be seen aboard, and there she lay,

> "As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean,"

her mission accomplished and her future usefulness doubtful.

Next in importance to the Leviathan came the man-o'-war training ship, the old Blenheim, and lying in her wake were three or four small gunboats.

A few chains length from the Great Eastern the good ship Windermere lay at anchor, with her Blue Peter flying at the masthead, indicating that she was only waiting for a fair wind to put to sea.

The Windermere, too, was apparently deserted, but a careful scrutiny of her deck revealed the presence of at least one individual on board, in the shape of Caleb Westrop, cabin boy and general factotum to the captain. All the crew had gone ashore to Milford, and the captain having also been ashore all day, Caleb had sole charge of the ship.

For the first hour or so, the novelty of being his own master and having nothing to do was pleasant enough, for from the poop of the deck he could find plenty of objects of interest to keep him entertained. He could watch the fishermen in their small boats fishing, and see them haul in their lines when they got a bite. Then the Puffing Billy would come loaded from stem to stern with a living freight of sightseers to the Great Eastern. This Puffing Billy was a small steamer which took passengers from Hobbs Point (as the pier at Pembroke Dock is called) to the two ships in question, and back, at a shilling a head. The Puffing Billy came so near to the Windermere on one trip that Caleb could not refrain from giving them a sailor's greeting:—

"If the devil were to cast his net he'd have a good haul," shouted Caleb; to which the captain of the tug replied—"That's the fellow who finds jobs for lazy boys like you, isn't it?"

All sailors like a little chaff, and those of Milford Haven are no exception. One day a large barge got into close quarters with the Blenheim, and the lieutenant on the deck fearing that there was going to be a collision, shouted to the man on the barge, "Get further off, can't you?

"Who are you?" came the reply from the barge.

"I am the lieutenant of this ship," said he of the Blenheim.

"Well, I'm cap'en of this 'un, so talk to your ekals."

From his coign of vantage Caleb, with the aid of the captain's glass which he had, could easily see what was going on aboard the Blenheim. The boys belonging to her were evidently having a high time of it. The game was Follow the leader, and the leader was one of those daring fellows who are never happy excepting when in danger or mischief. In at one port hole, out at the other, over the side of the ship, standing on the figure head, with his followers at his heels, and still he was unable to do anything but what some of his companions could do as well, until the final *coup* is given and the leader jumps headlong into the sea. This is too much of a good thing for most of the followers, and so, together with the shades of evening which are now gathering, brings the game to an end.

But the interest in the Blenheim is not by any means at an end, for Caleb can plainly hear the songs of the sailors, with which they are beguiling the time away.

There is a solo, and then a boisterous chorus in which all hands join, and then there is another, but all with choruses.

The gun from the fort at Pembroke Dock has given the signal of sunset, and Caleb has run down the Blue Peter from the masthead, and

> "Home goes Bill Bummers!"

which means that a boatload of married men is pushing off from the Blenheim.

The Billy Puffer is making its way past Newton Noyes on to Neyland, and there is scarcely a sound in the Haven, for the evening is so calm that

> "Never a breeze did breathe."

The solitude, however, began to tell upon Caleb Westrop, and he might have sung with Robinson Crusoe—

> "O Solitude, where are the charms
> That sages have seen in thy face?
> Better dwell in the midst of alarms
> Than reign in this horrible place."

And so thought Caleb, for with the daylight his interest went, and he now began to wish for the return of the sailors.

To while away the time, Caleb sauntered into the captain's cabin, and replaced the binocular he had borrowed; when, as ill luck would have it, he noticed that the captain had left the keys in his grub-locker. This was a most unexpected find for Caleb; and blaming himself for not making this discovery before, he resolved to make the most of it, even though late in the day. His wish for the return of the crew was not quite so ardent as it was a few minutes before, and he hoped now that he would not be interrupted until he had got through some of the good things which luck had thrown in his way.

First of all there were some fancy biscuits, which tasted altogether different from the hard dry biscuits to which Caleb had been accustomed. These, together with a nice slice of ham, were devoured with a relish; but left a sensation of thirst, which tempted Caleb to try what kind of liquor the decanters contained.

Westrop was not a connoisseur in the matter of drinks, so he seized what came handiest; and dispensing with the formality of a glass, he took a good gulp of port from the bottle. Another turn at the biscuits, and one or two more gulps from the bottle, made Caleb venturesome, and he began what might be termed an after-supper speech to an imaginary audience.

"Here!" said Caleb, "I want you to drink the health of our captain—a jolly good cap'en. It ain't every captain as goes ashore and leaves the keys in his grub-locker; your health, Cap'en, your health." And to make the occasion complete, Caleb began to sing:

> "For he's a jolly good fellow,
> For he's——"

The end of the second line is not completed, for, hearing a noise behind, Caleb turned round; and in the twilight he could discern an apparition all in white, with both hands uplifted. For Caleb to drop the bottle and run was the work of a second; up, up he ran, not looking behind, but from the noise he heard he could tell that the ghastly thing was after him. On to the deck, then up the ratlins; up, up, past the main-yard; on, on, past the main topsail-yard, and still up, and never daring to look behind until he reached the cross-trees. Then, and not until then, did Caleb venture to look down, and when he did so his terror was even greater, for he could see the weird thing standing on the deck; and what was more frightful still, there were two other apparitions standing beside the first, and both without any heads, merely bodies only.

Caleb Westrop began to think that his last day had come, and thoughts of his home and his mother came crowding upon him.

"Why ever did I leave my home and be a sailor when my mother didn't want me to?" were the thoughts which were running in his head. "If I only can get out of this scrape safe, I'll never, never do anything wrong again; and as for liquor, I'll never touch another drop of the nasty stuff."

But all the promises and all the repentances that Caleb half uttered did not mend the matter, for every time he looked towards the deck there were the same horrible things swaying to and fro. Caleb dared not move from his post on the cross-trees, but sat and shivered, every moment making him more fearful than the last.

And now—

> "The harbour bay was clear as glass,
> So smoothly it was strewn,
> And on the bay the moonlight lay,
> And the shadow of the moon,"

which made poor Caleb wonder whether the ghastly things were only waiting for the moonlight in order to climb the ratlins and haul him down.

"Would the crew never come?" thought Caleb; and the minutes seemed hours, and the hours seemed months.

But as time wore on and he found that the terrible things came no nearer to him than the deck, he began to hope that he was not quite doomed to destruction—but oh! the agony of waiting, waiting, and in terror all the time.

The crew do not come, however, and now a new fear awaits him. Suppose they should not return until the morrow? And if they did return, could they brave the appearance of a shipload of ghosts—for by this time every object on board the ship had become a ghost in Caleb's eyes! These thoughts were too much for the boy, and with a cry of, "Oh! mother, mother, why did I disobey you? I will never do it again," he sobbed as if his heart would break.

Each boat that put off from Milford brought renewed hopes to poor Caleb, but when they made for other parts of the Haven Caleb's heart sank again. At last, however, he can hear voices which are clearly none other than the Windermere's crew, and Caleb's pluck began to return in proportion to the nearness of the boat to the ship, so that by the time the crew had got on board Caleb had reached the deck. He was still shaking with fright, however, and his mates soon saw that something was amiss. Before Caleb could be interrogated, he shouted—"The ghost, the ghost—look out for the ghost!"

The evident fright which Westrop was in showed that he was not joking, and as most sailors have an abhorrence of the supernatural, they were somewhat taken aback. "None of your tomfoolery," said the mate; "just tell us what you mean."

"Well," said Caleb, "I was in the cap'en's cabin clearing up, when out rushed three ghosts. I ran on the deck, and they after me, so I picked up a handspike and turned upon them, when they all ran into the cabin, and there they are now."

The description of the adventure given by Caleb was scarcely so accurate as it might have been, especially after having made so many promises of reform, but a reformation brought by terror alone is seldom of much value, hence the well-known couplet:

> "The monk was sick, the monk a-saint would be;
> The monk got well—but never a saint was he."

The account given by Caleb was quite sufficient to arouse the interest of the sailors, so with "Come along, you rascal; let's see what all this row is about," they proceed towards the cabin.

Caleb, however, had had enough of ghostly experiences, and made a run for the forecastle; but it was of no use.

"Come along, you landlubber, no shirking," says the mate, and without any more ceremony Caleb is dragged towards the cabin, where, sure enough, there is a dim light burning.

"There! there you are," says Caleb. "Who put that light there? I didn't."

The sailors now began to think that there really was something in what the boy had said, and proceeded cautiously to work, and from what they could hear they knew that there must be somebody or something in the cabin. It couldn't be the captain, for he had gone away for a couple of days, so who or what it could be they were at a loss to know. However, where there were so many, there was not so much to fear, and a simultaneous rush was made for the cabin; but before the crew could get far the captain made his appearance from within, laughing as if his sides would burst.

"Come here, you thieving rascal," he shouted to Caleb. "I'll teach you to purloin my grub and drink my liquor."

"Oh! forgive me, please forgive me," pleaded Caleb. "I'll never do it again."

"No, I'll be bound you'll never do such a thing again, for I never saw such a frightened beggar in my life. Off you go, and don't let me see you near my locker again, or it will be the worse for you."

It appears that the captain had returned sooner than he expected, and being tired he had gone straight off to his bunk without being noticed by Caleb Westrop. Hearing a noise in his cabin he got up to see what was the matter, and took the situation in at a glance. He waited until Caleb had about had his fill, and then covered his face in order to give him a good fright, but the success of his scheme was far greater than he anticipated. The sailors' clothes, too, which were hung up to dry, gave an additional terror to the boy, and caused him to imagine that there were three headless bodies on the deck.

It was years before Caleb heard the last of the ghost of the Windermere; but, one good thing for him, it caused him to leave off grog and never eat nor drink anything which he had no right to.

(THE END.)

A PECULIAR CHARACTER.

By Fred Edmonds,

Author of "Lays of School Life," etc.

My youthful days are shrouded in impenetrable gloom,
My head is bowed with sorrow and my heart is like a tomb,
And yet the giddy world without is bathed in golden light,
Unsympathising Nature seems particularly bright.

The little birds are twittering on yonder leafy trees,
They chirp about the cricket which they're watching at their ease,
Whilst I within this dismal room as in a prison pent,
Am racked with pangs of jealousy to see them so content.

It's really too atrocious, when I'm wanted for the match
Of the "Junior First Eleven" against young Roger Whiffen's scratch;
But masters are so selfish, and they have the cheek to ask
Of their mild and helpless victim an unconscionable task.

They say that I am idle, but it surely isn't true,
My industry is equalled at the most by one or two.
In spite of stubborn stone or oak how many hours I've sat,
And cut my name in sixty places—what d'you think of that?

My innocence is spotless, yet they ceaselessly complain,
As if I were the only one who broke a window-pane!
Now why they persecute me, I'm at a loss to think,
They needn't make a fuss about that bother with the ink.

It's true I spilt a quart or two on Mr. Dawson's floor—
But what of that? His Latin's an unmitigated bore;
If I didn't do his Cicero, it's nothing else but trash,
De Senectute always sets me off on something rash.

Old Dawson's down on me for that affair the other night,
The glances of his scathing eye fall on me as a blight,
And now my happiness is wrecked; it terribly disturbs
To have to conjugate and write this horrid list of verbs.

But in my injured innocence I really don't see why
I should waste my brains upon them, and I don't intend to try.
So—there's Dawson at the door! Botheration, here's a go!
The amount of work I've done for him he's sure to want to know.

. . . . . .

The interview is over (Dawson's manner never varies),
I have simply got it double through my asinine vagaries;
Must I live in boiling water all the time that I'm at school?
I wish with all my heart I wasn't such a thorough fool!



A Pinch of Snuff and a Packet of News!

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* GORDON BROWNE.)

NOTES FROM MY LOG; OR, TRUE STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By Rear-Admiral W. R. Kennedy.

XI.—OPERATIONS ON THE CANTON RIVER (*continued*).

The morning after my poor young messmate's death I was busy cleaning my boat in the Camber, when the Admiral and his flag captain came by; they wished me good-morning and inquired particularly after the action of the previous day, more especially as to the behaviour of my boat's crew. I was obliged to tell them the whole story, how the coxswain and four others who had worked the gun with me had nobly supported me, but that the others had disgraced themselves. The captain was so indignant that he seized one fellow, whom I pointed out as the worst offender, by the throat, and declared he would hang him at the foreyard arm of the Calcutta.

To make a short story of it, the ten men whom I reported were disrated on the spot and the others promoted, and I was sent down the river to the Calcutta to change my crew and return as soon as possible. The ship was lying at the Boque Forts, so thither I went, and I was not long in picking up a new crew, as the whole ship's company volunteered to a man; and in forty-eight hours I was on my way back, tracking the boat along the banks and shooting my way in the paddy fields abreast of her.

An amusing scene occurred on this occasion. Two of the boat's crew could not agree, and as they kept on squabbling I let them land and fight it out in a "paddy" (rice field), the coxswain and another man standing by to see fair play. After one of the combatants had measured his length in the mud a few times, they shook hands, returned to the boat, and were the best friends ever afterwards.

On January 8 the Calcutta returned to Hong Kong, and Captain Hall went down to take charge of her. It was now decided to evacuate our position before Canton, as we had no force to maintain it, nor object in doing so, but several gunboats were on their way out from England, and on their arrival we should be able to resume operations.

Accordingly, one morning we cleared out of the Factories and the Dutch-Folly-Fort, and established ourselves in the Birdsnest Fort; but as this fort was unprotected from the rear, and we should be constantly exposed to attacks from that quarter, we fell back on our old position in Macao Fort, where we remained till the 23rd, when we all returned to Hong Kong.

I was not sorry to get back to the ship after being in my boat for ninety days, more especially as there was nothing doing up the river just at this time.

The captain sent for me, and, after some complimentary remarks which modesty forbids me from repeating, he gave me the command of a hired paddle-wheel steamer called the Eaglet, an old craft which would only steam about five knots, but the command of which, as a midshipman eighteen years of age, I was not a little proud of.

The Eaglet mounted nine guns, of the following calibre: one long eighteen-pounder on a swivel, two nines, four sixes, and two threes! The total weight of her broadside was forty-one pounds, the swivel firing on either side. This old craft was temporarily commissioned for the protection of Hong Kong from a night attack, which we had reason to believe was contemplated. My orders were to weigh every evening at sunset, and cruise about the harbour all night, till daylight, when I was to return to the Calcutta and report myself. I had orders to prevent any junks from entering the harbour during the night, and many an exciting time we had, boarding junks which hung about the entrance of the harbour in the early hours of the morning waiting to come in with the first of the sea breeze.

These happened to be trading vessels bringing in fowls, fruit, and vegetables for the market at Hong Kong, but we could never tell for certain till we got close alongside, with our pop-guns cleared for action. One morning I really thought we were in for a fight, for just at daybreak we made out a large fleet of junks approaching the harbour by the western passage. They loomed large in the morning mist, and we made sure they were Mandarin war junks, so my men (I had only a boat's crew) stood to their guns, and we made straight for the fleet under all steam! when, to our great disappointment, they proved to be peaceable traders. Had they been men-of-war junks we could at all events have kept them in check till assistance arrived from the ships of the squadron.

I spent a very pleasant six weeks in this way, and, absurd as it may seem, the attack which was contemplated was actually abandoned on account of the "fire-ship," *i.e.* the Eaglet, which kept guard during the night. We gathered this from some despatches which fell into our hands, together with some most amusing and vain-glorious instructions which were issued by "Lin-Tsih-seu," the Governor-General of the "Two-Kwang." As these papers are original, and have never been published, I will give them *in extenso*—translated, of course.

The proclamation is entitled

"*Seven General Rules for the Extermination of the Barbarian Forces.*

I. "Although the barbarian war-vessels are so many tens of feet long, you must not look at their length; although they have so many great guns, you must not be afraid of the number or size of these. For, as the barbarian guns are all in the sides of their vessels, our forces have only to attack them at the prow and stern. Suppose the ship stands with its prow to the south, if the wind is north attack the stern, if the wind is south attack the prow; if the prow stands east, and the wind is east, attack the prow; but if the wind is west attack the stern. Taking advantage of the wind, and avoiding the fire from the guns, the character of the tide must also be carefully considered; proceeding with the tide, victory is certain. The largest of the barbarian vessels draw upwards of twenty feet of water, the smallest draw above ten; but our ships only draw a few feet, so that, taking a wide circuit, they can always secure the wind in their favour. In attacking the prow, the figure-head must be first fired at. In attacking the stern, the cabin must be first aimed at. The stern cabin has glass windows, it being occupied by the highest officer on board; the powder magazine and appendages are also in the same part of the ship, and a continuous cannonade is sure to effect an opening, when the powder will explode. Although the rudder is cased with copper, yet it is cast copper, and may be broken by cannon-balls! When the figure-head is broken off, and the rudder broken, there is no means of controlling the ship; and while there are an extraordinary number of hands engaged with the sails fore and aft, a few rounds from our guns will send them dropping into the sea, when the ship being short of men, it will not be able to move, and the large guns will thus fall into our possession.

II. "In approaching the prow or stern of a barbarian ship, our vessels must divide into two squadrons, right and left, and advance in the form of wings of a goose, in an oblique direction, closing up in front, and opening out behind; in this manner a great many ships may be assembled, without the risk of firing into our own fleet. Suppose the prow of a barbarian ship stands east, our ships, taking advantage of a west wind, will attack it aft; on nearing the starboard side, our ships must stand towards the south-east; on nearing the larboard side our ships must stand to the north-east. Thus, all taking an oblique position, the fire from our guns will unavoidably strike the barbarian ship, and will not touch our own vessels. The same principle may be applied to other positions. This all depends upon the efficiency of the helmsman in handling the rudder; let those who are expert and active be rewarded several fold; and when money, watches, cloth, or other articles, are captured on board the barbarian ships, let a double portion be given to the helmsman. But if at the given time they mistake their business, omitting to advance when they ought to advance, or neglecting to turn when they ought to turn, then let the helmsman be decapitated as a warning to the fleet!

III. "On getting within cannon-shot reach, begin to open fire with the cannons; coming within musket-reach, commence the attack with muskets; approaching till rockets and stinkpots are available, these may be used without restriction, the more the better, but care must be taken that they reach the barbarian ships, it being most important that they should not fall amongst our own. The following is the method for casting stinkpots from the mast-head:

"Let two men be selected, wearing bamboo helmets, with a small rattan shield on the breast, tied on with a cord at the back; having a double sword at the waist, and the matches also attached. One man ascends the foremast, and one the mizen-mast, all going to the very top, and remaining on the highest yard. Two men stand at the foot of each mast and haul up the baskets containing the stinkpots by means of a pulley. Each basket contains ten or more stinkpots, and every pot has four powder rolls enclosed in cotton cases. These being drawn up briskly, the men at the mast-head then apply the matches, when they are instantaneously discharged. When one basket is emptied, another is hauled up, so as to keep up an uninterrupted delivery on board the barbarian ship. While pots are being thrown from the mast-head, there should be a great discharge of rockets from the prow of the ship. The attack being thus unremitting, the barbarian ship will to a certainty be set on fire, if it is not reduced to ashes; yet when the fire is raging the barbarians will assuredly seek to move off, and our men can embrace the opportunity to board them. Having boarded the ship, our stinkpots and rockets may cease, as they will then be of no use!

IV. "When our men board a ship they must immediately put to the sword every barbarian they meet, and leave their heads lying to be counted afterwards; for there ought not to be an urgency in presenting the heads, to the neglect of more important business. Having decapitated the barbarians, the next matter of greatest importance

respects the wheel and rudder bands, the stays, ropes and lines; let all these be cut, and the ship is ours; there need be no anxiety with respect to the money or goods on board. When a barbarian ship is captured, those who board it must make an equitable distribution of the money and goods, awarding the additional prize-money where due; but those who first enter the ship are by no means allowed to begin plundering, and so neglect the more important work of slaying the thieves. Those who disobey will be visited with the rigour of Military Law.

V. "Our vessels advancing obliquely to attack the barbarian ships at the stem and stern, let gun-vessels be placed opposite the four corners, at most not more than four to each corner; if large ones, three will be sufficient; and let there be a simultaneous attack at the four corners.

"As there will be only twelve or sixteen vessels thus engaged in the attack on one barbarian ship, and as there will be many more vessels at disposal, they may separate and attack other ships; they must not crowd up in one place, giving rise to disorder and confusion. If occasion requires a conjoint attack by a great number of vessels, attention must be paid to the orders of the officer in command! When the drum beats a heavy roll, and the red flag is hoisted as a summons, the vessels must assemble for a combined attack. If it happens that the foremost company of vessels are long engaged in the oblique attack without apparent success, they should rest for a little, and let the hinder company close up obliquely, but these changes must be always in obedience to the orders of the commanding officer; let none act on their own responsibility. Decapitation is the penalty of disobedience!

VI. "Let thirty small boats be obtained, on which place a quantity of hay, rosin, and coarse hemp soaked in oil, with from a tenth to a fifth part of the same amount of gunpowder, all bound together with straw ropes, and covered with a rush mat. Let one or two small chains about five feet long be placed at the stem and stern ends of the boat, one end fastened by an iron ring, and a large iron nail seven or eight inches long fixed to the other end with a very sharp point. Let two iron hammers be placed on the boat, and let three or four expert swimmers, with half their bodies under water, and half leaning against the sides of the boat, act as oars in propelling it; the deeper they are in the water the better, that so the barbarian guns may not reach them. Having drawn close up to the barbarian vessel, either in the stem, stern or sides, they can drive in the nails securely, fasten the fire boat to the barbarian ship, set fire to the combustibles, and then diving under water, make their escape. The very largest barbarian ship, with ten or more of such fire boats nailed to and burning round it, will infallibly be consumed. Now if there is a discharge of stinkpots and rockets among the rigging above, and our gallant braves ascend the masts and board the ship midway, while the fire is raging below, the barbarians will find they have got three tiers of adversaries, and while attempting to defend themselves against one tier, they will be constrained to neglect the other, and thus deliver their heads over to us!

VII. "Valour and courage are the qualities most in esteem for the defeat of an enemy; for when valour is great and courage unbending, victory is certain. On the present occasion, whoever kills a white barbarian will be rewarded with a hundred dollars, and half the amount will be given for a black barbarian; for taking one alive, extraordinary rewards will be conferred, according to the rank of the individual. Thus, for killing ten barbarians, a thousand dollars may be obtained; for killing a hundred barbarians, ten thousand dollars; for a greater number, an official appointment will be granted besides. What a happy prospect! Any one who falls in the contest will receive a reward of two hundred dollars, that so, all who show their bravery at the risk of their life, may establish their merit, and be duly recompensed. Should any withdraw during the contest, their heads will be instantly taken off and suspended on a pole as a warning to all!"

From the above it would appear that a good many Chinamen's heads ought to have been "suspended on poles," as their usual practice was to "withdraw from the contest" at the earliest opportunity.

In the early part of February two fine brigs, the Elk and Camilla, arrived from England to augment our squadron, but the latter was subsequently lost with all hands in a typhoon in the China seas, and not a trace of her ever found. It was generally supposed that she must have capsized and foundered, and, being very heavily masted, it is probably the correct solution.

On Feb. 16 information was received of the whereabouts of some notorious pirates who had committed various depredations about the coast, so H.M.S. Niger and the paddle-wheel steamer Auckland, belonging to the East India Company's service, were detailed to suppress them. Two boats of the Calcutta were also sent with them, my pinnace being one. We found the vagabonds easily enough at the spot indicated, a regular nest of them, but they bolted at our approach, leaving some very fine junks in our possession. We managed to shoot some of the pirates as they clambered up the hills, but the majority escaped to fight another day. Taking the junks in tow we returned to Hong Kong. Soon after this we heard of the capture of a small passenger-steamer named the Queen, and the brutal massacre of her passengers and crew.

The Queen was on a voyage from Hong Kong to Macao, when some Chinese pirates disguised as ordinary passengers had gone on board. Whilst the rest of the passengers were below at luncheon, these rascals seized the arms, which had most foolishly been left on deck, and fired down the skylight, killing every soul but one, a gallant fellow named Cleverley, who, though badly wounded, managed to defend himself against the gang, two of whom he shot, and then made his escape by jumping overboard out of the stern port. He was afterwards picked up by a lorcha, and lived to tell the tale, otherwise we should never have known the details of the occurrence. The Chinamen having disposed of the crew, ran the vessel ashore and gutted her, taking out the engines and boilers. The latter were subsequently converted into infernal machines, being filled with powder and used against us.

After the exciting life up the river existence at Hong Kong was very monotonous, and the weather was hot and the season unhealthy; our men died by numbers from dysentry caused by drinking bad water. For a long time I had to go to the hospital ship regularly at 4 P.M. to take any poor fellows who had died in the night and bury them in the English cemetery in Happy Valley, the portico of which bore the cheerful inscription "Hodie mihi, cras tibi" ("To-day my turn —to-morrow thine"). But besides the cemetery, Happy Valley contained a race-course, and owing to its beautiful situation was a favourite spot for picnics, and many a jovial party assembled there. There we got a little shooting on the mainland opposite Hong Kong, a place called Kawloon, where barracks and storehouses have, I believe, since been established, but in those days there were nothing but rice-grounds, with a village, some miles inland, inhabited by a lawless and most treacherous gang of desperadoes.

These rice-grounds or paddy-fields used to be my favourite resort, and as I had never been molested, I grew careless, and one day found myself near to the village. The day being hot, I sat down to enjoy the breeze on the top of a hill, and was quietly smoking a cheroot, when I happened to notice a spear-head moving below me, and presently another; the bearers soon came in sight—seven of them—and then it dawned on me that they were stalking me, and were working round so as to cut off my retreat from my boat, which I had left four miles off, with orders to await my return in the evening.

Taking in the situation at a glance, I drew the shot from each barrel of my gun, and substituted ball, and then sloped quietly down the hill. The Chinamen, perceiving my tactics, gave a yell and immediately offered chase. I was aware that my head was worth five hundred dollars to them, and no doubt this fact did not retard my pace; moreover, I was young and in splendid condition, so I had no fear of the result, provided I was not disabled. I noticed that one at least of the pursuers carried firearms, so, tightening up my belt, I flew along with the seven streaming after me. Looking over my shoulder I soon found I had the heels of them, except one fellow who kept about the same distance, and he carried an enormously long gun, or matchlock, called in China a gingall. I made up my mind to shoot this fellow if he gained on me, but not to lose time unless he came dangerously close. I noticed that once or twice he stopped to take aim at me, but did not fire, and I had little fear of his hitting me, as these gingalls are of small use except at close quarters, and a man running is not easy to hit even with a better weapon.

I presently came to a river, which took me up to my armpits, and lost me some time, enabling the chase to gain; but once on the other bank, I bounded along as fresh as paint. I was now drawing near the salt water, and on topping a hill I beheld my boat, but at anchor a long way from the shore. Yelling out at the top of my voice, I rejoiced to see that "Amoy," our faithful Chinese boatman, had observed me, and began weighing his anchor, but, to my dismay, he pulled in for the shore in my direction; had he continued his course, I should have assuredly been captured, as they would have had me on the beach whilst waiting for the boat, so I waved to Amoy to pull to a point of land further away.

At this critical moment my pursuers were in full sight, streaming down the hill. Amoy now understanding the situation of affairs, altered his course, so that we should arrive at a given spot at the same time. I reached the place and plunged into the water, got to the boat and was hauled aboard, just as the Chinamen got down to the beach. They shouted out something in Chinese. "What do they say?" I inquired of Amoy.

"They say 'suppose I bring you ashore they give me five hundred dollars!'" and, added he, "suppose I bring you ashore, they cut off your head, and mine too!" In reply I fired both barrels over their heads, and hoisting our sail we soon put a safe distance between us. I have often wondered since why I didn't shoot a couple of the scoundrels, but I was thankful for my escape, and could afford to be magnanimous.

About this time the paddle-steamer Inflexible arrived from England, having in tow the Starling gunboat, the pioneer of a

whole fleet of these small craft, which have since done much service in China waters.

One day in April the French steamer Catinât brought us news of the loss of H.M.S. Raleigh at Macao. The particulars, though now a matter of history, may not be known to all the readers of the "B. O. P." The Raleigh, a fine fifty-gun frigate, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore Keppel, was steering for Hong Kong, and had arrived within twenty miles of her destination when she struck upon an unknown rock which tore a hole in her bows. To save the ship from foundering, the Commodore bore up for Macao and ran the ship ashore. The French fleet was lying in Macao Roads at the time, and the gallant Commodore saluted the French admiral's flag as he ran through the fleet, although his own ship was actually sinking at the time, and the men standing at the guns on the main deck were up to their middle in water.

The Raleigh became a total wreck, but her guns, spars, and sails were saved, and her officers and crew distributed amongst the ships of the squadron.

The Fury paddle-steamer arrived from England with the Bustard in tow, shortly followed by the Highflyer corvette; the Tribune frigate also came across from the Pacific to swell the number of pendants under Sir Michael's command, making a goodly show, and we all looked forward to the prospect of another brush with the enemy in the Canton River.

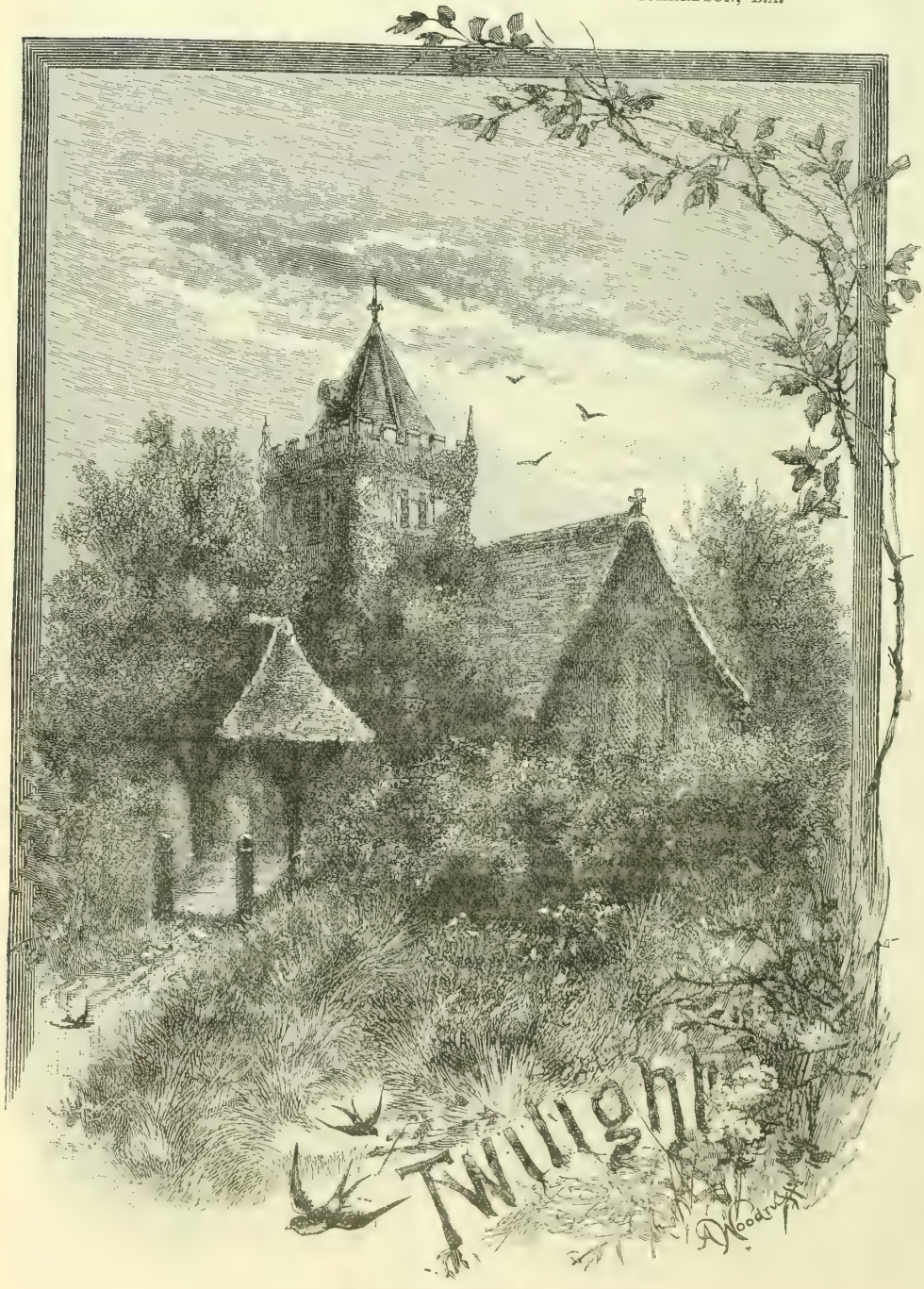
Towards the end of May we heard, to our great delight, that it was decided to attack the fleet of Mandarin junks assembled in Fatsham Creek, the same lot that had given us such a dressing on January 4, when we had only open boats to oppose to them; but now that we had half a dozen gunboats we hoped to give a better account of them.

I shall reserve the account of the boat action of Fatsham Creek for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

By Robert Richardson, B.A.



(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by A. Woodruff.)

The daylight dies, the evening air
Is still, and very still;
The mill-stream makes a drowsy hum
About the grey old mill,
The bleat of sheep sounds full and deep
From the pastures on the hill.

Now every rude and jarring sound
That vext the garish day,
Is hushed to rest, the tired winds
In whispers die away;
Across the darkening fields I hear
The schoolboys still at play.

Down the still stream the city bells
Come dropping clear and thin;
On purple-sandalled feet the night,
The tranquil night, draws in;
The dreaming air is sweet and rare
With the smell of jessamine.

From out the shadowy orchard croft
The crooning stockdove calls;
The sunset touches with soft hands
The castle's crumbling walls;
And over all the twilight hour
Like a benediction falls.

The gloaming like a halo grave
Rests on the village church;
The fading lights gild tenderly
The little ivied porch;
Or ever the yellow harvest moon
Hath lit her ruddy torch.

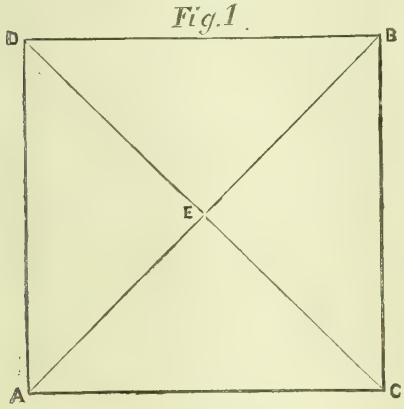
Oh might the peace of the twilight hour
Drop deep into my breast,
And quiet there each daylight care
That on my spirit prest;
That my heart might be unfettered, free,
And like nature's heart—at rest.

SOME PAPER NOVELTIES.

II.—TO MAKE A PAIR OF BELLOWS OUT OF A SHEET OF NEWSPAPER.

Sometimes boys are out for a picnic, and it is useful to be able to extemporise a pair of bellows to urge and blow up the fire. This machine can be constructed out of a sheet of newspaper, thus. Lay a sheet of paper flat, lift up the right-hand bottom corner and fold it against the left side, then cut away the piece over, at the top. If this operation is executed neatly and carefully, you have a

Fig. 1.



perfectly square piece of paper. Now fold the paper (Fig. 1) from A to B and unfold and fold again from C to D, which will make creases the form of a St. Andrew's cross.

Fig 2.

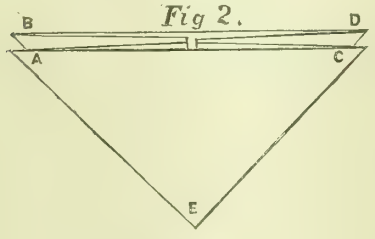
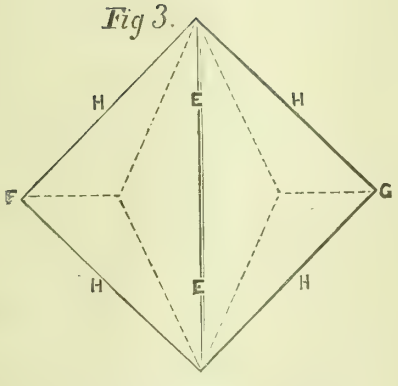
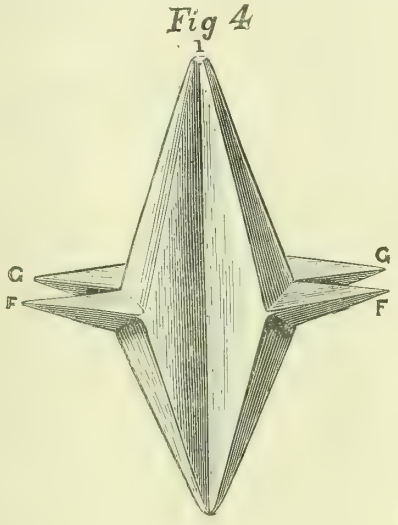


Fig 3.



Then with your thumb and finger of each hand at the back of the paper, take hold of each of the points E, and slide up the edges of the paper from A to D and C to B; you will then have the paper in the form of Fig. 2. Now fold the corner A down to E, the same from C to E, then on the other side D to E and B to E, and you will have the paper in the form of Fig. 3. Now pinch together the corners G F and fold in the shape of the dotted lines over the sides H H against the line E F, and repeat a similar manipulation at the back, and get the form like Fig. 4. Now, if you

Fig 4



take hold of the handles F G, front and back, with both hands, and pull outwards and depress inwards, you will obtain a draught of wind at I, resulting in a capital pair of bellows.

— —

III.—HOW TO FOLD A PURSE OUT OF PAPER.

It affords great amusement to one's younger brothers, sisters, and friends for them to see us construct different articles out of folded paper. To make a purse used to be a *chef-d'œuvre* when I was a boy, and considered secret and difficult, but I think if you will follow my description closely, with a little patience and practice you will soon be able to conquer what appears to be complex. Take a perfectly square sheet of paper, fold it horizontally in three equal parts from top to bottom, unfold again and repeat the folding from side to side, rubbing each fold well with a paper-knife. Then fold the paper in two from A to B, unfold and fold from C to D, still using the paper-knife well. The paper when again unfolded ought to exhibit the creases marked in the diagram Fig. 1. Now take the paper with each hand and pinch at the corners D, A, C, B each separately as far as the square in the centre. Now turn D to the right and C to the left, manipulating in a similar manner B and A, so as to form figure like the diagram Fig. 2. Having got so far

Fig. 1.

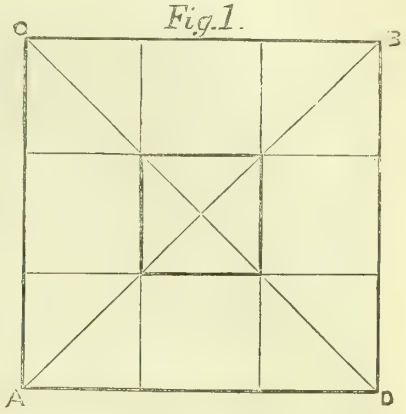
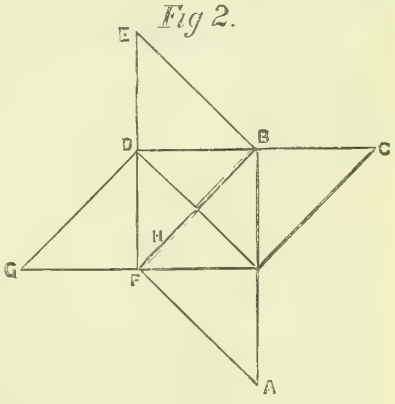
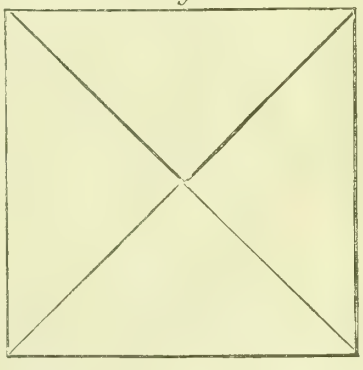


Fig 2.



satisfactorily, turn over A to B, C to D, E to F, and turn over G and insert the point in the

Fig 3.



opening at H, which will fasten and finish the purse, like Fig. 3.

(THE END.)



FIRST STEPS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

By R. A. R. Bennett, B.A. oxon.,

Author of "Photographic Developers," "Hints on Toning," etc., etc.

PART I.

This is a paper intended for beginners. Nevertheless it will not be a bad plan for those who are advanced in the art of which I am treating to read it, for who knows but what some crumb may accidentally be picked up by them that may have escaped their knowledge heretofore? But amongst the junior readers of a paper devoted to boys it seems reasonable to suppose there will be some who have not grasped the A B C of the subject as yet, and so cannot profit as much as they ought by my former papers. I must therefore repair this omission by writing a paper expressly on their behalf.

Now suppose you want to start on your photographic career, what apparatus will you require? Well, the following you *must* have, and they must be purchased, as unless you are a very 'cute hand you will not be able to make them for yourself, though simpler apparatus you can.

A camera, with dark slides, lens, tripod, and focussing cloth.

3 porcelain dishes.

A glass measure (2 oz. preferably).

A box of dry plates.

A broad camel's hair brush.

A ruby lamp.

A jug to contain clean water.

A basin to contain water in which the plates have been washed, etc.

A cup capable of holding two or three ounces.

This is all the absolutely necessary apparatus, but you will want the chemicals, for which refer to March Part, No. 630 (page 145), for developers, and the article on "Toning," August Part, Nos. 652, 653 (pp. 655, 669).

The ruby lamp you will want if you are obliged to work by night, as many of us are, in a room in use during the day, but you had far better have a room exclusively for your work, which can be used at any time you want it, and in this case you can abolish the lamp and darken the window of the room instead. I have done this myself by using two large frames, which when put on the top of one another exactly fill the window frame. The top one is covered with thick brown paper (no pinholes allowed!), the bottom one with two thicknesses of what is called "canary fabric," which you can get from a dealer, or direct from Messrs. Law, Sons, & Co., Foot's Cray Mills, Kent, and Windsor Court, Monkwell Street, London, E.C. You must so manage that not a particle of light can get between the sash of the window and the frames. To avoid this I have covered the surface of the frame which is next to the window when put up, with several layers of thick cloth, and have wooden holders which turn out of the way when not required and hold the frames tightly against the woodwork of the window-frame when put up, one on the top of the other, edge to edge. There is an immense advantage in this plan, I may remark, as, the frames being removable, when they are gone you can open the window and air the room, a most desirable thing, as a dark room into which air cannot be freely admitted when required is most unwholesome. I have advised canary fabric because the yellow light is so much less tiring to the eyesight than red, but if you use very sensitive plates you must keep them some distance from the window when developing, and if the sun shines on the window you must cover up a good deal of the canary fabric with some opaque material, so as not to let the room get too bright. On ordinary occasions, and using ordinary rapid plates, I have never had a case of fog at all, and I vastly prefer the yellow light to the red.

If you haven't a room that can be utilised exclusively for your hobby you can change and develope your plates in any ordinary room after dark, or any cupboard will do if perfectly light-tight when the door is shut, using your ruby lamp.

Now as to the camera, etc. For this you should go to a good maker—not necessarily expensive—and on no account buy "toys," of which there are many in the market. If you can't afford much, get your apparatus from Messrs. J. Lancaster & Son, 37 Colmore Row, Birmingham. I know it is invidious to mention one maker, but one can hardly help it, as I could not enumerate them all, and these people are very prominent as makers of cheap (and good) apparatus; you can turn out passable work without difficulty even with their cheapest apparatus, though the higher you go the better. If price is not a consideration the number of makers of more expensive cameras is enormous: by purchasing a number of a photographic paper you will get scores of advertisements to select from, or the "Annuals" are mainly advertisements, most of them.

Your camera had better have the following movements if you can possibly afford it. Rising front, cross front, swing-back, rack and pinion adjustment; the bellows to extend at least 18 inches, preferably twice as far, and it ought to have a level, fixed to the top of the back frame if a spirit level, or the side, to hang, if a brass one.

If you can get a camera that has all this it is quite as much as you want; further complications are needless, though attractive to ingenious minds.

We now have our camera and we proceed to use it. We have first to load the dark slide. Going into the cupboard and lighting the ruby lamp—or putting up the frames in the window, as the case may be—we place the dark slide open, flat on the table. On examining the dark slide you will find that there are two fasteners which hold the sides together, and two at the ends which prevent the shutters from being pulled up until they are moved to one side, and so hold them down to keep the light from the plate.

When the slide is opened flat, like a book, there will be a groove on one side and a rabbet on the other, and a piece of black card or tin hinged to the slide will be found between them.

The box of plates is now opened and one taken out. You will soon see which is the film side, as it is dull, while the glass side is shiny.

Take your broad camel's hair brush and give the film side a good brushing, to get rid of any specks of dust or dirt which may be on it, after which it is to be placed *film side downwards* on one side (preferably the deepest) and the card placed at the back of it, or the tin fastened down on it with the buttons at the side which are given with this type of slide. Another plate has now to be brushed and placed film side downwards on the other side, and the slide shut up and fastened. Now if the shutters are pulled up for a minute, the films will be outwards; if either is not, you must rectify it, as it won't do to go exposing the glass side of the plate, which would give us a picture wrong way on. Take care to shut both shutters down, and fasten them, before you go out of the dark room, and you had better wrap the slide up in a black opaque cloth to prevent any bright light getting to it while it is waiting.

The camera meanwhile is fixed to the tripod and opened. Your own intellect ought to tell you how to set it up, but if you get it from a dealer yourself, he will show you. It depends so entirely on the construction of the camera and tripod that it is not possible to do so here. Being set up, if you put your head under the focussing cloth and look at the focussing screen you will see a picture thereon. It will be upside down—but don't be frightened; it will be the right way up when you come out again. Your first attempt should be a building, or tree, etc., about twenty yards distant. On shifting the front of the camera by turning the screw you will find the picture, which first looked misty and indistinct, gets quite clear and sharp, and at one particular point it looks "just lovely,"—well, at that point it is what is commonly called "in focus," and there it has to stop. Now either attached to the lens or in a separate case you will have some pieces of metal which have holes of various sizes in them; these are called "stops." If you can I should advise your having rotary stops fastened to the lens, or the "Iris diaphragm," which gets larger or smaller according to the degree it is turned round, which answers instead of separate plates; you see you cannot lose either of these, while separate plates you can, and not improbably will.

But what is the use of the stops? I expect you want to know. Suppose you have focussed a subject in the middle of the focussing screen, and all round it there are objects some farther off from, and others nearer to, the camera. Now focus till the object in the middle is as clear as you can get it. It then looks beautiful, but if you look close to the edges of the screen you will see the other objects are not a bit distinct. By shifting the position of the lens you can get them beautifully sharp, but then, alas! the beauty of the central object is entirely gone! Now we want the whole picture sharp, and not only one part of it, and how are we to achieve that? Take one of the small stops and put it into the slit in the lens, or turn the wheel till the smallest hole comes into it, and then look through again—I am supposing that you have re-focussed the central object sharply. You will now find the picture very much darker than it was before, but the whole thing will be sharp right up to the edges all round, and thus our object has been accomplished. The general rule for focussing is to focus with the largest stop, or none at all, for the central object, and then go on putting in smaller and smaller stops till the whole picture is sharp—then stop.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.

By P. R. Waddy, B.A.

So little, comparatively speaking, is known in England about Australian matters, that any article upon such should prove both entertaining and instructive to English readers. For this purpose was the following account of the University of Sydney penned, and it is to be hoped that it will meet with the appreciation of all readers of the "B. O. P." By way of explanation, let it be first of all clearly understood that neither Sydney nor either of the other two existing Australian Universities is conducted on the same principles as the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; rather might a comparison be made between these latter and the several colleges of our *alma mater*.

There are three colleges affiliated with the university, viz., St. Paul's, St. Andrew's, and St. John's. These are intended respectively for Church of England, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic students. Nevertheless it is not a *sine quâ non* that a candidate should have attended a college, he may have been a student unattached. All alike have to attend lectures daily at the university, *i.e.*, the university proper and not one of the colleges. Lectures are delivered at every hour from 9 A.M. till 1 P.M. by the various members of the teaching staff of the different faculties, but to this we shall return. In the meantime we shall consider the institution historically.

By an Act of Parliament assented to on October 1, 1850, the University of Sydney was incorporated. By virtue of this Act it was empowered to confer degrees in arts, law, and medicine. It was endowed also to the extent of £5,000 per annum. But it is mainly supported by private benefactions. The University Extension Act of 1884 gave additional power to grant any degrees whatever with the sole exception of degrees in theology and divinity. By this same Act women were admitted to all university privileges equally with men, and it is now on foot to establish a women's college, as already a large number of ladies have graduated, while many more are in their undergraduateship. Graduates of the University of Sydney now enjoy by Royal Charter the same rank, style, and precedence as graduates of the great English universities. The Act to provide for the establishment of colleges in connection with different religious denominations was passed in the year 1854. The university, together with the recently built medical school, the three colleges, and Prince Alfred Hospital, are all within the same piece of ground, which covers 126 acres, the hospital itself occupying nearly twelve acres.

The governing body in the university is called the Senate. At present it consists of twenty-one members or fellows, of whom five are *ex officio*, being certain of the professors, the other sixteen are elective. Vacancies in the Senate are filled by means of a convocation of electors, consisting of the fellows of the Senate for the time being, professors, public teachers and examiners in the schools of the university, principals of incorporated colleges within the university, superior officers, declared to be such by by-law, masters and doctors in any faculty, and bachelors of three years' standing.

The following degrees are conferred after examination at the close of a prescribed course of lectures:—Faculty of Arts, B.A. and M.A.; Faculty of Law, LL.B. and LL.D.; Faculty of Medicine, M.B., Ch.M. and M.D.; Faculty of Science, B.E., M.E., B.Sc. and D.Sc. The arts course extends over three years, during which students are required to attend lectures and pass an examination at the end of each year. After the first year students are allowed a number of subjects from which they may select what they please under certain conditions. The higher degree is not conferred until after the expiration of two years from the granting of the first degree, and candidates are allowed to go up for examination in any subject whatever, subject only to the approval of the Dean of the Faculty of Arts. The law course is only open to graduates in arts, and covers two years of lectures and two examinations; the lecturers are all barristers, and graduates in law are allowed admission to the Bar without further examination. The medical course covers five years for the M.B. and Ch.M. degrees, and the whole curriculum is similar to that of the University of Edinburgh. For the first degrees in engineering and science three years of study are requisite, and for the higher degrees special provisions are made. All students are obliged to matriculate prior to their entrance upon any course of study for a degree, while intending medical students have to pass the first year in arts or an equivalent examination. For those unable to attend lectures during the day, provisions are made whereby they may attend lectures in the arts course at night. In certain cases students are exempt from attendance at lectures altogether. In the case of students showing more than ordinary ability but without the means to pay for a university career, they are exempt from all fees. Bursaries are also given for the same purpose. Numerous scholarships are awarded to undergraduates where they come out highest with first class honours in certain subjects, but no one can hold more than two at the same time. They are generally worth £50, but a few are considerably more. Scholars are distinguished by a velvet band or shoulder-strap on their gowns. Academic dress has to be worn within the university at lectures and on all public occasions, but not outside except on special occasions. The great celebration of the year is the annual commemoration, held in April; the governor is always present and delivers an address; the chancellor, who is surrounded by all the university dignitaries and in the presence of a large assembly, publicly confers the degrees and honours. To relieve the monotony during the ceremony the students are wont to sing songs which have been arranged beforehand, printed and distributed.

Each of the affiliated colleges is governed by a principal and a college council; lectures are delivered, chiefly in divinity, and students are subject to rules and regulations more or less stringent; but as this hardly falls within the range of the present article, we shall at once pass on and turn our attention next to the university institutions.

A Sports Union has recently been inaugurated, by means of which all matriculants are eligible for membership of the football, cricket, boat, athletic and lawn tennis clubs. The patron is His Excellency the Governor, and the Management Committee is a strong and representative one, so that it should be found to be a great success. The University Union is the literary and debating society. Meetings are held once a week during Lent and Trinity terms, when debates, readings, lectures, etc., are given. This Society is in a very flourishing condition, and a word of praise ought not to be omitted here for its recent Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. Leslie Curnow, B.A., to whom its success is to a great extent due. Next should be mentioned the Dramatic Society, which, though only twelve months in existence, has made wonderful strides in that time. Three plays have been staged, the last one being Green's celebrated "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay." The writer was Honorary Treasurer to the Society during its first year, and can testify to the amount of manipulation it needs to make ten shillings go the length of a pound in dramatic representations! The Musical Society must not pass unnoticed. It is the great rival of the last-named Society. Its career has so far been fairly successful, and it bids fair to become a great feature among our other institutions. Last, but by no means least, comes the mouthpiece of the undergraduates—the University Press in fact—"Hermes." This publication is in the hands of the Undergraduates' Association, who annually appoint two editors. It comes out three times a term, and the subscription is 1*s.* 6*d.*, a subscription, by the way, oftener than not unpaid! Undoubtedly it is a popular institution, if so I may term it, though it goes by the name of "The Rag." In it are contained college gossip, sports notes, 'Varsity affairs, as well as an open column and a usually well-written leading article. Of course "The Funny Man" always has his space allotted him, and rarely fails to gain due appreciation by his topical hits.

Although I have already written at greater length than I originally intended, and have no wish to be guilty of wearying my readers, still this article would not be complete without a brief mention of some of our graduates who have attained to any celebrity. Among the Puisne Judges of our Supreme Court the name of Mr. Justice Windeyer stands prominent as our first M.A. and first LL.D. On the Ministry we find the name of the Hon. J. H. Carruthers, Minister for Public Instruction, an M.A. of our *alma mater*; the President of the Land Court, Mr. F. E. Rogers, Q.C., besides being an M.A., is also an LL.B.; the name also of the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Sydney, Mr. S. Burdekin, J.P., M.L.A., is not omitted from the list of Bachelors of Arts. Finally, in the neighbouring Colony of Queensland, the Premier and Attorney-General, the Hon. Sir Samuel Griffith, Q.C., K.C.M.G., occupies a very distinguished place on the list of Masters of Arts of Sydney. Numbers of prominent graduates of other universities have availed themselves of our admission *ad eundem gradum* by-law, whereby they are admitted to the full privileges of our own graduates; among these might be mentioned the Most Reverend Alfred Barry, D.D., LL.D., and Sir Patrick Jennings, K.C.M.G., Honorary LL.D. of Dublin.

In conclusion, the Senate has offered high salaries for its professorial staff, and so has secured the services of some really distinguished men from the great universities of the United Kingdom; and although our university cannot compare in point of age with Oxford and Cambridge, not yet having been established half a century, still it has already shown that it can and does turn out men who in point of scholarship can compete with any others in the world.

Note.—According to the last calendar published in 1890 there were 501 members of convocation, 390 undergraduates attending lectures, of whom 33 were at St. Paul's College, 23 at St. Andrew's, and 22 at St. John's, the remaining 312 being students unattached. There were also 12 professors, 27 lecturers, and 25 additional examiners.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

Chess Competition.

This competition was announced (*vide* p. 61) in the following terms:—

We offer Prizes of 10*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, and 5*s.* *in each section*, for the three best original problems that may be sent to us by February 28, 1891, in Two Moves, Three Moves, and Four Moves. Self-mates and conditional problems are excluded. The first move may not be the taking in passing, but castling is permissible. Two Queens, three Knights of one colour, etc., must not be used. Mark plainly on outside of envelope "Chess Competition." Open equally to all ages up to 24 years.

Sixty-five problems by twenty-four composers have been sent in, and the result of the examination is, that only three problems gain prizes. Problems by the following are either incorrect or too poor for a place:—S. G. A., A. D. B., W. E. B., W. C., F. H. G., R. A. G., H. W. H., J. D. H., W. W. H., C. A. L., C. W. M., F. M., W. P., J. C. S., W. S., C. F. T., E. D. T., G. T., A. W., and G. H. W. A. F. T. C. sent too many problems.

It will be noticed that, though we have only been able to award three prizes, we have considerably increased the prize money in each case beyond the amount offered.

CHESS PRIZE WINNERS.

First Prize—One Guinea.

A. E. Watson, Whitgift Grammar School, Croydon, Surrey.

Second Prize—10*s.* 6*d.*

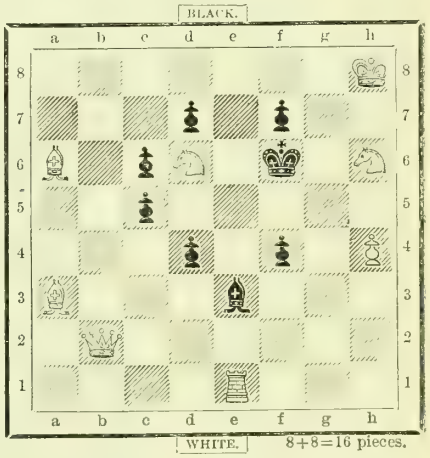
J. F. Saunders, 224, Brick Lane, Bethnal Green, E.

Third Prize—7s. 6*d.*

W. T. Hurley, 152, High Street, Rochester, Kent.

First Prize.

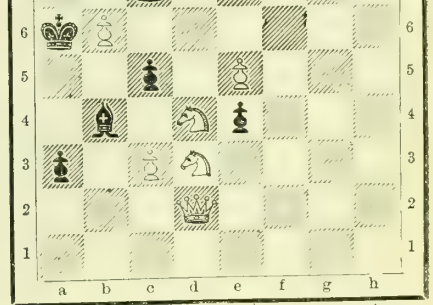
By A. E. Watson.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

Second Prize.

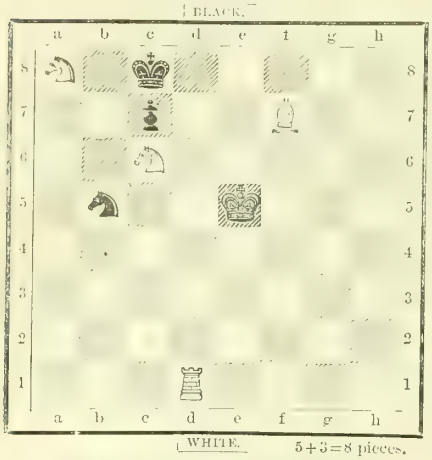
By J. F. Saunders.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

Third Prize.

BY W. T. HURLEY.



BLACK.

WHITE. 5+3=8 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

[*** The solutions will be given in our ordinary chess column.*]

Correspondence.

JOS. P. PEARSON.—1. You will want a switch with only one contact, which you can get without any difficulty from the dealer. Or, if you have a two-way switch, you need only connect up one side of it. 2. The double conductor has two separate wires in it, and it is used for all long distances, as it is so much neater than two wires. You have only to consider them as two separate wires to get it right. If you have the battery close to the switch you can use a single covered wire from one end of battery to centre of switch, and double conductor on to lamp, one of the double conductor wires being joined to the binding screw of the switch, and the other to another single wire going to the other end of battery. If you look at the illustration in the article on the "Electric Drum," and consider you only use *one side*, you can't go wrong.

P. M. PEARCE.—1. The cost of the castings in the rough would be 5*s.*; fitted ready for wire they are 15*s.* The wire may cost you about 2*s.* 6*d.* more, you can get that at the same time; B. W. G. No. 26 is about right. The book is 2*s.* 6*d.*, post free. 2. You will find some more experiments with the Electrical Machine on page 61, Vol. XII. [No. 563], if you have not seen that.

PHOTO (Beginner).—We have had many articles on photography in back numbers of this volume, which you had better read. If they are not sufficiently elementary for you, get the "Beginner's Guide to Photography," published by Perken, Son, & Rayment, 99, Hatton Garden, E.C. Another good book is "Modern Photography for Amateurs," by J. Eaton Fearn, published by Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C. A bigger book is Marion's "Practical Guide to Photography," sold by Marion & Co., 22 & 23, Soho Square, W. The first is 6*d.*, the second 1*s.*, and the third 2*s.* 6*d.* There are dozens more equally good.

ELECTRICITY (Charles May).—The slight difference you mention would not entirely stop the current if the rest of the work is all right, though it might make the machine slightly less efficient. It is possible that the wires are not connected up right, or that some uncovered place, coming in contact with the iron, allows the current to depart before it can be used. You say nothing about the size of the wires being wrong, which has been a difficulty with one or two correspondents who have got too thick wire, so we conclude in your case it is all right. As you live in London you had better take the machine and consult some professional electrician [*e.g.* Messrs. Cox & Co., 11, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.], who would probably see what was wrong directly.

F. E. C. STANLEY.—1. You need not solder the wires, provided that you scrape them clean and take care that they are in contact. But it is better to do so, as it is possible for the wires to get dirty in time, and if the dirt gets between them it will hinder the currents passing. 2. Twist them tightly round the zincs and carbons, or use binding screws which clamp them at the top, this is the best way. You need not solder the wires provided you are sure that they really touch. 3. You will not get a shock whatever you do with this battery, unless you use it to work an induction coil.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.—Get Atkinson's "British Birds' Eggs and Nests," published by Messrs. Routledge & Co. Price 1*s.* plain; 3*s.* 6*d.* with coloured plates.

DEAD CANARY (H. N. W.).—The canary you sent us had died from the rupture of a blood-vessel in the right lung, which was completely disorganised; the left was also affected, but to a less extent. As it was very thin it was probably ailing for some time.

H. GRACIE.—Glad you succeeded with the battery. If by a "shocking machine" you mean an induction coil, you will find full directions for making one in Nos. 534 and 535 [May part 1889], which you have not, apparently, seen.

ENTOMOLOGY (Papilio). 1. You *can* keep insects in cardboard boxes, of course; but the mites are sure to get in and spoil them. 2. The Rev. J. G. Wood's "Insects at Home" is published by Messrs. Longman & Co. 3. Get the "Young Collector," by Dr. Knaggs. It is published by Messrs. Gurney & Jackson, 1, Paternoster Row, and will cost you 1*s.*

WILLIAM WALLACE.—Of the three figures you send, the first is that of a species of Whirlwig (*Gyrinus*), and the third seems to be a *Hydroporus*. We cannot pronounce upon the species without seeing the insects themselves; neither can we undertake to name the *larvæ* of water or other beetles, one of which is represented in your second figure.

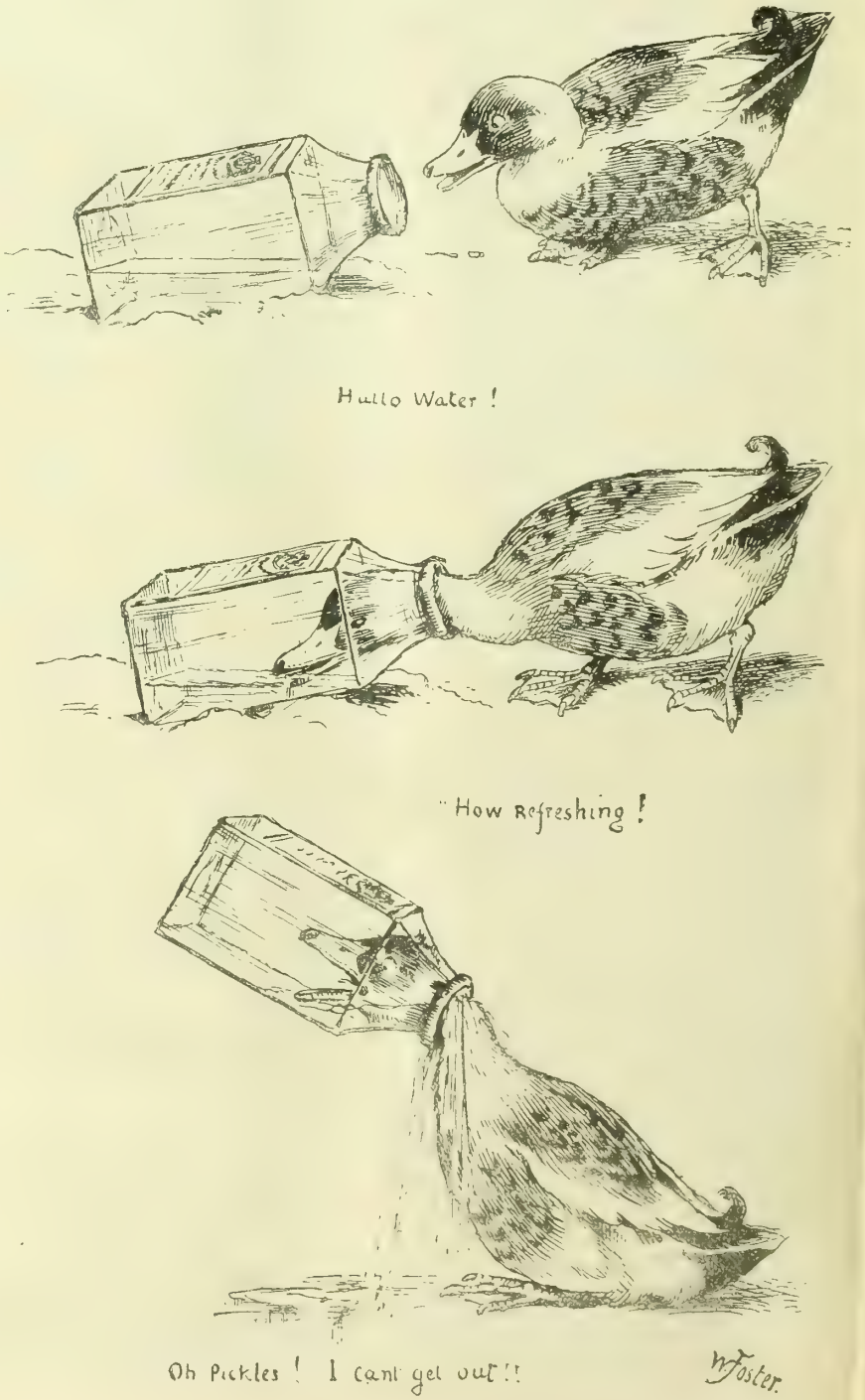
PHOTOGRAPHY (Bromelus).—We suppose you mean bromide prints, from your *nom de plume*, though you don't say so. You either over-expose or over-develop, or let the light get at the paper before its time. If the negative is clear and sharp the print ought to be so too. If it is not, nothing will make the print so. Try the hydroquinone developer, and develop slowly: it works more easily than ferrous oxalate.

M. D. HICK.—Write to Mr. Cooke, 30, Museum Street, London, W.C.

R. A. S.—You can get "chip-boxes" from a druggist, for about 9*d.* a dozen nests.

BERT.—1. Wash your saddle with cold water and soft soap until it is free from dirt, and then rub it over with a woollen cloth and two tablespoonfuls of soft soap, which will dry in, and then polish with a hard brush and beeswax. 2. Yes; it is customary to give the servants something when you make a stay of a few days at a house, it being assumed that the extra work you cause requires some acknowledgment.

SANDHURST.—The test for eyesight is Snellen's Types. Any bookseller can get you the book.



THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 657.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH;

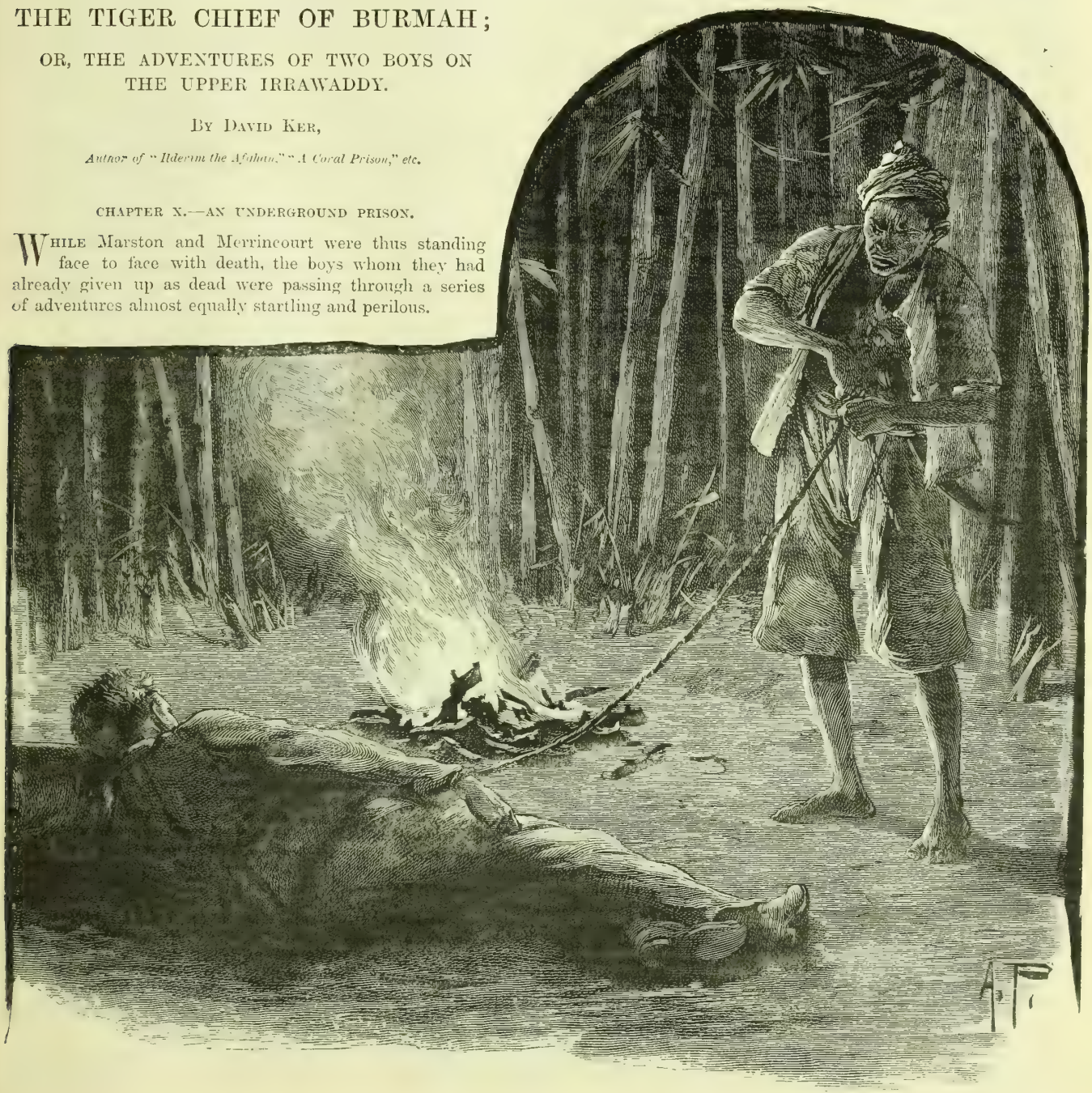
OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ildrim the Afghan," "A Coral Prison," etc.

CHAPTER X.—AN UNDERGROUND PRISON.

While Marston and Merrincourt were thus standing face to face with death, the boys whom they had already given up as dead were passing through a series of adventures almost equally startling and perilous.



"Fastened the other end round his own body."

Borne swiftly away by their captors, they could guess from the constant rustling of leaves and crackling of dry boughs (though their mufflings gave them no chance of seeing anything) that they were traversing a dense jungle, through which the Burmans pressed forward all day, despite the encumbrance of their two prisoners, with a headlong haste which showed that they must have some special and important reason for making all possible speed. But our friends listened in vain for the voice of the Tiger Chief, and had no means of telling whether he was still with the party or not.

Night had fallen when the Burmans at length came to a halt—for hitherto they had only paused for a few moments to take breath every now and then—and the War-Tiger's voice was heard at last, ordering his men to give food to the captives, who had eaten nothing since morning.

The boys were very glad to get rid of their blindfolding mufflers, and to have a chance of looking about them once more. But they did not gain much by it, after all; for it was already so dark in the black depths of this impenetrable forest that they might almost as well have been blindfolded still. Even when the bandits kindled a fire to scare away the wild beasts, its light showed to the two prisoners nothing more than a bristling mass of matted boughs and tangled leaves shutting them in on every side.

The first thing the two lads did was to look round for each other; but they had evidently been kept purposely apart, for neither of them could see his comrade; and as Fred, forgetting his usual caution in his anxiety, was about to shout his cousin's name, a savage-looking fellow beside him made such a significant gesture with his huge knife as stopped the cry on his lips.

Thus baffled, Milburn could think of nothing better to do than to lie down and try to go to sleep, in order to be as fresh as possible for whatever might happen next day. But it was plain that even this proceeding did not wholly disarm the suspicions of his grim jailer, who at once knotted one end of a rope to the boy's arm, and fastened the other end round his own body, so that Fred could not make the slightest movement without being instantly detected.

This fresh proof of the sleepless vigilance of his guards boded no good to Fred's hopes of escape, and even his stout heart sank as he began to realise how small a chance he had of getting free. And even if he succeeded in doing so, how could he ever make his way, alone and unarmed, through this black unending cobweb of pathless thickets, where even his previous training on the Western prairies (though it had made him as good a scout and tracker as any cowboy in Texas) would be absolutely useless?

Harry Foster, too, on the other side of the camp fire, was absorbed in equally disquieting thoughts, and with only too good reason.

The bandit who had apparently been selected as *his* especial jailer, and who had secured him in the same way as his cousin, was a small, meagre, yellow-complexioned man, evidently one of the many "half-breeds" produced by the intermarriage of the Chinese and Burmese races. At first Harry paid no attention to him; but, as the fire burned brighter, and revealed his guard's face more clearly, the boy was struck with the glances of malignant hatred darted at him by the latter; and, looking more closely at him, he recognised, with a thrill of mingled horror and disgust, the very last man into whose hands he would have wished to fall.

Among the native scouts employed by the English Government after the annexation of Upper Burmah was a half-caste from the Chinese border, named Tum-Ti, who had accompanied Harry's father upon more than one of his expeditions among the northern mountains. But he had been caught thieving once and again; and, at length, having been detected in the very act of trying to persuade Foster's native followers to desert him, was arrested, tried, and sentenced to dismissal and several months' imprisonment. Harry had seen enough of him to feel sure that he was not likely to forget either his punishment or the man to whom he owed it; and it was this mean and spiteful villain who now stood over him as his appointed jailer.

Even in this discovery, however, the brave lad found some grounds of encouragement. If even this unscrupulous enemy dared not harm him, he must be under the special protection of the Tiger Chief himself; and he naturally concluded (knowing nothing of the murderous outbreak planned by the War Tiger, and now on the point of exploding over the whole district at once) that the capture of himself and his cousin was merely an ordinary affair of "kidnapping for ransom"; so, fortified by a true boyish confidence that "it would all come right somehow," the captive boy said his prayers, and fell asleep as quietly as if he were in the old school dormitory at Rugby.

The next day was merely a repetition of the preceding one. Blindfolded as before, the boys were carried swiftly onward from morning till evening, their captors being plainly bent upon giving them no chance of learning in what direction lay the fort that they had left, or whether this forced march was carrying them north, south, east, or west. But Harry, knowing that to head southward would bring their kidnappers into a region where the British rule was already firmly established, and that to go west would throw them among the English forts along the border of Arracan, shrewdly guessed that they must be making for the wild hill-country to the north-east, which was indeed the case.

At length, after a day's march, that seemed to the impatient boys twice as long as the one before it, they were set down by their bearers, their mufflings were taken off, and a sight burst upon them which—familiar as Harry was with the Himalaya, and Fred with the Yosemite Valley—literally struck them dumb for an instant with wonder and admiration.

The sun was just setting, and against its blaze of golden glory there towered up right in front of them (rising like islands out of the boundless sea of dark-green vegetation) five or six huge masses of sombre grey rock, many hundreds of feet in height, forming a kind of vast irregular wall. Their shapes were as extraordinary as themselves. One had the form of a bishop's mitre, another looked like the head of a black giant rising slowly out of the earth, and a third displayed so perfect an imitation of the towers and battlements of an ancient castle that it was hard to believe them wholly nature's work.

To all appearance, no living thing could find footing upon the tremendous precipices forming the sides of the cliff; and the boys were not a little startled to see (as they did the moment their dazzled eyes became used to the sudden light) that in every cleft of the rock a tree had fastened its roots, and that the whole face of this great natural wall was one vast perpendicular forest.

But the strangest sight of all was still to come. In the side of the cliff a huge tunnel-like archway, through which an army might have marched with banners displayed, yawned black and grim as the mouth of a sepulchre; but through its gloomy shadow fell a pale golden gleam, from the midst of which there looked down upon them the dim outline of a mighty *face*, filled with the sad and solemn calmness of one who had risen beyond the things of earth, and over whom neither pain nor pleasure, nor any human feeling, had power any more.*

To Fred the sight was a new and startling one; but Harry had seen those statues too often in the Buddhist temples of Siam and Lower Burmah not to recognise at a glance "the Buddha," himself, Shin Gautama, the great teacher whose name is still reverenced by three hundred millions of men twenty-four centuries after his death—a fit sentinel indeed for this weird, shadowy portal, which might well have been taken for the entrance of the world beyond the grave.

"This," said the War Tiger, turning to the still wondering Harry, "is one of *our* forts; do you think your English soldiers could take it?"

"I don't know," replied Harry boldly, "but anyhow, I know they'd *try*!"

The stern warrior eyed for a moment, with a smile of grim approval, the bright, fearless young face which reproduced so strangely that of his lost brother; and then he turned suddenly away without a word.

By a crumbling stair cut in the rock (into the cracks and clefts of which numberless creepers had fastened their wiry roots) the boys and their captors entered this strange catacomb, and suddenly found themselves amid a scene so weird and unearthly that even these reckless lads were impressed by it in spite of themselves.

Before them lay the exact likeness of an ancient Gothic cathedral—columns and archways, shadowy porches and grandly vaulted roofs—all on a scale so gigantic, that beside *them* all the wonders of Strasburg and Cologne would have been dwarfed into nothingness. Far down in the dim interior, the sombre grandeur of this natural temple could be seen stretching onward, onward still; and the few rays of sunshine that struggled into its eternal twilight gave to it a look as shadowy and unsubstantial as if the whole structure might at any moment melt away like morning vapour.

This palace of the night was peopled

* A cave of the same kind, similarly adorned with a colossal gilded image of Buddha, lies among the hills above the port of Moulmein, in Lower Burmah.—D. K.

with inhabitants that matched it well. Grim giants thrust forth their scowling faces from gloomy hollows, and brandished massive clubs in terrible menace. Open-mouthed tigers threatened with uplifted paws the humble pilgrims who knelt on the damp, slimy floor, holding offerings of fruit in their extended hands. Monstrous birds of prey hovered above, scaly dragons gaped and gnashed below. But the outstretched arms of the pilgrims never moved, the yawning jaws of the furious monsters uttered no sound. All alike were cold, hard, lifeless stone; and, high overhead, the mighty features of the imaged Buddha looked down upon these weird mockeries of life as it had looked for countless ages, with the same calm unchanging smile of passionless peace.

But as they went farther in, the darkness fell around them like a pall, and Fred had just time to see that the whole roof of this strange cavern was one mass of tiny red-clay Buddhas no bigger than a very small doll, when the light failed altogether, and it was only by the echo of their steps (which sounded unnaturally loud amid that tomb-like silence) that the boys could tell that they were traversing a rock-cut passage of no great height, but seemingly endless length. So utter was the gloom, indeed, that even the Burmans —to whom this ghostly place was quite familiar—were soon forced to halt and light torches, the red and fitful glare of which made the grim labyrinth look wilder and more unearthly than ever.

But they were lighted not a whit too soon, for only a few moments later the startled lads found themselves on the very brink of a black and frightful chasm,* from the fathomless depths of which rose sullenly the hollow roar of unseen waters, rolling unchecked where no human foot had ever trod, while a swarm of shadowy, shapeless, hideous things flitted screaming past them, far up into the great gulf of blackness overhead, brushing their faces in passing, with thick, leathery wings.

The only way of passing this abyss seemed to be a wet and slippery rock-ledge along one side of it, just wide enough for one man at a time, over which the strong hands of their guards guided them with a cautious care, which showed how certainly the slightest slip or stumble would hurl them to instant destruction.

Even the daring boys felt their courage fail at this fresh proof of the utter hopelessness of escape from that fearful dungeon, in which they were pent up at the mercy of a gang of ferocious savages, who might at any moment butcher them in cold blood, or, worse still, hurl them *living* into the hideous gulf which they had just passed. It was an unspeakable relief to the overwrought nerves of both lads when the torches were suddenly extinguished, and they saw far away at the end of this gloomy tunnel a faint gleam of daylight, which broadened and brightened as they neared it, till they came out all at once into the open air once more.

They were standing at the bottom of a vast circular pit hundreds of feet in depth, the black, broken sides of which sloped outward in such a way that its breadth below was more than double that of its mouth; so that (as Fred Milburn's keen eye saw instantly) it would be quite impossible for them to escape by climbing.

The universal blackness of the cliffs, and the mounds of lava-dust and cinders, as well as the huge masses of charred rock that lay scattered on all sides in wild confusion, showed that this strange hollow must be the crater of a dead volcano, which had evidently been extinct for ages, its mouth being thickly fringed with bushes and even trees, while tough, wire-like creepers hung down into it for many yards on every side. But on the floor of the crater, the well-known richness of volcanic soil (as shown by the orange-groves of Etna and the vineyards of Vesuvius) had been turned to better account. A wide oblong space, cleared of rubbish just beyond the mouth of the tunnel, was now a perfect garden of native vegetables and fruits, flanked by a row of tiny huts of bamboos and dried grass—a genuine underground village. Nor did this strange kitchen-garden lack water, for a small brook went dancing and sparkling right through the midst of it, to vanish with a mellow gurgle into a cleft at the foot of the cliff from which the War Tiger's party had just descended.

"Well, old boy," said Harry to his cousin, "here we are, and here we've got to stay for the present, I suppose; so we may just as well make up our minds to it, and not bother about what we can't help."

And, sure enough, these reckless youngsters soon made themselves quite at home in this den of Eastern cut-throats, Harry from his knowledge of Burmese ways and Fred from his Yankee adaptability to any circumstances whatever. They began by offering their aid to water and tend the garden, and went to work at once, to the no small amusement of their captors. They picked up the names of several of the warriors, and bandied jokes freely with them, Fred's remarks being translated by Harry. They twisted their handkerchiefs into white rabbits and jumping squirrels for the edification of the band; and, finally, they acquitted themselves so well in a wrestling-match got up by some of the younger men, that the whole gang were loud in their praises.

In a word, a few days sufficed to make them prime favourites with the entire band, except the renegade half-breed, Tum-Ti, who was plainly watching for a chance of doing them some mischief; and this, together with the thought of the anxiety which their unaccountable disappearance would cause to their friends and to Mr. Foster himself, was the only thing that damped their buoyant spirits in the least.

But while they were pent up in this strange underground hermitage, many startling and terrible events were occurring in the outer world. All the preparations for the revolt against English rule had been swiftly and silently completed. Large bodies of armed guerillas had been got together little by little in the neighbourhood of all the British forts, under the disguise of native peasants on their way to various local fairs and markets. The War Tiger's savage lieutenant, Moong-Gley, had gone northward with eager haste (little dreaming of the sudden and violent death in store for him at the hand of Alfred Marston and his soldiers) with his Chief's summons to the Shan mountaineers of the border to pour down from their hills and join him in "sweeping the yellow-faced English into the sea" —a message which, as we have seen, the bandit was never to deliver. All was ready for the explosion whenever the Tiger Chief should give the signal—and he gave it.

Most of the British strongholds fell almost on the same day, some overwhelmed by numbers and others taken by stratagem; for the treachery that had failed with the wary Marston had succeeded only too well with some of his brother-officers. Lulled into fatal security by their crafty foe, they had fallen into the habit of admitting native market-people by dozens at a time; and some of the War Tiger's men, slipping in along with the rest, overpowered and slew them ere they even knew that anything was wrong.

One evening Fred and Harry, little thinking that they were the only white people left alive in the whole district, were "assisting" at a native concert. One of the bandits kept clashing a pair of cymbals, another played a tiny fiddle with his hands and a split bamboo with his supple toes, while a third performed upon a kind of small native piano—a cradle-shaped green box over which was spread, like a sheet, the key-board of twenty-four thin wooden keys, sounded by tapping them with a short stick.

Then one of the band sang a mountain war-song, while another followed with a comic performance of some kind, at which these savage men (every one of whom had many lives on his hands) laughed as gleefully as children.

"I say, Harry," cried Fred, "let's give 'em 'Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!'"

Both boys had clear strong voices, and they did full justice to the grand old battle-psalm, which certainly had never been sung in a stranger place, or to a stranger audience. Its martial roll seemed to have called up the very Genius of War himself; for, as the last notes died away among the cliffs overhead, the War Tiger stood spectre-like in the mouth of the rock-tunnel, with his famous tiger-skin helmet on his head, his long gun in his hand, marks of blood on his clothes, and a frown as black as the gloom out of which he had just risen.

He might well look black, for, owing to Moong-Gley's unforeseen death (of which the chief was still ignorant), the Shan warriors on whose aid he counted had never joined him; and he had just learned that Fort Kyook-Pew, without which his control of the northern districts could not be secure, was still held by Marston and Merrincourt against all that his men could do.

For a time the Chief held conference apart with two or three of his followers, taking no notice of the boys, who wisely refrained from attracting his attention; but, a little later, Fred Milburn, seeing that he appeared to be in a somewhat better humour than before, went up to him, and said in English:

"Mr. Tiger, if you're not going to kill us, won't you let us write and tell our friends that we're alive? They must be thinking us dead all this time, you know, and it's a pity to scare 'em for nothing."

The Chief turned his face quickly away to hide the gleam of cruel joy that lighted

* I myself nearly fell down this very chasm some years ago; but whether my Burmese guide really meant me to do so, I will not undertake to say.—D. K.

up his deep black eyes as he heard the frank, fearless boy innocently suggest to him the means of a deadlier stroke of treachery than any that he had yet achieved.

"So be it," said he; "if you choose to write a letter to the English chief at Kyook-Pew, I will see that it is delivered."

No sooner said than done. Harry still had his pencil, and Fred a small note-book—for no attempt had been made to plunder them—and between them the boys soon concocted the following despatch

"DEAR MR. MARSTON.—We're all right, and very jolly, only they won't let us go. I think the Tiger Chief means to keep us for ransom; he's been very civil so far. Kind regards to Mr. Merrincourt.

Yours truly,
HARRY FOSTER.
FRED MILBURN."

"The old Tiger's not a bad sort, after all," said Harry, when the note, after being dated and read aloud, had been carried away by the Chief.

His cousin fully agreed; for the boys, knowing nothing of the horrors which this man had just been perpetrating, looked upon him with that frank and manly admiration with which the Anglo-Saxon always regards a brave and resolute foe, and had no suspicion of the cruel and terrible use which his remorseless ingenuity was about to make of their simple message.

(To be continued.)

THE HUNCHBACK.

By ALBERT E. HOOPER,

Author of "Up the Moonstair," "Only a Red," etc.

PART III.

"CHARLEY, make haste and get up."

"All right. Time to get up? Hallo! what's up?"

Charley rubbed his eyes and started bolt upright, to see Sinclair standing, half-dressed, beside his bed.

"Look sharp! the house is on fire."

Dawlish gave a leap, and landed in the middle of the room.

"Whew! what a smell of smoke! And how it crackles!" he cried, as he slipped into his clothes. "Does anybody know?"

"No; I'm going to call the Doctor now. Make haste and sound the alarm."

Sinclair rushed from the room, and five minutes later the passages were thronged with panic-stricken boys rushing to and fro in wildest confusion.

Then the silence of the night outside was rudely broken, as from the turret on the roof of the house the great school bell clanged out its alarm.

The Doctor and his masters, with the assistance of the clearest-headed of the seniors, soon reduced the clamouring crowd of boys to something like order; and in less than a quarter of an hour, the whole school was assembled on the lawn before the house, gazing at the ruddy glow that flushed the windows of the second floor.

"Who's ringing the bell?" asked the Doctor, as he marshalled a line of the elder boys from the water-tank to the staircase.

"Dawlish, sir," said Sinclair.

"Then go and fetch him; anybody can pull the rope."

Sinclair darted down the passage to the schoolroom; but he quickly returned, dragging a rope after him.

"Dawlish isn't there, sir; and the bell cord's broken!" he cried.

The Doctor glanced at the length of the cord, and then turned very pale.

"The boy must be in the turret!" he exclaimed.

Scarcely had the words left his lips than Sinclair dashed into the house. Up the stairs he sprang, with panting breath, and a terrible fear at his heart. Volumes of smoke poured down to meet him; but, with head bent low and arm shading his eyes, he struggled on and mounted to the second floor. Here he was met by a fierce outburst of flame from the room in which the fire had first broken out. He tried to force his way past, but in vain. The flames had taken a firm hold of the passage, and all the woodwork was in a blaze.

"Come back, boy!" cried the Doctor's voice, sounding hoarsely through the smoke behind him. "We must wait for the engines."

A firm hand was laid on his arm, and he was forced down the stairs, protesting all the way:

"Dawlish trusts me to tell him when to leave the bell."

Out in the open air once more, Sinclair gazed up wildly towards the turret, which loomed black against the flushed sky. The alarm bell still pealed out, and all knew that Charley Dawlish was standing alone in the darkness of the turret, little thinking that his retreat was cut off by a wall of flame.

The fire was now spurting forth from several of the first-floor windows in spiteful streams. But hark!—the clatter of hoof-strokes and the thunderous roar of whirling wheels.

A ringing cheer burst from the crowd of boys as the first engine dashed up. Down sprang the helmeted firemen; the smoking horses were unhitched and led aside; the hose was adjusted to engine and tank, and a stream of water poured hissing into one of the blazing rooms.

In the meantime the Doctor and several of the Sixth-formers had been round to the back of the school, and now they came back with a long ladder. In a moment it was upreared, but its top rested against the ivy-covered wall, far below the third-storey windows.

As they momentarily paused in their disappointment, a dark figure darted out of the shadow, rushed to the ladder, and began to ascend by ungainly leaps and bounds.

It was the Hunchback, and knotted round his waist was the end of the long bell-rope.

A few seconds brought him to the top of the ladder; and then without the least hesitation he clambered up the ivy and swung himself into one of the third-floor windows.

Half a minute after he had disappeared from view the bell in the turret ceased to ring. Then there was a moment of terrible suspense, a deep silence, and a mighty shout; for there, at the open window, Charley Dawlish and Horace Sinclair stood side by side.

"Make haste! Make haste!" shouted the excited crowd, and not without reason; for the flames from the lower windows were playing fiercely upon the ladder.

There seemed to be some altercation between the two boys; but suddenly Sinclair was seen almost to push his companion through the window; and the next moment Charley Dawlish had slipped down the cord as far as the ladder, and then run lightly down the rungs to the ground. But scarcely was he in safety than the charred ladder began to waver and rock to and fro; and, almost before Sinclair could get out on to the window-ledge, it had fallen with a crash into the garden.

But the bell-cord still swung from the window, and Sinclair was just about to seize it when a cry of horror burst from the watchers below.

"The rope's on fire!"

It was true; the flames from the lower windows seized upon the swinging cord, and in an instant a serpent of crackling fire went writhing and twisting up to the very ledge on which the Hunchback stood.

His misshapen figure was clearly outlined against the redly gleaming glass in the upper part of the window; but only the triumphant beauty of his face was noticed by the boys below as he glanced down at his friend Charley Dawlish.

Only for a moment he paused, and then, stooping, he stretched down his long arms, grasped the rope-like ivy stems, and swung himself off the ledge. There he clung, feeling for a foothold; but when he moved, instead of descending, he began to work his way laterally along the ivy-covered wall of the house.

"He'll never do it—no arms could bear such a strain," said one of the firemen.

But the Hunchback's arms gained in strength what they lacked in grace, and now their knotted muscles stood him in good stead. Slowly and cautiously, but with many a slip that set the spectators' hearts beating with terror, he worked his way along the side of the house; and presently when he began to descend, hand under hand, still grasping the ivy stems, he was quite out of the reach of the flaming windows.

His descent was rapid; and when at last his feet touched the ground every boy in the school, from the smallest junior to the whiskered head of the First Form, cheered as if he were mad.

The Doctor himself hurried up and shook him heartily by the hand.

"My boy!" he said in a broken voice, "there is not a man of us who could have done it."

At that moment Horace Sinclair ceased to be ashamed of his deformity, and with a glad face he turned to meet the outstretched hands of Charley Dawlish and the boys who came crowding around him.

The fire was got under, but the school had to break up while the damage was repaired; and when it again assembled the affair was still fresh in everybody's memory, and there was no more popular fellow in the school than Horace Sinclair the Hunchback.

(THE END.)

HIS FIRST—AND LAST—TIGER.

By the Author of "Obadiah," etc.

I was leaning over the bulwarks of the great P. and O. steamer as we ploughed our way down the Red Sea. Right and left flew the white foam from our cutwater, and seethed along the shapely sides of the Europa. From minute to minute, like flashes of silver, the flying fish rose from before us, terror-struck by the rushing steam-driven monster, then, striking the dark blue waves, bounded up for a second or third flight before they disappeared from view. A mile or two beyond us, towards the African coast, an English goods steamer was labouring heavily in the "wine-dark" sea. The water breaks over her bows and pours through her scuppers under the freshening breeze. Far away to starboard rose the Somali mountains, range after range, bare, solitary, and desolate, the wind-blown sand lodged in their lower crevices like avalanches of the desert. "*Es ist sehr schön,*" I said, as I turned to a good-natured German by my side, whom I had noticed as we came through the canal. That was about all of his language that I knew, but I thought it would please him to have my thoughts expressed in his own tongue. "*Ja, mein Herr, es ist wünderschön. Sie sprechen doch Deutsch?*" Alas! my German had nearly come to an end, and I was obliged to stammer, "*Nein, mein Herr—sehr schlecht.*" "Den ve vill talk Englisch, ja?" he replied.

His English might not be first-rate, but it was a long way better than my German.

"What a wild and dreary coast that is!" I exclaimed. "Can there be a greater contrast than that which is presented by the utter barbarism of life there, and what we see here?" I added, pointing to the groups of well-dressed passengers, who in every variety of chair were reclining under the awning, or promenading the main deck.

"Dat is so. And I have seen de vild life ver near. Ach, I have!" said he.

"Tell me how you mean."

"Vell, you know, I haf been tabak planting in Sumatra. An' I com home some time, an' captain he got wrong von nacht an' he run scheep on rock near shore, an' ven it vos day, Somalis com an' shout at us an' shake spears. An' it vos a leetle far to sweem or dey vould af com for us. An' vomans scream an' say, 'O captain, are dose vild men commin to scheep?' So captain he try all vay to get off, but scheep would not move. An' ve saw vild men running off for boats, vat dey call baum-kahns. So, I tink, if vild men take us, dat vill be great change for Englisch leddies."

"An awful prospect indeed," I said, "from the luxury and absolute security of a floating palace like this, to the unspeakable savagery of such a life as they would have had to live there!" And I shuddered as I thought of the fate which might any time befal one's friends, to whom a trip to India or a run home on furlough seems the easiest and safest thing in the world. "Well, but how *did* you escape?" I asked.

"Vell," said my friend, taking the meerschaum out of his mouth and sending forth a copious cloud of smoke, "ven de captain saw the baum-kahns an' boats commin, he got us all to scheep's stern, an' all heavy cannon and iron, an' de ingenieur to hinter scheep (vat you call 'go astarn') like as to make him borst, an' scheep off rocks a leetle moved, an' den a leetle more, an' den faster, an' den she turn a leetle, an' all shout 'hurrah,' an' captain cry 'Vorwärts! Go ahead!' den vild mans yell and scream an' get out of de way, an' to Suez all safe ve arrive."

"Well," I said, "that was a narrow squeak. But I suppose you don't want for adventures in Sumatra, eh?"

"Want adventures?" he replied, mistaking my meaning, and answering with simple German frankness. "Oh no! I do not like adventures. I never seek dem! If dey come, vell!" (with a wave of his pipe), "but vant dem, no!"

I explained my meaning, and Herr Hoffmann laughed long and loud. His memory was evidently tickled by some reminiscence of the past.

"No adventures!" he repeated. "Noting but ver hot, ver hot. In house muskito, out house muskito and bloodleech!"

"But you have large game in those parts, haven't you? Tigers and so forth?" said I, for I wanted to draw out of him some good sporting story to while away the hour or two before the dinner bell. "Did you never go tiger-hunting?" I inquired.

"Oh yas!" he replied, with a twinkle in his eye. "Vonce I hunt de tigar, bot I nevar hunt 'im more. Look 'ere. If to hear about my tigar-hunting you vish, I vill tell you." He laid hold of a ratlin and swung himself to a comfortable seat on the bulwarks; then, refilling his pipe, began his story.

"It vos five years past I com out to Sumatra, for I had uncle dat vos tabak-planter. And I got to know som yong fellahs what had longer settled. So one com to me an' say, 'Vill you shoot tigar vid us?' An' I say, 'Ja wohl,' for I like to shoot more dan all tings. 'Vell,' he said, 'you most get up early, for ve 'av long road to go, and you most bring rifle.' So, next day, before it vos light, ve left de houses, and ve had long jorney trough de forest, and ver hard vay it vos, and you fall over roots and cut avay hanging plants from trees, and den hornets com at you and you fight vid dem, and leetle red ants get in stockings and bite and bite. And den ve got to vet place, vid tall reeds and mud, and vade trough. And so at last ve com to hut near som big bamboos. No man live in hut. It vos made for Jägers, you know."

"Yes, I understand," said I, for I was beginning to feel very much interested in his story.

"Ach so!" continued the German. "My friends and I lie down here on some leaves, and blackman servant get food for us out of schnapsack. De sun ver hot, ver hot, and all de forest ver still. So I tink I vill take off boots and smoke pipe and get rest, for tigar-hunt vos to be at night. Bot ven I unlace boots, I find dem full of blood, and blood trickling down my leg, and my friends call out, 'Oh, you should have leech stockings! Look at your ankles!' And I look and see many little brown blütegel, dat is leeches, stick on my leg. 'Potz tausend!' I cry out and begin to pull at dem. But my friends all shout, 'No! you silly man! you must not touch dem! And dey get some tobacco from my pouch and rub it over bloodleech, and dey wag tail and stop sucking and we got dem all off."

"I've heard of landleeches before," I remarked, "but I never saw one. They must be uncommon nasty brutes!"

"Bruta!" replied Herr Hoffmann, rubbing his ankle as he spoke, so vivid was the recollection. "Wohlan! so ve lie down and sleep. And ven night com, my friends get all ready and ve start for de tigar. But first ve eat supper. And when supper don, dey take som food vid dem, and one say, 'Who shall carry viski bottle?' 'Hoffmann carry it,' say anoder, 'he vill carry viski bottle better dan shoot tigar! Have you evar shoot tigar, Hoffmann?' 'No,' I told him, 'I nevar shoot tigar, for I nevar see him bot in Thiergarten at Berlin. Bot I vill kill him if he com.' 'Oh, yes!' said anoder, 'but you look out, mine friend, or tigar vill carry you off!' 'Don't you let tigar take viski bottle,' say anoder; 'viski too good for tigar!' I told dem I did not like dere joaks, but dey said it vos all fun."

"Yes," I said, "a little chaff is all very well in its way, but some fellows seem never to know when to stop."

"Just so," resumed my German friend. "Vell, so dey found a big hole under nutmeg tree, and tell me get into it, and dey get into oder holes and up trees. And I ask vat to do? And dey say, 'Vait for tigar here. Mind you keep very still. You not to speak, or cough, or sing, or move, or smoke, or make any noise, else tigar vill not com.' So dey go off and I sit very still, and I keep my rifle in my hand at half cock, and I listen for de tigar. And ven I hear crackle in bushes, I tink tigar is comming, bot it vas som leetle beast going to drink at pool. But soon muskito com buzz, buzz round my face and sit on my cheek, and I slap at muskito, for he bite ver moch, and den I keep still again. And anoder muskito com, for he live in forest, buzz, buzz, buzz, and I try kill him too, and anoder and anoder and anoder, as if it vos bees in schwarm, and I dock down my head, and den dey com at my legs (oh! yas, dey bite trough stockings), and when I try to catch dem, dey settle on my hands and wrists. So I make myself like a ball and stick hands into pockets. Bot, I tink, vat if tigar com now, and I not got hold of rifle? So I take out hands again and say I most not mind leetle tings in tigar hunting! Ach nein! bot muskito have soch a hunt of me as I vos not glad I had com to hunt tigar. Den I pull out viski bottle and get out cork vid my teeth. And so for long time of night I had noting else to do bot fight muskito and drink viski!" cried the German, as he remembered the past.

"I should have no relish for such sport as that," I exclaimed. "But what about the tiger? didn't he come, after all?"

"You shall hear," replied Herr Hoffmann, gravely. "Vell, de night go on an' I nevar hear tigar, only buzz, buzz in my ear, an' I feel so hot and dursty, an' I say to myself, 'Tigar vill nevar com at all, an' pipe vill keep off dese verdamnitz muskito.' So I feel for match and light my pipe. And as soon as I began to smoke I hear de oder fellahs call out, 'Oh you bad man! you have spoilt it all! tigar vill nevar com now. Tigar does not like smoke!' So dey all com out of deir holes and trees and dey angry vid me and ve go home. And one say, 'Com now, if tigar not taken Hoffmann, anyhow he not taken viski bottle.' And anoder cry out, 'I know vich ve could best have spared!' And anoder slap me on back and say 'Nevar mind! pass de viski round, ole man!' And I give dem de bottle and dey all crowd round it; bot dere vos no viski in him at all! So dey all cry out, 'Oh you bad fellah! you vill nevar shoot tigar!' And I nevar did, for I nevar try again."

He took a final pull at his meerschaum, but the pipe had gone out. With a cheery

laugh at his own misadventure he tapped the pipebowl on the bulwarks and, hitching himself down, turned round with me to gaze on the glorious sunset which had been rapidly developing as he finished his story. The purple mountains stood out in the west above the darkening sea. A golden disk of glory, enlarging and contracting itself like a vast medusa, was sinking rapidly behind their clear-cut ridges. Round it hung gathered diaphanous clouds in horizontal strata of amethyst and gold. From these white fleecy bars of vapour, tinged with crimson, like angels' wings in a painting of Giotto or Fra Angelico, stretched across the western sky diagonally to the horizon, while, high up, clearly visible even before the burning circle touched the Nubian mountains, bright as a diamond, Venus, as the evening star, hung in the blue heaven. And now the remoter purple masses of cloud are flushing with crimson light, the edges of the sleeping cirri in the West glow with an intenser gold, and handfuls of whitest wool dyed with bright ruby break off and float in a transparency of amethyst. Deeper, still deeper, grows the purple along the mountain sides, and darkness falls from the zenith, wrapping heaven and earth in its overhanging pall.

We gazed in silence at the lessening light. It seemed as though ordinary words would have been almost profane. A jest in a cathedral would not have been more incongruous. How shall the soul come back to common life which has just been raised to the golden gates of Paradise?

It was a positive relief when the loud ringing of a bell near the companion called us from our reverie and announced that it was time to dress for dinner.

W. W.

"FAUGH A BALLAGH!"

By Stephen Gray,

Author of "The Peshwa's Elephant," etc.

There was a scare in the coolie lines. Twice had a man-eater made his spring upon the punkawallahs lying in the verandah of the sahib's own bungalow. Two unhappy fathers of families had he flung across his back, in the enormous strength which bore its burden with no greater effort than it had cost the poor victims themselves to dandle their tiny, shiny, brown babies. The wretched men had vanished with their destroyer into the impassable jungle almost before they had time to shriek their mortal despair. And the little colony of Bengali labourers who worked field and factory on the tea garden had of course been seized by panic fear.

Not of his own will would one now stir out after dark from the frail shelter of those mud walls which the dreaded animal could have overthrown with a single pat of his terrible paw, and within which the proprietors kept their precious live-stock as carefully secluded as themselves. No congenial gossip for them, those warm and steamy Assamese evenings, over their hubble-bubbles, under the great pipul tree in the centre of the group of huts, where they so delighted to squat after the last frugal meal of the day, discussing those concerns of the little community which formed the interests of their whole civilised world. The terribly monotonous chants which were wont to afford such enjoyment to their rapt hearers no longer quavered through the damp night air. Mute and inglorious cowered the songsters lately accustomed to elicit from their audience approving murmurs of "wah wah!" and "shabash!"—which are the Indian equivalent of the more noisy "bravo" and applause of the European. No longer were the spirits of the tired, dozing, white men living up the hill filled with the comic despair created by those prolonged and artistic ululations. Shirgarh village was beleaguered of "the terror by night," of the ruthless tyrant who "walketh in darkness," yet more awful than pestilence itself in his death-dealing power and might.

Nor were there wanting signs of a state of siege at headquarters, whither had timorously scuttled, very early in the evening, the two coolies whose offices at the punkah were destined that night to minister to the softness of the sahib's slumber—if they did not rouse his restlessness and wrath instead by their perfunctory and intermittent exertions, which was quite as likely.

In striking contrast to affairs in the *busti* was the attitude of the little garrison at the bungalow. Worthy John Jenkins, manager of the Shirgarh tea estate, and young Matheson his assistant—fresh out from home the last cold weather—had been making their preparations to attract another visit from the lord of the jungle and to afford him the warmest of welcomes upon his appearance. Accustomed to seek the enemy upon his own ground, they had not been prepared for this invasion of British territory. It was an insult to the ruling race; such audacity was not to be tamely submitted to. And, even had the manager's kind heart not been stirred by the widow's wailings, labour is not so superabundant in the country of the Brahmaputra as to render the diminution of his forces by two good field hands a circumstance to be considered with resignation or philosophy. The doom had gone out. The reign of terror must cease. The intruder must die!

The more the merrier, of course; and therefore the noisy and gleeful assistance had been enlisted of Paddy Callaghan—a neighbour, so to speak, resident only twelve miles away, who had chanced to ride over that morning upon some social or business errand. And the garden work over, the first thing to be done was to clean up the little arsenal of the establishment. There it reposed, ready loaded, upon a side table in the sitting-room. It was in a stuffy, kerosene-scented passage at the back of the house, and not, as customary, in the broad, airy, front verandah that the punkah puller laid himself down to sleep while awaiting his turn of duty—carefully wrapping his head in his scarf in the usual Indian preparation for slumber, which leaves limbs and body bare while swathing the head, and its senses of sight, smell, and hearing, in greasy folds of cotton cloth. On the spot whence the late victims had been snatched, now lay a bait—a dummy figure which, while it would certainly not have imposed upon wily Mr. Stripes in the daytime, it was hoped might tempt another midnight raid.

Dinner had appeared and disappeared: the uninteresting soup, the tasteless fish, and the weird preparation of somewhat aged hen which most planters are accustomed to encounter day after day, had been discussed with all the appetite which such a climate leaves. The regulation bottle of beer had been thirstily absorbed by each man, and each had consumed the cheroot esteemed so kindly a companion in fatigue and so efficient an ally against the already gathering mosquito host.

At about eleven o'clock had the expected visitor announced himself upon the previous occasions. At ten, therefore, all lights were extinguished save that of a wall lamp, which was turned very low. The table servants, after a very unusual protraction of their duties, at length plucked up sufficient courage to leave for the village in a frightened little flock. Each flourished a lantern very vigorously and talked his loudest to frighten the tiger and to keep up his own spirit. Each clung tightly to another's flimsy garment and glanced nervously round the cultivation stretching right and left under the starlight.

It was, of course, not to be expected that Callaghan should withstand the temptation to rush round and create a vigorous rustling among the bushes upon the left flank of the trembling herd! This effectually hastened them on their way, converting their chatter into shrieks of terror and affording a fund of excited narration for many days concerning the imminent danger they had run! Fortunately the joker had sufficient good sense to keep under cover; for Jenkins had, at the earnest solicitation of these domestic heroes, consented to cover their retreat at a short distance, armed with his rifle, and was quite as completely tricked as they were by the Irishman's manœuvre. Many another man would have let fly a chance shot into the bush; but the consideration of the risk he had run did not for one moment diminish Paddy's delight at his success. That episode over, all fell dead quiet at the bungalow. The men were armed and at their post: the vigil had begun.

Two open doorways led out of the sitting-room into the verandah, along the wall at the back of which, just at the left side of the left-hand exit, was extended the dummy figure. Jenkins sat with his rifle across his knees, commanding a view through the said door of the enemy's probable line of advance from the jungle upon the quarry. Before him, close to the front wall, with a clear view through the right-hand doorway, sat Matheson, with no more sportsmanlike weapon than a navy revolver—having given up his gun, a short artillery carbine of ancient date which he had somehow become possessed of, to Callaghan, the guest of the evening. That individual fidgeted in his seat at the other end of the room, nursing his instrument of slaughter, the sword-bayonet belonging to which he had insisted upon fixing, while delightedly discussing the—to a less ardent mind—rather undesirable chances of being able to "give the craycher a taste of the cowld shteel." The punkah had been stopped; the mosquitoes sounded the trumpet vigorously and fell tooth and nail upon the devoted trio. Heroically did all three suffer and perspire, maintaining a silence broken but by an occasional comical groan, which betrayed the hardly subdued impa-

tience of one at least of them as minute followed minute into the past.

Eleven o'clock had come and gone; a jackal had stolen out of the bushes towards the house and sniffed the air suspiciously; had hesitated in his advance, and then silently trotted back. Twelve o'clock had arrived, and from the back might be heard the scarf-muffled snores of the house servants, whose terrors were now lost in sleep. Half-past twelve! The watch had become wearisome to men who had done their day's work and earned their night's rest. Callaghan had fairly dropped off to sleep, and Matheson's chin was inclining quietly to his chest, when both were roused by their companion's stepping across the room. He made no remark, and afterwards explained that, having made up his mind they were to have no sport that night, he had gone out to look round before proposing an adjournment. Scarcely had he reached the steps leading down from the verandah, where he stood with his right arm round one of the wooden pillars supporting the roof, when there was a rush out of the jungle; a large, dark body shot through the air, and the tiger had struck him with its right forepaw upon his left arm and gripped his left shoulder with its fangs.

The jaws were tightening; a second more and he had gone the last long journey of his two poor servants. But with a positive howl of excitement and a rush almost as rapid as the brute's own, the Irishman went at it, drove his bayonet a good twelve inches into its body and drew trigger. The beast gave a roar of wrath and pain, then fell back, dropping its prey and ramping on its hind legs, beating the air with its forepaws and uttering a snarl of such ferocity as almost curdled its hearers' blood. Callaghan had withdrawn his blade and stood on the defensive; not even *his* courage was equal to resuming the attack. At that moment a bullet from Matheson's revolver struck the animal, which dropped on all fours. Jenkins turned, half blind and unconscious with agony, to gain the shelter of the house. Another bound! The beast was on his back and they fell together across the verandah. It had been a last effort. It was dead, probably before it struck the second time.

The incident was over in less than a minute from Jenkins leaving his seat; but for two and a half hours had they lain in wait for the tiger, and, perhaps, as long, the tiger for them! The carcase, which measured ten feet four inches from snout to tail tip, was dragged off the wounded man, whose state of insensibility gave opportunity to wash his ghastly wounds. A tiger's blow generally means lockjaw, and the poor fellow was quite given up by his friends. But he recovered to bear in his useless arm record of the terrible adventure, and to be long known in a less jungly district as "Tiger Jenkins." And Callaghan took his place as the great *shikari* of the Shirgarh forests under the honourable title of "Old Faugh a Ballagh!" That, proclaimed a compatriot of his, in a rich brogue, at a public dinner at Sylhet, meant "Clear the way, subs!" and was the cry of the Milesian in a charge of bayonets. And the name stuck—though nobody could spell it.

(THE END.)

ALL HANDS FOR THEMSELVES.

By Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A., Chaplain to H.M. Forces.

Narrating the conclusion arrived at by the court-martial which inquired into the loss of H.M. ship Serpent, a leading article in a newspaper ended with these words:—

"There is one bright feature in this great national calamity which stands out prominently from the dismal surroundings, and that is the heroic devotion to duty of Captain Ross and the officers and ship's company generally. Not a soul was seized with panic, even when everybody knew that certain destruction was before him. The captain's orders were calmly given and as calmly obeyed, and when at the last moment it was seen that every chance was gone, and the usual order, which is the final one given on board a British ship of war, 'All hands for themselves,' rang out from the bridge, the officers and men wished each other good-bye, and were soon afterwards washed away to that doom in the surging billows which is only too frequently reserved for those who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters."

If it makes us shiver even to read this order, "All hands for themselves," what must have been the feelings of those who heard it? Such an order never would have been given as long as the slightest hope of saving the Serpent remained, and we may be sure that, however obedient they would have been to other orders, her crew would not have obeyed it if a single comrade could have been saved by their not being for themselves. The brightest feature of our national history is that in times of danger Englishmen, whether soldiers, sailors, or civilians, never care for themselves. When there is any chance of saving others by risking their own lives, they do so. The soldiers on board the troopship Birkenhead were not for themselves when, instead of escaping by means of the boats, they filled them with women and children, and then standing on deck as steady as on parade went down into a sea crowded with sharks, firing a *feu de joie* because they had been enabled to remain faithful to duty even unto death.

The captain of the emigrant ship London was not for himself when, as the ship began to sink, he ordered his mate into one of the boats, shook hands with him, and said "God speed you! I will go down with my passengers." Think of this captain, not of the Royal Navy but of the merchant service, willing to die with his passengers, and leaning over the gunwale to give the parting boat its course with no hope of reward or applause in this world, for long before the boat could be saved or the brave deed reported the doer of the deed would have found a watery grave—think of this self-forgetfulness, and then compare it with conduct of an opposite kind. How glorious does it read when compared for instance with the cowardly act of the sailors as described in the account of St. Paul's shipwreck. Seeing that the ship would inevitably go to pieces they tried to escape in the boat, "under colour"—that is under the pretence—that they were going to bring out the anchor and fasten the forepart of the vessel. The real reason of letting down the boat was to escape in it, regardless of the fate of their fellow passengers. We despise the cowardice of these sailors, but is it not an illustration of the way too many of us act in our voyage over the waves of life's troublesome sea? We abandon our posts of duty, and shirk all discomfort and annoyance, careless if others have to suffer for our indolence and unwillingness to share the burdens of life.

A few years ago an accident occurred on a training ship at the mouth of the Thames, when some sailor boys behaved very differently from the sailors who manned St. Paul's ship. The Goliath was a training ship full of "street arabs," collected from the poorest parts of London. Fire broke out, and a rush was made for the boats; but the boys, when they saw their captain, to whom they were greatly attached, all shouted to him to get first into a boat. His reply, which was reported and illustrated in the "B. O. P." at the time—was a striking one: "That's not the way at sea, my boys!"

There are two ways of passing over the sea of life. We may resolve to have a soft easy time of it, and never to allow the thought of other people's wants to trouble our selfish complacency. The glory of God and the good of man may be utterly disregarded by us. Instead of helping to bear the burdens of others, we may put ours on them; instead of remaining in the old ship of duty to help others we may flee away out of it; but that's not the way at sea, my boys, of those who take Christ for their Master. They fulfil His law by bearing other people's burdens, and do not run away from the post of duty. And the second way of behaving in the voyage of life brings, even in this world, more happiness than the selfish way. It brings self-approving hours that outweigh whole years of selfish pleasures. "It is only a poor sort of happiness," writes George Eliot, "that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being great, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves."

Here is a story of "the hero, the darling hero of England," which shows that he was not for himself when the life of a friend was in danger. It was on February 11, 1797, only three days before the great battle of St. Vincent. Nelson was on board a frigate in the Mediterranean, just east of the Straits of Gibraltar. He was on his way to join the commander-in-chief, whose fleet lay at some distance on the west. The frigate was close to the Straits, when she found herself chased from the eastward by two Spanish ships of the line. Suddenly there was a cry of "A man overboard!" A boat was lowered, under the command of young Thomas Hardy, known eight years later as the flag-captain of the Victory, to whom Nelson gave his farewell instructions as he lay dying of his wound. A very rapid current sets in eastwards through the Straits. This current quickly carried the boat far astern of the frigate—farther and farther from her friends, closer and closer to the fast pursuing enemy. It was a critical moment. To go after the boat was to lose time and risk capture from the powerful line-of-battle ships. At this crisis, Nelson, casting an anxious look at the hazardous situation of Hardy and his companions, exclaimed, "No, it shall not be!

I'll not lose Hardy! Back the mizen topsail!'"

"I'll not lose Hardy." Any risk rather than that. Any risk rather than see an old friend lost—a brother taken by the enemy, taken alone, taken when we are near and might save him. Surely, boys, you will not be for yourselves only, but will go for him and try and rescue him when you see a comrade drifting helplessly, hopelessly, towards an enemy, drawing nearer and nearer to one of those cunning, swaggering, and yet cowardly foes that destroy boyhood and manhood. A friend is in danger of falling a victim to idleness, extravagance, intemperance or impurity. Be not for yourself, go for him, and try to save him from his danger. He may think you impertinent, and laugh at you for being "goody goody." Never mind, persevere, say to yourself, "It shall not be, I'll not lose Hardy!" I have known several boys and young men who were saved by companions from a far worse fate than that from which Nelson rescued Hardy. And who shall record all the great and good men who got the first start in a right direction from youthful companions? If the celebrated Archdeacon Paley's friend had been for himself alone, the world would have missed a useful writer. "I spent," he says, "the first two years of my undergraduateship happily, but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immoral, but idle and expensive. At the commencement of the third year, after having left the usual party at a late hour, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bedside and said, 'Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I could do nothing, probably, if I were to try; and I can afford the indolent life you lead. You could do everything, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you that if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society.' I was so struck," says Paley, "with the visit and the visitor, that I lay in bed the great part of the day and formed my plan. I ordered my bed-maker to lay my fire every evening, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I arose at five, read during the whole day, took supper at nine, went to bed, and continued the practice up to this hour."

No wonder, then, that "All hands for themselves" is the last order given on board a British ship of war, for it is the last that would and should be obeyed.



Something like Enjoyment!

(*Drawn by* W. Biscombe Gardner.)



After the Fray.

THE STUDY OF MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION.

By Frederic H. Madden, Secretary of St. Mary's Hospital Medical School.

In these days of competition the choice of a suitable life-work is a matter of so much difficulty that a word as to the "study of medicine as a profession" may be interesting to those about to make a start in life.

One may regard it from three different points of view, (*a*) spiritual, (*b*) scientific, (*c*) practical. Under the first heading may be included a word as to the kind of men required for the profession, and as to the spirit with which they should be endowed, if they wish for genuine success. In the first place, whoever enters upon this profession has the consolation of knowing that in his study he is laying up knowledge to be applied to the relief of his suffering brethren. The Church offers spiritual comfort, the medical fraternity bodily comfort, but how often does the doctor by saying "a word in season" become the minister of more than corporeal consolation? His profession gives him advantages of acquiring and advancing knowledge of the various forms of the power of the Creator; while the fact that he sees laid open in the most awful passages of their lives the hearts and homes of rich and poor alike, and watches the workings of conjugal and maternal, of filial and brotherly love, as from day to day he announces brighter hopes or increasing danger, is almost bound—if he be a true man—to make him learn from such scenes to recognise and adore in all the other scenes of life the sacred presence of the Omnipotent.

In view of this spiritual side to the study of medicine, it is essentially necessary for every one who contemplates entering upon it to cultivate the spirit of a "gentleman" in the truest sense of the word, not of the "Lord Chesterfield" type with white kid gloves and faultless clothes, but that of a man who, to a profound reverence for whatever is great and good, unites a profound respect for himself. Falsehood and treachery must be to him unknown. Strict veracity, and unscrupulous honour, courtesy and consideration should be integral parts of his character. Without these a man had best avoid the profession, for in such a one alone can another repose unbounded confidence when introducing him into the bosom of his family.

Then from a scientific point of view the "study of medicine" is most valuable; and although it is sometimes asked, "Is medicine a science at all?" whatever it may have been in the past, it is now undoubtedly both a science and an art.

The game of chance as played by the "bone-setter" and others has been supplanted by the art of skill. A knowledge of physical science is an absolute *sine quâ non* in medicinal study, and the greater such knowledge possessed by a man, the greater his chance of soaring to the top of the ladder of success.

Again, the medical profession offers quite as many advantages from a practical point of view as any other branch of life. A man has especially to remember, if he wishes to emulate the example set by such men as John Hunter and Jenner, that there is no royal road to success and this is never truer than in the study of medicine. Every man of average ability and with a taste for his work, this latter being absolutely essential, can earn a livelihood with benefit to himself and his fellow creatures. There is a cry that the medical profession is already overstocked, and that aspirants had best be warned against entering its ranks. Such a cry we hear about every branch of life, so that should count as no deterrent. That the world is too full is probably the only true statement why life is such a struggle for the majority. In 1865 there were 582 medical students registered for the United Kingdom, while in the year 1889 there were 2,027, nearly four times the number in twenty years, which figures can but attest the continued, if one may not even say continuing, success of the profession! The medical man always carries his handicraft about with him ready for use. Be he out on pleasure or otherwise, his services may be suddenly required, and though a few may consider this very fact a drawback, real lovers of their work would look upon it as an advantage to be able to combine practice with philanthropy.

Having thus regarded the profession from three widely different points of view, the next thing for consideration is, how can a young man enter the ranks of the medical profession, and at about what cost? In considering this question, we shall mainly confine ourselves to the obtaining of the M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. of the Conjoint Board in London, which are the degrees the great majority of students content themselves with. Of course, to those especially gifted the higher degrees of F.R.C.S. and M.R.C.P. are open on payment of certain fees, under certain restrictions, and after passing certain examinations; while the numerous universities scattered throughout the United Kingdom all confer medical degrees, of which it will suffice to mention Oxford's two degrees in medicine (B.M. and D.M.), and two in surgery (B.Ch. and M.Ch.), which under the most favourable circumstances may be obtained in six or seven years from matriculation. For these the degree of B.A. must be first obtained. Cambridge's two degrees in medicine (M.B. and M.D.), and two in surgery (B.C. and M.C.). The degrees of M.B. and B.S., M.D. and M.S. are also granted by the University of London. In addition the Universities of Durham and Victoria in England, of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrew in Scotland, and the University of Dublin and the Royal University in Ireland, all offer degrees more or less difficult of attainment; while the Royal Colleges of both Scotland and Ireland confer degrees.

Before becoming a student, a man must pass an examination in Arts—unless he has passed one of the numerous recognised University examinations—prior to registration by the General Medical Council. Such examination must include the English language (with Grammar and Composition), Latin, elements of Mathematics, Elementary Mechanics, and one optional subject, (*a*) Greek, (*b*) French, (*c*) German, (*d*) Italian, (*e*) any other modern language, (*f*) Logic, (*g*) Botany, (*h*) Zoology, (*i*) Elementary Chemistry. Elementary Mechanics is a compulsory subject for every man entering the profession. After passing such an examination, a student must actually enter some recognised Medical School, and obtain a verification of having done so from the head of that school, before he can be registered. The earliest age at which a man can practise is twenty-one. The course of medical study, after registration, should occupy at least five years, if Elementary Physics, Chemistry and Botany be included in that period, or at least four years, viz., forty-five months, including three winter and two summer sessions, if a satisfactory examination has been passed in these subjects previous to registration. In short, two most important points for parents to remember are, (1) That no young man can be registered as a Medical Student until he produce evidence of having passed a necessary Arts examination, and of having actually joined a Medical School, and

(2) That, should he join a Medical School, which is possible, *before* passing an examination in Arts, that time will *not* count in the length of his curriculum, as the General Medical Council take no notice whatever of time passed in study prior to registration, except in the case of Chemistry, Physics, Materia Medica, and Pharmacy. The examinations for the licence of the Royal College of Physicians of London (L.R.C.P.) and the Diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons of England (M.R.C.S.) are divided into three.

First Examination, Part I. Chemistry and Physics, including principles of Science, and details which bear on the study of Medicine, and rudiments of Heat, Light, and Electricity.

Part II. Materia Medica and Pharmacy.

Part III. Elementary Anatomy and Physiology after six months at a Medical School.

These subjects can be taken up separately, or all together. A fee of £10 10*s.* must be paid. Re-examination after rejection in either part of the examination, £3 3*s.*

Second Examination (commonly termed the primary). Anatomy and Physiology (advanced), six months after passing the First Examination, and eighteen after registration. Fee of £10 10*s.*, and for re-examination, £3 3.

Third Examination (final). Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery. A fee of £15 15*s.*, or if rejected in one or other of the subjects, Medicine, £5 5*s.*, Surgery £5 5*s.*, and Midwifery, £3 3*s.* A candidate can only compete for this examination two years after completing the Second Examination, and on producing evidence of being twenty-one years of age, and of having studied the subjects not less than forty-five months.

The examinations, which are partly oral, partly written, and partly practical, are held in January, April, July, and October yearly. All fees must be paid three days prior to the day on which the examination commences. Another degree, easily within the reach of all, is that offered by the Society of Apothecaries (L.S.A.), for which there are four examinations, the first including Chemistry, Practical Chemistry, Physics, Materia Medica, Botany, Pharmacy, and Prescriptions. The second (twelve months after), including Anatomy, Physiology, and Histology. The third (forty-five months after registration), including Surgery, use of Instruments and Appliances, Surgical Pathology. And the fourth, Medicine, Clinical Medicine, Pathology, Morbid Histology, Forensic Medicines, Toxicology, Hygiene, Obstetric Medicine, etc. Fee for the four examinations, £10 10*s.* Re-examination after failure, £3 3*s.* The Primary Examinations are held quarterly, on the first Wednesday, and on Monday and Thursday of the same week in January, April, July and October. The Final Examinations are held monthly. Certificates and fees must be sent in fourteen days before examination.

The cost of the training at a Medical School varies from £100 to £131 5*s.*, and one may take the average cost for "perpetual pupils," who have special privileges, at £125 if paid in two or three instalments, or £120 if paid in one sum. Roughly speaking, one may sum up as the total it costs a man for education to qualify as a full-blown medical, at its lowest figure, as £125 for teaching, training and hospital practice + £36 15*s.* for

examination fees, = £161 15s. together. Then there is, of course, the cost of living during the years devoted to the study; and this can only be subject to the means of the individual, though, perhaps, an average of £120 to £130 per annum might be put down as a fair figure. Failures in examination entail additional fees, but, in the case of perpetual hospital pupils, it makes no difference to school fees. After qualification, the army, navy, and Indian service are open to all "true born" students, while the peaceful lover of the sea can obtain pleasant berths in the mercantile marine, or on board the great passenger ocean-steamers. In fact, there is absolutely no branch of life which is forbidden to the medical man, except the Church and the Law; but, as we have already attempted to show, he is, or should be, closely allied to the former, while a little knowledge of the latter will not be altogether without avail, especially if there be any tendency on his part to prove Zimmermann's words as true, "that the length of the patient's purse often protracts his cure." According to the "Lancet," the rate of mortality among medical men is 20·3 per 100, which is lower than that of men "in all occupations," viz., 22·83. This speaks volumes for the healthiness of the doctor's life, and, considering the risks of contagion to which medical men are exposed, is curious as illustrating the fact that Providence seems to take especial care of them.

The student spends the greater part of his first eighteen months or two years in the Medical School solely; then joins the hospital as a Clinical Observer, then having charge as dresser, assistant, house surgeon, or resident physician. Perhaps, eventually, he may get on the staff of a hospital, or be made Lecturer on some special subject in a Medical School. After years of study and observation, and more than half a life spent in the exercise of his art, perhaps it may be his lot to watch in palaces over the birth of infants whose earliest cry is an event in history. The true medical man, however, will regard the world as one great hospital. One ward is tapestried with silk, and carpeted with velvet; another is a scene of squalor and rags; and a third is haunted by the laugh and scream of the maniac. But under their eye is still the same subject of study—man, be he rich or poor, mighty or lowly, gifted or imbecile. To conclude, one may refer to the two usual dates for commencing medical study each year, viz., May 1 and October 1; and in favour of joining on the first mentioned date, there is the advantage the student has of being able to devote his first Summer Session to the study of Chemistry, Physics, and Practical Chemistry. By passing the examination in these subjects at the end of July, he will be free to devote his first Winter Session to the more purely professional subjects, Anatomy and Physiology. All those about to enter the profession, to whom the way to success seems long, hard, and steep, may be reminded "that the roughest road often leads to the smoothest fortune," and that we purchase our future life at the cost of a life spent in the effort.

THE ODD HALF-HOUR.

By William Crompton.

I.—PAPER-BUTTERFLIES.

For this pretty trick you require some square or oblong pieces of tissue, about the size of cigarette-paper folded in half. Place two of these upon a bouquet of flowers and then cause them to ascend into the air by using a fan or light bamboo hand screen. The performer by gently fanning the papers keeps the mimic butterflies fluttering in a very natural manner and the spectators who witness the feat give him credit for greater dexterity than he really possesses. But there is dexterity, and to become an expert in this beautiful illusion some, though not great, practice is required.

The hidden appliances for keeping your paper flies gadding about as if endowed with life are two black human hairs, one about twenty-six inches in length, which hangs from the top buttonhole upon the left-hand side of your coat, the other some seven inches long attached by the middle to it. At each extremity of the latter small portions of wax should adhere. In lieu of hair thin raw silk may be used which shall be invisible to the audience.

These preparations having been made beforehand, when you introduce the feat to your friends carry a considerable number of the squares of tissue paper in your hand for examination, having two *beneath them* connected by wax to the cross-piece of hair.

After a scrutiny of the papers you submit for inspection, take up, apparently haphazard, the two prepared pieces and fashion them roughly with scissors into the shape of butterflies, at the same time being careful to avoid cutting the hair.

Now open the "wings" and place them on the bouquet, which you hold with your left hand, and in your right take the fan and set them in motion, wafting them hither and thither.

Use the fan smartly to make them rise, and more gently afterwards, bending your body as if following their movements. Previous practice will enable you to train these pretty little flutterers to fly whenever and wherever you desire, and the simple illusion will be not only a charming one to all, but surprising to the uninitiated into its "mysteries."

At this season when real beautiful butterflies are happily roaming in field and grove, and even penetrating, regardless of smoke, into the labyrinth of London streets, their airy motion may be observed and imitated by the fan manipulators.

II.—OUR VOWELS.

One word embraces all our letters—alphabet—but the vowels are not so easily disposed of, as there are several words to be said (though we trust not to "come to words" in any other sense) about them.

Vowels are somewhat retiring, for only two are seen in a year, though an equal number occur, strangely enough, in every week and one in every day.

If facetiously inclined we might hint that in the merry word they nearly all appear in their proper order, but it is more usual for these unfortunate letters to receive unkind treatment, and they could well mourn, crying, "'We are seven,' but what are Words-worth when men abuse us so?"

A is the first offender, but suffers for its sins, presumably, being always in agony. It should be avoided, as it makes men mean; though it might be welcomed by a deaf woman, as it makes her hear.

E is a prodigal ever in debt and despair:

It commences in eternity, and ends in time and space;
The beginning 'tis of every end, and the end of every place.

In addition to these marvels E is somewhat of a wizard, and by its magic intervention can change the otherwise unmeaning letters

PRSVRYPRFCTMN
VRKPTHSPRCPTSTN

into an admonition to respect the Ten Commandments. In plain English it then runs thus:

Persevere ye perfect men
Ever keep these precepts ten.

I is an egotistical letter but never likely to go out of fashion, and it is always invisible even if not out of sight. It prides itself upon being—like Rome—the capital of Italy, and should be, like E, contented, for they are both in happiness, while most of the other vowels are in purgatory.

O makes some noise in the world, and is said to be the only vowel you can hear, because the others are inaudible.

U is miserable, ever in trouble and difficulty. This is what some folks say. Others, however, declare it to be a merry letter which should never be taken seriously, as it is always in fun. Anyhow, with U, dear reader, *I* am quite satisfied!

W is, like a Maid of Honour, always in waiting, but is yet considered unsociable and never goes out to dinner, because it comes after T—rather a dark look-out, for when "t" is gone night is nigh.

If we ended here in our remarks upon the regular vowels and their occasional companions, a very pertinent question might be put by someone asking why we omitted the last one from this list. In such a case we have an answer ready,—

Because it is in jeopardy, that's Y (why)! But before finally parting with this very irregular vowel—and ditto paragraph!—we may let you into a secret—Y is like a "fast" collegian who makes Pa pay!

III.—A FEW PUZZLES.

Lord Dundreary's.

This amusing stage representative of our aristocracy was very much "fogged" by counting eleven fingers upon his hands and not being able to account for the phenomenon.

How he got "completely mixed" in this matter was that he began at the thumb of his left hand and counted all the fingers of both hands; then he commenced at the right thumb, counting backwards, 10, 9, 8, etc., and on coming to 6 (the little finger) he held up his left hand, saying, "And five makes *eleven!*"

The Slippery Buttons.

In the centre of a piece of leather or parchment of, say, six inches in length make two parallel cuts about a quarter of an inch apart and extending to within an inch of the top and bottom. At one end pierce a hole half an inch in diameter.

Pass a string under the slit, put its ends through the hole, and then attach to them two buttons much larger than the aperture.

The puzzle is to get the string out again without removing the buttons.

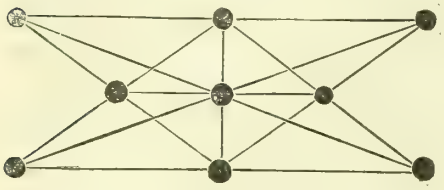
To do this draw the inner, or narrow, slip

of leather through the hole, when the string and buttons may be at once released.

Sir Isaac Newton's Puzzle (Versified).

Ingenious artist, pray disclose
How I nine trees may so dispose
That just ten rows shall planted be
And every row contain just three.

Here is the solution of this problem:—



IV.—ANAGRAMS.

Florence Nightingale.

This name, so dear to all Englishmen from its owner's unselfish labours in the alleviation of suffering during the Crimean War, is by transposition of the letters formed into the charmingly appropriate line:—

Flit on, cheering angel!

Lord Nelson.

Our greatest naval hero in the letters of his name, Horatio Nelson, finds a peculiarly fitting motto: *Honor est a Nilo!*

By Cable.

The telegraph is no doubt, as its anagram affirms, *Great Help* to us nineteenth-century folk.

Notes and Queries.

This is the name of a clever periodical; and you may note that the queerest thing about the anagram is its appropriateness—*O, send in a request!*

Ursa Major.

The famous doctor, John Abernethy, had a brusque manner that often gave great offence, and his name, singularly enough, bears transposition into *Johnny the Bear.*

V.—FUNNIOSITIES.

A True Friend.

If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relationship does she bear to you?

She's your mother, stupid, and the best friend you ever had!

Obvious.

Why does a donkey prefer a thistle to a cherry tart?

Because he is an ass, of course!

Don't you see?

If I purchase four cakes for a penny, and give one of them to my friend Tommy Hardbake, why am I like a telescope?

No rival to Colenso in arithmetic is needed here, for even Tommy guessed it at once:—"You make a far-thing present," said he.

Strange Phenomena.

"Raining cats and dogs" (the latter Sky[e]-terriers, of course!) is not so severe a trial to one's feelings as hailing omnibuses, but both are surpassed in horrific effect upon the nerves when shooting "stars" descend upon the heads of *the* profession at a Dramatic Garden Party. But such is *Fête!*

"Tabby or not Tabby, that is the Question!"

Can you tell me why
A hypocrite's eye
Is best to descry
On how many toes
A pussy-cat goes?

The Answer is:

A man of deceit
Can best counterfeit;
And so, I suppose,
He can best count her toes!

The Queen of the Roses.

The rose of the watering-pot reigns (rains) over all the others!

Affirmative.

What question can only be answered by saying "Yes"?

What does YES spell?

Variety is charming.

Thackeray's definition of the difference between young and *other* ladies was:

"The first are happy and careless;
The — others, cappy and hairless."

Finis.

"A cat has its claws at the end of its paws;
A comma, its pause at the end of its clause."

A Rural Address.

WOOD JOHN HANTS	which, interpreted, reads	John Underwood, Andover, Hants.

"All a-growin'!"

A gentleman named Lee planted a lane with lilacs, and a literary young lady aired her poesy and alliterative ability anent it thus:—

"Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane."

Here the letter l not only begins every word, but every syllable.

Joan of Arc.

What was this heroine made of?
Maid of Orleans, of course!

What a fall was there!

What will it be against—
If by chance a man falls
From the top of St. Paul's?
Against his inclination, no doubt!

Very deaf!

"There was an old woman, and she was as deaf as a post."

Some ingenious youth was requested to make the above sentence into two measured lines, which would rhyme and scan without changing the words. He did so admirably, thus:—

"There was an old woman, and she
Was deaf as a P O S T."

Laconic.

The Duke of York, desirous of advancing the interests of a son of the Earl of Harrington, wrote to a Church dignitary:—

"Dear Cork! Ordain Stanhope! Yours York!"

He received an equally brief rejoinder from the Irish Bishop:—

"Dear York! Stanhope's ordained! Yours Cork!"

(THE END.)

FIRST STEPS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

By R. A. R. BENNETT, B.A. OXON.,

Author of "Photographic Development," "Hints on Toning," etc., etc.

PART II.

Now suppose you have been taking a building which is naturally upright, you must take care to get the vertical lines parallel with the vertical sides of the plate, or, when it comes to be trimmed, the print will look all awry. But, unfortunately, this is not all the difficulty, for supposing you are using a "wide-angle" lens—which you will have to do if your building is in a confined position and you cannot get far from it—you will find that in order to get it all in the right way you will have to swing the back, or move up the rising front, or tilt the camera. Now, if you do this, the result will be most undesirable: for when you come to look at the picture you will find all the lines are askew, one side leaning in and another leaning towards it, so as to give a most unusual effect. This must obviously be remedied somehow, and it is here that we want the "swing-back," which all cameras should have. We also want a level, and we proceed thus, we first get the camera at such a distance that our wide-angle lens will get in all we want; we then focus; we then swing the back until the level shows that the back is vertical; and finally we have to put in stops until we get the picture, which during the last performance will have got very indistinct, clear again, and we then take it. I have given the method in full, as it is a difficult thing to use the swing-back the first time correctly.

I made mention in these last instructions of a "wide-angle" lens. If you can manage it you ought to have two lenses, one what is called a "Rapid Rectilinear," and the other a "wide-angle." For optical reasons, into which I won't enter now, the former is the *quicker* lens of the two, and therefore we use it when we are taking things which have to be taken quickly—such as portraits, and for instantaneous work. It also has the advantage of giving the upright lines of a building in their proper position under more trying circumstances than a wide-angle does, and in short we are always wanting this lens, so if you can only have one let it be of this class. But all its advantages go for nothing when you are posed in front of a large building which for some reason you particularly wish to depict on your plate, but find, when you have got as far off as surrounding obstacles will permit, you have only a small portion of it on the ground glass. In such a case a wide-angle lens is imperatively needed, and you ought therefore to have one in readiness to substitute for the Rapid Rectilinear when necessary.

With respect to buying lenses, as this is far and away the most important item in your "plant," take care to get it from a maker who is well known in the trade and

has a good name. At one time the "Optimus" lenses made by Perken and Rayment, 99 Hatton Garden, E.C., were almost *solus* on the field as good, and at the same time cheap, lenses. They have now many rivals; Messrs. Beck and Sons, of Cornhill, E.C., Messrs. Taylor, Taylor and Hobson, of Slate Street Works, Leicester, and many others are high in popular favour. These two firms are quite in the front for good and cheap lenses; if you are in that happy position that "price is no object," by all means go in for one of "Ross's" or "Dallmeyer's," which you can get through any dealer.

I have now brought you to the point at which the picture is all in on the ground glass, sharply focussed, and waiting to be taken. First put the cap on the lens (take care not to forget it when you pack up your "kit" on leaving the house) and then take the slide out from its cover and place it in the groove made for its reception, the ground glass being removed by turning over the top, or pulling out, according to the make of camera. In some of the high-class cameras the slide does not have to be pushed in the whole length of the groove, during which operation there is a danger of shaking the camera, but is fixed by inserting the bottom in the groove and then sliding it only about half an inch. This is very convenient. Also some cameras have a catch to hold the end of the slide tightly while the shutter is being withdrawn; if yours has not this addition you must take care that in pulling out the shutter you don't also pull out the slide a little way, and so let the light enter when the shutter has been withdrawn, and thus "fog" the plate badly. I have seen this happen several times in succession to an experienced hand; of course it ruins the pictures.

The slide having been inserted and the shutter withdrawn, the exposure has now to take place. This is a simple enough operation, but you will find nothing that will tax your intellect more, and the longer you work the more it will be taxed! For the resulting picture depends entirely on the length of exposure given to the plate, and nothing but long experience will tell you how long that ought to be. For the first experiment, if it is a bright sunny day and you are using the stop of your lens which has F/16 engraved on it (all good makers mark their stops nowadays), you can give two seconds' exposure with hope of a good negative. Of course this is quite a vague shot, as I cannot tell the conditions of light in which you are working, but I must give you a sort of idea how long to expose your first effort. You had better purchase a little book called "The Practical Index of Photographic Exposure" from Messrs. A. R. Wormald and Co., 82 Bishopsgate Within, London, E.C., which will cost you eighteenpence, but will give you many valuable hints, and save many of your pictures from being failures. Only if you are in any difficulty, always *over*-expose your plate rather than *under*-expose it; for the former there are some remedies which may save it, for the latter there are practically none, so it is best to be on the safe side. The exposure of each stop is said to be about double that of the one the next size larger than it, so you can form some idea from that.

When the exposure is completed you return the cap to the lens (taking care not to shake the camera when removing or returning the cap, and keeping the cap out of the way of the front of the lens during exposure) and then shut the slide. The slide has now to be removed from the camera, and conveyed into the dark room again, to develop the plate. The actual details of this performance I will give for the benefit of those who have as yet not performed it, but for the developers I must ask you to refer to No. 630 (March Part, 1891), as I must not take up space by recapitulating what I said there. One correspondent, however, found fault with me with respect to that paper, for not making my meaning sufficiently clear. The simple reason was that I didn't mean that paper for absolute beginners; but as there seems to be so many who want instructions in the first steps, that is the reason I have written this one.

I will suppose that you are using the sodic sulphite developer, for which I gave the formula in that paper; it is a very good one for beginners, though when they get further on they can choose their own. The formula is to be made up as given on page 302. With respect to the sodium sulphite, I may remark that the largest crystals you can get are the best, and that this stuff has an objectionable habit of turning into sul*phate* of soda when kept long in contact with air. The sulphate does not do the same work as the sulphite, and retards the development very much more, so that you should keep the sulphite in a tightly stoppered bottle. The sul*phite* also retards the development of the image considerably, and therefore you should, perhaps, not use it for instantaneous work, but it has many advantages for a beginner, and I have therefore chosen it for an example.

The developer having been mixed, we proceed in the following way.

First pour one drachm of the strong solution into a two-ounce measure, and fill up with water. Now take the three dishes and place them end to end in front of you, the end one on the left being just before you. Into the right-hand one, C (let us call them A, B, C, for convenience), pour the fixing bath, and into the centre one, B, the alum bath, which two latter are made as I will tell you directly. Into A, pour a little cold water, and into it put the plate, first giving it a good sweep with the camel's hair brush to remove any spots or dirt. It must be left in the water for two minutes, and you must take care that it is *entirely covered* while in the water. Meanwhile you can pour the developer out of the measure into the cup, and stand it at your right hand, ready for action. At the end of the two minutes, pour the water out of the dish into the basin, and pour the developer out of the cup into the dish, over the plate, taking care that it is all covered again. In this solution it may remain while you are dropping, very carefully, five drops out of the bottle of ammonia solution into the cup. When this has been done the developer is poured off the plate into the cup to mix, and then returned to the dish, on the plate.

Now when you took the plate out of the dark slide, you probably were surprised to find that its surface had undergone not the slightest change from what it was when you put it in. It remains a blank while in the water and the developer the first time, but on adding the ammonia and pouring the developer back again, something happens.

Supposing that the plate has been properly exposed, you will first see a dull shade come over one part of the picture, while the other (I am supposing you have taken a landscape with some sky in it) remains comparatively white. Now the dark portion gradually becomes blacker and blacker, and trees, etc., grow out against the sky, but instead of being black, they are white, against a sky which is rapidly getting blacker and blacker. The landscape part, meanwhile, remains much whiter, but gradually details begin to appear, and the forms of trunks of trees, hedges, people, etc., begin to be apparent. Eventually, if it has been sufficiently exposed, the details will all come out clear, and, for a few seconds, a pretty picture, when you have got accustomed to the reversal of the lights and shades, which you will soon do, will be before your eyes. But if you took it out of the developer now, it would be a thin negative, and give a wretched print. What we have to do is to leave it in while the picture gradually grows darker and darker, until nearly all the details have gone, and left quite a dark smudge instead of a clear picture. Now if at this stage you hold it up to the light and look *through* it, you ought not to be able to see clearly through any part of it, and if you look at the flame of your ruby lamp, you ought to be able to see the flame only in places through the glass, and where the shadows are deep in the picture you will hardly be able to see it at all. Turn the glass over and look at the reverse side through the glass. This side is covered with chloride of silver, but 't the picture is well outlined on it, and appe, 'through the white appearance at the back of the film, you may rest assured that all is right, and that when you come to fix the negative, you will get a nice clear image. Only don't forget to leave it in, and fall into a mistake which beginners continually make, viz., of taking it out too soon, when it ought to be left in the developer for some little time *after* the picture has appeared and until it has nearly disappeared again.

I have supposed, as I said above, that this negative was exposed the right length of time. There are two things that may happen to it in exposing—either it may be *over*-exposed or it may be *under*-exposed. If it is very much *under*-exposed, no power on earth can save it, so you may as well throw it against the nearest wall, and not leave it to be an eyesore for the future. But if it is a good deal *over*-exposed, it can be reclaimed by a process known as "intensification," which you can find described in any manual, or if you purchase a bottle of "Perfect Intensifier" from the Platinotype Company, 29 Southampton Row, High Holborn, W.C., you will find full directions how to use it on the bottle. I must reserve hints how to rectify negatives for a paper which may appear in the future.

But if only moderately under- or over-exposed you can save the negative by expert manipulation while you are developing it, by mixing your developer accordingly. Now one of two things will happen if it is much wrong either way—either all the picture will flash out in a desperate hurry and be gone "like a flash of greased lightning," or the white parts will steadily refuse to get dark and show the details of the picture, however long you go on rocking the dish. In the former case it was *over*-exposed, in the latter case it was *under*-exposed. What then would be the difference in the negatives? I daresay you would like to know. Well, the under-exposed one would give a negative with most appalling contrasts, all blacks and whites, clear glass and heavy shadows, faces with black eyes and no noses visible, dresses apparently made of card, with no flounces and furbelows to charm the eye of the feminine beholder. But the over-exposed plate would give a picture as "flat" and uninteresting as the other was chalky and staring. This picture will be all of the same tints, the shadows will hardly be visible, and the scenic effect of the landscape will be practically lost. It is evident, therefore, that we must try to steer between these two extremes. Now directly the picture begins to flash out in a hurry, we pour all the developer off into the cup and pour a lot of water over the plate, which stops its little game while we take time to consider. We can either mix up some fresh developer, only using half the quantity of ammonia solution, or we can put in half an ounce more water to weaken it, and add about twenty drops of the bromide of potassium solution given on page 301. These two together will

retard the too vigorous action of the developer, and you can now pour off the water and add the developer once more, when matters ought to proceed regularly, and the negative to be a success. Obviously, when you have reason to believe that a certain negative is over-exposed you can begin with less ammonia solution in the developer, but, as a rule, five drops is about right. If the picture takes too long coming out after adding the water and bromide, add a few more drops of ammonia, always mixing it in the cup and returning it to the dish.

Now for the other side of the question. This is easily settled, because if the picture will not come out you can't make it. The only way is to keep adding five drops of ammonia at intervals of about two minutes until it does come out, but if badly under-exposed it requires so much that the excess of it will "fog" the emulsion and render the picture hopelessly bad. By adding the ammonia very slowly and giving a long time between each addition, keeping the plate rocking all the time, it is possible to save the plate, as this is the way that instantaneous exposures are developed, but with slow exposures it is hardly worth the trouble unless you cannot take the subject again with the correct exposure. You will find some more hints on this point in the paper on "Developers." My main reason in giving you these hints is to show you what is meant by "under" and "over-exposure," and what you are to do when you are confronted with them.

The remainder of the process is easy. The plate coming out of the developer is washed thoroughly and placed in the alum bath (alum 2 ounces, water 10 ounces) for two minutes, then washed again thoroughly and placed in the fixing bath (hyposulphite of soda 1 ounce, water 4 ounces) until the white appearance on the back of the plate has entirely disappeared. When it has nearly gone you can, if you wish, take it out into the light, which will not hurt it now, but it must be left in the fixing bath for some time—say five minutes—after it appears to have lost all the white appearance on the back. It is then taken out and well washed (preferably in running water) for half an hour, after which it is dried by being put on end in a "drying rack," which you can purchase cheaply, or with a little ingenuity construct for yourself with some grooved wood. On no account attempt to print it until it is *thoroughly dry*, or it will be irretrievably ruined.

There is one way of telling when it is fit to print which never fails. If the finger is lightly passed over the film side when it is thought to be dry, it will be found that it glides easily over the surface wherever it is entirely free from moisture, but if any part is in the least damp the finger will find an obstruction there, and will not glide over it. Until the whole surface is entirely free from any such points it is simply madness to print it, however anxious you may be to do so. When it is perfectly dry you can print it at once, whether it has only taken ten minutes to dry in the sun, or many days in cold weather. You must not put it near the fire to dry, or you will ruin it, but it can be dried in a warm room.

If you have carried out my instructions I hope your first negative will be a decided success, clear and sharp as to the focussing, and bright and "plucky" as to the image. If any beginner finds himself in difficulties, and wants to know what is wrong with his negative, I will help him if he will take a print from it and send it to me through the editor, if he cannot get help nearer at hand, which nowadays one can generally do.

(THE END.)

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

A Caravan Trip.

Of all the characteristics of this nineteenth century of ours, perhaps the chief is the love of something novel or out of the common. The want of it, no doubt, would be a great loss to us as a nation, for it would lead to a general feeling of satisfaction with things as they are. It is in deference to this feeling that I venture to chronicle a few experiences derived from an uncommon, though not novel, tour through some of the southern counties.

One spring a friend suggested that I should join him and some others in a caravan trip—a homely method of procedure, but an excellent one for seeing the country and the folk that dwell therein. Needless to say, I at once acquiesced, and in the July we started from a small village in North Sussex. The party consisted nominally of three—one, an artist; but at times we were only two, at others four. In addition there were, of course, the horse—a strong, serviceable animal, but hardly one for use in Hyde Park—and the dog, an Airedale terrier, and a good watch-dog.

Our outfit was as simple and as small as possible; chiefly flannels; though a tweed suit is necessary, and a heavy overcoat or driving mackintosh for bad weather. The equipage was an ordinary gipsy van, and contained a stove in one corner where all our cooking was done; and while on the road we never had a meal which we had not cooked ourselves, except at the invitation of friendly farmers. To the roof were fastened hooks from which we suspended a couple of folding hammocks as beds—the third and fourth were always reposing on the floor. We adopted this plan and did not carry a tent in order to save weight, for the roads are hilly, and in summer-time likely to be in a bad condition. Stools for us to sit upon and a flap-table fastened to the side finish the internal arrangements; our baggage always being in the rack at the rear. Thus arranged we were ready to start.

The van had already been conveyed to Crawley, in Sussex, where we assembled and made our first day's journey in brilliant July weather. We took any course that fancy dictated, and at night-time we halted in fields by the roadside. Here let me say that we experienced the greatest kindness and courtesy from the farmers; for never once did we have a refusal when we asked for leave to spend the night on a farm, nor did we get a rough word from any one. On many occasions we were supplied with food—such as butter and milk—without any charge, and once especially we were entertained right royally. This farmer, a good specimen of the British yeoman, on our arrival insisted that we should come indoors and smoke a pipe with him. The pipe was continued till supper-time, when we joined the family at their evening meal; and afterwards music, etc., lasted till two A.M.! Our horse was given a good feed of corn in the morning, and we were constrained to stay another day. Strange to say, that though the feature of that farm was its magnificent herd of cows, yet we could only get just enough milk for our wants. It seems that dairy companies buy up the farmers and so prevent them from having much milk on the premises. It was interesting to learn the work that has to be done before the milk is ready for our breakfasts. Among other things it has all to be cooled to a certain temperature, which necessitates a constant and plentiful supply of cold water, and this alone gives a lot of trouble before the milk is ready for transit.

We made our way from Crawley through Horsham to Chiddingfold in Surrey, where we indulged in a little trout fishing. Thence through Haslemere and Petersfield to Alresford in Hampshire, where we stayed for a day or two to see the grand old cathedral city of Winchester, with its fascinating historic interest—the Round Table of King Arthur, St. Catherine's Hill and the Butter Cross, and the ancient foundation of St. Cross. Further west we did not go, but returned by the estates of the Tichborne family to Petersfield, and then keeping to the southward through Midhurst to Petworth, and thence back again to Chiddingfold, where we separated after a thoroughly enjoyable outing.

We came into contact in Sussex with the much-abused race of tramps. One farmer, who gave us a place in his yard, made a practice of allowing such men to sleep in the barns, etc. This we were told shortly before we retired; and we accordingly prepared to meet the invaders. Soon the dog gave an ominous growl, which rapidly became a savage barking; and loading our only revolver, we resolved to sell our lives and property dearly! Issuing from our cover we advanced to meet four rough-looking men climbing over the gate, and hostilities began with an exchange of courtesies. "Good evening!" "Good evening!" was replied in a gruff tone. "Do you sleep here?" was our next query. "Yes," came the answer. "So do we; but I suppose we shall not interfere with each other. Good night." And so we separated to dream of robbery and theft, and to wake up next morning to find all safe and the invaders gone. I wonder whether the bad name that the tramp has may be accounted for by the inhospitable treatment so often experienced by these men. Should we not all act in a more Christian-like spirit were we to treat them as fellow-men, and not as violent and dangerous characters. I for one do not believe that those who would do this would be the losers in any way whatever.

It was shortly after our encounter with the tramps that we saw one of those pretty incidents of country life—a wild animal in a state of absolute tameness. This was a squirrel, and it was exceedingly pretty to see the affectionate way it ran about its mistress's dress. The animal was thoroughly happy, and did not seem at all to mind being confined and not free to roam at its own sweet will.

Our faithful hound played me a nice trick once, when after a walk we found that either we must go back a mile or two, or else swim a river. We chose the latter alternative, and I volunteered to take the clothes. The first journey was performed in safety, but being a bit tired—as it *is* tiring to swim holding a parcel on one's head—I sank lower in the water. The dog, wishing, no doubt to save the clothes, made a jump for them, resting on my shoulder! His weight combined with my laughter sank me for the minute, but I managed to struggle on, and reached the bank without further mishap to myself. The dog, however, was so pleased to see us once more on *terra firma* that he promptly began to carry off the clothes into the field.

Such are one or two incidents in a most enjoyable trip. I would certainly go again if I had the chance, and I heartily recommend others to make up a party and test in a practical manner the life led by that fast-dying-out race—the gipsies.

"Work, While Ye have the Light."

Ceaseless movement, ebb and flow
O'er Time's restless sea;
Mortals born to come and go;
Life an hour for me and thee;
Life with all its splendid things—
Dreams of good and noble deeds,
Life and love divine and free;
All the glory that life brings!
Yet upon the distance know
Death awaits both thee and me:
God has ordered so.

Seems this sad in contemplation?
Feel you, thus, opprest
By that sad and dread relation—
Life with death its consummation?
Long you so for rest?
Rest is sweet, but life means labour
For that very rest we love;
And more precious will the rest be,
And more joyous will the zest be
In a crown for work *well finished*
Somewhere far above.

Edward Henry Blakeney.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

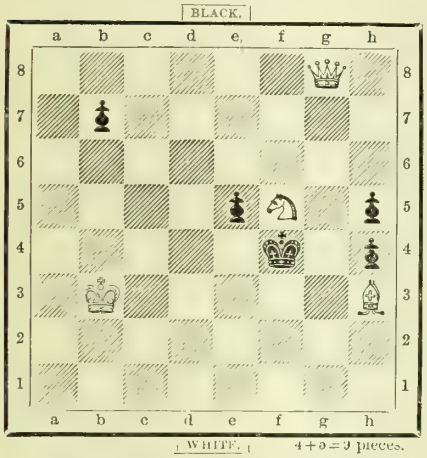
A Hint or two to Emigrants.—"An old Boy" reader of the "B. O. P." writes to us: "I have noticed several questions in your paper about the Colonies. Perhaps you will kindly allow me, as one of your readers in Canada, to give those boys who think of coming out to this grand country a few practical hints. First, I would strongly urge parents *not* to send their sons out as pupils to farmers who advertise through the papers or through their friends. As a general rule the farm-pupilage system is a fraud. In many cases the young men do not feel called upon to work hard, as they know that their parents are paying liberally—too liberally—for their board; in other cases the "pupil" has to do the most unpleasant and menial tasks on the farm, and his parent is paying for his son to have the privilege of acting as hired man. If, when a parent decides to send his son to the North West, he would get letters of recommendation to some clergyman in the district to which his son is going, give him some pocket money, and let him hire out to some practical Canadian farmer, the result would be far more satisfactory in every way. The premium would be saved—and might be added to any further sum which the father intended to give his boy to start him on his own homestead. The young man himself would have learnt far more than in the other way; he would have contracted no idle habits, he would have a real, practical knowledge of farming, and he would have a hundred per cent. more chances of success than if he had been a pupil. Secondly, I would impress on all your readers the great advan-

tage, the incalculable advantage, of knowing some trade to those coming to a new country. Canada can provide all her own clerks, etc., but joiners, mechanics, etc., can command good wages. It is always a good thing to have a trade at one's finger ends. This is a grand country for those who have only a small capital and *who are willing to work.* Settlers are wanted on the North West, but they must be of the right sort. We want fellows with plenty of pluck, who will not be discouraged by the first failure; men who will 'play up' hard in the fight for success. Let no one come out who is expecting an easy time, 'a soft snap' as Canadians call it; they will not find it in a new country."

CHESS.

Problem No. 272.

BY C. A. GILBERG.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

GILBERG'S PROBLEMS.

The title "Crumbs from the Chess Board: A selection from the problems composed by Charles A. Gilberg. New York. 1890"—is hardly good enough for a collection of 200 fine problems by a well-known composer, and we know from the author himself that in a probable second edition he intends to give a more appropriate title to his book. The work is particularly beautiful, as it is printed in four colours: the fine portrait of the author and the preface are black, the squares pale green, the white men red, and the black men blue. We know of no other work on chess in which the diagrams appear in three colours, for Kling's Chess Euclid, London, 1849, shows the 214 diagrams in two colours (blue and red). Gilberg's forty two-movers show as much variety of play as the three-movers, Nos. 41 to 120; and the four-movers, Nos. 121 to 140, are equally pretty and difficult. The five-movers, eight in number, are appreciated still more; and the self-mates, Nos. 149 to 176, in from two to nineteen moves, are even more delightful to a lover of the art. Then follow "Fantasies and four-fold mates," several in the shape of letters displaying a large amount of skill. It is exceedingly difficult to make a fine problem in the shape of a letter; and our author, like some other composers, has sometimes overstepped the rule of employing every piece in the solution, by introducing some of the pieces merely for the purpose of forming the letter. No. 59 appears on the above diagram, and No. 151 follows here as

Problem No. 273.

White, K—K B sq.; Q—K Kt 5; R—Q R 6; B—K Kt 2; Kt—Q—sq.; P—Q Kt 3. Black, K—K 4; Bs—Q R 7 and K R 7; Kt—K B 4; Ps—Q 5, K B 7, and K Kt 6. White to play, and compel Black to mate in two moves.

No. 178, in the form of an anchor, called "Hope," is this well-constructed stratagem:

Problem No. 274.

White, K—Q 5; Q—Q 6; R—K 6; B—K B 6; Kt—Q sq.; P—Q Kt 2. Black, K—Q 6; R—Q Kt 3; B—Q R 6; Kt—K 7; Ps—Q B 7, Q 2, Q 5, Q 7, K B 3, K B 7, and K Kt 6. Either party to play, and mate, or force self-mate, in two moves.

Gilberg's book is No. 57 in the list of collections by authors (see vol. xiii. p. 127, and vol. xii. p. 112). The fifty-seven books are in six languages, namely thirty-eight English, twelve German, three French, two Italian, one Swedish, and one Russian. The national collections in Danish, Bohemian, etc., were mentioned in vol. xi. p. 96.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(THIRTEENTH SERIES.)

Music.

IN announcing this subject (*vide* p. 61 of the current volume) we wrote, it will be remembered—

We once more offer, as during several previous years, TWO PRIZES, of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best musical setting, with organ or pianoforte accompaniment, of any of the verses appearing in our last volume (Vol. XII.), or in the Extra Summer and Christmas Parts of 1890. There will be two classes only (not including the "Over-age" class), the Junior embracing all ages up to 18, and the Senior from 18 to 24.

SENIOR DIVISION (*ages 18 to 24*).

First Prize—Two Guineas.

S. H. THOMSON (aged 23), 37, Lavender Sweep, Clapham Junction, S.W.

Extra Prize—Half-a-Guinea.

G. MALIN (aged 21), Stretton-under-Fosse, Rugby.

CERTIFICATES (*Highly Commended*).

4 C. BROAN, 30, Blantyre Street, King's Road, Chelsea.

5 DAVID H. DODGE, 26, Market Hill, Cambridge.

CERTIFICATES.

6 CARL BRINLEY, 47, Woodstock Road, Finsbury Park, N.

7 C. E. CRAVELEY, 67, Buckingham Road, Brighton.

8 W. J. PULLEN, 173, Bridge Street, Northampton.

10 J. A. LAWSON, Ivy House, 13, Cross Green, Otley, Yorks.

11 R. F. THOMAS, 4, James Place, Babbicombe, Torquay.

14 A. T. POYSER, Craiglea, Cameron Crescent, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.

15 W. C. H. DARLEY, 91, Regency Street, Westminster.

18 F. S. BENNETT, 16, Tavern Street, Ipswich.

19 G. H. GIFFORD (over-age) 24, Albert Road, Dover.

20 JAMES SHARROTT, Baddesley Ensor, Atherstone, Warwickshire.

24 HERBERT HORNER, Alexandra Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

26 ARTHUR W. SALTON, 52, Chalk Farm Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W.

27 J. MOZART CLARK, 82, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

28 L. G. CARVALHO, Florence Hall, Falmouth.

29 W. J. SMITH, 17, Chelsham Road, Clapham, S.W.

30 JOSEPH F. LOVE, 82, Welbourne Road, Tottenham, N.

31 J. J. CULLEY, 7, Malvern Terrace, Park Lane, Tottenham.

38 E. F. L. NORTH, 3, Surrey Lane South, Battersea.

39 H. M. DUNSTAN, 50, Avonmore Road, West Kensington.

40 A. F. BENNIE, Heathside, Perry Rise, Forest Hill, S.E.

41 F. I. MCGIFFIN, 40, Fitzwilliam Street, Belfast.

JUNIOR DIVISION (*all ages up to 18*).

Prize—One Guinea.

3 GUSTAVE VON HOLST (aged 16), 46, Landsdown Crescent, Cheltenham.

CERTIFICATES FIRST CLASS.

9 A. W. FISHER, 19*a*, Montague Street, Worthing.

12 THOMAS BOOTH, 15, Vernon Street, Bolton, Lancs.

13 VIOLET SPILLER, Barton House, Canterbury.

16 P. N. EDMONDS, New Mills Court, Stroud, Glos.

17 A. J. TATTAM, 46, Padwell Road, Southampton.

21 W. M. Y. HURLSTONE, 5, Belgrave Road, South Norwood.

22 J. C. HAIRE, 11, St. Hilda Street, Beverley Road, Hull.

23 G. N. MEACHEN, 287, Amhurst Road, Stoke Newington.

25 H. C. WILSON, 30, Ashbourn Road, Derby.

32 ROSE SMITH, 103, Queen's Road, Cheetham, Manchester.

33 EDGAR PASCOE, 6*g*, Orchard Street Buildings, Westminster.

34 ELSIE T. RICHARDSON, Chestnut Grove, New Malden, Surrey.

35 VERNON W. BARFORD, Glynfyllyn, Wokingham, Berks.

36 E. A. TAYLOR, Moss Grove, Kingswinford, near Dudley.

37 J. HEINKE, 115, Monton Road, Eccles, Manchester.

41 H. S. PLUMMER, 64, Buckingham Road, Kingsland, N.

42 GEORGE RILEY, Station Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex.

43 F. H. SMITH, 14, Basing Road, Notting Hill.

SECOND CLASS.

A. W. ABDEY, 7, Connaught Terrace, Hove, Sussex.

E. J. CATTELL, 26, Union Road, Hills Road, Cambridge.

ALFRED CHATFIELD, 77, Finchley Road, South Hampstead, N.W.

C. E. F. JOHNSTON, Goshen House, Morningside, Edinburgh.

HENRY LYMN, 25, Newton Terrace, Bishop Hill, York.

DOUGLAS PRICE, 5, Pakenham Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

CHAS. REMBGES, 57, Ponsonby Place, S.W.

FRED SWIFT, 4, New Road, Walton-le-Dale, near Preston.

H. W. THORNE, 5, Bells Inn, Eastry, near Dover.

*** In this competition fewer songs were sent in than usual, but, taking them all together, the average of good work was higher—there were not so many *very* bad attempts, while there were more good, some very good, attempts. The first prize song, the composition of a frequent competitor, is exceedingly good, with one defect—that of the too frequent repetition of a certain figure. Another mistake, which spoils one or two otherwise good compositions, is a lack of judgment in writing for the voice, that, in these cases, most important part of the song being utterly unsingable. We would ask competitors in future to write their music on the ordinary music-paper ready-ruled for use; as the endeavours to manufacture their own music-paper are almost invariably failures, and add considerably to the task of adjudication.

Correspondence.

A Student.—1. A kettle sings when the water gets hot because the little bubbles of steam forming on the bottom of the kettle rush up the sides and make a commotion which sets the metal in vibration. 2. You cannot begin chemistry much better than with Roscoe's shilling primer, published by Macmillan & Co.

W. A. A. and A Montreal Ignoramus.—We had several articles on making a magic lantern with slides, etc. They are all out of print in the original form, but have been reprinted in "Indoor Games;" a new edition of which is nearly ready.

F. A. M.—1. There is a good deal about model engine building in "Indoor Games." 2. You have to melt the metals separately, and you must have a crucible.

S. H. L.—You can get the moulding for picture frames from Beckmann Brothers in the street that goes from Farringdon Station up to the Meat Market; and at other places. Some of the ordinary frame makers sell it in small quantities.

R. Cameron.—In Captain Franklin Fox's "How to Send a Boy to Sea" you will find all about it, and a list of firms. The book costs a shilling, and can be had through any bookseller from Messrs. F. Warne & Co.

Negora.—For your purposes there are few better books than Cobbett's "English Grammar," price 1s., published, among others, by Ward, Lock & Co.

E. Thompson.—Printing is not a healthy occupation, owing to the amount of work that has to be done by gaslight and in hot rooms. No indoor occupation is as healthy as an outdoor one. If you want to live long you must be a clergyman or a gardener.

Camera.—You were too close. You want a flatter lens for landscape.

H. B.—Full particulars are given in every Quarterly Navy List. The age is now from 13 to 14¼.

Drummer Boy.—1. The 6th Dragoons are the Inniskillings and wear scarlet. The 9th are Lancers and wear blue. 2. All the Fusiliers have busbies. 3. Any shilling tutor to begin with, and then try Spohr.

Tony.—If you have a railway training your best plan on arrival in the colony would be to obtain a situation on the railway. If you apply at the offices of the colony at 112, Victoria Street, Westminster, they will give you particulars of the service; and as to the other matters, your best plan is to apply at the Emigrants' Information Office at 31, Broadway, Westminster. The lowest fare is £12 12*s.*; your labour on the passage out would be worthless.

Stoat.—We know of no special book on such subjects; the field is too wide from the hawk to the mole. Alleyne Nicholson's "Manual of Zoology" might be of use to you.

Genealogist.—Edmund Ironside was the brother of Edward the Confessor and grandfather of the Margaret of Scotland who was the mother of the Matilda who married Henry the First. Henry the Second was their grandson; so that he was great-grandfather's grandson to Ironside. The descent is Alfred, Edward the Elder, Edmund, Edgar, Ethelred, so Ironside was great-grandfather's grandson to Alfred.

Cesarea.—"Guide to Employment in the Civil Service," price 3*s.* 6*d.*, Cassell & Co., Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Lulu.—"How old is the old man of Coniston?" It depends on what you mean. If you mean the mountain, it is Lower Silurian; if you mean Mr. Ruskin, he is 72.

Henry S.—We do not know which is the most beautiful town in Britain; we have not seen them all; but this is the first time we have heard of Rochdale as claiming the position. It may be so to you, Henry, but others may have gone further afield.

J. O. Wilson.—A "new violin" which cost thirty shillings and has a *printed* label "Nicolaus Amatus fecit in Cremona, 1654" may, of course, be a treasure, but what can it have been doing for the last two centuries and more to be "new"? Judge the instrument on its merits, Wilson; but keep the label dark.

J. Anderson.—Black penny stamps are worth a penny each if used; but if unused you may get half-a-crown each for them if you are fortunate.

Troublesome.—We know of no other plates; such things have to be specially prepared and are very expensive to produce. You can copy "The Queen's Barber" if you label it "By Permission of the Proprietors of the 'B. O. P.'"

C. Redpath.—Buy Dickens' "Dictionary of the Thames," price 1s., published by Macmillan & Co., or the "Rowing Almanac," same price, published at the "Field" Office, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane; see the list of rowing clubs and secretaries and write to the one you think best. There are rowing clubs in connection with the Polytechnic, Regent Street, W., and Young Men's Christian Association, Exeter Hall, Strand.

T. P. Trever.—Fishing-rod ferrules and winch fittings are sold at Carter's tackle shop in St. John Street Road, near the Angel, Islington.

Volunteer.—Look at an Army List in your Free Library and choose for yourself.

W. B. W.—If you have the leaf the best thing is to paint over what you want to gild, and when the size has dried just enough to be "tacky" dab the leaf on. The leaf you send is not gold at all, but very common bronze.

Linnet.—We are hoping to publish a book on Entomology in the Bookshelf Series. Past numbers are the same price as present ones; but very few of them, comparatively speaking, are in print.

P. Ray.—1. Get Grosvenor's "Model Yachts," published by Gill, 170, Strand. It is not an easy thing to build such a boat. 2. There is no difference in quality, but the East End house is the cheapest.

J. Berwick.—No. 1 is merely a modern medal; No. 2 is a Norwegian 10 ore. "Indoor Games" costs eight shillings, and can be sent direct to any address in Canada, but your best plan would be to order it through a bookseller.

Will.—The lion in the supporters of the royal arms is a gold one.

Scotia.—1. Edinburgh Castle rock is 500 feet above the sea; Primrose Hill is only 205 feet high. 2. The grave of John Knox is in Parliament Square under a stone marked J. K. 1572.

S. T.—British Bechuanaland has a very dry climate. Land costs a shilling an acre, board a pound a week, and clothes double what they do here. Before you take any steps apply to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster. The high price of provisions in New Zealand was owing to the shipping strike, now over. The eight hours' day has been adopted in New Zealand for years.

Querist.—There is practically no difference between a fog and a cloud; the cloud forms on the ground or descends to it and is then called a fog. The composition is the same, the only difference being in the smoke and other matter with which the fog soon becomes charged.

Cat with Sores on Ear (Reader).—Feed liberally, damp the sores twice a day with a solution of borax.

Fellow's Syrup (W. A.).—From a chemist of course.

Cocoa (Junior).—1. Yes; far better than tea for boys. Fry's Malt Cocoa, or Cocotina. 2. Salt Regal good. Eno, we may say, is a simple cooling purgative.

Bromide of Potassium (Pill Box).—You must not attempt to dose yourself. In large doses it would kill you. At best it is but a soothant or narcotic, and should only be taken on rare occasions for, say, a week at a time, in doses of not over ten grains in water at night. You've no business to need it. Go and skylark in the open air, read good books, keep out of mischief, and abjure evil habits.

Hens Laying (J. Hunter).—Perhaps you feed too much on grain or flour food. Fat hens won't lay. Try giving a little boiled lights minced, and table meat scraps, in the soft food of a morning.

Old Pigeons Returning (J. S. C.).—Certainly they would. Homers must be born on the premises. The very name should tell you that.

Jacobins and Fantails (L. Robinson).—Keep only the one sort. For prices, see columns of "Exchange and Mart."

Rabbit Ill (Lucifer).—Try a lotion of three grains of alum to an ounce of water twice a day. It may go blind.

Spectacles on Sailors (Luigi).—Can you be serious? Why if any man in the world needs good sight it is a sailor.

Guinea Pigs (Cavia Cobaya).—No; let the male remain. He looks after the youngsters.

Bad Teeth (Frank Guy).—Yes, Frank, it would. Boys for the service must be A 1 at Lloyd's.

Snakes (Julius Juggins).—They bite, not sting.

Lark with Vermin (P. F. C.).—Thoroughly clean out the cage or burn it. Dust sulphur into the skin.

Rabbit Furless (Frank).—Your hutches must be in a vile and stinking state. Rub a little compound sulphur ointment into the bare places.

Cat Bad (Persikanus).—A little lotion of borax twice a day. Keep in the house at night by feeding last thing. We hope you feed regularly three times a day on good solid food.

Guinea Pigs (Frank Phillips).—Yes; born with hair, not quite so long at first, of course.

Lice in Pigeons (Sandie).—A little blue ointment rubbed in about neck and under wings. Keep your loft more clean.

Lump under Pigeon's Wing (A. J. M.).—Impossible to say without seeing it. It may be anything. Better trust to next moult making it all right.

Rats and Rabbits (E. P. P.)—Rats would hardly jump four feet, but we would trust to wire work.

Ill Health (Adnaol).—You should consult a doctor without delay. Your whole mode of life wants reform.

Smoking (Would-be Singer).—Don't smoke; it will weaken the lungs and heart.

Egg-bound (A. Mosley).—In canary this usually arises from debility. Feed well to prevent it. Touch vent with feather and a little warm oil. Hold vent over steam of water in a tumbler.

Getting a Parrot to Talk (Mabel).—It is really not the true talking sort. You can only teach it by keeping repeating the words. Get it to love you, that is half the battle.

Worms, Ear Discharge, Palpitation, Neuralgia, Shortness of Breath, Weakness at Night (A, B, C, and many others).—All too serious for self-doctoring. You must consult your family doctor.

Cutting a Bantam's Tongue (Bantam).—There is an instrument called the cat-o'-nine-tails. You deserve a dose of that if you try any such trick. Anyhow you would have to cut its throat, not its tongue, to prevent it from crowing.

Garden (Amateur).—We fear the place is altogether too damp and sunless. A few barrowfuls of old lime and gravel and plenty of digging (deeply) would do good.

Low Spirits (Lilly).—Take ten drops of tincture of iron thrice daily in a little cold water after meals. Use a cold bath every morning. A sponge one. Simply sponge all over and get out again. Then rub down with rough towels. Take all the outdoor exercise you can.

Food for Jays (Bess).—Anything that is going. Read our paper on Birds by Dr. Gordon Stables.

Dreaming (R. Young).—Take a compound rhubarb pill every second night. The cold bath. Dumb-bells. Light supper two hours before turning in.

Skin Disease (S. D.).—Far too serious for self-treatment.

Maggots in Face (Elteb).—They are not maggots. Squeeze them out and apply at night a little zinc ointment. They are most difficult to eradicate.

Magpie (Lover of).—They are constantly advertised in the "Exchange and Mart."

Health (Oatmeal).—1. Yes; you are doing right. 2. If you sent stamps to office back number would be forwarded. 3. Oatmeal porridge: Let the water come to the boil, then add the salt to taste, and begin to "meal in" till thick. The meal must be A 1, not fine, nor coarse, but medium.

Camera (P. Webster).—1. Buy a good one when about it. 2. We have no time to make arithmetical calculations. 3. Yes; rabbits pay.

Enlarged Toe (Sir Ludar).—1. Could not say without seeing the toe, and it would be awkward for you to send it by parcel post. 2. There are too many in Colonies wanting situations in towns. Wait a bit.

Oxlips (G. P. N.).—Any gardener could tell you this.

Rabbit Weak in Hind-quarters (Frank).—If good food will not cure it, it is a bad doer.

Squirrel (Hot Cross Buns).—London is so wide a place. If you are up West-end way look in at Sumner's, 135, Oxford Street.

Nervousness (S. Marler).—No; you want a thorough overhaul. You certainly have not exercise enough. Try a teaspoonful of Fellow's Compound Syrup of Phosphates in a little water twice a day after meals. But take the morning tub if you can, and dumb-bells; light ones.

Rabbit with Tumours (W. F. Reichwald).—We fear we cannot help you, but would not advise your breeding from that rabbit.

Vegetarian Diet (Poor and Plain).—Well, the Scottish peasantry seldom touch meat except on Sunday, and if you want to get a good view of the sky and see stars in daylight just try a tussle with a ploughboy Scot. Why half the lads in England eat too much meat. There is nothing better for growing lads than oatmeal and milk, eggs, butter, cheese, and vegetables. But avoid beer.

Substitute for Cold Bath (Hopeful).—There is no *real* substitute, but wash as much of the body as possible, then go in for dry rubbing with rough towels. Towels are cheap enough and so is soap. We can't make you grow.

Best Dog (Inquirer).—Newfoundland or Collie. Mastiffs and Great Danes won't do for boys.

Bad Health (Health Seeker).—These abscesses are most annoying. But have the teeth seen to; you'll save a deal of pain. You want iron in your blood. Try ten drops of tincture of iron (steel drops) twice a day in water, after meals, for a month.

Strengthening the Arms (Samson).—At your age (15½) exercise should be taken to make the whole body strong, not arms alone. Good food, plenty of walking, and a long course of light dumb-bells.

Pheasants' Eggs (Pheasant).—Too late by the time this reaches you. You ought to have advertised in "Exchange and Mart" months ago.

Flushing of Nose and Face (Sir Ludar).—We think your heart is weak, only weak. Try a course of citrate of iron and quinine, and attend to your health generally, but do not imagine yourself an invalid.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 658.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"Each holding an English flag."

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ilderim the Afghan," "Drowned Gold," "For Life and Death," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.—THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

In spite of Marston's gloomy forebodings, the appearance of the dreaded War-Tiger among the besiegers of Fort Kyook-Pew was not followed by any immediate movement against the place. The joyful shouts with which the Bur-

mans had hailed their great leader's arrival were succeeded by a deep silence, and during the earlier morning hours the enemy showed no signs of activity whatever. In fact, but for an occasional glitter of steel through the black shadow of the thicket, or the peeping forth of a grim, swarthy visage through the mass of clustering leaves, the defenders had nothing to remind them that they *were* besieged at all.

But the experienced commandant was not deceived by this seeming inaction, which, so far from reassuring him, only made him feel more uneasy. He knew well that the Tiger-Chief was not the man to hang back from striking at an enemy who was fairly within his reach, unless he had a very good reason for it; and he awaited with a sinking heart (though outwardly as cheery and undaunted as ever) the revelation of the deadly snare which must, as he felt certain, be hidden beneath this strange forbearance.

It was drawing toward ten o'clock, and the scorching heat of the tropical sun was making itself felt in earnest, when a solitary figure (which Marston's keen eye recognised at once as that of the Chief himself) was seen to issue from the thickets, and advance toward the fort with slow and stately stride. To all appearance he was quite unarmed, and held aloft a white cloth knotted to a bamboo, as if in imitation of a British flag of truce.

When he was near enough to the entrenchment to be plainly heard by those within it, he halted suddenly, and called out—

"Does the chief of the strangers hear my words?"

"He hears them," answered Marston, showing himself above the stockade. "What have you to say?"

"You have fought like brave men," said the War-Tiger, "and like brave men we will treat you. Give up your fort, and your lives shall be spared; for it is useless to resist longer. Every stronghold of the English in this province has fallen before me except your own; and you are left alone against all the warriors of Northern Burmah. If you doubt my words, behold the proof of them!"

He waved his hand, and instantly seven armed Burmans stepped forth from the brushwood, each holding an English flag, which was stained with smoke and blood, and riddled with bullet holes.

Even Marston's bold heart sank within him as he beheld these ghastly trophies, every one of which was a certain proof of the utter destruction of a British garrison; for the brave young Englishman well knew that the colours could never have been taken while one man was left alive to defend them. This sudden confirmation of his worst fears completely paralysed him for the moment; but one glance at the downcast faces of his Hindoo soldiers braced him to action once more, by reminding him that if *he*, the life and soul of the defence, allowed the least trace of the general depression to appear upon his own features, all was lost.

Upon the Hindoo garrison these terrible tidings (which the wily chief had purposely told in Hindoostanee) fell like a thunderbolt; and Marston's keen military glance saw instantly that all depended upon checking this panic ere it had time to spread.

"Punjaubees! do you hear the good news?" shouted he to his men, in a voice like the blast of a trumpet. "Upon us, and us alone, has fallen the honour of maintaining the glory of the old flag against all Burmah! Think how proudly your friends and kinsmen on the Indus will say, when they shall hear your deeds told, 'These were indeed the warriors of Runjeet Singh; they were true to their salt, and held their post against all the armies of Burmah.'"

Before that stirring appeal, the momentary depression melted away as if it had never been, and every face brightened into a fierce glow of warlike enthusiasm, such as Clive saw upon the faces of his Sepoys at Arcot, when the last assault came roaring up the breach that three hundred men had held against ten thousand for fifty-five days.

The Tiger-Chief, too, had listened and understood; and a momentary glow of honest admiration softened the cold cruelty of his dark, handsome, merciless face.

Then Marston turned toward him again, and spoke with the slow, stern emphasis of one who fully meant what he said, the dauntless words with which the gallant Agnew, as he lay helpless and dying, had defied the howling cut-throats of Mooltan:

"We will not ask mercy, and we will not yield. You may kill us, but *we are not the last of the English*; others will come in our places, and will sweep away you and your rabble of cowards as the whirlwind drives the dust!"

At this every trace of nobler emotion vanished from the War-Tiger's stern features, which were suddenly convulsed with a spasm of fury so frightful, that, had he actually taken the shape of the ferocious monster whose name he bore, he could hardly have looked more terrific.

"What *are* you saying, old boy?" remonstrated Merrincourt in a whisper. "One would think you really wanted to drive him mad with rage!"

"I *do*!" replied Marston, grimly. "I want to provoke him into fighting me single-handed; and then if I can kill or disable him, the whole insurrection falls to pieces at once, for he's the life and soul of it."

"For pity's sake, Alf, don't do that!" cried his comrade, entreatingly. "It's all up if *you* get knocked over. Let me fight him instead—do, there's a good fellow! I'm about as good as other men at fighting, but I couldn't manage the defence of this place like you, to save my life."

"He wouldn't fight you, my poor boy—he'd say you were too young," said Marston, softening with a passing tinge of kindness the grim emphasis of his deep, stern tones. "*I* must do it, if it's to be done at all. I thought of it the other night, when we were reading that story, 'Through the Darkness,' where the Portuguese commandant, Dom Sebastian da Estrella, when he was hemmed in just as we are now, fought that African king single-handed, to end the war by killing him. It's the only way, old fellow; and what does *my* life matter, if I can end the whole war at one blow?"

During this talk, the War-Tiger seemed to have succeeded in mastering his rage; and he now spoke again, as calmly as ever.

"If you care nothing for your own life, Englishman, have some regard for the lives of your friends. Those two boys whom you thought dead are yet alive" (the two young officers started), "and are now prisoners in my hands; and they and all my other English captives shall be put to death unless you instantly surrender the fort."

As the last words were spoken, there swept over Marston's grave, calm face a blaze of wrath which so transfigured it that Merrincourt himself was startled.

But this burst of fury was not aroused by the Burman's final threat, brutal and ferocious though it was. The young commandant's strange agitation sprang from a widely different cause.

More than once during their conference had Marston been struck with something strangely and puzzlingly familiar in the War-Tiger's accent when speaking Hindoostanee, and even in his mispronunciation of certain words; but it was not till the Burmese leader announced that the missing boys were his prisoners, that the whole truth flashed upon the young Englishman. He suddenly called to mind the false head of white hair (suspiciously like that of the pretended monk) found by his men on the scene of our heroes' supposed murder; and he realised at last that the man who had been his guest, and spied upon and betrayed him, stood before him now in the person of the sworn enemy of the whole English race, who had shed their blood like water. Oh, fool that he was to have been so deceived, when, had he but detected his disguised enemy, the Burmese rising and all its attendant horrors would never have been.

Just then the Tiger-Chief, misinterpreting Marston's silence into a sign of disbelief, advanced close up to the palisade, and called out to him:

"Know by *this* that my words are true."

And, notching with his knife the end of the bamboo which he still held, he fixed in it the note which he had wiled from his boy captives a few days before, under the pretence of relieving their friends' anxiety, and held it up for inspection.

Both officers started as they recognised the familiar handwriting, and saw that it was dated only a few days back. Then the War-Tiger added coolly:

"You see that they still live; but if you will not surrender, it is you yourselves who will doom them to die!"

Poor Merrincourt was almost frantic at finding himself in this horrible dilemma, which placed them both between the alternatives of destroying their own countrymen and the two bright fearless boys whom they loved as brothers, or giving up to the enemies of England the post which they were bound to defend with their lives. Not so Marston. Growing calm again from sheer intensity of wrath, he answered slowly and deliberately, speaking in Burmese that his enemy's followers might not lose a word of the deadly insults which he let fall like drops of molten lead upon the man whom he was striving to goad into a single combat:

"The *brave* chief of the Burmans finds it easier and safer to murder defenceless

boys than to storm a fort held by armed men. He is not named 'Tiger' in vain; he can devour helpless children, but when the hunters come against him, he flies! Where was the might of the War-Tiger, when he fell exhausted at my feet, like a sick baby, worn out by trying in vain to conquer me with his magic? Hear me, thou jackal in a tiger's skin! If thou art not a coward, as well as a traitor and a spy, stand forth and fight me here, man to man, before the eyes of my warriors and of thine!"

Even the hardy Burmans shuddered as they heard such words poured upon their leader, who had, as they well knew, struck dead many a man with his own hand for affronts that were trivial compared with the maddening insults of the Englishman.

As for the Tiger-Chief himself, his dusky face seemed to become suddenly red-hot, and his large black eyes literally blazed with fury. Marston thought that he had gained his object, and looked forward with stern joy to the mortal duel by which he hoped to end the war and deliver his countrymen from their bitterest enemy.

But in the very height of his rage the grim chief seemed to master it with a mighty effort. Every trace of emotion died out of his massive features, which resumed their wonted air of stern calmness; and there was not the slightest tremor in his deep voice as he answered:

"The match is not equal, Englishman. There are many English officers in Burmah, but in all the land there is but one Tiger-Chief!"

So grand and commanding was the great warrior's tone, so royal were his look and bearing, that Marston, for the first time in his life, felt almost abashed as if by the presence of a stronger spirit than his own, and realised more fully than ever that, so long as this man remained as an obstacle in its path, the advance of British civilisation in Northern Burmah had indeed a hard task before it.

"We have spoken enough," said the War-Tiger, with a calmness more terrible than the fiercest anger; "to *you* I have nothing more to say."

Then he turned to the Hindoo soldiers, and, pointing to Marston, called out to them in their own language.

"Give up this one man, and ye shall go forth unharmed; refuse, and ye die every man of you!"

This offer had not long to wait for a reply, but the reply was a somewhat startling one, consisting as it did of a dozen rifles levelled straight at the speaker's head.

"Say but one word, Sahib," cried the old Ressaldar, fiercely, "and this *budzart* (base-born rascal) shall die before your eyes!"

"Let no man touch him," answered Marston; "he has come hither under a flag of truce. Tiger-Chief, you have heard our answer—begone!"

CHAPTER XII.—THE FATAL CIRCLE.

The first part of the night that followed this eventful day was profoundly dark, the moon not rising till after midnight; but one of the Burmese scouts who were on the watch near the river-bank heard, or thought he heard, faint, uncertain sounds from the British entrenchment, and caught a momentary gleam of light amid the darkness, as if a lantern had been held up for one instant, and then promptly hidden again.

That something unusual was going forward, the scout felt certain; but what could it be? Were the strangers preparing to sally forth and attack them by surprise? In any case, it was just as well to make sure.

Throwing aside the light-coloured clothing that might have betrayed him, the Burman dragged his dusky body along the ground as silently as a snake, till he got close to the stockade. Then he stopped short with a start of amazement, and rubbed his eyes as if thinking that they must have played him false.

The river-gate of the fort was standing wide open!

What could this mean? Was it some cunning snare devised by the English commander, or had the War-Tiger's threats scared the garrison into deserting their fort and stealing away under cover of the darkness? It really seemed as if they must have done so, for, although the spy strained his quick ears and eyes to the utmost, the fort was to all appearance as voiceless and lifeless as a tomb.

Back went the Burman in all haste to tell this startling news to his comrades, who exulted over it unrestrainedly. This, then, was why the soldiers of the English chief had shown such a bold front—only to cover their intended flight! All these big words had ended in a midnight retreat, and the fort which had so long defied them was theirs without a blow.

The Tiger-Chief alone, versed as he was in every stratagem of jungle warfare, looked doubtful and suspicious; and although he lost not a moment in ordering an advance, he warned his followers to move cautiously, and to keep well together, in order to support each other if anything went wrong.

But they reached the gate without any sign of danger, and found it still open. Just as they came up to it, one of them struck his foot against something which *felt* like a soldier's pouch (for to *see* it was impossible in the depth of that darkness), while another stumbled over a sun-helmet of the kind worn by Marston's Sepoys.

No one had now any farther doubt that the defenders had escaped in their boats during the earlier part of the night; and the War-Tiger, though chagrined at being baulked of his vengeance upon the man who had so grossly insulted him, was amply consoled by thus easily gaining possession of the stronghold that had defied him so long. He gave the signal, and his followers crowded into the fort pell-mell, till there was hardly room for them to move.

But all at once the foremost of the eager throng found their way barred in the darkness by what seemed like a second palisade. Somewhat surprised at this double line of defence (of the very existence of which they had been ignorant till now), they were groping their way along it in the hope of finding a gate, when a deep, stern voice, which they knew only too well, thundered out just above their heads:

"Fire!"

The flash and crack of the deadly rifle-volley followed the word as thunder follows lightning, mingled with the harsh, grinding crackle of the Gatling as its hail tore through the close-packed mass of assailants.

Instantly all was terror and confusion. This sudden and mysterious destruction, falling upon them out of the darkness in the very height of their security and anticipated triumph, changed in one moment these strong, daring, ferocious savages into a rabble of frightened children. There was no more thought of victory or vengeance—instant flight was the one idea in every mind. The narrow gateway was at once blocked up with a mass of struggling figures, while those behind, unable to force a passage, threw themselves flat on the ground to escape the flying bullets, or scrambled back over the palisade, wounding themselves severely with the spike-nails that guarded its top. Meanwhile, the light of the fire-ball which Marston instantly threw out, enabled his men to take sure aim; and before its glare faded, the rout of the savage assailants was complete.

But Marston had not done with them yet. Having made up his mind to die, the young commandant was fully determined that his own death should carry with it that of the ferocious leader who had vowed to destroy every Englishman in Northern Burmah, and who, although he had so craftily evaded Marston's desperate attempt to goad him into a single combat, might still be met hand to hand in the press of battle—which, indeed, was the very object that had impelled Marston to this stratagem of a feigned surrender which had cost the Burmans so dear.

It was to cost them dearer still, however, before the night was over; for, just as the broken mass of assailants rolled back in disorder from the fatal entrenchment, the roar of the Sikh war-cry awoke every echo of the silent forest, and the defenders, flinging open the landward gate of the fort, rushed out and fell upon them in flank and rear.

It would be vain to attempt any description of the nightmare-like confusion of that last grapple in utter darkness, where men dealt haphazard blows at unseen enemies, and death came blindly, no one knew whence or how. But so tremendous was the effect of this sudden attack upon the already disordered and panic-stricken Burmans, that even those who had begun to rally again now gave way altogether, despite the utmost efforts of their dreaded chief, who, goaded to frenzy, dealt his blows indiscriminately at his flying followers and his pursuing enemies, and almost appeared to be fighting both sides single-handed. The Sikhs pressed on—the Burmans retreated—some of the latter actually turned and fled. The Tiger-Chief was left alone, and another instant would have seen him killed or taken, and the war itself ended—when, just at the critical moment, the rising moon betrayed to the Burmans (who had till then no idea of their enemy's numbers) before what a mere handful of men they had given way.

"Children of the mountains!" shouted the War-Tiger, as he cut down the foremost Sikh like a bulrush, "will ye forsake your chief for fear of a rabble of Hindoo beggars?"

Alfred Marston (who had twice reached the Burmese leader in the thick of that hideous *mêlée*, only to be forced away from him again by the eddying whirl of battle) heard the shout. Without a word, the two men flew at each other. Marston saw in the chief the deadliest enemy of the English race, and the chief saw in *him* the man whose desperate resistance had cost him so many of his bravest warriors, and had impeded for weeks, at a time when every hour was of priceless importance, the triumph of the Burmese insurrection.

There was a clash of steel—a quick trampling of feet—a sound of deep, hard breathing; and then one of the two combatants was seen to fall—and that one was Marston!

At that moment the Burmans, encouraged by the small number of their foes and the fall of the dreaded English leader, came surging back like a wave, and the Sikhs, outnumbered and overmatched, were forced to give ground in their turn. But just as they were on the point of being overwhelmed by numbers, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the battle once more.

Merrincourt, who had fought like a lion throughout this desperate struggle, was in hot pursuit of the flying enemy, when he saw the Tiger-Chief rush upon Marston, and flew to his comrade's aid. One blow laid at his feet a tall Burman who confronted him; and then, flinging away his broken sword (which had snapped off at the hilt with the force of the stroke), he seized the rifle of a fallen soldier, and, whirling it round his head like a flail, plunged into the fight once more. Three blows he dealt into the throng, and each blow felled a man; and he was already within arm's length of Marston, when he saw the latter stagger and fall.

Merrincourt set his teeth, and threw his whole strength into one blow, which fell like a thunderbolt upon the War-Tiger's forehead, and beat him down to the earth as if a mountain had fallen upon him. Then, flinging away his weapon, the lieutenant caught up in his strong arms like a child the prostrate form of his comrade, and made for the gate of the fort.

But he was not to reach it so easily. The Burmans, stupefied for an instant by their leader's fall, no sooner saw the man who had struck him down about to escape them, than they came charging on, making the air ring with their yells, and sweeping back the Sikhs with the sheer weight of their rush.

The trained soldiers of the Punjaub fought like lions, and twice checked the tide of assault that came roaring around them. But although they succeeded in cutting their way by sheer dint of hard fighting through the foes who tried to press between them and the gate, yet so fierce was the rush that several of the Burmans actually burst into the fort along with the defenders, the contending forces being so mingled together that those inside durst not fire lest they should kill their own men. But at length those who had remained in the fort, coming to the aid of their hard-pressed comrades, drove back for a moment the swarming assailants, and barred the gate in their faces by main force; and thus the superhuman struggle came to an end.

To Merrincourt's unbounded joy, Marston proved to be not merely alive but only slightly wounded, his sun-helmet having turned the edge of the War-Tiger's sword, so that he was more stunned by the force of the blows than seriously wounded. More than half the entire garrison, however, had been killed or wounded in the midnight battle; and, of the latter, Marston himself was the only man saved, all the rest having been massacred by the Burmans where they lay. Should the enemy make one more vigorous assault, the fort must fall from sheer want of men to defend it; and their sole remaining chance of life was the possibility of Merrincourt's blow having killed the Tiger-Chief.

Of this, however, there was little hope, for they all knew well how seldom any man is killed outright by a single blow of a clubbed rifle. But Merrincourt soon had something else to think of, for Marston's wound, slight though it was, was quite enough, when superadded to the wearing anxiety and ceaseless toil of the last few weeks, to bring on another attack of fever, which completely prostrated him for the time being; and thus the command of the fort and its few remaining defenders now devolved upon Merrincourt himself.

"Never mind," muttered the young lieutenant, smiling grimly; "all that we've got to do now is to die where we stand, and I'm not too stupid for *that*, anyhow."

All through the long burning hours of that seemingly endless afternoon, Merrincourt sat watching beside his prostrate comrade, stealing out every now and then to see if there were any sign of another attack. But although certain stealthy movements behind the walls of matted boughs around him showed that the Burmans still held their ground, not a single foe was to be seen!

Merrincourt began to hope that his blow really *had* slain or disabled their merciless enemy, or that, even if it were not so, the Burmese force had been crippled by the havoc of that midnight conflict, in which at least ten of the besiegers had fallen for every one of the besieged. In the mean time, he did his best to conceal his own losses by making as good a show as possible with the few soldiers that remained to him, and even planting "dummies" of dried grass, in a British uniform, at Marston's suggestion, at one or two points which were unavoidably left unmanned.

It was the second night after the battle, and still there was no sign of danger. Marston seemed a little easier, and Merrincourt was sitting beside him as usual, when the sick man's unnaturally quickened senses appeared to warn him suddenly of some approaching peril. He raised his head, and seemed to be listening intently to some distant sound, although Frank, strain his ears as he might, could hear nothing whatever.

"What's up, old boy?" asked Merrincourt anxiously.

"Go out, quick, and see what they're at," was Marston's only answer.

Out went the lieutenant in all haste, but he could hear nothing suspicious, though the night was so still that even the rustle of a leaf might have been heard at some distance. He threw out a fire-ball, but no enemy was to be seen; and back he went, convinced that his comrade must have been dreaming.

All that night, however, Marston seemed restless and uneasy; and twice more did he send out Merrincourt to see if all were well.

The second time the moon was so bright that no fire-ball was needed; but Merrincourt, look as he might, saw nothing unusual, except indeed that, somehow or other, the edge of the jungle looked as if it were rather *nearer* to the landward side of the stockade than before.

But the third morning, when it came, brought with it a startling and fearful revelation.

The jungle had indeed come nearer to the fort in a new and terrible way; for all around one side of the palisade bristled a wall of piled-up brushwood, almost as high as a small haystack!

By what deadly ingenuity these children of the night had been able to heap up that huge barrier unheard and unseen, no one but themselves could have told; but there it stood complete, and Merrincourt reported its construction to his leader, with a very unsuccessful attempt to laugh it off as a thing of no moment.

"The niggers know something of engineering, seemingly," observed he, forcing a smile; "they're going to hem us in with a wall of circumvallation."

"Wrong, my boy," answered Marston, with a hollow laugh. "It's a simpler matter than that—they're going to *burn us alive!*"

A few minutes later, a shout of stern joy from the fort startled the besiegers, who had already learned to their cost (like the Sepoy mutineers of 1857) that both the Sikh and the Englishman are never more dangerous than when outnumbered and hopeless of escape. Had a reinforcement come to the aid of the beleaguered garrison? Yes—a reinforcement of one man. Their idolised "Marston Sahib" was at their head once more, and his spirit was in the heart of every man of that doomed band.

"Are you sure you can stand it?" asked Merrincourt, with an anxious look at the white face and quivering lips of the indomitable man who had shaken off sickness in order to meet death.

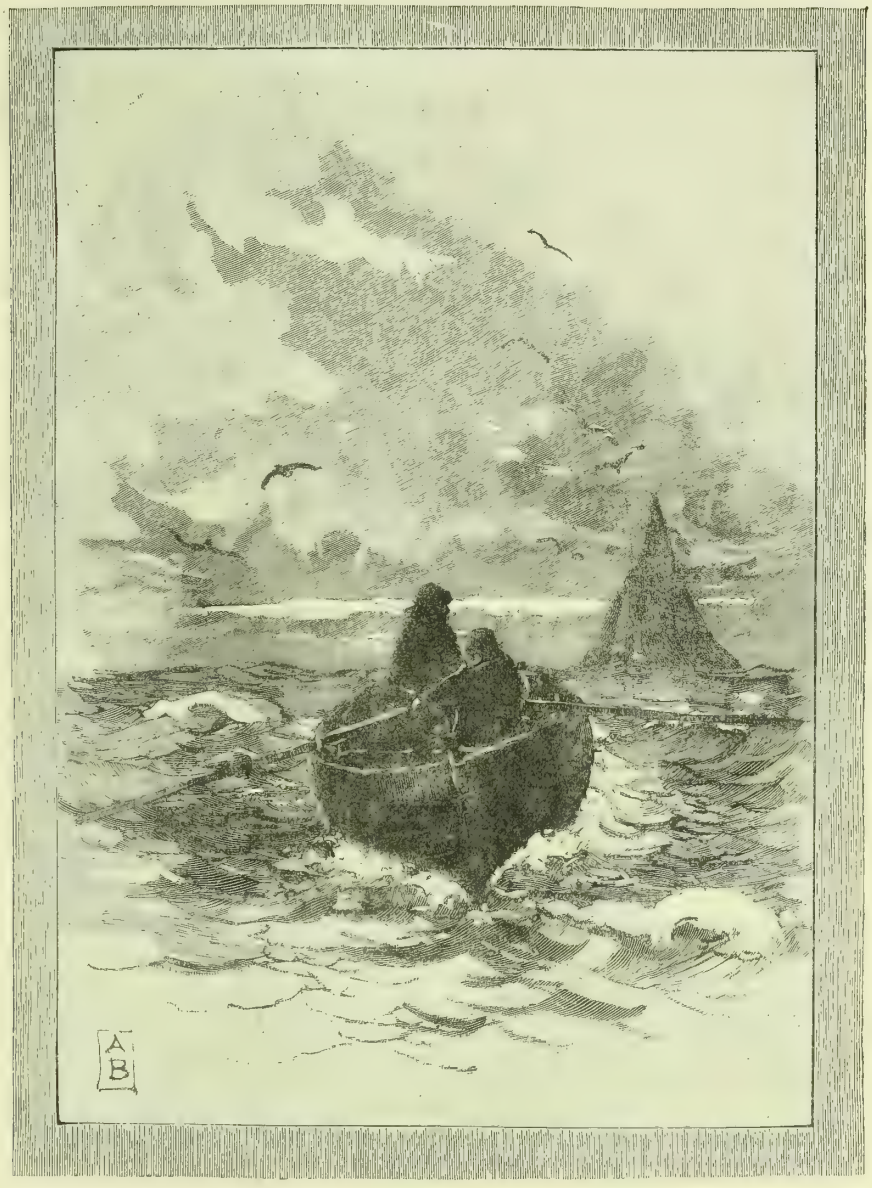
"What does it matter?" replied Marston; "we are all going to die."

The same thing, by a strange coincidence, was taking place in the Burmese camp likewise at that very moment; for, among the besiegers, pale, haggard, hollow-eyed, with a blood-stained bandage across his brow beneath the crushed remnant of the renowned tiger-skin helmet, stood the Tiger-Chief, looking so spectral and unearthly that he might well seem to have come back from the grave to take vengeance upon those who had sent him there.

All that morning the gaunt black wall of dry brushwood that girdled the doomed stronghold stood silently biding its time. All that morning the War-Tiger watched with deadly patience for the rising of the wind that was to aid his vengeance upon the hated strangers. And it came at last. A light breeze sprang up about noon, speedily increasing to a strong wind. Then the chief gave the signal. A thin wreath of smoke was seen to curl up from

ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various Representative Artists.



XII.—**Making for the Shore.**—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* Allan Barraud.)

the bristling mass of brushwood, and the last act of the tragedy began.

By Marston's orders, the defenders had deluged with water not only the thatch of the huts, but even the stockade itself; and for a time the water kept the fire at bay. But such a conflict could not last, and little by little the fiercer element began to gain the mastery over the other. At first the sparks, hot ashes, and fragments of burning wood whirled by the ever-growing force of the wind against the wet thatches and dripping palisades, hissed, sputtered, and went out. But as they fell thicker and thicker, and the air itself grew hot beneath the scorching rage of the great mass of flame that roared and crackled all around one side of the doomed fort, the fire began, slowly but surely, to make good its hold. Clouds of steam were seen rising from the storehouses, and presently a corner of one of the huts took fire—went out—caught light again—and then began to kindle in earnest.

The defenders sprang to quench it; but instantly a sharp crackle of musketry was heard through the roar of the flames, and a shower of bullets from the opposite bank of the river showed that the side which the fire had left unassailed was beset by a foe more merciless still. Once more the trusty Gatling spoke out, and several of these ambushed marksmen fell. But just then down crashed a huge heap of the blazing brushwood, and the furious wind hurled it in flaming masses against the stockade, which soon began to kindle in its turn. All who strove to quench the flames were driven back by the unendurable heat and smoke, and in a trice the fort was on fire in three places at once.

Even then, however, the disciplined soldiers of the garrison never flinched or showed a sign of yielding. Standing in the midst of a raging furnace, with their throats parched, and their eyes bloodshot, and their faces blistered by its scorching heat, the iron men held stubbornly out to the last. But all their bravery could not avert the inevitable end, which came only too speedily.

By nightfall the whole fort was one red and roaring blaze, the furnace-heat of which reached even the Burmans who were posted beyond the river, and forced them to draw back. Standing far aloof, the besiegers watched in grim silence the flaming circle within which the last of their foes were perishing. The firing had ceased, and no sound was heard but the roar of the flames.

In the midst of his followers, leaning for support upon his long gun—for he was

still weak and dizzy from his wound—stood the Tiger-Chief, in whose stern features a faint tinge of savage and reluctant admiration seemed to be contending with the fierce glow of gratified vengeance. And when the two main buildings of the fort came crashing down, sending a vast jet of flame far up against the blackness of the moonless sky, the terrible man smiled a strange, grim smile, and muttered, loud enough for his encircling warriors to hear:

"They are indeed valiant men, these English. When my hour comes, I would fain die as these two Englishmen have died to-day!"

(To be continued.)

VAN TROMP AND I.

A TRUE STORY OF PLANTATION LIFE.

By C. N. Carvalho,

Author of "In Search of Gold," etc., etc.

"I suppose I must let you go, Willie," said my father, grimly. "Well, you will soon find you have made a fool of yourself; that is one comfort to think of. There is nothing like giving a lad his own way to teach him that lesson."

The permission was given grudgingly, but it satisfied me, for I knew my father was not one to withdraw his consent if once it had been wrung from him. It had disconcerted him very much to find that the post he had assigned me in his own counting-house did not content me,—that I had longings and aspirations such a career would never fulfil, and, in addition, that I had an overpowering desire to see the world. When he took me into his employ, he had fondly hoped the problem "what to do with our boys" was, in my case, set at rest for ever. In his imagination he saw me following in his own footsteps, without thought of or wish for change; my sole ambition outside the trade routine being, at some distant date, to take a share in the government of my native city.

So the satisfaction I evinced when I was offered a situation out in the East Indies was a revelation to him—a revelation and a disappointment. The offer came from a Mr. Rosenthal, whose eldest son, an old schoolfellow of mine, was an assistant on a tobacco plantation in Sumatra, the property of Messrs. Rosenthal Bros. He had long been aware of the dislike I felt for my present employment, and had kindly used his influence to procure for me the first post that was vacant. The salary (£250 a year) seemed to me magnificent. I was wild to accept the offer at once, and thought the minute inquiries my father made both tedious and unnecessary.

However, as I have said, I obtained permission to go, and, after a wearisome delay, took my passage on board one of the steamers belonging to the Messageries Maritimes, and started on my way. The voyage was long, but full of interest, and the opportunity it afforded me of mixing with young men who had had some experience of the life I was entering upon was a source of both pleasure and profit.

It was almost like getting home to see the friendly face of Fred Rosenthal as I stepped on shore at ——. We shook hands heartily, and, for the first hour or so, I had enough to do to answer his questions concerning his family and friends. But at length my turn came. I must own his replies rather staggered me. The expenses of living were very high—my father had assured me I should find them so, but I had refused to believe it; food was dear, and servants' wages formed a serious item in the year's outlay. The idea of having a house of my own, provided and furnished at the expense of my employer, had greatly taken my fancy when Mr. Rosenthal had spoken of it, but now it seemed a questionable advantage. It was a lonely prospect too, for Fred informed me our stations were quite three miles apart, so my expectations of daily intercourse with him were doomed to disappointment.

"What society was to be had?" was my next inquiry. "Well, nothing very much," Fred replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, as if to say that if society was what I wanted, I had better have remained at home. Mr. Drücker, the manager, had a wife, who was the only European lady Fred had come in contact with since he landed. She was very nice when you knew her—musical and all that—but her health was so delicate the doctor had ordered her home, and she was only waiting till she was strong enough to undertake the voyage. Her husband would follow her before very long, and the next man would, in all probability, be a bachelor, for clearly Sumatra was no place for ladies. However, there were plenty of young men on the neighbouring plantations, Englishmen as well as foreigners, and they contrived to meet occasionally.

"On Sundays," I suggested.

"Sundays," echoed Fred ruefully. "No, Ranford, that is just the weak point in our arrangements here—we make no difference on Sunday at all. I believe they do on the English estates, but there are so few of them, they have no influence. On the Dutch and German plantations we scarcely know when Sunday comes round. Yes, I was afraid you would not like that," he added, seeing a frown on my face; "I hate it myself, for, though a German, I have had English training, as you know. I mark the day as best I can, and you must try to do the same. The pay days are our holidays, but I fear I pass most of the time in sleep—the heat is killing sometimes. There is very little sport to be had, plantation work is so heavy and continuous."

Fred and I shared a room that night in a sort of half inn, half boarding-house, a little way up the town. I daresay the place he selected was as good as could be got, but I cannot say much to recommend it. The heat, the insects, and the dirt, together with an uncomfortable feeling, not to be shaken off, that my couch was still heaving up and down as it had done for so many weeks past, drove all sleep from my eyes, and I was thankful when morning dawned.

As soon as it was light I rose, and, taking care not to disturb my comrade, crossed the room and stood at the open window so as to get a little air. The view was by no means a pretty one. The sun, newly risen, had not as yet pierced the thick bank of cloud that bounded the horizon on the east, and lent neither sparkle nor tint to the dull grey sea, whose waters were rendered still more lifeless by the torrent of mud brought down by the river. The sandy hills in the distance looked mean and uninteresting. I sought in vain for the marvellous colouring and luxuriance of vegetation I had been taught to expect in a tropical country, but, with the exception of sundry palm-trees looking like gigantic ferns, everything was dull and dingy to the last degree. Such buildings as I could see consisted of sheds for the storage of tobacco on its way to Europe, and in front of these were grouped a number of dark-skinned natives wearing little or no clothing. A woman in a blue jacket with a dark red scarf, or, as Fred told me to call it, a sarong, twisted round her waist, sat in a corner with a basket of oranges at her side; but to my unaccustomed eyes, these specimens of humanity were more repellent than attractive, and did nothing to brighten the scene.

Fred, when he awoke, did his best to cheer my spirits, which were more depressed than I was willing to confess. We mounted our horses and set off almost immediately, so as to avoid the great heat of the sun as much as possible. My luggage was to be taken up to the station on the backs of men. In England I had been wont to say that the hotter the weather grew the better I liked it, but I soon saw the fallacy of that assertion. I had looked forward to my first ride through such entirely new scenes with the greatest interest and curiosity, but the heat and the glare rendered me so unfit for exertion, that I was quite unable to appreciate its novelty, and was only thankful to seek shelter whenever possible. In fact, long before our destination was reached, I was utterly weary and worn out, a pitiable object for all beholders.

"I won't ask you now what you think of these diggings," Fred cried, when at last we stopped before a curious-looking erection that might have been designed to shelter human beings or for the storage of tobacco, for any distinctive architectural peculiarity it possessed; "they are rather different from your preconceived ideas, I imagine. Come in and wash the dust off, and then we will take a look round. Or would you prefer to rest and do the thing in the morning—perhaps that will be better: you look rather done up. Anyhow, come upstairs with me now."

He led the way to a large room which he said was always set apart for strangers. It was rather bare to English notions, but comfortable enough in a country where coolness is a greater luxury than warmth. Naturally, as the son of "the boss," Fred had a better appointed dwelling-house than fell to the lot of the other assistants. He made his servant fill a bath for me, and then went away, telling me not to be long, for dinner was ready and he was as hungry as a hunter. He laughed when I spoke of changing my coat, and tossed aside the light one I was extracting from the depths of my portmanteau, saying he was going to dine in his shirt-sleeves, and I had better follow his example. "In these parts we *un*dress for dinner, old boy," he added, dryly, "and you will soon find it is the right thing to do."

If I could have sat in my bones, as Sydney Smith is said to have suggested, I should

have been glad, for the atmosphere reminded me of nothing so much as a Turkish bath, and even shirt-sleeves seemed insupportable. And as a toilet conducted on these principles does not take long, I need scarcely say I did not keep Fred waiting.

After dinner, which consisted of poultry reared on the premises, and one or two kinds of vegetables I had never seen before, I felt refreshed and began to look about me. I was too tired to care about going out, so limited my investigations to the interior of the house. Fred's sitting-room was a long and rather low apartment built of wood and raised only a few feet from the ground. It looked on to a kind of balcony of nearly the same size, which was open to the air at each end, but protected along its length by coarse blinds that might be raised or lowered at will.

Here I found a motley collection of birds and beasts. To begin with, he had at least four or five dogs, each one uglier than the other. "I daresay it seems a good many," he rejoined gravely, when I commented on the number, "but you will find you must have company of some sort. Besides, it would not do to be left without a dog, and from one day to the other you never know how many the tigers may take a fancy to. We can never let them lie outside at night; they would be carried off to a certainty."

"By the tigers?" I said interrogatively.

"Yes," replied Fred. "It is on the whole an amiable characteristic of theirs to prefer the flesh of dogs to that of human beings, so I do not complain. Of course, it is awkward from the dog's point of view. You may soon see a tiger if you have any curiosity that way. Baba, that Chinaman who brought in the dinner, tells me there is one prowling about the place to-day—he has been laying a trap for him. We shall hear the brute howling during the night, I daresay—or you will: the sound is new to you. I have learnt to sleep through that sort of thing."

I strove to make friends with the smallest of the dogs, a funny, fox-coloured little animal, with long, pricked-up ears and a curly tail. I pride myself on the facility with which I make friends with any dog I come across, but, for once, I was entirely at fault. He was snappish and unfriendly, and simply would have nothing to do with me. Fred looked on and laughed.

"Don't lose your time with that little beast," he said at length, "Foxy is as surly as he can be. He hates a white man—all his kind do. I only have him here because he is such a little oddity. The natives train those dogs to hunt sometimes. These little fellows," he went on, indicating a pair of small black monkeys that were dozing in a corner close to a large cage of parrots, "are much better fun. Or this," he concluded, as a great bird suddenly flew up and perched itself on the balcony rail.

It was a hornbill—that much I knew from having seen one in the Zoological Gardens at home—a strange-looking creature, about the size of a turkey, of a dull black, with the exception of a few bars of white near the tail. Its beak must have been over a foot long, and looked as if it had a second beak reversed on the top of it. It was quite tame, Fred told me, as he held out a banana to the bird, who took it and ate it greedily. Billy, as it was called, was evidently a prime favourite of Fred's, but I shook my head when he offered to get one of the same kind for me, and said I did not think I should ever care for such society.

The next morning I went to report my arrival to the manager, whom I found a very agreeable man, speaking English with a fluency I had not dared to hope for. I had feared I should have to communicate with him in German, of which I knew as much as does the average English schoolboy. After the interview, Fred, whose holiday extended over that day, took me over the estate, or rather over the portion under his superintendence. The visit to my future quarters was put off till the morrow.

The end of the rainy season was, I was told, selected for sowing the seed. This is mixed with sand and ashes and spread over the ground, which is then watered and covered with straw so that the rain may not wash the seed away. About a fortnight or three weeks later the sprouts appear, but quite six weeks must elapse before they can be planted out. The young plants are set in rows some three feet apart. They have to be protected from the sun, and watered regularly every day. Things had just come to this stage, and work was comparatively slack, or Fred might not have had time to devote to me. Buds come out on the plants some two months or thereabouts after the planting out, but these are all taken off, and sometimes the lower leaves as well, so as to afford the upper ones, which are said to be of superior quality, a better chance of development. It is not until the leaves turn of a yellowish green that they are fit to be gathered. That was a very busy time, and I was glad to think it would not come on for a few weeks yet. Perhaps I had better state that the tobacco of Sumatra is only used for the wrappings of cigars, therefore those who imagine the young men on these plantations have as much tobacco to smoke as they please are in error.

Mr. Müller, the assistant whose place I was to fill, was still at his post, and would remain for a while, so as to instruct me in my new duties. I was speedily introduced to him, and in a day or two carried over my belongings to the house, and set to work in earnest. In accordance with the usual custom, I had bound myself to remain with the Messrs. Rosenthal for five years, so I was naturally anxious to learn all about the place that was to be my home for so long a period. Mr. Müller was only too glad to give me any information I might require. He was to start for Europe shortly, as his health was not very good, and after a few months would return and undertake the office of manager on a neighbouring plantation. He hoped, therefore, he said, that I would prove an apt pupil, for every week he lingered on my account shortened his holiday. I laughed, and promised to do my best to learn, but privately looked forward with anything but satisfaction to being left on my own resources.

Mr. Müller employed himself on my first day in establishing me in my new quarters. He even insisted on evacuating the best bedroom at once, saying that as he was only going to sleep there one night more it would save trouble. The same afternoon he superintended the removal of his effects, some of which were to be sold, and the rest to be shipped off to Europe on the first opportunity. For the remainder of his stay he was to be the guest of the manager, and would ride over daily to look after the work—and me. I had been prepared to find my domicile inferior to that of young Rosenthal, but when stripped of Mr. Müller's possessions, it looked singularly bare and unhomelike. His servants, or some of them, were to remain with me; and how I was to control them, seeing that we were equally ignorant of each other's language, was a puzzle to me.

At an early hour the following morning I went with my instructor to view the scene of my future labours, and when the sun's rays became too powerful to be encountered with safety by a new arrival, we went indoors, and Mr. Müller began to draw up for me a list of the technical terms and native expressions that it was needful I should learn at once. When that was finished he took his departure, saying he would return in good time on the morrow and take me out with him again. He was in high spirits at the idea of spending the evening in the congenial society of Mr. and Mrs. Drücker, and gave no thought to the many lonely hours I should have to pass in these unfamiliar surroundings.

I had my dinner, and then took out my portfolio with the intention of writing home. My people would, I knew, expect a full description of the life I was leading, and they must not be neglected. I was much tempted to say it was a lonely one, that the work was hard, amusements but few, and leisure, even on the Sabbath, not to be counted upon. In that strain I could have filled pages. But before I came to the end of my first sheet I saw that would not do. I must not make light of the hardships and trials I was exposed to, and so give an erroneous impression, but still less must I complain of them. I had come out of my own free will, and if I missed my friends and the comforts of home—I did painfully—I had no one to blame but myself. I had chosen my path in life, and must make a brave fight to the end.

So, taking up the sheet, I tore it across and set to work again. It was not easy to write steadily, for the mosquitoes swarmed around me, and more than once I had to pause in order to clear my inkstand of cockroaches or spiders. It had amused me mightily to watch Fred Rosenthal doing battle with these intruders, but now they exasperated me, and at last, heated and tired with my exertions, I laid down my pen, deciding to wait for the mail-day before writing another line.

My books were not yet unpacked. Newspapers of any sort were unattainable, and how to occupy myself till bed-time I did not know. The profound silence was depressing. There was not a creature about the place for me to speak to in any intelligible manner; I had not even a dog of my own. And so when I had walked once or twice round the neglected garden, and taken a bath, I was really at the end of my resources.

Probably, as others had done before me, I should get accustomed to the sort of thing, but to-day I felt that if I did not find some one with whom to exchange a word, I should be in danger of losing my senses. Happy thought! I would go over to Rosenthal's station; it was only a short distance, and there was little doubt he would be pleased to see me. It might be imprudent for a stranger to ride out at such an hour, but I would take the risk. Anything was better than remaining where I was.

Acting on the spur of the moment, I called to one of the Malay servants, and with some difficulty made him understand that I wanted a horse saddled. Mr. Müller had two horses at his disposal, one of which, Van Tromp by name, was to be left for me, so I had no scruple in making use of it.

By the time I was ready to start, it was dark. The sun had been low in the heavens when the idea of the expedition occurred to me, and I had forgotten how short was the twilight in these regions. But go I would, the darkness should not deter me. The road was straight enough, I should not miss the way.

Once in the saddle, my spirits rose. Fred would make merry over my fit of depression, but I would not care: I could laugh at it myself now. How surprised he would look when I made my appearance—surprised and pleased, for chance visitors were sure to be appreciated. I would stay to supper, and then perhaps he would ride back part of the way with me.

The moon was shining brilliantly, but it lay behind the trees that bordered the road

just here, and so did not afford me much light. However, as Mr. Müller had laughingly told me when I applied to him for directions earlier in the day, Van Tromp knew the way, for he went past Rosenthal's door two or three times a week on his way to the manager's.

I was obliged to ride slowly at first, for in the gloom it was not easy to see any obstacle that lay in the path. But after a while I emerged from the shadow of the trees, and surrounding objects became more distinct. The road here skirted a large patch of *lallang*, a kind of sword-grass that quickly covers every tract of unused land. I knew I must keep this on my left hand, and, relieved from the fear of stumbling over anything, I instinctively urged on my horse, at the same time casting my eyes around, in order to discover whence proceeded a noise that for the last few minutes had much perplexed me. But no living thing was visible, and the creature, whatever it was, must have been at some distance, for, strain my ears as I might, I could distinguish no footfall. My horse, however, now became extremely fidgety, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could hold him in. Before long it was impossible to do it at all. With a snort or neigh of terror, he suddenly darted off at a swifter pace than I had thought one of his breed could achieve, and it was as much as I could do to keep my seat. I had lost all mastery over him.

Looking back over my shoulder a few minutes later, I saw, to my horror, a large object pursuing us in hot haste, though noiselessly. Its form was indistinct, and was not easy to separate from the thick shadow it cast upon the ground, but I had little doubt it was a tiger—probably the very same of whose presence in the neighbourhood I had heard the day of my arrival. How could I have been so rash as to come out without a gun or weapon of some kind! Except for my riding-whip, I was utterly defenceless, and, truly, for that to be of any service, my antagonist and myself must be at uncomfortably close quarters.

That I did not lose my nerve, I can only attribute to my ignorance of the full extent of my peril. I was, however, painfully excited. The rate at which I was speeding along was dangerous in itself, and yet, if checked before I reached a place of safety, I was lost. I longed to turn my head so as to ascertain if the brute were gaining upon me, but when I had done so before, the movement had so nearly lost me my balance that I felt it was unwise to attempt it again. With a fervent prayer to the Most High for protection, I held on, determining to do my best and leave the issue in His hands.

Fred's campong now came in sight. It lay peaceful and calm in the moonlight, its white roof and walls giving it the appearance of being covered with snow. But I had no time to give to the picturesque. I was wondering if it would be possible to stop the horse at my friend's door, and, if possible, would it be safe to do so? Might it not afford the tiger an opportunity of seizing on its prey—and was that Van Tromp or myself? The reflection was not a pleasant one.

A sudden lurch, that, had I not been a fairly good rider, would have thrown me to the ground, gave me something else to think of for a moment. The horse had swerved to the right and was now making its way towards the house. I tried to call out, in the hope that a servant might be about who would be able to render me assistance, but my voice was too feeble to rouse any one. A deep growl, followed by a loud crash, sounded in the rear. What the last signified, I could not tell, but my horse must have known, for he slackened his pace and in a minute or two came to a halt beneath Fred's balcony.

To have dismounted on the instant, climbed the gate and dashed into the house, was what I had planned to do if I got the chance. But now the time had come, I had no power to move. Van Tromp, too, was trembling in every limb; he could not have borne me many yards further. If the tiger came upon us now he would have it all his own way, for anything either of us could do to resist him.

"Why, there is Ranford himself, by all that's wonderful!" I heard Fred say after a space of time that might have been five minutes or half an hour—I could not tell. "Whatever brings you here at this time of night, old fellow? An ignoramus like you has no business to be cutting across country after dark. What does Müller mean by letting you do such wild things? But come in, now you are here, I am right glad to see you. Why don't you get off your horse? What is the matter?"

"Nothing," I replied with a disgraceful disregard of truth. "Help me down, Fred, and let us go inside as fast as we can."

Seeing something was amiss, the good fellow asked no more till I had recovered myself. My report astonished him greatly. He called to the Chinaman, Baba, and bade him examine the trap, for, from what I said, he had little doubt the tiger had been caught, and the man soon came back with the welcome news that this really had been done. Baba's trap had, in a way, saved my life, for the tiger must have been close upon me when he fell into it. Still, had the horse not turned aside as he did, it would have only made matters worse, for we should all three have tumbled in, and a struggle between man, horse, and tiger in a hole some twenty feet deep, could only have had a result that I do not care to dwell upon. If instinct led Van Tromp to avoid the trap, or if he did it by chance, I am unable to decide.

An hour later I proposed to return to my quarters, but was without difficulty prevailed upon to remain for the night where I was. However, I insisted on being allowed to depart very early the next morning, for I wished to be at my post when Mr. Müller arrived.

Before I started, Fred and I went to see the trap where lay my enemy. The opening had been originally concealed with brushwood and mould, but by this time these had been removed and replaced by planks of wood, so that the animal could not possibly escape. Fred put his rifle into my hands, saying it was my privilege to shoot the beast, and then a Malay brought a torch, which he introduced into a hole, and by its light I made out the eyes of the tiger glaring like two lamps. I aimed between them and fired. The tiger gave an angry growl. Then more torches were brought, and their light showed him to be sitting with his back turned towards us, his tail curled round his body. A second shot settled him, and after a short delay he was hauled out. When measured, he was found to be seven feet long from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.

The Malays and Chinese who were present shouted and chattered volubly. I could not make out a word they said, but Fred assured me they were criticising my prowess in most laudatory terms. It was fortunate, he said, that in so short a time I had been able to make so favourable an impression. It would make things so much easier for me. They never willingly obeyed a coward, and I might wait months before I got another such opportunity. I devoutly hoped that would be the case.

(THE END.)

THE SORROWS OF PETER PASTEL, PHOTOGRAPHER.

By Will O. Charcole.

The year after we were at Skellochie, as already described in these pages, my friend Pastel was seized with the mania which has for long ravaged this unhappy country. Where he got it, I never found out, but this I know (and it is quite enough), that for over a year he made my life hideous.

Those who have lived in peaceful homes, far from the baleful presence of a photographic dealer's shop, cannot realise the power of that terror which stalks through the land, compelling their fellow-creatures to bury themselves in cupboards with red lanterns. It is so frightfully infectious, too! Any one possessing some spare coin of the realm is liable to be seized at any moment with the malady; which may be caused by the sight of a camera, a price-list of apparatus, or a first-rate photograph done by your friend Higgs, whom you have hitherto fondly imagined to be an ass.

Now before I go any further, I ought, perhaps, to remind you that Pastel and I are artists; a fact slightly difficult to keep in mind, as so little is said about our painting. Still, I am certain that we would have been famous long before now, but for our relatives. It is entirely their fault. They will not let us work hard, lest it should injure our health, and as Pastel and I are fond of them, we try to carry out their instructions as strictly as possible, and make a point of stifling all wild, foolish yearnings for work. As yet, I must allow, we have succeeded admirably.

Now the first odd thing I noticed about my friend was, that at times he seemed to be almost busy; but this, as I discovered afterwards, was not due to a love of our art. One day I found an immense pile of letters addressed by him, ready for the post. This struck me as unearthly, for, although Pastel really ought to write oftener to his friends, he never remembered to do so unless I asked him to go a message or call with me on my uncle Bung.

I paid little attention to Pastel's energy at the time; but its dreadful significance dawned upon me a few days later, when huge quantities of printed matter arrived hourly for him. It was the first symptom of the disease. My miserable friend had evidently written to every quarter of the globe for price-lists of everything that was ever used in photography.

After the first rush of letters and papers, the post brought in a steady flow of parcels that would have deluded any ordinary person into the belief that it was Christmas. The postman asked whose birthday it was; and Pastel, I grieve to state, seemed to suggest that it might be mine, whereupon that official lay in wait for me, and gave me to understand that "it was not parcels I was



A Cool Customer.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* B. MUNNS.)

receiving, but postmen's lives," or words to that terrible effect. He drew tragic pictures of his death—presumably from parcels and darkly hinted that his funeral expenses must in such a case be forthcoming from me; but these things did not disturb the inhuman Pastel.

The parcels poured in thicker than ever, and the disease raged furiously in our house.

. . . . . .

And now Pastel declared his intention of experimenting upon me. Though he was not aware of the fact, I saw that—to use an expression of uncle Bung's—he meant to "kill two stones with one bird." Perhaps he entertained wild dreams of my probable usefulness in the dark room—I do not know. I was rash enough to agree, at any rate, and Pastel got out his camera and told me to sit down in an easy, unaffected way, and read a book.

I had never found it difficult to do this before, but it was a most extraordinary thing—on that particular day I couldn't do it. I tried to obey my friend's directions, but I seemed to have lost the use of my hands, and as for my feet, I couldn't have had more difficulty in disposing of them had I been a centipede.

Pastel remarked that I looked uncomfortable. "Why do you hold the book that way?" said he.

"What way?" said I; "that's how you hold a book when you read, isn't it?"

"Certainly not," he replied, with withering scorn. "I never saw you or anybody else hold one like that before. It's quite wonderful how you do it."

This enraged me, and I got up. "Look at me, now," said Pastel; "what could be simpler?" and he sat down.

I did not take my eyes off him. There was a pause. Then he said, "Oh! don't stand there like a lunatic. How *do* you hold a book when you read?" Incredible though it may seem, we had both forgotten how.

This inestimable talent, which we had both once possessed and valued lightly, had fled from us for ever. It was a lost art. I began to conjure up the most terrible pictures of Pastel and me, unable to hold a book, hiring a companion who would read to us.

Pastel, however, would not give in; he said he would take me standing, and a frightful half-hour of tortures followed. It appeared that I had lost the art of standing too. I never knew until then into what wonderful forms the human body could be contorted. Pastel arranged me in such wild, weird postures that if the photographs had been successful, they would have made my fortune as an acrobat. At the end of that time—being still alive—I fled from the spot, attempting to console myself with the thought that if I should not survive what I had undergone, my friends would at least have numberless photographs of me left.

Meanwhile Pastel had hastened to his dark room and remained bottled up there for hours,—it seemed to me.

At last he came out, holding in his hand a small square piece of wet glass. "The others," he said, "are—well, they weren't *exactly* a success, but if you hold this up to the light, you'll see a shadow in one corner. I think it must be the back of your chair." And the miserable, deluded creature held up the glass, on which not a thing was visible.

I might have known it all along. The only difference between Pastel's "negative" and the window-panes in our room was the former's exceedingly unpleasant smell.

Pastel, however, was quite satisfied, and went away to dry and varnish the "negative." "It will preserve it," he said.

That night the Rev. Mr. Bromide—a great friend of Pastel's and an enthusiastic amateur photographer—called.

"The first plate wasn't a success?" he said; "why, that's nothing! You'll waste dozens and dozens of them before you get a fairly decent one!"

His prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. For the next six weeks Pastel literally lived in the dark room, and wasted tons, one would imagine, of plates, gallons of chemicals, thousands of candles, with no results to speak of, except in the way of bills. Then he declared that the cupboard he worked in was at fault, and invested in what he called a "portable dark room"—a species of bag, in size something between an overgrown sack and a very young balloon—into which he got his head and arms, tied it tightly round his waist with a string, and developed in there.

There was a kind of fatality about that bag, when I think of it, for every time Pastel tied himself securely into it, with infinite trouble, he found that he had left out the things he needed most. One day he got in as usual, and set to work. I was in the next room. Some time after, fancying I heard a noise, I went in to see what he had forgotten next.

On opening the door, I beheld him groping about with his head and arms in that ridiculous bag, from whence issued weird sounds. On hearing me come in, he turned abruptly, stepped into a pail of water which he had been using for photographic purposes, and, as suddenly stepping back, took an unpremeditated seat in a waste-paper basket.

That useful article—being unaccustomed to such treatment—as suddenly assumed the form of a concertina, and I was just in time to snatch Pastel from its ruins.

Determined to be in perfect darkness, he had tied the neck of the bag in such a stone-knot that nothing short of cutting it would release him; and as his arms were inside the baleful invention, he could not get at his knife, and had been hopping about the room and tumbling over furniture, he declared, "for centuries." In spite of his muffled entreaties, I was obliged to cut a hole in the sacred material to let him out.

That was the end of the bag, and I fondly hoped that these misfortunes would discourage Pastel; but I was to be undeceived.

A letter arrived from his married sister, who lives in the country, asking us to visit her, and no sooner did he get this fatal missive than he laid in a fresh stock of his abominable plates and chemicals, and a week later we were established in her house.

Though Pastel took his camera with him, he had not the slightest intention of wasting photographic materials on his small nephews and nieces, though they and their parents laboured under the pleasing delusion that they were to be taken in every conceivable attitude.

It must have been these thoughts, too, that prompted Pastel's sister to give him up a very fair cupboard for a dark room, upon the truly reasonable conditions that he would "use no fire or chemicals." (She has a great dread of fire, and treats her brother as if he were a perfect infant; so that if he had told her that he used chemicals of the most harmless kind—much less poisons—she would have gone crazy lest the children should find and eat them.)

Pastel, however, gravely assured her that the things used in photography were for the most part perfectly harmless—indeed, perhaps, even nourishing for children—and for a time her suspicions were allayed.

Now and then, though, she visited him, and of course tried to open the dark room door at a critical moment—saying that she "smelt poisons," or was "sure he had a light in there," and so on. It was evident she had observed the remarkable disappearance of his bedroom candles.

"You ought not to shut the door," she used to say. "What would you do if you could not open it again?" And she pictured to herself the melancholy end of Pastel after the manner of "The Mistletoe Bough."

. . . . . .

We stayed with Pastel's sister for six weeks. During that time I painted diligently, and I think it is only right that I should tell you that my pictures in the Thingummy Exhibition were done then. Pastel meanwhile used—we calculated—about 172 plates, and had only occasionally faint glimmerings of reason. He was seized by the minister of the parish, and decoyed into photographing the Sunday School. (It was, by the way, the only good negative he ever did.)

Then my uncle Bung visited us, and assured Pastel that he "would sit for his photograph as often as he liked."

Thirteen plates were ruined in honour of uncle Bung, only two of which had anything like him on them—one was not bad, but Pastel broke it; in the other my relative had three heads, twelve hands, and dozens of eyes. Pastel found when he went away that he had just two more dry plates, and one was cracked. He had also one-and-threepence in coppers and a halfpenny stamp left, so he deemed it advisable to buy no more chemicals.

He took a careful negative of a beautiful ruin near his sister's house, and one—on sufferance—of the children, just before our visit ended.

Pastel, however, did not develope those till we got home.

The photograph of the children was fairly good (they asked for fifteen copies of it, which they haven't got yet)—and the "beautiful negative" was a perfect blank! He had forgotten to expose it!

Perhaps you may have noticed in the papers lately the following announcement:

"For Sale. Photographic Apparatus and Camera. Almost new. No reasonable offer refused. Apply, etc."

(THE END.)

ENGLAND'S FIRST GREAT SEA FIGHT.

By Philip Kent, B.A.

The Hundred Years' War virtually began when Edward III claimed the crown of France on the death of Philip the Handsome in 1328. But, luckily, we need not clog this simple narrative with a discussion of Edward's claim, nor with the details of the numerous naval skirmishes which preceded the famous sea fight at Sluys. Enough for our present purpose that, between the years 1328 and 1340, the southern coast of England suffered severely from the fitful onslaughts of the French, who, on one occasion, sacked and burnt Southampton, and afterwards waylaid and captured two of the largest vessels in the English fleet, the St. Christopher and the St. Edward.

Partly to revenge these outrages, but mainly to cripple the growing power of France, which now threatened a formal invasion, Edward mustered a fleet consisting of 260 ships all told. With these, convoying a few transports freighted with a bevy of Queen Philippa's ladies who wished to join their royal mistress at Ghent, the King set sail from the mouth of the river Orwell at daybreak on June 22, 1340.

Early on the morrow they neared the coast of Flanders, and spied a whole forest of masts in the inlet called the Zwijn which forms the port of Sluys.

"What, think you, may yon vessels be?" quoth King Edward to the master of the royal ship.

"So please your Majesty," replied the seaman, "I take 'em to be Normans and others sent out by the French King to rob and spoil your coasts and seize your Majesty's person if they can. And among 'em, I doubt not, we should find those very men who burnt your good town of Southampton, and took your good ships the St. Edward and the St. Christopher."

"Ha!" rejoined the King, "I have long itched to fight the French, for, truly, they have done me so much ill that I would fain be revenged an I may. And now I shall fight with some of them by the grace of God and St. George." Then, calling Lord Reginald Cobham, Sir John Chandos, and Sir Stephen Burkin, he bade them land and ride along the shore to note the aspect and strength of the foe. Thanks to the goodwill of all the Flemings towards the English at that time, the three knights performed their errand safely, and returned at dusk to report that, so far as they could judge, the enemy's fleet numbered some 400 sail. Thereupon the King, "who," says a quaint old author, "must needs admiral it himself for the nonce," forthwith gave orders to cast anchor for the night, resolving to tackle the enemy next morning.

We now know—what Edward did not—that the hostile fleet included many Spanish vessels, and also a squadron of Genoese galleys captained by Boccanegra, brother to the Doge of Genoa. This brave and skilful commander urged the expediency of falling on the foe by break of day, and his bolder counsels prevailed over the misgivings of the French admiral Bahuchet. Meanwhile Edward, on his part, firmly relying on the skill and courage of his men, made light of the large numerical odds against him, and felt as eager for the fray as Boccanegra himself.

Hence, when morning dawned—the morning of June 24—a red-letter day in the annals of the English navy—he saw with an unflinching eye the whole French armada sallying from the haven in three compact squadrons. To give them a rough reception he ranged his big ships in the forefront of the line of battle—first, a ship manned by archers, then one manned by *gens d'armes*, as old Froissart styles them—that is, soldiers armed for hand-to-hand fighting with sword and spear. In the rear of this forefront, technically termed the van—only, for the smaller boys, that word, like *gens d'armes*, savours rather too strongly of policemen—while "men-at-arms," Lord Berners' rendering of *gens d'armes*, needed some explanation—in the rear, then, of this van, with its shipfuls of men-at-arms sandwiched between each shipful of archers, Edward stationed a reserve squadron charged to defend the leading vessels from a rear attack. Then came a third and smaller squadron, entrusted to protect the transports where the poor ladies, doomed to be passive spectators of the coming fight in which some of their nearest and dearest were about to take part, stood trembling, spite of all the King's kindly efforts to cheer them. And, as the old chronicle assures us, he did his best.

The ships thus marshalled, Edward ordered them to hoist sail and beat to windward, that they might bear down upon the foe with sun and wind astern. For the moment the French entirely misread the drift of this seamanlike manœuvre. They fancied that the English, daunted by their superior numbers, were slipping away. But they were quickly undeceived when they beheld the banner royal of England streaming from the mainmast of King Edward's ship; and they chuckled at the thought that they were now sure of securing so rich a prize. But they chuckled rather too hastily!

At ten in the forenoon the action began by Boccanegra's despatching four of his galleys to attack an English ship named the Rich Oliver, which had somewhat outsailed its companions. On swept the galleys, urged to full speed by the sturdy strokes of the carsmen. But instead of trying to stave in the Oliver's ribs by tilting at them with their sharp iron beaks, they assailed her with a storm of stones and darts hurled from their catapults and mangonels—the artillery of the period. For though Fabyan, the alderman-poet and chronicler, has embellished his description of the fight by arming the opposing fleets with cannon and Greek fire, we know that gunpowder was not used till six years later, at the Battle of Cressy; nor in naval warfare, till long after that battle; while none of the contemporary chroniclers who saw, or fought at, Sluys say a word about Greek fire. Still the missiles from the Genoese galleys did great slaughter on board the Oliver, and it narrowly escaped capture. But, in the very nick of time, other English vessels, with the wind blowing dead astern, hurried to the rescue, boarded the four galleys, and captured the would-be captors.

Thus ended this preliminary skirmish. And now the French trumpets and clarions sounded the general onset with a threatening blast from their brazen throats. In answer to it the English raised a mighty shout which rolled across the waves and rang back, like pealing thunder, from the dykes that walled the neighbouring shore. Scarce had the echo died away when a shower of arrows from the English longbows darkened the summer sky. The French replied with a volley of bolts from their crossbows—a pale reply which did little execution, while their own decks ran crimson with the blood that poured from the wounds inflicted by the clothyard shafts of the English archers. Meanwhile the vessels manned by the men-at-arms plied their long hooks and grappling irons to get to close quarters. Then came the tug of war, and during the deadly contest which ensued many a doughty deed of arms was done by those who attacked and those who defended, by those who took and those who retook the vessels of the foe. The French had set their huge English prize, the St. Christopher, in the van of their line of battle; and the English, knowing how deeply the loss of that fine ship had grieved their King, strove manfully to win it back for him under his very eyes. And so well they sped, though so dogged the resistance, that when at length they succeeded in wresting her from the clutches of the French, they found scarcely a living man on board to cry for mercy. To fill her with English archers was the work of a few moments, and then the proud vessel turned her angry prow against the Genoese galleys.

"This battle," writes old Froissart, "was right fierce and terrible. For sea fights are ever more fraught with danger and more furious than land fights. And reason good! At sea there is no yielding nor flying, but fight men must and brook what chance befalls, and every man stand his ground and show his mettle."

As the day wore on, the English succeeded in retaking the St. Edward also, with two smaller vessels captured by the French during the fitful naval warfare of the last few years. Still the enemy bore up bravely, and long staved off defeat with the aid of their mangonels and catapults; the ponderous missiles hurled from these formidable engines making sad havoc among the English, and sinking three or four of their vessels outright. Slowly, however, but surely, the leading squadron of the enemy was utterly beaten, and the second so hard pressed that the crews jumped overboard to shun the pelting of the pitiless storm of arrows which shot them down like sheep. At last, the Genoese commander, Boccanegra, seeing that all was lost, drew off with his whole squadron, and left his allies to their fate. 'Twas now seven in the evening. Thus the tough struggle had lasted fifteen mortal hours. It cost the victors—if we take the lowest reckoning—four thousand men, the vanquished ten thousand. One of the French admirals fell in the heat of the fight. The other, Bahuchet, was taken prisoner, and hanged from the mainyard of his own ship, in retaliation for the cruelties perpetrated with his sanction at the sack of Southampton. On the English side, the only person of note who fell was Sir Thomas, eldest son of Lord Morthermer. The King, however, received a wound in the thigh. Perhaps it was but slight. In any case, he omits to mention it in that still-extant letter to his Bishops and Clergy, which bore to England the first sure tidings of her first great naval victory.

QUEER PETS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., R.N.

Whether it be that, mentally considered, one boy is as like another as one egg or one parched pea is like its fellow, I cannot say; but as regards pets, there are one or two questions sent to the Editor as regularly as the phases of the moon. Here are two samples. "Where can I buy a grass snake or a green frog, and what is the price?" "What is the price of a squirrel or hedgehog?"

Now, one would imagine that a boy would know that a naturalist's shop was just the place from which to obtain such pets as these. A boy doesn't, though—at least not the average boy.

So I believe a few hints about buying pets will not here be thrown away.

Although, then, a parrot may not be one's *beau idéal* of a queer pet, still I must take this opportunity to warn my readers against the purchase of young parrots that are brought into this country in cargoes and sold retail for 15*s.* each, or less. These seldom, if ever, live. Their blood is poisoned from the shockingly insanitary and overcrowded condition in which they are kept on board ship. So, when you think of buying one of these, remember "Punch's" advice to people about to marry—"Don't."

You cannot buy a really good acclimatised parrot under £5, and the cleverer the bird is the higher will be the price.

I give now, in tabular form, the prices as quoted by well-known importers of different wild or semi-wild animals, most of which must be kept in large roomy places, with railed exercise cage behind or in front, according to the strength of your guest. Boys, as a rule, seldom suffer from a plethora of loose cash, but as the "B. O. P." circulates among the richest people in the land, I do not hesitate to give the prices of even the more expensive animals.

	£ s. d.	
Kangaroo (big)	about 40 0 0	a couple
" (small)	" 10 0 0	"
Beaver	" 15 0 0	each
Armadillos	" 2 0 0	to 5 0 each
Lynx	" 8 0 0	" 10 0 "
Ocelot-cat	" 3 0 0	" 5 0 "
Wolf	" 10 0 0	" 12 0 "
Capybara	" 5 0 0	" 15 0 "
Squirrels (foreign)	" 1 10 0	" 5 0 a pair
Civet-cat	" 1 10 0	" 3 0 each
Genet	" 1 10 0	" 3 0 "
Mongoose	" 0 15 0	" 1 0 "
Otter	" 5 0 0	" 10 0 "
Foxes (any sort)	" 1 10 0	" 2 0 "
Jackals	about 1 10 0	" 2 0 each
Opossums and Coati-mondi	" 1 5 0	" 1 15 "
Flying fox	" 2 2 0	" 5 0 "
Prairie dog	" 1 10 0	" 2 0 a pair
Agouti	" 1 10 0	" 2 0 each
Gerbilles	" 0 10 6	" 1 0 a pair
Chipmunks	" 0 10 0	" 1 0 "
Jerboa	" 0 10 0	" 1 0 "



Where's your muzzle?

Reptiles, such as green or grass snakes, little tortoises, green tree-frogs, etc., vary in price; but these I must treat of in my promised paper on the vivarium. As for monkeys, they are certainly very queer pets; but I had an article or two on them some time back, so must now leave them severely alone, though I may remind you that the ailments that so soon cut them off in this country are those of the chest, and that you cannot be too careful to feed well and protect from damp and cold.

Kangaroos are vegetarians entirely. They are "amoosin' kusses," as Artemus Ward would say, and really make fascinating pets. Of course they get into mischief; but that, I think, is the best of it. It would very likely be the lesser kangaroo a boy would have, though, if ambitious, he could get an old man kangaroo, about seven feet high, and warranted to kick better than any mule that ever lifted leg. You might dress him up, you know, put a cap on his head, a coat on his back, and knickerbocker trousers on his truly Highland legs. I'll warrant you should have plenty of people to look at you and your pet when you went out for a walk, hop, step, and jump. You yourself would do the stepping, your kangaroo would see to the hopping and jumping.

A very interesting account—from the life—of a pet kangaroo appeared in "Chambers's Journal" some years ago; some of my readers may have the number.

The beaver is another expensive pet. If you are a millionaire's son, you might go in for a squad of them. Beavers will live on bread and different sorts of vegetables and become very tame. They must have a pond and a tree to keep them in good temper and happy. But as I fear I have not an embarrassing number of millionaires' sons among my readers, I must leave the beaver alone.

The *Armadillo* is a native of the Brazils and Argentina, and, when kept as a pet, is quite willing to feed from the scraps of the table, though the restless little rascal likes his meat high. You must have seen the picture of these strange beasts, with their jackets of mail and flat triangular heads, in books of natural history.

The armadillo is a wonder in digging and burrowing, but a perfectly harmless creature altogether.

I do not suppose the reader hankers after a *Lynx*. I myself have never studied the beast much, but I do not think a lynx would make a desirable pet to keep in one's bedroom, for example.

Nor would the *Civet-cat*. It is really very difficult to civilise a civet-cat. You will get plenty of snarling and spitting and growling from him, and plenty of evil odour, and the more you feed him the worse it will be. So, on the whole, I think you had better make an attempt to live and die without being the proud owner of a civet-cat. There is an Asiatic civet which is more easily tamed.

Quite a different creature in appearance and temper also, is the Ocelot. The animal is a native of the tropical regions of America. It is a large beast, about three feet long in body minus the tail, and very nicely marked.

In its wild state it is a wondrous tree-climber, and though a devourer of the flesh of birds, etc., it much prefers to drink



The Kennel Club Dog Show. Agricultural Hall

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* C. ALDIN.)

their blood. It is thus very destructive in the forests it inhabits, killing, of course, far more than it eats.

It is not difficult to tame, but must be kept in a large roomy cage, for it is a strong creature, its claws are very sharp and it may wound one severely without meaning to be aught save saucy and funny.

Food.—This must be procured at the poulterers'—giblets, offal, etc.—and from the cat's meat man and butcher. But it should have milk daily, and water also.

Do not on any account let it out of its cage, or you may get into serious trouble.

Wolves I do not look upon as desirable pets for boys, though if one is obtained young enough, and the owner has the happy gift of taming animals, one of these animals might become a very companionable and even tricky pet.

Foxes are better. But although generally kept as caged animals, I think this is wrong. If got while quite in its puppy-hood, the common fox of Britain becomes a very tame and delightful companion indeed. It is when he is looked upon as a wild beast and treated accordingly, that he becomes a thief, a poacher, and general reprobate. Either make up your mind to treat young Reynard as you would a dog, or do not have the poor fellow at all. I am not sure, however, that the fox can be invariably trusted where fowls are about. He is naturally a great admirer of chanticleer, but when he gets him by the neck he effectually stops his crowing.

If you happen to know a gamekeeper in Scotland, he would be the man to procure you a fox-puppy. A fox is often kept in Scotland as a playmate for the bairns, but as a rule the Scotch make two mistakes; they chain him up when he gets big, and they feed him solely on oatmeal porridge. Foxes must have change of diet, and meat *must* form a goodly proportion of it. I can quite believe the story told me by a correspondent the other day of a chained fox that, seeing the fowls near by, scattered some of his porridge about and then hid in the straw. By-and-bye the cock came round and began to call his hens. Reynard had a good meal that day.

The *Arctic Fox* is not unlike a Pomeranian dog. They are not, however, all white. In Greenland we saw different coloured ones, and most cheeky and impudent all were.

The *Squirrel Family.*—Now we are coming to creatures that are far more suitable as pets than any I have yet mentioned. The common squirrels that run about my lawns here of a summer morning are very lovely and engaging little fellows. Mine are not one whit afraid of me. I'm only just the doctor, and "bless your tail," the he-squirrel tells his wife, "there ain't a bit o' harm in the doctor."

Well, I must confess I like to see them running wild and free thus, far better than in a cage. With me they build their nests high in the swaying poplar trees, out of the reach of my weasels.

We frequently come across the little store-houses of our squirrels at the foot of trees, and of course never think of robbing them. A boy who robbed a squirrel would steal a bone from a blind man's dog. The squirrel does not sleep all through the winter, but mostly in cold and inclement weather; when he wakes, he goes straight away to his store-house, removes the withered leaves, and has a big feed.

In captivity the squirrel makes a delightful pet, and the more you pet and love him the more he will like you. He ought to be had very young.

The cage should be as large as possible, with a tree in it for the wee prisoner to gambol on. No *wheel*. It is a nasty and cruel contrivance. The floor may be bedded in sawdust, kept very clean, and frequently sprinkled with sanitas fluid. He or they must have a dark ventilated room in which to sleep.

They do not breed in confinement; and if kept in a warm room they will be quite as lively in winter as in summer.

Food for squirrels: Bread and milk sop, always fresh; bread or boiled rice simple, damped with milk; roots, apples, acorns, hazel nuts, walnuts, and ground nuts, etc.

The *Chipmunk.*—I am often asked if this be a monkey. No, boys, it is a little American "beastie" belonging to the squirrel family, lightish brown in fur, with dark stripes along the sides, with some greyish streaks. Though very small, it is very bonnie.

Feed just the same as the squirrel. Variety and change in diet are good for both.

There are a great many different kinds of foreign squirrels, but they are all fed and treated in a similar way to that advised for the English squirrel.

The woodwork of the cage, or top and edges of it, should be covered with tin, else they will soon gnaw and destroy it.

Weasels and *Stoats* are sometimes kept as pets, and there is no doubt they, when completely tamed, make the most affectionate and funny of pets; but there is a terribly objectionable odour proceeds at times from all the family, which I believe will for ever militate against their being common pets.

Do you know or have you ever seen that droll-looking long-and-supple nosed creature with its striped and lengthy tail, called a *coatimondi*. It is not a very expensive pet, and it is something really and truly out of the common. I can recommend the humorous rascal. He is affectionate, too, especially if treated to his favourite food. He is very inquisitive with that nose of his, thrusting it into every corner. He likes to root about in the garden, catching insects, looking for worms, and eating vegetables. He likes animal food best, but will eat boiled rice or potatoes and bread and milk as well.

The *Opossum* is a native of some of the Southern States of North America, Virginia in particular. He is a foxy-headed "chappie" and about as big as a cat. The tail is very long and ratty-looking, but he can hang by it, and indeed finds it useful in a variety of ways. The opossum is a flesh eater, and an egg eater. Don't let him anywhere near your young rabbits. He would sleep in the fowl-run with the greatest of pleasure, and you need not then trouble yourself to look for eggs of a morning.

As a pet, the opossum is queer indeed. He has rather a queer smell at times, too, and this is of course somewhat of an objection.

The *Mongoose*, or Mungoos, is a great favourite on board ships of war on the African coast. Despite the fact that my first one bit me severely on my first attempting to stroke him, I bear the beastie no ill-will. But then I've been bitten by almost all sorts of creatures and things, from Arctic foxes to Argentine six per cents. Still I live. One gets acclimatised to bites after a bit. Mongooses—N.B. We don't call them mongeese—that I have had in Africa were very large and elegant animals, indeed, to be regarded as *little* pets, quite as big as a good-sized cat, only short in legs, lithe and snake-like in all their movements. I have seen them fighting cobra serpents, and a brutal sight it was. I always feel sorry for the snake. In colour the animal is a grizzled brown, with plenty of fur and a long well-feathered tail.

There is an Indian mongoose as well as an African, but either animal makes a nice pet for boy or girl. They eat meat, but are of course fond of hunting their own game. If mongooses were introduced into New Zealand, I don't think that rabbits would be in it very long.

My mongooses used to come to my hammock with me, just as my hedgehogs did when I was hardly as tall as a yardstick. "If," says old Mrs. Grundy, "you have a cold a-comin' on, sir, just wear your stockin' round your neck, sir, all night." Not bad advice, but under the same circumstances I used to wear my mongoose round my neck of a night.

Well, you will get your mongoose to eat bread and milk and small bones, but he must have table scraps, and pickings from the poulterer's and butcher's counter.

I never have had an *otter* as a pet. But this lovely animal, if got very young, is easily tamed, and makes a nice pet. It should have a specially fitted pond however. The creature is most fond of fish, but will not despise bread and milk.

The *Prairie Dog* of America is not a dog at all, but is so called from the noise it makes when alarmed. It is funny to see a whole lot of these creatures sitting on their mounds or playing at hide-and-seek in such a daft and funny way round them. But just clap your hand, and hey, presto! they all disappear as if the earth had swallowed them up; and this is precisely what the earth has done. Their berths or burrows are all underground, and here you may find also a blinking burrowing owl, and also a rattlesnake.

They are fed in the domestic state precisely as you feed guinea-pigs and rabbits.

The *Agouti* is sometimes called the Java hare. It is not unlike a largish leggy guinea-pig, and has many of that animal's tricks and manners. It is cleverer and more affectionate, if well treated, than most people imagine. It is best, however, kept out of doors. Feed this pet on the same scale and lines as you do your cavies.

You have heard of Indian mice, or *gerbilles*, I suppose. Well, these bonnie wee beasties make very nice pets for young folks.

They are most lively after sunset; and although given to stealing in a very pretty way, they ought to be allowed a considerable deal of liberty. I am not quite *sure*, but I *think* they could be taught amusing tricks. I never yet saw the small animal that could not be taught antics enough to keep on-lookers in good humour for an hour at a time.

Feed gerbilles as you would pet rats.

They do smell a little mousey, but you can keep them clean, and you can use sanitas.

I have kept two of my most interesting pets to finish up with, namely, the genet-cat and the jerboa.

Why the genet should be called a cat I hardly know, unless it be from the fact that if kept as a pet—and a delightful pet it makes—the animal soon clears the house of mice and rats also. It is a most elegantly-shaped animal with all the agility of a weasel, has a triangular head and a splendid tail. Generally greyish in colour, spotted with brown and black.

It becomes very tame, and breeds in confinement.

Food.—Flesh principally, mice in particular.

The *Jerboa.*—This is called the jumping mouse. See them in the rice or paddy fields in flocks, and you would say the name was well earned.

The jerboa is really, in some particulars, shaped like a puny edition of a kangaroo, especially as to its largely developed hind legs.

The creature is most lively at night after sunset. It is fed on seeds, grains, bread and milk, milk and boiled rice, etc.

The cage should be as large as possible, with a cosy wee sleeping apartment.

I can particularly recommend the jerboa as a pet for my girl readers.

Some of my boys have known me now for a good many years, and they must therefore be well aware how particular I always am in recommending care and judgment in feeding, and proper caging and housing.

You *must, before you get your pet*, no matter what it is, have a proper domicile for it.

Room.—Your pet's house must be roomy and comfortable. I assure you you cannot err on the side of too much room. A lion's cage wouldn't be a bit too big for a dormouse.

Ventilation.—The place should be well ventilated, whether it is out or indoors.

Cleanliness and *Disinfection.*—Clean out the place daily, and use some disinfectant such as sanitas. But for the big periodical washing and scrubbing once a month, use Calvert's carbolic.

Keep your cages or pet-houses sweet and clean and odourless, and you really teach the world a lesson. On the other hand, if you are careless in this respect, nothing but disease can follow.

Water.—Whether an animal is seen to drink or not, clean, pure water should never be beyond its reach.

Warmth.—The pets I have been recommending are nearly all foreigners, therefore you must take care they do not suffer from cold at all.

Bedding and sleeping apartment.—Nearly all animals like to have a darkened bedroom, but this should be ventilated, and they ought to have a plentiful supply of nice dry bedding frequently renewed.

Regularity of feeding.—Change of diet, exercise, and fresh air are all needful to keep pets in health.

Last of all, but certainly not least, comes kindness or gentle treatment.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

How to make an Invisible Butterfly Net.

The reason that these hints are appearing in print for the benefit of the readers of the "B. O. P." is that when in '84 the idea of patenting the article was suggested to a well-known firm of naturalists, I was heartlessly laughed at and asked "Whether I was ashamed to be seen with a net?" But I maintain that it is both useful from a portable point of view and because many schoolboys and youths at school and elsewhere *do* object to be seen starting on entomological expeditions. At all events, where I was at school, it was looked down upon by the "pros," and until I introduced my plan one used to see fellows starting with canes round their waist or down their legs, or in some equally unpleasant place. The necessary apparatus can be had for 2*s.* 6*d.* if you have got a sister to do some sewing; if not, for about 3*s.* 6*d.*

Fairly wide bamboo walking-cane . .	6*d.* to 1*s.*
Ferrule, *i.e.* brass end of walking-stick .	6*d.*
Tin or brass Y	6*d.*
Yard and a half of gauze (green) . . .	8*d.*
Piece of cane (as used for caning) . .	1*d.*

or, for those without sisters, the last three can be obtained as a butterfly net from any dealer, price 1*s.* 9*d.* Now to fit up the apparatus.

Take the bamboo and cut it at the end to fit the Y and ferrule, which must obviously then be of the same size; when this is done clear out the bamboo at the joints with a hard stick, or a hot ramrod will be found best—this gives you a hollow tube closed at one end. Take the cane from the net and pass it inside the bamboo, which, from their relative sizes, it should do easily. The Y must be carried in the pocket, and the net can be put in the same place; or if this is inconvenient, bore a hole through the solid end of the bamboo and pass a piece of string right through it. Have a hook sewn on the rim of the net and pass a loop of the string over it and then draw. The net will easily pass inside along the cane. The string can be permanently lodged in the cane by having a hook fixed inside the ferrule to which the loop can be attached when the ferrule is put on, this being the obvious use of the ferrule to keep the cane, etc., in when walking.

One thus obtains a walking-stick net which is infinitely superior to the folding nets now sold, partly because it avoids the large iron rim which *cannot* be folded up small, and, besides, any part which breaks is easily replaced, but the iron rims cannot be, nor can the screws in a metal folding net. The whole apparatus can be got ready or shut up in two or three minutes.

For those who can afford it, an improved method which I use is to have the ferrule made of brass, and in the form of a hollow ring, turned to fit a screw attached to the cane, thus disposing of the Y always and the ferrule when in use.

A few sketches may assist.



a. Cane straightened. *b.* Walking-stick bamboo. *c.* Ferrule with hook inside. The hook going inside the cane when the ferrule is on.

Archer Vassall.

[The idea seems a feasible one, but it is hardly made the most of. The net ought to be white instead of green, and mosquito net is far more serviceable than "gauze."—Ed.]

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

Carving and Fretwork.

In announcing this competition, a Carved or Fretwork Bookshelf (Hanging or Fixed), capable of holding, say, ten volumes of the "B. O. P.," we remarked:—

We select this subject, as we do some of the others, specially to meet the case of readers who, owing to their bent of mind or talent, or the early age at which they had to commence wage-earning, might possibly stand but little chance of winning honours in purely literary subjects; and also because, having successfully tried their hands in such competitions as this, many may haply be induced to follow up the interesting and profitable pastime for the adornment of their own homes.

Judging from previous carving or fretwork Competitions we quite expected that a very large number of our readers would have taken part, and that some at least of the work would have reached a fair, if not high, standard of excellence. In both particulars, we regret to say, we have been disappointed. Comparatively few sent in at all, and of these only four submitted anything worthy even of a second or third-grade certificate. Further, of these four the designs were in two cases very plain and commonplace, and in the other two, while the patterns were more ornate, the work was of so flimsy a nature, as well as so clumsily put together, that it had fallen to pieces in transit. Fancy that for a bookshelf, in the construction of which initial strength as well as wear and tear should naturally be first considered, and beauty be grafted on or grow spontaneously from usefulness. What Mr. Ruskin would have said as an adjudicator in this case we hardly dare to think! However, we will award prizes as follows, and hope for a better competition next time:—

First Prize One-and-a-Half Guineas.

John Stuart (aged 19), Railway Terrace, Golspie, Sutherlandshire.

Second Prizes—One Guinea each.

J. A. Pooles (aged 18), 22, West Street, Boston, Lincolnshire.

William Tait (aged 18), St. Helens, Selkirk, N.B.

Third Prize—Half-a-Guinea.

Arthur Pilson (aged 17), Dean Close School, Cheltenham.

Literary.

In this competition we offered, it will be remembered, Prizes of the value of *Four Guineas*, if properly earned, for the best original Poem sent in on the subject of True Manhood. The style and metre were left entirely to the choice of competitors, but no contribution was to *exceed fifty lines in length.*

Our Adjudication is as follows:—

Junior Division (*all ages up to* 14).

Prize—10*s.* 6*d.*

C. C. Gray (aged 12), Free South Manse, Elgin, N.B.

certificates of merit.

D. C. Agnew, 22, Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh.

C. Bean, Grammar School, Brentwood, Essex.

H. P. Bennet, 4, Batt Street, London Road, Sheffield.

G. F. Rose, 24, Union Row, Aberdeen.

Third Division (*ages* 14 *to* 17).

Prizes—10*s.* 6*d. each.*

A. T. Cadoux (aged 16), Clydesdale, North Park, West Croydon.

W. S. Senior (aged 14), Royal Grammar School, Sheffield.

certificates of merit.

J. A. Walton, Newton House, London Road, Gloucester.

I. M. Turner, Moor Street, Brierley Hill, Staffs.

Bernard J. Dutton, Elder Road, Cobridge, Stoke-on-Trent.

R. D. Brown, 33, Peel Street, Liverpool.

A. Buchanan-Dunlop, The Shrubbery, Shooters Hill, Kent.

L. S. J. Permain, 45, Above Bar, Southampton.

Stella M. Kitcat, 31, Bergholt Crescent, Stamford Hill, N.

Albert Johnson, 141, High Street, Harborne, near Birmingham.

R. J. F. Johnston, Goshen House, Morningside, Edinburgh.

John Macalister, 36, Mount Pleasant Street, Greenock.

P. S. Parks, 9, Clifton Terrace, St. Ann's Road, N.

F. J. Anderson, 7, Clarendon Terrace, Dundee.

Frank B. Bird, 13, Walton Street, Oxford.

F. A. Bush, 7, Coronation Square, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

G. E. V. Gray, Church Street, Whittlesea, Cambs.

A. S. Taylor, Keynsham Bank, London Road, Cheltenham.

(*To be continued.*)

Correspondence.

BICYCLE (Dunbar).—We think it would not hurt, but certainly you ought to see a doctor first.

SQUIRRELS (G. H. A.).—A few shillings. Any "naturalist's" bird shop.

DUMB-BELLS (Another Samson).—In the morning.

GOATS (Nanny).—Any time from six weeks to six months. Best time for pairing is autumn, because the kid comes in early spring then.

TORTOISE (H. J. Salmon).—They sleep all winter off and on. It should have had some provision made for its going out of sight in the end of autumn.

PIGEONS AND FOWLS (Pex).—Too many questions by far. Get a book of some kind or you'll never do well. You don't even know the rudiments.

ROUND SHOULDERS (Inquirer).—You *must* endeavour to keep a straight back at work. There is no other way.

EVIL HABITS (A Christian Irishman).—How *can* you call yourself a Christian! We cannot help you if you cannot help yourself. Only it means ruin. "Pericles" and others may also consider themselves answered here. Pericles ought to see his family doctor without delay. Advertising quacks and so-called firms have no other object except bare-faced and simple robbery. For your own sake, for every sake in life avoid them. If the Law knew half we know, the Law would put those human vampires down with a heavy hand.

HEALTH (Alpha).—It is refreshing to read your letter, Alpha. You are a good lad and will grow a *man*. No; river bathing will do good. Do not be afraid of the cold. Rub well down after with a rough towel or two.

CAVIARY (The Caviary).—Tar for 3*d*. a bucket at the gas works. Any carpenter can make the grating.

RABBIT BREEDING (J. B. W.).—1. Teeth not renewed. 2. From same litter is too "sib," or near akin.

TOADS (Old Boy).—We can only say they are one of the best friends gardeners have. If the place you mention were ours, we should give the toads away, and not kill them.

ILL-HEALTH, ETC. (Anxious).—You are simply growing. You are at a critical time of life. Take no medicine, but attend to the laws of health.

CANKER IN PIGEONS (G. E. King).—The ailment is caused by filth and overcrowding. Separate the sick from the healthy. Use a solution of three grains of nitrate of silver to an ounce of water. This must not get into the eyes. Touch at night with oxide of zinc ointment.

NERVOUSNESS (Shargar).—Oh, no! No such thing was implied. We really feel for you. But medicine won't cure you. We should have more faith in fresh air, the bath, good food, and moderate exercise with the dumb-bells, than anything else. You can't help thinking, we know, but try rather to read good and interesting books. Cheer up, lad; you'll get over it.

PIGEONS (Jack Rap).—No kind of feeding will avail. It is cruel to keep tumblers where hawks are numerous.

PIGEONS (P. A. B.).—The loft must be made to suit.

GROWING TALL (J. Harvey and seventy-nine other little boys).—It can't be done, boys. There is no specific. Avoid tobacco, stimulants, and bad practices of all kinds, which will stop the growth and ruin body and soul. Leave the rest to Nature; only obey her laws.

SCOTCH TERRIER (Percy Simmonds).—It all depends upon its quality; price may range from 5*s*. to £500. Yes; tricky enough.

EPILEPSY (C. W.).—The belt will tend to strengthen the nerves, but be guided by what your doctor says.

RABBIT SHOWS (Rabbits).—They are all advertised in "Exchange and Mart" months before.

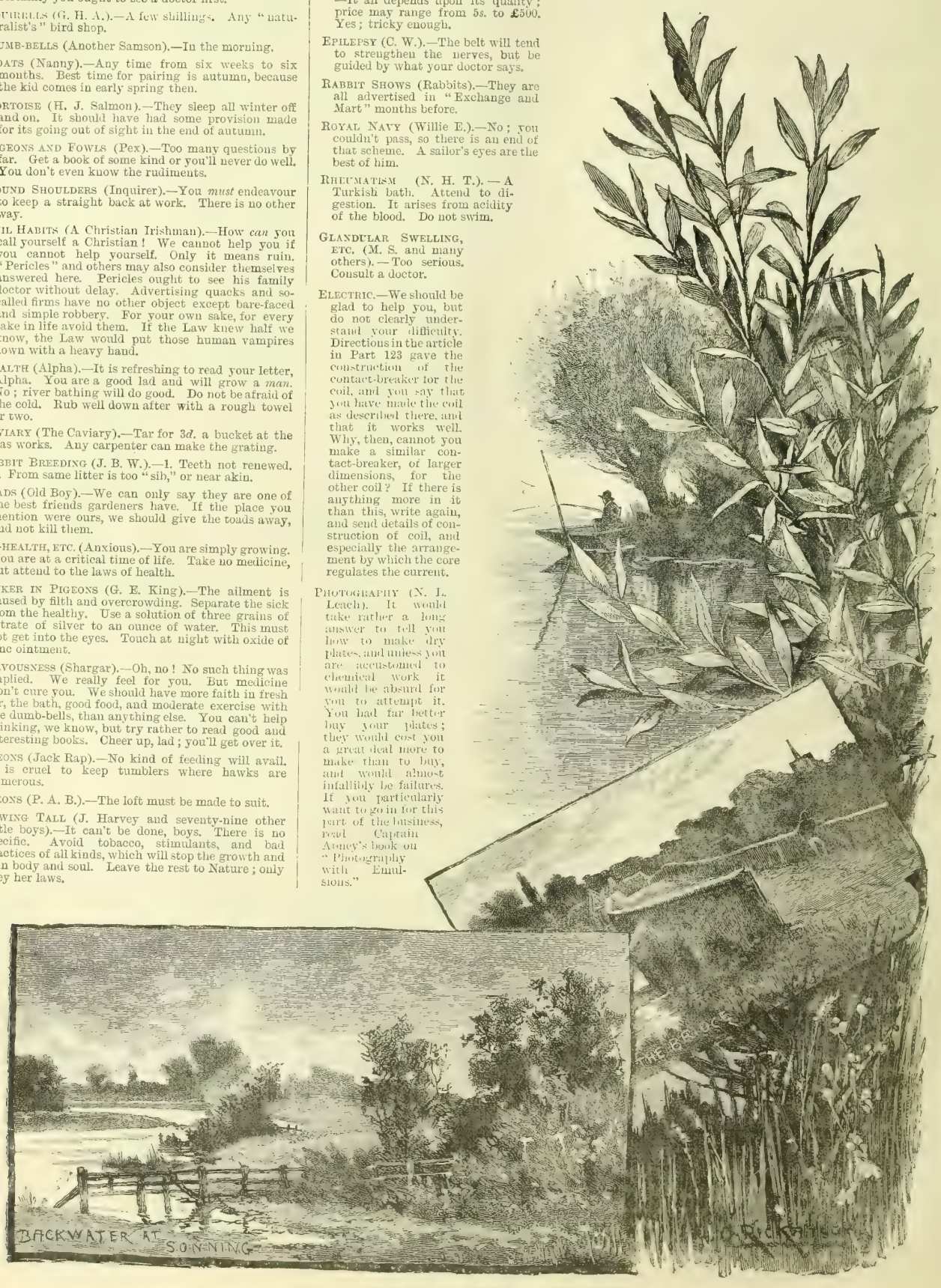
ROYAL NAVY (Willie E.).—No; you couldn't pass, so there is an end of that scheme. A sailor's eyes are the best of him.

RHEUMATISM (N. H. T.).—A Turkish bath. Attend to digestion. It arises from acidity of the blood. Do not swim.

GLANDULAR SWELLING, ETC. (M. S. and many others).—Too serious. Consult a doctor.

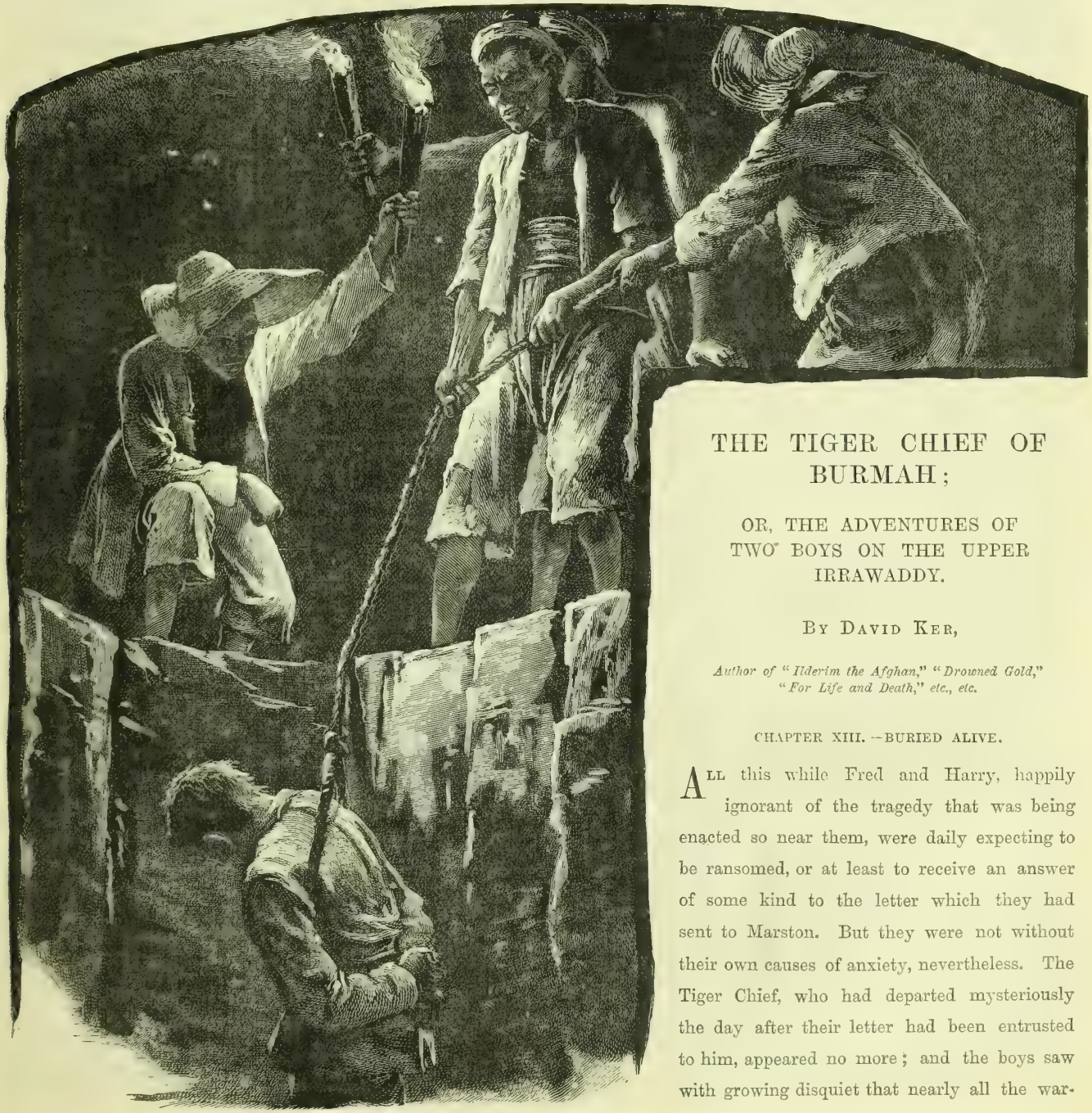
ELECTRIC.—We should be glad to help you, but do not clearly understand your difficulty. Directions in the article in Part 123 gave the construction of the contact-breaker for the coil, and you say that you have made the coil as described there, and that it works well. Why, then, cannot you make a similar contact-breaker, of larger dimensions, for the other coil? If there is anything more in it than this, write again, and send details of construction of coil, and especially the arrangement by which the core regulates the current.

PHOTOGRAPHY (N. L. Leach). It would take rather a long answer to tell you how to make dry plates, and unless you are accustomed to chemical work it would be absurd for you to attempt it. You had far better buy your plates; they would cost you a great deal more to make than to buy, and would almost infallibly be failures. If you particularly want to go in for this part of the business, read Captain Abney's book on "Photography with Emulsions."



THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 659.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1891. Price One Penny
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"Let them down into that fearful pit."

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ilderim the Afghan," "Drowned Gold," "For Life and Death," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—BURIED ALIVE.

All this while Fred and Harry, happily ignorant of the tragedy that was being enacted so near them, were daily expecting to be ransomed, or at least to receive an answer of some kind to the letter which they had sent to Marston. But they were not without their own causes of anxiety, nevertheless. The Tiger Chief, who had departed mysteriously the day after their letter had been entrusted to him, appeared no more; and the boys saw with growing disquiet that nearly all the war-

riors with whom they had become so friendly were gone too, and in their place had come a number of fierce-looking strangers, whose dialect even Harry could not understand, and who scowled malignantly whenever the two lads came near them, and muttered words of coarse abuse against the "Kullah-goong" (foreign beasts).

Worse still, their enemy Tum-Ti, the half-caste deserter, had remained behind, and seemed to lose no chance of inflaming the rest against them. Although he did not appear to be the chief of the bandits, he had plainly a great and visibly increasing influence among them; and the boys were at no loss to guess the fate in store for them should this cruel and treacherous ruffian obtain the power of dealing with them as he chose.

"I'll tell you what, old boy," said Harry one day to his cousin; "it's my belief that if we can't contrive to escape somehow, and pretty soon too, we stand a very good chance of having our throats cut."

"It's mine too," said Fred; "but what can we do? A cat couldn't climb those rocks up yonder; and as for the underground passage, there's always some fellow sitting at the mouth of it, night or day."

"And even if we *could* get into it," growled Harry, "that pit in the middle of it would be an awkward place to get past in the dark. We've got some matches left, though; and we must manage to hide away a bit of dry wood to do for a torch."

"But how are we to get these chaps out of the way while we slip off?" asked his cousin.

"Well, there's only *one* way that I can think of," said Harry—"to set fire to their huts, and bolt while they're putting 'em out again. It's a risk, of course, but *anything's* better than sitting still and being knocked on the head like pigs, without lifting a hand to save ourselves."

"*I'm* game for anything you like!" cried the Yankee boy, manfully. "Look here—let's wait two days, and be as quiet as we can, that they mayn't suspect anything; and when the second night comes, if we haven't heard anything from Mr. Marston or the Tiger Chief, we'll just chance it."

To the impatient boys those two intervening days appeared as long as a year; and when the sun began to go down on the second evening, it seemed to their excited fancy as if their own lives were going down into darkness along with it. In a few hours more their desperate attempt must be made; and if it failed, where would they be?

Slowly the red glow died away overhead, and the creeping shadows stole onward like the deepening gloom of the grave. But all at once hasty steps were heard echoing along the rock-tunnel, and out from the black cavern-mouth burst a ragged, dusty, wild-looking man, with a bloodstained bandage round his head, whose first words fell like a thunderbolt upon the whole band.

"Tchar-Woon thai-bee!" (the Tiger Chief is dead).

There was a general rush toward this messenger of evil; but Tum-Ti, with a sharp side-glance at the two startled boys, stepped forward before the rest, and bade the new-comer tell his story.

It was soon told, for this man had himself been in the thick of the last fight at Kyook-Pew ere the fort was destroyed, and had seen the War-Tiger go down beneath the blow with which Frank Merrincourt had avenged the fall of his comrade Marston. The Burman, thinking his leader slain (although he was mistaken, as we have already seen), had given up the enterprise for lost, and fled from the camp to take refuge in the underground cavern.

The gloomy tale ended amid a growl of fury, which boded no good to the two captive lads, who, driven to desperation, had moved toward the rock-tunnel, in the faint hope of being possibly able to make a dash into it while their gaolers were occupied with the messenger and his tidings. But they found its mouth already guarded by two armed sentinels, for Tum-Ti was far too wary to leave the slightest chance of escape to the victims who were now securely in his power.

"Shall these two English serpents be suffered to live, when our great Chief is dead?" roared a savage-looking fellow with a scarred face, drawing his long knife as he spoke. "Let us kill them both!"

"That is too easy a death for them!" growled another; "let them die by torture."

"Burn them alive!"

And two or three of the ferocious gang made a rush at the defenceless captives.

But Tum-Ti threw himself in the way of the raging savages, and made some suggestion to them in a low voice, which, whatever it was, seemed to be highly approved by his hearers, who at once sheathed their knives and returned to their places.

Fred and Harry were naturally amazed at seeing their bitterest enemy thus interfere to save them, and could only conjecture that this wily and rapacious villain thought it folly to sacrifice to a passing impulse of revenge all hope of the rich ransom that might be obtained for them. Though they gave the renegade credit for any depth of atrocity, the cruel ingenuity of his plans respecting them was beyond the reach of their wildest suspicions. But on this point they were destined to be speedily enlightened.

Both Harry and Fred noticed that the food served out to them at supper that night had a peculiar taste, and began to fear *poison*; but its only effect was a strange and overpowering drowsiness, which grew upon them so quickly that in less than half an hour they were fast asleep.

Then Tum-Ti rose, and unfolded more fully the hideous scheme at which he had already hinted. The fortune of war, he said, was against Burmah; their chief had fallen, and the vengeance of the English was hanging over them. Let these two strangers, then, be *buried alive* in the ancient temple, according to the old national custom of the land, that the guardian spirits of the mountain, pleased with their wonted offering,* might shield their faithful worshippers from the weapons of the invader.

The savage proposal was hailed with an approving shout by the rest, who at once began to make preparations for the impending sacrifice with a businesslike alacrity terribly suggestive of their having taken part in similar horrors many a time before.

In stupefying his victims ere consigning them to their doom, the pitiless half-breed had no thought of mercy: his motive was a purely selfish one. He knew that these bold lads would certainly show fight when they learned what was in store for them, and that, if they could seize a weapon, *he*, as their chief enemy, would be its first mark; and he wisely determined to run no risks.

Nor was this his only object. Stooping over the helpless boys, as if to make sure that they were quite unconscious, he took from Harry's pocket, and hid unperceived in his own sash, the lad's note-book, with his name engraved on it, which he had already set down in his own mind as a useful instrument in the carrying out of the new and complicated villainy which he was now meditating, unsuspected even by his own comrades.

This done, Tum-Ti gave the signal, and the two nerveless forms were at once raised from the ground, and borne to the mouth of the underground passage.

Lighted by the torches which the foremost men carried in their hands, the dismal procession wound slowly along that gloomy corridor, all along which the jutting rocks on either side seemed to start out in strange and monstrous shapes beneath the fitful glare, while the startled bats hovered and shrieked like unquiet spirits overhead.

Midway between the mouth and the terrific chasm already described, this train of spectres came to a halt; and, at a word from the renegade, two men stepped forward and lifted a heavy slab of stone, disclosing a black, circular opening, not unlike the mouth of a well, through which rose a damp, foul, grave-like odour that seemed to stifle all who breathed it.

The half-breed made a sign to the bearers of the insensible boys, who advanced in their turn, and, knotting ropes under the arms of their victims, let them down one after the other into that fearful pit, while the rest of the band repeated under their breath, in somewhat tremulous tones (as if even *their* iron nerves were shaken by the ghastly work in which they were engaged), the customary formula used in these hideous sacrifices. Then the murderers replaced the slab, and left the two helpless boys to perish in lingering torment that their dying agonies might be a grateful offering to the malignant demons who were believed to haunt this region of gloom and death.

And as the fatal slab fell back into its place with a dull, hollow sound, like the fall of earth on a coffin-lid, the vindictive half-breed bent over the opening just ere it closed for ever, and, forgetting in his ferocious joy that the ears of his senseless victims were deaf to the taunt, cried:

"Sleep sound, children! and when

* This frightful superstition still exists in many parts of Burmah, and I was myself shown at Mandalay a spot just in front of the great gate of King Theebaw's palace, where fifty-two victims (including not a few women and children) had been thrust alive into the tomb not many years ago, to avert the peril of a threatened English invasion.—D. K.

your father, the Lonely Man of the Jungle, comes to seek you, tell him to remember Tum-Ti!"

CHAPTER XIV.—THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

THE deadly damp and chillness of that sunless vault speedily overpowered the already half-spent influence of Tum-Ti's drugs; and the doomed boys had not been in it very long ere they began to regain consciousness. At first they were too sick and dizzy from the stupefying opiate to understand what had befallen, or where they were; but as their heads grew clearer, the utter darkness and silence around them, their knowledge of the half-breed's atrocious character, and their recollection of what had happened just before their strange loss of consciousness, enabled them to guess pretty clearly the fate to which they were doomed.

"They've shut us up to starve, the brutes!" muttered Fred in dismay. "What on earth shall we do?"

"We sha'n't die of thirst, anyhow," said Harry, forcing a laugh, as a big drop fell right on his face from the dripping roof. "But, first of all, let's see where we are, for luckily they haven't taken our matches."

And, taking out of his belt the small metal box that had fortunately escaped the plunderers who had emptied his pockets while he slept, he lit a match, and they saw that they were in a rock-cut chamber about twelve feet square, which looked as if it had once been a reservoir, though there was now no water in it, save what little oozed from the roof and walls.

"*That* must be where they put us in!" cried Fred, pointing upward. "Do you see that stone that's not even with the rest of the rock? Light another match, quick, and I'll scramble up!"

He did so, but with more haste than good speed; for hardly had he got half-way up the rocky wall, when he lost his hold, and down he came again with a heavy thump, luckily alighting on his feet.

"Better luck next time," said he coolly. "We must splice together these ropes that they put round us, and hitch 'em on to that sharp point up there."

A lucky throw of this impromptu lasso hooked it firmly to the spike of rock indicated, and up went Fred again, declaring that he would "push up the stone with his head, and get out all right."

Poor Fred little knew that it had needed the combined force of two strong men to raise the slab that he talked so confidently of lifting unaided. But he never got the chance of trying; for, before he could reach it, a huge fragment of rock, already loosened by his former scramble, gave way beneath him, and fell with a tremendous crash, all but crushing the startled Harry, who let fall the fresh match that he had just lighted.

Instantly all was dark; but amid the gloom he heard a dull thud like the fall of a heavy body, and then another loud crash and a stifled cry.

"Fred!" shouted he wildly. But there was no answer.

Trembling with excitement, he struck another match, and found his worst fears confirmed. Fred was *gone*, and a wide gap yawned in the stony floor, which, already rotted by the damp and cracked by the weight of the falling rock, had given way altogether when Fred came down upon it in his turn.

But ere the dismayed boy had time to speak or move, he heard his lost cousin's voice just below him, calling out eagerly:

"Harry! come down here, quick! This must be the channel of the *brook* that I'm in, and if we follow it up, we'll be able to *get out!*"

Then Harry remembered the stream that ran through the mountain-hollow and disappeared underneath the cliff; and his hopes of escape began to revive. Staying only to wind round his body their precious rope, he let himself down cautiously into the chasm beside his cousin.

"Ugh!" said he, shivering as he splashed into the ice-cold water; "it's rather a cold bath to take in the middle of the night! But it's one comfort that we sha'n't have much trouble to find out which is 'up-stream'—the current pulls too strong for that."

In fact, though the stream was barely knee-deep, the steepness of its descent gave it such force that more than once they would have been swept right off their feet had they not clung firmly to each other. But step by step they fought their way onward, for the deadly chillness of this living tomb was fast overpowering their already overtasked strength, and neither dared to hint to his comrade the haunting fear which filled his own thoughts—that they would give way ere they could escape from the cavern, and thus perish actually within reach of safety!

But all at once a joyous cry broke from Harry's quivering lips.

"*Light!* light! we're getting to the mouth at last!"

There, sure enough, amid the utter blackness of that fearful dungeon, a pale gleam of light was seen far away in front, which they rightly guessed to be a ray of moonlight streaming down the cleft through which the brook found its way into the heart of the mountain.

The welcome sight seemed to renew their failing strength, and on they went with redoubled energy through the cold, dark water. But suddenly Fred called out:

"Say, Harry, where are we going? If we come out into the Burmese camp again, right into the claws of these very fellows who've just tried to kill us, won't it be a case of 'out of the frying-pan into the fire'?"

"Out of the refrigerator into the ice-pail, you mean," said Harry, shivering. "But it's all right, old boy. I've just been thinking it over, and I am sure, by their burying us alive instead of killing us, that they meant us for a sacrifice to these spirits of theirs; and I've heard my father say that whenever these northern tribes make an offering of that sort, they always clear out from the spot until the victims are dead, because the presence of any living man would spoil all the good of the sacrifice. Take my word for it, we'll find the coast clear when we get out."

Fred was convinced, and they splashed and struggled onward more vigorously than ever toward the distant light, which grew clearer and stronger every moment. But just at the very mouth of the tunnel, when they had already caught their first glimpse of the moonlit clearing outside, they were suddenly checked by an unforeseen obstacle.

At the very point where it plunged down into the cleft, the stream was divided by a huge jagged boulder, over the rugged sides of which it broke in an actual waterfall, which, though only a few feet in height, burst through the narrow gap with so fierce a rush that it swept them back as often as they tried to force their way past it.

What was to be done? The chill of this long struggle through the ice-cold torrent was now beginning to tell upon them in earnest, and they felt that in a few moments more they must be helplessly benumbed, and sink down to perish just when one more effort would have set them free.

"Fred," gasped Harry, steadying himself against the rocky side of the chasm, "climb on to my shoulders, and hitch the rope over that big rock in the middle of the fall."

The active Yankee lad, luckily for his exhausted cousin (whose strained muscles could barely sustain even Fred's light weight), succeeded in his very first effort in throwing the rope over the top of the boulder. Clutching it firmly, they forced their way up the cleft through the rushing waters, and fell rather than leaped into the open space beyond—free once more!

As Harry had foretold, the camp was deserted, and all was dark and silent.

Some minutes passed ere they were able to stir; but they knew that their only chance lay in getting thoroughly warmed as soon as possible; and Harry, seeing that the embers of the Burmese camp-fire were still smouldering, dragged himself toward it, and, feeding it with the fuel that lay in readiness, soon raised a cheery blaze, which gradually brought back life and strength to their almost paralysed limbs. Then, fairly worn out by this long battle with death, they both fell fast asleep.

But after a time Fred began to dream that he had been captured by Indians, who were going to burn him alive; and, awaking with a start, he found his dream more real than pleasant.

The night-wind had carried the sparks of their fire into the thatch of one of the huts, which, being now as dry as tinder from the long drought, were already one red and roaring blaze; while even the bushes and wild grass on the other side of the hollow, scorched by the showers of hot ashes that fell thickly upon them, were beginning to kindle in their turn, and threatening to hem in the two boys with a perfect ring of flame.

Dawn was just breaking, but the fierce glare of the flames themselves made everything as light as day, and the doomed lads took in at a glance the full extent of their peril.

"Let's bolt into the tunnel," cried Fred; "the fire will be all round us in another minute."

"But how are we to *get* to the tunnel?" said Harry, with a look of sudden dismay. "Don't you see the fire's between us and it?"

It was indeed; and to all appearance their only chance of escape *now* was to make a headlong dash through the thick of the fire. To stay where they were was certain death; to move seemed little better. What were they to do?

"Here are a couple of big knives that those fellows have left behind," cried Fred, snatching up the weapons, and handing one of them to Harry. "Let's knock the burning wood right and left with *them*, and break through if we can—it's our only chance. We can't stay here, you know—my face is blistered already."

"No, we'll do better than that," shouted Harry eagerly. "Don't you see the *stream* runs right through it? We'll crawl along the bed of the brook, keeping our faces close to the water, and get through that way."

It was indeed their only chance; but ere the desperate venture could be made, a shout from above, faintly heard through the roar and crackle of the surging flames, made them both start and look up. The shout was repeated, and as they heard it, both boys started again, more violently than before.

Well they might! The tall figure that stood looking down at them from the brow of the precipice overhead, leaning upon a long gun, had unmistakably the dress and complexion of a Burmese warrior, but the words that he had uttered were *English*, and the voice which uttered them was that of Harry's father!

(To be continued.)

AN ADVENTURE ON THE RIO GRANDE.

By George Barnes.

The story I am about to tell happened in the year 1868, when the Texan frontier was in a disturbed state from the dreaded raids of the Apache Indians, and the many desperate characters who, flying from the law in the older states, sought security in the western wilds of Texas or Mexico. These outlaws made their living either by horse-stealing or gambling, the more daring ones robbing the stages and wrecking trains,—in fact, stopping at nothing to make a living, rather than do honest work on a Texan ranche.

In the early spring of the year I have mentioned, I bought my first mustang in San Antonio, one of the oldest Texan towns, called after the great Mexican General. The town has a Spanish look, not alone from the number of Mexicans who live there, but also from the appearance of the streets and plazzas laid out in the old Mexican style. A brisk horse trade is done here with the Mexicans, which gives the place a lively air, as you rarely see the plazzas without hundreds of horses waiting to be sold to stockmen, who get them into condition on their own ranches before driving them to the markets in the States north of Texas.

It was on one of those bright clear mornings, so well known in that country, which makes one feel contented with oneself and all mankind, that I made my adieus to the gay town of San Antonio, starting for the ranche I had bought in Presidio county, on the banks of the Rio Grande del Norte.

In these days of the early Texan pioneers there were but few ranches between San Antonio and the Mexican borders, these being at long distances apart, though at the present day this vast country is becoming settled and fenced.

After my first day's ride of fifty miles I camped on the bank of a small creek of clear running water, and experienced for the first time what solitary camping meant. I confess I felt very lonely and uneasy, conjecturing a hundred gruesome things which might happen—a sudden raid of the Apaches; the cry of "hands up" from some desperate outlaw, or the crouching form of a Mexican half-breed who would not stop at murder for ten dollars and a horse. But the night passed quietly save for the shrill scream of the night hawk and the plaintive neigh of my mustang.

I will not tire the reader with an account of my ride through the vast prairie lands of Western Texas, which I accomplished in eight days, arriving about sundown within sight of the banks of the Rio Grande.

This noble stream is one of the most historical in the West. On its banks many a brave encounter took place between the sturdy settlers of Texas and the hated Apaches. It was here, too, those gallant pioneers drove back the Mexicans under their cruel leader, Santa Anna, planting the flag of the Lone Star State to mark its boundary.

The thought that my journey was nearly at an end, and that I had only one night more of my solitary camping, raised my drooping spirits and put new life into me. The mustang, almost worn out from the effects of the long ride, knowing instinctively that the river was to be the end of his troubles, now seemed to be imbued with my own rising spirits, judging from his several attempts to dislodge me by a series of buck jumps, but finding this of no avail he settled into his usual pace.

The sun had dipped behind the mountains of Mexico, now rising before me in the distance, leaving that ruddy grey light so often seen in the West before darkness sets in, when I found myself on the banks of the Rapid River, and gazed across this wild, uncultivated land, first conquered by Cortez, its sombre mountains fast fading into darkness.

After my pony had his drink I turned him up stream to a clear piece of ground to camp for the night. Here he suddenly got restive, and so frightened that he would not proceed further. I knew some danger lay ahead, and before I had time to make up my mind what to do, a horseman rode out from a low clump of chapperalle and aimed his Winchester at my head, shouting, "Hands up, or you are a dead man!" To disobey meant instant death, so I calmly waited his approach. He rode slowly towards me, saying, "I have got the drop on you at last, Jim Sowel."

"Jim Sowel!" I gasped. "You have made a mistake; I am an Englishman just come to your country, and I never even heard the name of Sowel before."

With this, my would-be murderer looked rather taken aback, came closer, and peering into my face, which was hard to see in the dim light, he exclaimed in a rough voice:

"Guess I have made a mistake, sure enough. Why, I took you for that horse-thief the boys and I have been trailing these two weeks—and you an Englishman! Well, well, but I am sorry to have treated you so rough like. Here's my hand, Mr. English, or whatever your name is, and thank your stars there is a reward for Jim to be taken alive, else a bullet from Harry Jefferson would have put daylight through you."

I confess I felt considerably relieved when Mr. Harry Jefferson kindly informed me he had made a mistake, and I secretly rejoiced at my narrow escape, blessing the authorities, whoever they might be, who were good enough to make his life a condition of the reward for Jim Sowel.

"I reckon it is your intention to camp here to-night," said my companion. "Where are you bound for? Up the river, likely, to Fort Clarke?"

I briefly informed him I was on my way to the Cordova ranche, which I thought ought to be somewhere close.

"You are at least fifty miles too low down the river, but if you will come to our camp opposite the ford, you are welcome, and will see some shooting before morning; we expect Jim Sowel to cross with a herd of stolen horses and Mexican hands."

With this remark he rode away up stream, motioning me to follow him.

It was a bright moonlight night, so I had a good chance of observing my companion. He was still a comparatively young man, about forty; his complexion, which was burnt almost as black as a Mexican's, showed lines of hardship and exposure, a face of a purely Southern cast, large dark eyes, set deeply beneath heavy eyebrows, and sharply cut features, slight dark moustache—altogether a handsome face were it not for its fierce expression. His dress was of the usual kind worn by cowboys or frontiersmen—a wide sombrero, smart, well-cut, buckskin jacket, full leather leggings, and boots with heavy Mexican spurs. Although but a few moments in his company, I somehow felt that I could trust the man, and longed to see his camp-fire, as I was both tired and hungry.

"Here is the camp and Durger," he said, "and I guess you are not sorry."

We had come suddenly upon it, and from the bright blaze of the fire I saw that it was situated in a dense clump of chapperalle, with one opening leading away from the river, in which I could see some horses staked out and feeding as far as their larriettes would allow them.

"Hello! Durger," my friend exclaimed, "has Erkle come back to camp yet? and what's the news, if you have any?"

"None," said the young man, stooping over the fire preparing supper. "We don't expect him till twelve o'clock, but he is sure to be in time for the shooting; I don't think Jim can give us the slip this time."

"I have brought a friend to help us out to-night; I mistook him on the bank further down for that scoundrel. He is an Englishman bound for the Cordova ranche, and I reckon as hungry as a wolf; so hurry up, Sam, with the supper."

After staking out our ponies we both returned, and, all sitting round the camp fire, we did justice to the strong black coffee without milk or sugar, bacon, which never tastes so well as when done on a camp fire, and the native bread, made of Indian meal and mixed with water, which sorely tries the English palate. The meal passed almost in silence, my companions being too hungry to be talkative.

It was certainly a very picturesque scene for me, so lately come from the old country; the camp-fire shedding its bright rays through



The Trumpeter.—(*By* W. Diez.)

the dense brush, the low murmur of the river close by, the soft light of the moon shining through the large trees on its bank, giving to the long moss which hangs from their boughs fantastic shapes, with the thousands of fire-flies sparkling through the undergrowth, made the scene look like fairy-land. And my two companions, how I longed to know something about them! Who was this man Jefferson and his friend Durger? Why, they might be two desperate characters living as outlaws; yet, as I looked at them stretched on the ground after supper, their saddles for their pillows, smoking their Mexican cigarettes, I could not but admire their manly faces, and instinctively felt myself perfectly safe in their hands. I was not long to remain in doubt as to who they were. Jefferson, suddenly turning to me, said, "I guess you would like to know who we are." I confessed I should, and also something about the man they were watching for.

"My friend Sam here and myself are Texan rangers employed by the State to keep order on the frontier. Mostly our time is taken up hunting horse-thieves, train-robbers, and smugglers, to take them dead or alive, according to our orders. Many is the hard fight we have had on this river, and many more I hope to have if I get through this night all right."

"And this man, Jim Sowel," I said, "is he one of those desperadoes you have to deal with?"

"Yes, Jim is a real bad one; his sort is fast dying out on the frontier; a real bad one and an old-timer. This was the way I first met him. Six years ago I started up the trail from Fort Worth with the finest bunch of horses that ever crossed the Red River and four of the best hands that ever threw a lasso; the drive went square enough until we crossed into the Indian Nation, where one of the boys took down with the ague, so we had to leave him in care of an old Indian chief until he was strong enough to ride back to Texas. To go on short-handed was out of the question, and I meant to go down next morning along the river till I struck the first ranche, to hire one of the boys. I was out on the first watch singing to the herd to keep them from stampeding, as the night was cold and they were inclined to run, when I saw a man riding across the prairie towards me. A redskin trying to frighten the herd, was my first thought; at the same time, pulling down on him with my six-shooter, I told him to hold on. 'Lower your gun, you fool,' he said; 'I guess I can shoot too if I wanted to. Where is the Boss? I hear he is short-handed, and I want work.' Well, now, I didn't take to the fellow anyhow, and what's more, he knew it; so I told him to go to the camp and get something to eat. After my watch was relieved I went to have a talk with the stranger, who seemed a bright, smart young man, said he was a good hand, and wanted to go with our herd to Dodd City. I hired him at forty dollars a month, and felt sorry the moment I did it. He looked so surprised, and said, 'Done, boss; I reckon you won't be sorry,' in just the kind of way I didn't like. For some reason I distrusted him from the first, feeling that he was going to give us some trouble, but I determined to keep a sharp eye on him.

"The next day we passed through the Sioux village, camping on the banks of a small creek. As usual, I took the first watch, which passed off quietly enough, our new hand relieving me. Now, I thought, if he was going to do anything, was his chance, so I watched him for some time from the camp, until, feeling so played out, I went off to sleep. I was suddenly awoke by one of the hands telling us the whole herd had stampeded, frightened by some Indians, and the new hand was missing.

"Well, I knew it was that fellow's work, so made after the main bunch pretty quick, and soon I found myself close to our new hand, who was driving off the left wing. I tried to wing him, but somehow missed, and before I could fire again I found he had got me, breaking my leg below the knee; he aimed again, and just in time I threw myself low on the left side of my pony, screening myself from a shot which carried away the saddle horn. Once more he fired, killing my pony, and we both rolled over together. As he rode away with my horses he holloaed out, 'I guess, boss, the next time you meet Jim Sowel you won't take him for a green one!'"

"And your stolen horses; did you ever recover them?" I asked.

"No; only a few that strayed off from the main bunch, and I heard afterwards that some horses of my brand were sold in Nebraska by a fellow of Sowel's description. Since that night I vowed reprisals, and I have tracked him over half the Western States, but have never come up with him yet. Now you know who Jim Sowel is, and why I am so anxious to take him to-night, alive if I can—such are my orders; but if Harry Jefferson had his way, he would like to settle old scores with his six-shooter."

Sam lay sound asleep, quite oblivious to my friend's story. "Yes, poor fellow," said Jefferson, looking at him, "it may be his last sleep on earth; we are going to have rough work to-night."

Feeling worn out, I too slept, leaving Jefferson to watch. It seemed to be only a few minutes, when he gently awoke me, pointing in the direction of our horses, whose quick ears had detected some sound in the distance. Durger had by this time his Winchester in readiness, while Jefferson extinguished the few sparks that remained of our camp fire.

We now could hear distinctly the tramp of a horse coming from the ford. In a few seconds Erkle was in our camp. He looked suspiciously at me, but seemed quite satisfied when he heard who I was. "Jim will be here in half an hour with four Mexican hands and two hundred head of horses. So look to your guns, boys; we have all our work cut out."

Leaving me in charge of the saddle ponies, my three companions stole quietly away on their dangerous errand. Left alone, I had time to consider my position, which was a critical one, for my life evidently depended on their success. The night was bright, and all nature seemed wrapped in sleep. Suspense was already telling on my high-strung nerves, when I thought I heard a sound as of some one singing. I listened attentively, and caught the faint echo again. Yes, there could be no mistake now; the low cadence of the Mexicans singing to the herd wafted softly towards me on the night breeze. In a short time the herd came in sight, halting on the opposite bank. I could see the horsemen urging the leaders to take to the water. The plaintive Mexican stock songs, mingled with the tinkle of the stock bells under the silvery moonlight, combined to make the scene a peaceful one.

Quite unconscious of the reception that awaited them, the foremost of the drove reached our bank with the Mexican hands, quickly followed by the whole herd, a solitary horseman bringing up the rear. As he reached the bank the crack of a rifle told me the fight had commenced. In the excitement of the moment I rushed towards the firing, and saw a tall dark man standing on the bank close to his mustang, in each hand a six-shooter.

"Surrender, Jim Sowel!" shouted Jefferson, concealed behind a large cottonwood tree!

"Jim Sowel will never be taken alive," returned the horse-thief, at the same moment firing at Durger, who had exposed himself incautiously, and springing on his pony he rode for the thicket. He was almost under cover, when Erkle, who had for some time disappeared, closely followed him on one of the mustangs; a dexterous throw of his lasso caught the body of the robber, dragging him violently to the ground. Like a flash, however, he was on his feet again, with his pistol pointed at Erkle, when once more the report of a Winchester rang out, a piercing yell followed, and Jim Sowel, the Texan outlaw, fell back dead, shot through the heart.

THE LADY AND THE LAD.

A LEGEND OF CRICKET.

Miss Winifred Wimple (ætat. 46) loquitur.

It was a tiny little boy
That sat and sobbed alone;
I asked what "wrought" him such "annoy,"
What troubles he had known.

"The trouble, don't you see, is this,
I've been and lost the match,
I'm certain I shall *catch* it, *miss*,
Because I *missed* the *catch*."

"A *match*!" said I, with sudden fears,
"I hope you do not smoke."
He looked suspicious through his tears,
And called it wrong to joke.

He sobbed anew with piteous grief
That would not be controlled;
"Cheer up," I said, "it's my belief
You never have been bold."

"I'm certain I was *bowled*," he cried
(As one in doleful dumps);
"The ball came breaking from the side,
And disarranged my stumps.

"The wicket was a wretched snare,
It's just my usual luck,
I played with extra-double care
And went and got a duck."

"I'm glad you got a duck, my dear:
Your mother will be glad;
You do not seem to have it here;
Where *is* the duck, my lad?"

He rose, as one of sense bereft;
A glare was in his eye;
He turned upon his heel and left,
And did not say good-bye!

FRED EDMONDS.

SEVEN DAYS IN A HOUSE ON WHEELS.

By E. M. Chettle,

Author of "The Tale of a Pig," etc.



This is the history of one of the most delightful expeditions ever organised. We invented it ourselves, for we had never so much as heard of Dr. Gordon Stables, and all of us were exceeding poor, so we had to manage as cheaply as possible, and when we afterwards read of the palatial arrangements on board the "Wanderer," we realised how very humble we were.

Five of us—three ladies and two young men—decided we would spend our holiday in going on pilgrimage to Kenilworth and Warwick, and then to the sacred shrine of Stratford-on-Avon, from which place we were about fifty miles distant. We debated as to how our journey should be made. We thought of going by rail and staying in hotels like the generality of mankind; but when one day at a farmhouse we discovered a shepherd's hut about ten feet by six, and six feet high, of a neat drab colour, and mounted on four wheels and stout iron springs, we instantly decided that we would realise one of our most cherished dreams, and go in that if we could get it.

The gentleman who owned this treasure very good-naturedly placed it at our disposal, and another friend lent us a beautiful bay cart mare, who tramped along and drew us and our belongings about three miles an hour, by which means we had plenty of time to look about us, or get out and make alarums and excursions.

An Alpine tourist lent us his tent for the male members of our party to sleep in. We ladies occupied the caravan at night, two sleeping on a mattress on the floor, and one in a hammock slung from end to end.

We started one fine Monday morning in the height of that glorious summer of Jubilee year, at 6.30 A.M., from Orlingbury, a little village about ten miles north-east of Northampton. We had fitted up our house previously with a hammock, a mattress, a tent, blankets, rugs, pillows, a hatchet, a tin bowl, and a saucepan. The hatchet was meant to chop sticks for a fire, but we found that people were very ready to boil their kettles for us wherever we went. We had a provision hamper packed with tinned meat and fish, bread, eggs, coffee, tea, cocoa, etc., and a clothes-box which held all the female finery we were allowed to carry. We made blue ribbon rosettes to decorate our mare, and polished up her harness ourselves till it looked brilliant. The owner of our van came out to see us start. He was greatly amused at us and our plans, but he benevolently wished us success, and off we went joggle! joggle! joggle! joggle!

These words feebly represent our feelings as we set sail. We had not got, as it were, our sea legs, and those who know what it is to ride in an empty waggon, when the horses are a little fresh and there are ruts about, will sympathise with me.

One of the young men and myself were inside to settle things. The others walked. Everything that could fall down did so at once, and everything that could jingle and bang and crash did so too; and we, when we could keep from staggering against the side of the van, or heading wildly into each other's arms, kept picking up different articles, and restoring them to their places, only to see them descend again with aggravating violence on our defenceless heads. First, crash would come a tin bowl, then a camp stool would dance around; then the horse-corn bag would drop with a bang like a stout old lady when she sits down after a hot walk, while the oats dribbled out of a leak, and a perpetual undertone of chattering was kept up by the little tin saucepan, who incessantly bobbed about on his nail. After half an hour's lively exercise we managed to jam, wedge, and generally silence our uproarious furniture, and my companion got out to join the others.

The sun shone divinely, and there was a flood of gold over everything, which, to my simple mind, meant heat. "Aha!" thought I, "I will make myself comfortable."

I knew that the road did not get very picturesque for some miles, and that, if I tramped now between straight hedges snipped and sheared, and rectangular fields of scorched grass, I should be too hot and blistered and sulky to look at the beauties when they did come. So I made a soft and downy lair among the heaps of blankets and pillows, and sank therein with much content. Then I gazed further in search of amusement, and espied, peeping from under the lid of the clothes-box, the edges of a book. The Lady of Fashion had put it there. Perhaps I had better stop here and tell you about our party.

It was the Lady of Fashion who organised the expedition, packed the boxes, and presided over us generally. She entertained any strangers we happened to meet, and looked most charming in her pale-grey gown with a cluster of scallop-shells in her hat, as became a pilgrim.

We were proud of the Lady of Fashion, and took much pleasure in the pretty picture she made as she sat in the doorway of our house, her face dark against the light and her lap full of wayside flowers, a glossy briony wreath, or a bunch of poppies flaming on the grey.

Then there was the Lady of Propriety, so called because she was married and shed an air of respectability o'er the scene, which made us appear—in the eyes of our elderly friends—not quite so mad as we should otherwise have done. She was a dear little Christian woman, with a smile for everybody, and a general and pleasing indulgence of our lunacies which made her doubly nice.

Then came the Boss of the Show, as he dubbed himself. He was the brother of the Lady of Fashion, and flamed resplendent in a "blazer" striped with pink and brown and white, so that he showed at a distance and was not easily lost sight of.

After him came the Literary one. He was on the staff of a newspaper, and had written some very promising poetry. He was long and thin and large-eyed, and looked desperately shy, but his appearance was deceptive. Wild pranks and mischief were that person's forte.

Well, as I was saying, I looked round and espied a book. So I tugged it out and lay back to enjoy it. It was a nice, cheerful, appropriate thing to read on a bright sunny morning, joggling about in a van. It was "De Quincey on Murder as a Fine Art." The Literary one had brought it, thinking, as he afterwards said, that it would do nicely to read aloud some dark and weird night when the wind was soughing in the branches. This grisly idea was firmly repressed by the rest of the company, however. So I lay in my nest, book in hand, while the rest toiled along in the dust, and we rumbled slowly due west towards Warwickshire. Suddenly my studies were broken in upon by an agitated exclamation, "Oh! let me get in! Creatures!"

I looked up. The Lady of Propriety was struggling to climb in, with fright depicted on her countenance. I helped her up—rather a hoist, by the way, for if she stood on the ground her chin was level with our floor, and there was no ladder; then I got down and looked about for the horrid danger which menaced her. In the distance were three meditative cows, pacing slowly along, accompanied by a driver of eminently respectable appearance, on whose open features virtue was written.

This little episode occurred many times during our expedition. The most distant view of the most benevolent quadruped excited our friend's lively alarm, and with a wild cry of "Creatures!" she would hasten to be dragged into our ark of refuge.

Then we passed through the village of Hannington, and every dame popped her head out to look at us, and every child opened his or her mouth, so that we left a wake, as it were, of silent and awe-struck rustics, all with their mouths open, and all staring round-eyed after us. I am inclined to think they had never seen a pink and brown and white blazer before.

It began to get very hot, and the road wound about between high hedges, but presently we emerged, after passing through the village of Holcot, into breezy uplands, where the landscape stretched away limitless into the blue, and the brisk young winds came up and whistled to us.

The corn was rapidly yellowing for harvest, the burnt-up grass was brown and crisp beneath our feet, and over the distant uplands was that flood of golden light I spoke of first. It was clearly wrong to be lazy and lie on blankets. I put away "De Quincey" and walked along, watching the Boss catch flies on Blossom's neck. He did this in a most talented manner. He waited until fifteen or twenty were bustling about her shiny skin,



poking about to find a place where they might worry, and then smack! would come his hand, and heaps of slain fell. Blossom seemed to like this little amusement, and she put her great head down to us as we walked, and would turn out of her road to be patted and talked to.

Then we came to Brixworth. The church here is the oldest in the county and very curious. Part of it is supposed to have been an old Roman temple, and it has seven different orders of architecture in it. The Woodland Pytchley kennels are also here, and we met a pack of hounds returning from exercise.

("Oh! Creatures! Let me get up!" said the Lady of Propriety.)

They looked dignified and serious, as fox-hounds always do, being at the same time, as the anxious foster-parents who bring them up by hand can testify, the incarnation of wicked mischief. But thus it ever is in life.

The Literary one resembled these hounds.

We had to chain up the hind wheel, down a rather stiff hill, going out of Brixworth, and then we got to the valley where the Nene, not long risen from its source at Naseby, trickles through the reeds. Here we gave Blossom a drink, and, after a rest, breasted the opposite hill. It was a long slope, but we got up at last and chained the wheel again for another descent.

As we were halfway down this, we were met by a personage of grim and sour aspect, driving a "one-hoss shay." He pulled up and began to talk to the Boss. What he said we could not hear, for we passed on, but when our comrade rejoined us we asked what he wanted,

"Oh! he's a stupid cross-patch," explained that candid youth. "Says we're liable to be fined for not having a slipper on the wheel instead of a chain—says we cut up his old road too much—made me tell him where we came from. Nice old hairpin he is!"

However, nothing ever came of it, so I suppose the hairpin relented.

We were just outside Spratton, and it was dinner-time, and we all felt an inward void which craved fulfilment, so we camped. A little folding-table was got out and set on the side of the road, our cloth was laid, and all kinds of nice things appeared. The Literary one was sent with an apoplectic white jug to fetch some water, and the Boss unhooked Blossom and tethered her to the cart by a long chain.

Blossom did not approve of this. She did not like the appearance of the van, now she could get a full view of it, and, when somebody happened to bang a box lid to inside, she started violently, sprang away, snapped her chain, and made off in the direction of home. Off flew the Boss after her, but Blossom was a match for him, and she disappeared over the brow of the hill in a very few minutes. We felt distinctly small, and began to wonder whether we should have to drag the van home again with our own hands, with all our glory shorn. Presently a man drove by, of whom we inquired whether he had met Blossom. He said "yes," "but he was not able to stop her." This was afflicting, but after half an hour's anxious waiting, we were much relieved to see our young captain leading the old lady back again. We always kept a watchful eye on Blossom after this.

Then we set to work and had a solid meal. We did not waste our time in witticisms or frivolity. We just ate, and ate, and ate; and then most of us felt lazy.

I strolled off with my paint-box, accompanied by the Literary one, who brought "De Quincey," and as I soon found a quaint bit of village street I wanted to do, I set to work at once. He read aloud in the most amiable manner. We did not pursue the subject of murder, thinking it might have a gruesome effect on the passing rustic. He began a grand article about the revolt of the Tartars and their awful journey through Central Asia. One hundred and twenty-five persons died, on an average, during each mile of the journey. So read the Literary one. During this nice, cheerful account, I painted away at the quiet old bits of brown stone and thatch and brick walls and irregular street. Presently a man came out of a house at the back of us and edged up to look.

"Nice day," he said. "So you're a-takin' a likeness of the old-house there. No, I don't know when it wur built, but a good many year ago, and it belongs to Muster Whitworth now. No, I don't know what that coat of arms means, and I reckon nobody about here don't neither. This house as I live in is mine. I'm done a lot of improvements sin' I'm bin here. See I'm had a beautiful new roof put on, and them winders done, and spouts, an' everything."

Alas! he had. It had been a nice old lichened stone house, with, probably, a thatched roof. Now a stiff new-tiled roof met our eyes. New deal window frames, new zinc spouts, newly painted wall, scraped, lichenless, and staring.

We had a long rest at Spratton, and it was four o'clock before we started again. We went to Ravensthorpe next, a most charming little place on the side of a hill, with quaint grey houses set in gardens gay with flowers; and through there, and still on, pausing once to have tea on the road-side. Then, as the sun began to set, we came to the borders of Northamptonshire.

We were travelling along a broad road shaded on each side by large elms which shut out the light and made it difficult to see where we were going. We were all rather tired, and a solemn silence prevailed among us instead of the incessant cackling that distinguished the morning march. At last we saw with joy the first houses of West Haddon, and we asked where we ought to go for a field to camp in. We had thought of camping by the road-side, but Mistress Blossom's escapade had put that out of the question. We were recommended to one Johnson, who always took in travelling shows and such-like. So we went.

Johnson lived in a public-house, from which we extracted him; but when extracted Johnson was very drunk, and although he stuttered out that we were welcome to go into his field, the ladies of the party took fright, and we passed on.

Then we saw a yard gate standing open, and a farmer just getting out of his gig, so to him we explained the situation.

It took him a few minutes to grasp such a new idea, but when he did understand that we were respectable, he smiled on us and sent us to the outskirts of the village, where we found a pretty little field all hills and hollows, in a snug corner of which we came to anchor. Out came the tent, and the lads fixed it against the hedge. Blossom was made as comfortable as circumstances permitted. She was quite fresh, and galloped gleefully about when her harness was taken off. Then we gave our men their rugs and blankets, said good-night, and locked ourselves in, firmly resolving to arise at six the next morning.

I had the hammock, and was well wrapped up by my kind comrades. I went soundly to sleep, not waking again until about 2 A.M., when I found that my head had rolled out, and I had to ask the Lady of Fashion to get up and look for it and put it in again. This she did, and we all slumbered again until loud thunders resounded at our door.

"Hullo!" said the voice of the Boss, "hurry up; it's eight o'clock."

We got up as quickly as we could, but it was fully eleven before we were on the road again. What a morning that was! What a glorious meal on the warm sunny turf, and what a glorious view of fair Warwickshire we had from the top of one of the hillocks!

Afterwards, however, we learned to strike our tent, fold our blankets, and ship-shape

the van within an hour after waking. This was owing to the distinguished management of the Boss, who had learnt a number of useful little arts on board a small sailing-boat, with one partner and numerous cupboards. Blossom had a good feed of oats before we started, and a benevolent gentleman living in a house hard by let us have boiling-water for our coffee.

We then journeyed on to Crick, and through that to a sweet village consisting of one broad street of houses, each house a different shape from the next. It was more like a green or common with a road in the middle and houses far away on each side. At the end of the green was an old market-cross, built in the days when this was a town and had a fair; and an old inhabitant told us that no bargain was considered struck until the animals sold had been driven once round this cross. This Hillmorton charmed us very much. It looked just like one of Randolph Caldecott's villages, and you could well imagine the grey goose solemnly parading down that green, and Jackanapes and Tony getting into mischief there.

I longed to stay and work, but we had to get to Dunchurch, and on we went across the old Watling Street, and still on, until we caught a glimpse of a slender spire among the trees which they told us belonged to Rugby town. And when we came to Dunchurch, what a charming old place we found! It had evidently been of importance in the coaching days, and there was a fine old inn there, opposite to which still stood the stocks. The people told us these had been used within the last five years.

Then we journeyed up what I should think must be the grandest road in England—the road from Dunchurch to Coventry, stretching across what our maps called Dunsmore Heath, but there is no heath left. To our disappointment, we saw nothing but highly cultivated fields. But the road! Great Scotch firs made a magnificent avenue through which the road went; a road bordered on each side by a broad strip of grassy ground, sometimes hillocky and covered with ferns, sometimes flat and velvety; and every now and then a quiet pool or bit of rushy marsh would greet our eyes.

I forget how many miles long this avenue was. I shall never forget its beauty that sunny afternoon, and the welcome whispering shadow under those majestic pines while the country outside was bathed in quivering heat. Evening came on as we turned out of this road and came down to a little village nestled away among the cornfields. It was full of the beautiful half-tempered Warwickshire houses; a little brook went chattering through it; there was a green in the middle, with cottage gardens clustering round. It was called Stretton-on-Dunsmore. If it had been called Arcadia or the Garden of Eden we should have thought it quite appropriate, and much I yearned to stay there and sketch, but Fate, in the person of the Boss, drove us onward.

We pushed up hills and down dales, and in and out, and the sun went down, and the moon came up and hung a round shield in the sky, and beamed at us over the golden corn; all that day a series of enchanting pictures had passed before us, all the more enchanting because they passed so quickly; but Stretton-on-Dunsmore was the pearl with the round moon that shone over the wheat. It was half-past ten before we finally halted at Bubbenhall. We got permission from a farmer to camp in his field, and soon we were blissfully snoring; our last waking thought being that we were on the banks of the Avon, and Shakespeare's town was about fifteen miles away.

As we were getting ready to start next morning, we were called on by the Rector of the village and his wife, who were very kind and cordial. They thought our plan of spending a holiday a very nice one, and told us that Dr. Gordon Stables, in his house on wheels, had passed through the village only a week or two before. This was the first we had heard of the famous wanderer; until then we had considered ourselves the Columbuses of caravaning.

By the Rector's advice we made for Stoneleigh Park, which he said was well worth seeing, and so we found it. But we passed Bubbenhall church on our way out of the village, and two of us went down to get a first sight of the sacred stream which ran close by the churchyard. Not very wide yet, but smooth and gentle, "running softly" among the rushes.

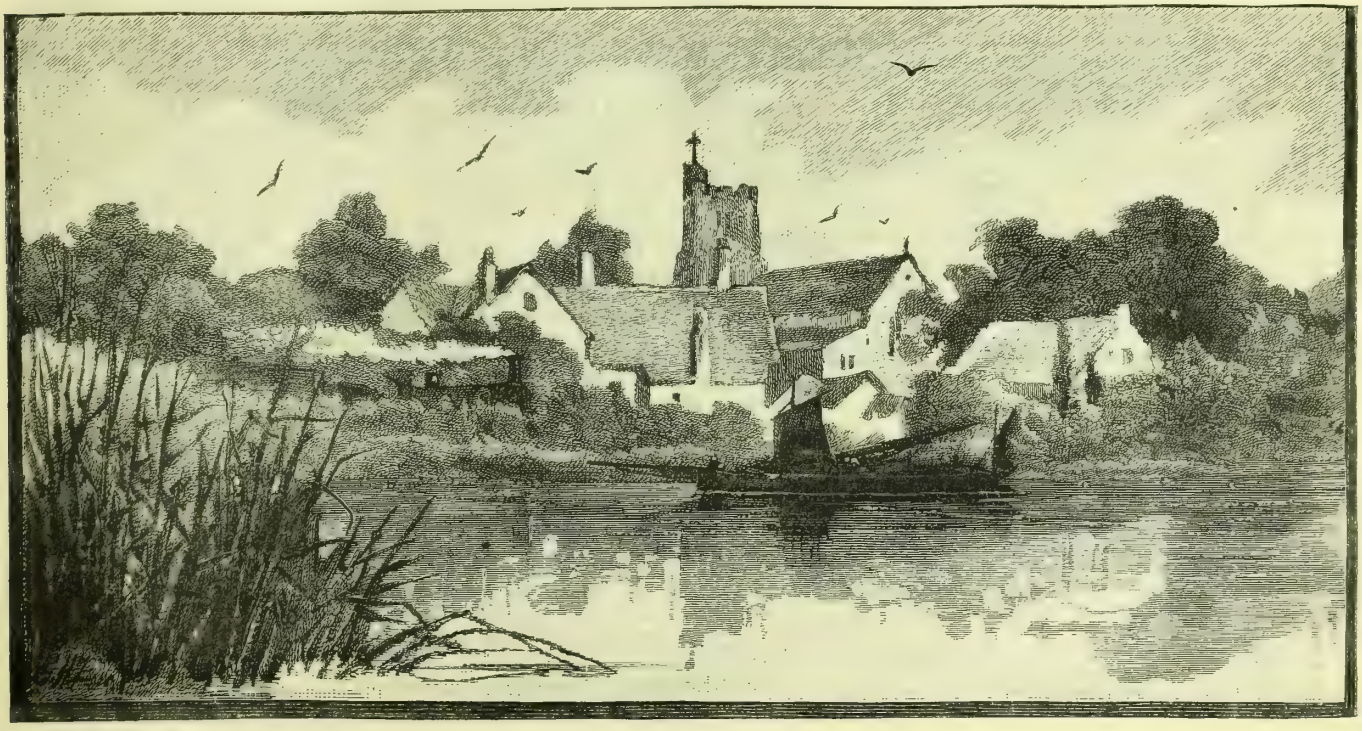
And then we came to Stoneleigh Park, and by the beautiful Stoneleigh Abbey, through whose ivied gateway we saw the gardens ablaze with flowers. And so to Kenilworth. Here we put Blossom in an inn stable to feed and rest, and ran the van into the yard, much to the joy of a crowd of children, who expected a fat lady, or a learned pig, or at least cocoa-nut shies. Then we went to the castle. But first to a hill outside the walls, from which we got the best view of the whole, and saw the terrific old keep frowning grimly at us.

We found afterwards that that poor fellow Edward II was deposed in the great hall at Kenilworth. The king appeared, clad in a plain black gown, and when the sentence of the nobles was read to him announcing that he was to be compelled to sign his abdication in favour of his young son, he fell back unconscious in the arms of his attendants. It was from Kenilworth he was taken to his awful fate at Berkeley Castle. But when I sat sketching a bit of the broken window tracery of the great hall, I did not know what tragedy it had once lighted.

"I say," said the Boss, who lay prone on the ground under the shadow of a buttress, "I should like to have lived in those old times, but I should like to have been a big Bung, you know." And within two hundred yards of where we were sitting, the biggest Bung of his day had fallen back fainting in horror at the fate he knew lay before him.

Of course the guide-books were full of Queen Elizabeth and Master Robert Dudley and his fine doings, and they showed us Amy Robsart's apartments. If she did live there, she had a fine view towards Warwick.

I came out before the others, and got a sketch of a row of quaint old houses facing the castle, on which a fatal board appeared bearing the legend, "To be sold for a building site." So, no doubt, in a short time the rich old brickwork and quaint chimney-stacks will give place to a smug row of blue-slated, plate-glass-windowed shops, and Reckitt's blue, and Colman's mustard, and



Pears' soap, and Nelson's gelatine will shout aloud from awful "show cards."

We fled the scene and returned to our van, passing a curious old porch with the bear and ragged staff, and R. L. for Robert Leycester. And then we rumbled on towards Warwick.

When we were nearly there we came to a green valley through which the Avon flowed, and on our right among the trees we saw a stone cross, which marks the spot where, as its inscription says, "Piers Gaveston was beheaded by barons as lawless as himself."

On consulting our English history we found that Piers Gaveston's conduct had been of the most aggravating description. He was loaded with wealth and titles by poor Edward II, which naturally made the "old families" jealous; and enraged them further by making remarks of an impertinent nature about these respected gentlemen. He called time-honoured Lancaster an "old hog" and "the stage-player." He called the Earl of Pembroke "Joseph the Jew," but he called the Earl of Warwick "the black dog of Ardennes," and the dog swore a solemn oath that Gaveston should feel his teeth. So they seized him and marched him away to Dedington Castle near Banbury, which belonged to Pembroke; but Warwick got him away and carried him off to his own castle, and soon after the luckless wight was dragged to this hill among the trees, and his poor silly head was struck off. How they did go on in those "good old times!"

We turned aside here to see an old Saxon mill. There is a beautiful carved gallery outside it, and on the walls are many lines marked "Flood 1871"—or 2 as the case may be. These mark the height to which the water has risen in those years. And here the Avon spreads out into a great basin enclosed round with trees, and across this basin you see a great and mighty house called Guy's Cliff. This is built over the cell where Guy Beauchamp, a former Earl of Warwick, lived a hermit life for many years, receiving charity from his own wife, who sent provisions to the holy man, not knowing he was her husband.

Now is it possible that Guy felt himself more comfortable away from her ladyship? Perhaps she used to curtain-lecture him, and say, "*Very* well, my dear; of course you are right and I am wrong," and then cry and be ill. Perhaps she always would have the last word, and insisted on the servants going to bed precisely at ten, and made vinegary remarks whenever Guy wanted to sit up late over his wine with a few friends. The Lady of Propriety and myself lingered here while the others went on, as I was anxious to get a sketch of the old mill, and the peaceful river with lily leaves dotting the surface, and yellow evening light behind the trees; and it was dark when we at last got to Warwick, but we could just see the grand outlines of the two massive town gates and the picturesque block of building known as Robert Leycester's almshouses.

We went out into the quiet fields once more and came to Sherbourne, on the broad high road from Warwick. And now the moon was risen up to light us, and we came to a sign-post on which we could see the words "Stratford-on-Avon." Do they have sign-posts on the road to Mecca, I wonder? If so, the pilgrims who read them must feel somehow as we felt then. We went on and on in the moonlight, seeing nothing of our comrades, until we began to fear we were wrong; but a distant whistle greeted us at last, and we soon met the Literary one, who took us to camp.

Supper was ready set outside on the grass. What a merry meal it was, and how the Literary one and the Boss vied with each other in pouring forth cataracts of slang, while we steadily munched our way through the provisions!

Next morning we were early on the road to Warwick, leaving Blossom to graze in our field. We made straight for the castle, and then came a rare treat. Here were "fisty" old Rubens, grand portraits by Vandyke, and a lovely picture by Raffaelle; a beautiful portrait of Charles I—or rather two—by Sir Anthony: a large equestrian, and a head and shoulders; also a dashing young officer of the Civil War time whom I remember well in the Old Masters a winter or two back; the Earl of Northumberland in armour with a bâton in his hand. Here also was a Henry VIII by Holbein—a very fine thing—and some sketches by Rubens. Also lots of armour and weapons, and a cast of Cromwell's face after death. It looked to me full of solemn majesty, but maybe it was my fancy, for a stout and particularly comfortable old gentleman who was standing near turned round to me and said: "He wasn't anything particular to look at, anyhow—eh?"

Of course we saw the famous "Warwick vase," about which the old man who showed it had the following tale to tell:

"This is a very old, ancient thing," he said. "It were dug out of a lake near Adrian's villa at Tivoli, and were sold by Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador at the Court of Naples, to the present Earl's grandfather; and he built this here house to hold it. It is con-sidered to be the biggest in the world, and the greatest carving-men are been to look at it, and they con-sidered as it can't be no less than three thousand years old."

As we sat in the gardens looking over sloping lawns and beds ablaze with flowers, to where a far blue distance glimmered through the boughs of goodly cedars, the Boss delivered the following reprehensible remarks: "Well, I think this place would just suit me down to the ground, my boy. Shouldn't want any income. I should go away for three months in the summer and charge five shillings each for visitors to see the place." After a glimpse of St. Mary's church and the Beauchamp chapel, we left fair Warwick, and one of us, at least, vowed some day to return and linger among its beauties.

We came again to Blossom and the "old show," and lumbered on again for an hour or two; and at last we looked from the summit of a hill and saw the slender spire of Stratford town. We arrived there, put up in a field, and made off for Shakespeare's house; and then to the old church and the avenue up to the porch, and the embankment and the trees thereon, and the still Avon. Then to Shottery, where we looked at the visitors' book in Anne Hathaway's cottage, and read many a famous name.

Then we went back to camp and had supper; and the Literary one arose and made a bold proposal which filled us with astonishment. The Literary one always became lunatic at night-fall. I think the moon affected him. He was very mad that night, and nothing would content him but that we should go down the Avon by moonlight. And we did. We went to the boat-place. It was eleven o'clock, and of course the boatman was in bed. The Literary one knocked at his door, but the boatman, being, as Mrs. Blimber so beautifully remarks, under the dominion of the drowsy god, declined to appear. The Literary one now got more mad than ever, and stated that he meant to have a boat anyhow, and he leaped the little wall of the boat-yard and enticed us over after him. Then he seized a boat and got the oars, and he and the Boss navigated us off quietly down the river. We stole under the two stone bridges and glided between ghostly banks, and rows of rustling willows, and level plains of meadow with swathes of mist lying low over the grass. And the silence was most intense, so that we lay on our oars to listen, and the moonlight filtered through the mist. We went a long way—or so it seemed—and when we returned to the landing-place it was about 1.30 A.M., and Stratford spire looked beautiful indeed in the moonlight, and reflected ghostly in the quiet river. We returned the boat, left some largesse, sneaked off to camp, and I believe it was on this night that one end of my hammock gave way, and I fell with a loud thud right on top of the Lady of Propriety, who slept on the mattress below me. She squeaked dismally, but I did not sustain any damage.

Next morning we saw the interior of the church and the well-known bust and inscription, of which I will not speak particularly lest I should repeat what has been said many times before. And then we had reluctantly to turn homewards. Now the sun was exceeding fierce, and the wood of our wheels shrank away from the tire, and after we had passed Charlecote and got to a little place called Ashorne, a tire came right off and we had to stop for repairs. So we decided to make a night-march, and after we were mended up we started away by moonlight. Then began a novel and exciting experience. The moonlight had its usual effect on the reason of the Literary one. He lost it. He tramped along in a state of lunacy hitherto unequalled. He laughed and sang and leapt in wildest glee.

Of course we must listen to the voice of a farmer before we started. Of course we thought he knew better than our map—and so, of course, we lost our way. Where we went to I do not quite know. I remember once in the night our rushing up a great grassy hill, from which we could see for miles, where we found a most curious mill set on solid stone arches, which we afterwards found had been built by Inigo Jones. I remember how the wind rustled among the dry grass, and how I jumped as a loud snore burst from a slumbering cart-horse near.

After that I got into the van and fell asleep on the floor. I just woke up and heard some one say we were at Leamington, at which place we had no business whatever; and when daylight broke, I roused up to find we had stopped at Ufton, a little village half-way between Stratford and Daventry. We had breakfast. Then the young men went to sleep in their tent, and I went out sketching. I found a scorched bit of upland grass, with scraggy old thistles and nettles spiking up, one green oak-tree half hidden by the sloping ground, and beyond a great plain under a sheet of silver mist which gradually faded, and then the distance shimmered most divinely blue. And the Lady of Fashion wandered out to keep me company, and fell fast asleep there, and I put her in with the sun pouring full on her grey robe and lighting up her belt of amber.

The Literary one, having been up all night, had declined from his state of madness to a sort of sober, idiotic condition, and went off with the Boss to clear his mind by a plunge in a neighbouring canal. We rested till the middle of the day, and then travelled on to Daventry, and camped at night at a farmhouse on the home side of Daventry, called Thorpe's Lodge.

Next day we were off early, and went through Brington, where we stayed to look at the tombs of the Spencer family, and the stone which covers George Washington's grandparents. The arms of the Washington family are carved on it. They are the stars

and stripes afterwards adopted as the device for the American flag.

Then we went by Althorp and Harlestone and Church Brampton, and then we came to Boughton—Whyte Melville's Boughton, where Lord Vaux lived, and near Holmby House—and behold, another tire jumped cheerfully off the wheel, and, staggering up to a wall, lay down with the determination to roll no more that day. So we had to roll our van into a yard, and after accepting an invitation from the village blacksmith's wife, who fed us with honey, and jam, and cake, and bread and butter, and tea, and would not hear of being paid, we did the last twelve miles of our journey in her husband's little pony-cart.

Next day we returned and fetched our van, and we felt, I think, a trifle melancholy as we took out the furniture and dismantled the home that had sheltered us during one of the merriest weeks I ever remember to have spent during the whole of my life.

Besides provisions which we took with us, I think £2 5*s*. covered the entire expenses of the party.

(THE END.)

CHARLEY BROWN.

If any Cassandra had told it in Brigg-upon-Wath that of the first seven months which Charley Brown spent in India he would pass six in the hospital, that croaker would have been put down as the falsest of prophetesses. Rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, tall, strong, as good in the cricket-field and at football as at algebra and trigonometry, being, best in all, happy himself, and always glad to make others happy, his friends anticipated for him success in life. If thorough integrity and strong endeavour could make a lad successful, Charley, they thought, would succeed.

He sat at the Sandhurst entrance examination in July, and was two hundred and forty third on the list. From this trial he learned his weaker points, and, going in again six months later, secured the fifth place. He obtained from the Secretary for War the certificate of his success, sailed for Calcutta by the next steamer, and, sending in his papers to the Governor-General, was within a fortnight gazetted lieutenant of police, and ordered to report himself at Khyrigurh, to Colonel G——.

This remote station has a mixed reputation, good as regards the numerous tigers, leopards, and deer abounding in the hills and thickets which extend far and wide around the town, and bad as regards the turbulence of its inhabitants. They are divided into two factions, about equal in numbers, one consisting of Mahommedans, and the other of Hindoos. Hence the town requires a strong force of police to keep the peace between them, and some of our most promising young men have been sent there to serve their apprenticeship under Colonel G——, the head of the police of that district.

When Lieutenant Brown reported himself to the colonel he received some good advice which in his heart he determined most loyally to follow. He knew his drill, having been a sergeant in Wath School, the boys of which could wheel, extend, advance in echelon, march past, and go through their other exercises as well as a crack volunteer company.

It was a point on which the school prided itself, this marching and countermarching. He could ride also, but only fairly, and to improve himself in this accomplishment he, on his arrival at his station, spent every spare minute in the saddle.

Returning on the Friday after his arrival at Khyrigurh from a long gallop along the banks of the stream, he found a terrible uproar in the open square of the city, which corresponds to the market-place of an English town. Men were screaming and shouting, were brandishing clubs and spears; those in the rear were pushing forward the men in front, and the men in front were breaking one another's heads with their clubs, or, worse still, inflicting deadly stabs with their rusty spears. Blood was flowing fast, and already half a dozen wounded or dead had fallen in the dividing line of the fight.

In one moment Charley had galloped along the edge of the crowd and reached an end of the line of combat; in another he was in the centre of the crowd, striking impartially the leaders on either side of his pony with his riding-whip, and ordering, in good round English, of which no one understood a word, the rioters to disperse. Two minutes later, he had separated the crowds, who stood sullenly glaring at each other, some dozen yards apart, with the lieutenant riding in the open space between them. Before this the bugles had sounded, and to the relief of Charley a force of native police marched into the market-place. Not too soon, for he had received four spear-thrusts, and was already, from loss of blood, almost too weak to sit on his horse. Yet by his prompt, if rash, action he had saved many lives.

He was carried to the police barracks, and ordered into the hospital; it was six weeks before he was fit for duty. It had not entirely been lost time, for as soon as he was strong enough he began working up the language of his district. He had given his servant many a pice, and occasionally a few annas, to chat with him, and bear his blunders with patience. Later he strolled into the bazaar to make friends with the men he had thrashed so soundly, to gain their confidence, and to show them that he wished them well, longing intensely all the time to be released from hospital. At last the welcome message came, "The colonel wishes to see you, sahib."

"Now, you young rascal, what have you got to say for yourself?" were that officer's first words.

"I really don't know, sir," the lieutenant stammered out, very much startled at the stern tone in which he was addressed.

"Don't know? I think you ought to know. Didn't you hear the bugle?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't you know that it was your duty to report the riot at the barracks instead of rushing into the crowd and getting nearly killed?"

"No, sir; that is, I forgot for the moment; I believe I did know, sir, that I ought to have reported it at once to the barracks, but I completely forgot just then."

"And look at the consequences! Another officer has had to do your duty during these six weeks; you were within a hair's breadth of losing your life—a risk you have no right to run unless ordered to do so, and I have to report you for breach of regulations."

"I am very sorry, sir." Charley was getting frightened.

"Well," continued the colonel, "I don't mean to say that you have to run here every time a couple of old women are scolding one another, but you must use some common sense. That affair was far too serious for you to try to stop it alone. Next time the bugle sounds attend to it, and you will do what is expected of you."

A fortnight later there was to be a great tiger-hunt. During the last few days several cattle had been carried off from a village not more than five miles away; the colonel, also, had some friends over for a few days; it was to be an important expedition, for the colonel believed that more than one couple were responsible for the losses.

All the officers who were off actual duty on that day received permission to go with the party. Charley, almost wild with joy, examined his breech-loader, his revolver, his saddle, mounted his spirited little horse, and set off with the rest. At first he kept well behind the colonel's elephant, for, to tell the truth, he believed that his commanding officer was very angry with him. When they reached the home of the cats he forgot all about the colonel, and took up his position at the end of the line on the side adjoining a swamp.

There was a long low hill in front; behind it a rocky gully, tented over with matted brushwood and thick trees growing from the ledges and crevices of the rocks. Down this narrow glen a small stream trickled into the swamp, which stood about neck deep in water, and might be half a mile broad; in the middle of the marsh lay a long island covered with grass more than half as tall as a man. Charley determined to beat this island himself. He sprang off his pony, handed the bridle to a private, and dashed across the muddy water, holding his rifle above his head in one hand and his pistol in the other. He crawled into the grass on his hands and knees, and in a few moments was out of sight of the party.

Out of sight of his friends, but not of an enemy. A magnificent male tiger had been lying asleep in the grass within fifty yards of the spot where Charley had reached the shore; the rout awakened him; there was a roar and a bound; the monster had hold of the lieutenant by the shoulder, and shook him as an angry cat shakes a mouse; his rifle dropped from his hands; his right arm was broken. The tiger bounded off with him towards the ravine.

The attention of the whole hunt had been drawn to the scene by the roars of the beast and the shrieks of the native policeman who was holding Brown's horse. No shot could be fired, the danger of hitting the man was too great. The colonel sprang from his howdah sheer on the ground, and rushed through the water to follow the tiger.

Meanwhile the animal had slackened his pace to a trot. Charley, who had been completely dazed by the shock of the seizure and by the shaking, was recovering his senses. They saw him waving his left arm, the one that was free. It dived into his left pocket, and was withdrawn; it slowly, how slowly! reached round to the right one—ah! there was the p's ol. He cocked it by pressing the lock against his thigh; every motion was full in sight. He groped over his shoulders feeling for the tiger's head with the muzzle, groping for its ear; deep he thrust the barrel in, fired, and the monster dropped dead!

There was a great shout, in which the colonel joined, though he had seen nothing, for he was chin deep in water, struggling through the swamp. He, in a few moments, reached his lieutenant, and found him still alive, but terribly mauled, and it required four months more of hospital nursing before he was another time fit for duty.

Once more came the summons, this time

dreaded. "The colonel wishes to see you, sir."

"Well, what excuse have you this time? You have been here a little over six months, and have done only nine days' duty."

"I am afraid I have none, sir."

"And what have I to put in the report to the authorities, do you think? You cannot suppose it will be very complimentary?"

"I have made a great ass of myself," Charley said humbly.

"You seem to be under the impression that India is governed by asses."

Lieutenant Brown was silent.

"Well, you know we cannot allow this sort of thing to go on. I have been compelled to secure your transfer to a district where there are no tigers. You are no more to be trusted than a toddling child."

Charley was aghast.

"Colonel," he gasped, "if you are going to send me away from you, you will—that is, sir, I—I—" he broke down.

"I shall what, you scapegrace?"

Charley gulped down a great lump in his throat.

"I am afraid I was saying something I ought not to have done, sir; but what I mean is, that I do hope you will not send me away from you. I would rather serve under you, sir, than any other officer living."

"Well, well, get away with you; nine days' duty out of seven months!"

Next morning the rumour was flying in the barracks that the colonel had been promoted to the Peshawur district, and that he had selected Lieutenant Brown to accompany him, which, as a special favour, had been granted, mainly on account of his brave conduct in stopping the riot in the market square. Then Charley saw that his transfer was a promotion.

He sent home his tiger's skin, which the colonel had taken care should be well cured. Two more had on that day been bagged, but Charley's was both the largest and by far the most brilliantly marked.

He has since learned more discretion from experience, but is not less brave. He is a valuable and a valued officer; and so long as our schools send out such as he, the Empire of India will continue to glitter the chief gem in the diadem of the Queen of the Sea. CLAUDE DEANE.

(THE END.)

A FEW CONUNDRUMS.

By Philip Kent, B.A.

1.

My *first*, though light, is hard to bear,
My *second* how you give beware,
My *whole*'s a feathered biped fair.

2.

My *first* is e'er a deadly wound to pride,
My *next*, and *whole*, oft deck the sailor's side.

3.

My *whole* was a poet in rhetoric so versed,
You may vow that he well knew the worth of my *first*.

4.

My *first* is a bad—or a very good—dole,
Choose my *second* with care, and with care shun my *whole*.

5.

My *first's* a stream which oft o'erflows its banks,
My *second's* a familiar form of "Thanks!"
My *third* a customary end of shanks,
My *whole* a food much relished by all ranks.

6.

To do my *first* 'tis ne'er too late,
My *second* well control,
My *third* pray shun. Forbid, kind fate!
You be or say my *whole*.

7.

My first is a Spanish (or college) grandee,
And in doors or out my *second* you'll see,
My *whole*, if you can't guess this riddle, you'll be.

A CONJURER'S ADVENTURE.

By Robert Lumsden, M.A.

I was to give an entertainment in a seaport town in the east of Scotland, and went down to it by the midday train from Edinburgh. I made all the necessary preparations in the afternoon, and after a comfortable dinner in one of the neat little hotels of the place, started for a walk along the seashore. I have loved to walk by the seaside ever since I was a boy, when I sailed and swam and dived in the water in the summer, and walked along the edge in the winter to see what treasures the shaken waters had cast up after a storm.

My walk brought me after a little to the big docks which are the main feature of the place. Here the scene was very different; by the sea there had been silence and solitude and the rhythm of the waves, more soothing than silence itself; here were great cranes tilting wagons of coal—eight tons or so in each—as lightly as if they had been matchboxes, down into the iron holds, with a deafening noise, while the engines as they brought up the trains of loaded wagons panted and whistled in a way peculiar to themselves. At one place great iron buckets swung aloft into the air loaded with salt-rock from Wales; and at another a score of workers clattered pine logs from Norway into the wagons, to be hurled off to the great pits of the county to prop the roofs of their seams.

And there were sailors scraping masts, and tarring shrouds, and swabbing decks, and hanging out washings, and mending the screw in this steamer, and boxing one another in that, and talking and shouting to one another in a dozen unknown languages; voices coming down from the clouds from mannikins perched among the rigging there, hoarse voices from the bowels of the earth from dusky coal-trimmers in the holds.

The whole place was filled with life, with strange startling noises, and strange foreign faces, and strange tongues, and strange dresses.

Well, among the ships I caught sight of one with the blue peter flying, and having noticed in my walk by the seashore that the tide was full, I waited to see the ship go out. By-and-by the gates opened slowly, the paddles of the tug began to churn, and the big ship to move. Slowly down the fairway they went together, the pilot shouting out his orders in English, and the German captain repeating them in German, the wheel going round now this way, now that, obedient to the steersman. Now they are clear of the fairway and passing into the open sea.

Darkness was by this time closing in, and the light fading. One by one the lights of the lighthouses gleamed out, shining a pale orange in the twilight. The wind was freshening from the east, sharp and cold, making the water black and restless and angry; it seemed to hunger for that ship. As I stood on the lighthouse pier, to which I had climbed to see the last of it, I fell into quite a sad mood. The plain of water stretched away cold and black mile upon mile, and the ship looked so small and weak and lonely upon it, that I became quite sentimental, and almost wished I were on board to keep the sailors company. At length I came down the steps from the lighthouse pier to the pier of the tidal dock, which is just below. I walked along it slowly and thoughtfully, and was near the end of it when a party of sailors came up. They had evidently been enjoying themselves, and some were, in their own sea phrase, already half-seas over. I was passing the group quietly enough after an amused glance at them, when one of them burst out with a roll of vile language that he *would* fight. He was a short broad man, his face red-bearded, red-nosed, and coarse generally; his recent potations had not tended to refine it. He had on a blue pea-jacket, and on his head was a fur cap. He looked a rough, dogged, tarry rascal.

One of his mates laid a controlling hand on his shoulder. He shook it off violently, however, and in the effort reeled to the side, and knocked up against me. I instinctively begged his pardon from force of habit, whereat the fellow stood for a moment looking at me with his stupid drunken eyes, next broke out into a coarse laugh, and then, turning quite solemn all at once, he shut his fist, and, before I knew where I was, struck me on the cheek.

To a person of spirit, there is something inexpressibly insulting in a blow. I felt my cheeks grow hot, and every nerve in my body quiver with anger. Yet my self-possession only rose with my passion, and as I stood confronting the fellow a curious thought struck me. I put my hand into the inside pocket of my greatcoat, drew out a case, took from it a pistol, and before any one could interpose pointed it right at the man's chest, and drew the trigger.

There was a sharp report and a slight cloud of smoke. The man put his hand

stupidly to his chest, felt something wet, looked at his hand, then down at his jacket, over which trickled a dull red streak. The drunkenness left his eyes, he became very pale, and with a groan fell back, and was caught by some of his friends.

A great uproar arose, there were loud cries of "Murder," and "Lynch him," and "Throw him in," referring to me. A crowd of sailors gathered round, and I was in great danger of being thrown into the dock. I did not feel at home among them.

But just then a tall dark man came up, better dressed than any one present. He was hailed as "Captain" by several voices, and the story told him, myself dragged forward, the pistol shown—it had been wrenched from me—and the man lying on his back, with the red stain upon his breast.

He turned round and said quietly to the crowd, "Come with me. Some of you take the man into the dockhouse. Hands off, you sir," to a sailor, who was for seizing me by the throat. "Bring him along."

So along we went, round one side of the dock, over the bridge into the town, along one street, and off that into another.

Here the tall captain stopped at a large house, rang the bell, and asked to see the Provost. He was ushered in, myself after him, and half-a-dozen sailors also; the rest of the crowd were shut out.

We were shown into a room half-parlour, half-office, where sat an elderly gentleman, grey-haired, close-shaven, and very shrewd of eye, yet kindly too I thought. How well I remember his face!

The captain introduced himself and the party, and told our business. The sailors all wanted to speak together, but the captain silenced them.

"Evans, were you there at the beginning?"

"Yessir."

"Well, you tell the magistrate the story."

So Evans, receiving advice from the others to "fire away," told the story. It was substantially correct.

And when it was done the magistrate turned to me.

"This is a bad business. Have you anything to say before I commit you?"

I said "Yes, I have. I am a conjurer by profession, and I have merely played a trick upon the man. To-night I am to give an entertainment in your town-hall."

"Stop," said he, "are you Signor Monte-alto*?"

I said "Yes."

"Go on," he said.

"And in one of my feats I use a pistol—give me the pistol." I took the case from my pocket, and from a compartment of it took another bullet.

"Now," said I, "this bullet consists of a very thin case of lead, filled with red colouring matter. When the bullet strikes anything, this hearthstone for instance," and I held the pistol downward and fired—"the case of lead is shattered, and the red colouring escapes, as you see it—look—upon the stone."

They all looked at one another, persuaded of the truth of my statement, and yet incredulous.

"Ah," said I, "I see you don't believe me yet, let's go to the dockhouse."

The captain turned to the magistrate, "Will you go, sir?"

"By all means," said he, "this is very strange."

So we went out, the sailors still keeping very near me, for I have often noticed that persons of little education, when they have once adopted a belief, hold to it in spite of the most convincing proofs (to an educated mind) that they are wrong. They still suspected me. The crowd again fell in, and were regaled with the recent developments of the story by the fortunate six. How well a sensation pleases them!

We went back the way we came, to the dockhouse. At the door we found a doctor—a young man—just about to enter. I couldn't help laughing to myself. We went in together, magistrate, doctor, captain, Evans, myself, and the others. Inside we found an excited band gathered round the groaning tar. They had laid him on a bench before the fire. His jacket and shirt were open: they had been searching for the wound! As the doctor bent over him, he gave a feeble groan. He was evidently very weak and in great pain. I let the doctor examine the man; he hunted high and low, returning every now and then to the dark stain upon the coat, and at last he turned to me with so perplexed a face, that we broke into a roar of of laughter.

Then the magistrate told the story over again, the doctor gave his patient a slap, shook him up, his messmates jerked him on to his feet, and his severe illness was over; he was rescued from the jaws of death.

After a talk and a laugh together we shook hands and went our ways. The Provost would have me home with him, introduced me to his family, talked incessantly of the adventure, would have me spend another precious bullet to show the ladies how it was done, and finally went off to the lecture-room with me, and took the chair.

The affair had got about apparently, for the meeting was very large for such a place, and the audience broke out into very marked cheers and laughter when I went on the platform.

* I may say that this is the original and uncorrupted form of the Scotch name Mouat, a name in my family.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

Saved from a Cobra.

Not long ago I read a story in the "B. O. P.," wherein was described the marvellous manner in which the author was "saved by a cobra" from the attack of a midnight robber.

It brought to my memory an adventure I once had with a cobra, the circumstances of which were I suppose less marvellous, in that I was saved, not by, but from a cobra; while at the same time, at least in my own opinion, they were quite as much so as those of the story I have quoted, because they seemed to partake somewhat of the character of what is called, but wrongly called I think, the supernatural.

"Saved from a cobra"—but saved by what? By a thought which, whatever may have been its origin, or to what cause soever we may attribute it, most certainly did save me from certain death.

Well, I was about to leave India for good, as it is called, in a few days; and I was walking home one evening from our club in an up-country station to my bungalow to dress for dinner. The night was dark, but the way was short, and it lay along a well-kept public road. I was preceded, as usual, by the familiar orderly carrying a lantern, not so much to light my path as to scare from it any snake that might be taking an evening stroll between the club and my bungalow. As I walked behind the lantern, this thought came suddenly into my mind, "I have never been bitten by a snake in all the years I have been in this country; what a curious thing it would be if I was to be bitten now, just as I am about to leave it." Only a passing thought, which vanished as quickly as it came.

When I got home I had a bit of play with my small son, while the servants were preparing my bath. When that was reported to be ready, I retired to my dressing-room and took off every stitch of clothing I had on, except a pair of slippers down at the heel.

My bath-room was at one end of my dressing-room, and the door into it was always left open while I was in the bath; this was just opposite the door, and a candle was on the dressing-table at the other end of the room, exactly opposite the door of the bath-room, so that there was a dim but sufficient light upon the tub for my purpose. The rest of the bath-room was in complete darkness, and my towels and sponge were not visible, but from constant practice I knew where to find without seeing them, and I walked as usual into the dark part of the room to get my sponge.

As I walked I heard the very faintest of sounds on the floor just in front of my feet; a sound like that you might make by drawing your finger along the carpet so faint that it was hardly audible, and I am quite sure that I should not have heard it then if my thoughts had not been directed to snakes a quarter of an hour before. I started back, saying "A snake!" got my candle, and re-entering the bath-room saw a cobra with its head up and hood outspread in the middle of the floor ready to strike; it came towards me at once, furious at having been disturbed; I fled, rushed through the dressing-room and across my study for a stick.

The doors were all open everywhere, and as I rushed across the room *in puris naturalibus* the flash of my naked body was seen from the drawing-room.

I got a thin cane, for a stick is of little use for such a purpose, and returned to the bath-room to see the tail of the snake disappearing through a mouse-hole at the bottom of the door leading into the verandah.

I opened that door, and there was the cobra; it again came at me, hissing aloud in its anger; I retreated backwards, holding my cane in one hand and half the folding door in the other, intending to shut that and keep the snake out. But he was too quick for me, and before I could shut the door he had got half over the sill. Then I banged the door to and caught him in a vice between door and frame, half in and half out of the bath-room, and so I was able to hit my prisoner on the head till he was dead.

This was not quite the end of the adventure, however. The cobra having been disposed of I kept my candle in the bath-room, got into my tub, and was splashing about comfortably, when all of a sudden came a cry from the corner between tub and wall—an unearthly sort of cry, the like of which I had never heard before or since. In a moment I was out of the tub again, and drawing it away from the wall made room for the exit of a frog!

The unwonted presence of a cobra in my bath-room was thus explained; he had come to dine upon the frog, and was in a raging fury because I had disturbed him at his work and robbed him of a dainty morsel.

The frog had partially recovered from his fright and gave vent to his feelings in the curious cry which I cannot describe.

I don't know whether this story is worth reading: it has at least the merit of absolute truth; the telling of it has interested some of my young friends, and perhaps the reading of it may interest others.

But for the warning—and warning it certainly was—given me by the fleeting thought come and gone in a moment, but nevertheless stereotyped with every other thought on my brain, I should not have noticed the sound of the crawling snake, and I should never have had time to tell the story, for he was so close to me that one more step forward or one moment's hesitation, and he would have bitten my naked foot and I should have been a dead man within twenty minutes.

C. H.

"When we were Boys together."

It is now more than twenty years ago, and yet it seems but yesterday to me, that I first met the late Bishop Parker, successor to Bishop Hannington in East Equatorial Africa. I had just left school, and Henry, as we always called him, was still a pupil at Manilla Hall, Clifton, Bristol, under the famous Dr. Hudson.

A mutual acquaintance brought us together through young Parker's wish to learn shorthand, about which I was at that time an enthusiast. My pupil did not get on very well with the shorthand, but the first few formal notes that passed between us soon gave place to a delightfully quaint schoolboy correspondence. We had planned a first meeting, and a trip up the Avon to come off on a certain Saturday afternoon; but on the morning of that long-wished-for day I received a letter from the future Bishop, informing me that, in consequence of the fellows in his dormitory having played at Indians, to the great damage of their sheets, which they had made to do duty for tents, with the help of chairs and towel-horses, the doctor had intervened, and had set Parker and his companions sufficiently lengthy impositions to keep them busy all that lovely afternoon that was to be.

We met later on at the end of the term, when Parker left school. How well I remember that first meeting. I can see him now, the well-grown lad, his dark hair and intelligent expression, his straightforward yet kindly manner, and his love of queer, out-of-the-way jokes and

jeux de mot. Unlike as we were physically, and widely as we differed in some tastes and opinions, there was a certain something, an influence divine it may have been, which soon brought us very close together, and so it was that my Henry became more than my brothers were to me.

Ah! how I should like to show you the beautiful home of my friend, you town boys who so rarely see beyond the end of the dull streets of dark London or grimy Sheffield. I see it now, that dear old house upon the hill, nestled in fine trees, and among those trees the fine mulberries under which we used to swing, and whose generous fruit we liked so well in those hot, silent, autumn afternoons when we had sweet converse together, and made our boyish plans—"and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." He alone who has hardly felt the sacred joys of a happy home-life, or perhaps not at all, can realise what Parker's home was to a lonely and afflicted boy such as the present writer was then.

There, down in the valley, was the river winding like a ribbon of molten gold, far, far away into the purple mists which came up from the Channel. We had a boat down at Swinford, and many a pleasant trip did we get. One night in the late autumn, when it was more than usually dark, we were coming up the river, and had to pass through a lock. A nice fright we had, for as we were waiting for the lock-keeper, a certain strange something, very feathery and very angry, swooped down upon us, and fastened on to my shoulder, nor would the terrible *It* leave go until the lock-man came and forcibly took his tame (?) raven away. How we laughed afterwards!

We rigged up a horizontal bar in the garden at Upton, and wonderful were the evolutions that we performed. We tried hard to get as far as the "great circle," but neither of us quite managed it. At the time of which I write, Parker was an enthusiastic geologist, and did his best to convert me to that rather gritty science. I did not enter into it, though I very much enjoyed the long rambles we had together in search of specimens, which, by the way, seemed to me to have names terrible enough to frighten a horse, at any rate a donkey. I know they bothered *me*. Parker was a splendid walker, and his abilities in this direction served him well when he went out to his duty as a Missionary Bishop. We shared most of the manly sports together, although, through deafness, I could not join him in his shooting excursions.

Parker was a lad of many parts, and though he played them well, he never for a moment lost sight of the all-mastering idea and aim of his life, namely, to become a missionary. Many a time did we talk of this, and many a time did I try to dissuade him from it. I fear I was prompted by selfish motives, but it was no light thing to lose my dearest friend. In due course, after some time spent in study at home, Parker went to the University. Then our personal acquaintance almost ceased, not that we wished it, but through force of circumstance. But our correspondence continued, and the last letter I had from my Henry was dated from Mombaza only a few days before our Best Friend called His faithful servant away in the midst of his work. In that letter he said to me, "I often think of the old and happy days when we were boys at Upton. I wonder whether we shall ever meet again? Think of it, F——, we have never exchanged one angry word." And that, surely, is a sweet consolation. *Deo gratias!*

F. S.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Literary.

(*Continued from p. 751.*)

SECOND DIVISION (*ages* 17 *to* 20).

Prize—One Guinea.

E. R. BROOME (aged 18), Silverdale, Owen Street, Wellington, New Zealand.

CERTIFICATES.

[*The names are arranged approximately in order of merit.*]

KATHARINE DOROTHY MADDISON, Partney Hall, Spilsby, Lincolnshire.

P. CLOUGH AINSWORTH, 112 High Street, Lincoln.

FRANCES M. JENKIN, Trewergie, Redruth.

E. POOLE CONNOR, Poole Villa, The Grove, Hackney.

SYDNEY F. WRIGHT, 55, Gough Road, Edgbaston.

THOMAS PAPE, Hamstead Hill School, Handsworth, Birmingham.

JAS. H. BENTLEY, 7, St. Mary's Parade, Lancaster.

MABEL F. WESTON, 4, Gordon Villas, Whyke Lane, Chichester.

EDITH DIVALL, 144, London Road, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells.

ADÈLE ROBILLIARD, c/o MRS. BENNETT, The Oak House, Albrighton.

C. A. ALLEN, 50, Lorne Street, Kidderminster.

C. P. JENKINSON, 38, High Street, Kettering.

E. WILKS, 75, Sheen Park, Richmond, Surrey.

W. J. SAULL, 9, Ellingfort Road, Hackney, N.E.

ALEX. B. HUBLY, Sussex Corner, King's Co., New Brunswick, Canada.

HENRY FLETCHER, 15, Shrewsbury Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

AZOR PRATT, Bargate House, Mildenhall, Suffolk.

I. T. B. BODYCOMB, Fern Grange, Callignee, Gipps Land, Vic., A.

B. CARTHEW, 24, Handel Street, Brunswick Square, W.C.

W. J. SHANBY, 3, Oxford Road, Ealing, W.

A. M. D'URBAN HUGHES, Clergy Orphan School, Canterbury.

F. A. BOUCHER, 6, Webb Street, Stapleton Road, Bristol.

A. N. MCLEOD, 6, Sylvan Place, Grange, Edinburgh.

WM. RANSOM, 4, Britannia Square, Worcester.

M. B. WELLS, 4, Knave Terrace, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

S. A. DEALL, 53, Winchester Street, Salisbury, Wilts.

E. E. Ruston, East Park Street, Chatteris.

SENIOR DIVISION (*ages* 20 *to* 24).

Prize—One Guinea.

WILLIAM EDWARD CULE (aged 20), 63, Glamorgan Street, Canton, Cardiff.

CERTIFICATES.

HENRIETTA G. V. DILLON, Heathfield Towers, Youghal, Co. Cork, Ireland.

FRANCES MARY JAMES SPEETON, De Pary's Avenue, Bedford.

ALFRED J. WOOLLEY, 11, Promenade, Nottingham.

G. A. WILSON, 19, Panmure Place, Edinburgh.

E. M. SOLLY, Holland House, Romford Road, Manor Park, E.

HETTA WILKS, 75, SHEEN PARK, Richmond, Surrey.

F. M. HAINES, Beech Grove, Ulverston.

RHODA LANE, 3, Meynell Road, South Hackney, N.E.

JOSEPH LYDALL, 26, Oxford Road, Clarendon Park, Leicester.

W. D. HISCOCK, 7, Margate St., Hills Avenue, St. Luke's Road, Bedminster, Bristol.

ALFRED WOLFE, North Curry Classes, Taunton, Somerset.

OVER-AGE CERTIFICATES.

REV. HENRY LISTER, British Chaplain, Lyon, France.

JANIE DUFFIN, Woodlands, Isleworth.

W. GORDON COOPER, 8, London Street, Edinburgh.

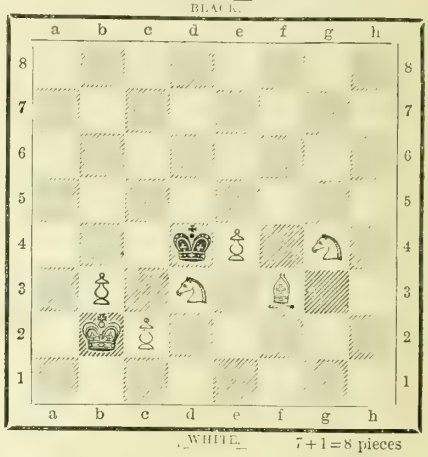
RICHARD RIGBY, 12, Acorn St., Sheerness-on-Sea.

The number of competitors was not quite so large, nor the merit so conspicuously high, as in the previous Literary competition, where "True Courage" was the theme; still, some of the work was very commendable. We are always glad to see the efforts of boys who have not, as they say, "been blessed with much education," and full credit is always given for talent shown. Many types of manhood have been selected for treatment, and a considerable number of writers have rightly pointed to the Saviour as the standard of true manhood; the measure of the stature of the perfect man is in Christ.

CHESS.

Problem No. 275.

BY A. D'ORVILLE.



7+1=8 pieces

White to play, and mate in five (5) moves.

TOMLINSON'S POEMS.

Professor Tomlinson, to whom we referred on page 495, has published a volume of poems on chess, which partly refers to players of fifty years ago, and partly contains instructive lessons. Page 67 illustrates that one should not devote too many hours to chess, and would also do well to abstain from smoking, etc. A few short aphorisms are these:—

THE CONTRAST.

The wise man thinks before he speaks,
And words of wisdom from him fall;
The fool speaks first, then haply thinks,
Or he may never think at all.

So in our royal game of chess
The rule of life is still the same;
Folly frets out its thoughtless hour,
And Wisdom plays a cautious game.

FALLIBILITY.

Play your best moves: in every game
You'll find some bad ones all the same.

TOUCH AND MOVE.

Es liesse sich alles trefflich schlichten,
Könnte man die Sachen zweimal verrichten.
GÖTHE.

We might escape, ah me! how many a pain,
Could we recall bad moves and play again.

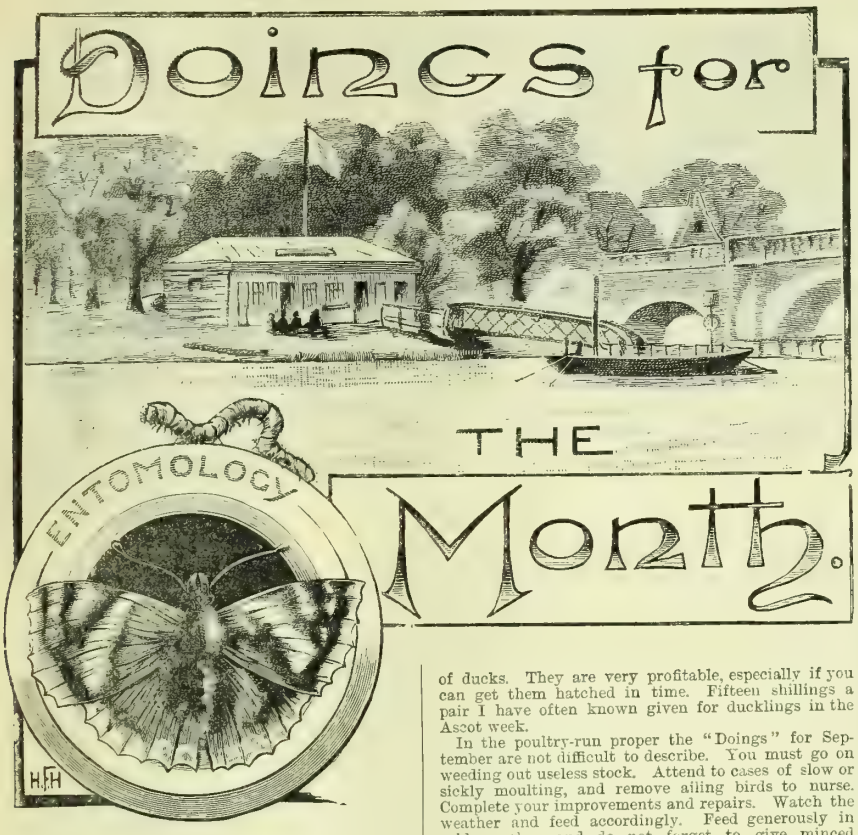
TO CHESS CORRESPONDENTS.

E. H. R.—The above fine problem appears at your request in order to establish the right authorship. It is not by the Mahommedan Indian Monloi, as was some years ago stated in two well-known London papers; but d'Orville published a book of his problems in French in the year 1842.

J. SWYER.—Your moves in Horwitz's study are interesting. The position is:—White, K—Q Kt 2; B—Q 3; Kt—Q B 5; Ps—Q Kt 5, Q B 3, Q 4, K 2, K 5, K Kt 2, and K R 2. Black, K—Q 4; Q—K B 5; Ps—Q Kt 3, Q B 5, K 3, K 6, K B 4, and K Kt 5. White moves and wins. The author's solution 1. B—K 4 (ch.), Q×B. 2. Kt—Q 7, etc., cannot be shortened by 2. Kt×Q, for not the K but the P would take the Kt, and a stalemate would result.

W. T. H.—Your discovery in No. 266 (P—B 6) has been communicated to the author. It is well to place the white K on K R 3, remove the B, and shift the P from Q B 2 to K 2. No. 271 is very artistic.

F. S.—No. 270 is not so easy, for if 1. R—Kt 4, then B—B 5, and if 1. Kt×Kt P, then P—Q 7. Fritz af Geijerstam, the Swedish composer, died on October 18, 1890, at the age of 38 years.



SEPTEMBER.

I.—In Poultry-Run, Pigeon-Loft, Aviary, Rabbitry, Kennel, Garden, etc.

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.

The Poultry-Run.—"Fine weather for ducks and millers." This is a saying common in bonnie Scotland during the prevalence of much rain. Well, I don't know a deal about millers, but I do know a little about ducks, and I am going to give you some hints about them. To begin with, they *do* thrive better where they can find access to water. A dam or pond is better, though they themselves, I believe, enjoy far more a small running stream with green grassy banks and a pool here and there. They follow it down a long way, stand on their heads in the pools and get all kinds of fun and all kinds of food. Only in this case they are apt to lay away from home. So if you have a pond in or near your own grounds you will find eggs more abundant. I myself am very partial to ducks' eggs; they have a more decided flavour than either turkeys' or peahens'. They are dearer, of course, and this fact makes it all the more profitable for those who have got them for sale. Then again, roast duck with green peas isn't half a bad dish. Place before a hungry man a goodly duck, a quart of delicious green peas, with a pound or two of new potatoes, and after he had picked the bones, he ought almost to feel satisfied.

Now ducks always do best where they have plenty of space to roam about in, over the grass and into the pond, etc. But they should be invariably well treated, and receive tit-bits at home morning and evening. In my opinion a duck is far wiser than a hen, and not half so harum-scarum; so I think, if your ducks lay away from home, it is because you don't use them over-well.

Yes, they like freedom, but you can get up a very nice duckery indeed if you have space—say, in your garden. The house is much the same as that for fowls, without the perches and with low nests. It need not be high. The floor should be concrete, and short straw will be needed to make a comfortable lair; for ducks, after coming out of the water, are apt to catch cold and cramp if they squat on a cold floor.

Don't overcrowd your duckery.

The fence around the gravelled run may be low but strongish.

A pond must be made in the run as big as you have room for. This, of course, must be cemented. And really if the yard all over is cemented too it will be better. Good, strong, rough work is best. I hardly think a boy could do this cementing work, so I shall not waste my space in describing the process.

Or, for the floor of the house and yard, a strong bottom of rubble may be put down, and this covered over with a mixture of sand, tar, and lime. I shall have much pleasure in returning to this subject later and telling you all about the feeding and breeding of ducks. They are very profitable, especially if you can get them hatched in time. Fifteen shillings a pair I have often known given for ducklings in the Ascot week.

In the poultry-run proper the "Doings" for September are not difficult to describe. You must go on weeding out useless stock. Attend to cases of slow or sickly moulting, and remove ailing birds to nurse. Complete your improvements and repairs. Watch the weather and feed accordingly. Feed generously in cold weather, and do not forget to give minced boiled bullock's lights and meaty scraps to laying fowls.

The Pigeon-Loft.—There is one question I am constantly being asked by some one or other of my little family of 200,000 boys. You see I am really worse off than the little old lady who lived in a shoe. But the question is, How can I distinguish the sex of pigeons? Well, it is impossible to describe on paper. If a cock bird is in health he is more saucy, more bold and energetic looking altogether. I don't think, though, that anybody could pronounce for certain all at once. I'm sure no boy could. But here is a plan that the Malays of South Africa—where I have spent much time—adopt. I give it for what it is worth, and should be pleased if my boys would try it and report their success. The pigeon is gently but firmly held for a short time till quiet in the left hand. Then with the right finger and thumb you seize the bill and draw the head slowly down and forwards. A hen, with the humility of her sex, will submit to this, but a cock will resist. In plain English, he'll see you further first.

Well, the pigeon season has drawn to a close. I trust my boys are content with the experience they have gained, and contented with my humble efforts to give them hints. Have you done your autumn cleaning and repairing? If not, lose no time. Make all repairs and all improvements you can think of. Protect birds well that are moulting. They must suffer neither from cold nor damp.

Weed out. Beware of overcrowding. Attend at once to any pigeon that seems to mope or to be ailing.

The Aviary.—I have little to say for this department this month. Just continue to feed well on clear canary and rape, two of the former to one of the latter. Give chickweed, groundsel, and plantain in seed, and a morsel of lettuce leaf occasionally will not hurt. Beware of hemp—else your birds will get spiritless and fat, and lose their voices; or they may become asthmatical. Of course, sand and fine gravel should be given, and the soft pure filtered water changed day after day. If you mean to go in for breeding fancy canaries next year, now is your time to read up and make yourself acquainted with their points and properties. In addition to this, boys who are fond of birds—whether canaries, foreign or British—can never lose anything by going to a show, especially if they have first and foremost made themselves acquainted with the characteristics of their feathered favourites.

The Rabbitry.—Finish repairs at once. There is no time to lose, with cold and wet weather on ahead if not already present. The coats of long-haired rabbits soon get matted, and if so, they lose all beauty, and it is almost impossible to tease them out. Well, if you clip them in cold weather you open the door to disease and inflammation. No boy who cannot regularly see to his rabbits or guinea-pigs should keep the long-haired varieties.

Let the rabbits' oats be clean and free from dust, and the roots free from dirt. Don't leave anything about to decay. Nothing breeds disease sooner than dust and dirt and decaying vegetation. Feed well and regularly. Bed well.

The Kennel. As the weather gets more inclement washing your favourite should give place to daily grooming. Keep the dog's kennel—if out of doors—dry and warm; turn the door away from the prevailing winds. Feed well and substantially. Give regular exercise. Here is a hint: always give some food if the dog is wet and shivery. I invariably rub my own dogs down with rough towels after they have come in from a wet walk, or after they have been swimming, and I feel sure it saves much illness. Strangely enough, I never remember having a dog of mine die from anything except the debility of old age.

The Gardens.—Read last month's "Doings." Flowers will still be blooming prettily in beds and window-boxes, but the beauty of these is much marred if they are permitted to wander all over the ship. Keep all tidy, therefore, and tie up wherever needed.

Continue to plant cabbages and kale, endive and lettuces. Continue to kill weeds. Tidy borders and walks. There may be much beauty in a garden in September, but there can be none without tidiness.

II.—Entomology.

By Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.

During this month the entomologist should take advantage of every sunny hour, for the days are fast closing in, and before very long almost all outdoor work will have come to an end.

There is not much to be done with the butterflies. The Vanessas are coming out, however, and should be looked for on thistle-blossoms, or decaying fruit, and on the over-night's "treacles." I once saw hundreds of Red Admirals—ten and fifteen on a tree—busily sucking up the remains of the intoxicating mixture before ten o'clock in the morning. The hornets were numerous that year, and many a Red Admiral found its way to their larder.

Look out for that great prize, the far-famed Camberwell Beauty (*V. antiopa*). It turns up occasionally almost everywhere; but few collectors ever seem to meet with more than one or two specimens. The Comma (*V. C. album*) appears to be dying out, and you will be lucky if you find it. It seems to prefer the neighbourhood of hop-gardens. The Large Tortoiseshell (*V. polychloros*), too, is scarcely so common as it was. Still keep on the watch for the "Queen of Spain."

The Convolvulus Hawk-moth (*Sphinx convolvuli*) hovers over petunias at dusk. It will return to the same flowers again and again; so that, if you should miss it once, you will very likely have a second opportunity of netting it. Get the net close to it as it hovers as quietly as you can, and then make a sudden, sharp stroke. You may take the Humming-bird Hawk (*Macroglossa stellatarum*) over the same flowers in the day-time.

Several of the "Thorns" are out, and visit gas-lamps after dark. The Large Thorn (*Ennomos alniaria*), once a great rarity, is now not uncommon; but as a large batch of foreign eggs were put down a few years since by a collector who ought to have known better, it is probable that most of the specimens captured are not true natives. Beating there is none to be done, and palings and tree-trunks are not likely to be very productive.

Sugar, however, on warm nights, will still attract multitudes of moths, including the exquisite Xanthias. The first time that I ever saw one of these lovely moths sipping at the treacle, it almost took my breath away! The "Sword Grasses" (*Calocampa vetusta* and *exoleta*) appear, too, and are most deceptive-looking creatures when they sit with their wings closed. Occasionally a *Xylina* bears them company. One of these—*X. zinckenii*—the rarest moth that ever I saw alive, and only the third British specimen known, was taken at sugar by a friend, who imagined that it was a common Grey Dagger, and had no idea of the prize he had got until the next day!

Give up as much time as you can—especially in the earlier part of the month—to caterpillar hunting. Most larvæ will be pretty well full fed by now, and will give very little trouble. Take care to have three or four inches of fine mould at the bottom of your breeding-cage, and see that caterpillars which "spin up" are not disturbed.

N.B.—Many caterpillars feed only after dark, and you will have to search for them by the aid of a lantern.

The coleopterist should turn his attention to fungi, especially those growing upon trees, which sometimes swarm with beetles. Never shall I forget bringing home once, in a big canvas bag, fungi and all, something like *three thousand* beetles, nearly two thousand of which belonged to a species perfectly new to science. This was from West Wickham wood, near Croydon, and I do not suppose that I shall ever have such a haul again. If you come across a tree tenanted by Goat-moth caterpillars, carefully search the entrance to the burrows. Many good beetles live in the "frass" which collects there. A dead rat or two, laid down in suitable localities, will probably produce numbers of burying beetles; and of weevils and ladybirds you will most likely find more than you can set.

Correspondence.



J. L. P. —1. Chromic acid is said to be the best, and I think it will give a more continuous current. Chromic acid, 6 ounces; water, 1 quart; sulphuric acid (by measure), 6 ounces. Dissolve the chromic acid, and add the sulphuric acid in a thin stream. Leave till cold before using, and fill the jars to the usual height with this mixture. 2. There are not many. You might light a small vacuum tube. With some coils it is possible to charge a Leyden jar. The electric discharge over a plate of mica is very pretty, forming feathery branches of light. Your coil is hardly large enough for many experiments.

Dynamo (Frampton Cotterell).—Very sorry you have not got it right, but it may be done yet. The wires you sent are much too thick, and the insulation is not good. We should advise you to write to Mr. Bottone for the wire, as you got the castings from him, as of course he must know exactly the right sizes required for his own dynamo, and the right amount of both. The amount required is under 1½ ounce for magnet, and 1 ounce for armature. If you get the wires from him, and still it won't work, he will tell you what is wrong, if you send him the machine. Let us know if you are successful.

Electric (J. R. Wilkins).—It does not matter at all whether the axle goes through the cylinder of the armature or not, so long as it is fixed tightly to it, and is centrally placed, so that the cylinder cannot "wobble" as it turns.

Tramcar.—You will find full instructions how to make an electric tramcar in "Amateur Work," Part 16, New Series (March 1890). We have had no article on that as yet. It may come in time.

Model Engine (Subscriber).—The rivets are always headed over from the outside, placing the flat head of rivet inside the boiler, holding it close against the metal by means of a heavy hammer-head or flat bar of iron, whilst you scrub the other end down with a light hammer. Do not give one heavy blow, but lightly hammer round on the edge until the metal of the rivet has spread and extended slightly beyond the rivet-hole, when it may be finished off with a "swag," which is simply a piece of steel with a flat end, in which a small cup-shaped hole or semicircular dent has been drilled. This should be placed over rivet and a heavy blow given; this gives a neat finish and a uniform shape to all the rivets. The price charged by firm mentioned could be easily ascertained, but would no doubt be very considerable. Why not make it entirely yourself, and have the pleasure of knowing it is entirely your own work?

Food for Pigeons (W. P. B.).—1. Grain of all kinds, such as tick beans, good grey pieces, wheat, tares, dari, etc. Give gravel and clean water. 2. The "Exchange and Mart" costs 2*d.*, and is published every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Stealing Fox-terrier (Ivan).—Why, give him in charge of the nearest policeman, of course.

Cure for Scurvy (Two Readers).—State your case, please. We don't believe you mean scurvy, which is a terrible disease, brought about from want of vegetable diet, and seldom seen nowadays, except among Greenland sailors. If you mean scurf in the hair, a borax lotion is your remedy.

Pigeons (S. V.).—1. In many ways, too numerous here to mention. 2. No; grain, of course. We believe some boys would expect their pigeons to eat beef-steak and onions! 3. When they are mated and have the young.

Training (F. G. L.).—If you have stitch in the side when running, and are soon pumped, you cannot be in form. You must go at it gradually. Walk good long distances, and take a run as a sprint now and then during the walk. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know.

The "Wanderer" Caravan (G. Hinkley).—We handed your letter to the owner, who says: "If you saw the 'Wanderer' in camp at Deal, why did you not ask permission to inspect her? The doctor is always pleased to see readers of the 'B. O. P.' while he is on the road. Strange to say, though many of his lady-readers come on board, boys are nearly always too shy. Yet the doctor doesn't eat boys—big or little! His last book on caravan life is out of print. His new one will be published shortly."

How to Perspire (Jack Point).—You are sensible, anyhow. But it is very difficult to give advice about keeping down fat in boys. Avoid sugar, potatoes, and flour-food of all kinds as much as possible. Study to live all you can on fish and animal food. Have a tub every morning, and a Turkish bath once a week, if it will run to it. If not, sweat well by running yourself.

Growing a Moustache (An Old Reader). The chemist was right in putting a poison label on. Else you might have drunk it. Do you see? Then the moustache might have grown inside instead of out!

Weakness (Miserrimus).—You just go on, lad, trusting to Heaven and praying. What you complain of is to some extent natural. But study, as you are doing, to be pure in mind. Remember this—one's dreams are too often but the reflection of our waking thoughts.

Canary plucking its Feathers (Ajax).—Feed on canary seed and rape. No dainties. See if it has vermin. A little sulphur ointment under wings and round neck would then do good.

Photography (S. Crow).—As you have "taken the 'B. O. P.' for several years, and found it very useful for photography," it seems odd that you should not have found out that the formula for the ferrous oxalate developer was given in the article on "Christmas-boxes made by Photography," in No. 622 (January part, 1891), and another formula in the article on "Photographic Developers," in No. 630 (March part, 1891). The developer is the same for bromide papers and negatives. You will also get full instructions in every packet of paper.

Sidney J. Brighouse.—Your ringed snakes will probably feed when the weather gets warmer; you need not be alarmed at their abstinence, as they can fast for many months without apparent detriment. Try them by-and-by with frogs, slugs, tadpoles, and lobworms, and shut them up when you do so in such a way that they may feel themselves safe from observation. Give them plenty of water.

Various (Duchess).—1. Yes; some of our boys are a bit conceited. 2. When moulting, keep the bird warm. Cover up at night, and, if weakly, put a rusty nail in the water. 3. No; lemonade won't make you thin. Take ten drops of tincture of iron in water thrice daily after meals for pallor of complexion, and lots of exercise. 4. A sinew has started: bathe it twice a day in cold water. 5. Brick dust? No; soot.

Various (Ben Gedney).—1. What can you mean by saying you want "to get in" with a pigeon-fancier? Breed something worth showing. That's the road to success. 2. No. 3. Mere superstition. 4. Yes; the plan of caviary would do for rabbits.

Staghound (Boy Nimrod).—Staghound you mean. The same as the foxhound, only they follow the deer.

Pigeons and Fowls (F. Higdon).—1. Yes; Lyell's. Not coloured. 2. No; "Home and Farm Favourites" takes in everything, from dogs and donkeys, cats and monkeys, and even silkworms. 3. Cassell and Upcott Gill have books *all* about fowls; and 4. "Exchange and Mart" poultry columns.

Rabbit with Sore Paw (Abram Prout).—Wash clean, and cover with zinc ointment twice a day.

Aquarium (Euphemia).—1. No need to apologise about writing because you are a girl. We have many girl-readers, and the cry is, still they come. 2. You won't do well without the snails, etc., in the aquarium, as they eat the slime. They also eat the confervæ on the glass, and keep it clean to a great extent.

A Cat's Query (Tam).—Tell your master, Tammie, or your mistress, to feed you extra well and brush you every day. All cats moult in spring.

Goldfish (C. D.).—Read "Freshwater Aquarium" in a recent number.

Incubators (J. E. Blaine).—Too long for Correspondence columns. See "Doings" for June.

Constipation (Armiger).—We are always pleased to hear from our *very old boys*. Constipation is a disagreeable thing, and most difficult to cure. In your case we believe it is caused by atony or debility of the walls of the gut. Constantly taking medicine only debilitates these. Take all the exercise you can, and use an enema instead of medicine. An electropathic belt often does good.

Bird Singing (Bird Lover).—Not well till after moulting.

Blue under Eyes (Stanley).—Poverty of blood. Take ten drops of tincture of iron thrice daily in water, or a quinine-and-iron mixture.

Angora Rabbit (P. Jordan).—They need extra room. A small hutch will not do at all. Also grooming. If you once get them matted, it is all up.

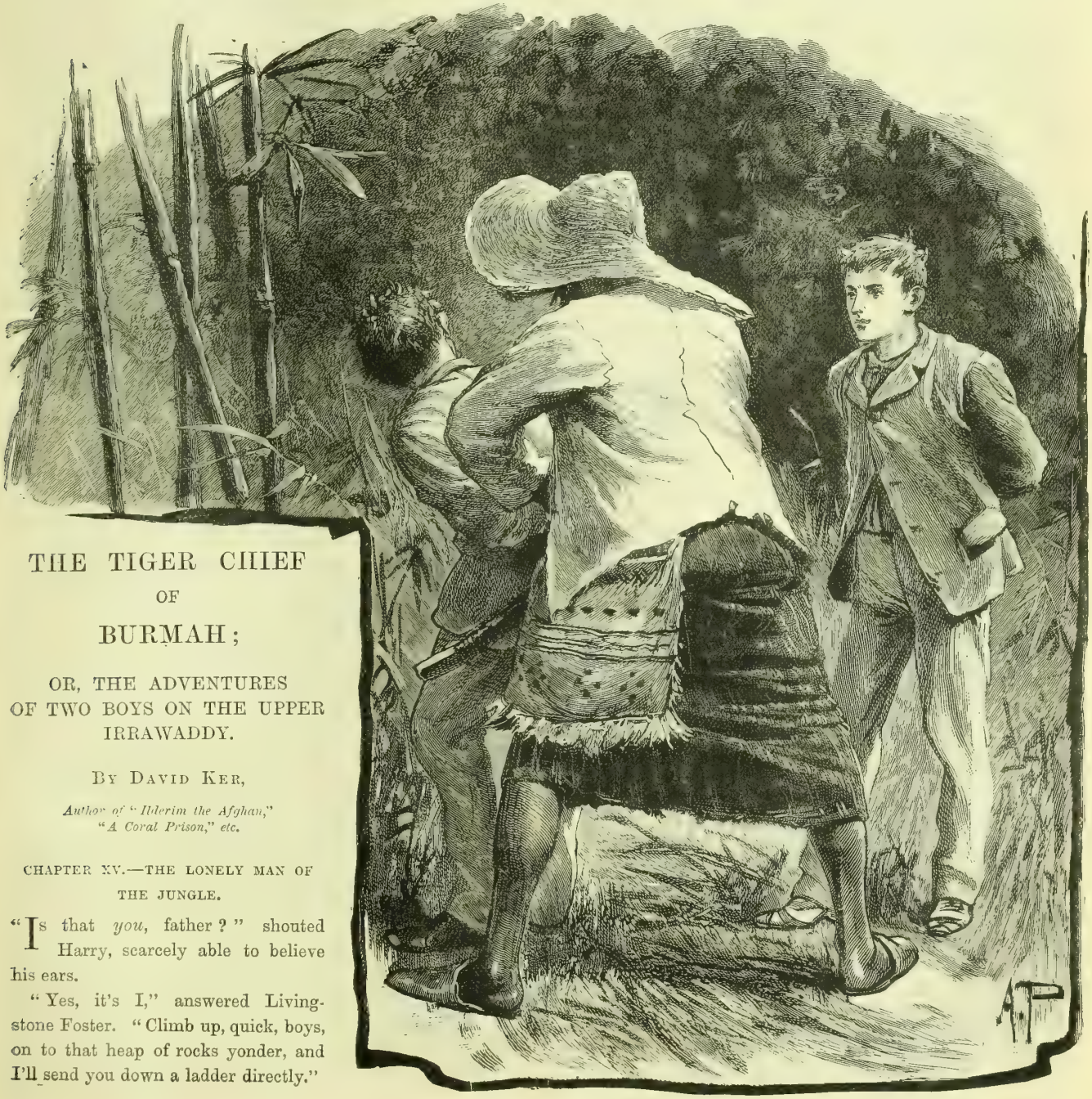
Weakness in Back (Esperanza).—Better consult a doctor personally, as your kidneys may be wrong.

Deaths (A. H. and many others).—It is next to impossible to tell from simple description the cause of death in an animal, and we cannot undertake *post mortems*.

Chemist or Doctor (Mastadon).—Get the rules and regulations from any University and study hard in your spare time. Pecuniarily speaking, the chemist is often as well off as the doctor, though he does not rank so high socially.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 660.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ilderim the Afghan," "A Coral Prison," etc.

CHAPTER XV.—THE LONELY MAN OF THE JUNGLE.

"Is that *you*, father?" shouted Harry, scarcely able to believe his ears.

"Yes, it's I," answered Livingstone Foster. "Climb up, quick, boys, on to that heap of rocks yonder, and I'll send you down a ladder directly."

"Fred submitting to be bound in his turn."

The active lads scrambled like monkeys up the vast pile of fallen rocks that sloped upward like a buttress against the side of the precipice, mounting it just in time to avoid the circle of fire that was closing around them. But they seemed to have escaped one peril only to be overtaken by another; for at that moment the underground passage (which acted like a vast speaking-tube) brought plainly to their ears the approaching voices of *men*, who—as they well knew—must be either their former jailers returning, or a fresh band of Burmans coming to learn the cause of the mysterious conflagration

But an instant's reflection told them that they were in no danger, for the wall of fire that kept them *in* the hollow, would equally keep the Burmans *out* of it. Moreover, just then, something like a rope ladder came swinging down to them over the edge of the crater. And in fact, it *was* a rope-ladder of nature's own making — a seemingly endless coil of intertwined creepers, one end of which Mr. Foster had cut loose and flung down.

It would have been an awkward climb for many *men*, but the strong and nimble lads, thoroughly rested by their long sleep, made short work of it, and were soon beyond the reach of the flames.

"Jack and the Beanstalk," said Fred, with a chuckle.

"But we mustn't leave the beanstalk here to tell tales," rejoined his uncle dragging up the creepers by which they had ascended. "They'll think the fire an accident if they see no trace of visitors; but if they were to guess the truth, we should have them at our heels in no time. And now," he added, taking some bread and dried fruit from his pouch, "eat while you can, for we have a long march before us."

"Where are we going, then, father?" asked Harry, with his mouth full.

"That's just what I wish some one could tell *me*, my boy," replied Foster, laughing; "but anyhow, we mustn't stay here, for some of these fellows probably know the path by which I came up, and might drop in upon us just when we don't want them; and the sooner we're out of this district altogether, the better chance we shall have to keep our heads on our shoulders."

It was a strange kind of picnic, on the summit of an extinct volcano, with a raging fire below, and merciless foes all around; but the daring boys, who felt ready for anything after their recent series of wild adventures, showed no sign of fear.

While they made their hasty meal, Foster told briefly the terrible news of which they were still ignorant — the rising of the Northern Burmans against England, the fall of the British forts, and, lastly, the destruction of Kyook-Pew, and the fate of Merrincourt and Marston.

"Poor Mr. Marston!" cried Harry, wrathfully, "isn't it too bad? And after he'd been so good to that wretched Tiger Chief, too! What a brute that fellow must be!

'And now," concluded Mr. Foster, "the War-Tiger's master of the whole province; he's blockaded Bhamo itself, and some of his bands have gone raiding almost as far as Mandalay; and the English troops sent to put down the revolt can't come up for several weeks yet; and so, altogether, we're in a rather awkward fix."

"And what are we to do, then, uncle?" asked Fred, who, after all that he had heard of his uncle's exploits, had the fullest confidence in the latter's ability to "straighten things out" somehow, crooked as they seemed at present.

"Well, you can't very well pass for Burmans, and fighting's not to be thought of, even if you hadn't lost your fire-arms; for any natives that we may meet with are likely to come fifty or sixty strong, and that's rather long odds against three. The best plan is for you to go as prisoners whom I've captured in an attempt to escape. I'll tie your hands behind you, and march you through the jungle till we fall in with some of these bands of Burmese raiders who are flocking south to join the Tiger Chief, and then we'll just join *them*, and travel along with them for *safety*!"

Even Harry looked startled at this audacious proposal, which the great explorer made as coolly as if he were only planning an afternoon stroll. But a moment's reflection convinced both boys that no other plan would enable them to pass through this perilous district unsuspected.

"And then," pursued Mr. Foster, "by travelling along with these fellows, we may find out all sorts of things about the strength and movements of the enemy, and the plans of the War-Tiger himself, which may be very useful to General Roberts when he comes up here to tackle them."

"What? Is old Sir Frederick coming to thrash 'em himself?" cried Harry, as he rose and put his hands behind him, while his father bound them firmly with a supple creeper which he had just cut for the purpose. "Hurrah for him!"

"But look here, uncle,' said Fred, submitting to be bound in his turn, "suppose we fall in with Tum-Ti, or some of the other fellows from the War-Tiger's band, won't they know *you*?"

"Tum-Ti might, but I don't think any of the rest would in my present disguise," replied Foster; "and besides, I don't think we should meet any of them here, for, now that it's known the War-Tiger isn't dead after all, but alive and victorious, every man who can handle knife or gun will hurry south to join him. Now, let's be moving; but stay—you can't go bareheaded in this sun, you know. Give me your scarfs, and I'll twist 'em into turbans for you."

The sashes used to blindfold the boys when first captured were now turned into caps for them; and the party was just about to start, when the fettered Harry cried distressfully:

"Oh, father, *do* scratch my nose! Something's bitten it, and it itches like mad!"

His father laughed and complied; and then away went the three down the mountain-side in single file, Fred and Harry linked together by a stout withe, while Foster appeared to be driving them before him. The "path" of which he had spoken was quite invisible to the boys, but "The Lonely Man of the Jungle" seemed to find his way by instinct through the bristling mass of matted boughs, and then down a black narrow chasm in the cliff, which brought them to the foot of the mountain.

But by this time the sun was pretty high in the sky, and amid that sweltering jungle—where no breath of air could make itself felt through the impenetrable wall of leaves—the growing heat soon began to tell in earnest. Fred and Harry bore up manfully for a time; but, strong and active as they were, they had neither the iron muscles nor the tireless energy of their guide, who tramped steadily on with an unfailing vigour which Stanley himself might have applauded. The constraint of their fettered arms, too, hampered them not a little; and by the end of the first hour's march they began to show unmistakable signs of flagging.

Seeing this, Mr. Foster slackened his pace, and began to amuse them with stories of his adventures among the mountains after leaving them at Fort Kyook-Pew. He told them how he had penetrated into a hitherto unexplored part of the border range, where, having cured an old chief of an "evil spirit inside of him" (*i.e.*, a fit of indigestion caused by overeating), he had been taken for a magician, and almost worshipped. Then, the presence of an "English spy" in the hills having been vaguely noised abroad, he had joined an expedition to hunt for himself, and had gained great credit as a prophet by foretelling that the spy would not be caught after all—a prophecy which, as may be supposed, came perfectly true.

A little later, he had got lost on the mountains, and, being caught in a snowstorm, seemed to have no hope of escape, when he suddenly lighted upon a half-effaced trail of footprints, and, following it, came right into a den of native robbers! But they, taking him for a Burmese brigand like themselves, entertained him hospitably, and guided him next morning to the path that he had wished to reach.

Then he told how he had got back to Kyook-Pew just in time to see it melt away in flames, and how, mingling undetected with the War-Tiger's band in the darkness, he had heard them speak of the two white boys whom their Chief had carried off as prisoners to the "Hollow Mountain." He was just proceeding to relate how he had come thither in quest of them, when he paused all at once, bent forward as if listening intently, and then signed to the boys to halt, a signal which they gladly obeyed.

Whispering to them not to stir from the spot till he returned, Foster crept noiselessly forward, and vanished among the bushes, returning as cautiously a few moments later.

"We're in luck, my boys," said he in a low tone; "here's a Burmese camp close by us, and they're all fellows from the northern hills, who won't suspect anything. We can fool *them* easily enough, and we'll just travel south with them till we get within reach of the English army, and then make a bolt for it. Come along, and remember that you're my prisoners, and that all you have to do is to hold your tongues, and look as sulky and chop-fallen as you can."

Then, driving his pretended captives before him, he went boldly forward into the ring of savage mountaineers (who were encamped in a small clearing on the bank of a tiny stream), and addressed them in their own dialect:

"Well met, brothers! may your path be prosperous! These two young rogues

are prisoners whom I have caught trying to escape from the Hollow Mountain, where they had been shut up by our great Chief, the Tiger of War, upon whom may all good fortune attend! If you are on your way to join him, I pray you to let us journey along with you. These *kullah-goong* (foreign brutes) might escape from me alone, and kill them I must not, for the Tiger Chief has bidden us keep them for ransom, and do them no harm; but they will be safely guarded with so many brave sons of the mountain all around them."

Foster's speech was highly approved, and several of the warriors rose and came forward to welcome him and to assure him of their friendship. They offered him food, and made room for him among them, having evidently no suspicion that he was anything but what he seemed; and he, on his part, made himself as perfectly at home among these ferocious savages (who would have killed him on the spot had they had the least inkling of his real character) as if he had been in an English drawing-room.

The white captives at once became objects of universal curiosity; for very few Englishmen had ever penetrated the northern mountains save in disguise, and several men among the Shans (as these wild fellows were called) had never seen a white face in their lives. In a trice the two lads found themselves hemmed in by a complete ring of gaunt, high-cheeked, wolfish visages, crowned with those huge straw hats that had so much amazed Fred when he first saw them at Rangoon; and when they began to eat (for Foster had set food before them, and unbound their arms to let them eat it) the worthy savages watched every mouthful as eagerly as boys watching for the explosion of a firework.*

One of the younger Shan warriors—a lad only a few years older than Fred Milburn himself—pressed close up to the Yankee boy, and began to examine the latter's white face with a look of amused astonishment. He was still peering into it like a child staring at a new doll, when Fred suddenly uttered a short, sharp, angry bark, so like that of a real dog that the startled savage instinctively took a hasty step backward, and, in doing so, stumbled and fell sprawling on his back, amid a roar of laughter from his grim companions, who, like all their countrymen, combined the thoughtless merriment of children with the merciless ferocity of wild beasts.

Toward afternoon the Shans started again, carrying their three new comrades along with them. And now began the strangest journey that the adventurous boys had ever known. Travelling under the protection of their deadliest foes—bound and led as prisoners by their own father and uncle—marching steadily to join the sworn enemy and destroyer of their race—they might well wonder at times whether all this were real, or only a wild dream. But, boy-like, they soon got used to their strange surroundings, and entered gleefully into the spirit of this extraordinary adventure; while Livingstone Foster himself, with his usual reckless love of perils from which most men would have shrunk, enjoyed it quite as much as *they* did.

* One of my first meals in Tartary was made under exactly similar circumstances.—D. K.

Yet Foster had no intention of letting himself be marched right into the presence of the Tiger Chief; and though he meant to avail himself of the Shan convoy as long as he could do so with safety, he had quite decided to take "French leave" of his new friends before they joined the main body of the insurgents, who were said to be still before Bhamo.

But a new turn was suddenly given to his secret plans by a very unexpected catastrophe. During one of their mid-day rests—for the mountain men, who felt the heat of this low-lying jungle more than their lowland neighbours, were wont to march all night and sleep during the hottest part of the day—Harry, happening to be awake, heard some of the Shans whispering together, and his knowledge of their dialect enabled him to catch a few words that evidently meant no good.

"Father," whispered he, tapping Foster's arm, "listen to these chaps—they're plotting some mischief!"

The explorer was awake at once (for he always slept the light sleep of a man accustomed to carry his life in his hand), and a few moments' listening told him that the speakers were three or four fellows whom he had already singled out as men to be guarded against, and whom he strongly suspected of belonging to the very gang of brigands among whom he had fallen during his mountain wanderings. Feigning to be still asleep, he listened intently, and soon made out that they were plotting to murder *him* and to seize the persons of his son and nephew, in order to secure for themselves whatever reward the Tiger Chief might think fit to give for the recovery of two such valuable prisoners.

Here was a complication!

Foster's first idea was to balk their kind intentions by slipping away with the two boys that very night. But a moment's reflection showed him that it would not be easy to do so undetected; and, moreover, he felt pretty sure that he was in no immediate danger. He had made himself so popular with most of the Shans, that *they* were not likely to let his life be attempted without interfering; and thus the plotters would be forced to wait for a favourable chance, which he would take good care not to give them. On the other hand, if he stole away now, in a part of the jungle with which even *he* was not familiar, he might lose his way, and perhaps fall in with other Burmese bands who would not be so friendly.

Thus, for several days more, they all journeyed on together; and every day Livingstone Foster sat quietly among the men who intended to murder him, talked to them, joked with them, shared their food—and all this without the least sign of suspicion or ill-will, till even Harry, used as he was to his father's wonderful self-command, looked at him with admiring astonishment.

But the time came at last, and sooner than any one could have foreseen.

Just before sunset on the fifth day after this discovery, the band came suddenly to a small river, which, narrow as it was, seemed surprisingly deep and swift for that dry season. Its waters, coloured by the soil that they brought down, had a curious tint not unlike thick red ink; and Foster appeared to recognise it at once.

"I know now where we are, boys," said he aside to Fred and Harry. "Keep your wits about you, and be ready, for I think we shall try and slip off *to-night*!"

At sight of this sudden obstacle, the Shans were rather at a nonplus. To swim it would have been nothing to these hardy men, could they have gone straight across, but their practised eyes saw at once that the current was far too strong for that. Moreover, the danger of crocodiles and water-snakes was not to be forgotten; and then, too, if they were forced to swim at all, their guns and powder must, of course, get thoroughly wetted, a mishap that must not be risked on any account. What was to be done?

Then Foster saw his chance and took it.

"*I'll* tell you what we must do, brothers," said he. "We'll make a raft of these bamboos, tie a long rope to it, and let it swing out into the stream just where that eddy sets toward the opposite bank. The current will carry it across, and we will send three or four men over upon it to make fast the cord to the other side, and then work the raft back to us along the rope; and so we can send it to and fro till all our guns and all our people are safe across. What say you?"

All the Shans agreed that the plan was a good one, and to work they went at once to carry it out.

But even with so many willing hands to help in it, the work of cutting down the bamboos and making them into a raft strong enough for the purpose, took up a good deal of time; and (as Foster had foreseen) darkness had fairly set in ere it was done. Foster made a great show of anxiety about his "prisoners," and kept them close to his side; while the boys, wondering much, but still putting full trust in their protector's skill and courage, rather enjoyed the wild picturesqueness of the scene, and the ghostly effect of so many dark, fierce faces and grim forms flitting to and fro in the red glare of the torches which some of the Shans had kindled.

At length the raft was ready, and floating just alongside the bank, some holding it from drifting, while others piled their guns upon it, and four men (two of whom were recognised by Foster as members of the plot against his life) took their places in the centre.

Several sturdy fellows now began to "pay out" the rope that guided the raft, which had just felt the first pressure of the cross-current, when Foster, while pretending to assist, suddenly cut the rope with one quick slash of his knife, and at the same moment screamed out in a tone of utter dismay—

"Hold the raft! the rope's broken!"

Raft and men shot down the stream like an arrow, while the thunder-stricken savages, dismayed at the peril of their comrades and the threatened loss of so many of their weapons, tore wildly along the bank in the vain hope of being able to check the raft and bring it ashore. Quick as lightning, Foster severed the bonds of the two lads; and while the Shans were running and shouting like madmen in one direction, the adventurous trio were slipping quietly away in the other.

CHAPTER XVI.—BY FIRE-LIGHT.

"LET 'em go," chuckled Foster, as the uproar died away in the distance; "they won't catch that raft in a hurry,

or us either. And now, my boys, take hold of these two guns that I've picked up for you; and you'll want these shawls, too, for it's apt to be rather damp at night along this river."

All that night the three kept pressing onward (resting just long enough at times to keep the boys from breaking down) as nearly parallel with the river as possible. Day was just breaking when they heard a dull rumbling sound which Foster seemed to recognise, and at which his face visibly brightened.

"Here we are at last," he cried, "and now I'll show you a place where you might lie hid for a year, and no one ever find you. I only found it out myself by accident."

His words were fully made good a few minutes later, when they came out again upon the bank, at a point where the river (now much narrower) flung itself over a wall of rock more than twenty feet high, in one broad sheet of foam, which flashed and sparkled like a shower of diamonds in the first rays of sunrise.

Taking the guns and shawls from the boys in order to leave them as free as possible, Foster picked his way nimbly down the steep broken bank to the water's edge, and seemed to vanish *into* the waterfall!

The wondering lads followed, and found themselves on a narrow ledge of rock, leading into a low, dark cavern-mouth, over which the sheet of falling water hung like a curtain.

"This is one of my country-houses," said Foster, smiling at their amazement. "Many a snug night I've had here while fifty savages were beating the jungle all round to find and kill me. It has two doors (for, when the river's low, you can get out by the other side too), and you see it's not damp with all this water."

In fact, strangely enough, this river-grotto was quite dry except just at the mouth, perhaps from the heat of the rock itself, which, being exposed to the full glare of the sun over a great part of its upper surface, became thoroughly heated during the daytime, and acted as a kind of stove.

"Now, let's eat," cried Foster, as cheerily as if he were ordering breakfast in his hotel at Rangoon; "and then, boys, I'm going to turn you both into Burmans. We shall have to be out of doors a good deal, and as we can't play the 'prisoner' game any more, you must look as like natives as possible, in case anyone sees you."

Sure enough, as soon as breakfast was over, he produced from his pouch a small dark root not unlike a potato, with which he rubbed both boys from head to foot, dyeing them at once a fine rich coffee-colour, to the no small amusement of the Orientalised lads, who laughed loudly as they eyed each other's transformed visages.

"I say, Fred," cried Harry, as they put on their clothes again, "you look just like a cigar wrapped in paper!"

"And *you* look mighty like a stick of chocolate in a handkerchief," retorted Fred. "Now, if we only had a couple of banjos, we could tramp the country as nigger minstrels, and make our fortune!"

Luckily both lads had already adopted coloured native shirts, and a few palm-leaves from the wood were soon plaited by Foster's nimble fingers into two very fair copies of the ordinary Shan hat; so that their dress needed little more alteration to make them very presentable native boys.

The next few days were so uneventful that they seemed quite tame after the startling adventures that had preceded them; but they were not by any means days of idleness. What with bathing, fishing, cooking the fish that they caught, bringing in armfuls of dry leaves and grass for their beds, gathering wild fruit, making bark shoes for themselves and screens to protect their new bedroom from the wind, the boys had plenty to do, and found this forest picnic capital fun.

Just at the outset, indeed, the cave and its waterfall suggested unpleasant recollections; and, in the middle of the very first night, Harry awoke yelling from a nightmare, in which he thought himself back in the prison-chamber beneath the dead volcano, which was slowly filling with water and drowning him by inches. But this feeling soon wore off, and both lads enjoyed their new life immensely.

For some days, however, the lads ventured out very little save at sunrise and nightfall; for though their disguise was good enough so far as it went, yet, if they should be met and accosted by any of the natives, Fred's inability to speak the language might get them into an awkward scrape. But not a single Burman showed himself (this being a very lonely part of the jungle) till the fifth day of their cave-life, when, as the boys stood in the cavern-mouth watching for the return of Foster—who had gone ashore to gather a fresh supply of fruit—four natives came slowly along the bank above them, dragging round the falls a light boat in which they were descending the river.

Fred only laughed at this adventure, and said it reminded him of the "Indian scare" at Glenn's Falls in "The Last of the Mohicans." But Harry did not join in the laugh; for, as he watched the disappearing Burmans, it suddenly struck him that he had a wider view than before from the spot where he stood, and that, consequently, the waters of the fall must be *shrinking away*!

When his father heard of this discovery, *he* looked grave in his turn.

"That's awkward," said he; "but unless the river gets very low indeed, the cave itself will still be hidden, and it don't matter if they see the ledge that leads to it, for *that* tells no tales. Anyhow, it would be dangerous to move southward just now, and we should hardly find a better hiding place; so, for the present, I think we'll stay where we are."

They did so; but the river continued to fall, and, day by day, their sheltering curtain of water grew smaller and smaller. Patches of rock that had been hidden when they first came were now quite bare and dry; and at length (as Foster had said) they were able, by leaping from boulder to boulder, to reach the farther bank likewise.

This was quite a treat to the restless boys; for, just on the other side of the river, the endless jungle was broken by a wide sweep of clear ground, where, instead of being forced to fight their way step by step through tangled boughs and claw-like thorns, they had room enough for a half-mile race. They took to going out upon the clearing after dark—then in the early morning as well—then at all hours of the day; and so they went on, till (as always happens in such cases) they grew bold from impunity, and ended by trying it once too often.

One hot breezeless afternoon, while Foster was absent on a scouting expedition through the forest to see if any more native bands were coming south to join the rising, the boys went out as usual to their favourite clearing, and, having pushed right across it to the edge of the jungle beyond, were sitting in the shade of the bushes, wondering what to do next, when the question was unexpectedly settled for them.

There came a rustling and crackling among the bushes, and then a sound of voices so close to them, that it was plain they would not have time to retreat across the clearing ere the Burmans (for such they evidently were) came in sight. Quick as thought, the boys dived under a fallen tree against which they had been leaning; and they had hardly done so, when a band of armed natives, at least fifty strong, came tramping out of the jungle in single file, and, stepping one by one over the very tree beneath which the lads were hidden, sat down to rest (to the latter's infinite dismay) close beside it!

Here was a pretty fix! and, to make it better, Fred was suddenly seized with a violent inclination to sneeze, and almost burst himself in keeping it down.

"Well, brothers," said a tall warrior, "we are going home again sooner than we expected."

"But not empty-handed," chuckled another. "Our girdles are fuller now than when we turned our faces southward."

"But our ranks are thinner," growled a third. "Many a stout warrior have we lost since leaving our homes. We thought these English but jackals, and lo! they are very tigers!"

"Ay, truly," said a fourth, "since even the War-Tiger himself cannot conquer them."

Both boys started, and listened more intently than ever.

"And whereas we thought them few," resumed the third speaker, "they are many as the leaves of the forest. Beside those that we ourselves have seen, men say that there are thousands more of the white-faced soldiers coming up the great river in those fire-boats that carry the 'twenty-mouthed guns' (Gatlings), and with them a host of the 'monkey-men' of Hindoostan, who slay all and spare none."

Harry rightly guessed that this strange description must be meant for the dwarfish and untameable Goorkas of Nepaul, those dreaded mountaineers who had overmatched the Burmans themselves in their own irregular jungle warfare. He was just thinking that the native insurgents would not have much chance with *them*, when he was startled by hearing one of the band say:

"What think ye, comrades; shall we camp here? It seems a good place."

Harry's blood ran cold, for he was already cramped almost beyond endurance,

and some inquisitive ants were making a geological survey of his right foot which almost drove him mad. But, to his infinite relief, another man replied:

"Not so; it is shadier beyond the river. Let us cross it, and camp on the other side."

The rest assented, and as they moved away, our half-stifled heroes were just beginning to rejoice, when all of a sudden they saw one of the Burmans stop short on the river-bank, and point with an emphatic gesture to the foot of the waterfall!

Harry's heart seemed to stand still, for he of course thought that their cave of refuge was discovered; and he thought, too, of the chance of his father coming suddenly back and falling right amid this gang. But happily the Burmans were only debating whether they should cross below the fall or above it; and in another moment they were seen bounding like antelopes from stone to stone over the rocks on the brink of the cascade, and vanishing into the thickets beyond it.

When Mr. Foster returned some hours later, having seen no sign of danger, he was somewhat startled by Harry's report of their adventure and the Burmans' talk, to which Fred (who had only made out a word here and there) listened as attentively as himself.

"Well," said Foster at length, "it's plain that the insurrection must have received a heavy blow, or these fellows wouldn't be falling away from it; for, so long as there was the least chance of plunder, they'd hold on to it like bulldogs. We must manage somehow, though, to find out what *is* going on; for, with these stray bands coming straggling back, and most likely robbing and murdering whenever they get the chance, it's not safe for us to stay here longer than we can help. If the English army's really coming up, we'll make a dash for it as soon as it gets near enough to give us a chance."

Accordingly, a few days later, the bold man sallied forth again just after sunrise, bent upon learning, by hook or crook, how the great struggle was really going.

Fortune favoured him, and he returned at nightfall with very important news. He had met another party of Burmans coming northward, and, mingling with them in the character of a northern warrior on his way to join the War-Tiger, had learned that the Chief had been twice defeated by General Roberts—that the siege of Bhamo had been raised, and the besiegers routed with heavy loss—and that a flotilla of gunboats was advancing steadily up the Irrawaddy with English troops on board, while the formidable Goorka soldiers swept the jungle, and cut off one by one the straggling bands of the insurgents. In a word, the strength of the revolt was already broken, and great numbers of the Burmans had abandoned the struggle and marched away, Sir Frederick Roberts having promised a free pardon to all who returned peaceably to their homes.

All this was startling enough; but the next night there came something more startling still.

The boys had gone to sleep as usual; but, a little after midnight, they were aroused by a light tap on the shoulder, and Foster's voice saying:

"Danger, lads! Jump up, and get your guns ready!"

It was a wild scene that lay before them as they looked forth. Beneath the pale light of the waning moon, and the fitful glare of a fire that had been kindled in the centre of the great clearing, eddied ceaselessly to and fro a swarm of grim, unearthly figures, wild and ghostly as the phantoms of a nightmare.

Some of these goblins had painted their dark faces into a hideous likeness of a fleshless skull. Others had striped their clothes so as to imitate as closely as possible the markings of a tiger's skin, and certainly carried in their gaunt, swarthy visages and glaring eyes quite enough ferocity to bear out the idea. Others still were clad in genuine wild-beast hides—the claws and tails of which, still attached to the skin, flapped and waved with a grim semblance of life at every movement of the wearer; while not a few had twisted the skins or bodies of dried snakes scarf-wise around their bare, bony chests, on the dark surface of which the shining scales made a ghastly glimmer in the fire-light.

Both lads instinctively strained their eyes to see if they could espy in the midst of this train of spectres the famous tiger-skin helmet of their arch-enemy the Tiger-Chief; but amid that uncertain light and that whirl of goblin figures, it was impossible to make sure whether the dreaded badge was really there or not.

But the most startling sight of all was still to come.

Close by the fire lay a prostrate form which, by the cords that bound its hands and feet, and the fierce glances of watchful hatred darted at it by the armed phantoms around, was evidently that of a prisoner. Just as a sudden movement of the crowd revealed him for the first time to the eyes of our friends, the captive turned his face, and a bright gleam of fire-light fell right upon it.

The watching lads started, and uttered a cry—as well they might; for this helpless prisoner who lay before them, doomed to certain death or tortures more frightful still, was no other than their old friend Hadji Mahmood, Alfred Marston's Hindoo Ressaldar!

(*To be continued.*)

THE BOSS OF DEADMEN'S GULCH.

By Douglas Walker,

Author of "Strange Adventures in California," "An Indian's Revenge," etc.

Over the camp profound sleep had fallen. Not a sound was to be heard save the murmuring of the shallow stream and occasionally the long-drawn shrill howl of a cayote, as it circled round the outskirts of the camp. Even in Squint-eyed Dick's saloon and gambling den quietness reigned; the last reveller had sought his tent in order to snatch the few hours' rest necessary to sustain him for the toil and excitement of another day's feverish labour.

Reckless though the diggers of Deadmen's Gulch undeniably were, yet had the day previous not been one of great excitement and terminated in a wild carouse at night, it was not at all probable that they would have thus left themselves unguarded, and at the mercy of every marauder—white or red.

And the cause? Gold! Three weeks before some sixty of perhaps the most desperate characters in the West had arrived at Deadmen's Gulch. They were led by a man who was known from the Missouri to the Pacific, by Indians and whites alike, by the name of Sureshot; a name gained by the surety of his aim, as also the certainty with which he was apt to drop a man on the slightest provocation.

The gulch had a gruesome record. This was the third party that had tried their luck in it. The first, numbering six individuals, never returned; they were all murdered one night by a war-party of Indians. The second, a larger band of about twenty men, were attacked by a number of renegades and slaughtered, except one man, who succeeded in effecting his escape. And it was he—Eustace Leroy—otherwise Sureshot, who had led this last party to the gulch. In the surrounding mining camps rumours were plentiful regarding the great wealth of Deadmen's Gulch; in fact, it was those rumours that had led to the destruction of the second party. So when Leroy had called for another party to share the risk with him, volunteers had not been wanting.

Three weeks, then, they had been there, but so far their success had been *nil*, and already many were preparing to peg their tents, declaring that the gulch was a fraud, when Sureshot "struck it rich." In the upper reaches of the gulch, where as yet no one had prospected, he had the morning before our tale commences dropped on a "pot" from which he had drawn nearly a thousand ounces of gold. The news soon spread like wildfire, and in the afternoon the whole camp was digging and prospecting there. It is true that no one equalled Sureshot's find, but still every one had had some luck; pots of from ten to two hundred ounces were common, and there was none who did not get a share.

This was the event that had been the cause of the carousal in Dick's saloon, the effects of which were now being slept off.

The boss himself was the only one who was still awake. He had drunk and gambled as hard as any of the others, but yet when he rolled himself up in his blanket, sleep persistently refused to come to his eyes. Somehow, too, in spite of his good fortune that day, his thoughts were not by any means of a pleasant nature. They would persistently wander back to those far-off days when he was not a hardened desperado, a leader of men who only recognised one law, and that the muzzle of a revolver. As he tossed about on his hard couch of straw, scenes of his boyhood and early manhood came to his memory, and at the recollection he groaned aloud.

"Oh, mother!" he almost sobbed, "is this what your Eustie has come to?"

In his mind's eye he saw the old homestead in the bonniest county of old England, flowery Devon. He remembered with acute pain his father's noble face and bearing, in which both he and his only and elder brother Charlie resembled him. In that only, though. His brother took after his father in temperament also, but he—he was an exact counterpart of his great-grandfather, Mad Leroy, as the country people still termed him. He recalled his mother's sweet, patient face and tender, loving ways. How she used to try to shield him and gloss over the faults his fierce, ungoverned temper caused him to commit. How she did everything heart could devise for him, loving her wild second-born perhaps better than even his gentler elder brother. But that was all twenty-five years ago. Then he tried to turn his thoughts to his later life, to scenes of danger, ay, and of heroism, but in vain. At length he sprang to his feet, his eyes wildly distended.

"Oh! how can I bear it?" he said in tones broken with anguish, and pressing his hands wildly to his brows. "That deed!" oh, the horror of it now!—that made him leave home without seeing his mother again, without asking her forgiveness.

Charlie and he both loved Alice Landell, but she was too tender, too quiet, ever to return his advances. She could understand and love Charlie, but his own fierce bursts of passion alternating with indifference were beyond her comprehension, and only raised fear, if not positive dislike, in her bosom.

How vividly he recalled the day Charlie and she were to have been married. He had vowed Alice should never be his brother's, and as they walked up the path of the little village churchyard he drew a pistol and shot at Charlie—mad, vicious fool that he was. Alice must have somehow divined his intention, for with a loud scream of warning she threw herself in front of her lover and received the bullet in her own breast.

Then the awful look of despair on his poor mother's face as he last saw her, bending over Alice's body; his father's burning words still rang in his ears; and the agony of his mind was becoming so great that inaction was positively unendurable. With a muttered anathema at his own weakness, Sureshot strode from his tent with fierce, restless steps.

Mile after mile he walked, the unrest of his soul lending greater activity to his body. On over the mesa he went, and five miles separated him from the camp ere he stopped.

He was on the summit of a high mesa. Turning his face westward, he gazed, but with unseeing eyes, on the magnificent panorama that stretched over the undulating hills of the sierra, lit now by the glamour of the rising sun, till lost in haze, beyond which rose and fell in the far distance the waters of the Pacific. Thus he remained for some minutes, then drawing his hand across his brows and face, as though endeavouring to wipe away the unwonted dimness, he fixed his eyes absently on two moving objects in the valley nearest him.

For a moment only; then with a suppressed exclamation of surprise he sank to the ground, and with panther-like movement began to crawl towards a large rock some hundred yards down the slope.

That which first had attracted his notice was two horsemen, whom even at that distance he knew, by their mode of riding, to be Tenderfeet of the most inexperienced kind. But he had seen more. About two miles further down, the valley terminated in a narrow pass, and it was what his keen eyes saw there that was the cause of Sureshot's strange actions.

He remained behind the rock for more than ten minutes, keeping his eyes the whole time on the entrance of the valley. Horseman after horseman filed through, and every now and then the rays of the sun reflected gleaming shafts of light.

"Sioux on the warpath—two hundred of them," muttered the watcher to himself. Then as a spur of the mountain hid them from his view, and consequently him from theirs, he sprang to his feet.

What was he to do? The valley led in but one direction—to Deadmen's Gulch—where in all probability his companions would still be sleeping off the stupor of their excesses. The two horsemen in front? That the Indians knew of their presence was absolutely certain, and that they would cut them off before reaching the camp was equally sure.

Should he attempt it? For a moment only he hesitated, then his rough sense of honour prevailed. It would have been an easy matter for him to save himself. By remaining hid where he was till the war party had passed, he could then have made his way safely across the mountain to the left and gained another camp, some eighteen miles to the south, without much risk. Whereas, unarmed save for a revolver, and, above all, on foot, the chances were decidedly more against than for him.

One more glance to make certain he could not be seen by the enemy, and he began his race of life and death—for him and for others.

Going towards a point where the valley bent abruptly to the right, he exerted his utmost speed, for it was there that his only chance lay of intercepting the two horsemen. Heedless of obstacles, on he dashed, jumping over rocks, breaking through manzonita bush and sage scrub, still keeping his eye on his point, till he reached it; and not a minute too soon.

Bursting through the last bush he almost ran against the two strangers, and the manner in which they watched his approach showed only too plainly their ignorance of the perils of life in the West. Curiosity rather than vigilance was depicted on their faces.

Without the aid of stirrup Sureshot sprang on the back of the horse his trained eye knew to be the stronger, at the same time shouting:

"On, for your lives, friends! On!"

The other instinctively spurred his horse, and as he ranged alongside, Sureshot in a few brief words told them of their danger.

For fifteen minutes a furious pace was kept up, then the second horse put his foot in a gopher's hole and came heavily down on his knees, sending his rider clean over his head.

In a second Sureshot was on his feet. His first care was the horse. It was lamed beyond recovery. Then its rider?—he had his collar-bone broken, and uttered a sharp cry of pain when the other two tried to raise him to his feet.

It was a desperate predicament to be in. One horse to three men, and one hardly able to move. Two hundred redskins behind them, and still a full mile from Deadmen's Gulch.

A moment's thought decided Sureshot. Some hundred and fifty yards from where the accident occurred the valley again narrowed. A steep path, confined on either side by precipitous rocks, led on to the mesa across which the gulch ran. If they could reach the pass before the Sioux were on them, he and the still uninjured man might be able not only to defend themselves, but also to keep the Indians in check while the other rode forward to the camp for reinforcements. He explained quickly what he thought had best be done.

"Come, Eustie," said the elder of the two; "try if you can sit on horseback."

The blood rushed like an incoming wave to Sureshot's face, then receded, leaving it pale as death. That name!—the pet name by which his mother used to call him. The face, too, of the injured man, which he now for the first time carefully scrutinised, seemed strangely familiar.

Suppressing the half formed question that rose to his lips, he lifted his namesake perhaps the more tenderly on that account on the horse. Then they moved forward as quickly as possible, but it was slow progress at the best, every jolt nearly caused the young man to fall, even though his companion was at his side supporting him. At last the gorge was gained, and none too soon, for Eustie gave a painful sob, and fell limp and senseless into Sureshot's arms. Laying him carefully on the ground he turned to the other and abruptly asked:

"What is his name?"

"Eustace Leroy," was the answer.

"From the Manor House, Leroy, Devon?" came in a husky whisper from Sureshot's lips.

"Yes," replied the other, with a puzzled look: and added, "we have come in search of an uncle of his who is said to be at Deadmen's Gulch."

Twice Sureshot essayed to ask a question, and twice his parched lips refused. He had never made any inquiries regarding his home people or Alice, fearing lest they might lead to his arrest, for he had ever dreaded that his shot had been fatal. At last he spoke:

"His mother—was her name Alice Landell? Is she alive?" he almost fiercely demanded.

"Yes," was the reply, given with a stare of some surprise; "that was her maiden name, and she was all right when we last heard."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Sureshot. The great load that had haunted him night and day for twenty-five years was removed.

Perhaps noticing the looks of wonder on the other's face, he added quickly, "I am Eustace Leroy, his father's brother."

For a moment there was silence, and then Sureshot again spoke. "He will not be able to ride. Ride you straight on till you come to the gulch. Tell them Sureshot is here in danger. That will be enough. Give me your rifle, you won't need it. Now go!"

His manner was such that the other never questioned, but spurring his horse rode swiftly away on his mission.

Sureshot bore the insensible form of his nephew, as he now knew him to be, for greater safety behind a large stone, and sat down to wait for the danger that he knew would surely come. Nor had he long to wait; almost ere the sounds of their friend's horse's hoofs had died away, a dozen dusky warriors came spurring up the valley. He did not show himself till they were within fifty yards of the entrance of the pass, then he stepped forward into full view with his rifle in his hands.

"Humph!" as of one accord burst from their throats, and equally as simultaneously the twelve reined their horses back on their haunches.

Well they knew the man who faced them, and much they feared him. In many a fierce fray had the fear of his unerring aim held them in check; but could he do it now?

For a minute or two the Sioux conferred with one another, during which time Sureshot remained motionless. Then one detached himself and turned to ride back. Like a flash the rifle was at Sureshot's shoulder, a silent but forcible threat. The Indian hesitated, but prudence and love of life prevailed, and he wheeled his steed round again.

A grim smile played round the lips of the white man.

"It is as I thought," he murmured to himself; "this is only a detachment to cut off the two horsemen—the rest are waiting for the night to attack the camp."

A few minutes thus passed, then one of the braves sprang lightly from his horse, and laying down his weapons, began to walk slowly towards Sureshot.

The latter was in a dilemma. To refuse the offered parley would be to show his weakness, and on the other hand to lay down his weapon would be too great a risk with the foes he had to deal with. Just then, however, he heard the sound of a voice. It was Eustie, who had recovered from his swoon and was asking for a drink.

Waving the Indians to halt, Sureshot moved backwards, ever keeping his face to the foe, till he was abreast of the stone behind which his nephew lay.

"Can you stand?" he said.

"I think so," was the reply. "Are the Indians there?"

"Yes, and they wish to parley; I daren't do it as it is, but if you could stand and rest your rifle on the rock, I would try it."

The earnest tones of the elder man convinced Eustie of the imperative necessity, and he made the attempt. It cost him terrible pain, but he managed it.

The moment the Sioux saw the barrel of the other rifle project above the rock, he retreated. He knew all he wanted to know, Sureshot was not alone.

A momentary pause till he had remounted, then their wild war-cry rang out in the still air, and with a volley they spurred forward.

"Fire!" cried Sureshot to his companion, and together they pulled the trigger. Two Sioux fell, and Sureshot dropped another with his revolver. That stopped them, and the Indians retired in headlong haste; but what portended badly for the two whites was that one of them continued his flight beyond the valley, with the intention no doubt of bringing forward a more formidable party.

The only question was whether they or the diggers would be first on the scene.

No further attack was attempted; the remaining eight Indians had retired beyond rifle range, contenting themselves with vindictive glances at the bodies of their comrades, that lay on the open between them and Sureshot.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and still there was no sign of either friend or foe. Sureshot was beginning to hope that succour would come first, but he was wrong. A movement was seen among the Sioux, and a second or two later a large band of Indians came up at a gallop.

Without halting, on they came in a body, uttering a fierce whoop and evidently determined to carry the pass by storm. This time only Sureshot fired, and their leader fell; then he emptied his revolver, but in vain; they still pressed forward, and in a second they were on him. For a little he maintained an unequal contest favoured by the narrowness of the place, but soon he was borne backwards, step by step, using the butt of his rifle as a club, till he was beside his nephew. Beyond that he would not be driven.

It did not last long. Half-a-dozen of the enemy scrambled over the rock and attacked him in the rear. Somehow even in the fiercest of the fight Sureshot had kept a watchful eye on his nephew, who had again fainted from the pain caused by his exertions during the first attack; and now when he saw a Sioux about to brain him with his tomahawk he sprang like a tiger at him, and received the blow on his own shoulder.

A moment's excruciating pain and he remembered no more.

. . . . . .

When he came to himself he was being carefully and tenderly lifted by some of his comrades. Just as he had been struck down, they had charged along the pass, carrying everything before them. The Sioux were routed with much loss, and when the triumphant diggers returned they found Sureshot's body lying over that of his nephew.

At first they thought both were dead, but on lifting the former they found that the other had escaped almost without hurt. With the digger, however, it was different. Besides a frightful gash on his shoulder he had received several gunshot wounds, any one of which alone would have proved fatal.

His first word was an inquiry as to his nephew, and on being informed he was sound and safe, he requested to see him. Eustie, who in the meantime had been told by his companion who it was that had saved them, was brought to Sureshot's side.

The latter silently held out his hand, which the other took, while tears of gratitude streamed down his face.

For a moment or two neither spoke, then Sureshot said in a low faint voice:

"My mother—is she still alive?"

The other sadly shook his head, and his voice was husky with emotion as he answered:

"She died four years ago."

"Did she—did she ever speak of me?"

"Often! We heard that you were in California from a returned miner, and it was her last desire that I should seek you. Your name was among the last words she ever spoke."

A pleased smile swept over the dying man's face. Suddenly drawing himself up to a sitting position and stretching out his arms, he cried "Mother!" Then fell back, dead.

In a small village church in bonnie Devon there is a memorial stone on which is inscribed:

"Sacred to the memory of Eustace Leroy, who died at Deadmen's Gulch, California, Sept. 10, 1851. Aged 47. 'He gave his life for others.'"

(THE END.)

A MIDNIGHT CRUISE.

By H. Waller,

Author of "An Eventful Sail," "A Trip on a Barge," etc.

Ernest and Frank were looking forward with more than ordinary glee to the summer holidays, for not only were they going to spend the greater portion of the vacation with their parents at their usual seaside resort in the Solent, but they had just received a letter from home saying that a small yacht had been hired for their amusement.

It had always been the aim of their existence to have a boat which they could call their own and sail themselves, instead of only being allowed to handle the tiller now and then as a favour, and having to confine their cruises to an hour or two, according to the length of their purses.

The time dragged heavily after the receipt of this delightful news, but the morning at length arrived when the boys had the satisfaction of seeing their boxes carted off to the station, and soon afterwards the boys themselves were filing through the streets bound for the same destination.

All boys who travel home for the holidays by train are fully aware of what usually happens during the journey; and the subsequent journey to the seaside need not be dwelt upon. Suffice it to say, that the Dragonfly certainly came up to their expectation in every way. She was about 21 feet long and 7 feet beam, half decked, with waterways and a short counter; she had also a small cabin. Best of all, she was a lifeboat, being fitted with air-cases sufficient to float her when full of water.

That very evening the boys persuaded their father to give them their first lesson in seamanship, and wonderfully handy the little craft proved herself to be. She had three sails, viz., jib, gaff-mainsail, and mizen, and, with her centreboard down, she beat to windward in the smooth water in capital style. It was late before they returned, and, after the exciting day, our young friends were not sorry to find themselves in bed.

By the end of a fortnight the boys were sufficiently expert in the management of the boat to be trusted out alone, and the boatman, Jem, who had been engaged by their father to give an eye to the safe custody of the yacht, was always ready with a few necessary hints as to the set of the tides and navigation generally.

Considerable amusement was obtained from the little cabin; for, while Ernest, the elder brother, steered, Frank would often go "below," as they were pleased to call it, and, with the help of the spirit stove, heat a tin of soup or brew a cup of tea or cocoa.

Now the chances are that this narrative would never have been written had it not been for the existence of a certain swing-lamp secured to a bulkhead in this same cabin, which fostered in the minds of the boys the idea of spending a night on board. It would be so snug and jolly, they argued.

The notion having once occurred to them, my readers will not be surprised to hear that it was not long before they found an opportunity of tackling their indulgent parents on the subject, and as the weather was fine and warm no objection was raised to their spending a few nights at anchor. Nevertheless, certain conditions were enforced, and Jem was instructed to see that the riding light was properly hoisted each evening at sundown, and that the ground tackle of the yacht was in a trustworthy condition.

It was thought that the novelty of sleeping in a small, uncomfortable cabin would soon wear off; but, on the contrary, the youngsters found it so much to their taste that they were in no hurry to return to the conventional bedroom, and some ten days elapsed before the adventure, which forms the subject of this article, happened to them.

One night Jem had put them on board as usual about ten o'clock, and they were sleeping off the effects of a long walk with their father, when they were awakened by a loud knocking at the cabin door.

"What's that?" said Ernest.

The knocking still continued, and it was

soon evident to the boys that a change in the weather had taken place, for the wind was howling, and the boat rolling in a most unpleasant manner.

"Unfasten the bolt, Master Ernest; it's me, Jem."

"You, Jem," replied Ernest, as he drew back the bolt; "what's the row; it's got very rough, hasn't it?"

The door flew open and Jem's answer was drowned in the rush of wind into the cabin; he lost no time, however, in telling the lads that the yacht could not remain where she was, and that they must get under way at once and make for the nearest harbour.

The boys, who were already in their flannels, slipped on their pea-jackets and oilskins and crawled into the well, for the boat was now rolling about so violently that they found it difficult to keep their legs.

It was anything but a pleasant look-out. The night was dark as pitch, and heavy drops of rain or spray were driving over the boat. The glimmer from the lamp was just sufficient to illuminate the crests of the waves as they reared up alongside, and it seemed little short of a miracle that they did not find their way on board.

Jem lost no time in getting the storm-jib from the sail locker; he then set the mizen with a reef in it, and told the boys that if they would take the helm he would run the jib up and cast off, and they could reef and set the mainsail when they were under way.

"What's that black thing astern, Jim?" said Ernest.

"Why, the dinghy of course," replied Jem. "I got her pretty well half full of water coming off, but we'll see to that presently. Now look out, Master Ernest, for after I have set the jib and let go from the moorings, you must put your helm to port, and, when I sing out, your brother can haul in the mizen sheet and belay."

This programme was duly carried out, and a few minutes afterwards the Dragonfly was smashing through the short waves; not making much headway, however, for she showed very little canvas and was towing a waterlogged dinghy.

"Keep her as she goes," said Jem, "and I'll try her with a bit of the mainsail; we shall get blown ashore at this rate."

When the mainsail had been close-reefed and hoisted it had the effect of heeling the boat over in a most alarming manner; but Jem said she could stand it and told Ernest not to luff up unless the water came over the combings of the well. He then hauled up the dinghy, and, watching his opportunity, slipped into her with the intention of baling out the water. "When I've done," said he, "you can haul me aboard again; I shan't be long."

Jem dropped astern, and they could tell he had got to work by the splashes which now and again reached their ears. The boys were sitting side by side in the well, and, to tell the truth, they were not a little frightened. Up to this time the company of Jem and the excitement of getting under way had not allowed them to fully realise their situation, but now they were alone, and steering over the wild sea into the darkness ahead, it came home to them, and they drew still closer together.

Occasionally a drenching shower of spray came over them with such force that it made their faces smart again, and they crouched down in order that they might get as much shelter as possible.

Jem had been gone some five minutes when a heavier gust than they had yet experienced caught the sails, and as the boat flew through the water they heard the cry they had been expecting from astern.

"Now, Frank," said Ernest, "haul on the rope."

"I shall never get him up going at this pace," he replied, as he leant over to grasp the dinghy's painter. The next instant he exclaimed in terrified accents, "*It's gone; the rope's gone!*"

"Gone?" said his brother, hastily feeling the cleat with his unoccupied hand; "so it has."

The painter had been hurriedly belayed, and, as they were tearing along from the effects of the squall, it had become unhitched, and the boys were now left to their own resources.

No sooner did they realise that the dinghy had parted company than they luffed up into the wind, and after some little difficulty succeeded in putting the boat on the opposite tack; they then strained their eyes in the vain hope of catching sight of the truant, and shouted themselves hoarse to let Jem know of their whereabouts. The light in the cabin had been previously extinguished, as it dazzled their eyes and made the night appear blacker than ever. It did not occur to them to re-light it and use it as a signal.

After standing on this tack for a time without any result, they went about once more, and kept the boat going in the direction Jem had counselled them to steer when they first started on their unfortunate cruise.

The situation was perilous in the extreme. Our two young friends, indifferent sailors, to say the least of it, were alone in a small half-decked boat on a dark, boisterous night, without any knowledge of the lights which should guide them in seeking a place of safety, or, indeed, without the least idea of where they would eventually find themselves if they continued to steer their present course till daybreak, always supposing they were not shipwrecked in the meantime.

They were cold and hungry too, but, being plucky lads, it was not long before they began to take a hopeful view of things, and they arranged to relieve each other at the tiller until daylight.

Fortunately, the wind and sea soon showed unmistakable signs of going down, and they were undecided whether it would not be better to turn towards home again; they finally elected, however, to hold on their course, for fear it should come on to blow harder later on.

They were not a little anxious about Jem, but they agreed that he was quite able to take care of himself, and was by this time no doubt safe ashore. The anxiety their parents would be subjected to, however, caused the boys much uneasiness.

The night passed slowly on, and the wind died out gradually until it dropped altogether. A short time before, it seemed as if the sails would be torn from their lashings, but now they flapped idly as the boat heeled to the swell, and care had to be taken to avoid the boom as it swung heavily across the boat.

Steering being now useless, the boys lowered the sails and re-lighted the lamp in the cabin, and, having treated themselves to a cup of cocoa and a few biscuits, they felt more disposed to take matters philosophically.

"I say," said Ernest, "it must want some time to daylight even now, and I'm awfully sleepy; I vote we anchor and hoist the riding light."

"A good thought," replied Frank, and they set to work to carry out the proposal; their cable, however, was a short one, and, to their chagrin, they found that the anchor dragged.

"Never mind," remarked Ernest, "leave it over, and if we drift into shallow water it will hold fast enough. We do not seem to be in the track of ships, and even if we were, our riding light would tell them of our whereabouts."

They then stretched themselves on the lockers in the cabin, and in a few minutes were in a profound slumber.

. . . . . .

It was eight o'clock on the following morning when the boys were aroused by a horrible screech. They looked at each other in dismay and made a rush for the door of the cabin. Nothing was to be seen, however, for the yacht was enveloped in a dense mist, and the weird sound that had awakened them was now fully accounted for. A fog-siren was briskly at play quite close to them, and the hearts of the boys were in their mouths as they endeavoured to pierce the gloom and catch a glimpse of the danger which threatened them. They shouted their loudest, but their voices were drowned in the uproar.

Hoarse cries now reached their ears, and the next moment, to their horror, the boys heard a tremendous crash, instantly followed by the sound of falling spars and terror-stricken voices.

A collision had certainly occurred in their immediate neighbourhood, although nothing was visible owing to the fog. Presently the sound of oars was heard, mingled with cries for help, and they gathered that a boat was endeavouring to rescue the crew of the ill-fated craft that had been run down. The boys now got out their sweeps and propelled the yacht in the direction of the turmoil. They soon found themselves in the midst of a lot of wreckage, and were hailed by the occupants of a small boat laden almost to the water's edge.

"Hullo, who are you?" was the inquiry.

"We were blown out to sea last night," was their reply; "what has happened?"

"We have sunk a brig, and her skipper is missing; take some of these chaps aboard while we have another look for him."

About a dozen seamen, some of whom had the appearance of being half-drowned, were hastily transferred to the Dragonfly, and the boat continued her search, the officer in charge telling the lads to remain where they were until he returned.

The boat had hardly disappeared before a steam whistle sounded twice, a signal, as it afterwards transpired, to recall the officer to his ship. He soon returned to the boys, however, who were relieved to hear that the man he had been in search of had contrived to gain the steamer in safety; so, happily, no loss of life had occurred.

With a little assistance the yacht was soon alongside the vessel and secured to the gangway; the boys, with their passengers, then climbed on board, and were not a little pleased to find themselves on the deck of a larger craft.

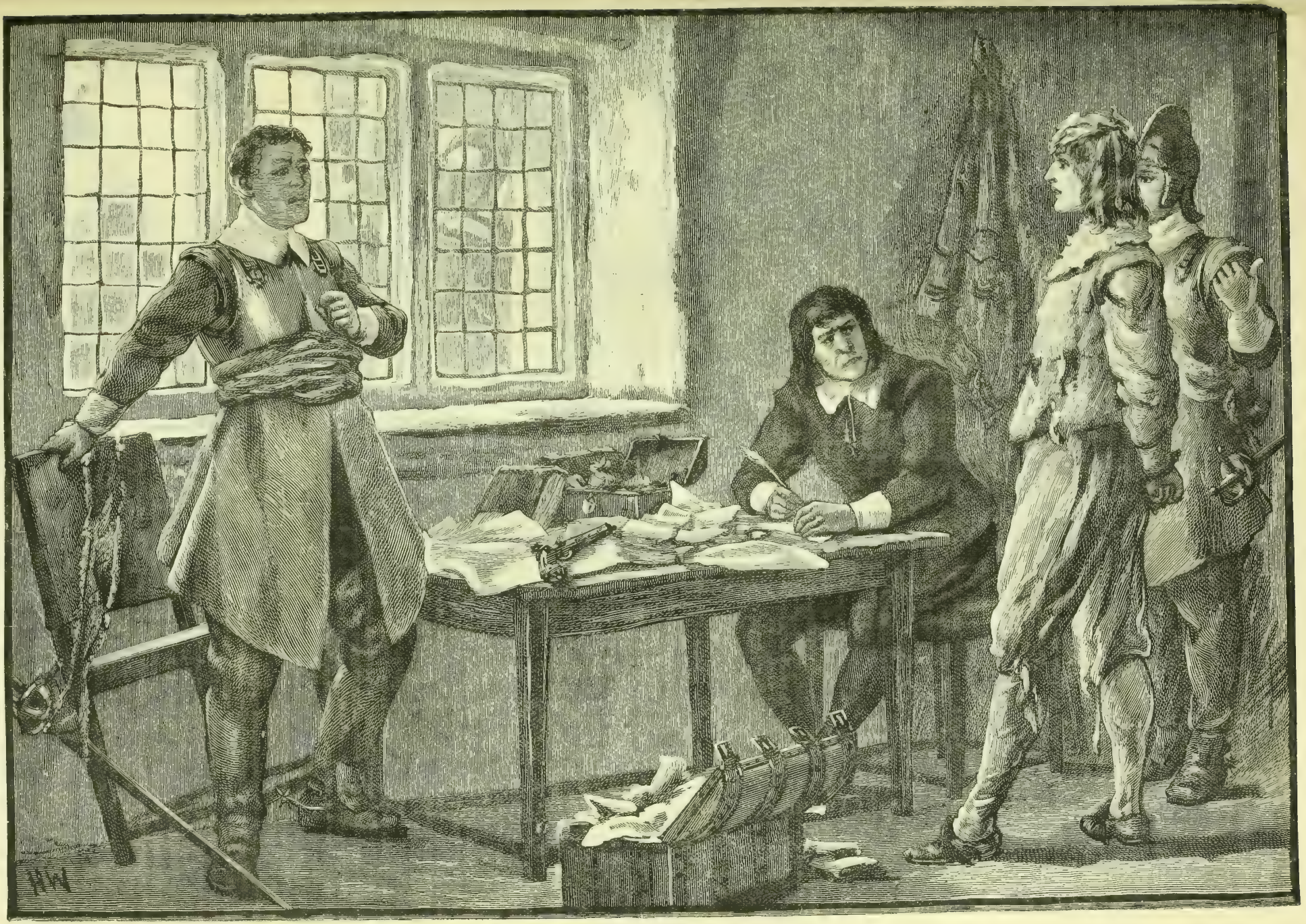
Of course a considerable degree of excitement prevailed on the steamer, and it was soon ascertained that the injury to her bow plates caused by the collision would necessitate a return to dock before she proceeded on her voyage.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and, as the captain made no difficulty about towing the yacht, it proved a grand opportunity of getting back speedily to the Solent.

The fog now showed signs of lifting, and before long it cleared sufficiently to enable the boys to sight a tug rapidly approaching, evidently with the intention of speaking the steamer.

As the boys had imagined, Jem reached the shore in safety and lost no time in acquainting their father with what had happened. As soon as possible afterwards, a tug was chartered to proceed in search of the Dragonfly, and this was the vessel now nearing the steamer. Our young friends soon descried their parents on the bridge and were shortly restored to their care.

Ernest and Frank never forgot their midnight cruise, and they were quite content to sleep ashore in future.



Brothers.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* H. WALKER.)

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

PART I.

She certainly was not beautiful, though perhaps her occupation of step-cleaning may not introduce her from the best point of view.

She was scrubbing as hard and as quickly as she could, her vigorous efforts resulting in a yet deeper tinge of red on the homely face with its many freckles. Rough hair may be considered picturesque at times, but when viewed escaping in straight sandy locks from a tawdry cheap cap, not even clean, it may possibly only offend the eye. Her feet were incased in boots the worse for wear, as the upturned soles showed plainly. The sleeves of the dingy cotton dress were rolled up, displaying arms as red as her face. Every movement was energetic, if not elegant, while the bath-brick revolved rapidly, tightly grasped in the chilled purple fingers.

A shout from behind in her ear made her start. Then, before she could turn round, a big schoolboy jumped over her pail, and a pair of muddy boots were planted on her clean top step.

"There, Sally!" he exclaimed, "I've only spoilt one for you, and you know I might have walked right up all three of them."

Sally's mouth expanded into a broad grin.

"Now, Master Tom, don't you go giving me any of your pranks to-day, for I am that driven as I don't know which way to turn. Here's your uncle and aunt a-coming to dinner at half past one, and I've these here steps to finish, and the droring-room to dust, and the table to lay, and the dinner to get ready; let alone the cleaning myself before they ring the bell!"

The end of her sentence was wasted on air, as Tom disappeared into the house on hearing her first statement, which he received with no appearance of extreme delight.

He found the usual sitting-room turned upside down, the table in the centre filled with china and glass which had evidently just been washed, as a bowl and cloth stood by them. Paper parcels of groceries encumbered the sofa, and his mother, with a large apron on and a bunch of keys in her hand, was proceeding to unlock the doors of the corner cupboard.

"What a fuss!" remarked he as he surveyed the scene. "And all about two old fogies coming to dinner. What appetites they must have if we four are going to eat all that spread I see preparing in the kitchen!"

"My dear boy, do speak more respectfully," answered his mother with an aggrieved inflection in her voice. "Remember uncle Robert is your dear father's eldest brother, and they are rich, and live so differently from what we do; and your aunt is so difficult to please, she will be sure to say I am not bringing you up well; you know she always does, and I am sure I do try and do everything just as your dear father would have wished. To hear them talk, a person would think I was trying to go against him. It is so hard upon a poor widow to—to——"

A handkerchief here came out, and having cause to dread his mother's weeping moods, Tom hastened to say cheerily:

"All right, mother, I'll be civil, never you fear; and can't I help you by reaching down those bundles of rubbish you are fishing for at the back of that top shelf?"

"Bundles of rubbish!" cried Mrs. Perkins. "Why, they are the best silver, which has never all been out since the day of your christening; nearly fifteen years ago!"

"Well, I would defy any one to know whether it was silver or what, through all those wrappings," laughed Tom. "Now I won't smash them, so don't look as if you dared not trust me to touch them. I am going to begin to unroll the mummies for you."

Paper after paper taken off, revealed a silver teapot and cream-jug, a cruet-stand, and various small articles, including spoons and forks; an unusual stock of plate for the widow of a grocer in a small country town to possess, and therefore regarded by her with no small pride.

"Your uncle gave us that teapot when we were married, and your papa bought those spoons for your christening," she remarked, fingering them complacently.

"But whatever do you keep them hidden away like that for, where they are no use to anybody? Why don't we use them?" asked Tom.

"Use the best silver? Not very likely!" exclaimed she, and no doubt considered that thereby she was giving a most lucid explanation of the reasons for its non-use.

Her excited tone brought Sally on the scene, who stood at the door, pail in hand, transfixed with astonishment.

"Oh my!" she ejaculated, at the sight of the treasures on the table. For eleven years had she been in Mrs. Perkins's service, ever since she came, a little girl from the workhouse, to her first place, and never had she even suspected the existence of "the plate."

"Fetch me the whiting and leather, girl, quick! and don't stand staring there with your mouth wide open. And see, mind, you have got to look sharp after these things now they are out. They are worth a heap of money, so don't leave the kitchen door open nor let any one come in till the company are gone, and I can put them away again."

Preparations after this went on apace. The silver was duly rubbed till it shone, the drawing-room shutters were opened, and Mrs. Perkins herself did the dusting, that Sally might give her undivided attention to the dinner. As it was the month of October, and the unused room felt chilly, a fire was lighted, which obstinately refused to draw for some time. The smoke would not ascend the damp chimney, and rushed instead, in perfect volumes, into the room, necessitating open windows, and re-dusting on account of the blacks; so that, after all, poor Sally was late in the process of cleaning herself, and the duty fell to Tom of ushering in the expected guests.

Mr. Robert Perkins was a tall stout man, rather bald, of florid complexion, with a well-to-do, self-satisfied air,—a man who had prospered in the world, and enjoyed its good things, earned by sheer hard work throughout the best years of his life. He seemed out of place in the tiny villa, and looked as though he thought so himself, as he shook hands condescendingly with his nephew and sister-in-law.

His wife was a thin and rather worn-looking little woman, with sharp black eyes that took in everything at a glance. Mrs. Perkins felt instinctively, even as they exchanged greetings, that Mrs. Robert was quite aware that the black silk dress in which she was arrayed in honour of her guests, was her old one turned, and so fashionably trimmed that most people would take it for a new one; also that Mrs. Robert comprehended at a glance why the disposition of the drawing-room furniture was slightly changed—viz., to hide sundry rather worn places in the carpet.

The two ladies soon retreated upstairs; and while Mrs. Perkins helped to divest Mrs. Robert of her numerous wraps, and duly admired her new cap, Mr. Perkins and Tom settled themselves at the drawing-room window, where the junior underwent a rather searching examination at the hands of the senior, as to his acquirements, and the amount of learning, generally, which he was gaining at the grammar school in the town; interspersed with much good advice, to which Tom did not give a quite undivided attention, as he was wondering impatiently why his mother stopped such an interminable time upstairs, when she must know how he hated being left alone with his uncle.

She reappeared as dinner was announced by Sally, with the words "which, if you please, Master Tom, the dinner is took in, and I've told your ma."

(To be continued.)

DOG WATCH YARNS.

By J. A. Higginson (late Royal Mail Service).

Author of "The Mutineers of the May Queen," etc.

A MODERN PIRATE.

"I think, friends," exclaimed Patrick Cassidy, the most prominent of the passengers assembled in the fore cabin of the Silver Dream—"I think, friends, that assartment should last us the voyage;" and he indicated a large box which each had contributed towards filling with jams, sardines, and other preserves not supplied by the ship.

A hearty assent greeted the remark, but as loud cheering indicated the ship's departure the box was locked, the key being handed to the speaker, and all hastened to bid farewell to friends they might never again behold. A brisk fair wind soon carried the Silver Dream clear of land, and all sought relief in the generous pastime of "feeding the fishes."

Here again Patrick Cassidy became prominent.

With hands clasping that part of his frame lying beneath the heart, and with the glow of health replaced by tints of a decided green, he presently ceased the disinterested toil, and sank on a seat.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Sure I think it's the measles," he replied, faintly; "for 'twas bad in Macroom when I left. An—an hour ago I was as hearty as yourself, this minute; but now me little stummick is like a chair at Tim Dooley's

auction—'tis goin', goin', and will soon be gone entirely. What will I take for it?"

"I would not buy, nor have it as a gift."

"Och, I didn't mean that, but something to ease the earthquake inside o' me," said he, dolefully.

"Try a fat mutton chop," I said.

He suddenly bent double. A violent inward commotion was accompanied by an Irish fantasia on howls, and imploring the steward's assistance he rushed to the lee rail. For the space of a week all were in like condition, and then they met at the breakfast-table, eager to enjoy the fruits of their forethought.

With a flourish of the key Cassidy opened the box that contained the longed-for delicacies, and, behold, it was as void as a newly dug grave. Indeed, it proved the tomb of many a keen regret, since the vanished contents were never recovered. That breakfast was a dismal failure. Poor Pat was horror-stricken, and vehemently declared his innocence, but suspicious glances were levelled upon the one whom all had so trusted, until, in a fit of desperation, he declared that the vital fluid of those who even *thought* him guilty would adorn "the lid of the ship."

The robbery was instantly reported, but all efforts to recover the property proved useless; and, indeed, the incident was soon forgotten in the anxiety of much greater losses.

One morning young O'Grady rushed from his room, and declared that a fine revolver had disappeared during the night. Simultaneously the charming Miss Magrath deplored the loss of her diamond ear-rings and gold brooch; whilst a third victim was minus a valuable gold watch and chain. It was clear that an expert thief was on board, since even the saloon had been visited, and one family in the steerage reported the loss of sixteen sovereigns.

A secret watch was now kept upon the movements of the sailors; but just before crossing the Line the *third* robbery was effected, and this time in the very fok'sle itself.

"I say, Bill, you been to my donkey, last watch?" a shellback inquired of his chum.

"No, Jack; lost anything?"

"Two pound o' baccy," was the answer; and the man heaved a deep sigh, attesting the greatness of the calamity.

Sailor Bill at once overhauled his donkey—in plain English his clothes-chest—and a torrent of strong language indicated that *his* tobacco was also gone.

In short, every mother's son in the fok'sle had just the same ditty to sing, and who the thief could be seemed past discovering. No part of the ship appeared safe from the mysterious thief, for the people were soon again thrown into a state of excitement when the purser reported the loss of wine, beer, and spirits from the store-room. Thus matters stood, none knowing when or where the next theft might occur, until one night I was aroused by a blow delivered through the open window beside my bunk. Hurrying on deck to ascertain the cause, I found one of the ship's boys in the clutches of angry Patrick Cassidy.

"What were you doing down below?" the latter inquired sharply.

"Wat yer mean?" demanded the youth in a strong Cockney accent.

"You have been down there," the other returned, and pointed to a large iron ventilator, in which a rope was hanging, that would give to a nimble burglar easy access to the lower decks. "You have been down there and have stolen something."

"Search me," cried the boy, who turned out his pockets as a proof of his innocence. "It was *you* put the rope there," he added emphatically, "I saw you."

For a space the accused stood rigid, a look of mingled passion and alarm overspreading his countenance. Then by a swift, yet stinging slap upon the ear he sent the youth staggering across the deck. "Take that, you rascal!" he said. But the boy still maintained the truth of his assertion, and furthermore stated that Cassidy had thrown something into my bunk. Upon searching the bed a canvas bag was found, and I knew instinctively that a clue to the robberies had been obtained. I sent for the mate, and in his presence the contents were turned out, and the brooch and diamond ear-rings, the money stolen from the steerage, with the gold watch and chain, and the trinkets missed from the saloon, lay before us. The revolver, tobacco, and spirits shared the fate of the missing preserves, as they were never recovered. Next morning the property was returned to the rightful owners, but a searching examination of both prisoners failed to detect the criminal, since both stoutly asserted their innocence, and witnesses were not obtainable. But the sailors speedily settled the matter to their own satisfaction. Rightly or wrongly, they declared the boy guilty, since Cassidy had never been known to enter the fok'sle. They seized the youth, and, to an accompaniment of fast-falling ropes' ends, he was waltzed fore and aft. He was expelled from the fok'sle, and during the remainder of the voyage boarded and lodged beneath one of the long boats. Cassidy had to leave the fore cabin, and took up his quarters in the steerage. Who committed the crimes no one could say, but from that day forth the ship was relieved from further anxiety.

In due course the Silver Dream dropped anchor in the spacious Moreton Bay, Queensland. The last batch of passengers had passed into the steamer that would bear them up the beautiful river that led toward Brisbane. Amidst ringing cheers the boat moved slowly away, when the boy suddenly mounted our rail and leaped upon her paddle-box. "Come back," I shouted.

"Never. I have been disgraced," he answered, and stood defiantly shaking his small fist as if desiring to annihilate the whole ship's company. Shortly before our departure the boy was captured red-handed in robbing an up-town store, and, wishing to ascertain what part he had played in robbing the ship, I obtained leave to enter the gaol and see him.

"Is Cassidy guilty, or innocent?" I inquired, and wishing to close the interview as speedily as possible.

"Innocent," said he, recklessly. "He saw me getting out at the ventilator, and knowing that I was discovered I snatched up the bag, which had previously been concealed behind some ropes close by, and dashed round the deck-house. Thinking that you were on deck, I threw the bag into the bunk, hoping to recover it when the row was over."

"Stay!" I said, scarcely able to restrain my anger. "I shall take your confession in writing, and you can sign it." That he sullenly agreed to do, and after a time proceeded with his recital. "It will teach him not to interfere again," he added, "but now I am here I don't mind telling you."

"You have almost ruined the man," I said. "What became of the spirits, tobacco, and preserves?"

"I sold 'em into the steerage," he replied, knowingly; "the shooter fetched two quid."

The character of Pat Cassidy was cleared by the signed confession I bore from the gaol, and his gratitude for my exertions was as honest as himself. Of the boy I never again heard, but subsequent inquiries proved that he had several times been charged with robbery in London, and had finally been sent from a reformatory school to our ship, in hope of giving him a new start in life.

Cassidy married the charming Miss Magrath, and became a successful trader in his new home; thus happily ending the mysterious incidents which so nearly proved his ruin on board the Silver Dream.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

By Philip Kent, B.A.

Every boy, and especially every poor boy, should know the life-story of the great chemist whose centenary is about to be celebrated; and hence we purpose briefly to tell it here.

Faraday was born September 21, 1791, at Newington, Surrey—then an outlying village. Between that date and this London has swollen to more than ten times its then size. Some five years later his father, a blacksmith, flitted with his wife and family to a set of rooms over a coach-house in Jacob's-Well Mews, Charles Street, Manchester Square. In this humble home Michael Faraday lived for ten years, picking up the "three R's" at a small day-school, and afterwards earning a few shillings a week as errand-boy to a Mr. Riebau, bookbinder and newsman, of No. 2, Blandford Street.

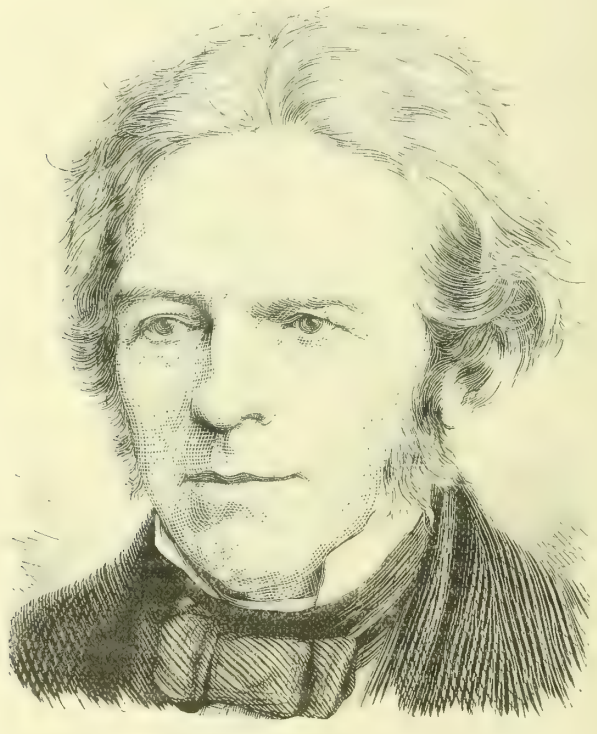
At the end of a twelvemonth his employer rewarded his faithful and willing service by taking him as a 'prentice without premium. And now began his 'prenticeship to science. Every scientific work placed in his hands to bind he eagerly read. He particularly revelled in "Marcet's Conversations on Chemistry," and the articles on Electricity in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Meanwhile all his spare halfpence went to buy materials for chemical experiments, and, wanting an electrical machine, he made one out of an old bottle. Watts's treatise "On the Mind," he tells us, first taught him to think; and he enlarged his knowledge of Natural Philosophy—or Physics, as we now call it—by attending the evening lectures delivered by Mr. Tatum at 53, Dorset Street, Fleet Street. The fee—a shilling per lecture—was not always forthcoming from Michael's slender purse. But his big (blacksmith) brother was always ready to supply the needful at a pinch. 'Tis pleasant to record a fact which, seemingly trifling, speaks so well for both brothers.

Michael had now ceased to carry out newspapers. But he never forgot how he began the world. Years afterwards, when old and world-famous, he met a newspaper boy, when walking with his niece, Miss Field. He gently squeezed her arm and whispered, "My heart always warms to those poor lads. For the sight of one never fails to remind

me that I once carried out newspapers myself."

In 1812 we find Michael Faraday, the journeyman bookbinder, attending four lectures at the Royal Institution, through the kindness of Mr. Dance, one of its members, and a regular customer of Mr. Riebau's. This further taste of the sweets of science set him craving to be employed in her service, were it but as a doorkeeper. He gave vent to his yearning in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, the then President of the Royal Society. Naturally enough, the application evoked no other reply than a curt verbal "No Answer," left with the porter of the Institution. But, nothing daunted, Faraday made a similar appeal to Sir Humphry Davy, and with better luck. For in 1813 we find him installed as assistant in the Laboratory of the Royal Institution, with a weekly salary of 25*s.* and free lodgings in the attics. The young devotee of Science, who hated trade, its secrets—kicked furiously and punished Faraday severely. Nor did his older and warier fellow-labourer get off entirely scot-free.

In the autumn of 1813 Sir Humphry and his wife started on the first of those Continental "starring" tours which gave rise to so many funny stories. How, when at Paris, Lady Davy would insist on visiting the Jardin des Plantes in an outlandish English costume, and was mobbed and hooted by the gallant French Monsieurs for her pains, is matter of history. But a less threadbare anecdote, though it belongs to a later tour in 1820, we thrust in here as it occurs to us, rather than rob the reader of a hearty laugh. At Venice, then, a pretty woman of high rank, eager to show off her learning before the renowned chemist, interrupted his narrative of his fourteenth ascent of Vesuvius in eruption, by asking him whether Ireland did not boast a similar volcano. Lord Byron—



now felt himself in clover, and his labour a labour of love.

We need hardly remind the reader that Sir Humphry Davy invented the safety-lamp which bears his name. He also discovered potassium, that marvellous metal which, thrown into water, floats and bursts into flame. Other wonderful chapters he added to "the fairy tale of Science," yet a celebrated man of science, asked to mention Sir Humphry's greatest discovery, promptly replied, "Michael Faraday." Whether Sir Humphry would have frankly endorsed that view of the matter may perhaps be doubted; but, anyhow, he must have formed, from the very outset, a singularly high opinion of his new helpmate's knowledge and deft dexterity of hand. For, within a week or two of Faraday's appointment, Sir Humphry trusted him to aid in a course of experiments with that most ticklish of all known explosives, chloride of nitrogen, since re-christened nitrogenic chloride. Ay, and for all their skill and care, adept and neophyte narrowly escaped blowing each other up, in the literal acceptation of the phrase. More than once the diabolic compound—as if resenting their investigations as an unwarrantable attempt to pry into

who tells the story—tried hard to set her right, and at last succeeded in convincing her that she must have been thinking of Iceland and its Hecla. She then began to ply the noble bard with questions touching Sir Humphry's exploits in Natural Philosophy, and learnt all about the safety-lamp—which she probably confounded with Aladdin's—and about Sir Humphry's skilful unglueing of the Pompeian papyri. "But what do you call him?" she persisted. "A great chemist," quoth Byron. "And what can he do?" "Almost anything." "Oh! then, *caro mio*, pray beg him to give me something to dye my eyebrows black. I've tried a thousand things, but the colour never lasts. And besides, they won't grow. Do ask him to invent something to make 'em grow!"

Lord Byron prudently buried these artless entreaties in his poetic bosom, fearing that Sir Humphry might not relish being mistaken for a dealer in cosmetics. Equally reticent was Michael Faraday touching the vagaries of Sir Humphry and his dame, whom he accompanied as secretary and scientific assistant during their first tour above mentioned, which lasted eighteen months. His home letters at this period teem with scientific lore, with touches of humour, with fond expressions of endearment. But you may search them in vain for any scrap of detractive tittle-tattle, or any outburst of spleen against his first patron. Yet a less noble spirit might easily have found ground for grumbling. Dazzling success had somewhat spoilt the once simple-minded Humphry Davy. He had not, like Faraday, one of those well-balanced heads which no success can turn. And on one noteworthy occasion during this same tour, he showed his sense of superiority in a very donnish—not to say snobbish—manner. Pending their sojourn at Geneva Professor De la Rive lumped them both together in a single invitation to dine with him. Davy declined it on the score that he could not sit at table with his own servant. "Oh! very well then," replied the Professor blandly, "I shall have the pleasure of giving two dinners instead of one."

In 1821 Faraday married. He carefully enters the date—the 12th of June—among his scientific notes and memoranda, in his diary. And twenty-eight years afterwards he speaks of the event as the source of well-nigh all his earthly happiness and welfare. Mrs. Faraday must certainly have been a model mate for a man of science. For she bore without a murmur a trial under which most wives would have shown themselves as explosive as—chloride of nitrogen. We must explain. In 1831, after his famous discovery of magneto-electricity, his business income reached the sum of £1,090 4*s.* In the following year he might easily have quintupled it. For men of business were bidding against one another for his services, and would gladly have paid him almost any price he liked to name. But, having to choose between Science and Mammon, he chose Science, after fully counting the cost. The cost was this. In 1832 his business gains, instead of rising to £5,000, fell to £155. From that point they slowly declined till, in 1838, they sank to naught. And there, or thereabouts, they remained for the rest of his life. He had laid by a little; and that little, coupled with a modest pension granted by Lord Melbourne under circumstances which—like every other episode in Faraday's life—do him the highest honour—kept him from absolute want.

One word touching Faraday's religion. Both he and his wife belonged to a small sect called Sandemanians; and in 1840 he became an elder of this little band of Calvinistic Christians, and thenceforth often preached on Sundays. Like many another burning and shining light of science, Faraday devoutly believed the cardinal truths of Christianity. This should entirely reassure those timid souls who think that the study of science leads straight to infidelity. As Balzac has finely remarked, "Science may deny, yet the men of science believe."

Of Faraday's scientific achievements we purposely refrain from speaking. Even among men of science his rank in that grand hierarchy still remains unsettled. But this article would resemble the play of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out, did we omit all mention of his unrivalled success as a lecturer on science. In 1825, then, began those Friday evening lectures at the Royal Institution which soon became so popular, that one who well remembers them likens the rush to the Institution to hear Faraday to the old rush to the concert-room to hear Jenny Lind. Where lay the charm? In a manner so winning, so genially kind and affectionate; in that thorough devotion to his subject which shone in every word and gesture; in his perfect simplicity, which so enhanced the effect of his natural eloquence that people flocked to see and hear him more for the sake of the man than

ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various Representative Artists.



XIII.—Waiting for the Signal.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* F. W. Burton.)

for the sake of his science. Yet it must not be supposed that even men of science failed to profit by his lectures. For few ever equalled Faraday as a lecturer. The crystal clearness of his statements, the orderly arrangement of his matter, were so perfect that, however new and knotty the subject which he handled, he sent the tiro away with the conviction that, tiro though he was, he fully understood it in all its bearings; whilst the initiated always found themselves furnished with fresh food for thought, and, not seldom, with a powerful spur to further self-exertion.

Apart from his manner, his unparalleled success in the lecture-room was doubtless partly due to natural aptitude. But he did not trust to that. This brilliant man of genius deemed no minute precaution beneath him. Here one little, seemingly most insignificant fact, will speak volumes. In preparing the experiments that were to illustrate each lecture, he never failed to try the stopper of every bottle beforehand, lest a hitch should occur at the critical moment. Now we well remember attending a course of chemical lectures where, for lack of these little preliminary precautions, the baffled lecturer, as often as not, found himself forced to make a piteous appeal to his henchman "John" to

back his assertion that the experiment which stubbornly declined to "come off" in the presence of the audience, had been performed with brilliant effect between them twain just before the audience assembled. And, of course—as the tittering audience but too plainly foresaw—the pathetic appeal, "Now didn't we, John?" invariably called forth the loyal answer, "Indeed we did, sir." But no such farcical episode ever ruined the effect of one of Faraday's lectures. And, for our part, we never think of his "stoppers" without recalling Michael Angelo's triumphant reply to one who jeered at his painstaking attention to trifles:—"Trifles they doubtless are. But perfection depends on them; and perfection is no trifle."

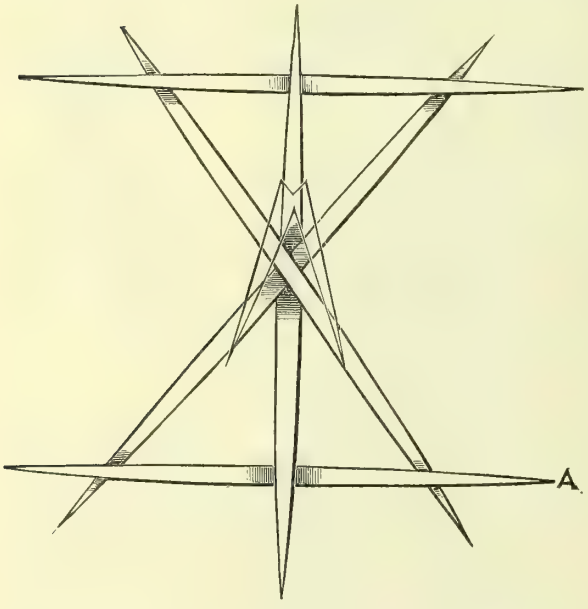
Of all work, brain-work is the most exhausting. In the honourable effort to clear off a load of debt for which he was legally, though not morally, responsible, Scott did actually kill himself by overtaxing his brain. Hence Balzac—another victim of an overwrought brain—calls thought the "poison of life." Faraday drank so deeply of this poison that in his fiftieth year (1841) loss of memory and low spirits compelled him to give his brain a long holiday. He rested from his labours for a whole year, three months of which he spent in Switzerland, walking, on one occasion, forty-five miles in less than eleven hours without much fatigue or any ill effects. A tolerably sure proof that mental rest was all he needed! And it cured him. After this holiday he resumed the oar, and continued to tug at it with little intermission till his dying day. Even during those last years, when to the outer world he seemed to be vegetating in the quiet home allotted to him at Hampton Court, his friends knew that he was engaged in a series of experiments with the view of testing the possibility of adapting his magneto-electric light to the illumination of lighthouses. Thus, like all but an insignificant minority of the world's great workers, Michael Faraday died in harness. Nay, we may add his name to the list of those who have sacrificed their lives to the service of their fellow-creatures. For there can be no doubt that the old man—now upwards of seventy—hastened his end by his frequent journeys to the South Foreland and Dungeness lighthouses, and by his winter-night excursions in the Channel, undertaken in the characteristically thoroughgoing execution of his self-appointed task.

He entered on his well-earned rest August 25, 1867, leaving behind him a spotless name, the memory of which must make every right-minded English man and boy prouder of the land which gave birth to Michael Faraday.

THE SPRING BED.

By Somerville Gibney,

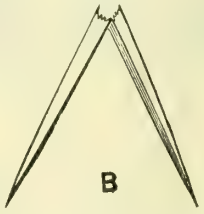
Author of "Windmill Toys," etc.



It does not require gigantic preparations to amuse those ready and anxious to be amused at holiday-time, and the following plan, if only neatly and effectively carried out, will cause considerable mirth among those who have not seen it before.

All the apparatus needful is six of those little wooden toothpicks which are always provided in restaurants in France, and which may be bought in bundles for about one penny in any French shop in London. The wood of which they are made is pine, and though they are so slight they are very springy, and if treated carefully may be considerably bent without breaking.

Having provided yourself with five of these, place them as shown in the drawing heading this paper. This drawing is made from *life*, if the term may be applied to the small toothpicks lying before me as I write, and is actual size. You will find no difficulty in fixing them if you commence by taking the two pieces forming a St. Andrew's cross with the upright piece behind them, between the first finger and thumb of your left hand, and holding them firmly thus while you interlace the upper cross-piece behind the upright, and in front of the ends of the cross. Still keeping your finger and thumb firm, treat the lower end in the same way. Once you have got this last piece in position you may leave go, and you will find that the whole five pieces are in a state of considerable tension, and will not come apart by themselves. Now take the sixth piece and break it almost in half, bending the ends till they form a pair of compasses, as shown at B.



You are now ready to commence your performance, and it always goes better if you introduce a little story—something after the following style, though no doubt many of my readers will be able to invent a much more dramatic one, which they will of course use instead.

"Once upon a time" (*don't be daunted if your audience give signs of incredulity at this commencement, but assume a very serious expression, and if this does not cow them, request them to tell the story themselves since they appear to be so well acquainted with it. This I have always found effectual. When quiet has been restored recommence*). "Once upon a time there was an innkeeper, who was by persuasion a Home Ruler of the deepest dye. His establishment was situated in the very centre of a desolate heath, where there was little or no traffic, but his living was provided for him by the 'starving, down-trodden Irish peasants.' One day when he was away on business a tourist, who had lost his way and had been tramping about for hours, knocked at the door and asked if he could have a bed for the night. He was so tired he felt all legs, so we will represent him by this little piece of wood" (*taking up B and showing it*). "There was a spare bed in the house—which we will represent by this—and it was placed at his disposal" (*taking up A, and placing it down on a block of wood, or an old book, so that the piece of wood A and the lower right-hand piece of the cross which goes under A shall be beyond the edge of the book*). "The tourist very soon went to bed, which we will represent thus" (*laying B on the centre of the bed, as shown by the diagram*), "and being so tired, instead of blowing his candle out as he should have done, he put it on the floor and forgot it. I must not forget to tell you that as the bed belonged to a Fenian the sheets were not of the ordinary linen, but of guncotton, and as guncotton is such dangerous stuff we won't represent them at all, but imagine they are there. In a very few minutes the tourist was sound asleep, quite unconscious that his bed was catching fire until the flames reached the sheets when——but I'll show you what took place." (*Apply a light to the end of A, and the wood being dry, it will rapidly burn to where the cross-piece comes beneath it. As soon as this is burnt the general tension is suddenly released and all the pieces spring into the air a couple of feet in height*). "So—and when the innkeeper returned home he found his bed destroyed, and no tourist to pay for the damage, so he instantly changed his 'persuasion' and became a loyal subject of Her Gracious Majesty from that day forth—though a Home Ruler still."

"TRUE MANHOOD."

[Specimen Extracts from our recent Literary Competitions.]

By E. R. Broome.

Where do we see true manhood? In a hero's deeds alone?
When he saves another's life, not counting the cost of his own,
When he fights on single-handed 'gainst the strength of the crowding foe,
And saves his flag from the enemy's hand by the force of his mighty blow?
. . . . . .
Nay, though true manhood shines brightly in every heroic deed,
Yet not in danger and death alone do we find it good at need,
For this I call true manhood, though no earthly reward we see,
To do our duty as unto God, whatever it chance to be.

What though there fall to our lot but a commonplace work and life,
What though we have no chance of heroic endurance or strife,
To each his daily task is given,—'tis as hard, at duty's call,
To lay one's life down day by day, as to lay it down once for all.

We may never handle a sword, or hear the sound of a gun,
Or the ringing clarion shout that tells of the hard-fought battle won,
But 'gainst sin, the world, and the devil let us wage a manful strife,
And Christ our Captain will give us the victor's crown of life.

We may idly dream we would give our life for those whom our hearts love best,
And think our love is a mighty love, when it cannot stand the test
Of little demands and vexations, cannot bear and forbear,
With those for whom we imagine the darkness of death we'd dare.

Let us show true manhood in small things; who knows but God may send
Some great thing among the small things to do for Him in the end;
For Christ Himself worked thirty years with Joseph in Galilee
Ere He came forth to show the truth and die on Calvary.

By William Edward Cule.

He who seeks to live in memory when his time has passed away,
That his name may ring for ages in the minstrel's stirring lay,
Whate'er be his high ambition, what the framing of his plan,
Let him still through all his striving keep the honour of the man.
. . . . . .
Duty is the perfect pathway to a long-enduring fame,
Glory's shrine, with all its splendour, bears full many a tinge of shame,
Fame may live and glory brighten till the world is grey and hoar,
Fortune's laurels gild the memory of the name of him who bore:—

But the story of true manhood throws a still diviner ray,
Gleaming through the gloom of ages to an everlasting day;
And in bright and golden letters, traced by God's unfailing pen,
In the Universal Record stand the actions of true men.
. . . . . .
This the secret of true manhood, this the secret they impart:—
Holy living, honest working, open mind and fearless heart,
Honour, virtue, strength of purpose, and true courage must unite
With proud emulation's labour in the standard of the Right!

By Rev. Henry Lister.

True manhood! Is it an abstract ideal,
The figment of a dreamy poet's brain?
Is it not rather something great and real,
To which humanity can yet attain;
The heights beyond—to which it ought to press,
Towards which it ought to climb—of manliness?

For "manners make the man"; the moral sinews,
The will that holds his lower self in thrall,
The spirit-energy, whose power continues,
That filled the souls of Nelson and of Paul;
Nerving the heroes' weak and puny frames
For noble purposes and lofty aims.

Not theirs the manliness of brawny figure,
And mere brute force by exercise made strong;
But the soul's struggling with its utmost vigour
Against the false, the cowardly, the wrong;
The firm resolve to suffer, be, and do,
For what is right and good, and brave and true.

Manhood in action! shown when the six hundred
Rode without flinching on to certain doom;
When the good Gordon (some one else had blundered)
Crowned his career heroic at Khartoum;
Or when the boatmen face the whelming wave,
Offering their own some other lives to save.

Manhood in suffering! of the patriot victim,
Or Christian martyr's, worse than axe or rack;
Laving his face in tongues of flame that licked him;
Or others, thousands, who have not drawn back,
Alone, unhelped by popular applause,
From death or torture in a righteous cause.

But manhood shows itself, 'mid scenes less tragic,
In humbler deeds and simpler lives than theirs,
In work for others, brightened by the magic
Of helpful sympathy of thought and cares,
Which women trust; which holds the clinging clasp
Of children's fingers in its true firm grasp.

It is the strength that condescends to weakness,
The kindly charity that suffers long,
That bears with wrong and thanklessness with meekness,
And is forgiving, knowing it is strong,
Owning the claims and rights of common kin
In all man's joys and sorrows, pains and sin.

Such in faint outline are the leading features
Of the true man; whom, in God's image, He
Ending His work, alone of all His creatures,
Made like Himself, as He would have him be;
The consummation of his human plan,
Its highest type, the Christian gentleman.

Answers to Conundrums in our Last Number.

1. *Chaff-inch.*
2. *Cut-lass.*
3. *Words-worth.*
4. *Check-mate.*
5. *Po-ta-toes.*
6. *Mendicant—Mend I can't.*
7. *Don-key.*

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

VIII.—Illuminating.

By reference to page 61 of the current volume it will be seen that we announced this subject as follows:—

We offer Four Prizes for the best Illumination (in oils or water-colours) of the competitor's favourite New Testament promise. Either the Authorised or Revised Version may be followed. Competitors will be divided into four classes, according to age, and one Prize will be awarded in each class. First class, from 19 to 24; Second class, from 15 to 19; Third class, from 11 to 15; Fourth class, all ages up to 11. The highest Prize will go to the class showing the greatest merit. Competitors are not prohibited from using purchased designs, but the colouring must be wholly their own, and, other things being equal, the preference will be given to original work throughout. The size, material, etc., are left to the choice of competitors.

We are once more delighted to be able to report that a goodly number have taken part in this subject, and much of the work sent in has been of more than usual merit. In the lowest division, however, *i.e.* all ages up to 11, there has been practically no competition, and no prize or certificates could be given. In the second division (ages 15 to 19) so many competed that we have been induced, with a view of doing full justice to all, to subdivide and give many extra prizes. Rearrangement has also been needful elsewhere, in fairness to competitors who ran one another very closely, though working in different mediums and vastly different styles. It will be at once seen that we have very considerably increased the total amount of prize-money originally offered—*nearly trebled it, indeed.*

Our Award is as follows:—

Fourth Division (*ages* 11 *to* 15).

Prizes—10*s.* 6*d. each.*

C. H. Cornwall (aged 14), Cleeve Lawn, Hales Road, Cheltenham.

Philip Kelleway (aged 14), 9, Victoria Terrace, St. John's, Cheltenham.

Leonard Sarre (aged 14), 33, Ditchling Road, Brighton, Sussex.

CERTIFICATES.

Ernest Green, 142, Cowick Street, St. Thomas, Exeter.

Caroline Baillie, Grosvenor House, Carlisle.

Ernest Lucke, Capital and Counties Bank, Trowbridge, Wilts.

H. H. Hayward, 25, Water Lane, Colchester.

E. R. C. Edmonds, 3, Albion Villas, Harringay Road, Tottenham.

W. C. Butcher, 13, Lansdowne Road, Bedford.

A. K. Rudd, 55, St. Giles Street, Norwich.

W. E. Dark, Lew, Faringdon, Berks.

F. L. Lesingham, 17, Onslow Road, Richmond Hill.

H. J. Wright, 76, Brightfield Road, Lee, S.E.

Albert Walter, 1, Eastcombe Terrace, Charlton Road, Blackheath.

Harold F. Lesingham, 17, Onslow Road, Richmond Hill.

R. H. Ferguson, 17, Maison Dieu Road, Dover.

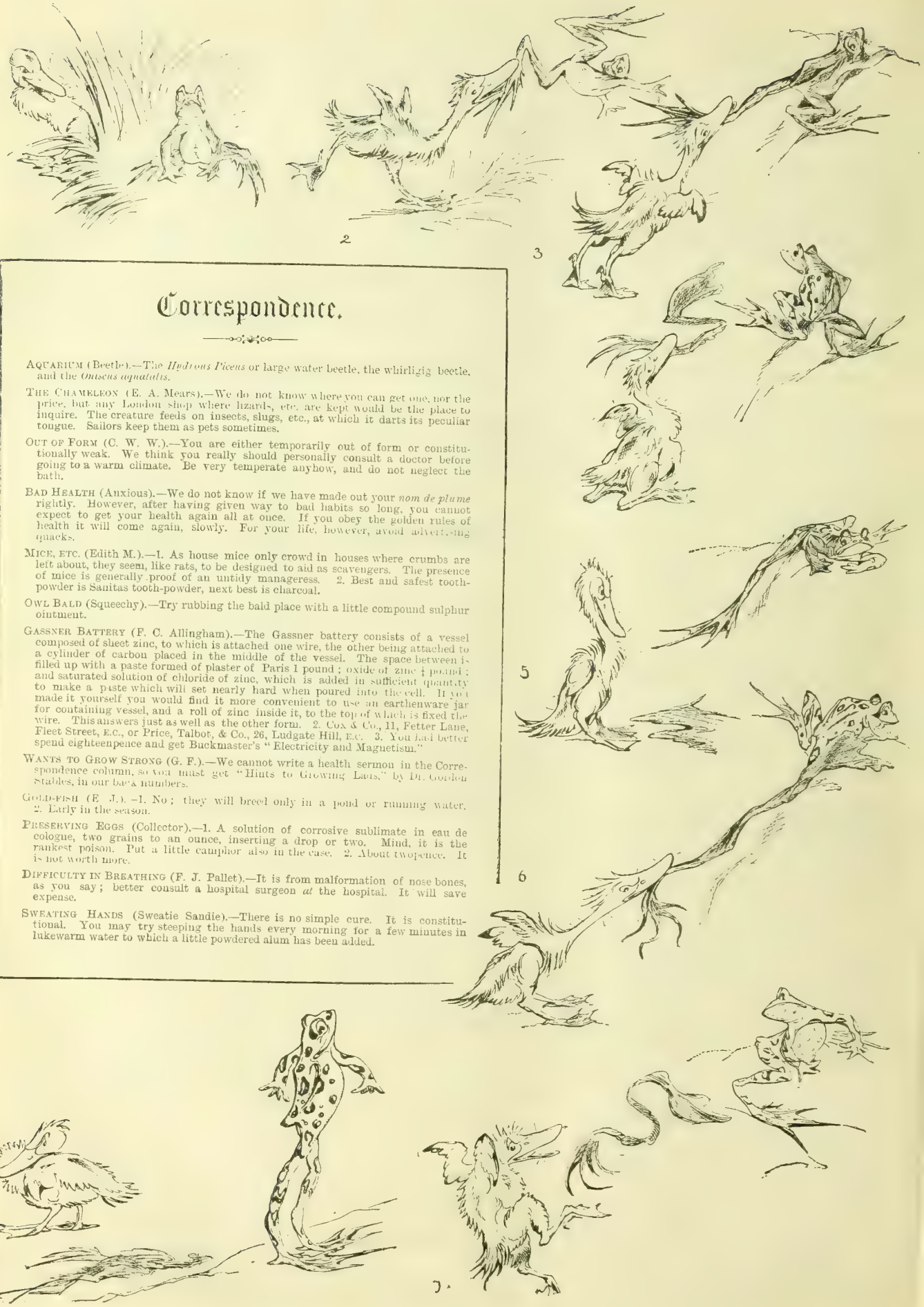
F. E. Lucey, Surrey Lodge, Henley-on-Thames.

Nelson G. Reeves, The Beeches, Bratton, Westbury, Wilts.

Alfred R. Palmer, 118, Landcroft Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

Horace H. Greenfield, High School for Boys, 8, Liverpool Terrace, Worthing.

D. M. Sale, Ashwell, Baldock, Herts.



Correspondence.

AQUARIUM (Beetle).—The *Hydrous Piceus* or large water beetle, the whirligig beetle, and the *Omiscus aquatalis*.

THE CHAMELEON (E. A. Mears).—We do not know where you can get one, nor the price, but any London shop where lizards, etc. are kept would be the place to inquire. The creature feeds on insects, slugs, etc., at which it darts its peculiar tongue. Sailors keep them as pets sometimes.

OUT OF FORM (C. W. W.).—You are either temporarily out of form or constitutionally weak. We think you really should personally consult a doctor before going to a warm climate. Be very temperate anyhow, and do not neglect the bath.

BAD HEALTH (Anxious).—We do not know if we have made out your *nom de plume* rightly. However, after having given way to bad habits so long, you cannot expect to get your health again all at once. If you obey the golden rules of health it will come again, slowly. For your life, however, avoid advertising quacks.

MICE, ETC. (Edith M.).—1. As house mice only crowd in houses where crumbs are left about, they seem, like rats, to be designed to aid as scavengers. The presence of mice is generally proof of an untidy manageress. 2. Best and safest tooth-powder is Sanitas tooth-powder, next best is charcoal.

OWL BALD (Squeechy).—Try rubbing the bald place with a little compound sulphur ointment.

GASSNER BATTERY (F. C. Allingham).—The Gassner battery consists of a vessel composed of sheet zinc, to which is attached one wire, the other being attached to a cylinder of carbon placed in the middle of the vessel. The space between is filled up with a paste formed of plaster of Paris 1 pound; oxide of zinc ¼ pound; and saturated solution of chloride of zinc, which is added in sufficient quantity to make a paste which will set nearly hard when poured into the cell. If you made it yourself you would find it more convenient to use an earthenware jar for containing vessel, and a roll of zinc inside it, to the top of which is fixed the wire. This answers just as well as the other form. 2. Cox & Co., 11, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., or Price, Talbot, & Co., 26, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 3. You had better spend eighteenpence and get Buckmaster's "Electricity and Magnetism."

WANTS TO GROW STRONG (G. F.).—We cannot write a health sermon in the Correspondence column, so you must get "Hints to Growing Lads," by Dr. Gordon Stables, in our back numbers.

GOLD-FISH (E. J.).—1. No; they will breed only in a pond or running water. 2. Early in the season.

PRESERVING EGGS (Collector).—1. A solution of corrosive sublimate in eau de cologne, two grains to an ounce, inserting a drop or two. Mind, it is the rankest poison. Put a little camphor also in the case. 2. About twopence. It is not worth more.

DIFFICULTY IN BREATHING (F. J. Pallet).—It is from malformation of nose bones, as you say; better consult a hospital surgeon *at* the hospital. It will save expense.

SWEATING HANDS (Sweatie Sandie).—There is no simple cure. It is constitutional. You may try steeping the hands every morning for a few minutes in lukewarm water to which a little powdered alum has been added.

How the Frog got rid of his Old Clothes.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* J. A. SHEPHERD.)

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 661.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH;



"The man was mad."

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ildrim the Afghan," "Drowned Gold," "For Life and Death," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—A MIDNIGHT MARCH WITH A MADMAN.

Livingstone Foster himself stood aghast for a moment at this terrible recognition, and not without cause; for not merely was their own safety threatened by the presence of these ferocious savages, but they were about to see a brave

soldier and a personal friend of their own tortured to death before their very faces. Yet what could they do?

For a few seconds the pioneer stood musing with an ominous frown on his dark face, neither of the two lads daring to address him. Then his eye brightened suddenly, and he said in a fierce whisper:

"Boys, will you stand by me?"

"*Won't* we?" cried Harry, eagerly. "What are we to do?"

"To rescue this man," replied Foster, sternly.

Any one else might well have been startled by this cool proposal that a prisoner guarded by a hundred men should be taken from them by three. But so perfect was the confidence of the two boys in the power of their relative to achieve any feat which could be thought of, that, had he proposed to rout a whole Burmese army single-handed, they would have taken for granted that it would somehow or other be done.

"The moon will have set in a few minutes more," resumed Foster, "and that fire won't burn very long; and most of the men look tired, to say nothing of several of them being wounded. They don't mean to kill him to-night, that's plain, or they'd have set about it by this time. So now, listen to me!"

A few words sufficed to expound his plan; but, whatever it was, it seemed to delight both his hearers beyond measure. Harry barely stifled a hurrah, and Fred vowed that "the Pathfinder himself couldn't have thought of anything better if he'd tried!"

The moon sank slowly behind the black, ghostly, whispering woods; the fire-light began to fail in its turn; and, one by one, their spectral foes melted into the gloom like the phantoms which they resembled. But Foster's keen eyes (which seemed habituated to see in darkness, like those of the wolf or the tiger) could discern the faint outline of the sentinels who guarded this grim encampment, and the shadowy form of the Hindoo captive outstretched beside the dying fire.

Seated in the mouth of the cave, with their guns across their knees, the excited boys waited what seemed to their impatience an endless time for the appointed signal. But at last Foster rose to his feet, and whispered:

"Now!"

Noiselessly as shadows, the three picked their way over the rocks to the shore, clambered up the steep bank, and crawled toward the nearest sentinel.

Silently as they came, the savage's quick ear seemed to warn him of their approach, and he bent forward to listen; but ere he had time to speak, Foster's rifle brought him down, and the daring Englishman, almost drowning the sharp report with a British hurrah that made the air ring, burst right in among his sleeping enemies.

As he did so, the other two rifles cracked in their turn, and Harry sent forth with all the power of his lungs the battle-cry of the dreaded Goorkas, "Hur, hur, Mahadeo!" while Fred, not to be behindhand, joined the chorus with an ear-piercing imitation of the Apaché war-whoop, which "Leaping Wolf" himself might have applauded; and the shouts of the rescuers were echoed by the captive near the fire with a stentorian utterance of the terrible Sikh war-cry.

Startled from sleep by the shouting and firing, the bewildered Burmans, thinking their camp surprised by a large force of British and Hindoo troops, fell foul of each other in the darkness. Meanwhile Foster heightened the confusion by cheering on imaginary soldiers with the full might of his powerful voice, and discharging all the barrels of a small revolver that he carried in his Burmese sash.

No further effort was needed. The Burmans, helpless and panic-stricken, thought only of flight; and in another instant all who could still run were flying for their lives.

By this time Foster had reached the captive Hindoo, and cut his bonds. Then, taking him by the arm, he half led and half dragged him away. The boys followed, and a few minutes later all three were back in their cave of refuge with their rescued prisoner, having achieved a seemingly impossible feat! *

"Now, boys, we may as well have a nap to freshen us, for we can't do anything more till this man wakes up," said Foster, pointing to Hadji Mahmood, who, completely worn out, had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion the moment he found himself in safety.

"And when he *does* wake up, uncle, what's to be done then?" asked Fred.

"Why, I'm much mistaken if he won't be able to guide us straight to our own men. There must certainly be a detachment of our troops not far off, and these Burmese fellows whom we've just been hunting must have had a fight with them, or they wouldn't have been so easily scared by our shouting; besides, I noticed that several of them were wounded. Now, if that's so, our fellows must be coming this way, and Hadji Mahmood's pretty certain to know where to find them; and once we're under the old flag again, we'll be all right!"

Foster said nothing, however, of another reason that he had to watch anxiously for Hadji Mahmood's awakening. This unexpected appearance of a survivor of the doomed garrison of Kyook-Pew—which he had hitherto supposed to have perished to the last man—had raised in his mind a faint hope that Alfred Marston himself might possibly have been taken alive in the same way, and might have been spared as a prize of importance. True, he had heard nothing of any prisoners while among the Burmans who had destroyed the fort; but he knew well that the vaunting savages would boast of having slain *all* their enemies, whether it were really so or not.

At all events, if Marston still lived, Hadji Mahmood must certainly know it, and the question would be settled as soon as the old Ressaldar awoke.

But all these hopes were doomed to be grievously disappointed. When the rescued man awoke at sunrise from his heavy, swoon-like sleep, one glance at his strange gestures, his restless movements, and the wild glare of his keen black eyes, told Foster that nothing was to be gained from *him*. Fatigue, exposure to the burning sun, and the terrific strain of that long night face to face with death, had done their work only too well. The man was *mad*!

This terrible discovery was a great blow to them all, though at first they saw nothing more in it than an unexpected defeat to their hopes of reaching their friends at once. But they soon found to their cost that it menaced them not merely with delay, but with destruction; for all of a sudden, the lunatic sprang to his feet, and began to shout, or rather yell, so frantically that his cries rose high above the noise of the now diminished waterfall, and were heard plainly enough on either bank to draw to the spot at once any of their enemies who might happen to pass within hearing.

But Foster, though almost driven to desperation by this new mischance, did not lose his presence of mind for a moment. Planting himself right in front of the maniac, and lifting his hand with a commanding air, he fixed with his eye the frantic man's wandering gaze, and called out in Hindostanee, in the short, stern tone of a British officer on parade:

"Silence in the ranks! Fall out!"

Even through the frenzy of madness the old soldier-like instinct asserted itself. The lunatic instantly ceased his cries, and, drawing back into a dark corner, crouched down with his head resting on his hands, and spoke no more.

That day was the longest that the three fugitives had ever known. They dared not quit the cave for fear of some fresh outbreak on the part of the madman, whom they were forced to watch unceasingly all day long. But happily he showed no farther sign of violence; and Foster, beginning to hope that the fit might pass off, brought him food, and spoke to him soothingly in his own language. But, though the poor fellow took mechanically whatever was offered him, he gave no token of recognition or of reviving reason, and seemed to be gradually lapsing into a kind of stupor.

Night came at last, and Foster was just allotting their respective night-watches as usual, when all at once Hadji Mahmood sprang to his feet, and came with one stride into the midst of them.

"*Listen!*" said he, in a hoarse whisper; "they come—they come! we must go forth and meet them. Follow me!"

"He must mean the English troops," said Foster, in a tone of involuntary awe; "and I shouldn't wonder if he's right, too. You remember that crazy woman at Lucknow who said she heard Havelock's men coming to the rescue, when they were still many miles away. If the fancy lasts, it's as likely as not that he'll lead us straight into the camp. Come along, quick!"

The lunatic was already out of the cave and up the bank, beckoning eagerly to them to follow; and, snatching up their guns and shawls, they hurried forth to join him.

That night was one which neither Fred nor Harry ever forgot. The wild and trackless jungle, bathed in the unearthly splendour of the tropical moonlight—the dead, ghostly silence, broken only by their own footsteps—the dark face and fiery eyes of the maniac, as he ever and anon looked round to beckon them impatiently on—the mysterious march,

* This exploit, however, is not without parallel. In one of the native wars of Northern India, a whole detachment was put to flight in the same way by *one man!* - D. K.

going onward through the darkness, mile after mile, and hour after hour, they knew not whither—were all so weirdly impressive (unreal and dream-like though they seemed), that even the reckless boys felt awed, and were instinctively silent.

Borne up by the proverbial strength of madness, Hadji Mahmood pushed forward at a pace which tried very sorely both the strength and the breath of the others, strong and nimble though they were. But, even when almost exhausted, they dared not show any sign of hanging back, lest, by checking their insane guide, or changing the current of his thoughts, they might lose their one remaining chance of rejoining their friends. For, as the night wore on, the conviction grew upon them all that this lunatic, guided by some mysterious instinct, was really making his way straight toward the English camp, through the pathless wilds of a jungle that he had never traversed before; and so, with parched throats and aching limbs, they struggled doggedly on.

Day was just dawning when the madman (who seemed to have quite taken command of the party for the time being) gave the signal to halt, an order which Fred and Harry were willing enough to obey. But the halt was not a long one; for Livingstone Foster and the boys had barely had time to swallow a few mouthfuls of food—which they vainly tried to persuade the Ressaldar to share with them—when the latter sprang to his feet again as nimbly as ever, and turned to begin anew his seemingly endless march.

But at the very first step he halted, bent his head forward as if listening, and then threw himself flat on the ground, and crept into a thick clump of bushes, signing to his companions to do the same.

They did so, and not a moment too soon; for hardly were they securely hidden, when steps and voices were heard approaching, and a long string of armed natives came straggling by in disorderly haste, one or two passing so near the hiding-place of the fugitives that the latter could almost have touched them. Many of the Burmans showed in their bandaged heads and limbs the tokens of a recent and desperate fight; and their hurried movements, as well as the quick glances which they cast behind them from time to time, showed that they were either pursued or fearing to be so.

The leader of this party seemed to be a tall man in a striped tunic, at sight of whom even Foster started; for, although his face was turned away, they could all see that he wore a *tiger-skin helmet*.

"It must be all over with the revolt," said Foster, as the last Burman disappeared, "if the War-Tiger himself is running away like that. This is better luck than I hoped for."

"But *that* wasn't the Tiger Chief, father," rejoined Harry. "He turned round for a moment just as he dived into the bushes, and I got a good sight of his face from where I lay, and it wasn't like the Chief a bit."

"Ah, indeed?" said his father. "Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure," replied the boy, firmly; "I saw him as plainly as I see *you* now."

"That, then," cried his father, "accounts for what has puzzled me so long—those stories of the War-Tiger having been seen in the midst of two or three fights at once, which were going on miles apart on the same day. I should have thought it all a lie of the Burmans, if some of our sepoys hadn't said the very same thing. Now, of course, the whole thing's plain enough; this fellow has dressed up a lot of his men to look like himself, and frightened these superstitious Hindoos of ours into thinking him a supernatural being, who could show himself in four or five places at once, and come to life again after being killed. General Roberts will thank you for your discovery, Harry, my boy; for that superstition has done more than a dozen armies to strengthen the War-Tiger's power, and hamper us in overthrowing it. But we mustn't talk any more now, for there's Hadji Mahmood off again."

The boys were inwardly dismayed at the prospect of another of these headlong forced marches "from nothing to nowhere," as Harry bitterly said, compared with which the hardest of Fred's prairie journeys and of his cousin's school "paper-chases" were a mere joke. But, happily, their wanderings were now nearly over; for, barely an hour later, they issued from the jungle upon a vast open plain, on which lay a stockaded entrenchment of great size, with the bayonets of slow-pacing sentries glittering upon the angles of its palisades, thin wreaths of blue smoke curling up over it from countless fires, and, joyfullest sight of all, the flag of old England waving jauntily above it in the fresh morning breeze.

"Hurrah!" shouted Harry, "it's good to see the old flag again! Three cheers for Hadji Mahmood; there's some sense in going mad after all."

"That's a fact," said Fred, "for if he'd been in his sober senses, he could hardly have done it. Perhaps now he's back among his own people, the poor old chap *will* get his wits straightened out again!"

As they came up to the gate, the spectacle of a Burmese hunter and two Burmese boys led up to a British entrenchment by a crazy Sikh (for this was how the new-comers appeared to the amazed eyes of the nearest sentry) struck the latter as a thing that needed looking into; and, levelling his piece, he sternly ordered the party to halt.

Foster began to parley with him, and the discussion attracted the attention of a passing group of officers, who came up to see what was the matter.

At sight of the foremost of them, Foster started as if he had seen a ghost, and for a moment almost thought that he had; for there, before him, pale and haggard as a spectre risen from the grave, stood his dear friend, Alfred Marston!

CHAPTER XVIII.—SEEING A GHOST.

If Foster was amazed to see Marston, Marston himself was not less so to see the two boys whom he had thought dead (and whom he knew at once by their voices) alive and turned into Asiatics. But all this was speedily explained when the party had been admitted. Foster related the boys' adventures, while the latter took the rest that they sorely needed; and Marston told how, having discovered the remains of an underground passage in the fort while sinking his wells, he had cleared it out and kept it open in case of need; and how, when the flames had made the fort untenable, he and Merrincourt, with their few surviving men, had escaped by this subway, and launched a canoe which they had kept hidden among the bushes in readiness, and glided down the river unseen, under cover of the smoke and the fast-falling darkness. Voyaging by night, and hiding in the thickets by day, they had got down to Bhamo just before it was surrounded by the enemy, passing through countless perils and sufferings, and losing three of their number on the way.

"And after all that," cried Foster, admiringly, "you're at it again already! True grit, and no mistake."

"Old Frank's here too," said Marston, ignoring the compliment, "and poor old Hadji Mahmood came with us both. The scouting party that he commanded must have been cut off by those fellows from whom you saved him; but I think he'll come all right again after a bit—I've seen many such cases in Bengal."

Then Marston told how the insurgents had been beaten and driven back step by step, how (as Foster had seen for himself) many of the native tribes were abandoning the enterprise and going back to their homes, and how this camp had been formed as a central point from which raiding parties were incessantly sent out to cut off the supplies of the enemy and destroy their straggling bands.

"And when Sir Frederick comes up to-morrow with the fresh troops," he ended, "we shall probably make an advance in force through the jungle, to put an end to the business at one blow; for some of our scouts have just brought in word that the War-Tiger himself has passed this way with a small band, flying toward the northern border."

"Oho!" cried Foster, suddenly recollecting the native band that had passed them in the jungle, and Harry's discovery of the mock chief who had assumed the well-known badge of the War-Tiger. "Well then, it strikes me that those scouts of yours have been nicely fooled, and that the news which I've got for Sir Frederick is even more important than I had thought. Listen, and I'll tell you about it."

And then the two had a long talk, at the end of which Marston looked extremely grave, while Foster had the satisfied air of a man who had just succeeded in finding out a puzzle over which he had long pondered in vain.

"Here's news for you, my boys," said Foster to the two lads at sunrise next morning. "Sir Frederick Roberts has just arrived, and whom do you think he has brought with him? Why, your old friend of the Hollow Mountain, Master Tum-Ti!"

"Aha!" cried Harry, "he's caught at last, then. What a fright he must be in!"

"Are they going to hang him?" asked Fred.

"Hang him? Oh dear no! he's quite a good boy now, and the General is going to give him a fine big reward. He has turned traitor (as such scoundrels always do in the end) and betrayed the Tiger Chief and all his old comrades, on condition of receiving a free pardon and the government reward for the War-Tiger's death or capture."

"Well, he *is* a nice young man, and no mistake!" cried Harry, with an air of disgust. "I don't so much mind his murdering *us*, for that was all in the way of business; but to betray his own side—ugh!"

"Well, I suppose that was all in the way of business too," said his father, "for he's made a good deal of money by it, which is the chief business of a fellow like that, after all. What do you think of his showing the General a note-book with your name on it (which he probably stole while you were unconscious from the effects of that drug), and coolly saying that he had offered to take a message from you to your friends, and that you had given him that book as a token; but that he was found out and imprisoned for it by the others, and would have been killed if he hadn't managed to escape? As for you, he said he thought you must have been murdered, but he could say nothing for certain."

"No, I don't suppose he could," chuckled Fred, "since he didn't come right down into that old vault to see whether we died or not. Uncle, I've got an idea."

The "idea" was communicated in a few whispered words, to which Foster listened with a look of growing amusement, ending in a hearty laugh.

"First-rate!" cried he; "it'll be a very fit punishment for his treachery, and he certainly deserves nothing better. You had better keep close during the day, so as not to give him a chance of seeing you; and this evening I'll come and turn you white again, before presenting you to the General."

Accordingly, after a long day of seclusion—enlivened, however, by visits from Marston and Merrincourt—the boys saw Mr. Foster appear towards nightfall, in English dress, and with his skin restored to its natural colour. The application of a second root, not unlike the first in appearance, changed *them* in like manner from Burmans to whites; but, for some reason of his own, Foster made no alteration in their clothing, though it had suffered not a little from their jungle adventures. And when all was ready, he marched them off to the General's tent, and formally presented them as his son and nephew.

Fred Milburn—who, boy-like, had always imagined that the hero of the famous "forced march" which relieved Kandahar, and the other exploits of the Afghan campaign, must be a gigantic and awe-inspiring figure, half Marlborough and half Peter the Great—was greatly amazed to find Sir Frederick a small, quiet-looking man, with long grey whiskers, in whose light frame a stranger would have seen no trace of the daring swordsman who, in 1857, had slain with his own hand, in the presence of two armies, a rebel standard-bearer a head taller than himself. But there was a nameless *something* in the great soldier's firm lips and deep, earnest eyes which would have told any observant spectator that, whatever difficulties and dangers might rise to confront him, *he* was the man to deal with them.

"Very glad to see you at last, General—I've often wanted to," said Fred impulsively, as he grasped the strong brown hand which the hero held out to him. "I shall always think better of *my* name now that I've seen what a namesake I've got."

"Thank you, Mr. Milburn," replied the General, winning Fred's heart for ever by a form of address which so fully recognised him as a *man*. "My friend Mr. Foster has told me something of your adventures among the Burmans, and, if you don't object, I should like to hear the whole story from *you*."

The tale was soon told, and the General listened to it attentively, though without showing by word or sign what he thought of this new testimonial to the character of his useful volunteer, Tum-Ti. The shrill voice of that worthy man was heard outside the tent just as the tale ended, desiring admission to the General's presence.

"Here comes our man," said Foster, in a low voice. "Have I your permission, Sir Frederick, to put him to the proof as I suggested?"

"You have," replied General Roberts, in the same tone.

"Get behind that screen, boys," whispered Foster, "and the moment you hear me call out '*Joot bat!*' (It is false!) out you come."

Then he himself drew back into the shadow and turned his face away, that he might be mistaken, in the subdued lamp-light, for one of the English officers.

As the traitor came sneaking in—evidently doubtful of what reception he might meet with—the General, eyeing him keenly, said in Hindostanee:

"Here is a map of Upper Burmah—show me the pass that we must seize to cut off the War-Tiger's retreat."

Tum-Ti did so, and proceeded to explain, in the same language, his plan of hemming in the Chief's remaining forces, and driving him back into the border hills, where, by occupying with a British detachment the only line of retreat still open to him, he would be caught between two fires, and either killed or forced to surrender.

In fact, the cunning half-breed, seeing plainly that the War-Tiger's cause was already lost, had decided to save himself by joining the stronger side and betraying his former leader, feeling sure that no proof could exist of his share in the crowning atrocity which had doomed his two young captives to a living grave. But on this point he was about to be suddenly and terribly undeceived.

"All this is very valuable information," said Sir Frederick; "but can you not tell us where the Tiger-Chief himself is now? Some say he is in front of us, some declare that he is hanging upon our rear."

"He *is* in the rear," replied Tum-Ti, who seemed to be gradually regaining confidence, "and, having spread a false report that he is retreating to the mountains, he means to tempt you into starting in pursuit, and then to fall upon you unawares on the march."

"That is news indeed!" said the General, approvingly. "You have done us good service, and you shall be well rewarded." (Tum-Ti made a fawning bow.) "I have not forgotten how you tried to save Foster Sahib's son and nephew, though unhappily without success."

"I would gladly have saved them," whined the half-breed; "but it was impossible, though assuredly I did my best."

"*Joot bat, budmash!*" (It is false, you villain!) said a deep, stern voice behind him; and at the same moment the screen fell with a crash, and right before the horror-stricken eyes of the superstitious ruffian stood, pale and ghastly in the dim light, the motionless figures of the two victims whom he had consigned to a lingering death in the sunless caverns of the Hollow Mountain.

For a moment he gazed with starting eyes and quivering lips at the fearful apparition, and then, without word or groan, fell heavily on his face as if shot through the heart.

They spoke to him—they raised him from the ground—but he never moved again. Untouched by hand of man, the cowardly traitor had died by the violence of his own terrors.

"He has got what he deserved," said the old General, sternly; "take him away. At any rate, Foster, he has given us good advice, even though it was a villain who gave it. I'll send forward Major Simpson with a Goorka detachment the first thing to-morrow morning, to occupy that hill-pass at once; and then, if all goes as I hope it will, in another month the war will be all over."

(To be continued.)



ARTISTIC STUDIES FOR BOYS OF TASTE.

By various Representative Artists.



XIV.—The Young Falconer.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* F. Calvert.)

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

PART II.

Mrs. Perkins, as she entered the drawing-room at the moment of this announcement, cast an anxious glance in Tom's direction. Except that his ears were crimson, and his hair very rough, she could see no outward sign of discomfiture; and Mr. Perkins was leaning back in his chair, with his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, as if he were feeling quite content; so, as yet, all must have gone well. For Mrs. Robert had confided to her sister-in-law that her husband had said he wanted to see for himself what stuff the boy was made of, "with a view to possibly offering him a place in his office."

Things went smoothly, too, during dinner, and Mrs. Perkins's hopes for her boy's advancement in life were high as they returned to the drawing-room afterwards; for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Perkins had no children of their own.

"H'm! A nice little bit of garden," remarked Mr. Perkins, as he looked out on a trim little lawn, with a couple of flower beds gay with dahlias, Japanese anemones, and other autumn blooms. "I notice it is always neat and bright with flowers. With a

gardener always on the place, I don't have as much show at this time of year—in the open, I mean—with a conservatory, of course, one always has *some* flowers. Who do you get to keep it in order?"

Mrs. Perkins did not answer for a moment, the conservatory suggested such visions of grandeur; so Tom replied for her—

"A funny old Irishman, Mike O'Neal by name, comes in once or twice a week, to work for us. It is such fun getting him to talk. He thinks he is doing us a great favour to come at all, I can tell you. Sometimes he declares that he is of Royal blood, and is descended from a race of princes ages ago. Anyway—*only* about two hundred and fifty years ago his people were O'Neals, Earls of Tyrone, who headed a rebellion against Charles I.—so he says; and he spins no end of yarns about it all, mixed up with horrible massacres and dreadful ghost stories. He gets in such a rage if ever I laugh at any of them. He really does firmly believe both in the past grandeur and in the ghosts; and—"

"A poor half-witted fellow, probably"—rejoined his uncle, loftily; while his mother frowned at him, as a warning not to "run on" like that in his uncle's presence.

Tom at once collapsed, and sat at the edge of his chair, and answered in monosyllables when spoken to, for the rest of that dreary afternoon.

How hard he tried not to look cross when his aunt declared he was small for his age, and it was a pity he did not "feature the Perkinses!" It was trying to have to expose ignorance under a cross fire of fresh questionings from his uncle. Trying, too, to see his precious school prizes only glanced at without remark when produced by his mother for inspection.

He did wish to please his mother, and be polite; but he was delighted at last to have a chance of slipping off into the kitchen, where, however busy Sally might be, he was never unwelcome; for the lonely woman had lavished on him the whole love of her affectionate nature, ever since the day on which she was first installed as nursemaid and general help in Mrs. Perkins's modest establishment. In Sally's eyes, Tom could never do wrong; to her he was simply perfection; so even now, in the midst of washing up, she looked up at him, when she saw him at the door, with a delighted smile which was quite refreshing and soothing to his wounded feelings. But, with the best will in the world, she was able to give her attention to only one thing at a time, and the sense of responsibility, as she gingerly handled the best china, proved a barrier to conversation; so after a bit Tom sauntered into the back yard, where he heard Mike chopping wood.

The old man was chopping away with a will, his head bent so low that Tom could only see a mouth depressed at the corners, and a stubbly beard, from under the battered hat. He never looked up as the boy drew near, but stolidly continued his occupation.

Tom surveyed him a moment. "You seem in a hurry for once in your life, Mike."

"Thrue for you." (Chop, chop.)

"Why! You have cut your hand!" noticing a dirty rag bound round it.

"Shure, an' I have that same." Chop—chop—chop. Finding that he could get no rise out of Mike in such a queer surly humour, Tom had recourse to a little desultory amusement, until he thought it must be verging on teatime; his uncle and aunt were to leave directly afterwards, so there would not be need of patience much longer.

His absence had apparently been unnoticed, as he walked quietly in and took a seat near the door; from which he could hear sounds of the tea being laid in the next room. These sounds were soon varied by a smothered shriek from Sally.

"She has gone and upset the kettle, and tea will be late. What a bore!" he thought to himself.

He feared it must be something even worse than that when he caught a glimpse of Sally's scared face, as she came to the door, saying, "Missus, you're wanted, please."

Mrs. Perkins, feeling sure some of the best tea set was broken, left the room looking very much put out.

In another minute, an hysterical scream startled them all; and Tom rushed off to see what was wrong, followed by the others. They found poor Mrs. Perkins sitting gasping and sobbing, while Sally stood, with white face and staring eyes, as if turned to stone.

"What is it, mother?" demanded Tom, feeling more frightened than he ever remembered being in his life before; but she only wrung her hands wildly in response.

"Come, come! Compose yourself, my dear Elizabeth," said Mr. Perkins. "Tell us what is the matter, and we shall then know what we can do for you. Fetch some water for your mistress, girl!"

But Sally only dumbly stared, so Tom flew for the water; and by dint of patting and coaxing, persuaded her to swallow some.

"Oh!" she moaned, "what shall I do? What shall I do? To think of anything so dreadful happening in my house!"

"Well, tell us what is the matter!" cried everybody.

Mrs. Perkins, between her sobs, managed to ejaculate "My spoons! Oh, my spoons!"

This conveyed no light to Mr. Perkins, but his wife, who knew of the treasured real silver ones, cried "Not stolen? You don't mean to say they have been stolen?"

"Yes, my best ones, every one of them; all gone!"

"Nonsense!" said the practical man of business. "Are you sure they are not lying about? Have got covered up? Slipped down behind something? At all events, they can't be far off yet. Let us hear the whole story, young woman. When did you miss them? Where did you see them last? How many have disappeared? Hey?"

"Which I was laying of the tea: and I had washed them after dinner; and put them in the basket along of the others; and when I was agoing to take out the teaspoons, they was all gone."

"A very lame story! Who had touched the silver beside yourself? Had no stranger been in the kitchen during the afternoon?"

"No, sir. No one at all. Leastways——"

"No one at all? Then do you not see what inference we must draw from that, if you have not been out of sight of the kitchen yourself?"

Sally merely gazed at him. The words conveyed no idea to her bewildered brain.

"Did you, or did you not leave the place unprotected with the silver lying about?"

"No, sir! Why, missus said I was not to leave it not on any account."

"Either you are telling falsehoods, woman, or you know more about the disappearance of the spoons than appears on the surface," thundered Mr. Perkins. "If you have concealed the things yourself, give them up this moment, for it will be the worse for you afterwards."

With a perfect howl of dismay, Sally flung her apron over her head, and sank down upon the nearest chair.

"Uncle!" exclaimed Tom, beside himself with anger, and unable to keep quiet any longer. "How *can* you suspect poor Sally? I should as soon suspect yourself!"

A stinging box on the ear was the sole answer his uncle vouchsafed. Never particularly good-tempered, he was now in a towering passion. Giving his sister-in-law a good shake that startled her out of her fit of helpless crying, he vociferated, "Am I to be insulted by your son, madam, because I try to help you in this difficulty? Are you incapable of anything but tears? If you want to see your lost property again, send for a policeman, and have the woman taken up!"

At these words, Sally rushed blindly at her mistress.

"Missus! missus! Say *you* don't go and take me for a thief?"

Like many a weak nature, Mrs. Perkins, generally yielding, could be as hard as flint when put out. The loss of her treasured possessions was terrible; and now Tom was quarrelling with the uncle on whom his future depended; everything was going wrong; it was all so very hard; so she only fretfully pushed Sally away from her without saying a word.

Poor Sally's sobs broke out afresh, she groped in her pocket for her handkerchief and drew it forth. Something fell with a chink upon the brick floor. Alas! it was a teaspoon!

Grimly, Mrs. Robert Perkins picked it up, and held it forth to their astonished gaze.

"She must be given in custody at once," said Mr. Perkins.

Tom sprang forward, and putting his strong young arm round the poor cowering creature, he cried, "Give her time to explain, for of course it can be explained, only she has been so flustered! Dear Sally, just think, don't be so frightened; tell us how the spoon came to be in your pocket. Mama and I know quite well you are no thief."

"Upon my word!" sneered Mr. Perkins, "you take a good deal upon yourself, young man! Elizabeth! will you attend to me a moment, if you please. Am I to act for you under these unpleasant circumstances, or am I not?"

Mrs. Perkins looked helplessly around. "Oh, Sally!" she said feebly, "I should never have thought it of you, to bring such disgrace upon the house; and a policeman to be fetched, and all! And it will get into the papers! Oh, it is more than I can bear. If you would only confess, and then perhaps I would forgive you if you put the things back again."

Tom ground his teeth. His flashing eyes were now turned from his uncle on his mother. If she failed them like this, there would be nothing for it but for Sally to be taken into custody; he pictured her dragged off to prison, she would be marched all through the town to the Castle between two policemen to the magistrate. He had often seen people taken there; it was too horrible, though of course she would be able to prove her innocence, if they did not bully her so. If these terrible relations would only go, and mind their own business! What *could* be done to save her from such a fate?

An idea struck him: so trying to speak calmly he said—"Look here, mother! Uncle does not know Sally, and all she has been to us for years. You say, even if she had taken the things, you would forgive her if you got them back. Suppose you promise my uncle that if nothing proves her innocent before to-morrow, you will send for a policeman; but that you must have a little time to think. . . . Please do, mother."

"And give the thief a little time to make off with the spoil too, I suppose you mean!" said Mr. Perkins. "Well! well! I have wasted time enough on a most thankless task. The fly is at the gate. We need not lose our train in order to give advice where it is neither wanted nor taken. If you lose the teapot next, don't say you were not warned!

Put on your bonnet at once, my dear; I am not accustomed at my age to be dictated to by a boy."

Mrs. Perkins raised her streaming eyes in protest—"Oh! dear! dear! You will drive your poor mother distracted, Tom! Why don't you beg your uncle's pardon? I am sure, Robert, Tom never meant to be so rude. Oh! it can't be time for the train yet! and I don't know what I am to do. . . ."

But Mr. Perkins had already bustled off to get his coat. His strident voice could be heard shouting up the stairs—"Maria! Are you coming? Do you want to miss the train?" which brought his wife rushing down with her bonnet strings untied, and her mantle over her arm. He hurried her in to the kitchen, where they both shook hands with their forlorn hostess, in a pitying and superior manner. Then, without vouchsafing a word or look to their nephew, they drove off before Mrs. Perkins could collect her scattered senses.

(To be continued.)

A TRAGIC EPISODE!

A STORY OF LIFE AND DEATH IN INDIA.

We had returned—not quite empty-handed—from a stroll with our fowling pieces round a secluded lake near the village of Gungrar, which lies, a little off the high-road, between the military stations of Nusseerabad and Neemuch, in the province of Rajputana.

Joe Langford and I had been schoolfellows and chums, and were now in the same branch of the Public Service; with this difference—that while he was a military officer, I was a civilian. After a long separation, an accidental meeting and instant recognition on both sides resulted in a reunion which lasted many years—would indeed have lasted till now had my friend lived, but he was shot in the thigh at Maiwand, and, unable either to defend himself or escape, was killed on the spot where he had fallen.

Our present object was sport; and some half-dozen skins, sprinkled thickly with wood-ashes, pegged out in front of the tent to dry, testified that, so far, we had been fairly successful.

While at breakfast that morning a servant came in to say that an old man had brought some *khabar* (news), and wished to see us; so, when we had finished, we went over to where he had seated himself in the shade of a big *bar*, or wild fig-tree.

It is not easy to tell the age of natives, and little use to inquire; for they themselves never seem to know exactly, but are quite content if they can guess within ten, or even twenty years of the truth.

That our visitor was old, very very old, there could, however, be no question. Eighty years at least seemed to look out from the sunken faded eyes; to be written on the white and scanty hair, and on the bent and trembling figure, as with difficulty he stood up to salaam us; and to sound in feeble murmurings from his lips, as he told us his pathetic little story. He was a grand old man too! and though uncounted years of constant toil had swept his youth further and further into the past, till all that remained of it was, to him, but a broken dream, and all we saw but a hoary ruin, yet there was not a touch upon it that spoke of vice or crime. He had lived a simple life, enjoyed simple pleasures, and the griefs which had touched him were but such as are common to all.

"Sahib," he began, "I am old, and the joys of life have long since departed. I live because I cannot die till the Destroyer strikes me. I look for him daily, but yet he comes not. My father gave a wife to my arms, and God granted us many children. For years we lived and toiled together, but the little ones, one by one, grew up and left us. Some came back in want and trouble, and we clothed and fed and consoled them. They were our children once again, and we willingly parted with fields and flocks to help them. Some forgot their old home and their mother and me, but we never complained; for it proved that they were doing well and wanted us not. All are dead now; or, if not, I know not where they are; and, if they have left children, they know not the way to my dwelling. My wife died also; and I burned her body, collected the ashes, and sent them by the hands of holy Brahmins, to be buried in the sacred Ganges. Could I do more? From that time I have lived a solitary life, tilling the little land left me, and sowing and reaping and baking my bread with these two hands. Sickness next attacked me; and, to save the wretched remnant of my life, I parted with all I had, save one pair of bullocks whose labour has supported me ever since. I could not work; but my bullocks were young and strong, and worked for themselves and for me. I had no one to talk to, so I talked to them, and they understood me and gave me wordless answers. I had no children to love, so I loved them, fed them, fondled and cared for them, and they repaid me with their brute affection. The strength had gone from my limbs, but I could yet sit on the yoke and guide my pets. The neighbours gladly employed them to draw water, to plough, or to carry goods between the village and the stations—and thus, one day with another, they kept me from dying of hunger."

Tears had been in the old man's eyes and emotion in his voice all the time he had been talking; but at this point he broke down completely, bowed his head upon his hands, and sobbed like a child.

We waited patiently till he recovered some control over his feelings, when he continued his narrative as follows:—

"Having no work for my bullocks this morning, I sent them, along with the rest of the village cattle, to graze on the hillside. On the way a hungry tiger struck one down and killed it, and so mauled the other that it, too, has since died.

"The herd-boy saw the brute, and heard the groans of the wounded creatures, and ran down and gave the alarm to the men working in the fields below, who went up and drove the tiger away. One bullock was quite dead; and, though there was life in the other, it could not stand, and died as they were carrying it to the village."

Here, I would just remark, that, from what came to our knowledge afterwards, it is almost certain that the second bullock went to the assistance of its mate. The village cattle frequently unite to drive off intruders; and there are many well-known instances in which the tiger itself has been compelled to retreat before the force of such a combination. I remember on one occasion seeing a young buffalo repeatedly go to the rescue of a goat, which was being worried by a pariah dog. Finding that the dog returned whenever it moved away, it finally took post close to its charge, and did not leave it so long as the dog remained in sight.

"O sahib!" continued the old man, "there were other bullocks there which the tiger might have taken, whose owners would never have felt the loss. Why were mine, and mine alone, selected? They were my support; my meat and drink; my wife and children; my all—and they are killed; and I too am dead!

"O sahib! come to-night and slay the slayer of my children. Let me see his filthy carcase stretched lifeless on the earth, and I will die blessing you. Avenge me first—I have nothing else to live for—then let the great Destroyer come: I will bow my head in submission before him; I will welcome him with outstretched arms!"

Poor fellow! the Destroyer was indeed near—nearer, at all events, than was suspected by either my friend or myself—and did not long allow him to mourn the untimely fate of his bullocks. The value of these we would, in any case, have made good to the old man; and I have regretted ever since that we did not at once tell him so distinctly, though I do not know that it would have averted his fate.

We had the trap got ready at once, and drove the old man back to his village, where we dismounted, and were led by him about half a mile to the left, into a dense clump of jungle near the foot of the hills, where we found the bullock which had been first killed, the other having been taken to the village.

When a tiger has killed, it rarely goes far from the spot, but takes the nearest cover it can find, where it lies down for the day; or, if the spot is quiet and the beast hungry, it may even feed. On the approach of nightfall it visits the neighbourhood of the carcase, and has a look round to see that all is safe. Then it makes for a waterpool, has a drink, and returns to gorge, quitting its prey again about daybreak. Of course, circumstances alter cases, as well with tigers as with men; and some allowance must also be made for individual peculiarities; but the usual course is as I have described.

The sportsman, desirous of bagging a tiger over its "kill," usually erects a *machan* in the nearest tree or other convenient spot, where he sits and awaits, in strictest silence, the issue of events. A *machan* is merely a rough nest, built in such a position as to command a distinct view of the carcase, and the approaches thereto, as far as possible. A *charpoy*, or native cot, is usually pressed into service, because it is light, strong, and everywhere obtainable. When the *machan* is built in a tree, and there are no commanding points near, concealment, save of the very roughest description, is unnecessary, as neither tiger nor panther look above the level of their own heads when making their preliminary observations; and, when approaching the kill, they have eyes for nothing else. Their ears are, however, alert enough, and the breaking of a twig, the rustle of a leaf, a cough, a whisper, or, in fact, any slight noise whatever, will be quite sufficient to spoil the chance of a shot for the night.

The spot where the dead bullock was lying, being an open space in the midst of a thicket, and the intersecting point of a number of

tracks which branched off from it in all directions, was utterly unsuited to our purpose; for we could not possibly command all the approaches. Nor was there any tree within a reasonable distance which afforded the slightest facility for *machan*-building, the nearest being so distant that, if we dragged the carcase to it, there was every probability of the tiger suspecting a trick and avoiding its vicinity. A close scrutiny of the ground failed, however, to reveal any alternative; so we had the bullock dragged to within about forty yards of the tree; and, having left a boy to scare off vultures and other intruders, hastened home to send men and materials for the construction of a *machan*.

Returning a little before sunset, and finding all arrangements satisfactorily completed, we went quietly to our perch in the tree, laid our rifles and cartridges handy, and sat down to our weary watch. Joe had won the toss for first fire, at which I was very glad, as he was far less experienced than myself, never yet having even seen a tiger in its native jungle, much less shot one.

A night-watch is, as I have said, weary, weary work; but there is, at the same time, an excitement about it which renders it very fascinating. Every sudden or unusual sound makes the heart throb with expectation. The approach of any animal, even of a hare, in the uncertain light sends the blood at almost bursting pressure through the veins. To some nervous temperaments the necessity for suppressing all emotion is a terrible trial; they become possessed of an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh, or shout, or sing, or dance, or even to fire off their rifles at nothing. My friend, without being so bad as that, was yet, I could see, in a pitiable condition. The warm night, the mosquitoes, the necessarily cramped position, the novelty of the situation —all had tended to produce a fidgetiness which was scarcely conducive to straight shooting; and I felt glad that we were safe in a tree, instead of being only hidden amongst the bushes on the ground.

Long and patiently did we wait; and often did porcupine or jackal deceive us into thinking that the tiger was prowling about us. At last, a little after two o'clock, my friend laid his hand on my shoulder with a warning touch, and awoke me at once into rigid watchfulness. To tell the truth, I had been dozing a little; for I had given up all hopes of seeing anything, and for several nights previous had had but scanty sleep. I had tried my best to keep awake; but, in spite of all my efforts, my eyes *would* close now and then for an instant, and it was from one of these brief naps that Joe's touch had roused me.

Following the direction of his gaze, I soon saw a shadowy object glide from one bush to another in the distance, evidently on the trail of the dead bullock. On it came, but very cautiously; stealing from bush to bush, and stopping every now and then to listen and look about. No tiger behaves like that. Knowing well what creature was approaching, I amused myself by watching the changes on the face of my excited friend, and had some difficulty in smothering a roar at the sudden change from high hope to intense disgust, which became manifest there when our visitor trotted into the open, and stood revealed in the clear moonlight—a wretched hyena.

It stood and looked, and sniffed at the carcase from a little distance; then it walked suspiciously round and round it, gradually getting closer and closer in the process. Next, it stood for a moment, and, stretching out its head and neck, gave a trial bite to the part nearest it, which chanced to be the tail. The creature was evidently prepared to bolt, but as nothing stirred, it made a closer investigation, till it found a place to its mind, when it fell to, tearing and eating greedily.

Joe was awfully perplexed, and evidently thought that if he did not do something to stop the rate of consumption, there would be nothing left for the tiger. At last he turned to me, and breathed in my ear—"What are we to do, Jack? Shall I shoot the brute?"

"Only," I replied, "if you prefer the hyena to the tiger; for you certainly will not bag both. Have you nothing you can throw at it?"

"Nothing but cartridges," he answered, feeling rapidly in his pockets—"Yes, here is a pocket-knife;" and, leaning over, he shied it at the hyena, and struck it fairly between the ears. The beast started back and looked up at us, when Joe shook his fist at it, on which it retreated amongst the bushes. But the brute was too hungry to pay attention to trifles; for it returned in a few minutes, and, disregarding Joe's threatening pantomime, began again to eat.

"Really, I can't stand this, Jack! I *must* shoot the abominable——"

"Gr-r-r-ouf!"

It was like the change of slides in a magic lantern. The hyena has vanished, and in its place stands a lordly tiger! He is in a temper too! Stooping, he seizes a foreleg of the bullock and gives it a vengeful crunch and shake; then, putting a paw upon the body, as if in proud consciousness of proprietorship, and looking back over his shoulder, he sends a snarl after the retreating hyena; which, being interpreted, may perhaps mean—"You thieving brute, this is mine! How dare you drag it here! How dare you touch it?"

No thunderclap could have startled us more than the sudden appearance of the tiger. We looked in each other's faces, and what we each saw afforded us material for good-humoured chaff as often as we talked of it afterwards. For some moments—so interested were we in every motion of the beautiful creature beneath us—we entirely forgot that we were there on purpose to shoot it; and I believe that it was rather with a feeling of repugnance and regret than with a thrill of pleasure, that Joe at last directed his rifle towards it.

The position of our intended victim could not possibly have been improved. It had thrown itself full length on the body of the bullock, with its head turned away from us; so that, from our height above it, we could see all along its back from the ears to the tail. The one unfavourable factor was Joe himself; and I saw with dismay that every nerve was in tremulous activity, and his head nodding like a thistle-top on a windy day. It was a relief to see him bring down the rifle again from his shoulder.

"Don't hurry; make sure," I softly whispered.

Joe made no reply; but, after a second or two, raised his rifle again and instantly fired. I was more engaged in watching my friend than in getting ready for my own shot; and, as he fired so unexpectedly, I was taken by surprise.

A savage growl mingled with the echoes of the shot; and, before the curling smoke had lifted from before me, I dimly saw the tiger spring high in the air, in a futile attempt to reach our *machan*. Falling back, it paused for a second; and, as I leant over to fire, made another desperate leap straight up at me, and actually brushed the muzzle of my rifle with a paw. On reaching the ground the second time, it turned and dashed at once into the jungle; but not before I had been able to give it the contents of both barrels. The first knocked it over; but it got up again, staggering; and then Joe and I gave it our second, almost simultaneously. We heard it for a long time crashing through the bushes in the direction of the hills; then it reached open country, and the sounds ceased.

Getting down from the tree, we stretched and rubbed our stiffened limbs; and then, lighting cheroots, began to discuss our future movements. Being near daybreak, we decided on rousing the villagers and following up the trail. It was quite light by the time we returned with half-a-dozen men, and our old friend, whom we could not persuade to stay behind.

The trail was distinct enough, being marked by broken branches and occasional blood-clots. Even on the hillside we had little difficulty with it; for the beast had evidently been "groggy," and displaced stones and trampled grass afforded ample evidences of its laboured passage. I led the way, and with infinite caution; for following up a wounded tiger is far more dangerous than shooting it in the first instance. The beast may be lying up anywhere, and, though at the last gasp, may yet have strength enough left to wreak a terrible vengeance.

The tracks came to an end at a cave, among a lot of loosely piled boulders, half way up a deep ravine; and there he was, sure enough; for we could distinctly hear him, groaning and panting inside.

As we could not possibly get at him without terrible risk, there we decided to leave him for the present, while we went home to get a wash and have breakfast. He was evidently in a bad way, and time was in our favour. We therefore sent the villagers home for the present—all save the old man, who volunteered to watch and could not be induced to leave—and after having stationed him on top of a rock on the opposite side of the ravine, where he had the mouth of the cave in full view and was quite safe himself, we also retired for a time.

We returned in about an hour and a half; but the old man was nowhere to be seen; nor, on going cautiously up to the cave, did the tiger appear to be there; for we could hear nothing. The most likely thing to have happened was that the tiger had left in search of water, and been followed by the old man.

The men we had sent home now returned, but had seen nothing of either the old man or the tiger. I made them scatter and look for tracks, and Joe and I also examined the ground minutely; but neither of us found anything to indicate the whereabouts of the missing man or beast.

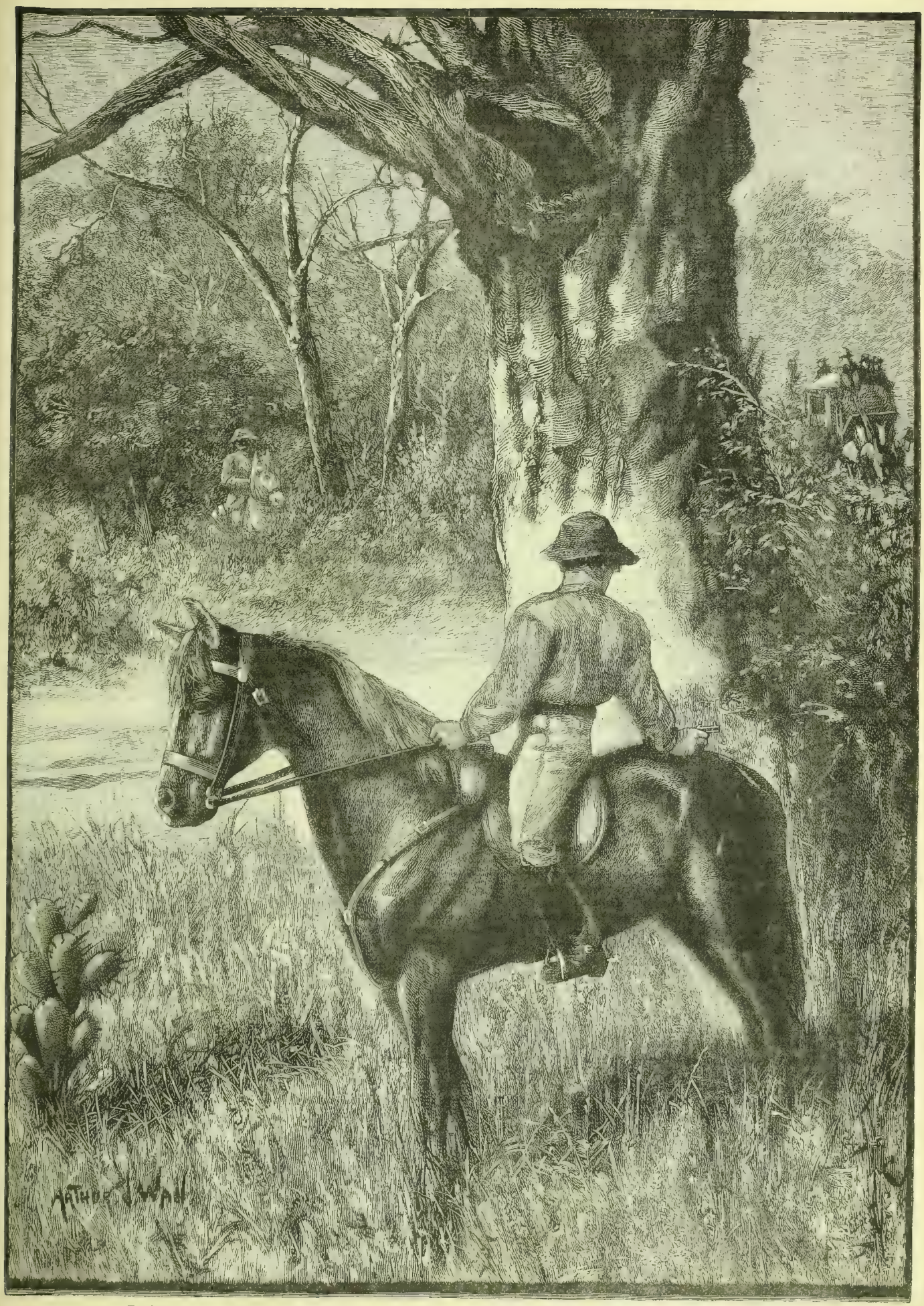
I now took another thought, which alarmed me greatly. What if the old man had ventured into the cave? The same thought, I could see, was also in my companion's mind. We went back to the cave and shouted. There was no reply, nor sound of movement. I got the natives to call him—for I did not know his name—and they went up the hillside and did so; but again there was no response.

"Joe," I said gravely, "I must go inside."

"Very well; I will go with you."

But I would not agree to that. I did not anticipate danger; but should there be any, two men would only hinder each other's motions in a narrow place like the cave.

Crawling on my hands and knees—for there was no room to stand upright—and carefully bringing my rifle with me, I entered. For a time I had light, but a sharp curve to the left shut it out. I went in a little way, feeling all round, and presently found that the roof had risen, and afforded standing room. There was a spot of light on the floor, about the size of a



Bushrangers waiting to Bail up a Coach in Australia.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* ARTHUR N. WALL.)

crown-piece. I traced it up to a minute crevice in the rocks above. I looked again at the spot of light—it seemed to fall, not on the floor, but on a brindled skin. I watched it carefully ; I listened intently—all was motionless—all was silent! I crept nearer to that spot of light—nearer to that brindled skin—my rifle pointed to it—my finger on the trigger. My foot strikes something soft—I stoop down and feel. My hand touches—a human face!

In an instant the atmosphere of the cave seems to stifle me, a dark cloud to envelop my senses : but I fight against it. I will not faint here. Nor did I faint outside ; but how I got there I know not. I only know that I found myself in the arms of my friend, weak and trembling, dizzy and sick.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"Only what we expected," I answered. "They are both there ; and both are dead."

But it was *not* quite what we expected, after all. The old man had not a scratch on him. Clutched in his hand was a knife, which fitted a shallow wound over the tiger's heart. He had, indeed, struck a blow for vengeance ; though it was needless, as the tiger was already dead! And then, with "bowed head and outstretched arms," the old man had met and welcomed the last Destroyer.

(THE END.)

TOMPKINS'S TELEPHONE: A DORMITORY TALE.

By a Northern Public School Master.

There never was such a fellow as Gigglesby for practical jokes. By the bye, is there such a thing as a theoretical joke? If so, I suppose the jokes the Head used to try and construe to us from Plautus were theoretical—the laughter certainly was. But Gigglesby's jokes generally provided some amusement, if you weren't tired of them, and as long as you weren't the jokee, or person played upon.

Whenever there was the least opportunity for a practical joke, Gigglesby was sure to detect it. Without being a wit—for he was not particularly clever, and couldn't see anybody else's joke any sooner than other people—he had a natural turn for devising and producing comic situations ; in fact, as the Head once said when lecturing him before the whole school on the occasion of Ponto's funeral, "he had an acute perception of the class of circumstances likely, with a little arrangement, to prove ludicrous in their results, and unfortunately a far greater taste for producing such combinations than regard for the personal convenience of his neighbours—a habit of mind in the young only to be corrected by corporal punishment," which was therewith administered. Gigglesby in fact regarded all the world as a stage, and would have preferred life to have been a short pantomime with a long harlequinade. If Masherton, the sub-prefect, appeared with a large placard on the back of his most effective coat, announcing "This style, 7*s.* 6*d.* the suit complete," Gigglesby *fecit*. Did the usually quiet and dignified Graveley enter church with a jerky run up the aisle, Gigglesby you might be sure would soon follow, looking as if he had never shoved anybody in his life. Though not a good actor, he was a splendid mimic, and possessed many accomplishments in the way of imitating men and animals, and it was one of these that led him into the scrape I have above alluded to.

Ponto was an old mongrel retriever, who belonged to nobody in particular, and inhabited a kennel behind the kitchen. He had a peculiar bark, followed by a long whine, which Gigglesby could imitate to perfection ; and Gigglesby used to thrust his head out of the window at nights, and perform Ponto suffering with a toothache or a bad conscience, and baying the moon, with great realism. It was very amusing, certainly, to hear the butler open the back door and growl at the unconscious Ponto, and stone his kennel, and to listen to the Head at breakfast complaining of his rest being disturbed. One day, after an exceptionally bad night, the Head had Ponto quietly killed, but nobody else knew about it, and Gigglesby went on with the performance that evening, until the Head, not believing in ghosts, came round with a candle and caught him at it.

So Gigglesby was quite a conspicuous person in the school, though he never greatly distinguished himself at games. His chief accomplishment in the athletic line lay in being chased through the class-rooms, and in his flight dexterously disposing such obstacles as chairs and forms in the way of his pursuer.

Where he came off best, perhaps, was in the dormitory. There was only one dormitory at St. Margaret's, but it held fifty fellows, and somehow the most influential part of the lower school seemed to congregate there. We called it the Parliament, because of the animated debates that went on there. Fellows' characters were pretty freely discussed in the Parliament, and it was we who generally settled whether a particular person was liked or disliked in the school.

One night I remember Gigglesby was amusing us all by imitating a cat, and "old Howker," as we irreverently dubbed him, who had rooms at the end of the dormitory, put his head out and asked, "What ith the reathon of this dithturbanth?" Some cheeky individual suggested that it sounded like a cat, and Howker, with a grave sense of duty, put on his dressing-gown, lit a candle, and came out to hunt for the alleged cat. Of course Gigglesby seized the opportunity, and with the aid of the bedclothes gave a very good ventriloquial representation of a cat dodging about the room, while the rest of us lay nearly splitting with laughter at the sight of old Howker, minus his spectacles, with an entirely superfluous pair of braces dangling from under his gown, chasing the imaginary cat and knocking his toes against the bed legs. At length he was persuaded that he had got the animal out of the room, and retired, leaving us to take breath and recover.

It was very amusing, and was not made less so by old Howker's version of the affair at breakfast, and his description of the cat, which he firmly believed he had seen as it escaped from the room, and to which, led on by the demure Gigglesby, he ascribed a white tipped tail and other distinctive features. But much as we enjoyed it, many of us felt rather disgusted that evening when some one proposed a repetition of the joke, and Gigglesby, nothing loth, began the whole business again. Out came Mr. Howker as before, and the whole scene was in active rehearsal ; but this time Gigglesby, flushed with success, overdid it, and underneath his blankets kept up such a preposterous caterwauling that Howker was naturally drawn to the spot, and twigged what was going on. Without informing the still yowling Gigglesby, he turned to us with a beaming smile and said, "What thall I do with the cat when I catch him?"

"Slipper him, sir," we all shouted ; and Howker promptly had the bed-clothes off Gigglesby, and was slippering him with an energy and accuracy of aim which we couldn't help appreciating. We all felt it was quite fair, and Gigglesby never tried it on old Howker again.

You will say all this has nothing to do with Tompkins's Telephone ; but talking of Gigglesby always did bring up a host of incidents to my mind. Now Tompkins was a fellow of quite a different stamp. He had got his cap for football and cricket, and was quite a boss in the school, and yet such a quiet old fellow that nobody thought very much about him except when he was in his togs for a match. There was usually nothing to speculate about in Tompkins ; his name was as sure to be down on the lists of the first teams as the captain's own. There was indeed a prehistoric age, which used to be spoken about among us lower-middle classes by those who had been longest in the school, when Tompkins, it appeared, used to be the butt of every one ; but it was hardly possible then to believe it, although there were fellows who still maintained a kind of position in society by calling him by the irreverent name of Onions, a relic of that mythological period.

Just then, all the same, Tompkins was not exactly popular, and in spite of his prowess in games, a very little provocation would have made him decidedly unpopular. That term he had made a tremendous friendship with a little fellow, Neville, or, as the outside of his letters called him, Reginald de Paravicini Neville, and was so taken up with Neville that it began to be noticed. Neville was a nice little boy enough, in spite of his jaw-breaking names and Norman descent, and nobody had a word to say against him ; but when a big fellow is so chummy with a little one as to seem to forget his old acquaintances, and to keep the other away from his friends, it's bad for both. Nobody cared to press his company on Tompkins when Tompkins always wanted to be walking about with Neville ; and as for the smaller boys, they got to be jealous of Neville, and the notice Tompkins took of him, and the sweets he used to get out of Tompkins. It wasn't at all the same as Bobby Baxter's getting sweets from old Baxter the prefect, who used pretty often to give his little brother enough to grub the whole circle of his acquaintances ; at these banquets jolly old Baxter, you may be sure, used to get enthusiastically toasted. But Neville enjoyed his good luck all alone.

Well, one day there was a row of some kind or other. Nobody knew exactly what happened, but the two suddenly separated, and we hardly ever saw them together again. It was a good thing for Neville, who soon got into his old set ; but Tompkins still kept aloof from the others, and that was why he was so near being unpopular, as I said before.

One day Gigglesby and I were leaning out of our window in the dormitory ; I was cutting my name in the ledge, while he was looking on. The Parliament was in the middle of the building, and our window looked out on the quad, with two rows of windows to right and left. On the right

were the bedrooms of the senior house, and on the left those of the juniors. Suddenly Gigglesby pointed to a line about two feet below, and said, "What's that green string running along there?"

There was a green piece of wire running all along the wall beneath us. Of course we weren't going to let it alone, as we could easily reach it, and pretty soon we fished it up, though the strain on it was rather tight. It reached from a window on our left to another a good way on the right, and I couldn't make out what it was. But Gigglesby wasn't long guessing. "I tell you what; it's a telephone," said he—and the long and short of it was that it *was* a telephone, from Tompkins's room to Neville's.

"This beats everything," said Gigglesby, with the instinct of a true artist, seeing a chance for a gorgeous practical joke. "You hold on to the wire, while I go and get Smithers to lend me the telephone he got from Theobald's last week." I ought to mention here that we fellows at St. Margaret's were a tremendous set for having manias for different things. At one time it was walking-sticks, though nobody ever went out of bounds; at another it was clocks, and I remember quite a dozen eighteenpenny pendulum clocks ticking away in the Parliament, till they all got smashed up with slippers; and just now it was telephones, and you couldn't turn a corner without coming across a couple of fellows misunderstanding one another at the ends of a string thirty yards long.

Well, in a minute back came Gigglesby with an ordinary telephone, and let me into his project. I can't think how we did it, as we had no earthly right to, but we cut that green wire (which, as Gigglesby said, must be connected with a small battery in Tompkins's room), hauled the ends into the window, and tied them to the drums of our telephone, and went downstairs.

In the evening, when bed-time came, we told the others what we had done, and Gigglesby added, "You see if we don't hear old Tompkins talking to Neville directly; and then I'll make believe to be Neville, and we'll have some fun." Some of the fellows didn't like it, but the majority, not feeling responsible for the actual mischief, were very anxious to have the joke carried out.

Sure enough, by-and-by a husky voice, remotely reminding one of Tompkins, was heard whispering "Neville!"

"What shall I make Neville say?" said Gigglesby.

"Oh, make him cheek him!"

So Gigglesby waited till we again heard Tompkins impatiently whispering, "Neville, Neville;" and then answered "Yes, Tompkins," in a childish snuffle so like Neville's that we all roared. "Shut up, you fellows," said Gigglesby, "or he's bound to hear us laughing, and then it's all up." After that we were as silent as we could be under the circumstances, and the following conversation went on.

Tompkins.—"I say, Neville, are you awake?"

Gigglesby.—"No, I'm fast asleep, please Tompkins."

Tompkins (evidently unaccustomed to this mood in the lamb-like Neville, after a considerable pause).—"What's the matter with you, Neville? Are you ready for a talk, or do you want to go to sleep?"

Gigglesby.—"You may talk me to sleep if you like, please Tompkins."

Tompkins (with mild austerity.)—"Come, Neville, don't *you* talk like that. You know what I want to talk about. Have you heard from home lately?"

Gigglesby.—"What's that to you, please Tompkins?"

Tompkins.—"You know perfectly well what it is to me, Neville. How can you speak like that to me? When did you hear from home last?"

Gigglesby.—"The day before yesterday week, please Tompkins."

Tompkins.—"Why, you young shuffler, you told me on Tuesday you hadn't heard for a fortnight."

Gigglesby.—"Well, I'm not bound to tell you all my affairs."

Tompkins.—"No, but it's as much mine. Why don't you tell me? Is there anything you don't want me to hear?"

Gigglesby.—"No, Tompkins."

Tompkins.—"Are they all well?"

Gigglesby.—"No, they're awfully bad, p—p—please Tompkins." (Here Gigglesby snivelled.)

Tompkins.—"*All* of them, Neville? Not *all*? What's the matter with them?"

Gigglesby.—"D—d—dropsy, please Tompkins."

Tompkins.—"You must be mistaken, Neville. They can't all have dropsy?"

Gigglesby.—"Yes they have, every m—man j—jack of them, please Tompkins."

Tompkins was silent for a few minutes, evidently ruminating on the extraordinary epidemic that had broken out in the Neville family. Then he went on—

"This is painful news, Neville. Did you give my message when you last wrote?"

"Yes, Tompkins."

"What did you say?"

"I said you were as oniony as ever, please Tompkins."

"That's enough," said the deeply wounded Tompkins; "I never knew you like this before, Neville. Good-night."

After this the battery was evidently withdrawn, for we heard no more from Tompkins, and Gigglesby's further remarks seemed not to reach him.

How we little wretches sniggered at the joke! Speculation was rife as to what Tompkins would do in the morning. Many of us thought he might give Neville a parental hiding, so we agreed to form a guard of honour about Neville's person, and all that day we went on duty in relays of half a dozen or so, and kept a sort of informal cordon of detectives around him. But Tompkins did nothing; he merely cast injured glances at the unconscious Neville, and then apparently gave him up as a hardened young reprobate. That evening we agreed it would be best to try and make it up between them. So Gigglesby began, "Please Tompkins," but there was no answer. However, every five minutes Gigglesby would say, "Please Tompkins," in a pleading whine, and at last, to our great relief, there was a reply.

"Please Tompkins, I'm very sorry for all I said last night."

"Oh, come," said Tompkins gravely, "now you talk sense; why, what was the matter with you?"

"I don't know, Tompkins. I'm awfully sorry."

"Well, don't do it again, old chap, that's all. No good ever comes of always playing the goat, and if you begin that sort of game now and think it funny, you'll get to be like Gigglesby, or one of these fellows that can't be in earnest about anything. Of course, I suppose it was all nonsense what you told me about their having dropsy at home?"

"Yes, please Tompkins," said Gigglesby, who began to feel rather foolish, and to imitate Neville very badly.

"You scared me awfully last night, though, at first. I thought there must be something up; and you know, of course, old chap, how bad I should feel if anything happened to Alice."

It wasn't till just then that we fully realised what a mean thing we were doing. Gigglesby wrenched off the drum from the cord, and we lay silent for at least two minutes, till somebody said, "We'll have to tell him."

We felt it was necessary, and next day we made a deputation to Tompkins's study and confessed all. We went prepared and almost wishing to get a good licking all round. I never shall forget how Tompkins blushed, as he realised that his secret was no longer his own. But I think we all blushed much redder at the generous way he treated us. It never even occurred to him to thrash us, though he might have done it most unmercifully. He simply said, if we knew what a beastly thing we'd done, we should probably be more uncomfortable about it even than we made him (and I think we were), and that what he wished most was that the whole thing might be forgotten.

After that he was a more popular fellow than ever, and we were always discovering what a good fellow he always had been, and the Parliament passed a tacit law which made it criminal for any one to say a word against old Tompkins.

What reminded me of the telephone business was seeing in the *Times'* first column yesterday—

"On the 10th inst., at the Parish Church, Oldingham, Suffolk, John Henry Tompkins, C.B., Lieutenant-Colonel of the Prince's Highlanders, to Alice, only daughter of the late Richard Neville, Esq., of Oldingham Hall."

IN SEARCH OF SEA OTTERS.

By Forteye Douglas.

Well, it was settled. I had seen Old Bill Adamson the fisherman about it. *Old* Bill, for there was a *Young* Bill, was a man of grizzly locks, and had a face on which you might search in vain for an unwrinkled space. Still in the prime of life, heavily built in the upper part of the body, with bulbous knuckles and arms thickly haired, he was a thorough sea-dog, shaven about the mouth and chin so as to resemble those monkeys whose hairs stick out all round. He had a round-shouldered look, and walked with a well marked salt-roll, acquired in his voyages to the north in the whaling fleet, which used to be manned in a large measure by Orkney men some twenty years ago. His hair much resembled touzled rope; and his eyes were of a cold, watery, twinkling blue, and had a sort of keep-a-look-out-ahead look in them. His voice was hoarse and grumbly. He was clad in fisher style, in a grey blue knitted sleeve waistcoat, a rough pilot jacket minus a button or two, moleskin trousers, heavy, pitched, sea boots drawn up over the thighs and fastened with a strap; and, to crown all, an immense home-manufactured sou' wester, made of linen, saturated with boiled linseed oil, and dried in the sun.

Young Bill was a repetition of his father, less wrinkled of course, and smarter in his attire; he wore a cheesecutter cap of dark cloth with a gilt cord, and a pair of very natty sea boots, with a red lining at the top.

A sprightly fellow was Young Bill, with a good opinion of his own merits, and held in high esteem by the fisher lassies, and even the Crofters' daughters, who did not disdain to cast approving glances at the smart young fisherman. His hair had a curl in it, either the result of art or nature, and his lovelocks were particularly noticeable for their elegance, as they curled about his ears.

Both were good-hearted souls and kind to Fred and me; we were often allowed to go with them to the inshore fishing, or to pay a visit to the lobster pots. Like many of the Crofter fishermen, Old Bill combined another trade with that of the sea to fill up the many unseasonable days of spring and winter. Often we were permitted to sit and watch him at the old-fashioned loom, listening to its clickety-clack, clickety-clack, and looking at the shifting reeds that twinkled in response to the treadles, as the bobbins swiftly darted to and fro.

Fred and I were sons of the Manse, and noted characters in the village and neighbourhood, almost as well known to the inhabitants, as we trotted about in our Tam-o'-Shanters and knickerbockers in and out of everybody's house, as their own children. Fred was about ten years old. He was a pretty boy. His eyes were very dark, lustrous; and expressive, his face thin, with delicately moulded features; and a sweet, shapely, sensitive mouth lent the finishing touch to his face. I was called Tom, a homely and handy name. My appearance was quite a contrast to that of my brother; for I was extremely fair, with red and white fat cheeks, flaxen locks, and had a broad-shouldered comfortable look, as well as a pair of legs that seemed made for knickerbockers; a healthy every-day English boy who loved the open sky, and the broad sea beach for his play-ground.

It had been settled that we were to be permitted to go with Old Bill and his son to the caves to shoot a sea otter that had often been seen in one of them. We were to start early in the morning, before 5 o'clock. Having carefully scanned the sky for some possible indication of the weather we might expect on the morrow, we retired early to rest; and, in spite of the state of excitement in which we had been, we soon were locked cosily in the arms of Morpheus.

I was awakened at daybreak by a glad shout from Fred, who was standing at the open window in his night-dress, looking out seaward, where the broad Atlantic lay smooth and smiling in the beams of the rising sun reflected from the glowing sky. We were familiar with the crescent of the bay, with its stacks of tall rocks and the lofty cliffs that guarded the entrance and stolidly defied the surging waves which with relentless bitterness assailed their bases. This morning their courage seemed to have ebbed away, and a truce had been sounded, and generously agreed to, that they might recover their failing powers by a timely rest. Our hearts were glad at the sight, and in merry mood we bathed, dressed, said our simple prayers, and ran downstairs into the pure, invigorating air of the early morn, blowing faintly but freshly from the open sea. Having paid a visit to the larder and filled our pockets with sweet oat cakes and butter, and toothsome scones and cheese, we were soon off at the run to Old Bill's to see if he was up and ready. We found the old man dressing, and Young Bill setting out the frugal morning meal, which we were invited to share, and fell to, nothing loth, unmindful of our swelling pockets.

The meal over, the guns were taken out of the old clock-case, cleaned, loaded, but not capped, and we were ready to see about the boat. Down we went to the beach, I leading the way with the guns, and Fred following with the shot-case and powder-horn. Ours were no new-fangled firearms, but old-fashioned muzzle-loading shot-guns, with carved stocks and arabesqued locks, that had seen long and faithful service in seal and wild-fowl shooting. We took our places, Fred and I at the gunwale, amidships, Old Bill at the stern, and Young Bill at the bows, and ran the boat down to the water side, the guns were stacked, and the oars and rowlocks got in. All got aboard but Old Bill, who first shoved her off; then away we went, pulling fresh and hearty and in true time. Fred and I had an oar apiece, and Young Bill pulled a pair, while Old Bill steered our course. Oh the joy of the early morning on the sparkling waters; how the young blood leapt in our veins with health and expectancy! We think not of the present but of the glad future; for present happiness is rarely understood. We went a little out of our course to visit the lobster pots and creels, and lay on our oars as the old man hauled them up, wondering each time if there is a captive, or if the bait is gone and the robber too. I often think that the greatest pleasure is hopeful uncertainty. How eagerly we looked, and how gaily chattered when our expectation was fulfilled, and how our faces fell when two were drawn up empty. It was great fun to see how skilfully Old Bill avoided the toothed and pointed claws of his black and brown captives in their shining armour, and how dexterously he tied up their dangerous weapons with a bit of soft string. We had a good haul, ten lobsters and more than thirty crabs, which were severally and duly consigned to floating chests anchored near, till they should be wanted for market.

Again we bend our backs to the oars, for we had still half a mile of blue water to cover, and the tide was against us, and, hearty lads as we are, we were beginning to wish we were there.

We had heard many a tale of the sea otter, and believe that they are told about harmless seals. Did not old Peter Harper tell, with most impressive gestures, how he was once attacked by a large one, while he was driving a flock of sheep along the beach below the yellow cliffs, and had a hard fight of it? But, luckily, he found a large tangle growing to a loose stone, and by a fortunate blow broke its long back, and, when it was helpless, he killed it, and sold the skin to a traveller for thirty shillings? And was not a dreadful story told of Hakkie Thorsen, who was climbing for eggs, and in a dark crevice was bitten by an otter, into whose den his foot had slipped, and held there till he died? And had we not heard also that the otter never lets go his hold, till he hears the crunching sound of breaking bones; and of the hunter's device of filling his boots with cinders to cheat it into letting go?

While thinking over these eerie tales we had drawn near the rocks that obstructed the entrance to the largest cave; and, my oar catching one of the points, I was caught in the ribs and unceremoniously deposited in the bottom of the boat, to my humiliation and the great amusement of my companions, who began chaffing me about crabs; but I knew better than to be vexed, and laughed too.

Over our heads now towered the black-browed crags as much as 600 feet high, pierced by many a cavern, and seamed and lined by many a crack and ledge. On the ledges of these cliffs thousands of gulls, auks, and guillemots build their nests, lay their eggs, and hatch out their young fledglings. As we drew near, they gathered round us in increasing numbers, and soon we were surrounded by a cloud of fluttering wings, yellow beaks, red legs, and sharply glancing eyes asking with what intent we had come there, and perhaps fearing that we were about to plunder their nests and carry off their offspring. Their fears were not uncalled for, though we had other aims to-day than that of scaling the ledges of the cliffs. We had got into the swirling tide that ran past the point, and the old fisherman told us to "ca canny" as he took the helm to steer us through the rocks. As soon as we were amongst them, Young Bill took up his position astride the bows of the boat, with his long legs stretched out on either side to fend her off the rocks, now vigorously shoving on one side and now on the other, till at last we reach the pool of still, calm water at the entrance of the cavern, outside of which the waves were chafing and fretting on the weed-grown rocks in the never-ceasing swell of the great ocean. At the inner side of the pool there was a natural pier, and we made fast here by tying a stone to the painter and throwing it over a point of the rock.

Leaving the boat, the two Bills took their guns, and, having seen to the priming and caps, stuck them under their arms, muzzle downwards, and were ready for work of more serious import. Young Bill, being the surest marksman, was to remain near the entrance, and Fred and I were posted on a big slippery rock to give notice if we saw the approach of the enemy; and the duty of exploring the recesses of the cave fell to the old man, who had explored it many a time for similar purposes, and was sure to dislodge the otter, if he happened to be at home, as we hoped; for this was a noted haunt of the animals, since it was generally unapproachable owing to the crooked channel and fury of the surf that would make matchwood of a boat in five minutes. But we felt pretty sure of finding one at least, for the cave had not been visited for months past. It would be about sixty yards long, at the entrance about thirty feet high, getting gradually smaller till there was just room to creep along, and at last it became a narrow crevice ending in a little sandy cove. It was full of boulders that had fallen from the roof, covered with sea-weed and slime, except the top of the tall rock on which Fred and I stood, which was above high-water mark and was pretty clean on that account.

We were so stationed as to be out of the way of the guns, and to command a good view of the front part and opening. Being not a little afraid of the otter, we scrambled up willingly to our post. We heard Old Bill stumbling along in his big sea-boots in the growing darkness, till he disappeared from sight and hearing. His purpose was to reach the far end of the cavern, and then begin to throw stones to dislodge the lurking otter, who, on being disturbed, would naturally make for the sea. We listened intently. Nothing was to be heard. Then, after a second or two, a pattering sound followed by a low murmur—a crash—a deep booming sound—which grew louder and louder till it sounded like the sound of a rushing mighty wave on a steep pebble beach, then like the sound of a vast waterfall, a mighty roar of thunder, ten thousand cannon-balls crashing down ten thousand iron stairs! Our faces grew pale. What had happened? Had the roof fallen in? Our hearts sank within us. We clasped each other's hands and trembled with fear. We lost our balance and slid down the slippery rock, rasping our shins and scratching our hands; but we were too much alarmed to think or feel it just then. Fred's ankle was caught between two stones, and he uttered a yell, thinking the otter had hold of it. He got loose; and we hastily regained our post in time to see the mouse that was brought forth by this mountain of fear and uproar.

The cause of the astounding noise at this moment revealed itself in a great flight of

pigeons, the innocent cause of our fright, that came streaming out along the roof and sides of the cave, the beating and whistling of whose wings, being echoed and re-echoed in so circumscribed a space, had made this astounding tumult. Soon the din ceased, and there came a shout of "He's coming! Look out."

Keeping a sharp look-out, we saw the other stealthily and silently creep along. "There he is," we cried. "Keep still, you boys, and I will try a shot at him as he crosses that flat rock," shouted the old man. Bang! Our heads were like to split with the noise, which gradually died away in dim murmurs in the far recesses. The old gun scattered too much to be pleasant for us had we known of it, as we found marks of the shot not *two* yards from where we were sitting—but we found that out later on. With a ghostly gliding motion, as if he moved without legs, the otter pursued his way among the rocks and neared the sea. But we knew he must expose himself to Young Bill's steady glance when he tried to cross the smooth ledge that I have called the pier, where the boat was. As he topped an obstructing rock, we could see his gleaming eyes and white vindictive teeth. We rejoiced that he did not seem to notice us, sitting unarmed on the rock, and were glad that animals could not think as men do, or he would have had his revenge on us. We watched Young Bill, as he stood at the opening, swiftly raise his gun, bring it to the shoulder, put his hand on the trigger, and glance along the barrel, all at the same instant; and we felt sure the otter's time was come to pay the debt of nature.

Flash! Crash!! The otter makes a bound, falls, regains his feet, moves forward, totters and lies dead, his head hanging over the edge of the rock, and the drops of bright blood trickle into the clear water. So near was he to freedom and life, yet so far from both. Is it so with some of us? With cries of delight we scramble down, and, leaping from rock to rock, we gather round the slain. Old Bill joins us, we look at it as it lies in its glossy brown fur, and measure it, four feet one inch long from the nose to the tip of the tail. "What a splendid fellow!" "He's worth five pounds!" "What a cape for mother he'd make," said Fred. "Or a muff for her and Ethel," said I. We have the pleasure of bearing the sea rover to the boat, where he is carefully laid on a thwart.

But we have been so engrossed in our hunt, that we have failed to notice the sudden change in the weather outside. The wind has freshened up, and the waters are chafing more angrily on the rocks outside the pool. The old fisherman looks round with anxious eye. "I'm afeared, Bill, it's going to blow up, and the sooner we are off the better for us all," said he. "It's going to be a regular squally night, so we must make haste back, before the sea gets too rough for these lads. You take the oars, let the lads sit astern, and I will guide the boat through these rocks." So saying, he took his stand at the bows, and the boat began to move forward slowly.

Now she has entered rough water, and, as she nears a rock, he thrusts one foot violently to stave her off from the point on which the surge has nearly cast her; now he springs out of her upon a submerged stone, and, with difficulty, keeps her clear, the eddies washing around his heavy boots; he is thus kept in a state of constant strain, till the perspiration trickles down his rugged brow into his eyes, and is hastily wiped off by his gnarled hand. At last we are clear. And wiping his face on the sleeve of his Jersey coat, he takes his seat by his son and settles to his oars. It is too rough for Fred and me to be trusted with the oars, which would be torn from our hands and washed away; so we make a pretence of steering; and have some real work in keeping the boat dry: for the combings of the seas are washed inboard by the wind. She is a snug boat of the yawl type, and does not ship much water, rising smartly astern as the wave overtakes her, balancing, sinking, and leaping up again with great bounds, that would soon make us sea-sick but for the excitement of the danger. While balancing on the top of a huge wave, we catch sight of the old palace towers, and know we are steering a correct course, of which we are glad, as the headlands are now obscured by the mist and clouds, and we might run on the rocks. The welcome cove heaves in sight, and, watching our chance, we wait for a big wave, and, keeping the boat on its crest, run far up on the soft sand; leaping overboard, we to the bows and the fishermen to the stern, we run her up to the boathouse, safe and sound after all.

Rushing off home to the bright little mother, we change our wet clothes, and draw up to the fire, only then realising the intensity of our appetites; for we had forgotten to eat at all in our excitement, and the food in our pockets was now only fit for the pigs. It was twelve o'clock, and we fell to eating and relating our adventures alternately, till we could talk and eat no more; and were bundled off to bed for an hour or two, lest we should be ill, but being very tired slept for many hours. Thus peacefully ended our first adventures in search of the Sea Otter.

AN EXCITING ESCAPE.

By Rev. Geo. Lakeman, m.a.

Most people know—at least a good many people do—that the original of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom" was a certain old negro named Josiah Henson. But I don't suppose anybody would know, if I did not tell them, that I went to school with Henson's son. I did though, and a very pleasant memory it is.

I was not a slave, you must understand, and I am not a negro, and I have never been in America. But the said son, when he was about thirty years old, came and lodged with the schoolmaster with the view of completing his education. At least that was what we always understood to be his object, and he certainly came to the school regularly and studied very diligently. What we liked best, however, was to have him with us in the playground, and above all in the cricket field. He was not a very scientific player, but he hit wonderfully hard, and sent the ball so far when he did hit it that he was sure to secure a good score for his side. *He* never "went out for a duck," and there was always a great scramble to secure him for a partner. And then he told such delightful stories, and it was something to be proud of to count among our friends a veritable escaped slave, who could recount scores of "hairbreadth 'scapes," and every one of them true.

It is well known that Josiah Henson—and I once saw the old man himself too, for he came to England in his old age, and had an audience of the Queen—when he had effected his own escape to Canada, afterwards ventured back into the lion's den more than once, to bring away his wife and family and several friends. *Our* Mr. Henson was one of the children whom he carried on his back through many many miles of dismal swamp, and past innumerable dangers. So he knew little by actual experience in his own person of the sufferings of slavery. But he could tell us a good deal, nevertheless, that he had learned from the lips of his father and other escaped slaves. And the fire and vigour with which he told it all, and the passion with which his words were animated, made our blood boil with sympathy for the cruel wrongs of the negro, and indignation against his ruthless oppressors. One of his stories in particular I remember, and I will endeavour to put it on paper, though I cannot hope to rival his graphic way of telling it.

Edward was a domestic slave, somewhat more considerately treated than those in the fields, having many advantages over others, and, by comparison, being very well off. Still he was in slavery, and nothing could make the yoke sit lightly. And he resolved to escape. Sambo and Jupiter were two slaves on a neighbouring plantation, and belonged to another master. *Their* lot was hard in the extreme. Hardly treated at the best of times, ill-fed, clad in rags, lodged in huts that were scarcely a protection from the weather, ever in dread of the overseer's lash, it is not much wonder that *they* should take the first opportunity of making a dash for liberty. Sambo had been sold away from his wife and child. Jupiter had formerly belonged to a kind master. But when the master was bankrupt all his effects were sold by auction, and Jupe, as he was called, was knocked down to the highest bidder, and saw his old mother dragged off by one purchaser, and his young sister by another. Now he was in the hands of an owner who seemed utterly without feeling or consideration for his slaves.

I may mention here that slaves were not honoured with surnames. When they were allowed such luxuries they were often made to adopt that of their masters as a sufficient distinction. But as a rule any sort of nick-name was thought good enough for such creatures.

The occasion chosen by our three friends—for they laid their plans to escape together—was one of those orgies in which the slaves were now and then indulged by their masters, with the object of letting off some of the feelings of rage and discontent in the slaves' hearts. At these times so many were intoxicated, and there was so much licence, that it was easier to elude the vigilance of the overseers; and Sambo and Jupe contrived to meet Edward at the appointed place, and under cover of the darkness they were many miles away before their absence was discovered.

Of course they knew very well that as soon as it *was* discovered there would be a hot pursuit, and it was necessary to lie hid during the day and only travel by night. The hardships they endured during those weeks while they were making their way slowly northward, must have been terrible. They had nothing to guide them but the polar star. The way led through swamps and forests and arid wastes. They were obliged to avoid large towns, and when one of their number did venture into a village or up to a solitary farm house to beg or buy food, it was

with beating hearts that the other two awaited his return lest he should be discovered and recaptured. Often they were without enough to eat. A little food was all they could bring with them, and though they had some money—chiefly saved by Edward from "tips' and perquisites—it was only now and then that they dared to make a purchase.

Once when Edward—who, having been a domestic, was more accustomed to the ways of the whites than the others, was more intelligent, and moreover could read a little—was strolling into a village at sunset with as careless and unconcerned a manner as he could assume, he was accosted by a man who put sundry questions to him as to his name, and where he came from, and what he was doing there, and finally asked if he was not a runaway slave. With his heart in his mouth he framed the readiest explanation he could think of, and pretended to have been sent on business by his master. His questioner was, however, not so unfriendly as he appeared. Finding he could read, the man directed his attention to a bill posted on a wall, and, bidding him take care, he turned away. To Edward's horror he found the bill contained an offer of a reward for the capture of the three runaways, who were minutely described. Not daring to enter the village now, he crept back as secretly as possible to where the other two were in hiding, and with his teeth chattering, and trembling in every limb, he told what he had seen.

The state of mind of the poor runaways may be easily imagined. Faint and hungry as they were, it was necessary to get away from that place as soon as they could, and the night was spent in going a long way round to avoid human habitations as much as possible, and morning found them far away from that village, but not much advanced northward. In this way, ever in danger and ever in fear, sometimes meeting with friendly help from people who had a strong suspicion of what they were, sometimes in imminent risk of discovery, they at last succeeded in reaching the city of Buffalo. Here they were of course in a free State, as all the northern States were free. But they were not safe, for the law permitted escaped slaves from the south, on sufficient proof of identity, to be arrested and restored to their owners.

It was with not a little trepidation therefore that they made their way to the quay in search of the means of crossing over to the Canadian shore. At last they succeeded in finding a vessel which was bound for another city on the same side of the river, but was to touch at a point on the other side in the course of the voyage. At this place they hoped to land, and having given the captain, who did not seem unkindly, all their remaining stock of money by way of paying for their passage, they stowed themselves away among the merchandise as much out of sight as possible, and longed for the moment of departure.

It seemed a long time arriving. There were many passengers coming and going, and much to be done, and at the last moment, just as they were about to start, what was their dismay to see their two masters step on board. Their hearts sank within them. At first, it did not seem clear whether they had been seen. But as they watched from behind the packages it soon became apparent that the masters knew very well they were there, and now felt themselves sure of their prey.

Still there was hope. When the vessel stopped on the Canadian side they might yet go on shore before they could be prevented. But the hope grew faint when they saw the masters in eager consultation with the captain, and now and then throwing a look in their direction. The fact afterwards turned out to be that the slave owners, loth to lose three valuable slaves, had not only offered large rewards for their recovery, but had actually followed on their track themselves, only discovering their whereabouts just when it was too late to get the requisite authority for their arrest from a magistrate, and now they were bribing the captain with three hundred dollars not to stop on the Canadian side at all.

Oh, how wearily the time passed as they drew near to the stopping place and no indication was given of any intention to pause. On, on the vessel went, the quay came in view and was passed, and now all hope was gone, and at last, feeling more dead than alive with disappointed hopes, as all their efforts were proved fruitless, their minds filled with anticipations of the cruel punishment in store for them, they were roused by perceiving that the voyage had come to an end and the passengers were being landed on the American side.

Utterly despairing, they made no further effort, and for a while they were undisturbed. But they could not be arrested without a warrant, and while one master went to a magistrate to obtain this, the other planted himself in the gangway to prevent any possibility of escape.

Suddenly the three were roused by the approach of the mate, who hurriedly asked them if they could row. This man, perhaps because he was of a kinder disposition than the captain, perhaps because he had not been bribed too, had taken pity on them and determined to give them a chance yet. And so he asked them if they could row. What did they know about rowing? But what would they not do for dear liberty? Hurriedly but silently, with the mate's help, a boat was put over the side, and they struck out for the opposite shore.

They had got some distance when the planter came back with the warrant. But now the birds were flown. Search was made high and low, but no negroes could be found. By this time all the passengers had landed and the decks were clear. The packages and bales of goods were tumbled about to discover the hiding place of the fugitives. But all in vain.

Then ensued a scene of mutual recrimination. One planter swore at the other for negligence in watching the gangway, and the other swore at him for being so long about getting the warrant. Each declared it was the other's fault, until they both agreed to curse the captain for contriving the escape in spite of the three hundred dollars.

Meanwhile, with "the labouring oar that toiled in the surf of the"—no, not "the ocean," but the river—the three negroes were making progress with their irregular strokes to the other side, and the mate, with assumed indifference, was inwardly chuckling over the planters' discomfiture.

At last, when all hope of a capture seemed gone, and when the mate deemed they had reached a safe distance, he called the attention of the angry disputants to a boat a long way off with three men in it, who seemed by their irregular manner of rowing to be novices in the art.

"A boat! a boat!" exclaimed the masters together, as they rushed on shore. "Twenty dollars for a boat to catch those rascals before they land."

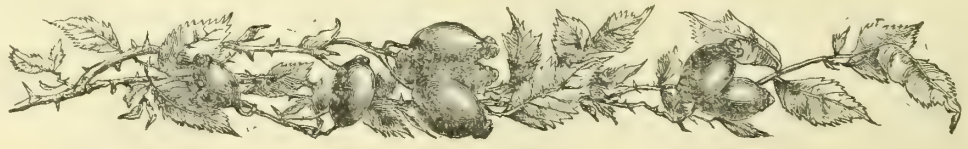
It was a free State, and for the most part the sympathy of bystanders on the quay was with the escaped slaves. But twenty dollars was not to be had every day, and after a while a boat was manned, and with the two masters on board pulled for the opposite shore. Now the excitement grew intense, as the pursuers, who could row properly, gained surely on the pursued. The Oxford and Cambridge boat race was nothing to it. Less and less grew the distance between the boats, and while the masters were urging the men, who did not row half hard enough for them, to greater exertions, the poor slaves in their eagerness, with many a blunder and "catching many crabs," were straining every muscle to reach the shore in time.

And they were only just in time. In fact, the two boats touched the shore almost at the same moment, and masters and slaves—slaves no longer, but free men now—sprang to land together.

Extravagant was the joy of our three friends; utterly exhausted as they were, the excitement and extravagance of their jubilation knew no bounds. They shouted, they laughed, they danced, they rolled on the ground and kissed the free soil in the exuberance of their joy, while the crestfallen and baffled masters looked on with bitter anger and rage. The warrant was of no use now. On British ground the United States writ did not run. There was nothing for it but to try cajolery, in the hope—the very faint hope—of persuading the men to return. They humbled themselves therefore to make all sorts of promises and even entreaties. Edward's master became quite familiar and respectful, not to say affectionate. He assured the fugitive that his mistress, who had been so long used to his services, could hardly live without them, and was already very ill, and refused all attendance, for nobody could wait on her as he had done. If he would only return, his mistake in running away—it was not even called a fault now—should never be mentioned to him. Jupe and Sambo in like manner were assured that they should not be punished at all if they would only come back.

But the negroes did not see the force of the arguments. They were penniless and weary, and strangers in a strange land, and, as the masters told them, they would have to work very hard for a living and would have no kind master (or unkind one either, it might have been added) to build them huts and find them food and lodging, and they were farther away than they had ever been from their old companions and their relations. It might be all true. But what did it matter? Were they not FREE?

(THE END.)



THE LUNGOORS:

A TRUE STORY OF LOWER BENGAL.

By Major Gorges.

I never but once shot a monkey, and it is an experience I would not willingly repeat. I felt for a long time as if I had committed a crime, and still, when I look back on it, the same feeling comes to me. Even so, it was only a "life for a life." I will tell you how it happened.

I was in cantonments with my regiment, at Barrackpore, a large military station in Lower Bengal. It was surrounded by the forest, on the margin of which, at the back of our cantonments, was a native village.

As usual, the place was infested with monkeys, who did pretty much what they liked with the long-suffering villagers. They walked in and out, taking whatever they fancied, not unfrequently waiting till the dinner of rice was cooked, and ready for the patient Hindoo, whose patience was then indeed sorely tried, as he saw a large lungoor (so the monkey was called) calmly seize and walk off with it, and that, too, with the air of one who only secured his rightful possession; and, having no weapon wherewith to defend his dinner, he was helpless against one of these powerful monkeys.

But at last the lungoors went too far. Generally they never attempted to hurt, or indeed to touch, the children who swarmed about the native huts, but one evening, prompted, I suppose, by some impish freak, "an old man monkey" caught up a small child, who was crawling about the door of one of the huts, and ran up a tall tamarind tree with his poor little burden. The natives shouted, and ran to the foot of the tree, but what could they do, except by gesture and voice to implore the old fellow to bring the child back? Not a bit of it; he seemed rather amused at the whole proceeding, and after eyeing the crowd for a while from his vantage post, he quietly dropped the infant to the ground, where, when I came on the scene, it was lying with its skull smashed in.

A wail of grief, rage and horror burst forth. The natives rushed to my quarters, imploring me to take instant vengeance on the miscreant.

I caught up my rifle, and went at once. When I got to the spot I found that they had hunted him with shouts and beating of tomtoms to the top of a cocoanut palm, where he had taken refuge, only a bit of his head being visible as he peered out of the foliage. By the air with which he looked down, I judged he was taking it easy, and perhaps imagined the whole show was got up for his benefit. Poor wretch! he was soon undeceived.

I levelled my rifle and fired. The ball hit him fair between the eyes, just where he had left himself exposed. He reeled and fell, coming down with a thud that was not pleasant to hear. He was stone dead.

The natives now retired with the dead child; they had got their revenge. I lingered for a few moments, and presently was aware of an increasing crowd of monkeys silently arriving from all sides.

They did not notice me, and I stood watching. In countless numbers they assembled, all drawn to the spot where their comrade lay.

That he was a lungoor of some importance was evident by the consternation they showed. They formed in a large circle around the body, uttering the most heart-rending cries—cries that were really as grief-laden, to all appearance, as those of the natives over the infant.

This went on for some time, then several advanced, and one of the number took hold of a paw, which he held and then let go. Of course it fell heavily down, at which the wailing and crying burst out again.

The same process was repeated with the other paws and the tail, with the same result, and again the din commenced. Then they advanced, carefully examined the small round hole where the bullet had entered, and wiped away the blood that had gathered—with extreme tenderness, it seemed to me.

By this time I was feeling like a murderer. It was really terrible to see these creatures displaying such human grief, such impassioned sorrow. Even though the old fellow had killed the child, I could not bring myself to feel guiltless of having done the deed which had caused such mourning among the band. I think he must have been its patriarch.

Emboldened by my presence, the natives returned to hunt away the lungoors, renewing their shouts and beating of the tomtoms. But the lungoors made no resistance. They seemed to recognise that their comrade could no longer accompany them, no longer leap from branch to branch, or swing from one forest tree to another with that ecstatic joy of motion which seems part of their being. With one prolonged, dismal howl, they disappeared into the forest. They must have been deeply impressed by the occurrence, for they left the place completely. There were no monkeys seen in trees or village that evening, and we heard afterwards that a band, believed to be the same, had been seen at Kishnagur, nearly two hundred miles off, next morning. Death had verily scared these poor semi-human creatures.

Keen sportsman as I was, I have never taken life wantonly, and I am glad of it now as I look back. The scene in that Indian forest often recurs to me, and I am sorry when I hear boys, ay, and young men too, delighting in boasts of the harmless animals they have killed, or hurt, for "amusement" only. There is so much pain in the world, it seems a pity to add to it needlessly.

(The end.)

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

SOME QUALIFICATIONS OF A TYPIST.

By an Old Professional Hand.

The use of the typewriter is now becoming so general that a few lines on the most desirable qualifications of the would-be typewriting operator, or typist, may not be out of season.

The time is fast disappearing in which the ability to manipulate the machine is considered all that is necessary as the stock-in-trade of the typist, be he never so skilful. It is true that there are many typists at work every day, and all day long, who are little more than the mere motive power of their machines, and as such, they obtain but indifferent remuneration for their services. We lately came across a case which just kept outside the limits of "sweating." In typewriting, as in all other kinds of employment, the pressure of competition is already making itself felt, and the mechanical copyist must stay at the bottom of the ladder. A boy of thirteen or fourteen, fresh from school, can soon be trained in the technicalities of the typewriter, but unless his education has been unusually liberal, and unless he has been able to apply it practically, a poorly paid copyist he must remain. There are people to be found who, prompted by self-interest, too often paint the prospects of the young typist in the most glowing colours, which are calculated to make the novice believe that he has only to master the machine, and rattle off so many words a minute, and his fortune is made. We need hardly say that he is soon enough awakened from such happy dreams to the real state of the case, when the look ahead does not seem quite so rosy as he was led to expect.

We may here speak a word of warning to those who think of taking up typewriting as an occupation. There are some really good schools of instruction in typewriting, where the terms are reasonable, and the teachers do their best to carry out their engagement honestly. There are, on the contrary, people who, having got the use of an old machine or two, set up what they call a Typewriting School, and the would-be typist, having paid his fee in advance, is left pretty much to himself, unless he should chance to meet with some mishap to the machine, when he receives very particular attention indeed until the damage is made good.

A thoroughly practical knowledge of shorthand is undoubtedly the most useful of all qualifications for a young typist, presuming that he can run his machine with sufficient speed and accuracy to accept any sort of work other than mechanical drudgery. He who studies shorthand with a view of making it a useful adjunct to the typewriter should get plenty of reading practice, so that, like the much-abused compositor, he may be able to read almost anything, that is to say, in the way of rough shorthand notes taken at speed. It does not follow that the typist should also be a rapid shorthander. Of course a rapid writer is on the road to advancement, but in many instances, as a typist, he will not have much opportunity of distinguishing himself in this way.

The young typist who aspires to the position of private secretary cannot be expected to know all about everything, but he can hardly know too much. Should he have learned any Latin or Greek while at school, it would be just as well for him not to let these languages get rusty, while French and German are often asked for as a matter of course. Added to these things a lively and intelligent interest in his work will prove serviceable to the typist, who, if he be wise, will not always stand out for the very letter of the bond, so to speak, but, while retaining his self-respect, will show a readiness to stretch a point in busy times, and so prove himself something above the "dumb, driven cattle" of the labour-market. Employers are not slow to appreciate a willingness to oblige, and it may be that some day when reverses overtake the firm, and a reduction has to be made in the staff, the last man to be spared will be the typist. "No," it will be said, "we cannot spare our typist, he is such a bright and willing fellow; the very life of the place."

F. Smith.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(THIRTEENTH SERIES.)

Illuminating.

[*Continued from p.* 783.]

THIRD DIVISION (*ages* 15 *and* 16).

Prizes—One Guinea.

ARTHUR C. PLESTER (aged 16), 5 Stanfield Road, North Bow, E.

Prizes—15s. each.

ROBERT MCCORMICK (aged 15), 10 Z third Street, off McClure Street, Belfast.

MALCOLM GIBSON (aged 16), 20 Upper Townsend Street, Belfast.

Prizes—10s. 6d. each.

ANDREW SHAW (aged 15), 6 Spittal Street, Edinburgh.

A. B. COLES (aged 16), 9 Brading Road, Upper Tulse Hill, S.W.

THOMAS PENROSE (aged 16), 13 Brache Street, Luton, Beds.

Prizes—7s. 6d. each.

WILFRED DRINKWATER (aged 15), 2 Napier Cottages, Regent Street, Cheltenham.

FLORENCE M. LUCKE (aged 16), Capital and Counties Bank, Trowbridge, Wilts.

CERTIFICATES.

REUBEN ELLIOT, 78 Manor Road, Brockley, S.E.

W. A. SMITH, 33 York Terrace, Henrietta Street, Leigh, Lancs.

STEPHEN TRACY, 52 Church Street, Camberwell.

ROBERT J. HEWITT, The Barracks, Northampton.

WALTER MACKIE, 6 Pollet Street, Guernsey.

A. E. RIMINGTON, 3 Clarence Terrace, Maidstone Road, Rochester, Kent.

G. A. TURNER, 32 Broughton Road, Stoke Newington.

H. P. MORRIS, 12 William Street, Reading.

LETA CORDNER, 29 Alexandra Road, Gipsy Hill, S.E.

R. D. WILTON, 2, St. Jude's Road, Plymouth.

E. S. TAYLOR, 3, Vernon Road, N. Bow, E.

GILBERT L. CASS, 18, Lorne Terrace, Bath.

LEONARD B. MINNS, 2, Birkbeck Road, Leytonstone, E.

EMILY C. LUCY, Surrey Lodge, Henley-on-Thames.

ELDRED H. H. BRUCE, Stapleton House, Upper Tooting, S.W.

CLEMENT M. VINCENT, 27, Fitzroy Road, Primrose Hill, N.W.

J. W. BUSBY, 28, Garton Street, New Bridge Street, Leicester.

C. H. ROGERS, 11, Waterloo Place, The Level, Brighton.

Correspondence.

ELECTRICITY (R. R. Carlors).—The electro-motor will be nothing like strong enough to drive the dynamo. If you want to do that you had better make one on the "Griscom" plan; if you buy Mr. Bottone's book on "Electro-motors" you will find directions in it for making one. But a small steam engine, or, better still, a gas or hot-air engine, would be far more satisfactory, and much cheaper to keep up.

COIL (E. J. A.).—1. We don't remember your writing before. Glad you succeeded in making the coil according to the instructions. 2. If you double the quantity of wire you will be all right. 3. Certainly you must not have tin-foil instead of platinum, as the spark would soon corrode the former and render it useless. The "make and break" is much sharper when platinum is used, and on that, to a great degree, depends the efficiency of the coil. 4. It would not entirely stop the shock, but if you want to get the full strength for the wire used you must wind it as evenly as you possibly can. 5. No, it does not matter. If you made a bobbin separate from the core, and constructed a simple wheel and handle arrangement to hold the bobbin, you might be able to wind on the wire more evenly.

IN SORROW (Acacia).—After having been wrong mentally and physically so long, you cannot expect to get well under six months; but much depends on the regularity with which you follow out the advice given in that paper by Dr. Gordon Stables. Of course, any return to evil courses, or having recourse to quack remedies, would be fatal to success.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.—1. It is impossible to name a camera which is sure to suit you out of the thousands that are made. If you want a *cheap* one, capable of good work, get a catalogue from Messrs. Lancaster & Son, 37, Colmore Row, Birmingham. One of their best, namely, the "Instantograph" [1890 pattern], costs £5 complete with lens and stand. Quite size. They have also much cheaper cameras than this. If you can pay more, get a catalogue from Mr. J. T. Chapman, Albert Square, Manchester, or some other large dealer. They all have their specialities, and you must suit yourself. You will find any number of firms advertising in any Photographic paper if you purchase a copy. 2. As to developer, use the sodic sulphite as given in the article on "Developers" in the March Part, "B. O. P.," 1891. You can change afterwards, if you like, when you get more experienced. 3. "Self-toned" sensitised paper is very convenient when you are away from home, but certainly should not be used as a regular thing, the colour being anything but satisfactory.

BATTERY (Edgar Harper).—Gassner's dry battery consists of a zinc vessel containing a plate of carbon, which stands in a mixture of plaster of Paris, 1 lb., oxide of zinc, ½ lb., saturated solution of chloride of zinc sufficient to make a stiff paste. Terminal screws, to which wires are attached for connecting up, are fastened to the top of the zinc and the carbon. The former can be a roll of zinc in an earthenware vessel, if it is easier for you to get that. The battery gives about the same voltage as a Leclanché—that is, about 1·50 volt per cell. A good book on electric bells is that by Mr. S. R. Bottone, Wallington, Carshalton, Surrey, who will send it you post free for three shillings.

BLACKHEADS (Enthusiast).—1. Glad to learn that the "B. O. P." is such a favourite out in the Cape. 2. We fear there is no radical cure to suit every case for blackheads. It is an ailment of the sweat ducts and follicles; and generally they fill up again and again after being squeezed out. After emptying them zinc ointment may be well rubbed in. 3. Clean the nickel plating with a little whiting and spirits.

RABBIT AND COLLIE (Belgian).—1. She has simply thrown back to a former sire. 2. Only by gentleness and firmness, with frequent admonition, to the extent of flagellation.

NEWFOUNDLAND PUPPY (W. H. C.).—From five to ten guineas from any good breeder. 2. "Ladies' Dogs as Companions," 5*s.*, Dean & Son, 160*a*, Fleet Street.

THE BATH (H. Moore).—Wash all over with hot water and soap first, then sponge with cold in tub or bath. Do not take long about it.

BOW-LEGS (A Reader).—You must consult a surgeon at once. It all depends upon your age. When the bones are set and hardened they cannot be straightened.

STOUTNESS (F. Robert).—Avoid all starchy foods. Live almost entirely on fish, flesh, and fowl; take no sugar. Plenty of exercise.

AMERICAN "PAINTER" (Artist).—Presumably a local name for the panther.

CHAMELEONS (G. H.).—Write to Cross, Liverpool.

ITCHING AND SCURF (Scratch).—Don't scratch. Get a borax lotion, and use every morning.

COLOUR IN THE FACE (J. T. R.).—Glad the paper has done you so much good. Continue as you are doing, but take ten drops of tincture of iron in a little water twice a day after food.

DOG KENNEL (Hurman).—Yes; Dr. Gordon Stables would be pleased to see the model, after he returns from his caravan tour in October.

"NOW THEN!" (A Multitude of Hairless Boys).—Dr. Gordon Stables says he "expects nothing less than a putty medal for supplying the following receipt for making moustachios grow. It is warranted to make hair grow almost on the lid of a copper kettle. But, of course, the boy must be seventeen before he begins it. Take of eau de Cologne five ounces, tincture of cantharides three drams, oil of lavender, rosemary, and nutmeg, of each ten drops. Mix and rub in about thrice a day. Don't redden the skin, mind. It would blister, too, if used too often."

BRACES OR BELT (Sinoe).—A belt.

BLACKBIRD (——).—Feed rationally and it will not pick its feathers. Read the article on "British Birds."

SQUIRREL (E. Doyle).—Questions have been answered over and over again. Pray read "Doings" and Correspondence, and keep in advance with the times as regards the management of pets.

WATER FOR RABBITS (H. Hodgson).—We prefer putting water, or water with a little milk in it, in the hutches, whether they drink or not. When eating succulent greens they will not, of course, touch it.

BAD TEETH (Ignoramus).—Sanitas Tooth-powder, Vinolia, or Calvert's Dento-phrenolyne.

COLD BATH (Percy Jordan).—1. Yes, as soon as you get out of bed.

PIMPLES (Lover of "B. O. P.").—Your blood is a little thin. Take ten drops of dialysed iron in a little water thrice a day after food. Take a cold bath every morning. Sulphur tablets (Frazer's) will purify the blood.

DOG'S KENNEL, ETC. (S. H. N.).—1. The cement could be made for you by any builder. 2. The dog should be eighteen months old. 3. Licences to keep dogs are not transferable.

NERVOUSNESS (Inquirer).—We do not think your heart is affected, but you *must* take more exercise, somehow; dumb-bells and the morning tub. Reduce your fat by eating no pastry, sugar, potatoes, or much starchy food of any kind, but plenty of meat.

DISTRESSING COMPLAINT (Stylus).—Your friend *must* consult a doctor. For there may be, and probably is, some connection with it.

OUT OF SORTS (F. W.).—If you are addicted to any bad habits which you have not told us about, give them up as you value your life and reason. Then go in for a course of morning tubbing with two or three handfuls of sea-salt mixed in the water overnight. Take a few drops of tincture of iron after every meal in cold water, and plenty of exercise.

WEIGHT OF DUMB-BELLS (G. Coast).—For fourteen years of age not over two pounds. We don't advise taking young birds out of the nest.

VARIOUS (Measures).—Your height is good. Round chest about 30 inches, 26 round waist. 2. No, do not inflate the chest. 3. Fair for calves. 4. John Piggott's rules for dumb-bells are good.

GUINEA PIGS AND RABBITS (E. B. W.).—1. No; the rats will live with the guinea pigs, and they won't be slow at eating the young either if pressed by hunger. 2. Cabbage without the flowers, but the flowers wouldn't hurt.

GROWING STRONG (Bucephalus).—Cycling and walking will improve your legs, especially hill climbing, but as you live in London the latter is impossible. Hill climbing strengthens the heart too, and that is everything.

RABBITS DYING (G. H. P.).—Disease through careless and injudicious feeding and hutching. We are not a bit sorry for you, but we pity your rabbits.

BAD HABITS (L. M. N.).—How *can* you expect a cure when you don't remove the cause. No wonder you're ill.

PENCILLED POST CARDS (Jack and many others).—We do not care to reply to these. If our advice is not worth a penny stamp and a dip of ink it is not worth giving.

CATERPILLARS (Const. Reader).—There is a specially prepared carbolic acid (Calvert's). Any chemist, or direct from Manchester.

VARIOUS (C. W. H.).—1. Keep on deck all the while. Dare it, and brave it. 2. Quack pills, mostly aloes. 3. Canada for farming. 4. Smoking is most injurious to growing boys. 5. Tender gums. Use Vinolia tooth-powder.

FEEDING A DOG (F. Flalpert, St. Petersburg).—Yes, he must have a proportion of meat. Spratt's cakes (dog-biscuits) contain nearly all that is wanted, however.

CONSULT A DOCTOR (Ralph the Rover and many others whose queries are not answered).—If a medical query is not replied to within six or seven weeks it is because the trouble is too serious for self-doctoring.

TAME STARLING (Spot Strake).—See columns of "Exchange and Mart," price 2*d.* About 2*s.* 6*d.*

CYCLING (Nil sine labore).—You'll soon gather confidence. *Nil sine labore*, you know.

BOOK ON GREENHOUSE (R. Lord).—Any book on gardening will give you the hints you require.

CANARIES NOT LAYING (Oxenham).—Perhaps both cocks.

GRASS SNAKES (Puella).—Of course if a snake eats one kind of frog he will eat another. But it is their nature and they are not "barbarous" and "crawling monsters." However, snakes are hardly girls' pets, and your vivarium can very well do without them

CAVY SHOWS (J. L. C.).—All advertised in "Exchange and Mart." But showing guinea pigs is poor work

REPENTANT.—See a doctor by all means. But the man you mention is an arrant quack. Keep up your heart, poor boy.

HEN'S COMB TURNING BLUE (E. Lumley).—Liver complaint. Your feeding and general treatment is wrong.

THE GYMNASIUM (Bookworm).—Certainly, if it exhausts, the strain is far too much and will injure your heart and health. Take walking exercise.

MOLES' SKINS (D. J. L.).—You must get them fresh.

VARIOUS (Sahib).—1. Jackdaws eat anything short of scupper nails. 2. No cage at all is the best cage. 3. Half-a-crown or less.

RABBIT AND MANGE (Ch. Keay).—Sulphur ointment, but remove into a clean hutch.

GUINEA FOWLS (L. H. Weatherley).—Bad management. You don't give us enough to go by.

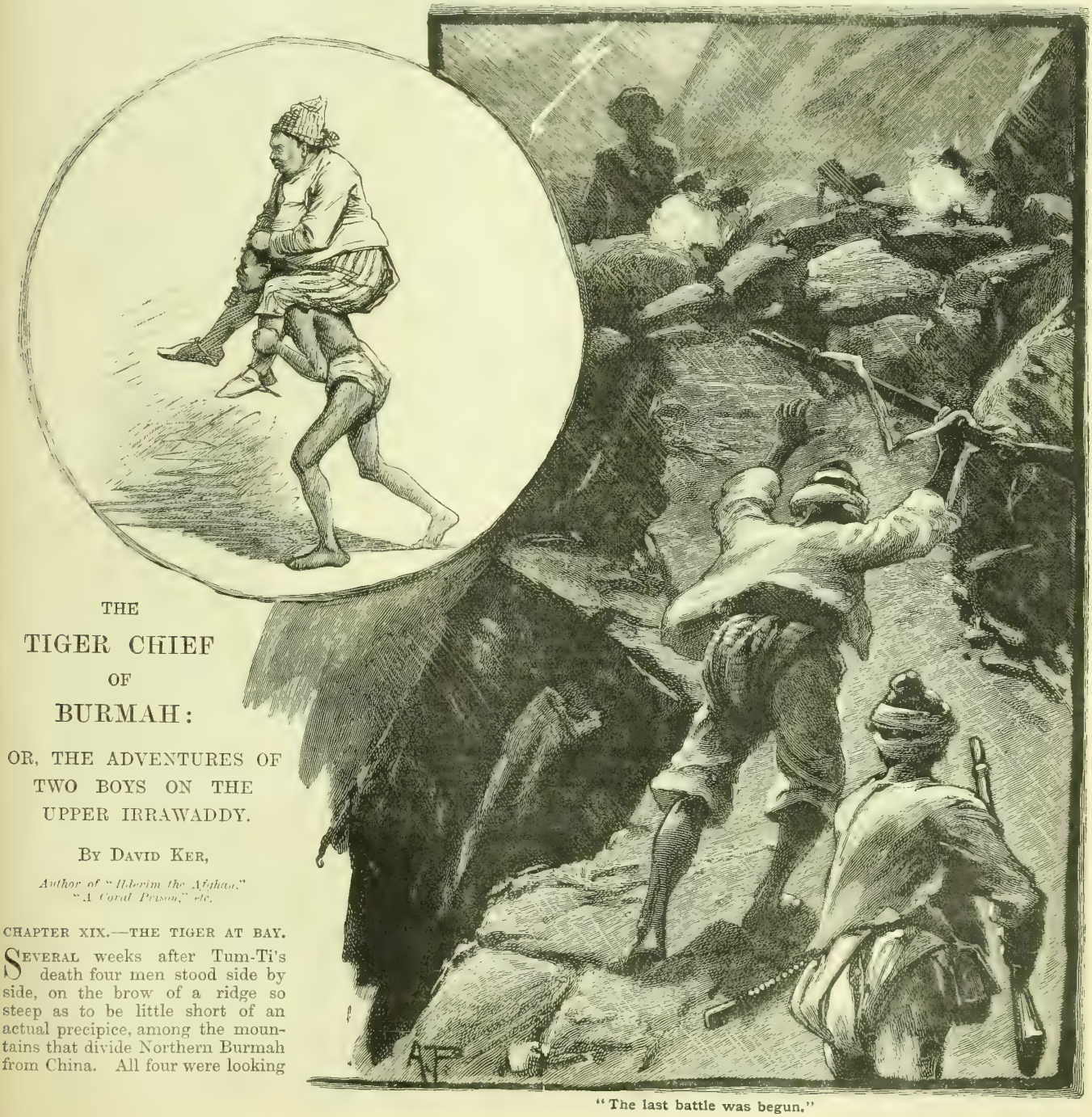
BOYS' TROUBLES (Nero and many others).—We are sorry for you. Give up such habits or order your coffin. That is plain speaking. But you need it.

SPECIAL EDITION OF "B. O. P." (Annie P.).—No; we have not thought of that yet.

CHAMELEON (Cham.).—Read back Correspondence.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 662.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1891. Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



"The last battle was begun."

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Hilarim the Afghan," "A Coral Prison," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE TIGER AT BAY.

Several weeks after Tum-Ti's death four men stood side by side, on the brow of a ridge so steep as to be little short of an actual precipice, among the mountains that divide Northern Burmah from China. All four were looking

keenly down the valley below (from which the last glow of sunset was just beginning to fade) as if watching for the coming of a long-expected friend. But it was not a friend for whom they were waiting—it was a mortal enemy.

Events had moved quickly since the night of the traitor's doom. The once formidable insurrection, pressed by the advance of British gun-boats and steam-launches up the rivers, and of Hindoo cavalry and light infantry through the jungle, had been slowly but surely crushed out; and now the War-Tiger, with the handful of brave men who still adhered to his desperate fortunes, was in full flight to cross the border mountains into China, as his sole chance of escaping the unrelenting pursuers who were hard upon his track.

But "Kandahar Roberts" was not the man to let any foe escape him when once fairly within his grasp. The very day after his conference with the half-breed, he had taken measures to carry out the latter's plan of seizing the pass which was now the Tiger Chief's sole way of escape. Major Simpson had been sent off at once with a detachment of the Goorka mountaineers (who were judged the fittest men for this hill-warfare), with Livingstone Foster to act as guide; and, having occupied and securely fortified the pass, they were now waiting to see the War-Tiger fall into the trap which they had set for him.

There they stood, the brown, dwarfish, long-armed fellows—those dreaded "monkey-men of the Himalaya" whose goblin aspect and ferocious valour furnished many a wild legend to Hindoo poets three thousand years ago. Though barely larger than a well-grown boy, they could behead a foe or cleave the skull of a tiger with one slash of the huge broad-bladed *kookri* (sword-knife), which was their national weapon; and in the British uniform of the nineteenth century they were still the same as in the days of David and Solomon—tireless, enduring, untamable as the wild beasts of their native mountains, born hunters and fighters from their very childhood, equally devoid of mercy and of fear.

"Well," said Livingstone Foster, who was one of the four watchers above mentioned, "I think our friend the Tiger will find these chaps tougher customers than the poor fellows whom he surprised and slaughtered at Now-Lay—eh, Simpson?"

"Yes," growled the hard-faced old Major; "we've stopped the fox's earth for him this time, and I think the hounds will have him at last!"

In truth, there was little chance of the War-Tiger himself being able to force his way through such defences, garrisoned by such men. The broad rock-terrace which they had turned into a fortified camp completely commanded the steep, winding path which was the only way of approach from below. A strong stockade secured them against all risk of an attack in the rear from the mountain clans higher up the pass, who were still friendly to the Chief; and from above they had nothing to fear, for even such climbers as the Shan mountaineers could not have scaled the sheer precipices that overhung their position.

"I *was* sorry to leave those boys of mine behind," resumed Foster, "for they were quite wild to come too; but it would never have done. They couldn't have stood such forced marches as we've been making lately."

"I'll tell you what, though, Foster," cried the Major, "your boy Harry did us a good turn when he found out that trick of the Chief dressing up a lot of men in his own colours, like that old rogue of a king in Shakspeare. So long as our Sepoys took the fellow for a ghost who could appear in a dozen places at once, ten of the bravest of 'em wouldn't have dared to face him all by himself; whereas now they only laugh at the whole business, and joke each other about how many Tiger Chiefs they must capture to get the Government reward. It strikes me that Master Tiger's pretty nearly at the end of his tether at last, and I don't pity the rascal a bit!"

"Well, I *do*," broke in Alfred Marston. "He certainly did his best to kill me; but, as Harry says, that was all in the way of business. As to the mischief he has done, I suppose any of us would have done pretty much the same if some one had invaded our country. Anyhow, he's a very fine fellow in his way, and I must say I wish we could get him out of our road *without* killing him."

"Right you are!" cried Frank Merrincourt; "that's just how I feel about it myself. *I* tried my hardest at him when I saw him cut you down in that last fight we had with him; but *that* was all in the way of business, too; and though we had a pretty tough time afterwards in the boat going down the river, carrying our lives in our hands day and night, I don't bear the Chief any grudge for it!"

"Here's a man who *does*, though," said Foster, pointing to the stately form of the old Ressaldar, Hadji Mahmood, who, having recovered his senses as Marston had foretold, was in the field once more. "He's as bitter against the Chief as he can be, and there'll be some trouble when they *do* meet."

Just then Major Simpson—who had been listening with an air of marked disapproval to this treasonable admiration of a man on whose head the British authorities had set a price—called out that he saw men coming up the path, and that they looked to him like the scouts whom they had sent out on the previous day to learn what they could of the War-Tiger's whereabouts.

"Well, I hope they'll bring word that he's coming at last," said Frank Merrincourt, with a laugh. "He's kept us waiting long enough, and if he's a gentleman, he won't make us wait any longer."

But the joke passed quite unheeded, for every other thought was swallowed up by the fierce excitement of the approaching struggle; and as the three active young Nepaulese soldiers came springing up the rocks to the spot where the officers were standing, even the veteran Major himself bent forward as eagerly as a schoolboy to hear what they had to tell.

The news which they brought was formidably important. They had themselves seen nothing of the War-Tiger; but just at the lower end of the valley, as they were returning to the camp, they found a Burmese peasant lying exhausted and desperately wounded at the foot of the mountain path, as if he had been fleeing to the hills for refuge when he fell to rise no more.

From him they learnt that the Tiger Chief, while on his march toward the pass, had turned aside to wreak his vengeance on a village inhabited by some of those who had abandoned his cause and accepted General Roberts's offer of pardon. Just as the havoc and confusion were at their height, one of the scattered detachments of Hindoo troops sent out to scour the jungle came up to the spot, drawn by the glare of the burning houses. The Chief and his men fell furiously upon them, and, after a desperate fight, all but exterminated them, only five or six escaping.

"A true Asiatic!" said Marston, "bent on revenge even at the last gasp, and perilling his own life to obtain it."

"At any rate," said Livingstone Foster, "this will make *our* work easier, for he could hardly destroy a whole detachment of soldiers without losing a good many men himself."

Major Simpson, however, looked grave, and questioned the scouts closely as to whether the War-Tiger had any idea that the pass through which he meant to retreat was already in the hands of his enemies. But they all three declared positively that he had not; for the wounded peasant had spoken of having heard the Chief encourage his men by reminding them that they had "only one more march before them now, and then they would be safe among their own mountains, where no enemy could reach them."

"Then we've as good as got him already," cried Foster, at whom the Major glanced inquiringly, "for Mah-Loong is the only village anywhere near the entrance of the valley; and if he burned *it* last night, and then came straight on—as he would be pretty sure to do—he ought to be not far off the mouth of the pass *now*."

"Then we have no time to lose," said the old officer, "for the sun will be behind the hills in half an hour more, and there's a storm coming which will make everything dark as pitch. Take my word for it, gentlemen, we shall have no chance to see these fellows before we feel them; and as for hearing them, such rain and wind as we're going to have would drown the march of an army. I shall post a picket of four men in that ruin half-way down the path, with orders to fire and fall back on the main body as soon as they become aware of the enemy's approach."

"And, if I may offer to advise you, Simpson," put in Foster, "you had better put old Hadji Mahmood at the head of them. There's not a trick of Eastern warfare that *he* isn't up to; and, besides, he has the quickest ears in the whole detachment, and he'll be pretty safe to keep them open when he's listening for the coming of the Chief."

"So *I* think," assented the Major, "and I'll do it at once."

The old Ressaldar's grim face lighted up with a gleam of fierce satisfaction when he heard upon what duty he was to go; and he obeyed with an alacrity which showed how fully his heart was in his work. No fear *now* of the War-Tiger being able to steal up unperceived; and

the veteran Major nodded his grey head in stern approval as he watched the five men depart.

The ruin selected as their post of observation was the fragment of a small stone shrine, erected ages ago over the grave of some forgotten Burmese saint or hero. Enough of it was still left to shelter them from the coming storm, and, standing as it did right upon the narrow path that led up the ridge, no one could possibly slip past it undetected.

But the wary old Ressaldar knew better than to rely upon this alone. He remembered that he had to deal with foes as skilful and crafty as himself; and he had learnt by experience how little the quickest ears can avail amid the fierce and thousand-voiced uproar of a tropical storm. He determined to leave nothing to chance, and at once set his men to gather the fragments of stone that had fallen from the crumbling shrine, and pile them up in a heap across the whole breadth of the path, a few yards beyond the ruin, in such a way that the moment any one stepped upon them they would give way with a sharp grinding crash which, at so short a distance, would be clearly audible amid all the din of the coming tempest.

The Major's prophecy of a storm was speedily confirmed by unmistakable signs. Hardly had the red and angry sunset faded behind the great waves of wooded mountain that surged up on every side, when the mountains themselves were hidden in turn by a vast mass of black cloud that came rolling up from the north-east, spreading fast over the whole sky. A number of birds were seen flying swiftly across the darkening heaven toward the west, as if fleeing from some pursuing danger; and the last gleam of daylight showed to Marston's keen eye the dappled hide of a mountain panther slinking into the thickets below for shelter from the storm that was about to burst.

Within half an hour more it was indeed "dark as pitch," but the outbreak of this great battle of the elements was still delayed. All was deadly still; not a bough stirred, not a leaf rustled.

"The storm's late," said Foster, with a grim chuckle.

"And so's the Tiger Chief," cried Merrincourt, with his usual reckless gaiety. "If he only knew how many of his enemies there are here, all in one gang, he'd hurry up a bit, I fancy."

"Very true," said the old Major. "To begin with, there's Foster here, who has gone scouting all through his country, and ended by rescuing two of his prisoners."

"And Hadji Mahmood," cried Foster.

"And Merrincourt," added Marston, "who broke his head with a rifle butt."

"And Marston," said Merrincourt, "who kept him worrying for weeks outside a fort no bigger than a barrack-yard."

"More than *that* a good deal," broke in the Major emphatically. "It was all through Marston that the insurrection failed as it did; for if that fellow Moong-Gley, whom he killed in the jungle, had lived to reach the Shans with the Chief's message to them that it was time for them all to march down and join him, Bhamo would have been taken, and the whole country right down to Mandalay would have risen like one man—and *then* we'd have had a tough job before us, I can tell you! Marston, my boy, you're the hero of this whole business; and if they don't give you the V.C. for it, they ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"It seems to be getting very cold, somehow," said Marston, as if wishing to change the subject; "and yet we're not very high up here, and there's not a breath of wind stirring."

"Ah, that sudden chill shows that the storm's just coming down upon us," said Foster; "it's a very common forerunner of a mountain storm in these parts."

Hardly had he spoken when for an instant everything was as bright as day. The stern, anxious faces of the group—the goblin figures of their wild followers—the mighty precipices above and the black mass of forest below—all started out for one moment in terrible distinctness beneath a blue and ghastly glare, and then the gloom swallowed all once more. As suddenly as if a furnace-door had opened and shut again, the flash had come and gone.

No thunder followed the lightning; but it was plain that the tempest was just about to burst, and that this flash was the herald of its coming. It was now a little after midnight.

"Here it comes at last," said Foster; "and now that the storm has come, perhaps the Tiger Chief will come too."

"I wish he would!" growled Merrincourt; "he's made us wait long enough."

"I wish he would, indeed!" said the Major, savagely. "The bravest man I ever met said to me once that the worst part of a battle is the last five minutes before it begins; and I quite agree with him."

"And so do I," put in Marston emphatically. "I'd give a good deal to have it over and done with."

Just then a second flash lighted up the wilderness of dark mountains, followed this time by a crash, like a whole park of artillery fired at once, which was echoed and re-echoed through every cleft and cavern of the vast rocky ridges, till it seemed as if the sound would never end.

And now the full fury of the storm broke loose. In another minute they could not hear each other's voices (even when raised to the highest pitch) amid that sky-rending uproar, in which the fierce howl of the wind through the bare, broken crags above them mingled with the deep booming cannonade of the thunder and the sharp musketry of the pattering rain, swelled by the incessant crash of up-torn trees and falling rocks.

Luckily for them, their position, facing toward the south, was tolerably sheltered from this north-easterly storm, and additionally protected by the overhanging cliff, the upper part of which jutted out above them like a projecting roof. But the pelting of the most furious storm would have been more endurable than the fierce, feverish impatience which was now tormenting them all. Had the treacherous half-breed perpetrated one more treason with his last breath, and left them to guard one pass while the War-Tiger escaped by another?

Such must surely be the case, else why was the Chief not here? The night was now drawing toward morning—the storm was beginning to abate—and still there was no sign of the coming of their enemy.

"If he doesn't come soon," said Merrincourt, "we'll go down and meet him!"

Scarcely were the words uttered when, in a momentary lull of the departing tempest, a hoarse challenge was heard below—then the sharp crack of a rifle, followed by half a dozen dropping shots in quick succession—and then a trample of hurrying feet, as Hadji Mahmood and three of his comrades (the fourth had been killed) came dashing up the steep path with death at their heels. The haphazard fire of the Goorkas into the darkness was answered by a crashing volley mingling with the wolfish yell of the mountain war-cry, and the last battle began.

Even those who were in the thick of it could never give any clear description of that confused grapple in utter darkness, where the combatants saw each other only by the flashes of their rifles, and many on either side dared not fire lest they should kill their own men. Poor Major Simpson, mortally wounded in the very first onset, continued to cheer on his men till his voice failed and he fell to rise no more, ordering Marston with his last breath to conceal his death from the soldiers that they might not be discouraged.

The Goorkas fought as bravely as mortal man could do; and, in spite of the disadvantage of the darkness—under cover of which the Burmans had charged right up to the foot of the palisade with little loss—they for some time held their swarming foes at bay. But the fight was too unequal to last. Battered with huge stones dashed against it by three or four men at once, the stockade soon gave way, and the assailants poured through the breach like a torrent.

Day was now beginning to dawn, and the War-Tiger's men, perceiving for the first time the small force of their foes (whom they still outnumbered as two to one, despite their own heavy losses), came on with redoubled fury. In this confused hand-to-hand grapple neither skill nor discipline was of any avail; and the gallant Nepaulese, pressed back by sheer weight of numbers, seemed on the point of being slaughtered where they stood when the sound of a British bugle-call, echoing shrilly along the valley below amid the dead stillness that had followed the departing storm, told that General Roberts had made another of his wonderful forced marches, and that the War-Tiger was fairly in the toils at last.

"Goorkas!" shouted Marston, in a voice of stern resolution, "you have them now. Follow me!"

He sprang forward, and a fresh whirl of battle seethed and eddied around him as the contending forces rushed upon each other once more.

In the thick of the fray a heavy blow struck Marston's sun-helmet from his head, and the War-Tiger—who was then within arm's length of him—found himself suddenly confronted by the well-remembered face of the man whom he had seen perish (as he thought) in the flames of the burning fort.

Once more the young lieutenant seemed destined to be the evil genius of the revolt; for many of the Tiger Chief's

band had been at the siege of Kyook-Pew, and recognised Marston at the same moment as their leader. A cry of terror broke from every lip, and the assailants recoiled before this supernatural enemy just when one more vigorous charge would have swept aside all opposition and placed them beyond the reach of pursuit.

The War-Tiger himself stood paralysed for one instant with amazement, and that instant sufficed to decide the fate of the struggle. Quick as lightning, Hadji Mahmood (who had sought the Chief through all the maddening hurly-burly of this midnight battle) snatched a loaded rifle from the nerveless hands of a falling soldier, and fired point-blank at the broad chest of his foe. The Burman's towering form bent and tottered like a stately tree smitten by the axe, and he fell forward without a cry amid his dead followers.

So ended the Burmese insurrection.

(To be continued.)

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

PART III.

As soon as the last rumble of departing wheels died away, and with a sigh of intense relief he felt assured that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Perkins were indeed safely off the premises, Tom tried to persuade his mother to have some tea, and poured out a cup and brought it to her. But she only told him pettishly to be quiet; that he added to her worries; that he had spoilt his own prospects, and broken her heart; with which last words she retreated to the parlour, and shut the door.

With a very heavy heart, Tom went up to Sally, who was sitting, upright and tearless, before the kitchen fire.

"Now, Sally," he said, taking a chair beside her, "you and I have got to try and find the real thief before to-morrow. Have not you the least notion how that spoon came to be in your pocket?"

"No, Master Tom, no more than the babe unborn," asserted she, in a hard, despairing tone.

"When you had washed them—I mean the ones we used at dinner—you are sure you put them all together in the basket on the dresser there?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Well! Did you leave the kitchen after that?"

"To lay the tea, I did; but I bolted the back door first, so as no one should get in."

"Nobody could get through the window, that's certain. It *is* a puzzle; and no one came even to the door all the afternoon, you say?"

"Not a soul but Mike, and he were not here long; but he come and asked if he should pump for me; and he filled the boiler, and lifted off that great heavy kettle off the fire, as I can scarcely manage. It isn't often as he's good-natured; but he knew how busy and bothered I was. Only you see, as Missus told me not to let nobody in, I let him know as I had my orders, before I went to lay the tea; so he went off and chopped the wood for a bit after that, and I bolted the door before ever I went near the parlour."

"And no one else even came into the yard, you are sure?"

"Not a living soul as I knows on."

"But, Sally, are you perfectly certain you did not go and stick them into a drawer or some place or another, and forgot what you had done, in all the bustle?"

"Yes, certain, though I tumbled pretty nigh all my places over afore I called missus out."

"Well! I am going to look again, so here goes."

And, suiting the action to the word, Tom began a vigorous hunt, ending by even opening the oven door and peering in, remarking as he did so, "How am I to know you did not mistake them for the tea cakes?"

But his words called up no answering smile. The situation was too serious for that. Even his questions seemed to have been answered mechanically, and Tom feared that any stranger asking them would receive an account so confused as to give rise to suspicions of Sally's straightforwardness. It was indeed a hard problem to solve, but a faint light was dawning on him.

"I am going for a turn to think it out a little; I have got an idea; so cheer up, get yourself some tea, and shut the house up as usual, or we shall have all the children in the place peeping in at the windows, now it is so dark."

His meditations took some time, whatever they were. On his return he went straight in to his mother, saying, "I am going to try a plan that may discover who stole the spoons. I don't want to tell even you beforehand. I may have to be out late. You won't mind that, will you, if I get the things back?"

"Get them back indeed! I shall never see them again—never! I know I shall not. Oh, dear! It *is* hard."

Tom slipped off. His mother no longer seemed cross with him, and that was as much as could be expected at present. It took him but a short time to reach the chemist's shop in the next street, where the assistant was a friend and ex-schoolfellow of his own. It was, fortunately, not a busy evening, so Richard Burns could bestow his full attention on Tom, and promised faithfully to be with him at nine o'clock, as the shop would be closed early, it being Wednesday night.

Mrs. Perkins heard Tom moving about in his room for a while, but it was not till about half-past nine o'clock that he came down to tell her he was off. She showed little interest in his movements, and scarcely spoke, but she returned the kiss he gave her; and he stepped out on his errand with a lighter heart.

Old Mike lived in a cottage on the outskirts of the town. It was a mere tumble-down old ruin, much like an Irish hovel transported to England. Of furniture there was little enough, a table, a stool, a big iron pot, and a bedstead being the principal articles to be seen in the one room, for he used the other as a storeroom for tools, vegetables, and miscellaneous odds and ends. There was a good patch of garden ground, well sheltered from cold winds by the woods which bordered it; so he could turn it to advantage, and his early vegetables found an easy market in the town.

As a rule, the old man was fairly steady, but on this particular night he had indulged in sundry glasses of "potheen" from a black bottle which he kept stowed away in a dark corner. What followed—what of it was real—how much of it a vivid dream—in after years he could not tell. Embellished in various ways, and with a few details omitted, it worked up into a most wonderful tale to tell an open-mouthed audience in a certain village in the North of Ireland, where Mike finally took up his abode among his own kin.

After holding up the precious bottle to the last gleams of his fire, in order to see how much of the contents remained for another occasion, Mike flung himself on his bed in the corner, and was soon fast asleep.

Was it when awake or dreaming that a brilliant bluish light flashed across his eyes? He started up and rubbed them; it died away immediately, but a faint flicker remained, by which he could see the outline of a figure advancing towards him. An old man it seemed to be, with a white beard and long white hair; a kind of helmet was on his head, and the face underneath it was as white as the hair. Mike's teeth chattered for very terror. In a deep, low voice, the mysterious visitant murmured: "Mike O'Neal! How is it that in all these hundred years or more, you are the only one of my descendants who has forced me from my quiet—the only one I have reason to be ashamed of? Unworthy of the race of O'Neal! I shall not be able to rest till I put back what you have taken. To think that *you*, Mike, should be the one to cause the chief of your name to *walk*! . . . to haunt you . . . because of the wicked deed you have done this day!"

"Och! hoo!" blubbered Mike. "Sure it was not intendin' to touch thim spoons I was! They was convanient to me hand lyin' there, an'—an'——"

"And a poor woman's pocket was 'convanient,' too, Mike. A dirty trick that was! Where are the spoons, ye thieving vagabond? Tell me, or I'll cast a spell on you!"

A hand was upraised over which a pale light was playing. The figure advanced. Mike could see a pair of glittering eyes. He shrieked for mercy, and mingled with his howls were the words "Th' ould tree by the fince—beyant the sthream—in the hollow—Och! keep back wid ye! Keep back wid ye, for the love of mercy!"

A burst of wild laughter terrified Mike yet more, if that were possible. With a quick movement he cowered down, and hid his head under the bed-clothes.

How long he kept it there, he did not know in the least. It seemed to him as if he must have lain there for hours, shivering and trembling, not daring to move, lest he should feel that flaming hand touch him; or to open his eyes, to again encounter those of the spirit. On ordinary occasions he was no coward. He had been to the fore in many a fray in his younger days, and with an opponent of flesh and blood would scarcely have known what fear was. He was, however, intensely superstitious, and of the fact that he had seen a supernatural being he did not as yet for a moment doubt; and the mere thought of it froze the blood in his veins. What if it was a "warnin'"! What if Murtagh O'Neal's spirit should haunt him nightly! Oh that he had never in an unlucky moment seen that silver on the dresser! nor thought of slipping a teaspoon in Sally's pocket to avert all suspicion from himself!

When at last, almost choked for want of breath, he dared raise himself a little to listen, he could hear no sound but the beating of his own heart. All was perfectly still. Then he summoned up courage to open his eyes, to cast a hurried furtive glance around. There was nothing—nothing but the utter darkness of a thick moonless night, and the blessed light of day was still far off.

(To be continued.)

THE HERMIT'S POND.

A CANADIAN HOLIDAY ADVENTURE.

By One of the Party.

CHAPTER I.

"I WONDER where that leads to, boys," said Frank Edmunds, pointing as he spoke to a break in the river bank so overhung with alders as to be almost invisible.

Tom Adams glanced in the direction indicated, and replied, "What do you mean? I don't see anything to lead anywhere."

"Don't you see that opening in the bushes there? I thought at first that it was just a curve in the bank. It seems, though, as if it were a channel that leads somewhere."

"Perhaps it's the way to the Hermit's Pond," suggested Harry Lansing, the third member of "The Trio," as we called ourselves.

"Hermit's Pond. What's that?" exclaimed both of his companions.

"I don't know myself. Only a man working on the logs at the mouth of the stream asked me if we were going to Hermit's Pond before we came back."

At this Frank made a sweep with his paddle and brought the bow of the canoe around so that it pointed directly at the supposed opening.

"What are you going to do, Frank?" asked Tom.

"See where that leads to," was the brief answer, as with a few vigorous strokes of the paddle he sent the canoe towards the shore.

"Gently, Frank," exclaimed Harry, as they neared the bushes. "It does look like an opening of some kind; but don't go so fast, and I'll push the bushes aside."

The advice was good. Frank's strokes grew less vigorous and the canoe touched the alder branches so gently as scarcely to move them. Harry leaned forward and parted them.

"There's water ahead, boys," he said. "Paddle easily, Frank, and duck your heads. The branches are very low."

The opening proved to be a channel about four feet wide and quite deep. For fifteen or twenty yards from the river the bushes were so close together and the branches so near the water, that progress was almost impossible; but that distance passed, the banks became higher, and the alders gave place to choke-cherry trees and cranberry bushes. There was plenty of head room here. In fact, the branches did not obscure the view of the sky. The water was black, deep, and almost motionless. Directly ahead was the tall peak of Es-cou-nah-kaw-witch, and if the grand mountain was awe-inspiring when viewed from the river, it was much more so here, where, seen through the narrow opening in the foliage, it dwarfed everything else into insignificance.

"This is a discovery, boys," exclaimed Frank. "I guess The Trio is in for an adventure."

"Shall we go back?" asked Harry.

"Back? Why, no. The fact is we can't. The motto of the club forbids it," said Frank, with a pretence of indignation.

"That's so," assented Tom. "'Never go back until you have seen the end of it.' It's quite a motto. It has never got us into trouble yet, and has given us lots of fun. Shove her along, Frank."

And while the canoe glides over the still water, a word or two may be said of The Trio. The club was of four years' standing, and was for hunting and fishing purposes exclusively, although the association of the members in these out-of-door sports begat co-operation in their studies which was of great mutual advantage. The three members were nearly of the same age; Frank was the eldest, and he was a month or so past nineteen.

They were city bred, but several summers in the woods had made them familiar with roughing it and skilful in the use of a birch bark canoe. They had paddled and poled up and down a good many miles of water, rough and smooth, had snowshoed many a long day's tramp, and made many a tiresome journey through the leafy forest. They knew what it was to sleep on a rough bench between them and the stones, and nothing between them and the stars; to dig a hole in the snow, and wrapped in their blankets lie around a little fire all the night through, as well as to woo the gentle goddess on a fragrant bed of boughs, while soft summer breezes rustled the leafy branches over their heads. In short, for such young fellows, they were uncommonly good woodsmen and canoemen.

This was their first visit to the Nah-goot-cook, and they were naturally on the alert to see everything. They were well supplied with provisions, had a capital equipment of fishing tackle, and in the way of firearms had a Winchester rifle, besides a revolver apiece. A handy little shed tent, and a small but sufficient supply of "cooking tools," made up an outfit that lacked in nothing essential. They were eager for new adventures, and the motto of the club was an incentive to exploration.

Frank's strong strokes sent the canoe along between the narrow banks with a speed that soon carried it out of the chokecherry-cranberry section and into a great grove of poplar trees overshadowing the water, and through which the channel ran in almost a direct line.

"Looks like a canal, doesn't it?" said Harry.

"For all the world," replied Frank. "I wonder where it leads to."

"I don't pretend to know for one; but I do know that it is time we had supper. Here's a beautiful spring right ahead. Let's stop here and feed." This was Tom's suggestion, and it evoked a little good-natured chaff from the others, who said that he lived up to the club's motto in the matter of eating if in nothing else. Nevertheless, Frank laid the canoe close to the bank, and having unloaded it, they lifted it out of the water.

As they sat round the fire that night, they discussed for the third or fourth time the interesting question, Where does the channel lead to?

"Perhaps it doesn't lead anywhere in particular," suggested Harry. "You see there's no current."

"Yes, there is," answered Tom, "though it's very sluggish. It isn't merely a 'bogan.' There's water flowing into it, and it's a real tributary of the Nah-goot-cook."

"Then it ought to be marked on the map," and Harry produced the oiled silk tracing of the river which they had taken the precaution to secure before setting out on the trip. "Let's see," he added. "There's Es-cou-nah-kah-witch, and this brook ought to be here, but it isn't," indicating as he spoke the places on the map.

"I won't mark it down yet," he continued. "We'll see where it leads to first. I tell you, boys, this is quite a discovery."

"What'll we call it?" asked Tom.

"Trio Brook," replied Harry.

"Splendid!" said both the others; but after a pause Frank asked:

"What was that you said about the Hermit's Pond, Harry?"

"Nothing, except that a man asked me if we were going there."

"Did he say there was such a place?"

"No, and I never heard of it before. Why, what are you thinking of, Frank?"

"Oh, only that perhaps this leads to the Hermit's Pond."

The boys looked at each other. The suggestion had a weird sound, and seemed in keeping with the loneliness of the spot, and the still, black waterway.

"Why didn't you ask the man more about it, Harry?"

"Why, you see, Frank, I don't take much stock in hermits. I don't see what anybody wants to be a hermit for."

"I do," said Tom. "If things did not go the way I wanted them to, I would go off somewhere and be a hermit;" and he laughed with a merriness not in keeping with his words.

"A pretty hermit you'd make," exclaimed Harry.

"Well, I don't know," was Frank's comment. "People who are just as jolly as Tom do go off sometimes. I never told you about my uncle Jack, did I, Harry?"

"No. He's not a hermit, is he?"

"We don't know what he is, or whether he is living or dead."

"Tell him about it," urged Tom. "People had got over talking about it before he came to Eatonville."

"Yes, tell me," added Harry.

"Well, it isn't much of a story. You see, Uncle Jack was father's brother, and he had a great friend named Oliver Stoneham. They were in business together in some way, not regular partners, you know, and Mr. Stoneham had his life insured in Uncle Jack's favour. One day they went out gunning together. Uncle was very fond of the woods—father says I take after him in that—and Mr. Stoneham did not come back again. Uncle Jack said they parted in the woods, and he never saw him again; but a few months after a body was found, and people thought it was Mr. Stoneham's. Uncle Jack was arrested for murder. It was known that he wanted money very much just at the time, and people said he had shot his friend for the life insurance. He never tried to collect it though, but he was a great politician and had a good many enemies, and they had him arrested and tried. The body was not identified, and the jury disagreed. While he was being tried his wife died, and when the trial was over, he gave father five thousand dollars, which was the amount of his bail, and disappeared, and we have never seen him since. A few years afterwards Mr. Stoneham came back to Eatonville. It seems he had some private reasons for going away. He never had heard about Uncle Jack being charged with killing him. Of course everybody was sorry for Uncle Jack then, but it was too late to do him any good. He had hidden somewhere, and although father advertised for him in all the papers we never got any answer."

"But I don't see why he wanted to go away. He could have lived the charge down," said Harry.

"Of course he could, and should; but aunt's death seemed to take all heart out of him. They had only been married about a year, and the shock of his arrest and trial killed her. I don't really remember much about it," added Frank, "for I was only seven years old at the time."

A lull in the conversation followed, which was broken by a yawn from Tom, and the exclamation:

"It's time to turn in."

But to "turn in" and to go to sleep are not always the same thing. The conversation around the fire had not been conducive to slumber, and the boys tossed restlessly until a late hour before they were fairly asleep. When they awoke the sun was up, and as breakfast had to be got ready, they were somewhat late in starting on their exploratory tour.

The waterway continued with little variation in width or direction. In some places it was so densely overhung with bushes that the canoe could be got through only with great difficulty. In other places the banks were clear of trees, and the creek was like a canal through ornamental grounds. The rate of progress was very slow, and noon came before any marked change was observable. Just after the midday lunch, the forest came to an end, and a wide expanse of moss took its place. Perhaps the area of the "barren" was not more than a square mile, but the boys came upon it so unexpectedly, it looked so terribly lonely—a swamp in the middle of a forest is the loneliest looking object imaginable—and Es-cou-nah-kah-witch frowned down upon it so majestically, that they looked at each other for a moment, their faces clearly indicating that in each mind there was a doubt as to the advisability of going further. Tom, who was paddling at the time, ceased his efforts, but the motto of the club flashing across his mind, he redoubled the strength of his stroke, and sent the canoe along at great speed.

"Easy, Tom," exclaimed Frank, who sat in the bow, Winchester in hand. "There'll be ducks here most likely."

And as if to emphasize his caution, two fine birds rose from the water a short distance ahead, but settled again before he could get a shot at them. He was more successful a few moments later, and a brace of fowl rewarded his skill.

"Cranberries and ducks go well together," shouted Harry, as the birds were lifted into the canoe. "Set me ashore, Tom, and I'll pick a hatful. There must be plenty of the little grey berries in this swamp."

Tom turned the canoe towards the bank, and Harry was just about stepping out when Frank interposed.

"Wait till I see what the footing is like," he said, as he stood up, setting-pole in hand.

Only the slightest push was necessary to penetrate the mossy covering. "You'd sink out of sight in that quicker than you could say Jack Robinson," was Frank's comment, as he tried the moss in several places with the same result.

Harry looked longingly at some leaves that appeared above the moss, and were evidently those of the shrub which bears the little bog cranberry, but his companions told him that his epicurean tastes would have to be satisfied with duck without sauce, as they did not want to have to dig his body out of the swamp.

The swamp ended abruptly. There was a narrow fringe of spruce trees, very stunted and of a yellowish green, and immediately behind them rose a wall of rock from fifteen to twenty feet high. The waterway led directly up to this rock, terminating at its base in a pool about thirty feet in diameter, into which glided, rather than fell, a stream of considerable volume.

"Is this Ultima Thule?" asked Harry.

"Looks like it," replied Frank. "I suppose our motto does not require us to go where we cannot take the canoe. But let me out, and I will climb up to the top and see what it is like up there."

He was only absent a few minutes, when he appeared in sight again, exclaiming:

"Unload the canoe, boys; there's good water up here," and he descended to help them.

It took some little time to carry the canoe and its load over the cataract, for they had to make their way right up through the water, which came down in a succession of short falls, flanked on both sides by perpendicular rocks.

"There's one thing I don't understand," said Harry, as they sat at the top for a moment's rest; "that is, why, with all this water coming down, the current in the creek isn't any stronger."

"That's easily enough explained," answered Frank. "The swamp holds the water like a great sponge. Haven't you heard the lumbermen say that they hoped it would rain hard enough to fill the swamps before cold weather set in?"

"No, I don't know as ever I did. But why do they want the swamps to be full?"

"Why, don't you see that if the rainfalls fill the swamps and frost follows, then they will freeze full of water. Then when the snow thaws in the spring, the water will run off and make good 'driving,' without having first to fill up the swamps, which are like great sponges and can hold a tremendous lot of water."

"It's odd that I never thought about this before, but I suppose that the woods everywhere act like the swamps in holding water, though perhaps not to the same extent."

"Yes, that's what the people who write about forestry tell us. They say that if the trees are all cut down the ground will become dry, and the rivers, instead of running quietly along, will become raging torrents for the lack of forests and swamps to hold the water."

"Oh, you fellows, stop your scientific jaw," exclaimed Tom. "When you get started in this sort of way, Frank, you lose interest in everything, even in fishing, and you are getting Harry almost as bad as yourself."

"You're just as much interested in these things as I am, only you won't admit it," was Frank's rejoinder; to which Tom answered:

"I don't mind talking about such things when we've had supper and there's plenty of dry wood to keep the fire going; but when it's nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, and we don't know where we are going to camp, I don't believe in sitting down at the top of a cataract and talking."

This unprecedentedly long speech from Tom was greeted with applause, but the wisdom of his advice being self-evident, his companions followed his example in loading the canoe, and they were soon on their way again.

For about two miles the stream was a succession of smooth stretches of water separated from each other by rapids, up which the canoe had to be carried. Progress was slow, and the Trio began to hope that something would soon be reached that could honourably be called "the end of it." They knew that the real end could not be far off under any circumstances, for they were going straight towards the mountain, and when the foliage permitted, they could get glimpses of cliffs, which showed that they were ascending one of the many ravines ramifying from the base of Es-cou-nah-kah-witch. Just at sunset they came to a place where the stream widened out into a small lake.

It was a delightful spot to look upon. The tall summit of the mountain towered bare and rugged, apparently so near as to be almost within a stone's throw, although in reality yet a long distance away. The smooth surface of the lake was bordered with trees, whose drooping branches touched the water and merged in their own reflection. In the centre was an island, to all appearance densely covered with forest, which was also mirrored in the lake with wonderful fidelity. Two great eagles soared upward from their nest in some hidden crag, and marvellously tinted clouds formed a background, against which stood out sharply the clearly cut outline of the peak, still red with the last rays of the sun, although that orb was below the horizon to all places of less altitude.

After their first exclamations they began to look about for a suitable camping ground. The search was a short one, for near at hand was a grassy bank, apparently designed for the very purpose. Towards this Tom directed the canoe, and in a little while the tent was pitched, the fire built, and the ducks roasting.

Later, when the moon rose over the tree tops and bathed the landscape in a flood of silvery light, no prouder or more tired boys lay down on a bed of boughs to court slumber.

(To be concluded.)

SOME QUEER CREATURES.

By Alan Walters, M.A.

In the course of a lengthened sojourn in the Australian colonies, during which my occupations led me to frequently travel many miles through partially cleared country, and to pay a visit to many an outlying station, it was my fortune to come across not a few singular specimens of the animal world: creatures quite unlike any which English boys are likely to meet with at home, unless it be behind the bars of a cage in the Zoological Gardens.

I have trapped and tracked and shot each of the animals of which I am going to give you a short description culled from the leaves of note-books, which as they lie before me carry me back to many a distant sunny scene in the far Southern World. I think, when you have read what I can tell you about them, you will agree with me that it would be difficult to find queerer objects of sport.

The bright little island of Tasmania, known in the old convict days as Van Diemen's Land, although a very small place upon the map of the world, is remarkable for the possession among its fauna of two genera of carnivorous marsupials, or flesh-eating animals with a pouch. While in other respects that which is true of the natural history of Tasmania is for the most part true of the neighbouring island continent of Australia, these two animals, which were once common enough on the northern side of Bass Straits, have in modern times never been seen there.

In the course of one day's sport I shot a specimen of each of the three animals I am now going to tell you about (a feat which I never repeated). 1. The Tasmanian tiger wolf (*Thylacinus cynocephalus*); 2. The Tasmanian "Devil" (*Dasyurus ursinus*); and 3. The Platypus (*Ornithorhyncus paradoxus*). With regard to the first two of these, which are found in Tasmania only, neither New South Wales nor her Victorian sister need repine at the loss of them, if in former days their habits were as mischievous and destructive as they are at the present day in Tasmania.

The tiger wolf, so called from the likeness of its head to that of a wolf, is decidedly the most formidable of all antipodean quadrupeds. It lives among the fastnesses of the rocky gullies and in the untrodden forests in the centre and west of the island. It is the relentless foe of the grass-eating mammalia, not daring enough to attack man, but with an insatiable taste for fat sheep, in search of which it leaves its lair in the densely wooded hills after nightfall. The creature is of a fawn-grey colour, with short fur, marked on back and sides with twelve or fourteen transverse dark stripes; its tail is thick, its legs short and powerful; in length it measures from three and a half to four feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, and stands as high as an ordinary English sheep-dog. The most handsome part of the tiger wolf is the keen pale lustrous eyes, which are furnished like those of birds with a nictitating or winking membrane. Like all the marsupials (kangaroo, opossum, wallaby, wombat, etc.), it is furnished with a pouch or pocket in which it carries its young, and which opens backwards instead of forwards, as is more usually the case. Instead of the marsupial bones it has cartilages.

When I was in Tasmania I was told by a sheep-farmer that the native tiger is rather on the increase than otherwise, owing no doubt to the multiplication of sheep. He is wise enough to cultivate a partiality for Tasmanian mutton, which is in truth some of the best in the world. I have said that the tiger wolf is not dangerous to man, but it is an ill-looking beast to come across in the gloaming, and there are instances of children having been attacked by it when in a state of ravenous hunger. Its fighting powers are immense, making it a match for the staunchest dog.

If ever you pay a visit to that splendid Natural History Museum at South Kensington (which every boy ought to do), look out for the fossilised specimens of the tiger wolf which are there. You will perhaps notice that they are larger than I have described. The truth is that the size of these fossils (found in New South Wales and Queensland) is so much larger than any known to exist, that it has been a source of perplexity to naturalists; and Professor Owen, the greatest living authority, has classified them as belonging to an extinct species.

The second flesh-eating marsupial on my list is the *Dasyurus*, or *Sarcophilus ursinus*, in the vulgar tongue the Tasmanian "devil." For general uncanniness this creature must be allowed, as we used to say in Australia, to "take the cake." The unearthly name given to it by the early settlers fairly and forcibly expresses its disgusting appearance no less than its savage untamable nature and destructive habits. Like its neighbour the tiger wolf, it is terribly fond of mutton, and extends its attention also to the hen-roosts of the homestead. It is not so large as the tiger wolf, rarely exceeding two and a half feet in length (I have seen one that length myself); its body is thickset, with black fur dashed with patches of white, and a short tail. It possesses a bull-dog sort of head, of width and proportion to its body, and is armed with jaws of great force and leverage, well stocked with formidable teeth. In bone-crushing strength the Tasmanian "devil" is at least the equal of the hyena.

I have seen not a few queer creatures in my time. I have eaten "lax" at the North Cape, drunk "swizzle" in Queensland; idled in sunny Palermo, pulled a wildflower by the grave of Keats, supped off "parritch" in wild Glencoe, been supped off by the ubiquitous flea of Cairo, made myself ill with prawn curry at Bombay, caught a shark with the cover of an old red book at Mahé, stolen the eggs of the timid turtle on the sands of Fiji, followed the stalwart elk along the steep grass-slopes of Pedrotallagalla in Ceylon, that exquisite "pearl of India;" startled the echoes of the Alhambra in Spain with the ebullient Bass, and eaten my sandwiches in the heart of a giant gum-tree on the banks of the ferny Huon. So you see I have not been a stay-at-home, and have sailed more seas and trodden more lands than most of my readers are likely to see; but I can honestly say that I have never in any part of the earth set my eyes upon a more repulsive and objectionable-looking animal than this same Tasmanian "devil." It gives one the idea of being always in a boiling rage, and the way it opens its mouth and shows you its teeth is enough to give you the creeps! Captivity has never been known to reduce its innate ferocity in the smallest degree. As a matter of fact, however, it has its weak moments. A large portion of its existence is spent in caves and crevices of the rocks, in a state of semi-stupor, from which it takes a good deal of rousing before it will show fight. But at nightfall its true nature comes out: as it sallies forth in search of supper it shows considerable agility in its movements. When eating, it sits up like a dog and holds the food between its paws.

To crown all, the Tasmanian "devil" has a cry which I can only describe as demoniacal. Never shall I forget the first time I heard it. I had many a time lain sleepless, serenaded by the noisome nocturnes of jackals or dingoes, not forgetting the milder carol of the common cat; but I assure you these all married and multiplied are sweetness itself compared to the cry of a Tasmanian "devil" on the war path! In fact, its voice is as sweet as its temper. Not only has it never been known to show the smallest attachment to any living creature, but it persistently snarls and growls at its own kind as fiercely as it does at human beings. Its flesh is by no means to be despised as food; for years it used to be eaten by the colonists, and is said to resemble veal in flavour.

And now for a word or two about a creature of a quite different kind, still plentiful in parts of Australia as well as Tasmania, and far more curious to the zoologist than either of the obnoxious animals I have already described, as well as more harmless. The platypus is a member of the lowest and most anomalous group of mammalia, in the sub-class *Monotremata* (so called from a structural peculiarity which they share with birds). There is but one other known member of this class, viz. the echidna, or spiny armadillo, of whose habits from my own observation I know nothing.

The platypus is literally a "duck of a quadruped!" its popular name is "duck-billed watermole," or in blackfellow's language "mallagong." It looks for all the world like a cross between a beaver and a duck. It lays eggs and yet suckles its young! It is eighteen or twenty inches long, with thick brown hair, white beneath, a flat broad tail, no external ears, short legs, small bright eyes, a flat head from which project two flat elongated horny jaws exactly like an exaggerated duck's bill, and with a broad membranous border on the upper side. In each jaw are four pseudo-teeth with flat tops and no roots. On each of the feet, which are webbed, is a queer membrane uniting the five toes, and in the case of the short hind feet (which are turned backwards) extending beyond the nails. The male platypus has on each hind leg a spur furnished with a secretive gland, of which the use is not known.

After all this, you will not be surprised when I tell you that on the arrival of the first preserved specimens in England (a *live* platypus has never been landed here), the appearance of the creature was so singular that naturalists suspected a hoax in its composition. The platypus is very clever at constructing its burrows on the banks of streams and lagoons, always being careful to have the entrances close to the level of the water; these burrows run sometimes for forty feet in the earth, having the nest at the far end.

The platypus is, as I can testify from personal observation, extremely shy and difficult to get near. Its skin is highly valued for rugs, etc., and as the creature floats habitually just under the top of the water with only an inch or two of head on the surface, and is swift as lightning in diving, it requires a quick shot and keen sight to bag one. I have seen many and killed several, but I have never seen one alive on land.

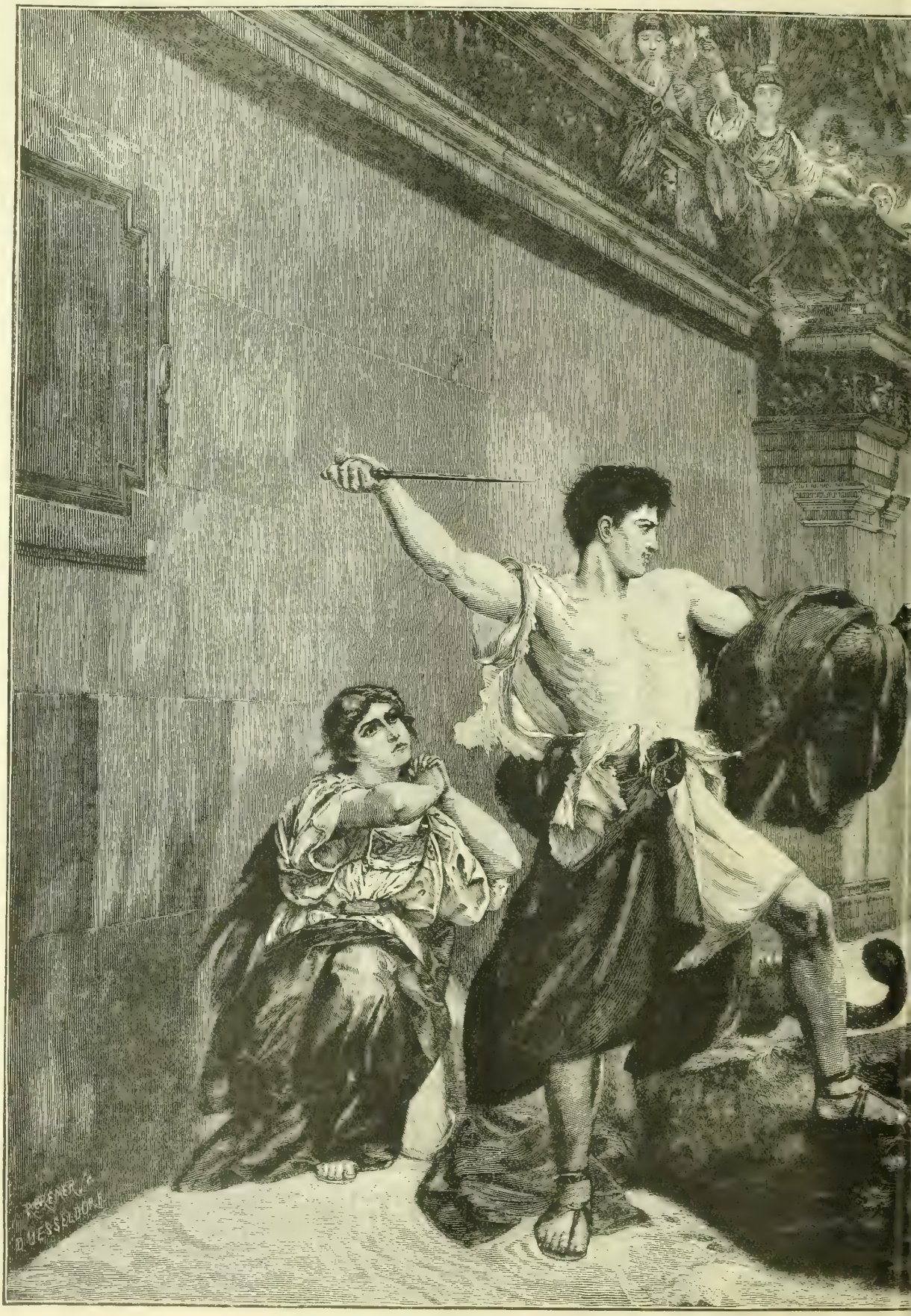
Taking it all round, the platypus is a most curious production of Nature, a veritable "freak," the "missing link" between a bird and a beast, with a bit of a fish thrown in. If any of my readers are curious enough to wish to see a stuffed specimen, they will find one in the window of No. 16, Endell Street, Bloomsbury, very much however the "worse for wear."

"THE FATHER OF THE FLEET."

[*See page* 813.]

A few months ago, one who is lovingly spoken of by all who know him as "The Father of the Fleet," Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, reached his hundredth birthday, and the occasion, of course, was not allowed to pass without considerable public notice. Hundreds of messages of congratulation and good wishes were showered upon the old sea dog from all quarters of the globe. None, however, caused more genuine pride and satisfaction than that received from her Majesty, accompanied by a box of magnificent flowers from Grasse. The Queen has always taken a great interest in this hardy old sailor, who was walking his own quarter-deck when her Majesty was born. More than once her Majesty had heard the story of the Shannon and Chesapeake fight from the lips of the gallant survivor, whom she greatly respects; and the battered figure head of the Shannon is prominent amongst the interesting collection of relics at the Naval Exhibition.

Just over one hundred years ago, then—that is to say, on April 12, 1791—there was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, our naval centenarian. Admiral Sir Provo William Parry Wallis, G.C.B., is the only son of the late Mr. Provo Featherstone Wallis, chief clerk in his Majesty's naval yard at Halifax,



IN THE ARENA: A BRAVE



FOR THE DEFENCELESS.

Nova Scotia, and evidently a man with influential friends, as he succeeded, according to the fashion of those days, in getting his boy's name recorded in 1795 as an able-bodied seaman on the books of the Oiseau, a 36-gun frigate, which, as the Cléopâtre, was taken from the French in 1793.

The distinguished veteran to whom we are now referring was little more than four years old when, on May 1, 1795, he nominally entered the Royal Navy, although, naturally, he did not go to sea until, as a midshipman, he joined the little Cleopatra—not the same vessel spoken of above as the Cléopâtre—in the November of 1804. Four months after his assumption for the first time of the uniform of the Royal Navy, Sir Provo, who was then nearly fourteen years old, soon had a chance of smelling powder. At daybreak on February 16, 1805, the saucy Cleopatra, with Captain Sir Robert Lawrie in command, sighted the large French frigate Ville de Milan in the offing. The subsequent encounter took place between the Bermudas and the Bahamas, and the disparity of the two frigates in size, armament, and crew might well have justified the Englishman in avoiding an engagement. But the war-vessels of the British Navy were commanded at that time by men instinct with the dauntless spirit for which Benbow and Vernon, Hawke and Howe, Jervis and Rodney, Collingwood and Nelson, were justly renowned. Ten months after the fight between the Ville de Milan and the Cleopatra, Nelson fell gloriously at Trafalgar, bequeathing to his country—what since then has never been disputed—the supremacy of the seas. It would have been easy for Captain Lawrie to give his enemy the slip, as the Ville de Milan was on her way home from Martinique with despatches, and had orders to speak nothing that she met on the voyage. Lawrie, however, recked little that with 200 officers and men on board a 32-gun frigate of 680 tons he had to meet an antagonist of 1,200 tons burden with 46 guns of heavy metal and a crew of 360 officers and men. He immediately gave orders to make chase, and about noon next day got within range of his foe, and opened fire with his bow-chasers. The action, maintained with great fury on both sides and at close quarters, lasted till a quarter-past five P.M., when a shot from the Ville de Milan struck the Cleopatra's wheel, jamming it so that the English vessel lay a helpless wreck, and was unable, with nearly a third of her crew killed and wounded, to resist the superior numbers of her big enemy's boarders. After three hours and a quarter of hard fighting, Captain Lawrie had to surrender, as his ship was in a sinking condition. "I soon got over my midshipman's fright," exclaimed the old admiral, as he recapitulated the incidents of that memorable engagement which took place nearly ninety years ago, "and was as proud as my shipmates of our not hauling down our flag, but leaving the Frenchmen to do it for us. We were only beaten from sheer superiority in size, weight of metal, and numbers. After all, we were not long prisoners, for the Cleopatra was soon retaken by the Leander, Captain Talbot, and we changed places with our captors. In those days Englishmen were sailors and not stokers. Our tars were then a match for the whole world. As I have never commanded a steamer or an ironclad, I can hardly say from my own experience how we stand at present; but I confess I have my doubts. At any rate, skilled seamanship will not be the chief factor in the next sea-fight."

The despatches in which Captain Sir Robert Lawrie and Captain Talbot describe the two actions, in the first of which the Cleopatra was taken by the Ville de Milan, while in the second the Cleopatra was rescued and the Ville de Milan taken by the Leander, are printed in the "Annual Register" of 1805. Inducted into the Royal Navy in this fashion, the gallant old admiral who is now Father of the Royal Navy did not allow the rest of his career to "unbeseem the promise of its spring." On reaching England he was transferred to the Cambrian, 38 guns, in which he was cruising off Antigua when the glorious triumph at Trafalgar was announced, in which many who read these words will regret that Admiral Sir Provo Wallis was not permitted to take part. His services were needed on the North American Station, and there between 1806 and 1812 he gained much experience of the sea, serving in his old friend the Ville de Milan, renamed the Milan; in the Tyrant, 74 guns, commanded by Sir Thomas Hardy, "Nelson's Hardy;" in the Gloire, a 38-gun frigate taken from the French, which in 1809 assisted in the capture at Ans-la-Barque, Guadaloupe, of some formidable French batteries, and of two French frigates lying under shelter of the land guns.

At last, in the January of 1812, Lieutenant Wallis was transferred to the vessel with which his memory will always be inseparably associated. The story is a well-known one, and has already been told in detail in our pages. Still, it will bear retelling even here. The fine English frigate Shannon had been commissioned by Captain Philip Vere Broke in 1806, and for nearly six years had cruised without seeing much of an enemy. The Battle of Trafalgar, on October 21, 1805, had almost swept the French and Spanish flags from the seas, and the American War did not commence until May 1812. During the first twelve months of that war England had lost ships in all directions. Our American kinsmen took the sea with bigger frigates carrying more and heavier guns than ours—guns, moreover, directed and handled in too many cases by some of England's ablest and bravest seamen, who for various reasons had deserted from English war-vessels. "It was a time," observed Sir Provo Wallis recently, "of disaster and anxiety. The Americans had met us with vessels superior to our own, and had got the best of us on many occasions." In August 1812, the British frigate Guerrier, with forty-six small guns, was captured by the American Constitution, with fifty-four big guns, calling herself a frigate, but really a man-of-war. In October 1812, the British brig Frolic struck her colours to the American sloop Wasp; and the British frigate Macedonian surrendered to her American adversary the United States. At the end of December the American ship Constitution took the British frigate Java; and in February 1813, the British sloop Peacock was sunk, after a desperate conflict, by the American first-class frigate Hornet. No one smarted more under these defeats than Captain Broke, of the Shannon, who trained his officers night and day until they had attained the highest degree of efficiency. In the May of 1813 the Shannon, in company with the Tenedos, 38, Captain Hyde Parker, cruised outside Boston, in Massachusetts, where the American ships Constitution and Chesapeake lay in harbour. The former was undergoing repairs, the latter was rapidly preparing for sea. At this moment it occurred to Captain Broke that Captain James Lawrence—commonly called the American Nelson—would not care to bring the Chesapeake out of harbour if he saw two English frigates awaiting him in the offing. Accordingly he dismissed his consort, bidding her not to rejoin him before the middle of June. In the meantime Captain Broke sent several verbal messages into Boston, imploring Captain Lawrence to come out and meet him. To these no reply was made.

At length, on the early morning of June 1, 1813, Captain Broke sent in a formal letter of challenge to his enemy, which is one of the best known and most chivalrous documents that James's "Naval History of Great Britain" contains. "As the Chesapeake," it began, "appears now to be ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the Shannon with her, ship for ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the Chesapeake, or that I depend upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation. We have both nobler motives. You will feel it a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service that I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in even combats that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay here long." The high-souled captain of the Shannon then proceeded to state her armament and the number of her crew, so that no trap or pitfall should be laid for an enemy whom he deemed as gallant as himself. In reality, the advantage in bulk, complement, and weight of metal lay with the American. According to Captain Broke's despatch the Chesapeake was of 1,135 tons and carried 449 men. Her armament was 28 long 18-pounders, 16 carronades of 32 pounds each, one long shifting 18-pounder, and one 12-pounder boat carronade. The Shannon was of 1,066 tons, and had on board 300 men. She mounted 28 long 18-pounders, 16 carronades of 32 pounds each, four 9-pounders, three 12-pounder carronades, and one long 6-pounder. The broadside weight of metal thrown by the Chesapeake was 590 lb., and that of the Shannon 538 lb. The relative strength of the two ships was as 22 to 21. In the brave days of old, no British captain would have doubted that, under these conditions, the odds were in his favour, when the skill, pluck, experience, and seamanship of his officers and crew were thrown into the scale.

While Captain Broke's challenge was on its way to Captain Lawrence the latter had already determined to gratify his enemy, and was on his way out of harbour to meet him. At half-past 12 P.M. the American weighed anchor, and when the Shannon, who was standing close in to Boston light-house, understood that an engagement was imminent, she stood out a little way to sea and manœuvred for sea-room. The two frigates, champions, in Captain Broke's words, of their respective flags, did not draw near to each other until a few minutes before 6 P.M., when the first gun was fired. "The enemy," says Captain Broke, "came into action in very handsome fashion, having three American ensigns flying; when closing with us he sent down his royal yards. I kept those of the Shannon up, expecting the breeze would die away. At 5.30 P.M. the enemy hauled up on the starboard side, and twenty minutes later the battle began, both ships steering full under topsails." Three broadsides were exchanged between them, and then the ships fell on board each other, the mizen channels of the Chesapeake locking with the Shannon's forerigging. Captain Broke instantly gave orders for boarding. "Our gallant bands," he writes, "appointed to that service immediately rushed in under their respective officers, driving everything

before them with irresistible fury. The enemy made a desperate, but disorderly, resistance. The firing continued at all the gangways and between the tops, but in two minutes' time the enemy were driven, sword in hand, from every post. The American flag was hauled down, and the British Union Jack floated triumphantly above it. The whole of this service was achieved in fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action."

Many of the lesser incidents of the fight are not mentioned in Captain Broke's despatch, from which he modestly omits all notice of the fact that he himself headed the first party of twenty boarders, and that his was the first foot to touch the enemy's deck. Just before the Chesapeake was boarded, Stevens, the Shannon's boatswain, lashed the two ships together, and in so doing had his left arm chopped off with an axe.

Captain Broke was badly wounded, and Captain Lawrence was shot through the body and died of his wound three days later. As he was carried below, before the surrender of the Chesapeake, he exclaimed, in words which have become as famous in the American navy as Nelson's last signal before Trafalgar is in the English, "Don't give up the ship!" Those words are invariably painted above the companion of every war-ship belonging to the United States, and they will perpetuate for all coming time the memory of a gallant hero. The ship for which he fought so well had, however, to be given up, despite his imploring words, and the loss she sustained on that memorable day was nearly fifty men (including her captain and her first lieutenant) killed, and 115 wounded. On the British side twenty-two men, including Mr. Watt, the Shannon's first lieutenant, were killed, and sixty wounded, including Captain Broke. The fight was watched by several American merchantmen, and the feeling with which their passengers saw the Union Jack flying above the Stars and Stripes may well be imagined. With Captain Broke wounded and First Lieutenant Watt killed, it became necessary to put Second Lieutenant Provo Wallis in command of the Shannon as she proudly pointed her head towards Halifax, Nova Scotia, followed by her prize, the captured Chesapeake, with Mr. Falkiner, the third lieutenant, in command. On that day Lieutenant Wallis had just passed his twenty-second birthday, and Lieutenant Falkiner was two years younger.

Promoted to the rank of commander, Mr. Wallis was in Paris when Napoleon escaped from Elba, and not many weeks later he heard in the stable-yard of a Cambridge inn of the crowning victory of Waterloo. After serving in the Niemen and the Madagascar, and watching in the Warspite the French squadron, under the Prince de Joinville, off the coast of Syria in 1844, he was appointed commander of the English fleet in North American waters in 1857, and returned to England after having been made vice-admiral. This was his last spell afloat, but, in grateful recognition of his gallant services and his long-protracted and most honourable life, Mr. Childers, as First Lord of the Admiralty, conveyed to him in graceful language an expression of hope on the part of her Majesty and of "My Lords" "that the name of Admiral Sir Provo Wallis should remain until his death at the head of the active list of the Royal Navy." Other admirals are compelled to retire at the age of seventy, after which their names appear in the Navy List in italics. The honour conferred on Sir Provo Wallis is, therefore, like his length of years, unique. Many other compliments, such as his appointment to the post of naval aide-de-camp to the Queen, have been bestowed upon him, and in his long and mild decline, passed within a few miles of the element on which his glories were gained, he still loves to show to his visitors the patents of his commissions as rear admiral and vice-admiral, admiral, and admiral of the fleet, and the medal, with three clasps—Ans-la-Barque, Guadaloupe, and Shannon-Chesapeake—which, alone of living men, he is entitled to wear. Admiral Sir Provo Wallis has been married twice—first, in 1816, to a daughter of the Ven. Roger Massey, Archdeacon of Barnstaple; and secondly, in 1849, to the present Lady Wallis, a daughter of General Sir Robert Wilson, who, as English commissioner, accompanied the Russian armies which, assisted by the Arctic climate, shattered the French expedition to Moscow in 1812.

The above facts we have mainly culled from articles that appeared in the daily press in celebration of the centenary; and the accompanying sketches on page 813 we have had specially drawn for our paper. Our artist paid several visits to Sir Provo Wallis's beautiful country home to gather his material and make sketches; and the finished drawing was also submitted to Lady Wallis and highly approved. The sketches include a capital portrait of the admiral—the two vessels engaged in the famous action—and the quiet home where, amongst his beloved flowers, the old hero is happily passing his declining years.

(THE END.)

MY FIRST SHARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW THE CHIEF OFFICER WEATHERED ON THE SHARKS."

EVERY disciple of good old Izaak Walton, from the wealthy owner or lessee of a salmon-river down to the urchin who angles with rudely improvised tackle in the nearest brook or canal, can look back on at least one red-letter day, when *the* fish of the season was triumphantly landed. I have fished for many years in various parts of the world, and my calendar can boast of many such days; but the reddest letter of all is that set against a certain day in 1857, when I was a small boy on my first voyage to the dear Old Country, and hooked my first shark.

Those were days when passengers from India to England settled down for a four months' voyage on board a big sailing-vessel. For any one who is a fairly good sailor, is fond of natural history, and has plenty of time to spare, I can imagine nothing more pleasant than such a voyage—provided, of course, that one's fellow-passengers and the officers of the ship are a decent lot of people.

Being himself an old sailor, my father rigged me out with a complete set of sea-fishing tackle, carefully selected by himself, and in many cases tied and arranged with his own hands. Chief among this was a shark-hook, with four or five feet of steel chain attached to it, the whole having been carefully made and tempered under my father's own supervision. Then he produced from his store-room (which was a perfect treasure-house of nautical odds and ends) a length of thin but very strong rope made of Manilla hemp, a sailor's knife, and a marlinespike. In a very few minutes there was a cunningly-contrived loop or eye at each end of the rope, one of them being rove through a ring at the end of the steel chain.

"There, my boy!" said the dear old pater, surveying his handiwork, "that ought to hold any ordinary shark, if you have the good luck to come across one. But whatever you do, on no account tackle a shark single-handed, or he will most likely haul you overboard. Make friends with the officers, and get one of them to make your line fast to the running rigging, so that you may have something to veer and haul on. Don't fish except when the ship is becalmed or barely making headway. Keep a sharp look-out for pilot-fish, as they generally cruise in company with a shark. Fish near the stern-post, if you can get leave to do so, and sing out for help the moment you see the bait taken." Then he told me of sharks and other sea-fish which he had caught during his many voyages, and we had one of those sea-talks in which all boys delight.

But I shall never get to *my* shark at this rate. Behold me, then, bending over the stern of the good ship Sutlej as she lay becalmed, and peering down into the dark-blue, glassy depths below. My tackle was all rigged up, and the hook duly baited with a lump of pork which the ship's cook had goodnaturedly fished out of the harness-cask for me, putting it into a bucket so as not to grease the decks.

All sorts of curious little fish were playing round the stern, and I noticed that now and then a shoal of them came darting up from the depths, as if scared by some monster below. Presently there came up two curiously-striped fish, which I recognised from my father's description as pilot-fish (*Naucrates ductor*); so I at once seized my shark tackle and lowered the baited hook into the sea.

First one pilot-fish and then another approached, and seemed to sniff at the lump of pork. Then they dived under the keel and out of sight, while I watched with beating heart to see what would happen next.

I had not long to wait. Up from the depths of the sea came rushing a huge dark mass—there was a gleam of white as the shark turned over on his side—and my baited hook disappeared in a cavernous pair of jaws, thickly set with rows of serrated teeth!

I yelled lustily for help, and several of the officers and crew came rushing aft. A glance at the tightly-strained rope told them what had happened, and half-a-dozen brawny Jacks clapped on to the tackle at once. The shark fought desperately, and the sailors were leaning backwards with all their might, having a regular tug of war—when the huge fish came shooting straight up like an arrow out of the depths, and the rope being thus suddenly slackened, down came all the Jacks in a heap, with language which was "frequent, and painful, and free." The shark glared up at me for an instant, as if to say, "You little beast! I wish I had you down here!" and dived back into the

depths as swiftly as he had emerged, dragging out the rope after him "no allowance," as sailors say.

But his triumph was not for long. The men scrambled up and clapped on to the rope again, with clenched teeth and a look of grim determination that boded ill for their enemy. Step by step they worked stubbornly along towards the gangway; and though the shark struggled with tremendous force, they were determined not to let him get the weather-gage again. At last one of the topmen threw a rope with a bowline knot at the end over the creature's tail, and with a gigantic heave at the two ropes which held him by bow and stern, the shark was hoisted over the ship's side and thrown with a heavy thud on the quarter-deck.

All that had gone before was mere child's play to what followed. Whack! whack! whack! went the shark's tail, and at every *whack* a man was sent flying out of the *mêlée*, one or two of them being fairly knocked out of time and obliged to take a back seat. Not a man dared go near the terrible jaws which were snapping and clashing like a huge steel trap; but they had to keep clear of the tail as well, for, unlike a tin-tack, a shark has *two* business ends, and his tail is almost as formidable a weapon as his jaws.

For a short time it seemed as if the shark were completely master of the situation; but at a word from the chief officer, the men rushed aft to the ship's armoury, and speedily returned to the charge, armed with cutlasses, axes, or boarding-pikes. The fight was resumed, and the shark was soon bleeding from a dozen wounds; but he still dealt tremendous blows with his tail, while his jaws snapped in all directions. At last a sailor rushed up with one of the capstan-bars, and thrust it almost down the shark's throat, shouting, "There! bite on *that*, ye lubber!" The terrible jaws closed on it like a vice, and almost at the same instant a cutlass came slashing down on the shark's tail, and severed it from the body

This blow ended the fight, and the rest was comparatively plain sailing. Three or four men pinned the shark's body down on the quarter-deck, while others chopped off his head. My hook and chain were torn out of the body, and it was dragged off to the ship's galley. In a very short time every frying pan and gridiron in the ship was frizzling away merrily. While this was going on, one of the men brought me the shark's heart, which was still pulsating strongly. Then my friend the big topman came up grinning, and presented me with a choice portion of grilled shark, from which I turned in disgust, expressing my wonder that they could eat such a brute. "Why, bless ye, sir!" exclaimed the topman in surprise, "the beggar 'd ha' eaten *we* fast enough, if so be as he got the chance—why on earth shouldn't us eat *he*?"

T. M. Francis.

AN IDYL OF THE ISIS.

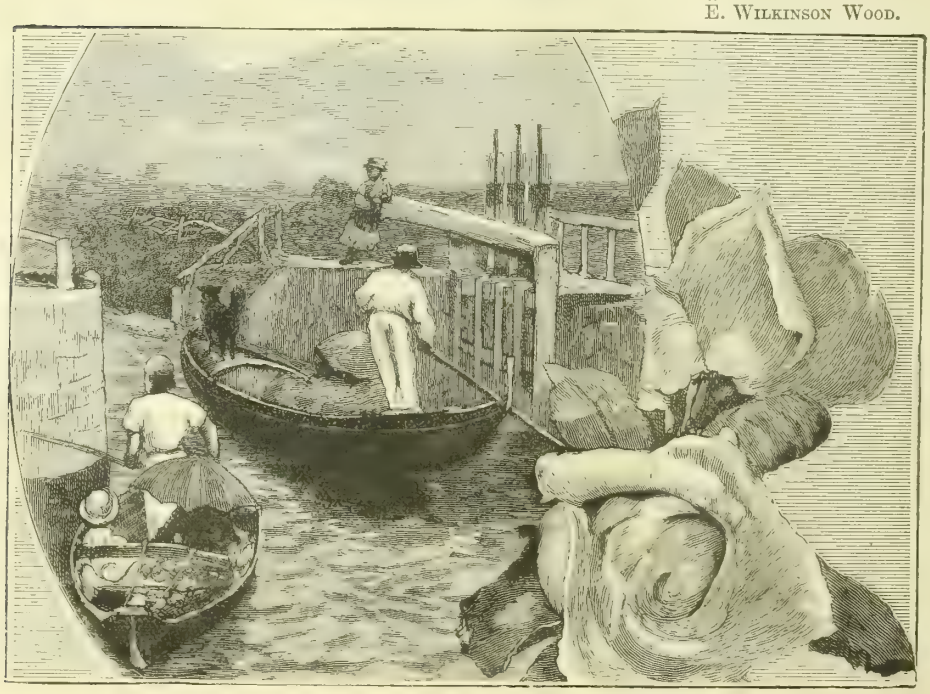
"I will take you on the river," said a Fresher to his fair,
"You shall revel in its beauty, you shall breathe its cooler air;
You shall see the willows shiver,
And the dusky shadows quiver
On the merry, laughing river,
If you've got an hour to spare.
You shall watch the fishes leaping,
Where the stream is slowly creeping,
With a sound like gentle weeping;
And from Isis, I declare,
Quite a classic charm you'll catch, dear," said that Freshman to his fair.

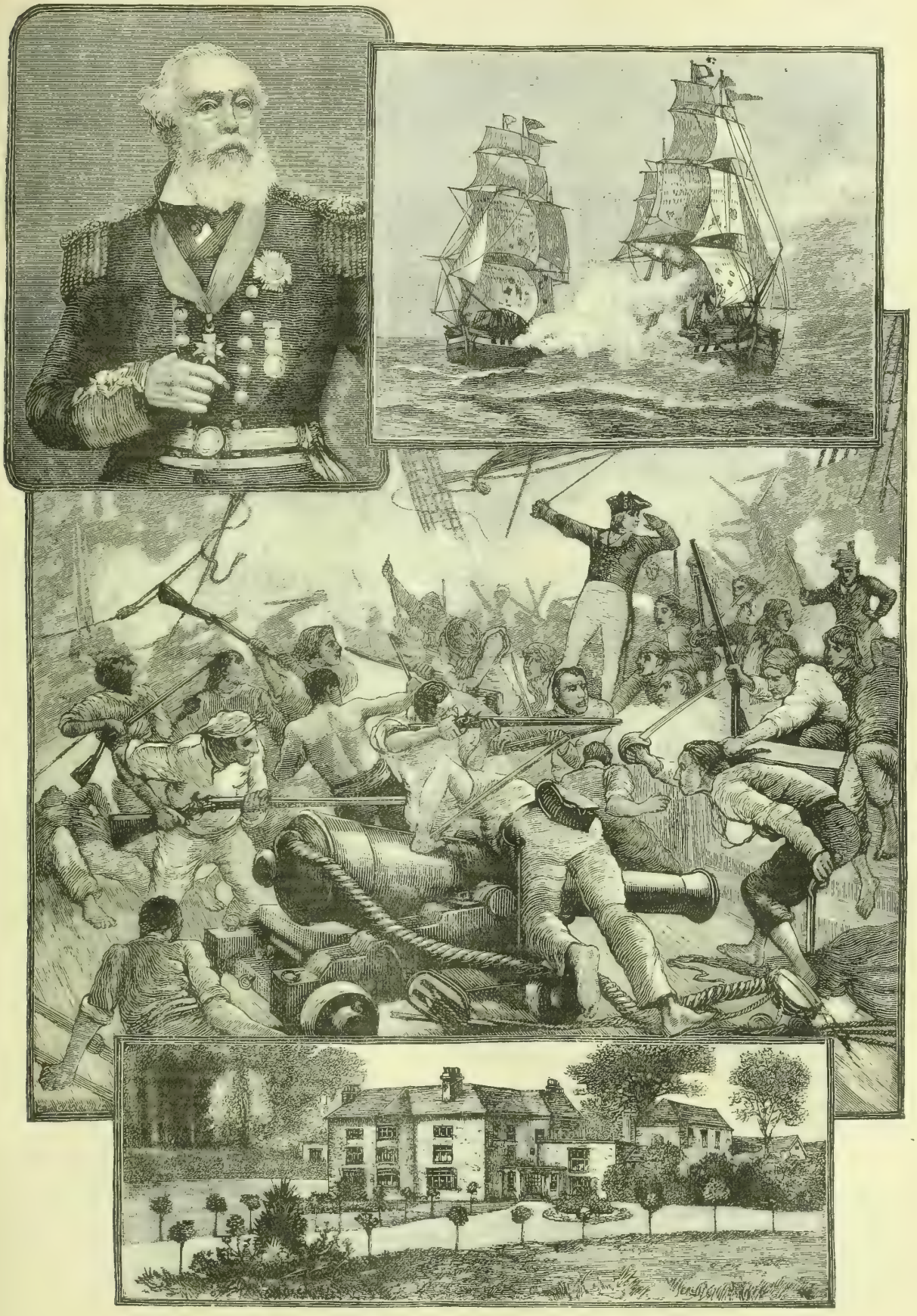
So he took her on the river, did that Fresher young and small,
And the pleasures he had promised, they experienced them all;
For their shadows wildly quivered,
And I'm certain *some one* shivered
While a sound of rippling laughter on their listening ears did fall.

How they revelled in the beauties of that gently-flowing tide!
When they wearied of its surface, then they gaily stepped inside,
Just to carry out their wishes
And survey the leaping fishes,
Making their investigations where the stream was deep and wide!

There's no doubt they *did* the river, that young Fresher and his fair,—
That they realised its coolness though they had to gasp for air.
Though for breath they choked and panted,
As they rose from depths enchanted,
Yet another wish was granted,—
Sounds of weeping charmed the pair:
And one further, crowning pleasure
Gave them bliss beyond all measure,
For the Fresher's dripping treasure
Looked quite classic, I declare,
With her garments clinging round her, and the weeds among her hair.

E. Wilkinson Wood.





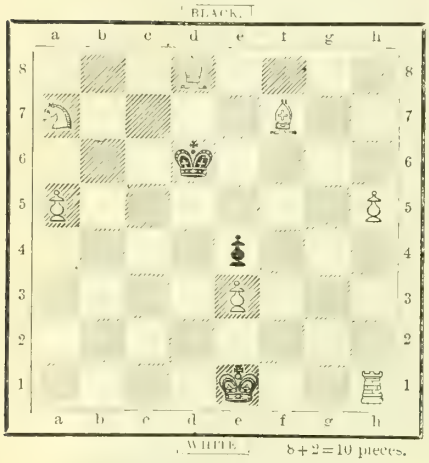
The Father of the Fleet.—(*See page* 807.)

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* F. W. BURTON.)

CHESS.

Problem No. 276.

By J. F. Saunders.



8+2=10 pieces.

White to play, and mate in two (2) moves.

Solutions.

Problem No. 263.—1, Kt—Q 3, K—R 2. 2, Kt—Kt 4, K—R sq. 3, Kt—Q 5, K—R 2. 4, B—Kt 6 (ch.), K moves. 5, Kt—B 7 mate. Solved by W. T. Hurley, J. D. Tucker, W. H. Thompson.

Problem No. 264.—1, Q—R 3, P—B 4. 2, Q—R sq., any move. 3, B—B sq. mate. This is Berger's play, the following are Meyer's variations: 1,—K—K 6. 2, B—R sq., any. 3, Q—B sq. mate. 1,—B or Kt—Q 3. 2, B—B sq. (ch.), K—K 4. 3, Q—Kt 2 mate. 1,—Kt—B 4. 2, Q × Kt, and 3, Q or B mates. 1,—B or P—K 4. 2, B—B sq. mate. 1,—any other move. 2, B—Q 4, and 3, Q mates. 1, Q—K Kt 7 is defended by Kt—B 2, and if 2, Q—Kt sq., R—Q sq.). Solved by W. T. Hurley, R. Worters, J. D. Tucker, W. H. Thompson.

To Chess Correspondents.

W. T. H.—No. 268 is difficult; Kt—R 5 will not do for after 1,—K—Q 3; 2, K—Kt 6, P—B 8=Q. Meyer's "Guide" at the price you name.

A. E. W.—The correct version of F. C. Collins's three-mover was Problem No. 157 in the "Gentleman's Journal," London, January 1871, thus:—White, K—Q R 3; Q—Q 8; Rs—Q 7, K B 4; Bs—Q R sq., K R 3; Kts—Q R 5, K R 7; Ps—Q Kt 4, Q 5, K B 3, K Kt 6. Black, K—K 4; Q—Q R sq.; Rs—K 8, K R 3; Bs—Q R 7, Q Kt sq.; Kts—Q R 3, K B 8; Ps—Q B 2, Q B 3, K 2, K 6, K 7, K B 4. This stratagem shows that double check may be given without moving either of the checking pieces. Another fine problem, in four moves, by A. d'Orville, is this:—White, K—K B 4; B—Q R 2; Kts—Q B 8, K R 5; P—K Kt 3; Black, K—K R sq.; P—K R 3.

J. S. F.—Learn the movements of the pieces first.

H. W. M.—Remove the two white Pawns.

F. E.—You have added this to Tomlinson's short games (page 495):—1, P—K 4, P—K 4. 2, Q—R 5, K—K 2. 3, Q × K P mate.

H. H.—Gilberg's No. 62 is incorrect, for if P × B, then 2, Q—B 3 or Kt—B 3; therefore add a black P at Q Kt 5.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

A Noble Victory.—Speaking recently to a large gathering of boys in St. George's Church, Edinburgh, the Rev. Professor Marcus Dods uttered these manly words: "The Cross led to victory. The Cross meant death to Christ, and the death of Christ meant that One came from heaven to die for them that they might be God's children. The other day one of the most promising of medical men died. He was attending a child suffering under an attack of diphtheria. As the only remedy, he opened the child's throat and began sucking the poisonous matter out of it. The child got better and the doctor died. Christ had sucked the poison out of this life, and if they believed that, they ought to do all that Christ would wish them to do. Boys were apt to say that it was all very well for grown-up people to be good, but they must wait till they grew older, till they had an opportunity. That was nonsense. Whenever a boy had the opportunity of doing evil he had also the opportunity of doing good. Life was like a game at cricket. The batter could not make his score without a bowler. So if there were not temptations in this life no one could gain the victor's crown. Temptations were just like the bowler at cricket: they were the tests of the man."

"Some Curious Facts."—Rev. C. Soames, M.A., writes from Mildenhall Rectory, Marlborough, July 1, 1891:

"It might be well to inform your readers that with respect to the 'Curious facts, etc.,' page 558 of your June number, 'the very curious number 142857' is the recurring decimal $=\frac{1}{7}$, and that the property mentioned of repeating the same figures in the same sequence, when multiplied by any number, belongs to all the recurring decimals equivalent to the fraction $\frac{1}{\text{any prime number above 5}}$, and of course the recurring decimal multiplied by the denominator will always $= \cdot 9$.

"Also, the recurring decimal is made up of $\frac{\text{the prime number} - 1}{2}$ places of decimals and the numbers which with them amount to nine, thus $\frac{1}{17} = \cdot 0588235294117647$; so that, having worked half the sum, the remaining figures may be found by addition or subtraction.

05882352
94117647
99999999

"Of course all the 'facts' depend on the properties of 9, or the base of our system of notation 10—1."

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

Illuminating.

[*Continued from p. 800.*]

Second Division (*ages* 17 *and* 18).

Prizes—21*s. each.*

Joseph Dempsey (aged 17), 6, St. Paul's Terrace, off Falls Road, Belfast.

Thomas Hobbs (aged 18), St. Mark's Road, Lower Easton, Bristol.

H. McNeil Lawrie (aged 17), 4, Adderbury Grove, Beverley Road, Hull.

Frank Merton (aged 18), 3, Rugby Street, off Broughton Lane, Manchester.

Prizes 10*s.* 6*d. each.*

W. F. Smith (aged 17), Rother Cottage, Catcliffe, near Rotherham, Yorks.

John Moore (aged 18) 2, Dchester Street, Duncairn Gardens, Antrim Road, Belfast.

J. B. Murphy (aged 17), 19, Cambridge Street, Belfast.

Certificates.

J. A. Fletcher, 13, New Bond Street, Halifax, Yorks.

Edmund Moyle, 14, Fore Street, Taunton.

Gertrude J. Kneebone, Redcliffe, Spring Road, Kempston, Bedford.

F. J. Jones, Stratton Villa, Oldfield Park, Bath.

Maude G. Teevan, Mostyn Villa, Folkestone.

Hilda Blundell, Moulton Lodge, Luton, Beds.

Robert Townsend, 4, Tunnel Terrace, Newport, Mon.

P. J. Home, 5, Queen's Park Gardens, Streatham Common.

J. W. Saltonstall, Ivy Villas, Hangingroyd Lane, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

Margaret J. Jenkin, Trewirgie, Redruth, Cornwall.

Theodora Willoughby, 32, Montague Square, W.

Edwin Cope, Canal Office, Calcutt, Stockton, Rugby.

C. F. Lindsey, 42, Smyrks Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.

H. W. Bates, 7, Hyde Park Terrace, Mutley, Plymouth.

W. E. P. Kück, The Shaws, East Dulwich Road, S.E.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

When caught—won't he catch it?

He was a stately Dominie,
His dress was sober black,
He wore his cap upon his head,
His gown upon his back.
And as he walked along he gazed
With steadfast, pondering air
Upon the evening sky, and on
The stars that twinkled there.

He was a lad of murky look,
With shirt of self-same hue,
Who watched the master's thoughtful face,
His star-enraptured view!
It was a chuckle, low and grim,
The murky-hued gave forth,
And as the evening light was dim
He risked the after-wrath.

It was a string, quite taut and tight,
That crossed from post to post;
The twilight deepened into night,
'Twas very clear—the coast.
The boy behind the palings crept
Though 'twas against the law;
"O Dominie, pray stay thy steps,
Thy danger lies before!"

The Dominie breathed poetry forth,
Forth to the moon and stars:
"O beauteous Saturn, grand Great Bear,
O ever-lovely Mars!
O planets fairest of the fair,
O——" words were found to fail;
(He never knew the string was there)
But here we'll draw a veil!

This is my ode—a simple ode—
Though unlike tales the same;
The master barked his nose, and found
Nought but the string to blame.
So morals none need I to draw,
Save this—and this is all:
"When Dominies trip over string,
They're pretty sure to fall."

R. S. Warren Bell.

The "B.O.P." Canoe.

A. Benyon writes from Bournemouth.: "I have made a canoe from the 'B.O.P.' instructions, and it is a complete success. I have now had it about three years, and it is still as good as new, and I should think that it will last another five years, if it is reanvassed. It is a splendid sea boat, and I have been out in some pretty heavy seas, without being upset once. I have also made many other things from your instructions, and I consider that there is not another book in England which will come up to the 'B.O.P.,' either for tales, or for instructions for making useful articles."

Correspondence.

CONSTIPATION IN DOG (Harry T.).—The poor fellow seems in a bad way. Give a dose every three days of castor oil with a little syrup of buckthorn. A piece of raw liver every day. Plenty of mashed greens daily and lots of exercise.

SPOTS ON FACE (Octavius).—We fear it is constitutional. Consult a doctor.

FOOD FOR HAWKS AND OWLS (A. C. Elliot).—Butcher's scraps, dead mice, poulterer's scraps, etc.

PERSPIRING FEET AND CORNS (Amor).—Steep in water night and morning in which a teaspoonful of alum has been dissolved. Strengthen the constitution by every rational means. For corn on sole of foot we fear you must consult a chiropodist.

CRAMP WHILE SWIMMING (L. A.).—You are out of form. Don't dare go in the water till stronger. Walk or cycle instead.

OUT OF FORM (Infelix).—1. Take Frazer's Sulphur Tablets: they will help to cool the blood and take the spots away. 2. You will write more steadily as you get stronger. Take a cold bath every morning and plenty of exercise.

CAUSE OF PALENESS (W. H. S.).—Don't worry about yourself, lad. Do *you* know any cause? It generally proceeds from anæmia or bloodlessness. Take ten drops of tincture of iron thrice daily in water after food. Cod-liver oil would do good also.

WORMS (S. R. Shore).—Not a case for self-doctoring.

NIGER SEED (F. Slesse).—1. We have no practical experience of it. No; simply plain summer rape and canary seed. 2. Yes; dormice will eat canary seed too. 3. "All about the Navy," price 1s., Cassell & Co.

GUM-BOIL (Gummy).—1. We hope it is better now. There is no cure save the lancet. 2. Nothing short of skinning or burning will remove the tattoo marks.

CHAFFINCHES (A Beginner).—No, they will not build in your room, unless you can grow half-a-dozen Scotch pine trees in it, about twenty feet high!

MANGE IN DOG (C. Jeffrey).—Well, if the compound sulphur ointment has failed, it is doubtless constitutional. A course of arsenic tonic will be required, so consult a good vet.

HEDGEHOG SUCKING COWS (Long).—An absurd libel on the poor innocent beast, who is a friend to farmer and gardener alike, though often cruelly used.

MASSAGE, ETC. (D. Walters).—1. It is a rolling, squeezing motion that sends the blood upwards to the heart. 2. Yes; you'll grow till 20 or 21 unless you smoke.

DEAFNESS (A. H. W.).—Consult an aurist. Most such cases are hopeless.

ANGORA RABBIT WITH MATTED COAT (V. S.).—1. Off it must come on a warm day. Angoras should all be groomed regularly. 2. No sawdust. It spoils the coat. 3. Yes, you were right to cut the nails a little.

PIMPLES (Friends).—Want of form, and thinness of blood. Take more exercise and better food. Use ointment of zinc at night.

PIPING BULLFINCH (P. B.).—Get a bird organ, or carefully whistle the tune, note by note and bar by bar. Unless the bird is thoroughly tame and loves you he won't learn well.

TENNIS, ETC. (Athlete).—Well, you live in London, so go to Piggott's, 117, Cheapside.

CROSS EYE (Alpha).—No: the operation is not dangerous, but it isn't always successful.

THREAD WORMS (A.).—Enemas are necessary, and constitutional treatment also. You cannot treat yourself.

A RED NOSE AND DORMICE (A. H.).—1. Constitutional. 2. Buy now; they hybernate.

TAPE WORMS (C. W. Turner).—Areca nut; but you cannot treat yourself.

NERVOUSNESS AND FLUSHING IN THE FACE (C. W. T. and many others).—Boys with weak hearts are often troubled with both. We would trust less to medicine than to general hygienic treatment. Above all things the mind must be kept exhilaratingly active. If you can take enough good food, a cold bath in the morning, and plenty of open-air exercise, you will grow out of it in time. A tonic may be tried, such as Fellow's Syrup of the Phosphates, a teaspoonful in water twice a day after meals.

RABBITS (K. N. B.).—Yes, outside in fine weather. But beware of damp hutches, etc. Feeding all right.

BLACKBIRDS (Procrastination).—No procrastinator should own a bird. Yours has caught cold. The cage should never be hung in a draught or in the hot sunshine. Put hay and a nice turf in the cage, frequently changing these. Give Soddy's German paste, worms, slugs, insects, ripe fruit. Don't forget gravel and sand.

BOOK ABOUT HOMERS (Willie Watson).—They must be born on the premises. We don't think there is any book devoted especially to these pigeons. But we have given articles from time to time; so refer to back volumes.

DISTINGUISHING SEX IN PIGEONS (Antwerp).—We could not tell you in a paper. Cocks assert themselves more.

LAPWINGS (M. D.).—All kinds of insect food, worms, and German paste, if they will take to it. Well, yes, if they are very wild you may cut the wings, but they ought to be very tame. Let them run about the garden.

WEAK LEG (16-year-old).—There must be something radically wrong. Better consult your own doctor, who will sift the matter to the bottom.

"HANGNAILS" (Particular).—You must take more care of your hands, Miss. Push down the skin that grows up on the nails daily. Take cod-liver oil. That will help the growth of your nails and yourself too.

HAY-RACKS FOR RABBITS (Anxious).—Spratt's Patent, Henry Street, Bermondsey. We believe that firm have them. If not, Bottom & Paul, Norwich.

DOVES SITTING (W. E. D. K.).—Rather softer and better food.

GUINEA PIGS (G. P.).—Don't think of showing; the prizes are not worth the expense; besides, from your letter, you are a mere child, and apparently do not know the show points.

CYCLING (Varicose).—1. No, cycling won't cause varicose veins, but it won't improve them. Don't ride a machine that you've got to sit like a monkey on. 2. By operation.

ILL-HEALTH (Très Pressé).—Your case is too serious for self-treatment. So see your own doctor early. It is, we trust, only a temporary illness, but, you know, a stitch in time saves nine.

BAD REST (R. D. P.).—We think you are a good lad, and feel sorry for you. You cannot be too careful by day. Remember that the dreams of a night are largely, if not completely, influenced by waking thoughts. If you are strong enough to bear it, we should advise the cold tub of a morning. Live well but not excitingly, do not smoke, take no stimulant of any sort. Keep the bowels regular. An occasional Brandreth's or Cockle's pill would do this, but trust more to diet and exercise. Don't imagine you are ill, but put your confidence in a Higher Power. Iron is somewhat heating as a tonic, but the Kepler's Extract of Malt and cod-liver oil would do you a lot of good.

CHEAP INCUBATOR (Jimmy Bowser).—There is such a thing as being cheap and nasty. But we think the Westmaria (J. Rily, Kendal) is reasonable, and it is certainly good.

FEEDING COLLIE (Nero).—It is always best to steep the Spratt cakes and add some broth as a relish. Anyhow, do not give him dry biscuit till he gets his permanent teeth, after six months. Collies are not water-dogs.

GREEN TREE FROGS (Balbus).—1. Water frequently changed and mealworms. They feed when the spirit moves them. 2. Could not tell you in words.

ELECTRIFIED.—"Everything comes to him who waits." We are glad you were gratified at the sight of the dynamo articles. Your remarks 1 and 2 are correct; it was a slip, which has been corrected several times in this column. 3. It all depends on which side you look at the machine from, and it certainly is a hard thing to describe, but it really makes no difference; you had better follow the drawing, which is what you say you have done. 4. You had better ask Mr. Bottone, who must know; and you say your machine differs in size *and pattern*, which may make a difference. You won't get quite double the strength out of it. The "B. O. P." dynamo lights two 6-*volt* lamps, not *necessarily* two 5 c.p. 5. Edison's cabalistic marks are beyond us. Ask the dealer from whom you got the lamp; he will tell you. The latter is probably 8 c.p. and the former 16, but if they take 50 and 70 volts they will be beyond your dynamo. A correspondent who has made the dynamo from the articles says that "it is quite a success. It was not near so hard to make as it seems to be," and "gives about 12 volts." We hope you will be equally successful with your larger machine.

PHOTOGRAPHY (A. S. Bridge).—1. A good formula for the Eikonogen developer, used in one solution, is—

Sodium sulphite	2 ounces
Potassium carbonate	1 „
Distilled water	30 „
Eikonogen	1 „

Dissolve in the order named. If the plate is underexposed, shadows can be brought up by adding a little of the following solution at intervals, until the picture is out properly:

Hyposulphite of soda	60 grains
Sodium bromide	360 „
Water	8 ounces

2. Some of the fastest plates in the market are the Paget Prize Plates (extra rapid), Thomas's Extra Rapid, and Edwards's Extra Rapid. The Isochromatic plates by the last maker are said to be considerably quicker than any other plates, but they have disadvantages of their own, though they are not difficult to work.

"WANTED, A GOOD HOUSE DOG" (J. Broadbent).—You must advertise if you do not know a breeder. Hospital little good.

BATTERY (Lancastrian).—There must be something very much wrong with the motor, or the battery is very weak, as the motor made properly will work vigorously with three or four cells of a Leclanché battery, which is enormously weaker than a Bunsen ought to be. Take the wire off the magnet and rewind it on the legs as described in the article on the "Electric Drum," No. 646, page 555 (leaving it all in one piece, of course; don't cut it), making bobbins for it of cardboard. Put a layer or two of tracing paper or foreign note-paper between each layer of wire. Supposing that the wire is intact, the current ought now to make it into a very strong magnet. If it still does not work the motor, perhaps you may have too strong a spring; the spring must not be so strong as to impede the revolution of the armature, and take care that it just clears the revolving brass piece when the armature is opposite the magnet. If this is all right, then if it won't work still, there must be something wrong with the battery. If you can't find out what is wrong, write again, and you shall have practical assistance, but you ought to do it yourself if you can; a great many readers have made the machine. The motor is nothing like strong enough to turn the dynamo; and, besides, if it would, you might just as well in your case use the current direct from the battery as turn a dynamo with it and use the current from that.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLINDWORMS (Adam J. Burt).—The struggle you so graphically describe was probably initiated by alimentary motives rather than those of anger. (We need not, of course, remind *you* that blindworms are not snakes, but, as Dr. Stradling has pointed out in the article you mention, creatures of considerably higher intelligence, viz. lizards.) The primary aggressor was most likely hungry and proposed to swallow his mate—the working of the jaws towards the head of the victim is very suggestive of this, and may always be noticed when a slow-worm seizes a disproportionately large earth-worm. Very possibly the assaulted one may have turned in self-defence—they will often bite human fingers. But, though they may eat each other by accident or of design, *snakes* never fight; crocodiles, alligators, and many lizards do. By the way, you cannot differentiate between male and female slow-worms.

THE COBRA AND THE NEW-LAID EGG (J. S. Y. S.).—As no snake can "suck" anything whatever, owing to the conformation of its mouth, we may perhaps dismiss the story you quote without considering the additional absurdity of a cobra's fangs delicately piercing the shell of a turkey's egg. There are certain non-venomous serpents in South Africa which have tooth-like projections into their gullets, supposed by some naturalists to be placed there for the purpose of crushing or fracturing a possibly swallowed egg on its passage towards the stomach.

ELECTRICITY (T. Hayhurst).—The number of the wires differs a good deal, we find, from different firms. You had better use No. 27 *Birmingham wire gauge*. If you ask for that it is sure to be all right. Sorry you have been troubled by this; there ought only to be one scale of numbers.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER.—What is to be the ultimate end of your machine? If it is only to generate currents in the electro-magnets it would probably do so, but if you make the wheel revolve by these currents, which are generated afresh by the revolution of the wheel, you will have discovered the secret of "Perpetual Motion," and will have earned undying fame! As a matter of fact, however, it won't work, because in order to produce the currents to convert the cores into magnets the inner coils would have to be moved to or from the permanent magnets. Now there must come a point while it is so turning at which the revolution of the wheel depends on the attraction of the electro-magnets, and at that point the current would cease, and the wheel would stop. Even in order to produce currents in the electro-magnets while the wheel is revolved by hand, you will have to fix a commutator to each coil, for as it approaches the permanent magnet you would get a current in one direction, and as it moved away the current would turn the reverse way, which would ruin the efficiency of your machine, unless you took steps to turn all the currents in the same direction.

FISHING (H. Jones).—In "British Freshwater Fishes," by Rev. W. Houghton, M.A., F.L.S., facing page 161, is an engraving of a parr, and also of a young trout, showing the differences. The most easily recognised is—that the adipose or fatty fin, close to tail, is red in the trout and grey in the parr. There are bars or "finger-marks" on the sides of the parr; but these are sometimes found on very young *trout*. The colour of the parr is more brilliant and silvery, and the mouth is smaller, and the general shape more elegant and slender, but the colour of the adipose fin is the safest guide. With regard to upstream fishing on a *large river* the principle remains the same, that upstream, when reasonably practicable, is best; but it often happens that the saving of time and strength effected by fishing down, or across, more than balances the disadvantage of being somewhat more visible to the fish. This is especially the case when the water is coloured. As the best trout fishing is usually had on clear and rather narrow streams, the upstream rule usually holds good, though the exceptions are numerous and important.

PHOTOGRAPHY (R. M.).—We don't believe you will get such a thing, that is, if you mean albums to take mounted quarter-plates instead of c.d.v.'s and cabinets. You had better use an ordinary album with plain leaves and stick them in. You might inquire of the "Universal Provider," Mr. William Whiteley, Westbourne Grove, W.

LOCOMOTIVE (F. R. Wollaston).—Many of the questions you ask could not be answered without a scale drawing of the engine required, and it would be next to an impossibility for you to succeed in building a locomotive of that size without a scale drawing to work by, as that is of the greatest importance, and should be constantly referred to for dimensions whilst building it. Why not carry out the instructions which have already appeared on "Model Locomotive Building," and simply alter the arrangement of parts to suit the type of engine you require? Castings may be obtained from any model engineer, such as Lee or Bateman of Holborn. The cylinders would be quite powerful enough and would take a large boiler to keep steam for them. The total cost would depend very largely on the materials used, and may be kept down by employing iron in place of brass wherever practicable, such as in the wheels, frame, cylinders, bed-plate, etc.

MARINER.—Information regarding the seagoing training-ship for merchant apprentices can be obtained from Messrs. Devitt & Moore, 39 Fenchurch Street, E.C. The outfit costs £35. The premium for boys who have not served in a training-ship is £230, payable £70 the first year, £60 the next, £50 the next, £30 the next, and £20 the next. No intermediate service on a ship is requisite, as, after the time is through, the apprentices go up for the Board of Trade certificate as third officer. Cadets who have passed through the Worcester or Conway pay £60 less. The scheme is said to be Lord Brassey's; the ships are the Hesperus and Harbinger, each taking twenty-four midshipmen.

NUMA POMPILIUS.—Send your letter to Horace Hart, Esq., Printer to the University, Oxford. Ask him for the guinea, and tell us what he says. We believe it must be a plain Bible without commentary or references; reference Bibles do not count.

EMIGRANT.—We should think that a boy specially apprenticed here to be sent out to Australia to work at his trade would do excellently. It is one of the most sensible plans of emigration we have heard of.

G. STIRLING (Melbourne).—It is on page 542 of the fifth volume. Half a pint of linseed oil put into an iron pot and boiled carefully over the fire for four hours, keeping it well stirred with a stick. When you think it is done take out the stick and immerse it in water. If the stuff sticks to your fingers pour the oil out into cold water, and then put it into tin boxes. It is not a pleasant operation, but that perhaps does not matter in your part of the world. You can also make birdlime of holly bark.

T. BINGA.—1. You want a diaphragm between the lenses, that is a flat ring about an inch and a quarter across, or whatever may be the exact measurement of your tube, with a circular hole in it about three-quarters of an inch across. 2. We had an article on the indiarubber pantograph in our last volume on page 382.

DRAGOON GUARD.—The 18th Hussars have a blue busby bag. The King's Dragoon Guards have a red plume. The Cameronians have a green uniform with dark green facings, and so do the Royal Irish Rifles. The Loyal North Lancashire have white facings.

F. W. ELLIS.—Thanks for copies of the "Scotsfordian," a neat little school magazine in shorthand. You should send a copy to the British Museum. Why should not schools exchange magazines as learned societies do "proceedings"?

H. A. A.—The price of the annual volumes is 8s. They can be obtained through any bookseller. 2. The mixture will do.

TENNIS (Girl Reader).—You will find the rules of Tennis in our "Outdoor Sports," now publishing in sixpenny monthly parts.

VARIATIONS (T. Grout).—You get the number of changes by multiplying all the figures together. With 2 bells you have 2 changes, for $1\times2=2$; with 3 bells you have 6 changes, for $1\times2\times3=6$; with 5 bells you have 120 changes, for $1\times2\times3\times4\times5=120$. And so on. If you want to know how many changes can be rung with, say, 5 bells out of 8, you reverse the order of the figures and take the first 5, so that you have $8\times7\times6\times5\times4=6{,}720$. With 4 out of 10 you would have $10\times9\times8\times7=5{,}040$.

J. F. W.—You can join the Life Guards as soon as you are a yard round the chest, weigh 11 stone, and are 5 feet 10 inches high; that is, if you are suitable in other respects.

BANKER'S CLERK.—There is no book on such examinations. The examinations are not competitive, but you must write neatly and know your arithmetic up to interest and discount.

GISLI.—The duties of the trustee would be set forth in the deed as well as his remuneration. He would certainly have to account for all moneys received and paid, and have a voucher for every payment. The interest on all capital invested would belong to the estate and not to him, and he would have to put it to the credit of the estate. Never be a trustee if you mind trouble.

A. J. GOODWIN.—You will make your boots waterproof if you rub them over with dubbin, or tallow, or castor oil; that is to say, if the boots have no holes in them. Or, if you want variety, copal varnish the soles and castor oil the uppers. Or melt two ounces of beeswax and an ounce of suet in four ounces of olive oil, then add an ounce of lampblack, and stir the mixture till it cools. To apply this you must warm the leather. The indiarubber process is a more lengthy one. You dissolve some of Macintosh's indiarubber solution in twice its quantity of raw linseed oil, pouring in the oil very gradually; and you paint the boots over with a dozen coats, allowing six or eight hours for drying between each.

COLONIAL LAWYERS.—In New South Wales persons actually admitted as attorneys or solicitors of the Courts of England or Ireland and Writers to the Signet of Scotland, and having actually resided in the colony for the preceding three months, are eligible for admission as Solicitors without any examination in Colonial Law.

CAMDUX.—Sundials are sold at most opticians, but the dial must be made for the latitude of your place. Apply to Dollond, Ludgate Hill.

BLOATER.—Branding prisoners in this country has been done away with for many years.

MIANOTOMOH.—Go to the Naval Exhibition or to the Naval Museum at Greenwich, or to South Kensington Naval Museum, and see how the models are made. If your vessel is to be a facsimile in every rib and plank you should make her out of the same wood as the original, but we have a strong suspicion you will be glad to take refuge in deal before the job is over.

TRAINING.—Articles on training were in the first and second parts of "Outdoor Games and Recreations," price 6*d*. each, published by us.

ESCA.—Try and take some of the ink off with damp blotting paper. It can hardly have been Indian ink to have behaved so. Buy some Indian ink somewhere else and see if your colours work all right with that.

SEEDY.—Try gymnastics and particularly dumb-bells. "Indoor Games" costs 8*s*. in volume form, but the new edition is in monthly parts at 6*d*. each.

S. N.—There have been no fourpenny pieces coined since 1856 except as Maundy money.

B. PRETTY.—The 90 cent stamp of the 1869 issue U. S. A. is worth about three shillings if used, and five shillings if new. The four reals, red on yellow paper, Mexico 1861, is rare, and worth perhaps half a sovereign. The value of the coin depends so much on its state of preservation. You will not be far out in averaging Roman copper coins at a shilling a piece all round. They are so easily counterfeited.

G. A. LYNCH.—In our fourth volume we had a coloured plate of the section of H.M.S. Duke of Wellington, but that went out of print years ago.

AYLBURTON.—1. It is possible that the correspondence classes might suit you. Apply for terms to W. B. Clive & Co., Bookseller's Row, Strand, W.C. 2. The token is worth a shilling, that is all, but we do not know who would buy it. 3. The fastest locomotives in England, as far as trials go, are the Worsdell compounds on the North Eastern. One of them has run at the rate of 86 miles an hour. The Great Northern, Midland, and North Western are all faster lines than the Great Western. 4. We have had articles on Oil Painting, but they are now out of print.

HENRY.—The megascope is a magic lantern for opaque objects. Like the two lanterns we have already described for the same purpose, its efficiency depends on the brightness of the light. With a dull oil lamp you will fail; with a bright paraffin lamp, or the lime-light, you will succeed. It is only a question of illumination and focussing.

JABBERWOCKY.—1. A captain of a mail steamer gets about £400 a year. 2. The apprentice under the Brassey scheme would certainly stand a better chance of promotion, as he could hardly fail to pass his examination, and would be known to have been well looked after.

A FRESH READER.—There is no charge for answering correspondents. But you have to take your chance of notice and wait your turn amongst a very large crowd. You stand a better chance of being answered if you confine yourself to one question.

COALS.—Become apprenticed to some firm that builds marine engines. In time you will be sent to assist at the trial run of some of the engines you have helped to build, and from that will be taken into the shipping service.

NUMBERS.—All the numbers of our twelfth volume are still in print.

ENTOMOLOGIST.—Pins for setting are sold at all the so-called natural-history shops. They are made by Kirby, Beard & Co. Apply to Cooke & Son, Museum Street, Oxford Street, W.

A. S. B. R.—1. The envelopes are worth what you can get for them, some of them have changed hands at half-a-crown. 2. There is a black penny English with V.R. in the upper corners; there is another with crosses in the upper corners; but there are none with letters in all four corners as far as we have seen. Look at a dealer's catalogue.

HANDWRITING.—Try Jackson's Upright Copy Books. They are published by Sampson Low & Co., Fetter Lane, E.C.

S. W.—1. Five shillings. 2. Not that we are aware of. 3. The highest "a colour-sergeant or a captain"? Certainly not the sergeant! 4. The stamps are printed by De la Rue & Co., under contract with the government.

SILVERING IRON (E. M.).—Dissolve one part of nitrate of silver in sixteen parts of water, then add two parts of cyanide of potassium, then pour the solution into a liquid composed of one part of common salt dissolved in 30 parts of water. Clean the iron with dilute nitric acid, then dry it, and rub it well over with the silvering solution.

C. MACK.—The address of Addis, the toolmaker, is Worship Street, Finsbury; Buck's address is Tottenham Court Road; capital carving tools, and in an infinity of curves, are also sold by Melhuish & Sons of 84 Fetter Lane, E.C.

VICTOR.—Sheet lightning is the reflection of distant forked lightning; it is also known as summer lightning.

T. SAUNDERS.—Better get an Art Directory by written application, enclosing sixpence, to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W. You will then have the latest official information. You can also buy the Art Directory at the bookstall just as you enter the South Kensington Museum.

F. WADE.—In the first place we do not undertake to identify coins for our readers, though we may do so occasionally. In the next, it is impossible to do so from written descriptions. In the next, most of the specimens you mention in the long list you send do not seem to be coins at all, but mere tokens and counters.

STAMPS (W. O. Muir).—1. It is not really known who has the largest collection of stamps in the world. 2. There is no "right" or "wrong" way for the Queen's head on a postage stamp. What would you say to the old 12½ cent Nova Scotia, on which the Queen looks you straight in the face? 3. The best guide to collecting is a dealer's catalogue—such as Lincoln's, for example, which not only gives you the stamps but their market value.

H. J. HEWETSON.—Ounce comes from the Latin *uncia*, the twelfth part of anything. Uncia becomes in Spanish, for instance, onza, and hence the abbreviation oz.

G. F.—Nearly all tackle-makers will send you a catalogue on application. Write to J. W. Martin, 4, Northern Buildings, Newark-on-Trent.

E. G.—Waste paper can be sold at the marine store dealers. If you have a large quantity write for information to Lloyd's Paper Mills, Sittingbourne, Kent.

F. BARTON.—The Hudson Bay Company have an office in Lime Street, London, E.C.

W. TOOBY.—The Gordon Memorial Fund is now closed; and the ward at Dr. Barnardo's is now open. The money was raised in memory of General Gordon who was killed at Khartoum.

R. FREZOLS.—1. There are fossils in all cretaceous rocks, but, particularly in sandy beds, they are not very numerous—that is, generally speaking. The upper chalk is more fossiliferous than the lower chalk, and the gault is more fossiliferous than the greensand, also speaking generally. But no general statement will hold true for every particular section. The best thing is to look for yourself. 2. Go to a butcher; he will show you how the horns are fastened in the head. Or look at a skull in a museum.

D. MCNAB (N. Z.).—1. Why not leave the gun as it is? We take the sights as we find them over here, and rather laugh at such practices. 2. The recommendation is to clean with neat's foot oil, but, as a matter of fact, vaseline (petroleum jelly) seems to answer every purpose, and it certainly saves rust.

BOAT (G. D.).—Get some good three-quarter-inch deal planking, straight in grain and free from knots. Cut it into short lengths and screw these down the middle into a solid block. Then cut your boat out of the block, and when you have finished her outside, unscrew your planks and cut them out inside with a fret-saw. Then glue them together again with marine glue, and screw them round the edge with fine screws, and your hull is complete.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—1. The best book on Cricket is ours, price 2*s*.; the best book on Football is ours, price 1*s*. 6*d*. There is no doubt about it. But it is not so easy to say whose is the best Euclid and whose is the best Algebra. You would not be far wrong in trying Colenso's, both of which are published by Longmans and cost 4*s*. 6*d*. each. 2. A krone is worth thirteenpence halfpenny.

ONLY A DEMON.—You can join in the competition like the rest, but we cannot make special terms for any special form of camera.

W. HILL.—Silkworms should be fed on mulberry leaves. If you cannot get mulberry leaves give them lettuce leaves, but do not be surprised if they soon become feeble and poorly. If you cannot give an animal its proper food the best thing is to get rid of it. You will never make any profit out of silkworms, and you will find the amusement a very mild one.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 663.—Vol. XIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891. Price One Penny
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE TIGER CHIEF OF BURMAH;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS ON THE UPPER IRRAWADDY.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ilderim the Afghan," "Drowned Gold," "For Life and Death," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—THE LATEST NEWS.

Extracted from Fred Milburn's letter to his father.

"You won't have got my last letter, for I've just heard that the darkey who carried it nearly got picked up by a tiger (one of the Tiger Chief's avenging brothers, I suppose), and had to throw away the mail bag to save himself; so I must give you all my news over again. However, I suppose this will be my last letter, if you're just starting to come out here yourself; and the officers all say they'll give you a grand welcome when you *do* come.

"To begin with the biggest news first, the Tiger Chief's not dead after all! They say that a tiger, being so much



Caught Napping!—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* H. Walker.)

bigger than a cat, has more lives in proportion; and the War-Tiger must have ninety lives instead of nine, for he's always being shot, and drowned, and hung, and then coming up again quite brisk and spry, as if it didn't matter a bit. As I told you in my first letter from the camp at Shin-Bah-Kyoong, Hadji Mahmood shot him right through the chest in that fight at the pass; and surely he ought to have died of *that*, if he had any sense at all; but these Eastern darkeys don't even know when they're killed. When our men began burying the dead, they found signs of life in the old Turk yet; and Mr. Merrincourt, the moment he heard it, threw up his hat and hurrahed like mad; and Mr. Marston was as pleased as ever he could be; and they put the Tiger along with the rest of the wounded, and looked after him as if he had been their own father.

"When the old General heard the news, he said that the War-Tiger was too good a man to be killed in cold blood, and that, as he *was* alive, they must try and bring him through it; so, as soon as he was fit to be moved, they sent him down to Bhamo, and put him aboard the river boat; and so, by easy stages, he got down to Mandalay and Rangoon, and then across to the great hospital at Calcutta; and we heard afterwards that he'd got to Rangoon all right, and didn't seem to be any the worse of the journey so far. Just fancy what a tough old fellow he must be!

"They made Mr. Marston a captain, and they were going to give him the Victoria Cross for his defence of that fort—and I'm sure he deserved it, if ever any man did yet; but he said he wouldn't take it unless they gave Mr. Merrincourt one too, so I suppose they'll have to give 'em one apiece.

"As for old Hadji Mahmood, *he* was promoted too, and thanked by the General himself right before the whole army; and the old fellow looked so grand and stately that I was sorry I hadn't got a camera just to take him right away. If anybody had wanted a picture of old Tamenund, the big Sachem of the Delawares, for an illustrated edition of Fenimore Cooper, I guess Hadji Mahmood would have been just the thing for 'em.

"We had quite a gay time in camp at Shin-Bah-Kyoong, after all the fighting was over. The people came flocking from all the country round to see the men that had whipped the War-Tiger himself; and they didn't seem a bit mad with us for it either, for out here they always hurrah for the strongest side, no matter which it is.

"They got up a football match to please us (just think of football *here*!), and though they played in a queer style, it wasn't such a bad show in its way. Then they had an elephant-race, as good as the one at Kyook-Pew; and General Roberts himself gave the prize.

"By-and-by, all the hill-chiefs began to flock down from their mountains to make friends with the great 'Kullah-Pew-Woon' (white foreign chief), as they called the General; and a funny-looking crowd they were. Some of 'em had fur caps a foot high, and others had thin metal plates on their breasts, with all sorts of hobgoblin figures engraved on 'em. One of the big chiefs came mounted on a *man*, sitting pickaback on the fellow's shoulders, and holding on by his head; and as the man was a little, thin, dried-up shrimp, and the chief was a great fat lump almost as big as a haystack, they cut a pretty queer figure. If *I'd* been that man, I reckon I'd have dropped that chief down a gully *by accident*—only I suppose he'd have got his head chopped off if he had.

"Of course the whole camp was jam-full of newspaper fellows from Rangoon and Madras and Calcutta, making sketches and taking notes all over the place, and interviewing every one from the General himself down to the Hindoo *bux-wallahs* (pedlars). And the moment they found out that we had been buried alive and got out again, they came and worried our very lives out, till I luckily thought of telling 'em that we'd touched a man with *leprosy*; and when they heard *that* we could hardly see which way they ran.

"But I haven't told you all about the Tiger Chief yet. When they put him on board the boat at Bhamo, we all went down to see him off; and Mr. Marston brought him some fruit, and Mr. Merrincourt a pipe and some tobacco; and Uncle Livingstone gave him a shawl, and Cousin Harry a cushion for his head; and I didn't want to be the only one that had nothing for him, so I gave him my jack-knife. At first he hardly seemed to know us, for he was very weak; but all at once I saw his eyes light up as he looked at Mr. Marston, and his lips began to move as if he were trying to say something; and at last he managed to get out:

"'Englishman, you said once that I was a *coward*; do you say so still?'

"'Not I!' cried Mr. Marston, in his hearty way; 'you are a true warrior.'

"And then they shook hands, and the old Chief looked as pleased as could be.

"Then Mr. Merrincourt came up and gave him the tobacco; and the old man smiled faintly as he pointed to the scar made by the lieutenant when he knocked him down at Kyook-Pew, and said:

"'My *head* remembers you, white chief, and now my heart will remember you too.'

"Then he beckoned to Harry, and laid his poor old shaky hand on his head, saying:

"'Good fortune go with thee, young chief; thou hast the face of my dead brother, and thou wilt yet be as great a warrior as *he* was.'

"And then the boat went off, and Harry and I shouted after him, 'Mind you come and see us again when you get well!' and we all gave him a hurrah. And so the old fellow went away; and, except that we heard of his having got to Rangoon all right, we haven't had any news of him since."

[The following extract was dated a week later:]

"I open my letter again to add *one* more bit of news, the most startling of all. Coming to life again seems to be quite the fashion in the Tiger Chief's family, for not only has *he* got quite well again after being set down as dead, or mortally wounded, but—what do you think?—that younger brother of his, to revenge whose death in the English war he got up this whole revolt and killed hundreds of people, turns out to be *alive* after all!

"The story's quite a romance. The Chief was sent over to Calcutta, as I've told you, and they put him in the great hospital there. After a bit he began to mend slowly, and one day, when he was beginning to get round again, he heard some of the hospital folks talking of another Burman who had been there a good while, and had clean lost his memory though a bullet-wound on the head, so that they couldn't find out who he was or where he came from; but he was quite quiet and harmless, and helped 'em keep the place clean and fix up the garden; so they had just let him stay there till they could settle what to do with him.

"This stirred up the old Tiger's curiosity, as you may think; and he asked 'em to show the man, and they showed him. Directly the Chief caught sight of him, he stared at him for a moment as if he'd gone crazy, and then rushed up and flung his arms about the fellow's neck, calling out:

"'My brother! my brother!'

"It *was* his brother, sure enough; and, better still, the sudden shock (so the doctors say) must have straightened out his memory again, for he recollected everything at once, and began to talk quite sensibly—only he knew nothing of what had happened since the bullet knocked him over.

"When the story got abroad, it made quite a stir in the town, and they got up a big petition to the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, to pardon 'em both; and Lord Dufferin, like a good fellow as he is, did it right away. And when the old Tiger came before him (as I heard from an officer who was there) he drew himself up like a tower, and said:

"'White chief, I fought against thy people because I thought they had slain my brother. They have been good to him and to me, and if I ever harm one of them again, may my name be dishonoured, and my deeds forgotten!'

"When the two brothers landed here the other day, the whole town turned out to see 'em; and the Tiger greeted cousin Harry and me as affectionately as if he'd been our father, instead of having tried to kill us half a dozen times over. I've quite made friends with his brother already, and he's taught me a lot of gun and sword tricks. And now there's an expedition being got up to work through the mountains into Thibet, and find the source of the Irrawaddy; and the Tiger and his brother are going with it as guides; and *I* mean to get leave to go too, for if it comes out as they say it will, it'll be the biggest thing in exploring that has ever been done here yet." And Fred Milburn's last words proved to be prophetic.

(THE END.)

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

PART IV.

For some time after Tom left her, Mrs. Perkins lay back in her arm-chair, too wearied in mind and body for active speculation as to what his scheme could be; too wearied for consideration of any sort. Then she fell into a fitful doze, though consciousness of misery was never absent the while, only to wake from confused dreams of all kinds of misfortune to her boy, to a vague consciousness of the events of the day, until a troubled sleep overtook her again.

Sally sat on by the kitchen fire, absorbed in her own sad thoughts. Not a sound broke the stillness, save the footfall of an occasional passer-by on the pavement outside, and the monotonous tick-tack of the American clock on the wall. At last, when it loudly struck eleven the sound awoke Mrs. Perkins with a start, for she heard it almost as plainly as if she had been in the kitchen itself. She counted the strokes. Eleven! and he had not returned! Terrified lest something had happened to her boy—roused by this new fear—thinking of him only now—she went into the kitchen with the vague hope that Sally might be able to reassure her.

The sight of the forlorn drooping figure struck her with compassion. That faithful creature had been her mainstay in many a trouble in past years. She put her hand on Sally's shoulder with a sudden impulse, saying, "I have been hard on you, my poor girl, though I did not mean to be. The worry of it all made me unjust to you—I won't believe it, however much appearances may seem against you! and Tom is so perfectly sure. . . . Oh, Sally! do you think anything can be wrong? What has become of him? I am getting so dreadfully frightened!"

Sally, feeling as if half this terrible burden were lifted from her shoulders by her mistress's words, applied herself to the task of being comforter in her turn.

Her blind belief in Tom prevented her from sharing in full Mrs. Perkins's anxieties. That he was in some way working for her, and doing his best, she did not doubt; but he was too clever, too good a manager to get into difficulties over it, whatever might be the issue. She pinned her faith entirely to him, and if he should fail, why then she should have to go to prison. There would be no help for it, though even there she would have the consolation of thinking that neither he nor his mother would believe she could steal—no, not if all the magistrates in the kingdom were to say she must be guilty!

"Never you go and think as any harm has come to him. If he found as he couldn't do nothing, for sure he'd have been back before this," was her chief argument. "If any one can find out the whole truth, it is Master Tom as will do it; and who knows but he has gone to fetch back the spoons from some place where they was took?" —pretending a hopefulness she scarcely felt, in order to cheer Mrs. Perkins; for, ponder over the affair as she would, she could not believe any one had carried the things away before her very eyes; and as for the spoon in her pocket! nothing short of witchcraft could account for it; and to believe in that was wicked—Sally felt sure—so that she remained in a state of utter bewilderment.

Mrs. Perkins allowed herself to be a little comforted by Sally's words, and by the sense of companionship; and instead of each keeping a lonely vigil, it was sitting side by side that the two women waited and listened for the next half hour.

A rapid step, drawing nearer and nearer, till it halted at the little gate, made them both spring up, expectant and eager, and Tom's impatient voice was heard demanding admittance.

He rushed in with a face so white that they both screamed at the sight of him.

"Only the remains of the flour, mother!" he cried, laughingly, as he rubbed the sleeve of his coat across it, while his other arm waved high above his head triumphantly as he brandished in the air an extraordinary bundle consisting of something tied up in a wet and dirty spotted red handkerchief. This he deposited in his mother's lap, and knelt down beside her, fumbling excitedly at the knots which prevented him from displaying the contents.

He succeeded in tearing it open. There, mixed with bits of moss and scraps of decayed wood, were the missing spoons!

Too agitated to speak at first, Sally gazed at them with quivering lips. Then, with a passionate gesture, she seized both Tom's hands, and pressing them in her own exclaimed, "God bless you! my dear Master Tom. I shall never forget *you* would not doubt me, in spite of all!"

Tom's lips quivered a little too, and his voice sounded rather husky, as he tried to laugh off a deeper feeling by asking if they neither of them possessed any woman's curiosity! "Before I tell you all about it, I will give you three guesses as to who was the real culprit, mother. Surely you must have an idea!" he cried. Mrs. Perkins looked at the grimy handkerchief on her knee, as if seeking an inspiration. "That must have belonged to a tramp, I should think," she said with an air of disgust; "but a tramp could not get through a locked door. It could not have been an organ-grinder's monkey getting in at the window, could it?" Tom went into peals of laughter, but on seeing his mother's impatience to hear the real truth, and that not a suspicion of it had dawned upon either her or Sally, he began to unfold his marvellous tale. It took long in the telling; for there was so much that they did not understand without explanation; and he was secretly half vexed that, while giving him undue credit for his wonderful cleverness in guessing Mike was at the bottom of it, they so little appreciated the fun of the thing.

. . . . . .

Mike disappeared next day from the village for ever, taking away with him everything he possessed that was portable. He was seen in the early morning on his way to the railway station with a sack on his shoulder. He casually informed a porter as the train was starting that he was on his way to lay his bones among his own people; and the porter in reply jocularly inquired if the bones were in the sack, as he banged the door. As the old man owed several weeks' rent, his flitting was generally ascribed to that fact. Another gardener stepped into his shoes, and his old place knew him no more.

A few mornings after these events, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Perkins were sitting at breakfast at "The Gables," their suburban residence, when the post was brought in. Mr. Perkins surveyed the slanting writing with wonderful loops, which he recognised as that of his sister-in-law, with a snort of disapproval. Her plaintive and somewhat involved epistles usually had the effect of irritating him. He scorned to display any unusual interest in the contents, though he knew his wife was in a state of intense curiosity as to the end of the little drama in which they had been the actors. He deliberately read the rest of his correspondence first, and slowly drank the remainder of his coffee, before he broke the seal. (Mrs. Perkins always used a seal with her husband's initials on it.)

To his wife's intense astonishment, he began to fairly chuckle with laughter as he mastered the contents of the letter. He tossed it over to her when he had finished it, and commenced rubbing his hands, exclaiming, "The young rascal! Who but himself would have thought of such a scheme! But, ahem! it was a dangerous game to play; he, of course, had no business to take the law into his own hands. The police would have got hold of the real offender in half the time, and kept the fellow in their clutches too—not let him go scot-free—I should think not indeed! 'All's well that ends well,' however. The boy has got spirit and pluck! The young jackanapes! 'I should as soon suspect you of stealing, yourself!'—to me!! Ah, well! we must let bygones be bygones. It is perhaps just what I might have done myself at his age. He has sense enough to learn his proper place in time, when he has seen a little more of the world. Maria"—to his wife, who sat with her lips tightly pressed together—looking as if she could say much, but refrained, out of consideration to his feelings—"Maria, I shall write to that boy about the office to-day. It is high time he was no longer tied to his mother's apron-strings."

If somewhat pompous and choleric, Mr. Perkins was really a good-hearted man; and in time Tom quite forgave him that box on the ear, and ended by becoming even fond of his uncle, long before he was taken into partnership, which event occurred soon after Tom attained his twenty-first year.

Sally is a middle-aged woman now; far better-looking, too, than she ever was when young. She holds the proud position of nurse to Master Tom's children. She is fond of them all, but in her secret heart holds firmly to the opinion that not one of them comes up to what their father was before them.

They vociferously demand a story every night before she puts them to bed. Her stock is not a large ne; it consists mainly, as may be supposed, of the sayings and doings of "Master Tom," for her experiences of life are limited. However, the tale of their grandmother's lost silver never fails to please. It is the one they like best, and the one which is most often re-told.

(THE END.)

THE HERMIT'S POND.

A CANADIAN HOLIDAY ADVENTURE.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

CHAPTER II.

FRANK was the first to awaken, and as his habit was, after making up the fire afresh, he set out for the lake shore to enjoy a plunge in the clear water. To his intense surprise, as he descended to the little terrace that lay at the very edge of the lake, and on which they had left the canoe, he found it gone, and with it the Winchester, that for safety against a possible shower had been placed in the shelter of the upturned bark. In their place was a piece of birch bark, and on it lay two twenty-dollar gold pieces. The bark was covered with writing, evidently done with a piece of charcoal, and in an uncertain light. Every thought of the contemplated bath was lost in this astonishing discovery. With the charcoal note in one hand and the gold in another, he sprang up the slope to the camp, shouting as he did so:

"Boys, wake up! This beats everything!"

Accustomed to sudden calls, his companions were on their feet in an instant.

"The canoe and the Winchester are gone."

"Gone?" shouted both his companions.

"Yes, gone! And these were left in their place;" and he held out his hands.

"What do you mean? What nonsense are you talking?" were the exclamations that greeted him.

"I'm not talking nonsense. I tell you that the canoe and the Winchester are gone, and this writing and this money were left in their place."

"Who took them?" was Tom's amazed question.

"Perhaps you'll recognise the writing," answered Frank, drily. "I don't."

"What does it say?"

"I don't know. I haven't read it yet. It's not very plain."

"Not read it? Then give it to Harry. He can read anything."

Harry took the scroll, which Frank extended to him, and without difficulty read as follows:

"You have no business here. Go back. You will find the canoe at the mouth of the brook. Follow the moose path to the right for two miles. You will find a stream. Follow that up till you get to a road. Follow that to the river. I want the rifle and ammunition. The money will pay for them."

"What's the signature?" asked Tom, as Harry paused.

"There isn't any."

The boys looked at each other in astonishment. "Let me see it," said Tom.

But though he read it carefully, and turned it over and over, he found nothing more, and passed the writing to Frank without a word. The latter did not read it, but stood looking first at the piece of bark and then at the gold in silence. He was absolutely nonplussed, and his companions were just a little disconcerted at his embarrassment. Was Frank, their leader, whose fertility in expedients under all circumstances had been their constant wonder and delight, about to fail them in this their most critical hour? The silence was painful; and Harry, more to break it than for any other reason, said:

"I hope the gold pieces are genuine."

Frank handed them to him. He looked at them gravely, and passed them to Tom, who scrutinised them as if he were an expert, and then handed them back to Frank. Neither could think of anything to say. Frank sat down, picked up a stick, and proceeded to poke the fire into a blaze. Then taking the teakettle, he went to the lake, got a supply of water, and coming back to the fire began to make preparations for breakfast. At length, Tom, after what he said was the longest silence known in the history of The Trio, exclaimed:

"What'll we do, boys?"

Without looking up from his work, Frank answered: "Well, there's one thing I don't propose to do until I get ready. And that is, leave here. We've just as much right here as anyone else."

It was a relief to hear the leader speak, though his words were like a declaration of war against the mysterious Unknown, and his resolve was greeted with expressions of approval. But after a moment, Harry asked:

"What good will it do to stay?"

"Well, we haven't seen the last of this thing yet, by a good deal," rejoined Frank. "Besides, I want my Winchester back again. I didn't bring the gun out here to sell it. You don't *want* to go, do you, Harry?"

"No, I don't want to go, if it will do any good to stay; but——"

"Say," interrupted Tom, "I know who took the canoe."

"You do?" ejaculated both his companions, with absolute disbelief in their tones.

"Yes."

"Who?"

"The Hermit."

"The Hermit? What Hermit?" The first part of the question was Frank's, the latter Harry's.

"Why, *the* Hermit, of course. This," pointing to the lake, "is the Hermit's Pond, and our unknown visitor was the Hermit himself."

"I half believe you're right," exclaimed Frank.

"Of course I'm right," was the emphatic rejoinder.

And chiefly on the principle that any explanation is better than none, it was decided to accept this one.

"Where do you suppose the fellow lives?" said Harry.

"Most likely on that island," suggested Tom.

"Do you suppose he's there now?"

"Not likely. He said we would find the canoe down at the mouth of the stream, and he has most likely taken it down."

"I don't know about that, Tom," said Frank. "He can run the canoe down a good deal quicker than we can walk there, and he's likely watching us to see if we leave, as he told us to."

A long consultation followed, and all thought of retreat being abandoned, the conclusion was finally reached that the best thing was to make a circuit of the lake, or at least go far enough to see if the canoe was concealed on the shore, and if it was not, then to devise some means of getting to the island. There was some little talk about the risk of the latter proceeding, but Frank said:

"I don't think he can really be a bad man, or he would not have paid for the Winchester, so he won't likely shoot us without warning."

"I don't know as I want to be shot with warning," commented Tom. "But we must take our chance. We would be pretty poor stuff to be chased away by any one man, until we find out if he is really dangerous."

The circuit of the lake did not take very long, for it was not much more than a mile round, and the growth was not very dense. Not a trace of the canoe was to be seen, but they crossed the moosepath referred to in the birch bark note, and congratulated themselves upon this additional evidence of the good faith of the Unknown. From every point where the foliage permitted they closely scanned the island, but its shore was apparently unbroken, and there was no reason to suppose that anyone lived on it.

They had made their way nearly round to the outlet, and were discussing how far down the stream they would have to go to find a fording place, when Harry, who was nearest the water, stopped and held up his hand in warning.

"What is it?" asked Frank, in a whisper.

"There's something down here by the bank."

"What is it?"

"It looks like a canoe, but the bushes are so thick I can't make out what it is very well."

"Let me creep down and see," volunteered Tom. "I can get along with less noise than you."

"It don't make any difference about the noise," answered Frank. "If there's any one there, he has heard us long ago."

"He may be asleep," replied Tom, and as there might be something in the suggestion, his companions stood still, with their revolvers drawn, while he went along alone. In a minute he called to them to join him. On doing so they found that what had excited their attention was a log canoe, made with considerable care, and in it was a paddle and a pole.

"This belongs to our friend of the birch bark," said Tom. "He's gone down to the mouth, and left the canoe here to use when he comes back. He lives on the island. But he isn't acquainted with The Trio yet."

"I believe you're right," assented Frank. "Let's get aboard and go over to the island and return his call."

The suggestion had the elements of a first class adventure in it, and no second invitation was needed.

"Take the paddle, Tom. You sit down in the middle, Harry. I'll take the bow;" and as they took their respective places, Frank carefully examined his revolver. "Be ready to shoot, Harry, if necessary. Push her out, Tom." And in a moment they were afloat on the surface of the lake.

"It would be a good joke to follow the Hermit down stream in his own canoe," remarked Tom. "It would," replied Frank; "but we don't know for certain that he has gone yet. Anyway, I want to examine that island."

A very few strokes took the canoe across the narrow strip of water, and they began to circumnavigate the island, carefully noting every foot of the bank. When they had gone a short distance, Harry again held up his hand.

"Boys," he whispered, "I think I hear something moving on the shore."

Tom ceased paddling, and they listened intently, but the sound on the shore, if there had been one, ceased also, and the silence was profound. Tom dipped his paddle again, but when a little distance further had been covered, Harry spoke again.

"There's a sort of opening in the bushes right by the big poplar."

Tom swung the canoe towards the point.

indicated, and as he did so, the bushes were parted, and upon the end of a log which the branches had concealed, a tall man appeared.

He was a striking figure. An iron-grey beard swept his broad chest, and his shoulders were covered with a copious mass of hair of the same colour, which was swept back from his forehead and crowned his hatless head in a graceful curve. His clothing, as far as could be seen, consisted of a grey shirt, with trousers that were earth colour now, whatever they may have once been. On his feet were a pair of mocassins, and the lower part of his legs was encased in leggings of skin. He stood erect, with a majestic mien, like some forest creature driven to bay. On one arm he held a rifle, which lay pointing upwards towards his shoulder.

At this unexpected vision, Tom's lower jaw dropped, and his paddle nearly did the same thing, but the canoe was under too much headway to stop at once, and slowly approached the log. Frank rose to his feet in an instant, but not before the apparition greeted them.

"What do you want?" he demanded in a tone that betokened great anger.

"We want our canoe and rifle," Frank replied.

"Did you not read what I wrote on the bark?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you not leave the place? Your canoe will be down at the river before you get there. I want the rifle, and intend to keep it; if I have not paid you enough, I will give you more. But leave here—leave here this instant I say," and his voice rose in his evident indignation at his privacy being broken.

Frank did not flinch, although the canoe had drifted until it was within its own length of the stranger.

"You have no right to give us orders," he said. "We have as much right here as you have."

The stranger's face grew darker, and he began to shift the rifle uneasily.

"Leave this instant," he exclaimed.

"Not till you give us back our property."

"Leave, I say, or I will not be responsible for the consequences," was the furious reply, and the stranger, as he spoke, brought the rifle to his hip.

"Click" went Frank's revolver. "Click, click" went those of his friends, but neither spoke.

The stranger seemed amazed.

"Will you not leave?" he cried.

"You have no right to tell us to go; but give us back our property and we will go away." Frank's voice trembled a little, but his gaze never faltered.

Slowly the stranger raised the rifle to his shoulder; but on the instant Harry's revolver rang out. The stranger did not move, except to lower the rifle.

"You are plucky young dogs," he said. "I will give you back your property on one condition—that you promise not to tell that you have seen me."

"We will promise, if it is right that we should."

The stranger hesitated. He seemed to be in doubt whether to take them at their word, or to put an end to all discussion by three quick shots from the Winchester. The boys were growing very nervous. Frank had spoken bravely enough, but his heart was in a terrible flutter. Harry's shot and its failure to hit had completely unnerved him, and Tom seemed almost paralysed, not with fear, but the strangeness of the occasion.

At length the stranger spoke, first dropping the butt of the rifle upon the log.

"Come ashore," he said. "I never expected to ask any one to set foot on this island. But come ashore. Here; this way; to my left."

With a stroke of the paddle, Tom impelled the canoe to the point indicated. Frank parted the bushes and they entered into a little artificial basin, on the side of which lay their own craft.

"This is an adventure, boys," said Tom, in an undertone. He had recovered from his surprise and was fast regaining his usual gay spirits.

The lads stepped ashore, and as they did so the stranger approached. He was less formidable to look at, when near enough to let the expression of his eyes be clearly seen, and when all traces of anger had left his countenance. He received his unexpected guests with much dignity.

"There is your canoe," he said; "here is your rifle." And he handed it to Frank. "Now I am unarmed and at your mercy, and that young fellow," pointing to Harry, "is a quick shot. You will see the mark of his bullet on the rifle stock."

His address and action astonished the boys more than anything else had done; and as they were silent, the stranger continued:

"I give you up these things, and put myself in your power as a guarantee of good faith. I want you to believe what I am going to say, and respect my request that you will tell of my presence here to no one."

Then raising his right hand, he added, in deep and impressive tones: "I have wronged no man. For twelve years I have been an exile: but I have harmed no man."

The boys looked at him with wonder, and as the strange words were ended Frank glanced upwards, a look of excited expectation overspreading his countenance.

"Will you let me see your right hand?" he asked, somewhat unsteadily.

"My right hand," repeated the stranger, with a start. "What do you want of my right hand?"

"Nothing, perhaps; but perhaps a great deal. Oh, if it is as I think, this will be a happy day."

The stranger was greatly moved. At first he refused, though very gently, to comply with Frank's request; then, as he scanned the lad's countenance more closely, held out his hand with a slow and unwilling motion. Frank bent over it. In a moment he raised his face, a look of triumph beaming from his eyes.

"I knew I was not mistaken," he exclaimed. "I knew I saw the JE and wreath when you raised your hand above your head. Uncle Jack, Uncle Jack, don't you know me?"

The stranger looked at the tall young fellow with deep interest, but answered:

"Know you? I think not. Where did I ever see you before?"

"Where? Why you have seen me a thousand times. I'm your nephew, Frank Edmunds. And oh, Uncle Jack, we all know that you wronged no one. Mr. Stoneham is back at Eatonville, and we've been looking for you everywhere."

As Tom said afterwards, it was not a speech worthy of the Trio's leader on such a momentous occasion, but its effect made up for any deficiency in its style. The stranger seemed almost stunned by it. Then slowly, as like one in a dream, he said:

"Are you Frank, the little fellow that used to climb on my knee to hear stories of the woods in the happy old days?" and throwing open his arms, he embraced the lad heartily.

Tom and Harry were speechless spectators of the scene, though the former did manage to whisper: "I wonder if this is the end of it?"

After a few moments, the Hermit, now no longer a stranger, releasing his hold of Frank, asked: "What was it you said about Stoneham?"

"That he is back in Eatonville. He has been back for some years."

"Then my friends know that I am not guilty. Thank God for that!"

"But they never thought you were."

"They had only my word for it, and the circumstances were dark."

At this stage in the conversation Tom and Harry discreetly withdrew, leaving uncle and nephew together to exchange confidences which they might not wish others to hear. After the lapse of half an hour Frank called them, and told them to follow his uncle to his house. Nothing loth, they accepted the invitation, and were led along a winding path to the centre of the island. Here they came to a mass of rocks—trap rocks, Uncle Jack said they were—rising in columns to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. In an angle formed by three of them, the Hermit had erected his cabin. It was small. At one end was a stone chimney, with an open fireplace; a rude bunk, with furs for bedding, occupied a side; a small table, also very rough, stood in the centre; and a bench, like the "deacon seat" in a lumber camp, made of a split log supported on short legs, with a bear-skin thrown over it, was against one wall, and, with a stool, made up the furniture of the room, with the exception of a few simple cooking utensils. A number of ears of corn and some pieces of dried moose and bear meat hung from the roof.

"Here is my garden," said the Hermit, as he led them to a little cleared space beyond the rocks, where corn and potatoes were growing.

"You see I have plenty to eat, between what I grow here and what I kill in hunting," he said.

"Do you never go out to the settlements?" asked Tom.

"I have not been five miles from here in as many years," was the answer; "and the few times I have visited civilisation since this has been my home, I went many miles to the south-east before leaving the woods. I have not been on the Eatonville side of the State since I left it after my trial. I was thinking of going out again this fall, but your coming seemed to make it unnecessary. I was almost out of matches and ammunition."

"But you'll come out with us now, uncle?" asked Frank, wistfully.

"No. I will never go out again. You must come and see me again. Perhaps your father will come some time, though he never liked the woods. I could not live among people again."

His manner, indeed, corroborated his words, for when the boys urged him to change his mind, he began to show impatience at their presence, and plainly hinted that he would prefer to be alone again. As they arose unwillingly to leave, he held out his hand in an apologetic way, saying:

"You will forgive me if I seem rude, but twelve solitary years have unfitted me for any companionship except my own thoughts."

With great regret the boys wended their way to their canoe and launched it in the water. The leave-taking was not ceremonious. The Hermit had no messages for his former friend. He accepted the Winchester as a present from Frank, but refused to take back the gold pieces, saying that he had more than he could ever use.

"I will be glad to see you again next year," was all he said as the canoe left the shore; and as they rounded the little point that hid the outlet of the lake and their camping ground of the previous night, the boys saw the strange figure standing erect upon the log on which he had stood when he challenged their right to invade his hermitage.

(THE END.)

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

OCTOBER.

I.—In Poultry-Run, Pigeon-Loft, Aviary, Rabbitry, Kennel, Garden, etc.

By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.

The Poultry-Run.—"Let me have Doings for October at once, or sooner if possible; I must have the present volume completed immediately." So runs a letter now before me from "Our Friend the Editor." Isn't it provoking? Of course you don't know. But to tell you how I am situated will be to make sure of your sympathy. Well, then, I must inform you that, with my sea-born restless disposition, I feel that when summer comes I must wander away and be at rest. In my caravan, then, I have lately been touring on moor and in forest, and have finally gone into camp here at Bognor. No, not at Bognor itself, I know a trick worth two of that, but in a delightful tree-girt meadow 'twixt that town and the pretty old village of Felpham.

Behold me, then, on this bright, beautiful day in July, seated in the shady side of the Wanderer, book in hand. Close by, in my little snow-white tent, George is cooking the luncheon. Quen, my body-guard and companion of the road and field, is rolling on the grass. To my nostrils comes the perfume of clover, white and red, to my ears the whisper of the wind in tree and hedgerow, and through the silvery seeding grasses, mingling with the notes of music from the pier, music mellowed by distance; to my eyes the glory of a thousand wild flowers—the red and white of the clover, the pink of the furze-like rest-harrow, the orange and crimson of the bird-leaf trefoil, and the starry white of wild marguerites. Not far off is the sea. Yonder is the square tower of Felpham Church, peeping prettily over a rolling cloudland of trees, and above all a sky of Italian blue.

And to me, resting here so peaceful, so dreamfully, and reading a congenial book, comes a man wearing a dark coat with red facings. It is the postman. And in that bundle of letters is the one I have mentioned. I read it, then say "Bother!" only I say it more so. And this is July, lovely July, and I have to cast my thoughts far ahead to dark and gloomy October. Is it any wonder, dear reader, that I sigh? However, here's for duty.

Yes, October will be dark and gloomy, and we should bear this in mind. The nights are already getting long and even cold, although winter has not come yet. In fact some months will elapse before we can really say it is winter. But the strongest, healthiest pullets lay the soonest and lay the most, and if we want to have plenty of winter eggs we cannot be too careful of our birds when still growing. I have considerable faith in a mixture of bone meal—Spratt's Patent I think are the sole makers—with the soft food. Fowls that are fully developed do not need it, but chickens and pullets do.

I hope you, reader, are one of those who believe in the cleanliness, dryness, and general comfort of the fowl-house and run. I pray you then to have a look at things now. Begin with the roof. Are you certain, cock-sure, it is water-tight? If not, make it so; the addition of a handful of thatch and clay or a morsel of tarred felt will not take long, and it will be just the stitch in time to save nine.

Is the ventilation all that can be desired—no cutting draughts, yet plenty of fresh air? Foul air is very debilitating to either bird or beast.

What about the perches? Are they just thick enough for the foot to get a good grasp and no more? I hope they are not greasy or damp. Scrape them if they are. They ought to be rather rough than otherwise. Anyhow, badly arranged perches prevent the fowls from sleeping well, and if they do not get good rest they will not thrive, any more than you would yourself under like circumstances. A badly rested, badly housed fowl, whether you think so or not, is far more easily cut down with diarrhœa and other troubles, such as liver complaint, and even bumble-foot.

About the nests, are they kept tidy and clean? Good withered bracken, you know, will often do instead of straw. But hay is apt to breed or harbour vermin.

A tonic in the drinking-water will do good now, and you can hardly better the old-fashioned plan of putting a bit of rusty iron or a few old nails in the pan. Be very careful with young birds that do not go to roost. House them on dry straw or bracken. If you place them on a damp floor they will go wrong entirely.

Feed well and regularly and watch for cases of illness, separating the sick from the healthy at once.

Weed out those you have no intention of keeping. Pen them and fatten for the market.

The Pigeon-Loft.—Now is a good time to begin planning out a garden pigeonry. I think nothing looks more pretty than a place of this kind, if you have plenty of space at command, and a good old-fashioned garden, with plenty of tree-shade or tall hedges to protect from northerly and easterly winds. Some of our older boys who are fond of keeping fancy pigeons might do worse than devote some days or even weeks to building a nice garden pigeonry. There might be two pigeon-houses, with a large wired-in and roofed-over aviary or flight between. This aviary ought really to be big enough to serve as a little reading-room or smoking-room—N.B. Boys should not smoke—into which you can ask a friend and seat him to enjoy a quiet chat. Well, by this time I trust you have not only done all your weeding out and thus reduced the inmates of your loft to just the number that should be in it for health and comfort's sake, but that you have also quite finished all your repairs.

No boy can do well with pigeons who does not carry everything out systematically. For one error, such for instance as that terrible one of over-crowding, is quite enough to break up a whole loft, for it seldom fails to breed disease. So beware of it.

The Aviary.—There is certainly not a vast deal to be done in the aviary this month. Take care, however, to feed your birds carefully and regularly. See that there is always plenty of good clean sand and gravel in the bottom of the cage, that the drinking-water is changed every morning, the fountain or pannikin being rinsed well out, and that a little green food is given every day.

Don't forget that a sunshine bath is invaluable to health in this month. But of course the whole of the cage is not to be exposed to the sun's rays. Moreover, I ought to remind you that the drinking-water should be protected from the sun. I think I have said before that the birds' water should be soft, not hard, and if it be filtered your pet will have a greater chance of long life.

If any bird be weakly now, or has come badly through the moult, it may be as well to put a few drops, say ten to fifteen, of tincture of perchloride of iron in the water every morning.

Cases of cold or incipient husk may be treated by adding to the fresh drinking-water every morning fifteen to twenty drops of paregoric, a small teaspoonful of glycerine, and a few drops of gum-arabic solution. Pray do not give it out of a bottle of *bought solution* such as you use for pasting wrappers. Get the gum-arabic and make your own solution.

The Rabbitry.—It will be almost time now to take in outdoor, only on no account should they be placed in a damp or dark shed. Moreover, every sunny day the bunnies ought to be allowed a little exercise. They don't thrive well without this, the coats go to ruin, and skin and ears get scurfy. A sick rabbit makes but a poor patient, especially if the ailment is one that requires regular periodical attention. Boys usually find it difficult enough even to attend their rabbits when well.

Attend in every way to the comfort of your stock, being most careful to guard against damp.

The Kennel.—I have touched on the subject of soaps for washing dogs over and over again, and indeed I know that so much injury is often caused to the skin by the use of alkaline soaps that I frequently discountenance the washing of dogs entirely, and advise the constant use of the comb and brush instead. Why, some people use no more discretion in washing a dog than they would use in washing a door-mat, and yet a dog's skin is the most sensitive portion of his anatomy. I never begrudge my own dogs good soap. I use the very best and dearest, such as Pears', Vinolia, Beauty soap, etc., and so I have no trouble with their skins.

The Kitchen Garden.—In October there will be less to do in the killing of weeds, as growth is to a considerable degree checked. Remember, however, that all weeds thrive apace, and should never be allowed to seed. Keep everything tidy, and trim border-walks and all. Get unsightly cabbage and other stumps out of the ground, and buried to rot. Begin digging roughly. Take up roots except parsnips. Earth up celery.

The Flower and Window Gardens.—There may still be much beauty in the window gardens, from late growing flowers, from ferns, and from evergreens. Make new boxes for next year in spare moments. Lay out garden beds and borders. Plant spring flowers and plant bulbs.

II.—Entomology.

By Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.

The earlier part of October is the great time for working ivy-blossom. Several of the Vanessas visit it by day, in company with hosts of bees, wasps, flies, and even beetles; and some of the revellers are usually so overcome by its potent juices that they literally "don't go home till morning." But it is at dusk that the real rush for place begins. I have seen a long stretch of ivy-covered fence so thronged with moths that every individual blossom seemed to have its tenant, while in some cases two or even three thirsty creatures were jostling one another aside in their eagerness to obtain the coveted repast. My boxes were full in no time, and never before or since have I seen such a multitude of moths assembled together. But ivy is always profitable, provided that the night be dark, and the wind anywhere but in the east.

You must never shake the blossoms, unless they are quite out of reach; in that case, do it very gently, and spread a good big sheet beneath. You will have to be very quick in making your selection, for though the fallen moths will feign death for a few moments, they will soon be running off in all directions. But it is far better, if it can be managed, to examine the blossoms by the aid of the lantern, and to pill-box the moths as they sit. Very few will drop when the light is turned upon them, and fewer still will take to flight; and you will be able to select at your leisure the specimens you may want.

Look out especially for the two great rarities, the Dotted Chestnut (*Dasycampa rubiginea*) and the Red-headed Chestnut (*Cerastis erythrocephala*). The few specimens of these that have been taken have nearly all been captured at ivy. The Orange Upperwing (*Hoporina croceago*) turns up occasionally, and is worth having. It looks rather like a withered leaf when sitting still, and might easily be passed over. The Sword-grasses (*Calocampa vetusta* and *exoleta*) will probably appear; and you will have such hosts of Chestnuts, Angle-shades, Quakers, and Satellites, that they will prove rather a nuisance than otherwise.

If there is *no* ivy in the neighbourhood, go on with the treacle-pot until the evenings become chilly. But the moths will prefer the natural attraction if they can get it.

Pretty well all the caterpillars will have gone to ground, and the few that are still to be found will be those which hibernate, and recommence feeding in the spring. Better not trouble about these. Hibernating caterpillars are very hard to bring through the winter, and almost all will die. But you can begin pupa-digging by the middle of the month, and will find it much pleasanter work than it is six or eight weeks later on, when the wind chills the fingers, and almost prevents them from performing their duties. Be careful, however, in meddling with cocoons; for many of the larvæ which "spin up" wait for three or four weeks before changing to the pupal state.

Beetles are still tolerably plentiful; indeed, I have found the first half of October as good a time for collecting as almost any in the year. Weevils, ladybirds, and many others are very fond of sunning themselves on the tops of fences and palings. But you must be very careful in taking them, for they drop to the ground the very instant that they notice an approaching hand. For one or two of the larger ladybirds you must beat pine-branches into an umbrella. Towards the middle of the month, almost all the beetles go into winter quarters; and then you must search for them at the roots of trees, under the bark of stumps, in moss, and among the loose rubbish underneath the edges of hay and corn stacks.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Thirteenth Series.)

Illuminating.

[*Continued from p.* 814.]

Senior Division (*ages* 19 *to* 24).

Prize—£1. 10*s.*

George Scruby (aged 23), 13, Chetwynd Road, Highgate Road, N.W.

Prizes—One Guinea each.

J. T. Cole (aged 24), 54, Upper North Street, Brighton.

Alfred Hunter (aged 22), 5, Lower College Green, Bristol.

Beatrice M. Kidd (aged 22), 17, Tavistock Road, Westbourne Park, W.

H. E. Stonyer (aged 22), Withington Corner, near Hereford.

E. E. Swift (aged 22), 100, Highbury New Park, N.

CERTIFICATES.

F. M. Jenkin, Trewirgie, Redruth, Cornwall.

Ethel M. Bannister, North Sutton, Seaford, Sussex.

Charles Colley, 139, Broadway, Roath, Cardiff.

Richard A. Mill, 30, Richmond Street, Plymouth.

Ernest F. Vowles, 69, York Road, Montpelier, Bristol.

V. A. Hanmer, 3, Rhoda Place, Varna Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

H. Heseldin, 3, Kilton Street, Battersea, S.W.

Jessy Langley, 12, Mulgrave Street, Princes Park, Liverpool.

Arthur V. Annesley, 80, St. Saviour's Road, St. Heliers, Jersey.

May C. Hollist, Lodsworth House, Petworth, Sussex.

Jane A. Heath, 2, Queen's Road, Lower Edmonton.

K. D. Snow, The Grove, Exton, Bishops Waltham, Hants.

H. H. Martin, Springbank, Los Gatos P.O., Santa Clara County, California.

E. M. Ransome, The Thorns, Hest Bank, Lancaster.

Victor Adams, Blagrave Street, Reading, Berks.

C. A. Allen, 50, Lorne Street, Kidderminster.

E. J. F. Le Dain, "Woodbine," Beaumont, Jersey.

W. G. Miller, 15, Montford Place, Kennington Green, S.E.

M. R. Lancaster, Elmswood, Seaforth, near Liverpool.

Thomas Pape, Hamstead Hill School, Handsworth, near Birmingham

Correspondence.

A. Ball.—There is a book on Electrotyping, price 5*s.*, in Wyman's Technical Series, now published by E. Menken, Bury Street, Oxford Street. It is by F. J. Wilson.

Scot and Flo.—Sailing-vessels are allowed to go through the Suez Canal, of course, but their doing so all depends on the port to which they are bound. To India and China it is a much shorter route, but to the southern Australian ports the few hundred miles gained in distance are more than compensated for by the tolls and delays of the Canal. On the home road from New Zealand the Canal route is actually the longer by nearly nine hundred miles.

W. Inch.—First of all, get full particulars of the examination from headquarters. Then go to your Free Library and look at Cassell's "Popular Educator," or Ward & Lock's "Universal Instructor." Cassell's book is now being republished in monthly parts. If there are any articles on the subjects you require in these books, read them, and let them be your chief guides, supplementing them by the other books you hear of and which are probably not so well adapted for home instruction.

W. E. Whitworth.—Watermarks are the marks of the wires on which the pulp rests as it dries into paper. If you wish to see a watermark hold the paper up to the light. All the other questions were answered recently.

Pisciculturist.—We have heard of hens sitting on carp eggs before, but it seemed "fishy," and we would rather reserve our opinion. Perhaps others might like to know of it. "The fisherman gathers the spawn—that is, the eggs of the fish—and carefully places them in an emptied egg-shell, seals up the end, and then with other eggs places it under a sitting hen for a few days. Then the egg is re-opened, the spawn placed in shallow vessels full of water, and exposed to the sun and air, whereupon they are soon hatched. The young ones are then turned into the pond to enjoy themselves and grow big. I have often seen these village ponds so full of fish that when they came to supper they hadn't room to turn themselves." Wonderful people these Chinese! You might learn where to get carp spawn by sending an inquiry to "Land and Water" or "The Field."

St. Helens.—The best cheap book on English coins is Thorburn's. It costs 7*s.* 6*d.*, and is published by L. U. Gill, 170, Strand. It is illustrated, and gives the values of all English, Scotch, Irish, and Colonial coins.

Photography (G. A. S.).—In the competition you must send in six photographs in each class for which you enter.

Puer.—The part you mention is still in print. The parts of the current volume are always kept in print; you can get them through a newsagent or direct from the office.

Philatelist.—The letter R after a stamp in a catalogue means Reprint—that is to say, it is one of many specimens printed merely for collections after the stamp itself has gone out of use. Reprints are printed from the same plates or stones as the originals, but are always without a postmark, as a letter bearing them could not be sent through the post. There are a large number of reprints, such as Bergedorf, Papal States, etc, in most current collections.

F. B.—Much obliged for copy of the "Antigua Grammar School Review," which is the first school paper we have received from the West Indies, though we have had several from other parts of the world. We have made a note of the boy who, when his master asked him how many runs he had made at cricket, replied "Duo currit, magister!"

W. Wheatfield.—1. The first half of the tenth volume is still in print in part form. 2. The "red dots" are sprinkled on with a toothbrush and comb. Take a little colour in the brush and brush the teeth of the comb with it.

Ostrich.—Take in our "Outdoor Sports," and study the training articles in it.

G. Trailly.—Give the leather a rub over with raw linseed oil. Castor oil is, we believe, better, but it costs more, and we have never tried it. The other, well rubbed in with a rag, seems to do very well.

F. A.—"Indoor Games" originally appeared in book form, but the new and enlarged edition is in monthly parts also.

Sun.—All the indexes for the years in which they were published separately are now out of print.

Link Motion.—The rules and regulations for the Whitworth Scholarships are published every year in the Science Directory, price 6*d.*, obtainable of the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W., or at the bookstall in South Kensington Museum—that is, the Art Museum.

Fritz P. (Egypt).—Float the drawing with milk, or wash it over with collodion. We know of no other way likely to suit the circumstances.

C. W. C.—Christmas Eve is the day before Christmas Day, not the "evening" only; and it begins just after midnight, between the 23rd and 24th of December.

Curiosus (M. A.).—1. The largest ironclads in the British Navy are the Royal Sovereign and her sister ships being launched this year. 2. The largest steamship afloat is a matter of measurement. Do you mean length or tonnage, gross or net, or what? You will not be far out in quoting the City of Paris and City of New York.

Juggler.—Our articles on Juggling with balls appear now in "Indoor Games." There is no one book on the subject. The volumes you require are all out of print.

F. E. Wintle.—The thermometer has had a knock and the mercurial column is broken. If you put the instrument in hot water the column will probably rise far enough to join easily with another knock. Sometimes it will come right with a mere shake.

Willie.—Get the book again from the library and look at the title-page for the publisher's name.

J. C. Sciortius (Malta).—Write to Messrs. Cooke & Son, Museum Street, Oxford Street, for their catalogue, and tell them what you want it for; send the remittance when you order the cabinet. All the natural history dealers sell cabinets for collectors, and also nets.

Ideal.—You are almost sure to get the hooks at Farlow's in the Strand, Temple Bar end; if not, they will surely be able to tell you there where you can buy them. Harrington Keene's book on Fishing is published at the "Exchange and Mart" office, 170, Strand.

Poor Henry.—Dear boy! A "coin," thin silver, with "Veuve Clicquot, Reims," on it, is it not rare? Very! if it were a "coin"! but is it not rather a bit out of the top of the capsule of a bottle of champagne? We seem to have heard the name mentioned somewhere before!

H. Butler and Adole.—The easiest way to find missing friends is to write to the Editor of "Lloyd's Weekly News." He publishes a column every week of persons asked for and asking. The paper circulates very largely in the colonies.

Sailor.—An under-steward is not a sailor. You should apply in writing to the secretary of the line you wish to enter and he will give you directions what to do; but if you know a captain, first officer, or chief steward, go direct to him. Another plan, as you are close by, is to go to the Mercantile Marine Office.

G. C. Hewett.—You should put the stick into very hot sand or steam until it bends easily. Then bend it to shape and lash it into position, and when cold you will find it set; but it will always have a tendency to resume its original shape, particularly if you get it wet or leave it in the damp.

Dorking.—When you are walking with a lady you should acknowledge all salutes addressed to her, and when you meet a friend with a lady you should raise your hat although you may not have been introduced.

Magic.—Paraffin oil gives the best light; the objection to it is that it gives out so much heat. If you do not mind the heat you could not do better than use it.

W. Milne.—A stamp "with H. I. Postage at the top and Elua Keneta at the foot," comes from the Sandwich Islands, and is probably a 2-cent one, worth about threepence. Sverige is Sweden.

Musical.—If you mean the theory of music you cannot do much better to begin with than try "Cassell's Popular Educator," which is now publishing in parts and can be got almost everywhere.

Middy.—You are too old for the navy. If you wish to become one of the crew you can get particulars at the head post-office in your town. Ask for the pamphlet on recruiting for the navy; it costs nothing, and the entrance to the training ship will cost you nothing.

Harrier.—You will find articles on training in Part 1 of our "Outdoor Sports," now publishing, price 6*d.*

A Delighted Reader.—For ordinary purposes you should try a Daniell or a bichromate, but it all depends on the work the battery is to do.

S. Dellar.—Particulars as to the Cape Mounted Rifles can be obtained at the London office of the Cape Government in Victoria Street, S.W.

A Rowing Punt.—Messrs. Carter, Paterson & Co., or any other carriers, will take the punt from any address to any address. Any boatbuilder on the Thames will keep it for you and take care of it in his boathouse. You only require a licence if you ply for hire.

P. F. Masters.—Get apprenticed as an ordinary engineer and attend Science classes in the evenings. When you are out of your time you will be fully qualified for employment in the special branch.

Egg and Biscuit Crumb (B. I. R. D.).—One hard-boiled egg to two milk biscuits; rub separate, then mix in a mortar. A teaspoonful a day for each bird.

Henry.—Yes: paraffin is petroleum, but all petroleum is not paraffin.

W. T.—There are instructions on making a "graph" in "Indoor Games." Buy the book, or take in the re-issue in monthly parts.

A. Brokowski.—1. It used to be the custom for recruits and soldiers on recruiting service to wear a bunch of red, white, and blue ribbons. 2. The "territorial system" of the British Army was introduced in 1881. The War Minister at the time was Mr. Cardwell.

Java Sparrows (E. M. P.).—Seeds.

Pimples (Complexion).—Although we have answered queries so often about these, we give another hint or two here. They are not necessarily dangerous, though a sign that the health is not up to par. As a rule the blood is too thin. As a rule, too, not enough exercise is taken, and the laws of health are disregarded. Now pimples are very disfiguring, but if growing boys will live well but moderately, and obey the laws of health, moral and physical, the disfigurement will go. A little oxide of zinc ointment carefully rubbed in at night will assist, but it should be remembered that no outward application alone can cure that which has an internal cause.

Growing a Moustache (J. Williams).—Nostrums are frauds. The only plan is to shave every day. The friction on the skin alone brings enough blood to the lip to nourish the hair.

Red Nose (E. H. H. S. and others).—Yes; from indigestion, or it may be constitutional, in which case it is all but incurable.

Not in Form (R. Thomas).—The short-sightedness can only be counteracted by wearing glasses. You must take better care of yourself. Your liver *must* be out of order if you are as yellow as a guinea. An occasional Brandreth's pill or two and plenty of exercise will put that right. But take the morning tub also.

Dreaming (Cupiditas and others).—We have said over and over again that the dreams of the night are governed by the thoughts and sights of the day. Now do you understand?

Feeding Rook, etc. (Ego).—1. Rooks will eat anything short of broken bottles or a bower anchor. Give the scraps of the table. 2. Too long to answer. 3. German undoubtedly. 4. We don't require any.

Corns (A. Manning).—Steep the feet for a quarter of an hour in hot water, then pick the corns out. Have your boots made to measure, and wear woollen socks.

The Violin (Violin).—1. It would not be advisable to try learning the violin and 'cello at the same time. You are not too old. 2. Older; a puppy ought to be kept with the dam till six weeks old. 3. Commissions in the army are competitive. Title and rank of no account.

Getting a Good Complexion (Ladybird).—There is no Royal road. You must abide by the laws of health.

Linnet and Cat (No Name).—1. No; a large cage. 2. Mange. 3. Any bookseller.

Dog and Cat (E. Brett).—Yes, if brought up together. The phrase "cat and dog life" has no longer any truthful meaning. We ourselves had a cat that left her kittens in the care of our Newfoundland every time she went out, and he never dared move till she returned.

Rats Ill (Blandford).—The tumours are caused by filth and gross feeding. Remove the cause.

Blackheads (Highlander).—Squeeze them out and apply zinc ointment every night.

A Glutton Canary (H. N. W.)—The mistake is in giving hemp.

Taming Squirrels (Cecil Falche).—Show them little kindnesses and feed them yourself. They ought to be had young.

Food for Thinness (G. Hardy).—Plenty of flour food, puddings, potatoes, sugar, etc. But you may be one of the lean kine; if so, you will never make up.

Treatment for Newfoundland Puppy (Landseer).—In a word, it only wants feeding on Spratt cake, soaked with milk and gravy, four times a day, a warm bed, unlimited exercise, large bones to gnaw, fun, and human companionship.

Damp Hands (An Old Boy).—We expect it is constitutional. Anyhow, matters may be improved by going in for hygienic treatment. An iron tonic may also do good. Steeping the hands in water in which alum has been dissolved often does good.

Freckles (A. B.).—If stale buttermilk, applied every night, will not remove them, nothing will. Advertised nostrums are merely flat-catchers.

A Delicate Question (F. W. G.).—Yes, pluck up courage and consult a doctor. In these columns we can only give general advice on such subjects.

Disinfecting Pigeon-Loft (Barb).—You must thoroughly clean and scrape first, then use the Sanitas disinfectant, which is the safest where pigeons are concerned. For other purposes nothing beats Calvert's Carbolic.



Now autumn passes with a sigh,
The woods surge like a troubled sea,
Pale orange lights flush earth and sky,
And red leaves drift o'er lawn and lea;
The evening frosts strip hedge and tree,
The northern winds blow shrewd and keen:
Another stage of our path is nigh—
This is the end of Vol. Thirteen.

To the volume past a blithe good-bye,
It has run its course right cheerily;
When the year began our hopes were high,
We launched the ship with pride and glee:
And now mayhap we all agree
That sea and sky are still serene,
Our flag still flying merrily—
This is the end of Vol. Thirteen.

Dear Boys of Britain, you and I
Feel like old shipmates, do not we:
At the same oars the voyage we ply,
The port the same for you and me;
Both proud to stand by B. O. P.,
And be as we have ever been,
Tried friends—in counsel frank and free—
This is the end of Vol. Thirteen.

ENVOI.

Boys, how swift the years speed by,
Let one and all the harvest glean
While the grain is ripe and the sun is high—
And so we close our Vol. Thirteen.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We complete our Thirteenth Volume with this number, and next week commence a New Volume with a splendid list of attractions. We would ask our readers kindly to make the best use of the *prospectus of the new volume which they will receive this week*, as now of course is the most suitable time in the whole year for new subscribers to begin.

The plates issued with the monthly parts during the year may now be obtained by weekly readers in a neat packet, price 1*s.* 6*d.* *The Title-page for the Volume is included in the packet.*

As we have more than once explicitly stated, we cannot undertake binding for our readers; but this they should find little difficulty in getting done at a fair charge by local bookbinders. We have, however, prepared handsome cases or covers, in which any book-binder will insert the numbers or parts at a small charge. *These cases cost 2s. each, and may be obtained through the booksellers in the usual way. In the post they are apt to get damaged.*

Office: 56, Paternoster Row, London.



A Christmas Hymn.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* GEORGE FOX.)

THE

BOY'S OWN PAPER

SPECIAL

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1890.

Edited by

G. A. Hutchison

CONTENTS.

FRONTISPIECE :—A CHRISTMAS HYMN.—(*Drawn by* GEORGE FOX.)

To all Kind Friends 4
A Queer Story. By M. L. PENDERED. (*Illustrated.*) . . 5
A Parting Shot. By PAUL BLAKE. (*Illustrated.*) . . 8
A Modern Milo. By W. T. GREENE, M.A., M.D. . . . 9
Tommy Tenor. By J. MASTERMAN . . 11
Carol Singing on Christmas Eve. By A. L. TUCK. (*Illustration.*) . . . 13
Foe and Friend. By ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A. (*Illustrated.*) 14
At Play with Three Whales. An Adventure in the Polar Sea. By DAVID KER 17
Brave Young Douglas. By LINDA BELL COLSON 18
Launching the Lifeboat: Recollections of a Christmastide on Deal Beach. By HERBERT RUSSELL 20
At the Mercy of the Waves. By RENOUF. (*Illustration.*) 21
A Tight Squeeze. By A. E. BONSER . 23
Winter in St. Petersburg. By ARTHUR G. NASH. (*Illustrated.*) 24
Wheel and Woe! A Cyclist's Adventure in the Ardennes. By ASCOTT R. HOPE . 25
How to Make a new Shadow Game and Puzzle. By EUSTACE BAIRD. (*Illustrated.*) 29
The Last Match! An Old Salt's Yarn. By ASHMORE RUSSAN 30
Christmas Eve. By PAUL HARDY. (*Illustration.*) . . . 32
"That Boy!" By C. W. 33
The Warning Fingers. A Tale of the Seronge Jungle. By SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL, Bart. 34
Brimmacum's Wedding. By the Author of "The Bishop and the Caterpillar," etc. (*Illustrated.*) 36

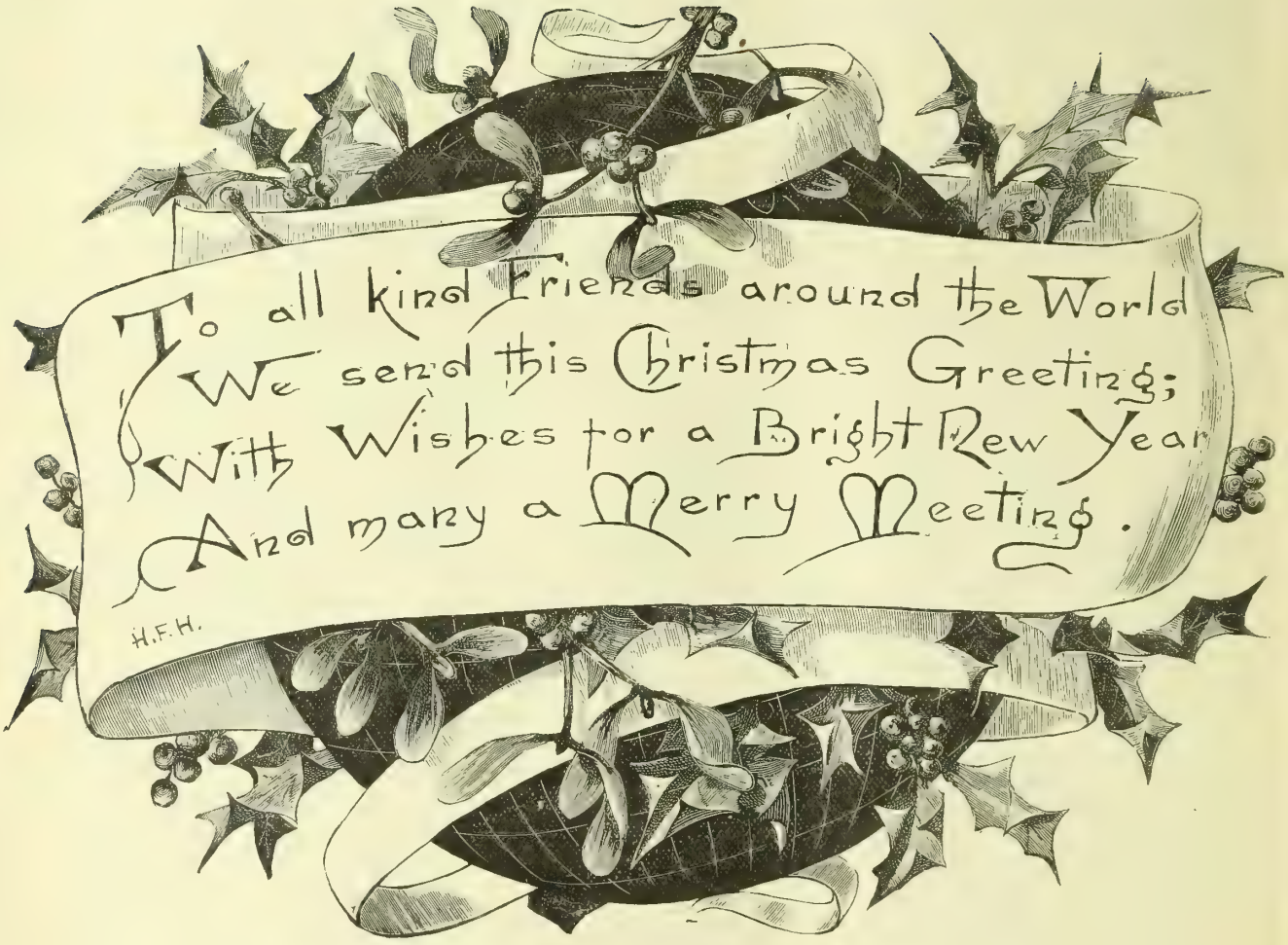


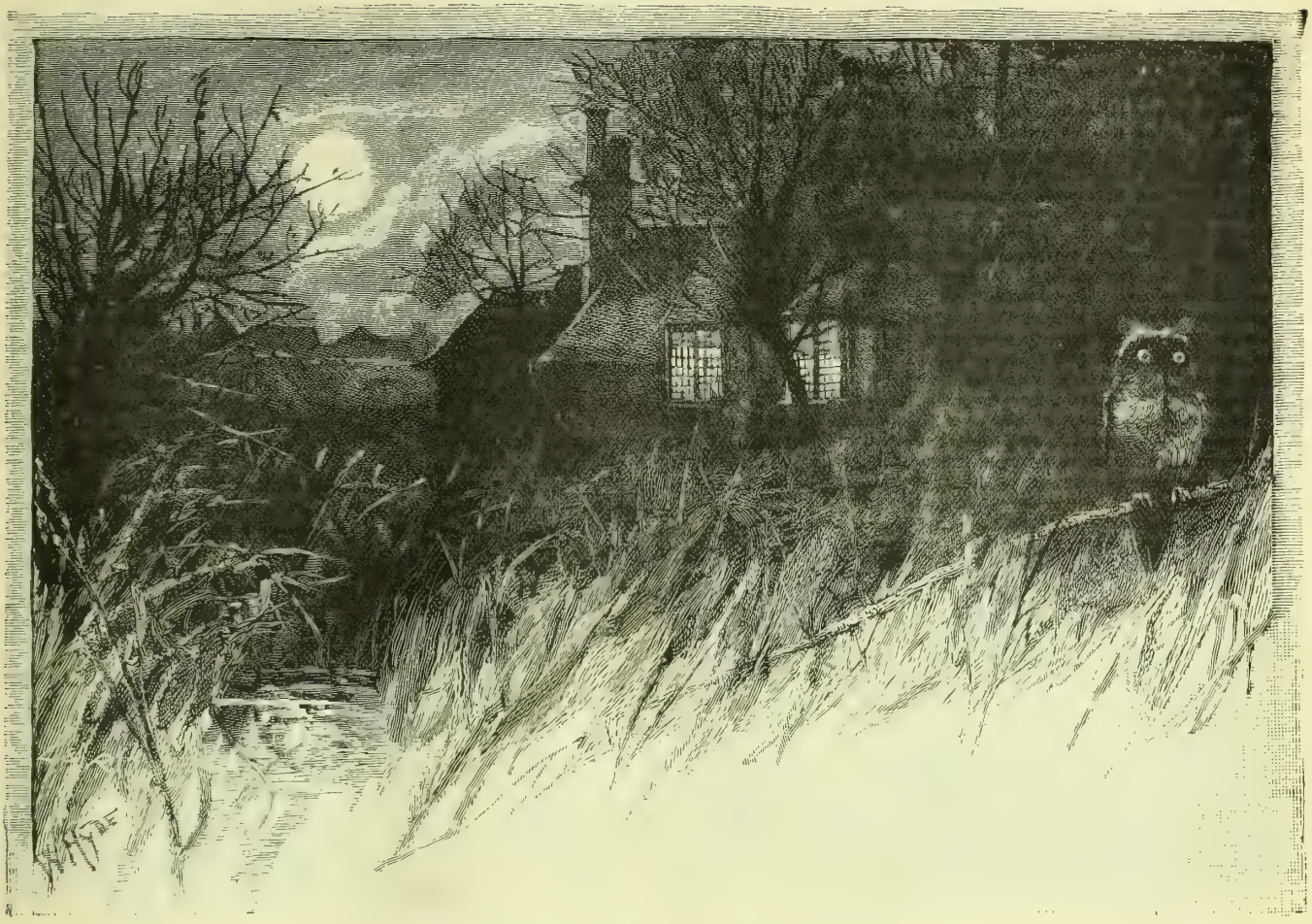
The Stowaway's Story. By CAPT. FRANKLIN FOX. (*Illustrated.*) 39
The Plesiogryphoniconmetropole; or, Exchange is no Robbery. By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY. (*Illustrated.*) . 42
A Winter Afternoon's Adventure. By REV. J. W. RANDALL. 47
Ballade for Christmas Morning. By ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A. (*Illustrated.*) 49
Something like an Enthusiast. (*Illustrated.*) 52
A Barking Frog. By DR. ARTHUR STRADLING, F.Z.S. 52
An All-Night Sitting at St. Vesper's. By A. G. MUNRO, B.A., City of London School. 54
An Impostor found out. By A. F. LYDON. (*Illustration.*) 56
A Christmastide Tragedy. [A Pathetic Story not needing words!] (*Illustrated.*) 57
Leaves from a Lady Novelist. By ALISON C. O. PAIN. 57
A Night Prowl among Night Prowlers. By ACHILLES DAUNT, J.P. 58
A Christmas Ghost Story. By B. MUNNS. (*Illustration.*) 61
An Adventure with a Crocodile in Madagascar. By REV. C. P. CORY, B.A. 62
A Batch of Conundrums. By PHILIP KENT, B.A. . . 62
Some Funny Blunders, Big and Little. By TALBOT BAINES REED 63
Dormitory Ditties. By R. S. WARREN BELL . . . 64

**** *The Illustrations are by George Fox, H. F. Hobden, W. Hyde, A. L. Tuck, Paul Hardy, J. L. Wimbush, G. H. Edwards, A. F. Lydon, Thomas Downey, B. Munns, A. Chasemore, and others.*

PRICE SIXPENCE.] LONDON: 56 PATERNOSTER ROW.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.


To all kind Friends around the World
We send this Christmas Greeting;
With Wishes for a Bright New Year
And many a Merry Meeting.
H.F.H.



A QUEER STORY.

By M. L. Pendered,

Author of "His Model," "A Baneful Banjo," etc.

"Something thrilling!"

"And, if possible, true."

"If it can be accounted for scientifically, so much the better."

"I am sorry to say," said the individual to whom these remarks were addressed—"I am sorry to say that, if the last clause is a condition of my telling a strange story, I must decline. I can give you a true story, so far as my senses have not deceived me, but account for it scientifically I cannot."

The little party, seated round a glowing wood fire on last 31st of December, were visibly impressed by the foregoing speech. Mrs. Mildmay, the young hostess, looked at her two unmarried sisters meaningly, and her husband bent to hide a smile. They had often talked over Martyn's peculiar fancies, but they had never heard from him anything definite concerning them, and they did not wish to spoil the opportunity of hearing his confession of weakness.

The girls were enchanted! This sober, thoughtful-looking man might well throw a shade of truth over the most improbable story, they imagined; and Ethel, the youngest, said:

"Oh! please, Mr. Martyn, don't keep us in suspense too long. I am sure you can tell a lovely ghost story, if you like; and it is just the 'witching hour,' you know—Old Year's night."

"Yes," he responded calmly; "it is a good time for *my* story, because it culminated on Old Year's night; but——"

"Fire away!" broke in Mildmay's youngest brother, who was home from Eton, and only kept in order by Mrs. Mildmay's pretty sisters. And Martyn did not finish his broken sentence, but began again.

"You remarked once, Mrs. Mildmay, upon my horror of bats. Do you remember I told you that I had good reason to dread them, having once been haunted by one, and you laughed considerably at the idea? Perhaps I shall only make you laugh now by telling you more particulars; but I can assure you, at the time when what I am going to relate happened, the matter was no subject for a joke to me.

"Not so very many years ago—when you were all babies—I was a young man with expectations. I was brought up by an uncle who had made a tolerable fortune in leather, and it was an understood thing that I should be his heir. He sent me to a good school, and would have given me the advantages of a University education, but that I preferred knocking about the Continent with him, and he liked to have my society. My elder brother, Arnold, who, as you know, has made a distinguished name for himself in mathematics, often laughingly declared that not for mountains of pure gold would he have changed places with me, to be tied to an old man's whims as I was. But the yoke lay easily upon me, because I was really attached to my queer old uncle. He had ever been indulgent to me, and we had many tastes in common.

"You may imagine, then, how great a shock I sustained one day, when staying with my brother at Cambridge, to receive a telegram saying—

"'Come at once—your uncle—paralytic stroke—great danger.'

"Dear old fellow! When I reached him some hours later he was gone too far to do more than recognise me, and sank in twenty-four hours, propped up in my arms. I shall never forget those last painful hours, during which he seemed to

be trying vainly to make me understand something, for he was quite speechless, and only illuminated by fitful flashes of consciousness. It is needless to dwell upon my feelings, however; I can only say that I had a very real loss to mourn in the death of my dear old guardian, and after the last offices were concluded I hastened to my room to struggle with my grief in solitude.

"I sat for a long time, all that chill December afternoon, till the shadows began to fall and the twilight change for starlight. I am not troubled with nerves, as you know, Mildmay, but it was with a start I heard a curious little sound become audible in my room. It was as if something moved the window-curtains and set the brass rings shaking against each other at first; then there were soft thuds against the wall and a faint cry, like the sound of a child in the distance. I sprang to my feet, after first holding my breath to listen, bent on discovering the source of the strange noises, but I could see nothing at all. The room was very dark in the corners, and there was something eerie in the mysterious presence of something alive, yet invisible, in a house visited by the grisly phantom Death.

"I lighted a candle and lifted it to a level with my eyes, gazing anxiously around for the cause of my disturbance. In a second the light was blown out by a quick flutter of wings, and the candlestick fell from my grasp on the floor with a clatter. 'A wretched bird!' I exclaimed aloud, in disgust at being thus startled, and ashamed of my first superstitious feeling. I hastened to light the candle again, and presently I discovered hanging to my bed-curtains just out of reach—what? Nothing in the least degree supernatural, but a good-sized bat—an ordinary dark-brown 'flittermouse,' such as one often encounters in shady spots on warm summer evenings, when they knock against one's head with quaint little screeches."

Here there was a cry all round. What? A bat in December! Who ever heard of such a thing? Scorn was visible on the faces of the listeners, which till now had been eager with interest. Martyn continued:

"I am not accounting for anything. I never saw a bat at large in England at that time of the year before, certainly; but it *was* a bat, undoubtedly; there was no mistaking the creature.

"I had some trouble to dislodge it, and, having done so, to my chagrin it flitted wildly about the room for a few minutes, beating against the walls, looking-glasses, and various other articles of furniture in its flight, then suddenly disappeared, and there was dead silence as before.

"For fully half an hour I hunted for that bat in vain, and then my uncle's old butler, Jenkins, came to tell me dinner was ready; so, asking him to open my windows, as there was a bat in the room (at which he stared somewhat), I went down to my lonely repast full of sad thoughts, not unmixed with irritation at my ineffectual attempt to catch my strange visitor.

"The hours went very slowly. I wrote one or two letters conveying the sad news of my uncle's death, and took a stroll, but soon came back, unable to bear my own company. The best way to pass the time was, I thought, to seek oblivion in sleep, and this I concluded to do at an early hour.

"The window-blind was flapping as I entered my room, the window itself was wide open, and as there was nothing to be seen I concluded the bat had made its way back to its proper quarters.

"Drearily I got between the sheets, after extinguishing my candle, and sank into an unrestful kind of doze, teased by unpleasant thoughts and sorrowful memories. Suddenly I was awakened sharply and in full senses by feeling something give a tight grip to my hair. The room was in perfect silence. I sprang up wildly and dashed my hand to my head. It touched something there. Horrors! The bat!!

"I shook all over with irritation, and the creepy feeling that comes over one when anything unexpected rouses one from sleep with a touch. The thought of the uncanny thing clinging to my hair was most distasteful. I hastened to light my candle, and again, this time in night-shirt and slippers, prowled about the room in search of the intruder.

"All in vain. I heard a few flutters, but saw nothing at all, although I must have been standing about in the cold for upwards of an hour. Shivering and muttering under my breath, I got into bed again at last, and this time fell into a sound sleep of utter exhaustion, from which I was not awakened until the man brought my hot water in the morning.

"Next day I asked Jenkins to look for the bat in my room. He stared at me as if he thought I exhibited signs of incipient madness, and said 'Yes, sir.' But of course I knew he was too sane a person, in his own estimation, to look for bats in bedrooms in December!

"The following night the same thing occurred. I could not sleep at all for fancying I felt the horrid clutches of the thing in my hair, even when it was not really there.

"You may smile, but can have no idea what a ghastly sensation it is! The skin of my head feels tight when I think of it. And I was no more successful than I had been the night before in tracing the bat to its lair.

"That day the doctor called. He looked at me critically.

"'Dear me!' he said, 'you don't look over healthy yourself. Have you been sleeping well?'

"I confessed that I had not.

"He remarked that no doubt it was rather lonely for me in that house, with no society but the dead, so to speak, and invited me to go home and stay with him until after the funeral. To which kind offer I readily assented.

"He gave me a glass of something warm after dinner, enlivened me with some cheerful anecdotes, put me in a comfortable room with a fire, and I slept like a top.

"Judge of my amazement, and indeed the amazement of every one, when, after the funeral, it was found that there was no will, and that my uncle, instead of leaving me his heir, had left me penniless, all his estate going to the elder brother by right of primogeniture! The lawyers were puzzled. A great many years had elapsed, they said, since they had seen the will; and it had never been in their possession, as my uncle always kept it himself, locked up among his valuable papers. Now all his desks and drawers had been unlocked, and it was not to be found, although every unlikely spot had been ransacked.

"There was a suspicion, accepted by some of the relations as believable, that in burning some old papers some months before his death my uncle had destroyed his will by mistake. But this did not satisfy me. I knew the dear old man too well to believe that he would commit such an error: he was far too methodical and businesslike. Yet I had no reason to suspect foul play. The whole affair was a mystery of mysteries, which seemed unlikely ever to be solved. There was nothing for me to do but bear my misfortune calmly, and I knew Arnold would deal generously by me. He had never harboured any jealousy against me, or envied my position as uncle's heir, being of 'purer fire' than a great many men who make wealth their sole ambition.

"Still, my position was rather a hard one. I had lived the life of a country gentleman at ease hitherto, doing much as I liked, and always having plenty of money to spend. Now I felt the shame of never having fairly earned my living, and I did not know what to turn to, as I could not live on Arnold's property.

"He evidently considered it a brilliant idea to instal me in my old home as steward of the estate, and I could not but accept the post gratefully, although, I must confess, with some shrinking, as I had begun to dread the Grange, with its painful associations of death, horror, and disappointment.

"A month or two after the funeral I went to my brother and told him, very reluctantly, that I could no longer stay at the place—he must find some one to take my post. I think he was rather frightened at my appearance, which was ghastly; for, although I did not say so to him, knowing he would chaff me sceptically, those few weeks had been more than my usually strong nerves could bear. That I had been haunted—yes, haunted day and night by that spectral bat, flitting before my eyes in the dusk, clinging to my hair in the darkness—was a fact real enough to reduce me to the shadow of my former self, but likely to meet with unlimited scorn from outsiders as a pure fable or hallucination. And, indeed, I had ceased to make mention of it to any one. No one saw it but myself, and why should any one credit my story. I would not have believed such a tale on any evidence but that of my own senses.

"I managed to obtain a situation as steward to a friend of my brother's, who had a large estate in Sussex, and for a year worked in tolerable content, feeling the bondage a little hard after my recent liberty, but free from supernatural visitations, and gifted with renewed health.

"Then came the strangest part of the whole affair.

"In December, Arnold, who had been staying at the Grange for some weeks with his wife (a young bride of a few months), asked me to spend Christmas there with them, and I, with a fading memory of old terrors, accepted at once, arriving at the house on Christmas Eve. It was full of visitors, and scarcely seemed like the same place which I had left so gruesome and dismal. Fires were in every room, holly and mistletoe hung from the walls and ceilings, merry voices and laughter echoed through the passages.

"'I have given you your own room, old fellow,' said Arnold, with kindly intention.

"I smiled, and tried to suppress a slight shudder. That room!

"After passing a very pleasant evening, I slept well, and so I did for several succeeding nights. My old apparition did not visit me; I began to rally myself on my fears, and soon persuaded myself that I had been grossly deceived by my own imagination.

"Until Old Year's night!

"It must have been past twelve o'clock, and I had been asleep some time, when I seemed to awake with the old terrible sensation of something loathsome gripping my hair! In a moment I was bathed in cold dew, and shivering like a man plunged into a valley mist without a coat. I sprang up and tore the thing from my hair! It fluttered from me and disappeared as usual with a faint cry more like a dying child in the distance than ever.

"My fire was out, but the room was quite light from the frosted moon which shone through the curtains of the window. I noted how sepulchral everything looked in the ghostly pale twilight, which threw the shadow of my looking-glass in a long dark patch on the floor, and made the queer old furniture stand out in grim blackness. And the room was full of a mist that seemed to gather closer and closer until I could scarcely see the huge oak wardrobe that stood in the recess by the fireplace. Thicker and thicker it grew until it was like heavy smoke or steam, clouding all view, and, had it not been for the awful stillness and deadly coldness, I should have thought the house was on fire. With my eyes stretched to their widest I sat upright, breathless with expectation, for something was going to happen—*something was happening!*

The fog cleared away at the corners of the room, and filled only the centre, densely, like an uprising column of vapour; it shrank and dwindled until but the size of a man, and then—*it took form!* It is quite as impossible to describe what I saw in any language that will convey a picture of it, as it is to account for it, except on the supposition that it was all a simple nightmare. A grey long figure, little shaped, but in outline sufficient to suggest a man; filmy, dim drapery clinging to the dark looking-glass shadow on the floor, and the glimmer of eyes gazing at me from where the head should be.

"Such eyes! They seemed familiar to me, and in a flash I comprehended. They were the eyes of my dead uncle—dead a year, yet still living eyes, wearing a mournful look of sad reproach in their burning depths. In a moment I recognised the spectre, the thin face and drawn lips appeared for an instant, then there was a soft rushing sigh all around me—I fancied the curtains of my bed moved as in a slight breeze—the moonlight fell clear through the room as before, and I found I could speak.

"'What is it—what is it—what do you want?' I gasped incoherently, springing out of bed, for I was certainly awake now. But all was still as death, and I could hear my own breath labouring to pass my dry throat. A streak of silver light from a mirror on the wall was reflected upon the top of the oak wardrobe, and there I saw distinctly, perched upon the carving that decorated the cornice—the bat! With a sudden return to life and overwhelming rage, I seized a boot that lay at my feet and hurled it with all my might at the creature. The missile fell with a crash behind the cornice, and in five minutes Arnold, with half the household at his back, appeared at my door demanding an explanation of the alarming noise.

* * * *

"I felt very sore and humiliated when I glanced at the assembled company the next morning, for I could see all the faces trying to hide a smile, when I entered, of mingled contempt and pity—if nothing more antagonistic—for the dreamer of nightmares who had roused them from their slumbers by throwing heavy boots about in the dead of night! Nothing was said, however, until a walk was proposed, and I asked Arnold whether he would tell Jenkins to search for my boot at the top of the wardrobe, suggesting at the same time the necessity of employing a step-ladder, on account of the abnormal height of the cornice.

"Meaning looks were passed round.

"'Do you generally keep your boots on the top of wardrobes twelve feet high, Mr. Martyn?' asked one laughing girl.

"I said I thought it a very safe place, and could highly recommend it for keeping things out of the way.

"A flood of rapid banter followed, which was broken by the sudden entrance of Arnold's man, whose white face and very excited manner commanded general attention.

"'Mr. Martyn. sir—we've found something on the top of the wardrobe; you'd better come and look, sir;' he got no farther, and without hesitation the whole party started up and followed Arnold to my room, where stood old Jenkins by the step-ladder at the foot of the wardrobe, very red in the face, and holding a bundle in his hands—a bundle of dusty documents."

"Your uncle's will, of course," said Mildmay, as his friend paused. "Is this really true, Martyn, or only a good story for Christmas-time?"

"It was my uncle's will, sure enough, and it was found side by side with my boot behind the cornice. The rest you are not obliged to believe. I should not had I not *seen* and *felt*."

"And did your uncle leave his property to you?" inquired one of the girls.

"Most of it."

"Rather rough on your brother," remarked the Etonian.

"And what about the bat?" asked Mrs. Mildmay; "did you find it?"

"A dead bat certainly was found in a corner of the chimney next time it was swept, but I never saw or felt the thing again. Perhaps you can understand now why it is I dislike bats so much."

"I should have thought you'd be jolly fond of 'em," said the irrepressible Etonian, *sotto voce*.



A PARTING SHOT.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "Mother's Darling," "The Dentist's Den," "Christmas at Halehurst," etc.

Characters.

Tuck, Habberton, Slaney, } *Schoolboys.*
Dr. Fox, *Master.*

Scene.—*A class-room. Window at right, door opposite. Usual furniture, maps, etc.* [Tuck *discovered at desk, his head on his hands.*]

Tuck [*reading*]. "The benefits resulting from universal peace are too obvious to render their enumeration necessary" [*repeats it looking up to the ceiling*]. "When it is considered that, as Milton puts it" [*repeats as before*] "in his celebrated Areopag-pag-it-i-ca." Gemini! what a word, what does that mean, I wonder? If I don't make a hash of that 'twon't be Milton's fault [*repeats*] "celebrated Areo-pag-pag—" Oh, how on earth does it go on? [*looks at book in despair*].

[*Enter* Slaney *singing "O who will o'er the downs" or some other glee.*]

Tuck. Oh, do shut up, Slaney! However can I learn my speech if you keep on squalling like that? [Slaney *goes on singing,* Tuck *tries to go on learning.*] Oh, do shut up!

Slaney. Shan't! [*goes on*].

T. Very well! [*repeats his speech very loudly*].

S. What on earth are you up to?

T. It's my speech on Peace which I have to let off at the prize distribution to-morrow, and I don't half know it.

S. Well, I don't know my glee [*sings again*].

T. Shut up, will you?

S. Who's going to make me? You seem getting in a temper, Tommy; will it calm you to try and punch my head?

T. Look here, Slaney, I must learn up this wretched speech; go away now, there's a good chap, and I'll give you an apple.

S. A Stubbard?

T. Yes [*takes it from playbox*]. Now leave me alone.

S. Right you are [*takes big bite. Exit trying to sing with his mouth full*].

T. That will shut his mouth; now I can have a quiet go at this miserable speech [*reads etc. as before*]. "Terrible indeed is the fate of that country which is governed by a monarch whose chief aim is territorial aggrandisement." What jaw-cracking words. [*As he repeats it,*

Enter Slaney, *singing.*]

I say, Slaney, this is too bad; you've no right to come here after taking my apple to go away.

S. But I did go away, didn't I?

T. Then why have you come back?

S. 'Cause I've finished my apple. I'll go away again if you'll give me another.

T. Not if I know it.

S. Very well. You wait till my high note comes!

[*Enter* Habberton *with book, reciting.*]

"On Linden when the sun was low
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow," etc.

T. Now what do *you* want, Habberton? Can't you fellows leave me alone for once?

H. Slaney told me you were giving away apples, so I thought I'd look you up.

T. Then I'm *not* giving away apples, and Slaney had no business to tell you so.

H. Oh, all right; I don't want any. Look here [*producing marbles*], see what I've just won off Saunders with my red alley. Come out and have a game.

T. I can't; I've got to learn up my speech for to-morrow. Just hear me say a bit, will you?

H. Fire away [*takes* Tuck's *book*].

T. Fourth paragraph. "It is our duty to show by our individual conduct that we are the votaries of the Goddess of the Olive Branch."

[Slaney *mimics his gestures, etc.*]

You shut up, Slaney; you put me out. [*Continues*] "We should cultivate an unrevengeful spirit, and endeavour to bear our wrongs meekly."

[Slaney *is still mimicking him.*]

Look here, Slaney, I'm not going to stand it any longer, I'll punch your head.

H. Go it, Tuck; serve him right.

S. Will you? You just try.

[Tuck *rushes at him,* Slaney *trips and falls.*]

H. Bravo, Tuck! I'll back you up!

[*They drag* Slaney *out of the room.*]

S. I'll pay you out for this, my boy!

[*Exit* Slaney, *rubbing his knee.*]

H. That's right. I hate that chap. That's one good thing about leaving this school at end of term, I shan't see him any more. I say, like to look at my white mouse?

T. Yes [*peeps into* Habberton's *pocket*]. Ah! it isn't so pretty as the one I had that the cat killed. I should like to take it out of the old beast.

H. I've been on the look-out for him with my catapult, but he's too quick. I should like to have a parting shot at him.

[*Both produce catapults.*]

T. All I want is one good quiet chance. I'll make him hop!

H. I say! that's a good catapult.

T. Not bad.

H. Will you change?

T. No; mine's the best.

H. Yes, but I'll throw in my two red alley taws; you'll have the best of it then. Nobody else in the school has any like them. I believe they're jasper.

T. Jasper! diamonds as likely. Well, come along—I'll swap if you like [*they exchange*].

H. I shouldn't let you have my taws if I weren't going to leave for good. Now I'm off to try and get a shot at that old Tom!

T. Wish I could go with you.

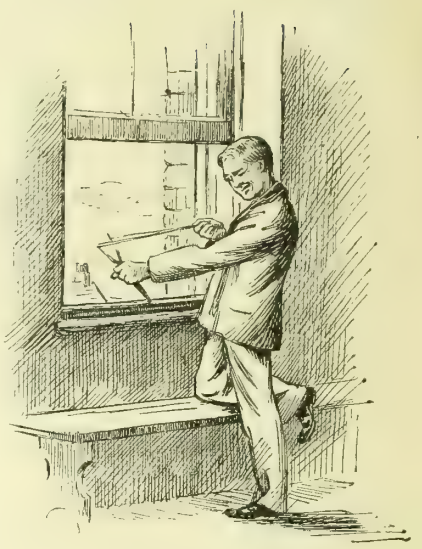
[*Exit* Habberton.]

[Tuck *walks up and down with book.*] Nuisance this speechifying is; I don't suppose it gives very much pleasure to people to hear me break down—and I'm sure to. [*He is near the open window.*] Hullo! there's that cat! right on the wall! What a shot! [*excitedly produces catapult*]. No stone! Yes! Habberton's marble! It's a pity to lose it, but it's worth it.

[*Takes aim and fires; a ball thrown in at the window by* Slaney *hits him; there is a noise of breaking glass.* Tuck *ducks out of sight, dropping catapult.*]

[*Enter* Slaney.]

S. Scissors! the doctor's window's broken! There he is! Oh, I say, Tuck, you're in for it.



T. It's all your fault; your stupid ball hit me just as I fired.

S. Well, you'd better explain to the doctor. Oh, Tommy! you'll know what cane tastes like.

T. I'm off! If he comes, Slaney, don't tell him I was here; I'm sure he didn't see me.

S. What will you give me if I don't tell?

T. Another apple!

S. [*Shouting after him*] Two, you mean!

[*Exit* Tuck *hastily, leaving catapult behind.*]

S. I wouldn't stand in his shoes for something! Won't he catch it! I don't care; it serves him right for bullying me just now.

[*Enter* Dr. Fox *rapidly.*]

Dr. F. Slaney! What are you doing here?

S. Nothing, sir.

Dr. F. Some boy has just thrown a marble through my window, narrowly missing my bust of Archimedes. From the direction of the shot it must have come from the schoolroom or here. There is no one in the schoolroom; you are here. Ah! there lies your catapult. [*Picks it up.*] Now, sir, what have you to say?

S. Please, sir, I didn't do it.

Dr. F. Be careful! I have the means of identification of the shameless culprit. Is that your marble? [*Produces a red taw.*]

S. No, sir.

Dr. F. Do you know whose it is?

S. It's Habberton's, sir. He's the only boy who has that sort.

Dr. F. And is this his catapult?

S. Yes, sir.

Dr. F. Ah! I see his initials are on it. Very good. Go and fetch him.

S. Yes, sir. [*Aside*] What a sell for the Doctor when he finds 'twasn't Habberton.

[*Exit* Slaney.]

Dr. F. Dear me! I don't know what would have happened if this had hit my bust! However, it would have been worse still if it had hit me! After all, though, it hit neither!

[*Enter* Habberton *and* Slaney.]

H. You want me, sir?

Dr. F. I do. You have broken my window with your catapult; I have the proof of it. I presume you don't deny the offence?

H. No, sir.

S. [*aside*] What!

Dr. F. Very well, sir. You have presumed, I suppose, on the fact that it is very near the end of the term, and that you are not returning to this establishment.

H. Please, sir—no, sir.

Dr. F. Don't interrupt me. I will show you that there is still time for punishment. [*Enter* Tuck; *stands at back.*] Come to me this evening at eight. I shall also fine you half-a-crown for the damage done to the window-pane. I say nothing about the pain you give me. [*Sees* Tuck.] Ah, Tuck; let this be a warning to you and all the others.

T. Please, sir, 'twasn't Habberton that broke the pane.

Dr. F. What?

T. No, sir; 'twas me.

Dr. F. 'Twas *I*, you mean.

T. No, sir, not you; me.

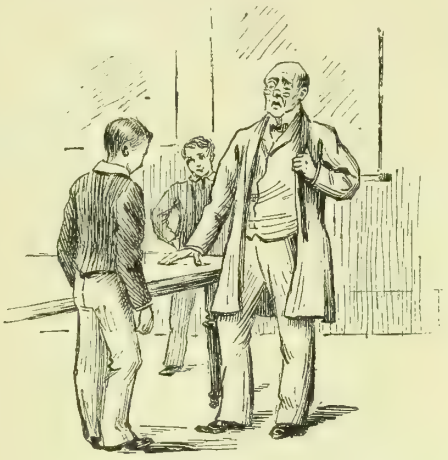
Dr. F. I grasp your meaning, however incorrectly expressed. Moreover, I recognise your misplaced generosity in coming forward to try and screen a fellow-scholar. But it is useless; Habberton has confessed that he fired the shot that broke my window.

T. 'Twas me, sir! really.

S. Yes, sir, 'twas Tuck.

Dr. F. But I've proofs that it was Habberton. See, here are his marble and his catapult.

T. They're mine, sir; he gave 'em me.



Dr. F. [*to* Habberton.] Then what do you mean, sir, by deceiving me, and telling me you fired the fatal shot?

H. So I did, sir; from the schoolroom window.

Dr. F. Ah, I see! Then you both fired at the same moment, and both are guilty. I shall mete out similar punishment to you both; I shall fine you both half-a-crown for damage done. [*To* Tuck.] Give me your catapult. [Tuck *does so.*] It shall no longer work destruction. [*Tries to break it; it recoils on his fingers.*] Ah! what abominably dangerous things! [Habberton *and* Tuck *laugh.*] Boys! you are laughing at another's distress!

H. and T. [*trying to stop laughing.*] No, sir—really, sir.

Dr. F. I shall punish you for such unfeeling conduct. You, Tuck, I shall deprive of the honour of delivering your speech on "Peace" to-morrow; you, Habberton, shall not have the gratification of reciting Campbell's noble lines. I hope this will be a lesson to you!

H. [*aside*] It *was* a lesson!—Yes, sir.

[Dr. Fox *walks to the door.*]

T. [*aside to* Habberton *gleefully.*] What luck!

[*They execute a dance expressive of gratification as the curtain descends.*]

A MODERN MILO.

By W. T. Greene, M.A., M.D.,

Author of "Jem and I," "Our Last Success," "A Strange Adventure," etc.

Norrland!

"The name suggests great remoteness," as a recent traveller in the region wrote. "In ancient times it was clothed with fable, and deemed inaccessible except to a divinely favoured few. In modern times Sweden's first novelist considered 'beautiful Ongermanland' as too distant to visit—and that although she went to America!"

In these prosaic and utterly unromantic days, however, it is accessible enough by steamers that during the summer skirt its shore of rocky pine-clad elevations, rather than mountains or even hills, relieved here by a white house and there by another painted red.

"In the depth of the year the days are nearly swallowed up; the sun shows his face for an hour or two, and then retires to his couch of ice again." Yes, but the summer atones for much, for then the sun sits up all night, is even said to dance at Midsummer, and certainly prolongs the day to weeks.

A grand time that for Norrland, as well as for those who love shooting and fishing. Giant salmon reward the patience of the latter, while for the former they "may adventure," as our author says, "to elks—even, it may be, to a bear." Ay, and to other, if less dangerous game—otters, to wit, and martens; and while in pursuit of one of these Karl Sturleson lost his life.

Poor Karl! There was not a finer lad or a better hunter in all Ongermanland, or a kinder-hearted fellow, and to think of his tragic ending there among the pine-clad mountains makes the blood run cold.

But the winter night! Ah! the day's length is no more than a span, and in the valleys, for long six months, the pine-clad hill-sides shut out the sun completely. Then the hunters, wrapped in furs and shod with snow-shoes, armed too with pistol or rifle as well as axe and spear, sally forth in bands or parties of from two to ten, rarely alone. But Karl Sturleson was not a native of the region, wherein he had made no friends, or rather only one, and consequently all the rest his foes, for Bertha Surtur was the belle of the whole Norrland, and an heiress, too, seeing that her father owned the largest farm on all the Ongerman.

So Karl went out alone to hunt the otter and the marten, or, if favoured by fate, he might, haply, find a bear.

It was a wild region, not mountainous, but rugged and hilly, and thickly grown with pines that thrust their roots down deeply in the crevices of the rocks, and lived and grew, nay, throve there, without a particle of soil to feed on; how they contrive to do it is a mystery that has puzzled more than one student of nature and cannot be solved by us.

During the summer, when the snows had been melted away, the whole country side was so rough and rugged and covered so closely with loose boulder stones that walking was rendered difficult; but when the cold, crisp, white snow had smoothed and levelled every path, the hunter, equipped in his furs and snow-shoes, sped merrily along, and by dint of arduous exercise contrived to keep his body in a glow.

"Farewell, Bertha, I will bring thee enough marten skins to make thee a winter robe," and the fearless young fellow sallied forth on his quest, to be seen alive no more by men.

"Fare thee well, my Karl; may the good Lord have thee in His holy keeping!" replied the maiden, as she waved her handkerchief, Norwegian fashion, after the swiftly retreating form of her betrothed.

Even during the longest winter night, when the sun does not appear above the horizon for days, there is always light enough to render travelling not only possible but easy in the far-away Norrland; for when the moon does not shine myriads of stars will twinkle merrily in the open sky, or aurora borealis illumines the northern heavens with its weird and fitful glare, and if Karl was not a native of the spot, he had been long enough on the Ongerman to know his way about, so that his failure to return home after an absence of four days caused little or no uneasiness to his friends. He had his powder-flask with him, and his rifle and his axe, while his pouch was well filled with concentrated meat, and he had his flint and tinder-box—he had not found his game as plentiful as he had expected, and had gone further afield in quest of it, that was all.

We shall see. When the young hunter had penetrated some distance up the hills his keen sight, scanning the sparkling carpet of winter in search of some footmarks of his expected prey, detected a frozen track. No sound of human voice, no song or chirp of bird, or even croak of evil-omened raven broke the stern tranquillity of the hour, but a deep sabbatic calm lay over all the hills, the slumbering woods, and the silent frozen waters underfoot.

In similar circumstances an English lad would probably have begun to whistle or hum a tune; but Karl Sturleson knew better than to let the cruel cold rush down his throat and chill his blood, so he kept his lips closed, and hied rapidly onward, closely examining the ground as he glided along.

At last, as we have said, he perceived an indication in the snow, and stooped to survey it more minutely. It was the track of a marten, and as these creatures never live alone, or venture far from their haunts, he knew his prey was not far off, and the first instalment of his Bertha's winter robe at hand.

By that time he had run some miles on his snow-shoes, and the night had become

more glorious than when he set out—"the moon had assumed more grandeurs," or, to speak more correctly, had appeared above the heavily timbered side of the ravine, and the stars shone out in denser and more effulgent legions, each bright particular orb sparkling more keenly in the icy air. The shooting-stars, too, or meteors, darted in greater numbers athwart the sky with almost supernatural brilliancy, and lastly the aurora of the north added the final touch to the beauty of that wintry scene.

True, no one but Karl was there to see, and all that happened after he left home can only be surmised; but a winter night in Sweden may be looked upon as a given quantity in the estimate of the situation, and all we have to tell can very well have taken place, as the reader will be able to judge when we have reached the *dénouement* of this sad tale.

There can be no doubt that it was a lovely picture Karl looked upon on that eventful night, or might have looked upon; but he was used to such midnight scenes, and held them of small account, being much more deeply interested in the small footmarks that had already caught his eye. So he hurried on, and lo! the tracks suddenly ceased, and—the hunter was at fault!

All around him was white and smooth and level, for every unsightliness, every inequality of the earth's surface, was deeply buried by the snow. But the hunter was at no loss what to do. The marten had not sprung suddenly upward into space, but had there crept quietly underground, carefully stopping up the hole by which it reached its retreat beneath some boulder-stone or gigantic root of ruined pine, while the feathery scales that dropped from the overhanging boughs had almost completely effaced the traces of its passage down below.

Yes, Karl understood the sign, and knew what to do. He unbuckled his belt, as they afterwards ascertained, and drew from it his faithful axe, with which he began to clear away the snow at the spot where the marten had disappeared. The surface crust was hard enough, but the axe's edge was keen, and the resistance of the frost was quickly overcome. But there was a drift at the place, it would appear, and Karl had to dig down some three feet or more before he reached the ground, or, rather, a mass of boulder-stones, in the midst of which, as he could then ascertain from the powerful odour they exhaled, the martens were enjoying their winter sleep, which he, poor lad, intended to be their last.

Man proposes, and Who it is that disposes of the lives of men and beasts we know. No human eye beheld the tragedy while it was being enacted. But when a week had elapsed from the time of the lad's departure on his hunting quest, and nothing had been heard of him, Bertha became alarmed, and imparted her fears to her father, who was inclined to make light of them at first; but when the eight days had grown to twelve, and there was still no sign of Karl, then the good man began to think that something untoward must have happened, and organised a search party to find the missing hunter.

In the interval there had been some heavy falls of snow, which had completely obliterated every vestige of the young forester's track, so that after fruitlessly spending several days in the quest, Herr Surtur and his party were fain to return home again as they had gone out, except that they were then confident that Sturleson was no more; nor was it until the returning spring had melted away the winter snows that the fate of the hunter was ascertained.

It was Pieter Nilsen who first discovered the scene of the tragic death of one who was scarcely his friend, but in whose mysterious fate he nevertheless experienced a sad interest. He, too, had gone out hunting one morning by himself, and had travelled some distance up a mountain gorge, perhaps a couple or three miles beyond the Ongerman, when his attention was caught by a peculiar-looking object that was lying a little way to his left near the bottom of the hollow along the side of which he was walking, and he stepped out of his way from curiosity to see what it was, and to his horror discovered it to be a human skull, or the greater part of one, that had been dragged to the spot where he found it by some beast of prey, most probably a bear.

That it was no relic of a bygone past, exhumed from a long-since-forgotten resting-place by the spring torrent of melted snows in its tumultuous rushing down the ravine to join the great river far below, was evident enough, for in places there were scraps of adherent flesh, and on the crown a tuft of yellow curly hair.

"Ach!" cried Pieter, starting back in dismay, "it is Karl!" and without waiting to see anything more he flew, rather than ran, back to the village, where his terrified appearance convinced every one who saw him pass that he had seen a mountain goblin, and they called eagerly after him for an explanation. The young fellow, however, took no notice of these appeals, and, hurrying on, rushed abruptly into the farm-house where Bertha Surtur and her father were eating their dinner, patriarchal fashion, in the kitchen, surrounded by their vassals and retainers—their dogs, to wit—and the men and women who helped them in the conduct of the farm.

Pale and breathless, his sudden entrance caused no little stir, and Bertha, instinctively divining that something dreadful had happened, clutched the table to keep herself from sinking to the ground, while the farmer jumped to his feet and advanced a step, with outstretched hands and a puzzled face, towards his unexpected visitor, who, he fancied, had suddenly gone mad.

Nilsen, however, as yet unable to articulate for want of breath, sank panting on a bench, and when the assembled inmates of the farmhouse had satisfied themselves that the young man was still in possession of his senses, they surrounded him, and, all speaking together, plied him with questions as to the nature of the vision or phantom they also took it for granted he must have seen, though, as usual, they took the very step best calculated to retard the gratification of their curiosity.

Surtur presently commanded silence, and, addressing Pieter, asked encouragingly, "What is the matter, lad? What is 't thou hast seen that has disturbed thee thus?"

"I have seen," replied the young man, speaking in gasps, and not without difficulty—"I have seen the head of Karl Sturleson, and——"

Before he could add another word a piercing shriek from the end of the table caused them to look round, when poor Bertha was discovered fallen backwards from her seat, and in doing so her head had come in contact with a corner of the stove, causing a severe wound, from which the blood was pouring freely.

In Norrland the father of a family is its surgeon, as a rule, as well as its priest and governor, and Herr Surtur had quickly bound up his daughter's head and recovered her from her swoon. On regaining consciousness the girl's first words were addressed to the young woodsman: "Pieter, tell me the truth—is my Karl no more?"

The hunter shook his head sorrowfully, but did not speak.

"Tell me all," repeated the girl; "I can bear to hear it now."

But there was not much to be told, and when Nilsen had briefly stated what it was he had seen, and where, the farmer stood up and exclaimed: "We will go and bring back—what we can find of the poor lad."

"I will go with you, father," cried his daughter; but Herr Surtur would not hear of such a thing.

"No, my girl," he replied, gently but firmly, "that cannot be;" and presently, guided by Pieter, and accompanied by some of his men, two of whom carried a hand-barrow, he set out for the scene of the disaster, leaving poor Bertha weeping bitterly at home in charge of the maids.

The snow had disappeared, and there was not much trace visible of the dreadful struggle that must have taken place above that marten's hole; but when the poor fellow's skull and some other fragments of his frame and clothing had been recovered, it was seen exactly how the deplorable tragedy had occurred.

Karl Sturleson must have dug down deeply into the snow before reaching the rocks or boulders below which the animals of which he was in search were hidden, and must have been considerably cramped for room in the narrow space he had excavated in the frozen snow, and, just as his prize was within his reach, an enormous mass of stone must have slipped and pinned him above the elbow.

That he struggled and exerted his utmost strength to free himself is no doubt certain, but unhappily in vain, or this narrative would not have been written; and there is just a possibility that by means of his axe, the broken handle of which was found below in the marten's hole, he might have escaped with the loss of his arm, which was found tightly jammed between the stones, though the rest of the body had been torn away piecemeal by the bears.

Perhaps he was dead already from cold when the bears attacked his remains? Alas! no; for the dead carcass of one of these animals at a little distance from the scene of the tragedy showed that the young fellow had bravely fought his assailants, and that not until he had inflicted mortal wounds upon one of them had he succumbed to their ferocious attacks.

Yes; there was the arm still imprisoned, but there was a mark upon the denuded bone that had not been inflicted by the bears, for it was the imprint of the axe's

edge, so that the unfortunate youth was in the act of mutilating himself when he was attacked by his savage enemies. The hand and forearm, however, that were inside the crevice were intact, and the glove and other covering with which they were invested served to identify the remains without a doubt.

The fate of old Milo was cruel enough, but that of poor Karl Sturleson was many times worse; for had the Greek happened to have had one of his hands at liberty, he would in all probability have been able to have extricated himself; but the modern Milo had no such chance, seeing that the unhappy youth was not only securely pinned by his right arm, but so cramped and hindered in his movements from want of room in which to exert his strength that he was unable to resist the savage fury of the beasts that had attacked him, and who must have torn him to pieces while he was yet alive, for the ground was saturated with his blood.

The farmer and his men, by means of a crowbar, moved the ponderous boulder-stone, and released the imprisoned limb of their lost friend, whose other remains they collected from a space of many yards around, and bore back with them sorrowfully to the farm, where they were decently and reverently interred in the family burying-place, while a rude monument of stones was afterwards erected on the site of the terrible tragedy.

TOMMY TENOR.

By J. Masterman.

There is no doubt the parish church of Comely has much to be proud of. Its high steeple is a landmark for miles, its gargoyles beat for size and ugliness all known specimens, its Norman west doorway has been photographed and etched and sketched again and again, and its flying buttresses and rounded apse are indisputably unique.

The building of Comely Church was a labour of love to the Norman masons; there is no scamping, no half measures visible to this day, and here and there one comes upon their marks indelibly cut—crosses and hearts for the most part—as if they wished to be associated for ever with their work. The interior is cathedral-like, with nave and side chapels and transept; lady chapel and chancel with carved oak stalls and screen; up above the nave the clerestory runs—"the Nuns' walk," as country children term it, from some old-world idea—and its sharp-cut arches still look fresh and new, thanks to the barbarous taste of bygone churchwardens, who white-washed the noble stonework, and so unconsciously helped to preserve it.

Of later days, since music came to the front, Comely Church boasts of its choir. It is still in the memories of a few old people in the parish how a stringed band once did duty in the west gallery, whereof half the fiddlers were deaf—mercifully for themselves, but very trying to many listeners—how the hymns were droned out by young men and women, whose knowledge of music went no further than singing the alternate verses *forte* and *piano*, how voices and instruments struggled for the supremacy through eight and ten twelve-line verses, whereof the last two lines of each verse were repeated, and then between each verse how the fiddles scraped on alone while the singers rested. Those were the days of square pews, and pews with doors, and pews placed anyhow, turning their backs on the east being quite orthodox, and when the chancel was given up to the best families and their servants.

The choristers who now march in orderly procession two by two, in uniform black and white, and at whose advent the congregation—which formerly rose only at the squire's entrance—rises, imagine it has always been as it is now, having no remembrance of the clerk in the "three-decker," who, after giving out a hymn, tried several tunes till he got one to fit the metre, and then, having started the congregation, replaced his quid in his cheek, and overawed the school-children beneath him by a majestic scowl if they ventured to glance off their books. Surely we have bettered all that!

It is about the choir of Comely, rather than the church of Comely, I want to tell. Five years ago the choir was particularly good; the boys' voices were especially true and sweet, and the men didn't bellow the boys down, but with "artistic feeling"—that's my father, the organist's, expression—were content to make a background of true harmony.

I was a big boy then, and had just been sent out of the choir because my voice was cracking. My father said it made his blood creep, and ordered me to hold my tongue in church; but it had caused me bitter pain to give up the place I had held for nearly six years as leader of the lads. I don't mind telling that I had a good cry over this dismissal, and I was having it in a corner of the Nunnery ruins close by the church, when one of the smaller members of the choir came upon me.

When he saw me with my blubbering eyes and swelled red nose, he doubled himself up with a hand on each knee, and, regarding me with a broad grin of derision, asked:

"Has his mammy been a-whopping of him?"

He was a boy known to us as "Tommy Tenor," having no right to any name as far as the workhouse authorities knew; for as a baby he had been left at the workhouse gates one winter's day, and from that day till the rector took a fancy to him and made him his "buttons," no claim had ever been made for the poor little foundling. The rector had heard him singing over his work, and had put him into my father's charge, and for many a day since then Tommy Tenor's voice had rung up above all other choristers' voices and gained him his surname.

He was an idle little scamp, not over cleanly, an irrepressible tease, and yet because of his pretty face (when it was submitted to soap and water) and his sweet notes, the rector's wife and my father condoned his many offences.

Tommy didn't care when the rougher lads—who ought to have known better—called him a "workhouse brat;" there was only one vulnerable spot about him, and that was his voice—let a new boy come and try Tommy's part, let my father wish to let another sing Tommy's solo, and Tommy's spirits sank at once, the pretty face gloomed over, and Tommy posed like a sick canary. On this occasion, when he found me blubbering, and heard its cause, he sincerely sympathised with me; his jollity fled instantly, he was transfixed with a sudden dread on his own account; the doom that had crushed me must, in the course of nature, overtake him!

"Poor old fellow!" he said, commiseratingly; and then he gazed silently before him with deepening gloom, seeing himself exposed to the like trial.

"Does every chap's voice crack?" he asked, presently. "Isn't there never no one as keeps on his singing voice always?"

It was a solace to me just then to depict my position in the darkest colours, as well as to deepen his dread; so I heaped up cases of boys (whose voices had charmed the world) losing every scrap of sweetness when they got their men's voices, how many my father had known to develop crow-like tones, or insignificant muffled voices; how few instances there were of good boy singers being also good men singers; and my spirits, I fear, rose as his sank.

After that conversation never a Sunday passed but he asked us whether we thought his voice sounded "like cracking."

As soon as the other boys knew of this dread of his, they, boy-like, traded cruelly upon his fear. They were by no means a kindly lot at the best, and Tommy's sweet voice was a constant source of regret to them, while my father's favouritism made the worst of them show him many an ill turn. They would hide his music in church, put squashed blackbeetles on his seat, and pinch his leg agonisingly when he was singing a solo; but though his face was blanched with pain or disgust, his ringing notes would never falter, and the rich sweetness would float upwards without a jar to tell of his sufferings. When we had any great day on—any special service and unusually grand congregation—I used to shift his place so that he might be spared these dodges, but on ordinary days I didn't interfere; I knew he would take his revenge afterwards.

And didn't he? that's all! Tom Long—our overgrown second soprano—one day ran a rusty nail into Tommy's leg, making him squeal just when the preacher was giving the blessing, and Tommy got no pudding for punishment, and was kept away from evening service in the choir; but when Long was going home that night Tommy stopped him, and there was a great fight. Tommy had to go in to prayers with his eyes bunged up and his ear bleeding; but Tom Long lost two front teeth, and the collar of his best jacket was torn off—worst of all, his singing was ruined till his father could afford to get him some false teeth.

It had long been the custom to sing an anthem once a month at Comely Church of an evening, and people came from all parts, attracted by Tommy Tenor. Rich as well as poor thronged the church, and I have seen ladies nudge each other at the first sound of Tommy's voice, and a stir go through the congregation afterwards as if it was all the fine folks could do to avoid applauding him. I know for a fact a great artist sketched him once as he stood forward to sing a solo part. My father had ordered us all to keep our seats while he sang his verse, and I found that was the reason. I learnt afterwards the artist made a fine picture of it, and exhibited it in London. My mother saw it, and told me it was exactly like, and yet it was "angelic;" but so he was, dirty little scamp! To see him in his surplice, his clean face and bright hair; the large blue eyes with eyebrows as if just pencilled, the skin fair and fresh as a girl's, no wonder the ladies gazed at him enraptured, and the fat cook at the rectory

forbore to scold when he put his fingers in the dishes. When I was deposed, and had to be merely one of the congregation, I fully realised the charm of Tommy Tenor. To look at him with his delicate features, his perfect colouring, his sweet seriousness, his unconscious grace, and to listen to his silvery voice soaring up in unbroken purity and sweetness till one's very breath stopped lest it should rudely mar the dying cadence, was indeed to have some sort of glimpse of one of those faultless creatures with whom we people heaven.

The other choir-boys, mostly stolid country louts, with stupid expressions on their thick-set features, seemed of a race apart—boys for the most part with comfortable homes and respectable parents, altogether of a superior class to the nameless "workhouse brat" whom they despised—and yet their eyes never shone, nor did their voices ever speak to the heart as did his.

Three years ago he was fourteen, and as yet there was no sign of a rift in the sweetness of his perfect voice. The old organ was under repair that Christmas, and we were making shift with a harmonium, which, at its best, is a very poor substitute, so father was extra particular with the choir, telling them how all depended upon their exertions.

On Christmas Day we had the anthem every one loves, "Unto us a Child is born," and I was proud of our choir. I had told father of the tricks often played on Tommy Tenor, so the latter was set a little bit apart, and when his part came on I don't think even a mouse stirred, and I felt myself catching my breath at the last. There was a great singer staying at Comely that Christmas-tide; he'd black hair and such big moustachios, and he went up to father as he was putting the music away after service, and asked a lot of questions about Tommy. Tommy stood by grinning at me, thinking it fine to be noticed by a stranger like that, till the Signor said: "Ah well, he sings like a seraph now, but it can't be for long, and who knows what sort of noise he'll make when he's a man." Then he gave him a florin, and told him to let him know if he'd like to be a singer by-and-by; but Tommy's grins were over. The fear that so often assailed him was very strong just then, and I saw him run off to the Nunnery ruins to hide his tears.

He had a bad cold that winter, so bad that his friend, the old cook, absolved him from work, and kept him in a warm bedroom for weeks. Luckily the rector was taking holiday, and it was February fill-dyke before he was back again, when the newly-restored organ was to be opened with some ceremony.

Father was very fidgety lest Tommy should not be fit to sing, and the lad's voice was very obstinate, notwithstanding all the feeding up. However, it gradually recovered, and his friend, the cook, at last gave him leave to join the choir practice at our house.

After the practice my father sent him home, bidding him not be out in the night air. Tom Long went away directly after him, just as father had said to me, "Tommy's voice is better than ever it was, isn't it?"

Father was in high spirits; he had got what he had long desired, a first-class organ with all the new stops, and his best boy had recovered more than all his former sweetness of voice in time for the grand show-off day.

"Come on, sonny," he said to me when the room was clear of all the boys, "I'd like one more practice before to-morrow; you shall blow for me."

The big old church was quite dark when we went in, and the candles at the organ only made a little circle of light around my father, as with a beaming face he again tried his long coveted possession, every now and then demanding my admiration for the renovated notes and new stops. "Listen," he said, as he came to the part Tommy Tenor had sung so delightfully at the practice; and pulling out a stop I had never heard before—the "vox humana"—I was overwhelmed with surprise, so exact was the reproduction of a boy's voice, lacking only articulation.

Softly, pleadingly, triumphantly the notes pealed out, the great, dark, empty building intensifying the harmony, and I thought my father would never get tired of repeating Tommy Tenor's part; but play it though he did with all his heart, it hardly came up to Tommy's rendering. As, at last, he closed the organ and prepared to leave, the side door through which we had entered banged to.

"I am sure I shut it," I said, when my father accused me of carelessness; "the wind must have forced it open. Listen to it!"

It was blowing up for a gale, and the thick walls seemed to tremble as the violent gusts beat against them. One lantern was blown out as we crossed the road, and my mother welcomed our return home with "I am thankful you are back; 'tis just an awful night, isn't it?" We were snugly tucked up in bed and falling aleep when loud and persistent knocking at our door aroused us. When we opened it, letting in a wild blast of snow-laden wind, the voice of the fat old cook from the rectory shrilly demanded where was Tommy Tenor?

Ah, where *was* Tommy Tenor! He had not gone home after the practice, which was over by nine o'clock, and when he had not appeared for prayers the rector had supposed my father had detained him. Only the boy's faithful friend, the cook, had feared some evil had happened to him, and, unable to make up her mind to the contrary, had at last ventured out into the storm to ask us what we could tell her of his movements.

When we remembered Tom Long had followed him out of our house we felt sure he had got shelter with him; but cook wasn't content with that, she insisted on seeing for herself, so with me as escort, off we went up the High Street, across the Market Square, out into the wind-swept country road where Tom Long lived.

Every now and then we staggered and clung to each other as a heavy gust burst upon us. I had never been out in such a storm at such an hour, and we had to shout at each other to make our words audible. At last we reached the cottage, and after much knocking and calling succeeded in making old Long come down to us. More time was spent in getting young Long awakened and sufficiently dressed to appear.

Cook attacked him at once.

"What had he done with yon poor lad Tenor?" she asked sharply. That put Tom Long's back up, and we could get little out of him but impertinence.

"It was a nice thing," he growled, "to be pulled out of bed because a workhouse fellow hadn't come in to supper," and much more of the sort. Old Long wasn't a nice man to deal with either, but he had some respect for the rector's cook because he got the pig's wash from her kitchen and didn't want to offend her, so he took Tom to task and made him say whether he'd been with the other lad that evening. Tom admitted he had had a few words with him after the practice, and that the words were not over friendly. "He'd teased him a bit, no more than he often did. Just twitted him about his voice, nothing more than usual."

He'd seen him last at the church door—they'd heard the organ going, and he'd "stuffed up" Tommy to believe there was a boy in there singing his part. Tommy "sucked it all in," and got in a "reg'lar wax."

"Oh, you villin!" cook cried angrily, as all this was drawn from the very unwilling lad. "And what happened next?"

"Oh, he kicked out at me 'cause I laughed at him, and ran away home, I thought, and so I comed home, and I guess you'll find he's sneaked up to bed without you knowing of it!"

This notion, which had not occurred to cook, comforted her greatly, and with a parting tirade against young Long's "impidence," she started off to return to the rectory. I accompanied her, for it was not safe to let her go alone. Chimney-pots and slates were flying about, and she and I cannoned up against each other several times before we arrived. But Tommy's bed was empty! Then cook roused her master. The rector was greatly alarmed; he bade cook keep warm by the kitchen fire, promised his wife to take care of himself, and bidding me fetch father, prepared to institute a strict search.

Remembering the slamming of the church door, the church was first searched thoroughly, but fruitlessly. Then I suggested the Nunnery ruins—it was a favourite place of retreat with us boys—but both father and the rector refused to go there; it would be unsafe to venture amongst the crumbling walls in such a gale; so we knocked up several houses where Tommy had playfellows, especially where the choir-boys lived, and as the alarm spread a good many fathers joined us in our search.

Many of us thought of the river, but without saying so; some thought he'd even run away, and some suggested he'd gone to his old home, the workhouse. What a night that proved! At length the dawn came on, and the wind fell as the light strengthened, and yet we could hear nothing of his whereabouts.

Cook had gone out again as soon as the light appeared, and it was she who came at last upon Tommy Tenor's hiding-place. Under a mass of fallen masonry amongst the Nunnery ruins, he lay dead!

The jury who held the inquest, and before whom Tom Long had to give evidence, brought in a verdict of accidental death; but they said to Tom Long they hoped he'd be cured of practical joking, for if it hadn't been for him Tommy Tenor would never have been in that dangerous place in such a storm. Tom Long, to do him justice, was sobered for many a day, and I don't think the lads ever sing the old chants and anthems without half listening for the voice that was so awfully hushed for ever.

A few months after Tommy's sad death, the rector told father a strange thing. A beautiful white monument had been sent to him anonymously, with the request it might be placed in the church. There it is to this day—a life-size kneeling figure in white marble, exactly like Tommy Tenor when he was specially cleaned up, kneeling up in the choir, with his Sunday face and his slender hands clasped before him, his lips just open as if he were praying aloud. No one has ever known or even guessed who had it made, and the only words beneath it are:

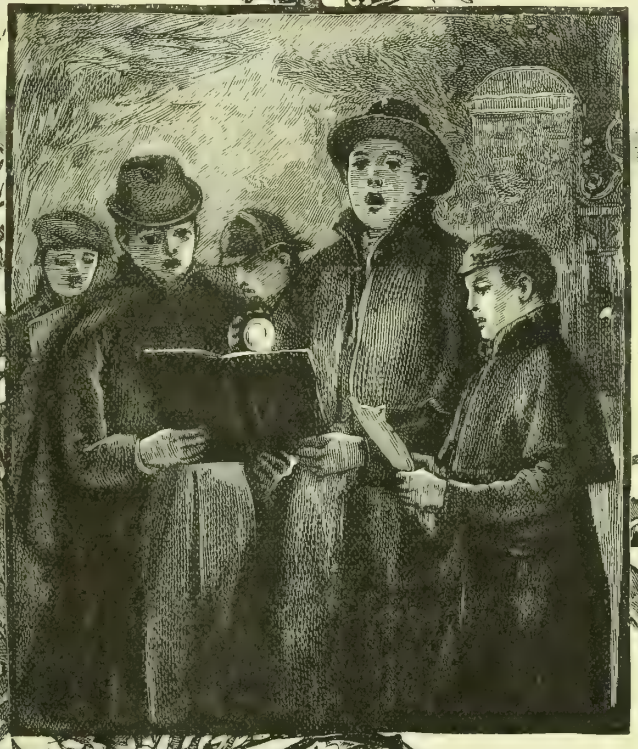
"In memory of a little chorister known as
TOMMY TENOR."

As in life Tommy Tenor attracted strangers to our church, so now they come to look at this, his beautiful effigy; but no one can guess who raised the monument, or unravel the mystery of his birth. The rector travelled to the town whence the stone was sent, but the stone-mason declined to answer any questions. His work was done and paid for, he said, and he had nothing else to tell.

Every Christmas the cook at the Rectory lays a stiff artificial wreath on the marble cushion beneath the marble knees, and every now and again some unknown hand places a nosegay of costly white blossoms at the base of the spotless stone.

CAROL SINGING









ON CHRISTMAS EVE



A. L. TUCK

FOE AND FRIEND.

By Robert Richardson, b.a.,

Author of "Almost a Hero," "The Holiday Experiments of Humphrey Dexter Page," etc.

This is the story of Don Miguel Velasquez, as he himself told it to me, sitting in the verandah of our hotel at Rio Janeiro, where the chances of travel found me in the spring of 18—. Don Miguel was only a hotel acquaintance, but in the course of a week we had become very good friends. We sat next to each other at *table d'hôte*, and I was first attracted by the young man's frank and courteous manner and by his singularly handsome personal appearance. His figure was an almost perfect one in its remarkable balance of grace and strength. It was as full of fine curves and delicate lines as a woman's, and at the same time as supple and well-knit as an athlete's. Dark, closely curling hair crowned a broad low brow and a face of great vivacity and the cleanest modelling. Altogether Don Miguel looked to me like the embodiment of a Greek god. One other thing about him that at first, and until he had explained matters, surprised me, was the facility, and even felicity, with which he spoke English.

We were seated, I say, in the broad verandah of our hotel in the cool of the evening. The city spread beneath us, its lights gleaming down to the harbour, and thence straggling right and left along the bay.

As Don Miguel half sat, half lay in the wickerwork verandah chair, the moonlight fell upon his face, and revealed to me once more the scar across his neck at which I had wondered more than once, and which came so near to marring the beauty of his face. He must have noticed my glance resting on this mark, for he said presently, "Now I know what you are thinking about; you are wondering how I came by that scar. Well, if you have patience for the story, I'll tell it you."

He threw away the end of the cigarette he had been smoking, stretched himself back in his chair, and spoke as follows:

"You know that I am a coffee planter, and that it is business connected with our fazenda which brings me to Rio at present; but I have not told you yet that I live with an uncle who is in reality the proprietor of the Fazenda de Santa Anna. I am myself an orphan, my father and mother having died when I was little more than a child. My uncle was my sole guardian, and I was educated first at Madrid and then in England, where I spent three years at a private school.

"I was seventeen years old when I came to live with my uncle to assist in the management of the plantation. My uncle was a widower and had one child, a daughter.

"The change from school life in England to the duties which now fell upon me was sudden and great, but I was determined to master my new position, and in a little while did so. Indeed, my life soon became a very pleasant one. My uncle was a somewhat strict disciplinarian. He was an able man in many ways apart from his vocation as a fazendeiro. From all under his employ he demanded swift obedience and faithful work. When he secured that he was a kind and thoughtful master. The negroes on the estate were well treated, and, though they feared him somewhat, liked my uncle.

"Yet life for me at this time would have been decidedly dull and monotonous had it not been for the companionship of my cousin. Dona Inez was a year younger than myself, a bright and beautiful girl, full of vivacity, intelligence, and sympathy. We soon became the best of friends, and more than friends; and I may as well say here that she is now my wife.

"I think my life at this time would have been perfectly happy but for one circumstance. My uncle's overseer was a man named Sebastian Gomez. He was a Spaniard, but there was Indian blood in his veins; a tall, singularly powerful and striking-looking man. He was an excellent overseer, having great influence over the negroes on the estate; and my uncle valued him highly and trusted him almost implicitly.

"Gomez was indeed a very faithful servant, and worked for my uncle's interests as though they were his own. He was a man of very considerable natural capacity, and had the powers of his mind been trained he would have been fitted to fill a much higher position than that which he occupied on the fazenda. But he was uneducated, ignorant, superstitious, and of strong and undisciplined passions.

"Soon after my arrival at the Fazenda de Santa Anna, Sebastian Gomez conceived a violent dislike for and jealousy of me. He had been for many years in my uncle's employ, ever since my cousin was born, and had for Inez a sort of dog-like affection, that was as strong as it was curious. I think he looked up to her as a kind of superior being, a goddess who commanded his reverent admiration and faithful devotion. Myself he regarded as an interloper and an alien. I had come and entered at once into my uncle's and my cousin's favour, and this Sebastian resented with an unthinking prejudice and an animal-like hatred.

"This aversion to me Gomez was astute enough to conceal before my uncle and cousin, but when we were alone together, as our respective duties sometimes caused us to be, or even in the presence of the negro hands, he took no pains to conceal the real state of his feelings. In a hundred ways of more or less significance he discovered his dislike and jealousy. Nothing of this did I ever mention to my uncle. I knew that it would annoy him, and I was unwilling, for the present at least, and unless the relations between Gomez and myself became more serious, to say anything that might cause my uncle to lose confidence in a servant who had served him so long and so faithfully.

"But with my cousin I had no such reasons for silence, and I could not help revealing to her something of Gomez's extraordinary ill-will towards me. I did not fear the man, nor anything he could do to me. Physically I was almost as strong as he, and of course much younger, while I had the light heart of a boy in supreme health; and if care ever found me out in those days it either dropped lightly from my shoulders in sleep, or I shook it from me in the daylight, as a strong swimmer shakes the salt brine from his hair.

"Nevertheless, Gomez's antipathy irritated and annoyed me a good deal, and it was some relief to discuss the matter with my cousin. Up to this, Inez had liked Sebastian for his faithful dog-like devotion to her. But her liking had been of a timid, shrinking sort, and had always been mingled with a certain fear of the man, and now, when she learned of Gomez's strange attitude towards myself, her mistrust of him was not long in cancelling her liking and gratitude. She feared for me far more than I did for myself, and would at once have told her father everything had I not dissuaded her from so doing. But the poor girl sometimes became so unhappy over the matter that I almost regretted that I had not kept silence towards her also. At my request Inez concealed her change of feelings towards Gomez from the man himself—and so successfully that I do not think he ever suspected the real state of her mind. For it was about this time that one night, Inez having complained during the day of indisposition, Gomez lay all night stretched across her doorway, where he was found sleepless and cold at daybreak. The man had some vague, animal-like feeling that by thus keeping watch and ward at his mistress's door he might parry any unseen forces of evil threatening her. It was the instinct of a watchdog, but I must say that when I discovered the circumstance I could not help feeling a sudden impulse of admiration and almost liking for the man.

"I do not think I ever believed that Gomez had any deliberate intention of doing me material harm until one night, shortly after the event just described. It was a breathless summer night, and I had found the interior of the house unbearable. I swung a hammock in the verandah, resolved to pass the night there. After some restless tossing I at last fell into a deep enough slumber, but woke suddenly, from what cause I know not, some hours before dawn. I turned over in my hammock to behold a pair of eyes gleaming at me in the moonlight, from behind one of the pillars of the verandah. The eyes rested on me with a strange and savage light in them that sent a curious and far from pleasant thrill through me. I was wide awake in a moment, and another glance showed me that the eyes belonged to Sebastian Gomez. His body swiftly disappeared behind an angle of the house. How long the man had been thus watching me, why he was there, and whether or not with any deadly intent—these questions I could only answer with a guess; but from that moment my distrust

of the man redoubled. I now felt almost certain that, should a favourable opportunity present itself, Gomez would use it to work me some serious ill. I began to think it was high time to speak to my uncle. Still I hesitated, and contented myself with watching Gomez warily, and being as little alone with him as possible.

"It was about a month after the above episode that the event I am now to relate occurred. Towards sunset, on a day that had been unusually hot, even for Brazil, I slung my gun across my shoulder and started for the forest. I was seeking not so much sport as coolness, and, if possible, relief from the lassitude that had been oppressing me all day. I had proposed to Inez that she should accompany me, but she had felt the stifling heat of the day so overpowering that she was disinclined for anything but resting in her hammock under the verandah, and had begged me to excuse her; and so I started alone, making in the direction of a small lagoon that lay some two or three miles distant from the fazenda.

"The lagoon was in the very heart of the forest, and all about it the vegetation was dense with the density that is, I suppose, found nowhere out of Brazil. Fern-palms and others grew almost to the water's edge, and the lianas and other climbing plants and parasites, twining among the boughs of the trees and drooping in ropes and loops from them, made so thick a screen overhead that even a tropical sun had no power to penetrate the leafy roof.

"It certainly was a little cooler by the lagoon, for slight puffs of wind were breathed from its bosom. I skirted the edge of the water, keeping a lazy outlook for sport; but either I was too careless and indifferent, or it was too hot for the waterfowl to quit their retreat among the reeds and water-flags, for I only twice got a shot, and then with no result.

"When I reached the top of the lagoon I stretched myself down full length among the grass and ferns, under the lee of a rock that stood close by the margin of the water. The air was still, motionless, and heavy with heat; not a breath of wind stirred the green canopy above; while rich forest odours were breathed about me from various flowering shrubs, which grew in profusion in the vicinity of the lagoon. Everything induced slumber, and, though I did not lie down with the fixed intention of going to sleep, the influences of the place were not long in working their effect, and before I was actually aware of it I was asleep.

"Yet my slumber was, as I always remember, a broken and disturbed one, crossed by strange, fanciful, and not very pleasant dreams. I must have been asleep for the best part of an hour, when I awoke suddenly with a start, and a vivid sense of danger threatening me; and there was peril of a very imminent kind staring me straight in the face; for my eyes opened to rest upon the head of a large jaguar regarding me steadily from behind the rock in whose very shadow I was lying. The two fierce, fiery eyes were fixed upon me with a baleful glare that sometimes comes back to me even now in my dreams. It was the first time I had ever been brought face to face with the terror of the Brazilian forest.

"My heart gave a great leap, and then seemed absolutely to cease beating, while a sickening feeling crept like an icy chill through my every nerve and fibre. With a strong effort I beat this coward feeling back, recovered my presence of mind, and felt for the gun lying at my side. Quickly lifting myself on one knee, I brought my gun to shoulder and took as cool and steady aim as possible at the face of the jaguar. My hope was that, if my aim proved true, I might blind, or partially blind, the brute, and so effect an escape; for, with my barrels charged only with heavy duck-shot, I could not hope to do more.

"The report rang through the silent forest, and was instantaneously followed by a savage roar. I saw a huge body leap out from behind the rock, and the next moment felt a terrible blow on my shoulder, and I was down on my back and smothered beneath a huge mass that well-nigh crushed the breath from my body. Indeed, had the weight upon my breast continued for many moments, I should have been suffocated, and done to death, without the necessity of my terrible foe using either paw or tooth; but, just as I was thinking, with fast-failing consciousness, that my hour was come, another gun-shot rang out in the stillness. I felt the weight suddenly lifted from my heart, and saw the jaguar roll back upon the grass, and then I became spectator of a strange, brief, and terrible little drama, which I seemed to witness almost like one in a dream; for I was faint with loss of blood from the wound which the paw of the jaguar had inflicted on my neck and shoulder.

"I saw a figure emerge from among the trees, holding in the left hand a rifle and in the right a long hunting-knife; and as the figure came in sight, the jaguar, already wounded almost to the death by the bullet which it had received in its breast, turned upon its new foe. The creature, wild with pain and its brute instinct of revenge, sprang upon the new comer, who stood to receive his enemy as coolly and steadily as a regiment might receive a cavalry charge. The man dropped on one knee, and, as the jaguar leapt at him, buried his hunting-knife in the creature's heart. I saw the long, keen steel turn and flash one moment in air, and the next it disappeared to the hilt in the jaguar's breast. The huge brute reeled back from the stroke without another cry, and fell lifeless among the ferns. Sebastian Gomez—for it was he—drew the red, dripping knife from the body of the jaguar, wiped it quietly in the grass, and turned towards me.

"He bent down beside me, and removing the broad bandana scarf which he wore round his waist, tore it into strips, and swiftly and dexterously bound up my wound. The paw of the jaguar had fallen on my shoulder, and torn the flesh upward towards the neck. I was feeling faint and sick, but was quite conscious, and now felt pretty sure that I should remain so. When he had bandaged my wound, Gomez brought water from the lagoon in a broad palm leaf, and bathed my face and temples, which still further revived me.

"'It is a long wound, but not very deep, Don Miguel,' Sebastian said. 'It will do you no real harm. But I was just in time, the saints be praised. A few minutes more and the brute would have crushed the breath out of you, besides mangling you terribly. I am not easily unnerved, but it makes me shudder to think of what a death might have been yours.'

"'And I have you, and you alone, to thank for my safety,' I answered, raising myself into a sitting position, but still feeling giddy and dazed.

"'Don't thank me, master. Thank the good saint who has watched over your life to-day. I did not come here to save you. Listen; I must tell you all. But I will tell you as quickly as I can, for I know you are still sick. I saw you this afternoon preparing to go into the forest. I followed you, though you did not see me. Yes, I followed you like a shadow, and not at first, as I have said, for good. I have hated you, Don Miguel, and that is heaven's own truth. I have been jealous of your growing influence with your uncle, and with Dona Inez, to save whom from any danger I would cut off both my hands, as a dog would lay down its life for its mistress. Well, when I am angry I do not think of consequences, you see. Spanish and Indian blood together make a hot mixture. I followed you into the forest to-day, thinking that if any opportunity placed you at my mercy I would use it. I had no fixed plan of working you harm, you understand. But there was a wild and blind desire for revenge in my heart, and I thought, now if the saints should give him over to me to-day I shall not be backward, and the consequences may take care of themselves. All the time you were asleep I was watching you and trying to shape some plan by which I might take your life with the least danger of detection—for I was cunning, and with all my hot desire for revenge wished to do the deed, and, if possible, escape the penalty. I am telling you all the truth, you see—every syllable. Well, I had determined on what I thought was the safest plan. There is a plant that grows abundantly in these woods, the juice of which is a deadly poison. A few drops squeezed between your parted lips as you slept would have made you sleep on for ever. The Indians sometimes use this plant for purposes of suicide when they have grown old and infirm, and when they can no longer follow the chase and have become a burden to their tribe. Yes, that is what I meant to do—to steal up to your side, and drop the swift poison between your lips. The result would have been quite certain, and no sign would have been left. No one hereabouts could have guessed how you had died.'

"At this point of Gomez's story I must confess that my previous feeling of faintness was not much relieved, and my brow was wet with a clammy dew. Gomez resumed, speaking in a fast and somewhat excited tone:

"'But it had been willed otherwise. Just as I was about to put my murderous plan into execution I caught sight of the jaguar, and saw in a moment the danger that threatened you. In an instant almost there was a sudden revulsion of feeling in my mind. I cannot tell how it happened, for it surprised myself. I can only explain it by supposing that all this time, Don Miguel, your patron saint was guarding you, and that my good saint was unwilling that I should turn my hand against my master's nephew and my young mistress's lover, and drove the murderous thoughts suddenly from my mind. It seems like a miracle, but so it was. My



"The huge brute reeled back from the shock."

hatred and my desire for revenge vanished like a black cloud from the sky, and my whole thought now was to save your life. I obeyed the new impulse as I before prepared to obey the old one. And I have been fortunate. My shot would almost have been sufficient to settle the jaguar, for it was well aimed, but my hunting-knife finished him easily. You really saw the brute a moment or two before I did, for, absorbed in my plans for taking your life, I did not see the animal's actual approach through the brushwood. Had I done so I might have saved you this ugly wound. However, we may be thankful that things have turned out so fortunately as they have. And now, master, can you forgive me all that is past? I have no feeling of hatred or jealousy left towards you. All is vanished. When you save a man's life, you understand, you bind him to you with the strongest of chains—stronger even than if he had saved yours; at least, that is how I regard the matter—and, apart from that, I have wronged you from the first. Can you forgive me?'

"I held out my hand to Gomez, and he grasped it in his own strong clasp. 'How could I do otherwise, Sebastian? Henceforth I owe you everything. We shall be friends from this day, shall we not?'

"'From this day, Don Miguel. And now you must get back to the house; the dews are beginning to fall.'

"He lifted me with the greatest ease, and carried me all the way back to the house. My wound healed steadily, but left this scar. To Inez I told everything, and in a little while Sebastian Gomez was restored to his former place in her liking, or rather she trusted him more now than before. His action clearly revealed that there were secret depths of nobility in the man's character, notwithstanding his ill-regulated and passionate heart, which only needed opportunity to discover. My uncle was told the story of my rescue at the hands of Gomez, but not of the latter's previous attitude towards myself.

"Three years later my cousin and I were married, my uncle building a separate house for us on the estate. Gomez remained one year longer with us, a faithful and diligent servant to the end. Then, having saved money, he bethought him of taking a hotel here in Rio. We helped him in his new adventure very willingly, and he is now the proprietor of one of the most comfortable hotels in the city. I almost always put up with him myself. He has been married for several years, and is a prosperous man.

"That is my story; and if you feel inclined to visit the Fazenda de Santa Anna, we shall try and make you welcome in our rough-and-ready Brazilian way. Yet not perhaps quite so rough-and-ready as you might suppose. Indeed, apart from the coffee business, it is almost worth while visiting the Fazenda de Santa Anna to see our orangeries alone. And now shall we stroll down towards the harbour, and will you try these Cubans? Ah! I always forget; you are a non-smoker. Wonderful! Such a thing is hardly to be met with in Brazil."

AT PLAY WITH THREE WHALES:

AN ADVENTURE IN THE POLAR SEA.

By David Ker,

Author of "A Coral Prison," "Ilderim the Afghan," etc.

We were a merry party on board of the little steamer that was carrying us up to the lonely waste of waters lying between the North Cape and Spitzbergen, on a fine summer day eight weeks long; for we had already passed the limit of perpetual daylight, and were now well into that puzzling region where Lord Dufferin's pet rooster flew overboard and drowned himself in despair, evidently thinking that a world where the sun had ceased to rise and set as he ought to do was no place for a respectable rooster to live in.

We had already had our full share of adventures. We had fraternised with dwarfish, highly-flavoured Lapps, admired their bright-eyed reindeer, and examined with some curiosity a tattered Lapp translation of the life of Moody, the evangelist, which one of them proudly produced from his deerskin pouch. We had wondered at the presence of mosquitoes in countless swarms far to the north of Iceland, and had found to our no small chagrin, on passing the spot where the terrible "Maelstrom" whirlpool *ought* to have been, that that famous vortex, "which doth suck down, as it were a straw or a leaf, the largest whales that be in the ocean," existed only in the vivid fancy of mediæval chroniclers.

One of our striking local experiences was that, while lying at anchor off the low straggling point of Vœringer Ness, nearly midway between Trondhjem and Tromsoe, a passenger from the Southern Tyrol (who was by way of being a great sportsman) borrowed the captain's gun to have a shot at four wild ducks that were hovering on the surface of a smooth, shallow lagoon within easy range of the steamer. He let fly, and, instead of one of the four birds falling, a fifth suddenly rose up, no one could see whence. Three times more did he fire, and each time up jumped another duck, amid roars of laughter from the whole ship's company, while the captain remarked with a broad grin that it was a new style of shooting to blow a duck *into* existence, instead of *out* of it, with every shot! The miracle was never explained, and we were left to conjecture that the mysterious birds must have been under water till the report of the gun scared them up.

Our first evening beyond the Arctic Circle was a sight never to be forgotten. Slowly, calmly, grandly, the great sun sank toward the black, sailless void of the infinite sea, like a noble soul overwhelmed by unjust misfortunes. As he touched the rim of the horizon a cheerless dimness, that seemed like the deepening shadow of the grave, gathered like a shroud over the voiceless ocean and the desolate shore, giving weird, unearthly shapes to the jutting crags of that iron coast, and making the dreary waste of leaden waters look vaster and drearier than ever. Then, suddenly, amid the hush of a silence as deep and solemn as that of a newly-created world, the glory of a fresh dayspring broke over sea and sky, and the great resurrection was complete.

But another spectacle was yet in store for us, even more characteristic of the far North than these.

As we steamed slowly out toward the open sea from Tromsoe Harbour (our last halting-place before Hammerfest itself, "the town at the world's end") the talk naturally turned upon the famous northern "kraken," that giant octopus which, though now as mythical as its compatriot the Maelstrom, was once painted by artists, gravely classified by naturalists, and believed in by the whole world.

"It's a good job," cried one of our party, "that the kraken is an extinct animal; for if (as Bishop Pontoffidan says) its feelers were long enough to reach up the rigging and haul down a sailor from the masthead, it would have pulled us all off this deck as easily as a boy would pick strawberries!"

"I should think so!" said I; "especially as it is said to have simplified the process at times by dragging down ship and all to the bottom of the sea, to be devoured at leisure."

"But is it so certain that the beast *is* extinct?" asked a voice from behind. "Sir Walter Scott mentions it as a current belief in 1824; and only a few years ago I read a story in one of the magazines telling how some man saw off the coast of Shetland a creature answering to the description of the kraken, and had even made out the twisting of its feelers through a strong glass."

"It must have been a *strong glass* of whisky, then," said the first speaker, with a grin. "Catch me believing that such a brute exists till I've *seen* it existing!"

"But, on the other hand," I put in, "you must remember what Canon Kingsley tells us: 'Never say positively that a thing does not exist till you have actually seen it *not existing*.'"

Just then there was a sudden bustle and clamour of voices on the forecastle, and then one of the disputants, who had run forward to see what was the matter, came rushing back in high excitement.

"Hurrah, boys!" he cried; "here's a kraken turned up just as you were talking of it!"

There, sure enough, about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, lay floating a vast, black, glistening mass, very much like the bulging side of an enormous bottle. Though evidently moving very slowly, its mighty bulk shouldered the smooth sea into huge waves at every movement; and,

judging by the displacement of the water around it, its length must have been considerably more than half that of the steamer itself.

"That's not a kraken," said I, "but it's something else that can be quite as dangerous at times—it's a whale."

At that moment, as if to confirm my words, two huge jets of water shot up high into the air from the floating mass, and fell back in a shower of glittering spray.

This sight, however familiar to a few of us, was new to the greater number of those on board, and they crowded eagerly on to the forecastle to look at it. But just then a cry from one of the sailors drew our attention to a second whale that had just risen to the surface on our port beam; and in another moment the captain pointed out a third on the starboard bow.

"These whales seem to be tacticians," said a tall, keen-eyed American, with the scar of a Confederate bullet on his brown cheek; "they're going to outflank us, like the Irish soldier who *surrounded* his prisoners."

But the Prince of *Whales* and his courtiers (as the wit of our party called them) hardly seemed to notice our presence. They at once made for each other, and began a sort of gigantic game of leap-frog, surging up and plunging down till the whole sea was in a foam with their unwieldy gambols, and lashing the water with their fluked tails until the noise that they made fully bore out Charles Reade's bold comparison of it to "a church-tower falling flat upon an acre of boards."

"I suppose they're home for the holidays," said our "funny man," with a grin. "People talk of a *school* of whales, so it stands to reason that they must have holidays sometimes."

"This would make a good illustration of my favourite text, 'The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like young sheep,'" added the Rev. Evelyn Burnaby, a younger brother of the famous Colonel.

But the captain looked anxious and troubled, as well he might. There could be no safety for us while in such close proximity to these moving mountains, every plunge of which made the steamer rock to and fro like a child's toy; and any chance collision with one of them, even in sport, would smash our ship like an eggshell.

"Load the bow-gun, quick!" roared Captain Hansen. "We've no ball, unluckily, but the report may be enough to scare 'em."

He was obeyed, and not a moment too soon; for hardly was the gun slewed round and the powder handed up when the largest of the whales turned and came right at us, followed by the other two!

The captain himself sprang to the wheel, and the gunner rammed and primed for bare life, while we all held our breath; for the shock of that mighty mass, driven against us like a battering-ram, would suffice to send us all to the bottom at one blow.

But, just as the foremost whale seemed about to crash into us, round flew the wheel, the ship veered to starboard, and the monster shot harmlessly past, almost capsizing us with the "wash" of its wake. At that moment bang went the gun, and happily the sharp, sudden report sufficed to scare the three leviathans; for the whale, with all its giant bulk and strength, is as easily startled as its cousin the elephant. Down sank the three fluked tails into the unknown depths below, while we, recovering with some difficulty from the tremendous roll of their plunge, glided swiftly away from that perilous spot into the open sea beyond.

BRAVE YOUNG DOUGLAS.

By Linda Bell Colson.

Before a rude log shanty, built in a small irregular clearing in the yet untilled forest of fifty years ago, a boy stood watching a slight opening in the trees opposite. He could discern a short procession moving slowly along the narrow path. The boy's name was Douglas Macrae. His sister, Janet, a slim girl of fifteen, and two years his senior, stood in the doorway, crying silently.

It was hot with the fierce sultry heat of a Canadian August. The pine-trees fringing the clearing gave out a strong resinous smell. The sparse patches of cultivated land had scarcely a vestige of green left. Drops of perspiration trickled down the copper-hued faces of the four Indians who led the procession, carrying on their shoulders a roughly-made coffin. As they emerged from the forest and came into the full glare of the clearing, Douglas bared his head; his face was set and strained. The coffin contained the body of his uncle, David Macrae, who had died on his own farm, two miles away, but twenty hours before, his last wish being that he should be buried in the little graveyard at Keene, where already a rude headstone bore the name of his wife. The intense heat made it necessary that no time should be lost in carrying out the dead man's wish. Douglas's father and a few neighbouring settlers walked slowly behind the Indians. One of these latter, called Peter Crow, was a tall, muscular Mohawk, with a low, brutal expression of face. He was noted in the Indian settlement near for his enormous physical strength, his fierce, ungovernable temper, and his fatal fondness for the firewater of the white man.

The Indians carried the coffin stolidly. As the procession crossed the path in front of the shanty, Mr. Macrae called out to his children that he would return before nightfall. Soon the little band disappeared under the pine-trees, and was lost to Douglas's view. There was still a walk of two miles through the forest before they could reach Rice Lake, where the Indians would have to lay their insensible burden in a canoe to paddle across to Keene, where, in the wild cemetery, a newly-made grave awaited their coming.

Douglas went into the shanty, and, throwing himself down on a rough couch which served at night as a bed, burst out crying. He had loved his uncle dearly, and his death was a great loss to him, greater than any he had known since the early death of his mother.

Some twelve months before this August day the children's father, meeting with reverses in business, had left his native city, Edinburgh, and, with his two little ones, had come out to Canada. He was a man of considerable force of character, upright and honourable, but cold and harsh in manner, and his motherless children had long since learned that they need look to him for neither sympathy nor love. To his son he was especially severe, almost to cruelty. Douglas was a slight, delicately-built boy, with a long thin face, and a pair of singularly-beautiful grey eyes, inherited from his Irish mother. Mr. Macrae, a strong man himself, despised his son's physical delicacy, and unjustly characterised the boy as a weakling and a coward. Douglas was passionately fond of music, and already played the flute with unusual ability. But this only served to increase his father's contempt for what he regarded as effeminacy in the boy, and so music was to Douglas a forbidden pleasure. The life of a farmer, Mr. Macrae told his son, would, he hoped, "make a man of him."

On their arrival in Canada, Mr. Macrae had taken his children to his brother David, near whom he proposed to settle. Then had followed for Douglas and Janet some weeks of unalloyed pleasure. Their uncle and aunt were childless, and they took at once to their hearts the "puir mitherless bairns," as the kindly Scotchwoman called them. The children revelled in their new freedom, and in the affection so lavishly bestowed on them. Douglas was a different boy in this bright, loving atmosphere, and David Macrae could not understand the lack of interest his brother displayed in the, to him, highly-gifted lad.

To Douglas the crowning proof of his uncle's kindness was the gift of a famous pistol. It was an old horse-pistol, historically valuable as having once belonged to Prince Charles Edward the Pretender, but which had been for many years in David Macrae's possession. It was a beautiful and curious firearm—a flintlock with a smooth bore, the stock profusely inlaid with silver and terminating in a silver knob. Douglas spent long hours cleaning and polishing his treasure, and was triumphant when, to Janet's terror and dismay, he fired his first shot.

The summer was well over when Mr. Macrae finally decided on the purchase of a large tract of land nearer Rice Lake than his brother's farm. It was a bad season of the year to begin farming, but Mr. Macrae was obstinate in refusing his brother's offer of hospitality for the winter.

Though Douglas and Janet longed ardently to be allowed to remain where they were, they stood in too much awe of their father to make known their wish; and so, on a chill November day, with drearily-falling rain, the first logs of the new home were laid.

It was a wretched beginning to a wretched winter. The inclement season commenced early and was unusually severe. The thermometer sank for days at a stretch to far below zero. Heavy snowstorms raged frequently. The log shanty proved but a poor shelter from the searching winds. Janet and Douglas in their insufficient clothing suffered miserably from the cold. Their provisions gave out, and long before the winter was half over they were reduced to a diet of "rusty" pork and frozen potatoes. Their sole drink, except water obtained from melting snow, was a tasteless pink infusion made from the

wild tea-bush, a low, scrubby shrub, which grew in profusion in the neighbourhood.

What Mr. Macrae thought of the hardships they were forced to endure his children never knew; he bore everything uncomplainingly, and expected them to do likewise. To Douglas, whose health suffered from the lack of proper nourishment, he was even harsher than usual, and many a time the lad smarted under the injustice. His beloved flute lay silent among his few treasures. In his worst moments of suffering he stole often to look at it, to press his lips to it in an agony of passionate regret that he must for ever renounce his dream of becoming a great musician.

One night there was no fresh water in the house, and Mr. Macrae sent Douglas out for some snow to melt. In order to insure its being thoroughly clean, the lad had to seek it at some little distance from the house. The tall pine-trees threw a black shadow across the snow. As he stooped to scoop some up in his tin dish, an owl perched high on a tree uttered an unearthly hoot. It was an unknown sound to the Scotch lad, weird and uncanny in the still night air, and filled him with a dread terror of he knew not what. With a stifled cry he dropped his dish of snow and fled back to the house, his fear of the unknown exceeding even the fear he felt of his father.

"You young coward—afraid of a noise! Return at once and fetch me that snow." Mr. Macrae looked threateningly at a stout switch he kept conveniently near.

The boy hesitatingly opened the door; Janet, casting an appealing glance at her father, made a move to accompany him. Mr. Macrae commanded her to sit still, and Douglas, slowly and silently, went out into the darkness and the presence of that unknown evil. His heart beat painfully, it was almost audible in the silence of the winter's night. His teeth chattered, his boyish face was drawn and pinched, he seemed to feel around him a thousand ghostly forms each uttering that strange gruesome cry. He accomplished his task, but he never forgot in all his after life what he endured in doing so.

Slowly the miseries of the winter passed, and at length there came the sudden bursting into life of the glorious Canadian spring. It was a welcome change to Douglas, for, though he still had many irksome duties to perform, the savage beauty of his spring-clad home enchanted him.

Early in the summer his aunt had died, and now his uncle was taken from him—his uncle, whose warm sympathy had cheered him, whose kindly interest had roused all that was best and highest in his nature; and, as the sad procession passed from his sight amid the pine-trees, he felt that he had lost his truest earthly friend.

But the first bitterness of grief overcome, and relieved by the passionate outburst of tears with which he had thrown himself down, Douglas arose. He recalled the precious gift of the dead, the Charles Edward pistol. Lovingly he took it out, fingering it affectionately, and as he did so, stories of its history told him by his uncle came to his mind, and his boyish ardour kindled. Carefully he loaded the old weapon, and had just reset the flint in the lock when his sister entered. Laying his pistol down on the shelf, he proceeded to help her in the preparation of their evening meal.

Presently he had to go to the newly-made well for water. As he bent down to lower the bucket the sound of a distant whoop startled him, and he sprang to his feet; the cry was repeated, and again and again it woke the echoes of the forest, each time evidently nearer. Gazing intently in the direction whence it came, he descried the form of an Indian walking along the path from the lake towards the clearing, and waving his arms wildly the while he gave vent to a series of savage yells. Douglas turned and rushed across the little space to the house, where he found Janet standing in terror at the door.

"Oh, Douglas," she cried, "it is Peter Crow, he must be drunk—what shall we do?"

Janet was right. It was Peter Crow. The whisky, which fifty years ago was usually supplied with a free hand on such an occasion as a funeral, had proved too much for the savage. By the time the procession had reached the lake Peter had been in no condition to be a safe companion in a canoe, and so had been left behind with orders to return to the Indian settlement. Instead of doing so, however, he had retraced his steps to Mr. Macrae's clearing.

Instinctively the children felt that they were in great peril, and that the Indian must be kept out of the house. Already he had come within a hundred yards or so.

Douglas rapidly closed the door and drew the bar which secured it at night.

"Do you think he can break it in?" tremblingly asked Janet.

The suggestion brought a new sense of insecurity, and so the children dragged the sleeping-bunk and set it against the door as a barricade, hastily adding the table and chairs; but before they had completed their defence Peter Crow was vociferously demanding admittance.

"Let me in! Let me in! White man keep whisky. Red man want whisky!"

"We haven't any in the house; you had better go back to the settlement," shouted Douglas.

"One big lie white boy tell. White man always have whisky; white man never drink water. Let me in! Let me in!"

Again he hammered on the door, shrieking like a madman in broken English and in his native tongue, and uttering blood-curdling screams which almost paralysed his listeners.

"Oh, Douglas, he will kill us; hark to that! isn't it awful! Please, God, help us, save us!" She fell on her knees and hid her tear-stained face in her hands.

"Don't be afraid, Janet; see, the sun is setting; surely the door will stand firm until father returns."

As he spoke the noise without suddenly ceased.

"I believe he has gone." Douglas crept stealthily to the little loop-hole of a window and looked out.

The Mohawk was nowhere visible. The pine-tops were flooded with the crimson of the fast sinking sun, the sky was flecked with rosy clouds, the freshness of the evening was gradually replacing the sultriness of the day. The whole scene was one of peace. Douglas found it difficult to realise that the incidents of the last few minutes were not all some hideous dream.

"Oh, Janet, I think he has really gone; but we won't open the door until father gets back."

He turned away from the window, but as he did so a sight met his eyes which sent every drop of blood from his face.

It was the Indian emerging from the shadow of the pine-trees, and carrying a good-sized log. It was not that, however, which so startled the boy; it was his expression. Naturally vindictive and ill-favoured, his face was now distorted with passion until it more nearly resembled the face of a demon than that of a human being. His black hair hung in tangled masses around his neck, his eyes were glaring and bloodshot, his white teeth showed like the fangs of some hungry animal.

Douglas stole away from the window; he dared not tell his sister what he had seen.

Again came the violent hammering on the door, with the fierce whoops. "Red man kill white children, no give whisky. Indian want whisky, whisky always."

The brother and sister within shudderingly listened, their young hearts filled with despair. The glow faded from the sky, the grey twilight gathered, would their father never come?

Then a terrific blow of the log thundered on the door. The frail barrier shivered beneath its force, creaked and gave way. With a howl of triumph Peter rushed into the room. At the awful sight Janet crouched speechless in a corner. Towards her staggered the Indian and seized her by the arm, whirling round her head with a diabolical yell a huge knife. For a moment Douglas stood still in horror, then, like a flash, came the thought of his pistol, and he nerved his heart for action.

A couple of steps to the shelf on which it lay, and it was in his hands, pointed full at the Indian, who at the sound of his movement had turned from Janet to attack the lad. The Indian made a rush, and he fired.

For a second the boy saw through the smoke a swaying body, and a heavy fall told him the shot had taken effect; then his senses left him.

When he revived, his father was bending over him. "My brave boy, thank God you are safe." There was a tenderness in his voice unknown before.

Douglas's heart gave a throb of joy, never before had his father spoken to him in such tones, never caressed him as he was doing now.

"Peter Crow, father, is he dead?" he asked brokenly.

"No, it was only a trifling wound, he will be all right in a few days."

And Janet?

"Janet is safe and well; but you must keep quiet, my boy, and you will be better soon."

Douglas sank back; he was too weak yet to do more than wonder if his father had really learned to love him at last!

Two months later, Mr. Macrae, wearied of a life for which he had neither inclination nor ability, disposed of his farm and returned with his children to Scotland, where he decided, for Douglas's sake, to make his home. Between father and son there sprang up a warm enduring love and sympathy, perhaps all the deeper for the long years of repression. The beloved flute was no longer hushed. Under skilled masters, Douglas began a long course of training in music, and after years of patient study and hard work, by which alone success is attainable, he reached an honoured place among the musicians of his day.

LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT:

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHRISTMASTIDE ON DEAL BEACH.

By Herbert Russell.

"There'll be dirty weather this night, sir, or I ain't no judge," said a burly fisherman, pausing in his swinging gait at the street corner, where I stood, under the lee of a quaint and tarry storehouse, surveying the prospect of dark weltering ocean and murky heavens before me. "Obsarve how the wind freshens, sir. Likewise take note of them gulls flying close in 'longshore. The bay-rometer's fallen oncommonly low too, so Tommy Wilkins was just a-saying."

"Yes, it looks threatening, certainly," I responded; "but you Deal boatmen generally welcome the prospect of a gale of wind, don't you? Ships come to grief, and then you launch your boats and get a 'hovel' as you call it."

"Oh, I dunno, sir," replied the man, with a short laugh, at the same time wiping some tobacco-juice from his lips with the end of his long scarf. "It's been precious few hovels as have been got of late times in these parts. Wessels don't seem so plentiful, I fancy, as what they used to be; and steam kills the chances of us men. But, thank Gord, I've still got a nice cup o' tea a-waiting for me indoors, seeing as which is the case, and no doubt my missus keeping the kettle b'iling till such times as I come in, I'll wish you a werry good afternoon, sir." And with a jerk of his mittened hand towards his forehead, the great-booted, sou'-wester'd, and muffled figure went heavily lurching down the quiet little street.

The shades of an early December evening were closing in upon the scene even as I stood under the shelter of the aged and blackened boat-house, past which the keen north-east wind swept with ominous growling notes. Before me spread the waters of the Downs, where were anchored some score or more of vessels, mostly little coasters, pitching and tossing with laboured, uneasy motions. The short stretch of Deal beach which lay clear to my view was almost deserted; several luggers were drawn high upon it by the tottering old capstans, and the foreground was crowded with such details as anchors and chains ready for shipping off to vessels needing them, piles of nets, two or three great snatch-blocks, coils of stout hawser, oars, sails, and boat-hooks lying scattered about in a manner to suggest a right lordly disregard for their property in the minds of the 'longshore owners; but the only signs of life visible upon the sloping banks of shingle that descended in billowy undulations to where they were buried in the boiling and seething surf, was a solitary figure slowly ascending the incline of crunching pebbles—an old, decrepit waterman, who had doubtless been vainly searching for some of that treasure which old ocean is so very tardy of parting with.

Far out upon the black sharp line of the horizon I could just discern the mad play of waters upon the Goodwin Sands—a faint, illusive streak of whiteness, blending almost into the grey of the sky that way. As my eye briefly rested upon this distant, furious rush of billows, I recollect wondering how it would fare with a ship that should get upon the deadly shoal in such weather as this. Why, 'twas possible to see the whole picture in imagination, with the roar of the sea and the howling of the wind to lend a reality to the fancy. I figured to myself some tall, noble ship, homeward-bound perhaps from the Indies or Australia. She has covered many thousand miles of ocean in safety, has outlived weather the like of which renders the gale against which she is now struggling little more than a strong breeze by contrast, and is at last beating up Channel, with the chalk cliffs of home fair in sight over the weather bow. The night comes down black as ink, and full of the stormy hooting and ceaseless washing sound of the conflicting elements. The pilot flits uneasily about the poop, and the skipper knows there will be no turning-in for *him* during those hours of darkness. The atmosphere is thick with driving rain, and the signal beacons, both ashore and afloat, are obscured. "We must be drawing well in on to the Goodwins, sir," remarks the pilot; "better put the ship about." The captain delivers the necessary orders in a loud shout; the helm is put down, the vessel rounds into the wind, braces are manned, blocks creak, sailors "Yeo-ho!" canvas rustles and slats, and—a loud shout, ringing with its note of anxious fear, is borne upon the blast to the ears of the captain. "She won't come round, sir! Her head's falling off—she's in irons!" All is then confusion, heightened immeasurably by the darkness and the yelling of the wind. The yards are boxed about, but meanwhile dead to leeward trends the fated fabric. "Breakers on the lee-bow!" "Steady now, men, for your lives. Round with that foreyard. Don't mind the breakers—they're far enough off yet. Does she come round *now?*" What follows the most prosaic intelligence may easily depict; the ship upborne upon the rushing, foam-clad summit of some giant wave; the rending, tearing, splintering crash as she takes the ground; the burst of the first volume of spray over her; the crushing fall of a mast, the dim flickering of the port-fire, the star-like winking of the soaring rocket, the hollow boom of the lightship's signal-gun—the vision fades as I bring my eyes to a little schooner scudding down Channel under a press of canvas; and knocking the ashes out of my pipe I make for the snug shelter of my lodgings.

At eight o'clock that night it was blowing one of the hardest gales of wind I recollect in my time. As I sat in my little room over a warm and blazing fire, the sullen roar of the gust in the chimney was like a continuous rolling of drums up in the blackness there. I went to the window and pulled aside the curtains, but the glass gave me back a dull reflection of my own face, with the bright little interior behind me. I could hear the surf dashing upon the beach in a ceaseless rushing and hissing sound. The house at which I lodged was a quaint little wooden cottage, overlooking the sea, and kept by a very respectable boatman and his wife—honest, hard-working folks, whose necessity to struggle for the daily bread was not a little accentuated by the presence of nine young children.

I had just stirred the fire into a blaze that roared as though in sympathy with the storming noises without, and was in the act of filling my pipe, when there came a hurried knock at the door, and before I could respond to it, my landlady entered, agitated and breathless.

"Oh, please, sir," she burst out, "have you heered a gun? There's our young Tommy just come running in with the nooze that a big vessel's believed to be ashore upon the Good'ins, and my 'usband's out, and I *do* want to know whether if so be as the lifeboat goes, he'll be in her."

The intelligence of a shipwreck close at hand sent a sudden thrill of deep excitement through me; just such a sensation as one is sensible of when coming suddenly into view of the scene of a great fire. I jumped up from my chair, stood for a moment or two irresolute, and then seizing my cap and bundling into my great-coat, I told the woman I would try and ascertain news of her husband, and ran downstairs. The moment I opened the hall door, a burst of wind, which to convey some idea of its fury I can only liken to the shock produced by the explosion of a boiler, swept with a yell into the house; the little oil-lamp dimly burning in the hall went out in a breath, and I heard the crash of broken glass. The force of the gale, meeting as I did the full violence of it, was indeed incredible, and for a moment had a stunning effect. It needed both my hands and the full weight of my reclining form to pull the door to after me, and just as I had succeeded in shutting it, the figure of a man wearing heavy sea-boots ran clattering past, shouting hoarsely as he spied me, "There's t'other gun just been fired aboard the lightship," and then disappearing in the gloom.

There was a faint sort of light in the air, though where it came from I could not guess, unless it arose from the pallor of the surface of froth into which the ocean was lashed by the wind. My cap was of that pattern which is provided with ear-flaps, and these I tied down for the sake of keeping the thing from blowing away. In the days I am writing of, the Deal lifeboat, during the winter season, used to lie upon the beach at the north end of the town. I believe she is now kept in the house provided for her reception. Buttoning my coat tightly round me, and planting my hands in my pockets, I literally leaned my chest against the wind, and in this fashion made towards that part of the beach where the gallant fabric stood. Her name was the Van Cook, and people living upon the south-east coast whose memories carry them back over some dozen or more years, will recollect her well. Next to the Ramsgate Bradford I suppose no braver boat was ever maintained by the Institution. But then the Deal boatmen have stood pre-eminent in all ages for their hardihood and valour; the Downs and the adjacent Goodwins give them large opportunities, and that they are not a race of men to pause at the prospect of danger, this little experience I am attempting to narrate will, I think, abundantly attest.

After buffeting for about ten minutes against the gale, I reached the lifeboat house. Just as I came up, a rocket, fired in response to the lightship's signals, soared into the air. The *whish* of it blended with the wind into a shrill wail, almost like the high note of a distressed cat; the trail of fire was carried away at an acute angle, and the shower of spangles which burst from it disappeared almost immediately in a little glittering haze. A considerable crowd of boatmen and fishermen were congregated round about the small red-brick house from which the call-bell was clanging furiously in a wild erratic manner; there had been a rush for the cork-belts (the



At the mercy of the waves.—(*Drawn by* RENOUF.)

possession of which entitles the man who can secure one to a seat in the lifeboat); and willing hands were now toiling upon the shadowy fabric to get her ready for launching. A big, square, cage-like lamp, hanging up just within the doorway of the house, burnt brightly, and threw out a little misty sphere of radiance; so that what with this illumination and the indeterminable light in the atmosphere I have before alluded to, I could manage very well to make out what was going forward.

They had stripped the boat of the canvas awning with which she was usually covered as a protection against the weather. Her masts were already stepped, and the rigging of them set up, and the wind yelled dismally as it whistled through the ropes. Another lantern had been lighted, and the sheen of it threw up the ghastly white outline of the forward air-box, with the figures of the swiftly-working men getting the lugsails out from under their tarpaulin covers, and stretching them along the thwarts ready for reefing.

The coxswain came running hastily past where I stood, calling loudly to his crew to bear a hand. He was clad in a yellow oilskin overall, such as is worn by the North Sea fishermen; ponderous sea-boots reaching to his knees, with the tops of a pair of immense worsted stockings just showing above the rims of them; a sou'-wester, the fore-peak of which was turned upwards that it might not impede his sight; and, over all, transforming his figure into the aspect of some strange belated creature of unwieldy proportions, he wore the regulation cork-jacket of the Lifeboat Institution. The fourteen men who constituted his crew were all very similarly attired.

"Now then, lads, are you all ready?" he shouted, his words ringing out with a weird shrillness, and a strange significance too, upon the yell of the gale.

"Ay, ay, all ready!" came back from among the occupants of the lifeboat.

The crowd made a little movement forward—the excitement amongst them was deep—and I found myself carried to within a few yards of the boat. Down the slope of beach which lay between her keen bows and the line of boiling surf were laid a number of stout, well-greased planks, technically denominated skids, for the purpose of enabling her to swiftly slip over the yielding shingle, and to gather an impetus sufficient to carry her clear of the roaring breakers.

The coxswain scrambled into the boat.

"Are ye all aboard, lads?" I heard him ask.

There was a pause, then "Yes, we're all here—all aboard," came back the response.

"Every man got his life-belt on?"

A chorus of ayes arose.

"See them sails all clear for hoisting. Two reefs in both of 'em. It'll be as much as she'll stand up under agin this here blow."

A murmur of assent, or rather a growl of approval, ran through the crowd of hardy boatmen. The picture at that moment was weird and thrilling in the extreme: the vague, ill-defined proportions of the lifeboat, with but a small portion of her length clearly thrown out in the sheen flowing from the lantern placed somewhere in her; the dark figures of the crew wrestling with the stubborn gear and preparing for a fierce conflict with the elements; the anxious, eager crowd, most of whom would have brothers or fathers, uncles or cousins, amongst that little band which had been first in the universal scramble to secure a seat in the lifeboat; whilst overhead and around shrilled the voice of the gale, blending into wild harmony with the roaring, washing noise of the surf combing upon the beach.

The coxswain scrambled upon the after-gratings, and, leaning backward, grasped the yoke-lines; for you who have seen a lifeboat lying upon the beach will not require me to tell you that the rudder hangs always ready upon its pintles, raised above the level of the keel by a small line, so that it shall not catch in any obstacle during the launch. The men were collected in a group in the centre of the boat, standing up and waiting for the word. The "haul-off" rope, which stretched away far into the obscurity of the black waters, where it was securely anchored, was passed into the little vessel, so as to enable her crew to drag her clear of the surf. The gale blew nearly dead-on, the seas burst in thunder upon the shingle, and the job of getting a boat fairly afloat in the teeth of it all called for the utmost display of nerve and seamanship the men were masters of.

The lifeboat was held in leash upon the brow of the pebbly incline by a chain rove through a hole in her keel, and "stopped" by a ropeyarn twisted round one of the links. A man stood by with his open clasp-knife, ready to sever the strands of this seizing. A strange hush fell upon the little assemblage, for they knew that the moment of danger was at hand when that boat with her crew of fifteen souls was about to glide off into the blackness and fury of the gale upon her errand of rescue. Among the men in her, huddled together waiting, not a movement was visible.

Suddenly arose a shout from the coxswain, as he leaned forward from his grasp of the yoke-lines. "Ready! Let her go-o-o!" A little cheer, sounding more like a long moan upon the yell of the gale, rose from a score of throats. I heard the clank of the chain as the disengaged links ran out and fell upon the shingle; the boat, with a light bump, dropped over on her bilge; and in an instant she was slipping down towards the sea. Slowly at first, with the harsh, rasping sound of her iron keel-band scraping over the shingle, she moved, the crowd surging forward on either side of her. Then, as the incline grew in steepness, she gathered way; the metallic crunching of the pebbles increased to a dull roar; her dark foresail was slowly ascending the mast to the overhauling of the halliards by the crew, with the canvas flapping in thunder as the gale took it; and in a breath she was cleaving the foam of a towering billow, with a burst of spray masthead high sweeping like steam over her bows.

It was a moment of intense excitement. The outline of the little fabric upon the pallid faintness of the frothing waters was plainly discernible. We watched with bated breath. If the breakers knocked her head round, why then she must be hove by the fury of them upon the beach, and stove in a thousand fragments even as we stood helplessly looking on. On the other hand, if the impulse of that fragment of reefed-down storm-foresail, and the straining of a dozen pairs of arms upon the off-haul rope, would but urge her through the wild boiling of the surf out among the comparatively steady run of the great billows beyond, there was every reason to hope she might reach the wreck. But how would she fare out upon the Goodwins on such a night as this? And might not she arrive too late? What vessel put together of wood or metal could long sustain the devastating fury of such a sea as one might know would be running out upon the ridges of that fatal shoal?

For some moments it was doubtful how it would go with the lifeboat. I had been carried by the rush of the crowd to within biscuit toss of the margin of surf; so close, indeed, that at the curl over of every billow a shower of spray swept from the foaming head of it into my face. At times the gallant little fabric stood almost end-on to the terrific surges, with the whole of her interior plainly visible to us upon the beach, and her crew clinging to the thwarts; then down she would plunge, and one thought for a moment that she had disappeared for good and all, so completely would the hull vanish; but not a bit of it, for after a breathless pause up she would shoot again, buoyant as a noble seabird, and steadily going ahead. They hoisted the mizzen, and the impulse of those extra cloths carried her clear of the breakers. She heeled over to the weight of the gale till you would have sworn her lee gunwale was flush with the yeasty race of water past her. But she was off now, rushing forward in long, giddy plunges towards the object of her quest, and once again the crowd upon the beach raised a cheer. She speedily grew dim in the distance; for one brief instant I caught a glimpse of her configuration clearly defined against the dull pallor of half an acre of froth, then she vanished upon the blackness of the roaring night, and I stood straining my eyes in vain.



A TIGHT SQUEEZE.

By A. E. Bonser,

Author of "Northward Ho!" etc.

We were a party of twelve picnicking in the Mendips. A lovely and exhilarating drive had culminated in this romantic, wild, and unfrequented spot, a cleft high up among the hills. The chief attraction of the place was a reputed cave somewhere in the neighbourhood, which had been explored in former years by Government officials, who found no end to its innumerable windings.

Having lunched under the shadow of a friendly crag, we secured the services of a native as guide, and set out for the cave, whose entrance was concealed by a clump of overhanging bushes. These pushed aside disclosed a low opening, which we entered stooping, and were then able to stand upright. Our guide—a big burly fellow—distributed some candles which he had brought with him, and, being lighted, their feeble glimmer served to make darkness visible. Becoming accustomed to the obscurity, we could make out that we were in a high, vaulted, and spacious cavern. "Vipers' Audience Hall," so the guide called it, but why he did not know.

"Follow me, please, and mind your heads, gentlemen;" so saying he led the way to where a dismal black hole was doubtfully visible. So slippery was the foothold that we had to use great caution, and in Indian file, and stooping painfully, we followed the disappearing glimmer of the guide's candle. Continuing for some time in this constrained posture we entered a spacious chamber with various passages leading in as many different directions; we had, however, a sure, silent, and supplementary guide in the Governmental broad red arrow, which every few yards was painted on the walls, and ever pointed onwards.

Selecting one of the passages the guide entered it, and we, stooping, followed him as before. Now and then we came to places where the walls and floor were running with water, which oozed and dripped from the roof, and made the candles flare and gutter. Downward into the bowels of the earth the broad red arrow led, until we came to a spot where we had almost to crawl. Here our guide told us that he had been no further, but had heard that some way beyond was a stream of water; should the gentlemen prefer to go on he was still at our service. The gentlemen voting to go on, we continued to almost crawl forwards; progress was, to say the least, awkward, as we really required to use both hands, and one of them was occupied in carrying the crazy candle. An exclamation from the guide startled us; he had got firmly wedged, and could not move. So very carefully the next man pulled his legs, and after some time and much exertion on the part of both, the poor fellow was extracted from his uncomfortable position, apoplectic and scared. We backed until there was room to turn, when we reluctantly retraced our steps.

My curiosity was unsatisfied, and I determined to fathom alone the mysterious windings of the cavern. Not a word of my intention did I breathe to anybody, but a few days after, I slept at the nearest village, and after breakfast went to the cave. I wore the oldest clothes in my wardrobe, and took with me a plentiful supply of matches, a lantern, and some food. Thus prepared, I pushed aside the overhanging bushes, and entered "Vipers' Audience Hall." Here I lighted my lantern, and proceeded at once to business. I followed the broad red arrow until I reached the second chamber. As I was about to enter the narrower windings of the cavern I made a redistribution of my effects, so that they should go into the smallest space, and then groped my way onward.

When I reached the place where the guide had stuck fast I crawled with the utmost caution, bearing in mind that should I stick fast there were no friendly hands to pull my legs. To my great satisfaction I managed it without great inconvenience, and then the passage widened somewhat. Still I crept onwards, but I had now come a long way, and began to feel both tired and cramped. Then I felt a current of cool air, and heard—or was it imagination?—the sound of distant water. My flagging energy revived, cramps and fatigue were forgotten; I pressed eagerly forward. The draught increased, so did the sound; but again the narrow passage contracted, and I had to crawl. At length the way was so narrow that I forced myself backwards and emptied my pockets. I renewed the candle in the lantern, saw that it was well protected, and pushed it carefully before me with the match-box, promising myself to return shortly. I crawled on; it was a *tight squeeze*, but I managed to get through after considerable exercise of time and patience. Then the passage widened, and I entered another chamber, from which led several ways. It echoed with the sound of falling water, which must be close at hand. I was so excited that I forgot the guiding arrow; I forgot all precautions, and chose the likeliest opening.

Yes, I was successful! After a long scramble, my hands lacerated, my clothes torn, I gained another and spacious chamber, which formed a *cul de sac*. Before me, through the vaulted roof, a broad column of water, like a gush from an enormous hydrant, burst across the intervening space, and disappeared in a dark and dreadful opening in the ground. The feeble gleam from my lantern glanced on the dripping walls and the mass of stalactites overhead. The floor was formed of scale-like shells of gorgeous stripes and spotted colours. The water-way was worn smooth like polished ebony; the air seemed alive with a mighty rushing wind; the noise of many waters was terrific; the loneliness appalling. Seized with an indescribable and sickening fear I turned to fly, but was surprised to observe two entrances. Through which had I come? Vainly I attempted to recall some sign that would guide me, but there was no broad arrow, and both passages appeared alike. Choosing one of them, I made my way through it as rapidly as possible, my panic and my wasting candle spurring me to increased exertion; but as I held my lantern low down to guide my footsteps I received a sudden and violent blow from a hidden projection. I sank down stunned and bleeding, whilst the lantern fell from my nerveless grasp.

How long I lay I know not; but when I recovered consciousness my senses sprang at a bound into full activity. I was cold, hungry, faint, and bleeding, and *I was in total darkness*. One sole thought possessed me—to go on. I dared not retrace my steps, for the nameless terror of that wondrous cavern pursued me. On I crawled. I discovered the lantern; but alas! the matches were damp and useless. At length, to my great joy, I found that I could stand upright; probably this was the large chamber where I had heard the falling water. Now, could I only come upon the right passage all would be well. Finding a narrow opening, in I crawled on hands and knees, renewed hope giving me renewed courage. Yes, the tunnel narrowed, and I wedged myself forward. Yet I did not gain ground! Thinking that my limbs must be swollen I tried and tried again, frantically, despairingly. It was no use, I must turn back. To my horror I found myself jammed! I could move neither way! A cold, creepy sensation came over me, and the perspiration burst from every pore. My forehead and hands were gashed, my clothes were in shreds, my thirst was cruel: I was faint with hunger and fatigue. How many hours or days had I passed in this horrid place? And not far off was the bright sunshine, the pleasant world, and the friends so dear to me. The wheel of human life turned round as usual, whilst my own insane folly had brought me to a living grave; for me, so young, so dearly loved, was this the end of all?

A sound caught my ear. Looking forward, I thought that I could make out distant lights. Two faint glimmers. Then I had been missed, and friends were searching for me. I tried to cry out, but my tongue refused its office. And then, oh, horror! the lights were close at hand. My blood ran cold, my heart stood still, my hair rose up, as I remembered "Vipers' Audience Hall"! Now, now I knew why it was so called. I—rash intruder—was the prey of the tenant of the scale-strewn cavern. Movement returned to my tongue, and I uttered a loud and agonising scream.

And with the scream I awoke, to find that this second adventure was but the stuff that dreams are made of!



WINTER IN ST. PETERSBURG.

By Arthur G. Nash.



Cold? I should think so, indeed! But for all that the very jolliest season of the year, and by far the most healthy. Towards the end of September the cold weather begins, getting more and more severe until the beginning of December, when the broad river Neva, which is about as wide as the Thames at Blackfriars, and flows more swiftly, is blocked by the slabs of ice which have been forming on its surface, and finally is completely frozen over. Then the snow falls in enormous quantities, and covers up the ice in a thick white mantle; the floating bridges have been removed at the first symptom of freezing, and all the traffic passes over the splendid snow roads which traverse the river in all directions. You need not fear trusting yourself upon the frozen surface, for the ice is quite two feet thick, and will "bear" artillery. Of course, wheels are discarded entirely in St. Petersburg when sufficient snow has fallen to cover the roads to the depth of a foot. Sledges constantly passing over this compress it into a smaller compass, and the severe frost binds it fast into a hard, shiny mass of about six inches in thickness, which lasts during the whole winter, and from which the snow which falls later is cleared away.

The principal street of St. Petersburg is called Nefsky Prospect. It is four miles long, quite straight, and very wide, and handsome buildings and shops line each side of the road, and tall iron standards for the electric light run down the middle of it, and dwindle away smaller and smaller in the distance. In the depth of the winter, when the St. Petersburg season is at its height, the Nefsky at night presents a very novel and interesting sight for us who live under such different conditions of climate. The brilliant electric light flashes out through a light mist of icy particles raised by the hoofs of the galloping horses and runners of the sledges drawn swiftly along. This *ice-dust* shimmers and sparkles, covering the huge beards of the coachmen and the smoking flanks of the big black trotters with its glittering atoms. Hoarse cries are continually uttered by the drivers as one sledge overtakes another or gets in its way. "Take care, take care! Keep to the right!" they shout, as the horses fly past with the small sledge swinging behind it, containing a fur-clad individual, well besprinkled with snow and ice from the hoofs of the horse.

Most sledges are small, being made to contain only two persons, seated close side by side, with the driver's back only a few inches before their faces. Such a sledge is drawn by a single horse of the famous Russian breed—a tall, powerful black fellow, carrying very little harness on him, who hardly feels the weight of the light vehicle.

Every now and then, however, a broad, heavy sledge for four persons will dash along, drawn by three horses abreast, the middle one trotting as fast as he can lay his legs to the ground, while his fellows canter along, turning their heads outwards, just as you see in pictures of Roman chariots.

The chief winter amusement is what the Canadians term "tobogganning." The only difference is that there they descend the sides of a hill covered with snow, while in St. Petersburg special erections are constructed for the purpose. At the edge of a broad lake or a straight reach of the river, carpenters are called into requisition to erect a long inclined plane of woodwork, which rises to about the height of thirty feet at its extreme end. A staircase leads to a platform on the top, and the sloping surface is paved with thick slabs of ice cut out of the river elsewhere. Then the whole is cemented together by throwing buckets of water over it, till it is as polished as a mirror. Thus, if you have followed me, you will understand that the whole structure looks like a big wedge, with the little end pointing straight down a long run of clear ice.

Mounting the staircase with your little velvet-cushioned iron sledge under your arm, you lie on it on your stomach (there is just room for your body), and go flying down the incline, steering with your feet by touching the ice with the tip of your skates, now on one side, now on the other. As the incline is only four feet wide, and bounded on each side by solid wooden fencing, erratic steering is apt to result in a substantial sort of lump appearing on your forehead, or a very considerable amount of skin forsaking your elbows.

The impetus received in descending carries you at a splendid pace across the level run of ice alluded to before, and which is about 200 yards long, and you arrive at a similar structure at the other end, which you mount, and descend for the return journey.

Sometimes boys make a "train." It is done in this way. Four or five sledges are put in a row, one behind another, and their respective owners take their seats on them. The foremost boy keeps his skates evenly on the ice as he sits on his low little sledge with his knees almost up to his nose. His neighbour behind raises his legs, and gives them to No. 1 to hold; No. 1 tucks a leg away under each arm, and thus forms a link with No. 2 and his sledge, provided the said No. 2 sits light and holds himself firmly on. The same link is made with the rest, and the whole train shoots down the hill, steered by No. 1. If the train is long, the hind carriages generally begin to waggle, and then to sway violently, till the strain becomes too strong for the muscles of the links, and the last sledges fly off sideways in various directions, depositing the passengers on the ice, or running at full speed with them into the high banks of snow which are heaped up round the cleared space. It is fine sport, too, to slide down the hills on skates. It looks very dangerous, as, of course, the speed attained is very high indeed, and a fall on the back of your head might be really a serious affair.

But, as a matter of fact, it is not at all difficult, nor even dangerous, if a boy has a tolerable amount of nerve and takes care to lean well forward until he has had sufficient practice in maintaining his equilibrium. Some even go down standing with their backs to the incline, but this is much more difficult, and needs the greatest coolness to avoid an accident.

But though the winter furnishes capital fun for people who live in warm houses and have plenty of food and good warm clothes, it is a terrible season for the poor. Rarely a week passes during the winter in St. Petersburg without at least one poor "isvoshchik," or sledge-driver, being frozen to death as he sits in his vehicle. The poorer classes live almost entirely upon black bread, potatoes, and buckwheat porridge, which is all very well in summer, but does not give such animal heat and strength as meat. They are clothed, it is true, in sheepskins with the wool inwards, but, after sitting for hours in a cramped position in a sledge, even that fails to keep out the bitter cold, and, the poor fellows are tempted to slip off to a vooka-shop and gulp down a glassful of the raw spirit. The result is that they become drowsy, and drop off into a sleep from which they never awake. The same fate often overtakes the "dvorniks," or night-porters, who sit outside the house all night, summer and winter, and are supposed to be on the watch in case of fire or thieves. Every house has its *dvornik*, who sits and sleeps as best he may in the shelter of a doorway, or some angle of the building to shield him against the cutting wind. It happens only too frequently that he, too, succumbs to the cold, or is at least severely frost-bitten. And a frost-bite is no joke either. A really bad frost-bite may necessitate the amputation of a finger or toe, or even of a whole limb. An ordinary frost-bite of the ears is quite sufficient to convince you of the power of Jack Frost's fingers.

On leaving the warm, in fact *hot*, vestibule of a Russian house, your ears at first tingle and then really pain you. However, you rub them gingerly, and cover them with your warm hand, and then they only tingle again without paining. But if you are driving or walking slowly, it may happen that, without your noticing it, the tingling ceases, and you feel no sensation at all in your ears. Ah! but you do when you get home! Has any fellow ever taken your head between his hands and mercilessly rubbed your ears with hard and horny palms, and then finished off by screwing them round to and fro as far as they can conveniently go without coming off? Well, when you enter a warm room with frost-bitten ears, your feelings are somewhat like those of a person undergoing such treatment as I have just described. Your ears swell also to such an extent that you are downright ashamed of them, and are so sore that you really are obliged to lie on your back all night in bed.

To avoid this unpleasant accident all the Russian soldiers wear in winter a black cloth face-band, which passes under the jaw, covers both ears, and hooks together on the top of the head, under the cap.

Of course, it has a very comical effect, because it looks as though all the soldiers had face-ache or tooth-ache, and in consequence had tied up their heads in black handkerchiefs.

Our winter in St. Petersburg lasts until April has begun, when it generally happens that the sun has such power that on the sunny side of the road the snow and ice melt

away and the flagstones become dry as in summer, while on the shady side the ice is white and firm, and the temperature below freezing-point. This is the most dangerous part of the year, because persons become as though Mother Earth herself was sick of it, and impatient to clothe the bare, black branches of the trees with tender young leaves. For spring comes with a bound. No sooner has the snow all melted, than the St. Petersburg, and betake themselves abroad, or to the country.

At the end of May all the schools have broken up, and the metropolis becomes quite deserted and quiet till September brings



warm while walking in the sun, loosen their overcoats perhaps, and in turning a corner or crossing the road, receive such a chill as leads to inflammation of the lungs, and sometimes death. We are all heartily glad when the long, white winter is at last over; and it seems green tips of buds begin to appear. The hot sun encourages and nurses them, so that in a few weeks our eyes are gladdened with the sweet green colour which is so welcome after the dazzling white winter. In May we are in summer, and all who can do so begin to leave back the school-boys, with their papas and mammas, and October and the following months the cousins, the uncles and the aunts, and all the rest of their multifarious connections which unite to make up what is called Society.

WHEEL AND WOE!

A CYCLIST'S ADVENTURE IN THE ARDENNES.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "Taffy," "Christmas in the Clouds," "The Parlour Boarder," etc., etc.

Anybody who, like myself, has ever been a boy of business, knows how Christmas comes round, always welcome more or less, but not always timed so conveniently as might be. I suppose this is still a matter of as much importance for young clerks as it was at the date of my apprenticeship to commerce. You can see with half an eye that when Christmas Day falls on a Friday, a lucky date for once, you have three clear days, including, perhaps, the Monday thrown in, or even the Thursday before into the bargain, if one's employers happen to be liberal souls, with their trade rather slack at that season. But the further back in the week Christmas comes, the less chance you have of being able to get out of town for a length of time worth the crush, the trouble, and the railway fare. As for Christmas happening on a Sunday, some of us would readily vote for the abolition of that by Act of Parliament. Even so Charles Lamb, in his schoolboyhood, grudged the running together of St. Simon's and St. Jude's Days, as "an economy unworthy of the dispensation."

Well, once upon a time, I being a beardless junior, and Bank holidays being then a pleasant novelty to us "city men,"

Christmas had the ill-luck to arrive on a Wednesday, offering hardly a fair mouthful of holiday, but just a tantalising taste in the middle of the week's work, from which no great things were to be expected, even in the way of plum-pudding, by a friendless youth in London like me. I had not been looking forward to it with any very keen anticipation, when on the Monday afternoon I was startled by a summons into the presence of the "governor," a somewhat unapproachable personage, who rarely had personal communications with us youngsters, unless rebuke were in question. It was a certain satisfaction to me to find that my fellow-junior, Leopold Donders, had also been sent for to share the perils of this interview.

"Come in!" roared the old gentleman, in answer to our modest knock; and when we entered he looked us all over so sharply from under his thick grey eyebrows as to put us in dread of some unknown fault about to be brought against our account.

"H'm!" began he in his gruffest voice. "I suppose, now, you lads think yourselves of such consequence that the business can't go on without you for a single day?"

I stood overwhelmed with confusion, wondering whatever I could have done; but Donders' quicker wits caught some inkling of what was in the wind, and he smiled confidently, saying, in his polite foreign way—

"You are the best judge of that, sir."

"H'm! Ha! I should think so!" growled the governor, as we called him. "You are very much mistaken if you have any such idea; and, to prove how little you will be missed, you can take a holiday to-morrow. You may stay away till over the Bank holiday. You had better take a week while you are about it!" he said, in much such a tone as if he were giving us notice of instant dismissal. We were hardly able to believe our ears. "I was a lad myself once—h'm!—and liked holidays as well as any one. But you young gentlemen are so stuck up nowadays that I suppose you will be offended if I remind you your whiskers are not grown yet."

"No, indeed, sir!" protested Donders. "I would rather have holidays than whiskers any day; and we are really very much obliged——"

"Who told you that people with whiskers don't care for holidays, if they could afford them? Not another word, now! You needn't thank me, but the fairly good account Mr. Brown gives of you. Go and attend strictly to business for the rest of the day, that you may feel you have deserved a little turn of idleness—h'm!—h'm!"

He waved his pen towards the door, and we took the hint to back out, more than relieved by the result of our appearance before this humorous master, who could be fierce enough in real earnest when carelessness or stupidity provoked his temper. No sooner was the door shut behind us than my companion broke into a dance of silent exultation, nudging me in the ribs, so as almost to take my wind away, and we hurried along the passage to communicate our good fortune to envious seniors, and to still more envious juniors whose conduct had not entitled them to the same favour. But we stopped again outside of the counting-room to discuss what should be done with such an unexpected windfall of holiday.

Leopold Donders, you must know, was a young Belgian who, after being at an English school in Brussels, and having spent nearly a year in England, spoke our language almost as well as his own. He had taken most kindly also to the athletic ways of English youth, played cricket and football like a native, and his favourite amusement was bicycling, in which I agreed with him. He and I had entered the house at the same time, in exactly the same year of our teens, and soon became great chums. Now we lodged together at Stoke Newington, and many a spin on our 52-inch roadsters had we taken in company through Epping Forest and other pleasant country districts about North and North-East London.

"Shall you go away anywhere, Leo?" I asked him.

"Rather! I mean to go home. Won't the old people be astonished when I turn up all of a sudden!"

"Aren't you going to write to them?"

"What's the good? I should arrive as soon as the letter. I'm off to-night by Antwerp. And you, will you go home?"

"No such luck for me!" said I, thinking how my home was in the far north of Scotland, a good two days' journey, with the chance of being blocked up by snow on the way.

"Look here!" cried Leopold. "Why not come with me? I am sure my mother will be pleased to see you, I have told her so much about you; and we'll find room for a little one like you somewhere or other. Let us both take them by surprise. What do you say?"

"It's awfully good of you, old fellow; but I am afraid it will cost too much for me."

"Not a bit of it! Second-class return to Antwerp is only a little more than a pound. The rest of the way we can do on our bicycles. I don't know the distance exactly, but it can't be over a hundred miles. We may have to stop one night at an hotel, but that needn't cost much if you hold your tongue and don't let out you are English. Two pounds each will cover all expenses, and I'll lend you that much if you are hard up."

"But we should have to take some luggage?"

"That can go by train. Now don't make difficulties, like an old stick-in-the-mud that you are, but say *done*, and we'll have such a jolly week together. I will personally conduct you!"

The proposal was most tempting, for Donders had often told me of the picturesque surroundings of his home in the Ardennes; and there was something novel and adventurous in the idea of bicycling across a foreign country. On the other hand, I felt some delicacy in accepting an off-hand invitation of the kind, not duly backed up by my friend's parents, while I wanted more than a minute to make up my mind about trusting myself abroad for the first time, at a few hours' notice, and without knowing a word of the language. But Leopold laughed off all my scruples, and carried me away with his sanguine impetuosity. In three minutes he had settled for me that I was to spend Christmas in the heart of the Ardennes. It seemed to me a long way to go; but a good many Londoners would make the same trip, did they know how easily, quickly, and cheaply they can reach this attractive district.

Luckily for our impatience, office hours were almost over, and, as soon as we could get away, Leopold, in high excitement, hurried me along to prepare for the journey. Arrived at our lodgings, we made a hasty change of clothes and a hasty meal, then a still more hasty cramming of Gladstone bags left us just time to catch the train for Harwich at Liverpool Street Station. It had all been such a whirl and bustle not to be too late, that I could hardly realise I was actually on the road to the Continent. But two hours after leaving the London fog behind us, we safely embarked ourselves, our bicycles, and our small baggage on the Antwerp steamer, and midnight found me at sea, still wondering over my own enterprise.

Every Briton instinctively holds himself an inch higher as soon as he gets on board ship; and though I had never been so far to sea before, you may be sure I gave myself the airs of being quite at home on the deep, whatever secret misgivings I might have, whereas Leopold honestly confessed that he feared to have a bad time on the passage. But neither of us need have been afraid. The Channel turned out as smooth as the Serpentine, and we both slept like tops after sitting up half the night to look about us. Wind, tide, and all in our favour, we came on deck to find ourselves between the low banks of the Scheldt. This is not a very enticing introduction to foreign scenery, but I found plenty of amusement in the windmills, the gaily painted houses, the long straight rows of trees and other unfamiliar features, till at an unusually early hour we were turned out on the quay at Antwerp.

Leopold, eager to push on homewards, had no patience with my desire for sightseeing. We stayed in Antwerp only long enough to give me a peep at the Cathedral, while he sent our bags off by train. Then, mounting those iron steeds of ours, we rattled through the streets and gained the open country, on which we saw nothing more like a hill than the earthworks of outlying fortifications, soon left behind us as we sped on at a good ten or twelve miles an hour.

"At this rate we can get home early on Christmas Day," exclaimed Leopold. "Didn't I tell you what a splendid country it is for bicycling!"

He was right. The ground lay flat as a pancake as far as the eye could reach, with long stretches of smooth straight road, in good condition considering the season. Fortunately we had fine dry weather, with just a touch of frost in the air; and the cyclist could have asked nothing better in the middle of summer. But as yet bicycles appeared to be rare sights in Belgium, for all the folks we met turned to stare after us, dressed as we were in the blue serge uniform of our club, to which Leopold had added over his woollen ones a pair of striped cotton stockings that gave him in my eyes somewhat the look of a convict. We must both have struck the natives as very outlandish figures; and so I thought of them, with their blue blouses, wide petticoats, and wooden shoes.

But my companion would hardly give me time to make observations. We spun on without a rest as far as Louvain, where we stopped an hour or two for a midday meal which he called breakfast, but which I thought more like dinner. Then off we went again by more flat roads, more rows of tall straight poplars, more canals, more tidy villages, till we had passed right through the provinces of Antwerp and South Brabant, and, as it seemed to me, through two or three different nations. At one place the people spoke Flemish, at another French; then we came to a district whose vernacular was the Walloon dialect. But everywhere Donders could say something to the inhabitants in their own speech, asking our way or throwing out a cheery good day as we spun past, so that I began to feel ashamed of myself for knowing scarcely a word of any language but English.

By-and-by the scenery changed. The roads began to go a little more up and down, and in the afternoon we left the plains to enter the Ardennes, the Highlands of Belgium. Now we were running over open heaths, which sometimes reminded me of Devonshire, and between low wooded hills, here and there crowned by an old ruined castle that stood out weirdly in the red sunset. The road for the most part wound through the valley bottoms, but there were steep bits to get over now and then, and when we crossed the Meuse we began to think we had almost had enough of it, having come nearly seventy miles, as we calculated, at a pace fit for bearing good news from Ghent or elsewhere. But on we laboured cheerily, making the lonely valleys resound with our voices, gliding silently through the shadow of leafless woods, or flashing past astonished peasants on our tall machines, like ghosts in the dusk, and looking round with a merry whoop to show that we were creatures of flesh and blood.

It had grown quite dark for an hour or more when we reached the little town—its name I forget—where Leopold proposed to spend the night. But here came the first hitch in our plans. We had fallen into a congress, or gathering, of schoolmasters, I think it was, going on in this town, and not a vacant bed could be found by applying at one inn after another. Supper we could have, and had after some delay, everybody being too busy to attend to us at once. Then Leopold went out to look again for a lodging, but discovered nothing better than a very unsavoury hole in a low tavern. Lightly clad as we were, it seemed too cold to do without a bed; so, when he came back to hold council with me, I asked if there were no other town to which we could push on to spend the night.

"I'll tell you what!" he cried; "let us go straight home. I know every inch of the way now. It's not more than five-and-twenty miles, and, taking it easy, we shall be there before midnight."

"But your people will all have gone to bed, perhaps."

"Long ago—but we'll manage somehow or other," said he, in his happy-go-lucky way. "You are not too tired?"

Of course I would not own myself the first to be worked out. Refreshed by a rest and by food, though it was nothing better than thin soup and tough cold meat, I voted to go on. So, as soon as the moon was up, we paid our bill, lighted our lamps, mounted our bicycles rather stiffly before the eyes of an admiring group of spectators, and set out at a more sober pace on the last stage of our journey.

There could be no stopping now; it was too cold for that. My hands, in spite of woollen gloves, began to grow benumbed upon the frosty bars of the bicycle; and my knees were cranky, as if they needed oil as well as its bearings. I kept them moving automatically, like parts of the machine, but sometimes it was all I could do not to nod off on my narrow perch. Leopold seemed to be as tired as myself, for he did not speak much, except to tell me now that we had only ten kilometres to go, then only two, and then to point out the steeple of his parish church standing out in the moonlight over the woods. High time, thought I, to reach some comfortable quarters, for we had been working along lately against a chill wind and at times a sprinkling of snow. It was past midnight when he cried at length—

"Here we are!"

Turning a corner, we all at once came in sight of a group of buildings a little way back from the road. There was nothing romantic or even picturesque about my friend's home—a plain, substantial house, with queer pepper-box turrets at the corners, looking very new and white against a dark background of wood. On one side was a garden laid out on the slope of the hill, on the other a courtyard surrounded by outhouses and farm-buildings. All slept silently in the broken moonshine—not a light to be seen at any of the windows. The inmates were apparently bringing in Christmas in bed, which did not offer a very cheery prospect to us weary guests, hardly able to stand on our strained legs, and our feet like lumps of lead.

"It won't do to disturb them," said Leopold, in a low voice, as he opened a gate, and we softly wheeled our bicycles up the edge of the gravel walk. "My mother is an invalid, you know; but I can get into the house without making any noise, and I'll stow you away in my own room, which is sure to be empty."

"But what will you do, then?"

"Oh, I must manage somehow. If I can't find any other place to turn in, there's always lots of hay in the barn. One could not have a more warm and cosy bed, and I'm ready to go off to sleep on my feet."

When we hobbled into the courtyard a big dog suddenly sprang growling out of the kennel in which he was chained. Leopold stooped down to pat him, saying something in French, at which the dog, with a whine of recognition, slunk back into his kennel. Clearly my friend was at home; but on such a night both dogs and men would prefer to be inside rather than outside of a house.

In a whisper he now bade me wait for him at the back door. Clambering on a wall, he managed to open one of the windows about nine feet from the ground, and wriggled himself inside, leaving me to flap my arms and blow my fingers in the frosty air, with the reflection that this was not a very satisfactory way of beginning a visit at a stranger's house. After a minute or so I heard the key gently turned, and the door was opened by Leopold. He had taken off his boots, as he asked me to do also.

"I am so much afraid of waking my mother; she would think we were robbers!" was his apology.

In our stockings, we stole upstairs and along a passage, but the more gingerly we tried to tread through this silent house the more the floor would creak under our steps. We had not far to go, however. Leopold showed me into a neat little room, where luckily the bed was found ready for an occupant, with a great quilt of warm feathers on the top.

"That's all right," he whispered, having satisfied himself that I should be comfortable. "Now I am going to get you something to eat, if I can lay hands on any grub. You'll have to do without a night-shirt, though, for of course our bags have not come yet."

I began to protest against turning him out of his own room, but he slipped away, presently returning with a piece of ham, the end of a loaf of bread, a glass of milk, a plate and knife, and, finally, a lighted candle, all which he had found in a pantry close at hand.

"Good night, old fellow, and sleep well! I am too sleepy for eating. I am going to curl myself up at once in the hay, where I shall soon be as warm as a roast—I mean a toast—you see I am already beginning to forget my English, now that my foot is on my native heath! I'll come for you in the morning before any one is about to catch you trespassing."

And with a laugh that ended in a yawn, Leopold took himself off. As soon as I heard him gently close the door below, I began to feel keenly the awkwardness of being left alone in a strange house where I was not expected. Had the room been a vaulted castle chamber, with grim family portraits half revealed by the flickering light, and a vast curtained bed fit to hold a score of spectres, the adventure would have seemed at least a stirring one. But everything here was trimly and comfortably commonplace, from the neat little iron bedstead to the glazed tile stove; the only fear was that somebody might come to ask what business I had in this room, and whatever could I say for myself in such a case? Leopold had warned me that none of his family spoke English.

"Well, I needn't make troubles till they come," I told myself, and sat down to eat a bit before I tumbled into that inviting bed.

I had not taken half-a-dozen hasty mouthfuls, when I was startled by a stir in the house. A door creaked, then, listening with strained ears, I caught a sound of stealthy footsteps along the passage, and a muttered consultation outside my door. At once I guessed the truth. For all our caution we had roused the family; people were coming to see what might be the matter; the light would betray me, and how was I to explain the presence of a stranger at such an hour! My fears had turned true sooner than I expected.

I started up in some agitation, and my first impulse was to blow out the light. Too late! Then I thought it would be best to sally out, and show at least that I was no lurking thief. But before I had time to think over my predicament the door was burst violently open, and in rushed two half-dressed figures. One had a light in his left hand and a woodchopper in his right;

the other—a young man with an elegantly-curled moustache—flourished a drawn sword. I took him at once for Leopold's brother, who was an officer in the army. But these were only the forlorn hope of the force brought against me. In the background stood an old gentleman in a red dressing-gown, armed with a gun, which he made haste to point at my head; and behind his skirts hung two small youngsters in their nightshirts, looking half scared, half amused, by this midnight alarm.

For a moment all parties stood staring at each other by the dim light of a tallow candle; and well the Belgians might stare at me, dressed in my braided uniform and knickerbockers, which to them must have been a novel, and, under the circumstances, a disquieting sight, not to mention that through a fall my face had been smeared by mud, not yet washed off, because Leopold had forgotten to give me any water. They had reason to take me for a member of some regular company of robbers.

"I am sorry——," I stammered out in confusion, moving forward to meet them, but I suppose they saw in this a hostile gesture, and, raising a great jabber, gave me no chance of ending a sentence which anyhow none of them could have understood. The two leaders rushed upon me, and in an instant I found myself knocked off my feet, seized by the arms and legs, half choked, shaken out of my wits, and dragged forcibly away, the whole body pressing forward to have a hand in my capture.

"Leopold!" I gasped out, but the name was not recognised under my British pronunciation, and my friend did not appear to the rescue. I would have shouted out louder had I not remembered his invalid mother, vexed as I was for having been already the cause of so much disturbance. So I let myself be hauled downstairs like a sack of coals, and through the same door by which I had made a burglarious entrance, out into the frosty air, then across the courtyard, my captors all talking at once in the most excited tones of an unknown tongue. Before I could think what to say or do in such a plight they had flung me into a dark hole, and turned the key outside.

Here was a pretty way of receiving a guest! I picked myself up, rather sore and indignant, but all the same I could not help being a little amused by the misunderstanding. Of course these people had taken me for a robber, and from that point of view were right enough in putting me into safe custody, though certainly they might have waited a little to see what I had to say for myself. I heard them all talking for a minute or two in the court, and hoped their deliberations would end in giving me a chance of explanation, even through the keyhole. But no! They apparently judged best to let well alone, and presently withdrew into the house, leaving me to shiver in my dungeon, as it might be, for all I knew to the contrary. But, feeling about in the dark, I laid my hands on several articles, by which I perceived that this place of confinement was nothing more dreadful than a harness-room.

There was no help for it but to wait patiently till morning, when of course Leopold must clear up the mistake, and his family, so ready to see a murderous desperado in a slim stranger of eighteen, would naturally feel rather ashamed of their precipitate panic. It struck me even in the light of a good joke, for the sake of which I should not have minded a little temporary discomfort, but for the cold. That was beyond a joke, and I began to fear I might be frozen to death before the hour of my release. What a way of seeing in Christmas Day! Luckily, however, feeling about the room, I came upon a thick horse-rug, or something of the sort. In this I wrapped my stiff and aching limbs, and lay down on the floor with a saddle for pillow; then I soon fell fast asleep, to forget my fatigue and misadventures.

I was awakened by a sound of voices and the light of dawn coming faintly in at the open door, blocked up by two most imposing figures. They were Belgian gendarmes, in all their array of swords, belts, cocked hats, long boots, and big cloaks; but I, accustomed to a soberer style of policeman, might be excused for taking them for field-marshals at least. Rubbing my eyes, I looked vacantly at these men of war, who were gruffly giving incomprehensible orders, and when I showed no readiness to comply, without more ado pulled me up to my feet, making signs that I must come with them.

I obeyed meekly, till I found myself in the open air, where a little crowd had collected on the snow-covered ground to behold this daring and mysterious intruder. Then it flashed across me that I was going to be led to prison in real earnest, and I saw that an effort must be made to prevent things going so far. I had never thought to spend Christmas in gaol!

"Is there nobody here who can speak English?" I appealed to the bystanders, among whom I recognised the old gentleman of the night before, the young officer, and his companion, who, now that he was dressed, looked like a respectable family servant. There were also two or three maidservants, with huge white caps, gaping at me as if I were a wild beast in a show.

This speech called forth nothing but fresh stares, and a titter from one of the girls. The gendarmes plucked my sleeve, trying to lead me to the other side of the yard, where their horses were tied up. I suddenly wrested myself away, looking about for the best line of flight. But at the first hint of resistance on my part out came a pair of handcuffs, and in a twinkling I found myself manacled before all those foreigners. You may guess how this treatment flustered me!

As they were bundling me roughly along the side of a large building I took for the barn, all at once my custodians stopped short with an exclamation of surprise. They had caught sight of our bicycles, leaning against the wall as we had left them, and now crusted with snow. While they looked suspiciously at these strange objects, perhaps as new evidence of crime, I took the opportunity to shout at the top of my voice—

"Leopold! Leopold!! Leopold!!!"

The gendarmes gripped me tight, thinking, no doubt, that they must have to do with a wandering lunatic. But this time my appeal was not thrown away. The door of the barn opened, and out came Leopold, looking very sleepy, with bits of hay sticking all over him. He woke up at once, though, as soon as he saw me standing handcuffed in the clutches of my formidable guardians, and rushed forward through the snow to ask what this might mean. Amid a general chorus of exclamations which greeted his unexpected appearance, I breathlessly laid before him the state of the case.

"Oh, I say, this is too bad!" he cried, and turning to his friends, with excited gestures began pouring out a torrent of voluble French, which speedily worked a transformation scene in my fortunes.

The father of the family clasped his hands in dramatic despair at the mistake now made clear; the handcuffs were at once taken off; the stern countenances of the gendarmes relaxed into a grin; the maids giggled outright; and Leopold's brothers, when they had once done embracing him, flung themselves upon me with such fervour that I thought they would have kissed me too in the exuberance of their tardy welcome. In short, I had now no cause to complain of my reception.

I need not relate the explanations, the apologies, the hospitable attentions by which these warm-hearted Belgians tried to make up for their first false impressions of my character and business. Now that it was all over I could afford to laugh heartily at the misunderstanding; but, as if they could not forgive themselves, the family seemed to think nothing too good for me during my short stay among them. At Leopold's home I spent one of the jolliest Christmases I ever had, and we both came back punctually to business with this capital story to tell of my first adventure in foreign lands.



HOW TO MAKE A NEW SHADOW GAME AND PUZZLE.

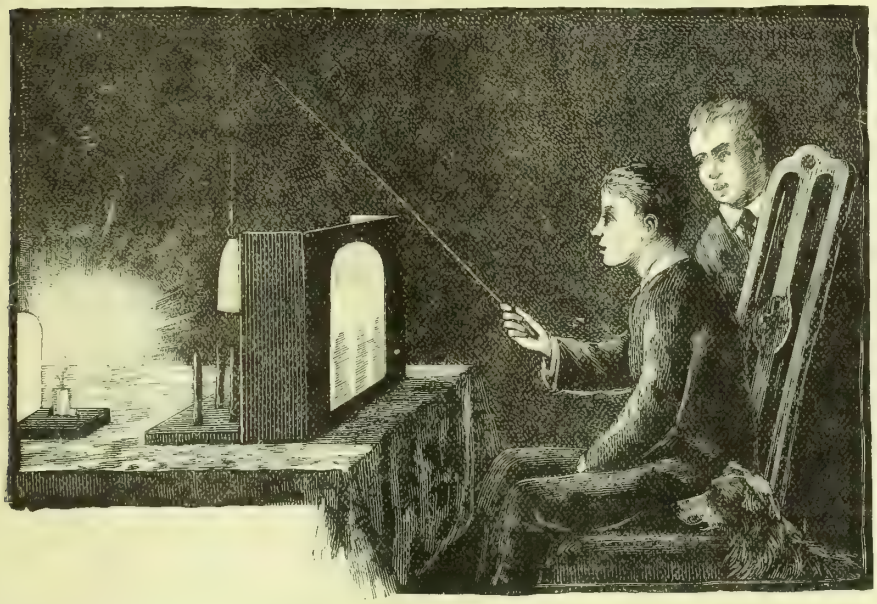
By Eustace Baird,

Author of "Professor Bouget's Christmas Dinner," etc.

The fact is, it deserves both attributes, as it partakes both of a game and a puzzle.

Hence our title.

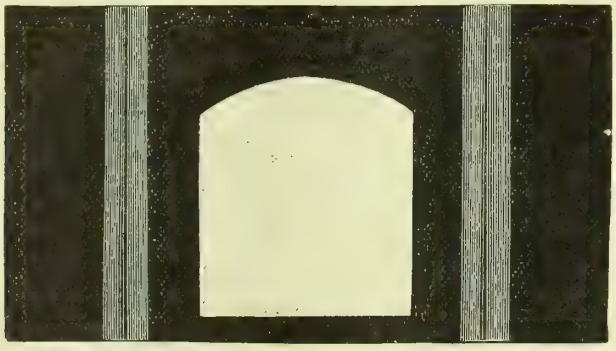
With this little contrivance you may, I hope, be enabled to pass many a winter's evening pleasantly, as it can be played by both old and young, and will be found to afford almost as much amusement to the former as to the latter.



And now, without more ado, let us set to work and make it.

Take the measurements of the small three-fold screen in the first place.

Screen.—It is made of stout pasteboard, height 14 inches, width of centre fold 15 inches, width of end folds or flaps 5 inches.



An aperture must be cut in the centre of the screen, shaped as in sketch. Height of aperture 10 inches, width 9 inches.

This aperture (which extends to within 1 inch of the bottom of the screen) is covered with semi-transparent paper. You will find the ordinary tracing-paper will answer the purpose well.

Gum it smoothly and tightly on the inside of the screen, and cover the outside (after you have put on the hinges) neatly with some brightly coloured paper.

The hinges, which run up the whole height of the screen, are made of strips of calico 2 inches wide and 14 inches long. These, when firmly gummed on, act very well.

Stand.—The stand for holding the card figures is simply a flat piece of $\frac{3}{4}$-inch wood 9 inches by 4.

On the surface of this wood are three



parallel saw-cuts half an inch deep and an inch apart.

The cuts should run the length of the wood.

The card-figures are three in number, and may represent Punch, Judy, and the dog Toby, or any other characters you please.

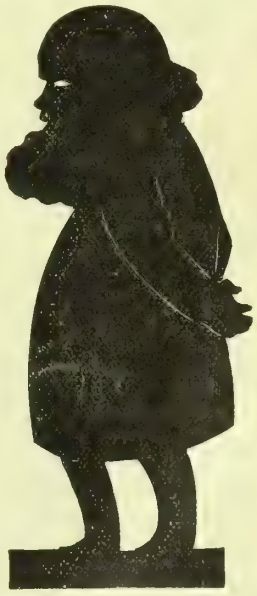
The entire height of the figures, including that part which is stuck in the stand, should not exceed three inches.

Get the best draughtsman available to sketch them out for you on stiff cardboard, and cut them out carefully, not forgetting the eyes, then paint them black on both sides, and they are done.

Extinguishers.—Three card extinguishers can be easily provided. Top of extinguisher $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch diameter, bottom of extinguisher $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch diameter, height 3 inches. To get the proper slope of the sides the best plan is to use a piece of stiff paper, as it is much easier to manipulate than card. When you have got the paper to the right shape, cut out the card by it. A few stitches will hold the card better than any glue.



Cover the extinguishers with coloured paper, and sew a small metal ring to the top of each so that it will stand upright.



Take a piece of light wood or cane (the top of an old fishing-rod will do capitally) 16 inches long, and hang a thin brass wire (having a hook at its lower end) to a small staple fixed in the end of the rod.

The wire should be 11 inches long and about as thick as a hairpin.

CANDLESTICK.—The candlestick is simply a piece of ¾-inch wood 3 inches square, with a hole ¾ inch diameter and ½ inch deep bored in the centre.

A saw-cut ½ inch deep receives a plain tin reflector 4 inches high by 3 inches.

Our apparatus is now complete, and the following rules will show you how to use it.

RULES.—Any number of persons may take part in this game, which is, as I said, also something of a puzzle.

The players play alternately, and sides may be formed if desired.

Stand the screen upon the table, not too near the lamp or gas, and see that the side-wings are folded back at right angles with the front.

Light an inch of candle in the flat candlestick provided, and place it (with its tin reflector stuck upright in the cut) directly behind the screen, and about a foot or so from it.

The flat wooden stand for holding the figures has parallel cuts, into which they are stuck.

The figures may all be placed in one cut, or some or all in different cuts, according to the fancy of the player.

The first player takes his seat, in front of the screen, behind which he *may not look* until his turn be ended.

The object of the player is, if possible, to place one of the card extinguishers over each of the figures. In this he must be entirely guided by the shadows cast upon the screen.



The figures, having been arranged in the stand (unknown to the player), are placed directly behind the screen.

The player then hooks one of the extinguishers to the end of the wire attached to the rod, and holding the latter in his right hand, passes the extinguisher over the front or wings of the screen (he must *not* introduce it from behind) and gently lowers it over the figure.

While the shadow of the extinguisher is *above* that of the figures, the player may move it in any direction, but once the descent is commenced, the extinguisher must not again be raised or moved sideways.

When the player feels that the extinguisher has landed, he detaches it from the wire, by a slight motion, and repeats the operation with the two remaining extinguishers.

The figures should be arranged for each player, and the spectators should be careful not to intimate to the player, by word or sign, the result of his operations until his turn be ended, when he may look for himself.

Each player has three turns, and he who covers most figures correctly wins the game.

A variation to the above game is as follows:

Each player endeavours to place the extinguishers (without the figures) as nearly *in line* as possible.

N.B.—It is often most amusing to see the look of satisfaction on the face of the player, as he slowly deposits the extinguisher exactly (as he imagines) over the figure, when in reality it may be some distance in front of or behind it.

THE LAST MATCH!

AN OLD SALT'S YARN.

By ASHMORE RUSSAN,

Author of "The Last of the Great Auks," "A Strange Epidemic," etc.

"NINE! It's out. Ten! I've been keeping count, Dick, and that's the tenth match you've struck in less than half an hour."

The speaker was a bronzed, heavily-bearded man, with a marked ancient-mariner look about him.

"What o' that?" returned Dick, a young fellow whose attire proclaimed that he also went down to the sea in ships. "The tobacco's damp. Besides, matches are cheap enough."

"Ay, so they be, so they be—here; but when I see 'em wasted as you've been wasting 'em, I can't help thinking of a time when one match was worth just thirty-two men's lives."

Dick removed his pipe—out once more—from his mouth, and faced the old salt.

"There's a yarn there, Joe—a stiff un. Let's have it. It'll pass the time better than damp baccy."

Nothing loth, the ancient mariner brought himself to anchor, and spoke thus:

"I was bound from Rio to Calcutta aboard the Holt Hill, a four-masted sailing-ship, when we ran slap into St. Paul's Island, in the South Indian Ocean. It don't matter whose fault it was, we were there, at nine o'clock at night—thirty-three of us, all told—in a sort of cove, with the ship's bows fixed upon the rocks, and waves, mountains high, thumping her stern and pounding her to pieces every blow. There was only one way to get off her, over the bows, and it was nine fathom or thereabouts down to the surf. Our cap'n—Sutherland was his name, and a real good fellow he was—sings out for a rope, and down it we slips into the boiling water, one after another, like so many monkeys, and thirty-two of us got safe to the beach. The first mate, poor fellow! was lost.

"We got safe to the beach, but we were in a tight fix there. Some of us soon began to think we'd never get off it. We tried to reach softer walking—only four of us had shoes on—but, whichever way we turned, we were stopped by a cliff as steep as the side of a house, that we couldn't see the top of. There was nothing but cliff and pebbles—jagged ones that cut our bare feet almost every step. Well, there was no help for it but to stay just where we landed, and wait patiently for daylight, when the cap'n thought we might be able to climb up the cliff on to the island.

"I shall never forget that night. Most of us had nothing on but shirts and trousers drenched through and through, and the spray kept making 'em wetter and wetter. I thought I'd have been frozen to death. We huddled close together, but, bless you! we couldn't get warm nohow. It was just as much as we could do to keep the life in us."

"You couldn't make a fire?" interrupted Dick.

"Not likely, with stones, shells, and seaweed. Besides, we didn't know there was a match among the crew that would strike. Lucky for us we didn't, or somebody would have lit a pipe with it. It was a long night, but we lived through it, and when the day broke we saw what a nice trap we were in. The cliff was two hundred feet high if it was an inch, and there wasn't a break nowhere. We had got to climb it or die! The cap'n set the example, and up we went, clambering from rock to rock and point to point. Many a tumble we had, but it was life or death, and we stuck to it. When we got to the top our hands were raw and bleeding, and our feet and shins were worse, if anything. But we got there, all of us, and that was something to be thankful for. It was a dreary place; not a tree or shrub to be seen; nothing but thick grasses and keen rushes, that cut our feet almost as bad as the stones below. As soon as the cap'n had got his wind, he called us all together and made us a bit of a speech.

"'My lads,' says he, 'this island's called after St. Paul. It's desolate. The Government's supposed to put grub and water here for shipwrecked sailors, and if there's any I reckon we're entitled to it. The best thing we can do is to split up into parties and look for it.'

"Well, we that had no shoes tore our shirts into strips and tied our feet up in grass, and some of us set out exploring in parties of four. I went with the cap'n, the second mate, and the cook. I'd used to read 'Robinson Crusoe' when I was a lad, and think how grand it would be to get cast on a desolate island; but it wasn't very grand to be perishing of hunger, and looking for grub with about as much chance of finding it as of picking up sovereigns on this road. Not but what there was grub, only we couldn't catch it. We hadn't got far before the cap'n sings out: 'Rabbit ahoy! on the larboard!' We spread every bit of canvas we could muster, but, bless you! the rabbit had got the wind, and scudded before us at a rate that soon took it out of sight. It anchored in a hole somewhere, but we couldn't find the hole, or we'd have burrowed after it if we'd had to go a'most as deep as the bottom of the cliff, we were that ravenous. While we were tacking about after the rabbit, the cook he hails a goat, but the beggar wouldn't answer. We put about after him sharp enough, but he had the heels of us. We were dead lame, you see, and couldn't sail faster than about four or five knots an hour,

while the goat steamed off at about twenty, running straight for the rocks, and jumping from one to another in a fashion no sailor could ha' followed without knocking holes in his hull at every bump.

"'Hold hard! and 'bout ship,' says cap'n, 'we'll keep in smooth water as long as we're able.'

"We put about, and sailed straight ahead north-north-east for half an hour without sighting anything. The sun was well up now, and it let us know it. Our tongues were like bits of dry leather with the thirst that was on us. The second mate had shoes, and he'd the heels of us. He was pretty soon half a mile ahead. Presently he hails us, and stands swinging his arms like a semaphore. We spread out a bit more canvas and catches up with him.

"'Isn't that a house, cap'n,' he says, pointing to something as looked like a smashed-up cook's-galley on a wreck.

"The cap'n thought it was. An hour's hard sailing brought us up to the house—a tumble-down wooden shanty, made of ship's timbers.

"'The Government stores 'll be here,' says cap'n; but no such luck. We rummaged the place, and found nothing but a bit of wire and four fish-hooks in a little box. We'd hardly got outside, however, when we sighted two more huts.. They'd no roofs, but we pretty well turned 'em inside out. We found nothing, not even a scrap of writing. The cap'n had reckoned on finding some grub in the huts, and so we all did for that matter, and we got a bit down in the mouth, I can tell you. But it was no use growling and grumbling, and off we went on the old north-north-east course.

"'Fire ahoy!' sings out the second mate a'most as soon as we'd got under way, and sure enough there was a cloud of smoke a-rising out of a hollow right in our course. There! how we did scud afore the wind. We forgot all about our poor feet then. In less than ten minutes we were on the spot, and what d'ye think we saw?"

"A fire, of course," replied Dick.

"No, worse luck. A pool of water, bubbling, boiling, and steaming like mad."

"Oh, stow that, Joe!" interjected Dick.

"It's true, lad. We dipped our fingers in it, and got a'most scalded for our trouble. It was a boiling spring, but the fire that set it boiling might ha' been a mile or two below—and Old Nick might ha' been the stoker for all I know. The cap'n told us as St. Paul's was a volcanic island, and we might expect to find lots more springs of the same sort. The cook he groaned.

"'It's hard,' says he, 'to see coppers always on the boil and nothing to put in 'em. It's a regular waste, that's what it is.'

"That set us hankering for grub and water worse than ever. The cap'n he says nothing, but just sits down and strips off his oilskin pants. We thought he was going to boil 'em tender and sarve 'em round, but he showed us different. He tied up the bottoms with the wire we'd found in the hut and filled 'em with the boiling water.

"'When it's cool,' says he, 'we'll have a drink.'

"We gives him a sort of a cheer, and anchors ourselves on the bank of the spring to wait till the water got cold. But we couldn't wait. There was a bit of a leak in the oilskins, you see, and the hot water was a spurting out. The sight was too much for us, and one after another we let it spurt into our mouths. It was pretty warm, but talk about grog and champagne and such stuff! The best as was ever brewed couldn't hold a candle to the liquor as squirted out of the cap'n's oilskins. It put new life and pluck into us, I can tell you; and after a rest, and a jolly good swig when the water was cooler, we felt a'most fit for anything.

"'We'd best go straight back to our mates,' says the cap'n, 'and take the water with us. They mayn't have found any.'

"The second mate, as had boots, he shoulders the oilskins, and off we starts back to where we'd landed, where we'd all agreed to meet. Of course, we were downright ravenous for food; but the water had cheered us up like, and I reckons if we'd dropped on the track of that rabbit again we'd ha' caught him.

"We found the rest of the crew all back, and lying about at the top of the cliff. They hadn't been far. They were soon on their feet when they saw the second mate had something on his shoulders, and came crowding round us, parched and ravenous. After they'd every one had a hearty pull at the oilskins, they told us they'd found four old boats, three of 'em seaworthy, in a creek about a mile to the west, where there was a break in the cliffs.

"'They're ship's dingies,' says the carpenter; 'we might cruise round the island in 'em in fine weather, but they ain't no manner of use to get away from here. I don't know exactly where we are, but it's a precious long way from anywhere.'

"'We're about half way between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia,' says the cap'n, 'and we'll have to live as best we can until we're fetched off. We can't start on a voyage of 3,500 miles or thereabouts in small boats. Let us thank God we have a chance, as we are not far from a regular ocean track.'

"'We've caught four penguins,' says the carpenter, after a while; 'we've plucked and skinned 'em, and put 'em to soak in a pool in the hollow yonder. Hungry as we be, we couldn't stomach 'em raw.'

"'Hurrah!' sings out the cook. 'I'll take 'em and boil 'em in that old copper; they'll be fit to eat then.'

"'We'd better all go there,' says the cap'n. 'The boiling spring's close to the huts, and we can get some grass and make beds in 'em as 'll keep us a bit warmer than we were last night. I don't want any of you to be frozen to death; but first we'll see if we can't catch a fish or two.'

"He fastened the fish hooks to the wire and set off with the carpenter to the creek where the birds were in soak. I believe they baited the hooks with the penguin's heads; anyhow, they caught three decent sized fish, and we set off for the boiling spring with 'em and the birds, which were a'most as black as my hat when they had been skinned.

"While the cook was boiling the birds and fishes, the rest of us collected grass and rushes to make our beds and cover the huts that had no roofs. At about five o'clock in the afternoon we sat down to the first meal for about twenty-four hours. The fish pretty soon vanished, I can tell you, and then we tackled the penguins. Ugh! I don't think I'll get the taste of penguin out of my mouth as long as I live. The flesh was black, fishy, rank, and oily, but if it had been ten times worse than it was it'd ha' been eaten. We went to bed soon after, fourteen in a hut, and tried to go to sleep. But tired out as we was we couldn't sleep a wink, it was so cold. You see we had next to no clothes when we got ashore, and most of us had torn up our shirts to wrap our feet in so as to be able to walk about. The cold was a'most as bad as on the night afore, when we'd been drenched on the beach. I thought I'd never live till morning, but we were all alive and kicking when the day broke, and as hungry as if we hadn't had a mouthful for a week.

"'We'll have to hunt for our breakfasts,' says the cap'n, 'and we can't do better than go in parties as we did yesterday.'

"About a dozen started back to the creek to fish and catch penguins. I went with the cap'n, the mate, and the cook again, bearing north-north-east as afore. We found a lake that looked like a well. It was a'most round, and surrounded with cliffs 300 feet high. We'd an awful trouble to get down to the water, and when we got there it was salt. The cap'n said it was on the same level as the ocean, and must ha' been connected with it by an underground channel, but we couldn't see one. We were mighty hungry when we'd clambered back to the top of the cliff, but had to grin and bear it. We hadn't got far before we came across a bed o' nettles, real stingers. You wouldn't like to make a meal o' nettles, Dick, but we wasn't particular. We ate a few handfuls raw, and tied up a big bundle to carry back to the huts.

"'I could make soup out o' penguins and nettles,' says the cook, 'if I'd anything to boil 'em in.'

"'Can't you boil 'em in the spring?' says the cap'n.

"'Ay,' says the cook, 'I can; but there's precious little flavour in the nettles now they're raw, and I reckons it 'll all run away when they're boiled in that there giant's copper.'

"The cap'n he kept a sharp look-out for rabbits and goats, as seemed to be the only four-legged animals on the island. How they got there's a mystery to me. We'd seen one or two rabbits a long way off, but couldn't find out where they ran to harbour. By'm by, one got up right under the second mate's feet, and away he went full steam ahead after it. He didn't catch it, but saw it scuttle into a hole, and in less than no time we was all round that hole as eager as a pack o' hungry terriers.

"'If I'd only got a tin or something to boil him in,' says cook, 'I'd lay here and wait till he comes out.'

"'Suppose we tries to dig him out?' says the cap'n.

"We set to work, and jolly soon got down into the earth a foot, scooping the dirt out with our hands; then we had to stop. The rabbit had gone into the rock and we'd struck it. Every rabbit we sailed after sarved us just the same, and we got sick of the game. The rabbits had all the fun of it, you see.

"Well, all we took back to the huts that day was the bundle of nettles and a lot of experience. The other fellows had been luckier, They'd found an old bucket, caught half-a-dozen fish and three penguins, and got one o' the boats afloat.

"The cook he went pretty near wild over that bucket, and he'd soon got it in the boiling spring with fish and nettle soup inside it. We'd a good meal that night.

"The next day we had to starve. We were all out fishing and penguin catching, and not one did we get hold of. The fish wouldn't bite, and the penguins was getting too wide awake to be caught. We caught a few crawfish, but there! there wasn't half enough for one man, let alone thirty-two.

"'Two days without food,' says the cap'n, 'and we'll die of cold in the night.' And we knew he'd spoke the truth. With our empty stomachs we felt the cold awful. We was that cramped in the morning we could hardly crawl to the boiling spring to get thawed.

"The cap'n pretty soon set some of us collecting dried grass and bits of timber, while the rest went penguin catching and fishing as usual. When we'd got a pile of grass ready, the cap'n set to work rubbing two bits of dry wood together to get a fire.

"'If we can't get a fire,' says he, 'we're all dead men. We *must* have a fire to signal passing ships, as well as to keep the life in us.'

"But he had his labour for nothing. The



Christmas Eve.—(*Drawn by* PAUL HARDY.)

wood wasn't dry enough, or it was the wrong sort, or something. Anyhow it wouldn't set alight. We took our turns with it, and kept it rubbing for three hours at a stretch. It was no good. The stuff wouldn't burn. The penguin catchers came back with two birds, and the cook boiled 'em. That was all the grub we had that day. The cap'n had sent two men after some nettles, but they couldn't find 'em.

"The next four days we wellnigh starved. Some days we had a few fish. One day we'd nothing but nettles. We tried to snare rabbits and goats, but couldn't catch one. You see we had got so weak we couldn't run. I was lying down beside the cook, as close to the boiling spring as I could get, wishing I was dead and all the misery was over, when all of a sudden he sets up a shout, and scrambles on his feet.

"He'd a baccy-box in his hand. I'd noticed him fumbling in his pockets, but didn't know what he was after.

"'I've found three matches,' says he, 'in a box in the lining of my jacket.'

"He'd a jacket, had cook. Well, we was all round him in no time; all but the cap'n, he was in one of the huts.

"'I've some baccy,' says one chap, fishing a pipe and a bit of rope out of his pocket. 'It's hemp baccy, but it'll burn. Give us a light.'

"The cook he makes no more ado but picks up a stone and tries to strike a match on it. The match was damp, and wouldn't strike!

"'I'll try another,' says he, and does it.

"That wouldn't strike!

"Just as he was going to waste the last match, up comes the cap'n, and sees what was going on in a flash.

"'This is the last,' says cook. 'I'll make this strike.'

"But he didn't. The cap'n had collared his wrist.

"'The lives of thirty-two men hang on that match,' says he.

"'It's damp,' says cook.

"'Let me see it,' says cap'n.

"The cook gave him the match, and the cap'n examined it.

"'I believe it will strike,' says he. "To make more certain I'll put it in the sun for an hour or two. Some of you go and fetch the dry stuff we tried to set alight the other day.'

"The cap'n put the match on a bit of rock right in the sun, and sat there and watched it as carefully as if it was a diamond mine or a bag of gold he expected to be stole; and when we'd collected a lot of stuff to make a fire, we sat and watched it too—thirty-two men, all watching a tiny bit of wood tipped with brimstone, as if our very lives depended on its being kept safe.

"'If we can only get a fire,' says cap'n, 'we can keep it going day and night, and if it isn't seen in the daytime it'll be seen at night. If we can't, we're all dead men. We'll die of scurvy if we can't get anything to eat but penguin, if we don't die of cold.'

"That was it, Dick; that was just how we stood. Our lives hung on that last match!

"We sat there about two hours, and then the cap'n got up and took the match off the rock. He chose a dry bit of flint to strike it on, and knelt down over the dry stuff we'd collected.

"'Get as close to me as you can,' says he, 'and keep every breath of wind away; and let them as says their prayers regular, pray now.'

"I don't doubt, Dick, as the cap'n was praying with all his heart and soul. He was a God-fearing man, and he knew what hung on that match better than we did. He knew what were the odds against a vessel calling. We didn't.

"He struck the match. I was close to him. My hand would ha' trembled. His was as firm as a rock. He struck the match, Dick, and it set alight!

"In five minutes we'd a bonfire. There was plenty of fuel, and, to make sure, we pulled down one of the huts. We kept that fire going all day, all night, and all the next day and night. Then, to double our chances of being seen, we lit another on the cliff over where our ship had struck, and kept that going all night.

"The very next day, Dick, we was taken off St. Paul's Island. Our fire on the cliff had been seen miles away in the night.

"Now you know why I don't like to see matches wasted."

"THAT BOY!"

The house it was all in the greatest commotion,
The dogs wagged their tails and barked loudly for joy—
But whence all this fuss? Why, I haven't a notion,
For the only arrival, you see, was "that boy."

The "larks" that he played! the audacious young sinner;
The raids on the kitchen accomplished with glee;
Till cook, whose mince-pies vanished long before dinner,
Turned him out of the pantry, and hid up the key.

The squire's newest razors were filched from their case, sir;
To the cat's bushy tail hung a squeaking tin toy;
Not a thing but was somehow moved out of its place, sir;
And we all said at once, "Oh! of course it's 'that boy.'"

When our candles we took from the table at night, sir,
What a chorus of vexed exclamations there'd be!
There was never a one of them all that would light, sir;
All their wicks had been watered by some one, you see.

Then that terrible night when the governess fainted,
And Maud, who has nerves, wrung her hands in despair;
What artist her wrath and dismay could have painted,
When a cracker exploded just under her chair!

And the chemicals, too! when experiments trying,
The front of the pier-glass was smashed all to bits;
When Adeline's kitten was feared to be dying,
And James, the new page-boy, was taken with fits.

Next a ghost, with blue lights, walked beside the park railings,
Driving ghost-hunters wild with the thoughts of a prize,
Till they found it was sheets twisted round the high palings,
With the head of a turnip and phosphorus eyes.

When the cocks in our bedrooms held four-o'clock session,
And wakened us all with their horrible din;
It didn't need Master Guy's laughing confession,
We knew that "that boy" had been letting them in.

Then the girls! you may guess how their wrath was excited,
Unthinkingly passing the cedar-tree by,
When volumes of snow on their bonnets alighted,
Arriving, apparently, straight from the sky.

How gladly we all of us echoed the pater,
Those like us afflicted will know, I dare say:
"The dog-cart at twelve—mind now, punctually, Slater;
I'm thankful that boy will be going to-day."

Just a week later on, and the house seems so quiet;
Such a contrast to all that we've suffered before.
"Why *do* schoolboys always create such a riot?"
Some one asks, when there comes a sharp knock at the door.

Then our own is flung wide, and in rushes the pater;
But, somehow, he doesn't seem able to stand.
We all know it soon as, a few minutes later,
The telegram drops from his nerveless right hand.

"Dead! drowned!" Oh! it can't be; there must be some blunder—
"In one last gallant effort a comrade to save;
One struggle for life, e'er the wave drew him under,
Restoring the weakling and murd'ring the brave."

Ah, yes! that was many a long year ago, sir;—
Time flies, and the seasons come round pretty fast;—
But the Christmas yule-log brings a thought, do you know, sir,
Of the holiday fun in the days that are past.

Yes; we wouldn't complain of the fuss and commotion,
The stir and the mischief that followed his track,
If only the cruel and treacherous ocean
Its prey would surrender—our boy would give back.

We're apt to complain when, without rhyme or reason,
We're worried with tricks and half deafened with noise;
But, friends, let me ask, at this holiday season,
Don't we hail in our hearts the return of the boys?

They may be a nuisance! but don't be forgetting
We were on a young ourselves, and too prone to annoy;
One day, maybe, *you* too, with useless regretting,
Will wish that you hadn't been hard on "that boy."

There! we'll shed no more tears, 'tis the season for laughter,
The carols ring out and the joyous bells chime;
We'll keep the fun going till midnight and after—
Three cheers for the boys and the holiday time!

C. W.

THE WARNING FINGERS.

A TALE OF THE SERONGE JUNGLE.

By Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart.,

Author of "The Treasure of the Cacique," etc.

In whatever portion of the world our footsteps may stray we invariably find that partially civilised man ever assigns to the most powerful beast of prey with which he is acquainted strange and sometimes weird attributes.

In Namaqua Land the King of the Beasts is looked upon as something beyond a mere savage animal wandering about in search of prey. In the far distant forests of Java the black panther is regarded by the credulous natives as an animal endowed with strange power and knowledge. The great bear of the mountain has been associated with many of the most interesting legends of the North American Indians; whilst in Europe the wolf figures in many of the wildest tales current in the more northern portions of the Continent. In India the tiger naturally holds the chief place in these stories of the supernatural world, which are handed down from generation to generation, though it is not always easy to get the natives to divulge them to the unbelieving white man.

The belief that when a tiger has killed a man the spirit of the victim walks beside its destroyer and guides him to fresh prey is current over nearly the whole of India, and many old *shikarrees* (professional hunters) will tell you with bated breath that in the pale moonlight they have seen the striped monarch of the jungle creeping along with stealthy pace, whilst a dim, impalpable figure, with its shadowy hand resting on the fierce beast's neck, stalks beside it and guides its every movement!

It is not, however, my intention to dwell upon this well-known superstition, but to relate another belief regarding the tiger and his victim which came to my knowledge in the following manner.

I had just returned from my morning ride, and was taking a cup of tea in my verandah, when my bearer informed me that Syud Mohammed the shikarree was desirous of speaking to me.

"Send him here," answered I, and in a few moments a man well known to all the residents of Oranipore (as I will call the cantonment in which I then resided) stood before me.

He was a little old man, but wiry and muscular as a leopard, and his keen black eyes twinkled and glittered through the mass of lines and wrinkles which covered his face. He carried a long matchlock in his hand, whilst a powder-horn and a curved broad-bladed *Ghoorka* knife, termed a *kookerie*, were suspended from his waist-belt.

A voluminous green turban, showing that he had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, was perched jauntily upon his head, and he advanced to me with a respectful obeisance.

"Well, Syud Mohammed," said I, lighting a cheroot, "have you any good news to give me?"

"The news is good, sahib," returned the old man, sententiously.

"Well, well, but what is it all about?" demanded I, a little impatiently, as Syud Mohammed relapsed into silence. "Speak out, man, I cannot waste all my day with you."

"A tiger killed one of the bullocks belonging to a *zemindar* last night, sahib," replied the hunter. "He has only just taken a bite out of it, and is sure to come back to-night to finish his meal."

"That is good news indeed," said I. "Where is the place?"

"The dead beast lies some three *koss* (six miles) from here, on the edge of the jungle," returned the old man. "There is a large *peepul* tree within ten yards upon which a platform can be erected, and if the sahib is willing he can make an end of the destroying beast to-night."

I was delighted at the opportunity of again exercising my skill against the striped monsters of the jungle, and gave Syud Mohammed all the necessary directions, promising to meet him at the appointed spot just before sundown.

The hunter made another profound salaam, and, throwing his matchlock over his shoulder, shambled off to make the necessary arrangements.

My day was fully occupied in inspecting and sending off my battery, and about an hour before the setting of the sun I mounted my pony and set off at a canter for the spot where the shikarree was to meet me.

I found the old man squatted down by the side of the road, his long matchlock laid across his knees. At my approach he rose and stood respectfully before me.

"Is everything ready, Syud Mohammed?" asked I.

"Sahib," returned the shikarree, "your slave has prepared all; the *matchâm* (platform) is erected in the peepul tree, about twenty yards from the spot where the dead bullock is lying. There will be a bright moon to-night, so that all will be as clear as if it were daytime."

"Good," replied I. "You had better go ahead and show me the way."

Without a word the old man turned off the road and began walking away across a tract of land covered with straggling bushes and stunted trees hardly worthy to be dignified by the name of a jungle.

Night was now approaching with great rapidity, for in the tropics there is no twilight, the darkness succeeding the day with startling celerity.

Several times the little Indian hare started from a tussock of grass and sped away into the darkness, whilst more than once the whirr of the wings of a black partridge, as it rose from under my pony's feet, caused me to start convulsively.

"There is the peepul tree, sahib," remarked the hunter, after we had proceeded in silence for some half an hour, pointing, as he spoke, to a tall object which rose black and distinct against the sky.

We soon reached our destination, and I saw that Syud Mohammed, according to the usual custom, had procured a rough native bedstead (*charpoy*), which had been hoisted into the tree and firmly secured at a height of about thirty feet from the ground, forming a convenient seat, though hardly high enough to ensure safety from the attack of a wounded tiger.

I hastily inspected my rifles, and saw that nothing had been forgotten; then I made a perquisition into the commissariat, and found that the brandy, the earthen jar of cold water, and the cheroots were all present.

I sent away my servants, ordering them and my *syce* (groom) to return the next morning, and then, turning to Syud Mohammed, asked him where the slain bullock was.

For reply he guided me round the tree, and there, just on the borders of the dark line of the jungle, lay the poor creature.

A blow from the striped monster's massive fore-paw had crushed in the skull, causing instantaneous death, whilst a piece of flesh weighing some four or five pounds had been bitten out of the shoulder.

It was a sickening sight, and the dense cloud of flies which rose from the carcass at my approach made me anxious to remove as far from the vicinity of the bait as I could.

"The tiger has only taken a little bit, sahib," remarked the old man, "and he will surely come back to-night to complete his meal. Let us ascend to the platform in the peepul tree, and then your lordship will be able to perceive how open the ground is."

I followed Syud Mohammed's instructions, and climbing up a notched piece of wood, which formed an excellent extempore staircase, took up my position in the *charpoy*, over which a couple of wadded quilts had been thrown. The bottle of brandy and the jar of water had been suspended from boughs of the tree, a forked branch formed a support for my rifles, whilst a revolver and a broad-bladed hunting-knife, the work of that well-known maker, Bodrâj of Arungabad, lay ready to my hand.

"The moon will be up in half an hour, sahib," said the shikarree. "And then the tiger will come out in quest of his dinner; during that interval we can make all arrangements."

I knelt upon the temporary platform and gazed out into the gathering gloom. The line of jungle had grown darker and more black, whilst the mangled body of the bullock appeared to assume a series of weird and fantastic shapes in the shadow.

"I say, Syud Mohammed," remarked I, with a forced laugh, "it almost looks as if the dead bullock was going to get up and take itself off. We should be left in a pleasant predicament then, eh?"

Syud Mohammed, who had been seated at a respectful distance at the other end of the temporary platform, engaged in removing his faded green *puggaree* and replacing it by a tight-fitting linen cap, gave a sudden start.

"The Prophet and the forty-nine Imaums forbid, sahib," returned he, in tremulous accents. "The tiger has no power over the beasts. If it was a man who had been killed the case might be different."

"What do you mean?" demanded I, utterly unable to account for the sudden change in the hunter's manner, and gazing in astonishment at his features, over which a livid grey pallor had begun to steal.

"Do not ask me just now, sahib," replied the old man; "it would be an omen of ill-luck; besides, see, the moon is rising, and we must not utter a word. The story I have to tell you is a long one, but when the tiger is dead and your highness has leisure your slave will tell it to you—that is, if you desire it; but it is a terrible tale, and one I hardly like to think of."

"All right," returned I, carelessly; "but

keep a sharp look-out, for my eyes are not yet accustomed to this light."

For nearly two hours we sat in perfect silence. I could see several animals of small size creep out of the jungle and begin to tear at the carcass of the bullock, snapping and snarling at each other as they did so like angry curs. These, however, I knew to be only jackals, with perhaps a fox or two. Then came some larger animals, before which the smaller beasts of prey fled, sitting down, however, at a short distance, as though prepared to return to the banquet at the first opportunity.

These last were wolves and hyenas, but their triumph was of short duration, for a long dark form glided slowly through the brushwood, and a touch on the arm from the shikarree warned me that my quarry had at last made its appearance.

For some four or five minutes the mighty beast stalked round the carcass, as though disgusted that uninvited guests had intruded on the feast; but all at once, as if actuated by a sudden resolve, threw itself upon the bullock, and, grasping the neck with its powerful forepaws, began tearing and rending at the tough flesh with a sound which it was sickening to listen to.

My opportunity had come; the moon shone full upon the beast of prey, and, levelling my rifle, I glanced for a moment along its shining tubes, and touched the trigger.

I heard the dull thud as the bullet struck the mark, and, with a roar of mingled rage and pain, the tiger sprang from its prey and gazed around, lashing its flanks with its tail.

The sudden movement caused me to miss it with my second barrel, which I had fired almost immediately after my first shot, and in the movement I made to seize my second rifle I threw down the revolver, which fell to the ground, exploding as it did so.

The noise attracted the wounded animal's attention. Glancing upwards, it caught sight of myself and the hunter, and, with another terrible roar, sprang towards the tree.

The right shoulder and forearm were, however, entirely crippled, and in its efforts to reach the foot of the tree it rolled forward with a howl of anguish.

Two more shots driven straight through the brain ended its career, and as soon as we had satisfied ourselves that life was completely extinct we descended from our position of vantage and examined the form of the prostrate foe.

It was a tigress of the largest size, but its fur was thin, and in some places worn off in great patches.

"*Shabash* (well done), sahib," said Syud Mohammed, pointing to the mangy condition of the coat. "You have destroyed a terrible scourge; man-eating always makes the coat like that."

There was nothing for it but to wait for morning, when my servants and the pony would arrive. We ascended the matchâm again, and for a time watched the smaller carnivora, who had again returned to their banquet.

I lit a cheroot, and, after some pressing, contrived to induce the shikarree to tell me the wonderful tale to which he had alluded previous to the appearance of the tiger.

"Sahib," began the old man, "it was after the wave of blood and fire which had swept over this unhappy land in 1857 had passed away that the strange event happened. I am only a rough hunter of the jungle, and cannot put my story into the ornamental words of professional reciters of tales and legends; but, for all that, every incident is perfectly true, and I will stake my head upon what I saw.

"You know, sahib, that after the great rising the *sirkar* (Government) disarmed all the country far and wide, and the consequence was that savage beasts and venomous reptiles increased and multiplied to an alarming extent.

"Only a few trusty adherents of the Government were permitted to retain their arms, and——"

"And of these you, of course, were one, Syud Mohammed," interrupted I, rather brutally. "So pass over that matter and get to the ghost, or whatever it is, as soon as you can, for I am becoming terribly sleepy."

The old man cast a reproachful glance at me, and again plunged into his narrative.

"A tiger had been doing a great deal of harm in the neighbourhood of Seronge.

"He had killed many head of cattle, and had one day carried off a boy from the midst of a group of children playing round a well.

"I happened to pass through the town just after this occurrence, and the *kotwal* (headman) begged me to rid them of the pest, offering me fifty rupees above the Government reward if I succeeded in doing so. Such a chance was not to be thrown away; but, though I wandered through the dense jungles which surround the town, I could find no trace of the man-eater.

"One evening, as I was returning disheartened from a long and unsuccessful tramp, I saw a group of excited townsfolk standing before the *kotwallee* (house of the headman), all talking at once with much volubility.

"I soon learned the cause of this commotion. The tiger had made his appearance at the other side of the town, and struck down a *dâkwallah* (postman); but, being disturbed by some drivers of bullock-carts coming along the road, had made off, leaving his victim bleeding and lifeless at the foot of a *babool* tree. The men had not attempted to remove the body, but had run into the town to convey the sad news.

"Now or never was my chance, and taking the kotwal aside I made a proposition to him, to which after some hesitation he consented. Can you guess what this proposal was, sahib? Well, there was not much in it, and yet I believed that it would enable me to destroy the tiger. I knew that the beast was hungry, or he would never have ventured so near the main road, and that he had been disappointed of his expected feast. If, therefore, the dead body of the postman were left where he had been stricken down, the chances were in favour of the tiger returning to the spot in the evening, and then I could shoot him down from my ambush, just as you did the tigress a quarter of an hour ago."

Syud Mohammed here made a short pause as if to recover his breath; but an impatient gesture from me caused him to hasten to continue his narrative.

"Just before the coming of darkness, sahib, I made my way to the spot where the poor post-office runner had been killed. It was not more than half a mile from the town, and a dense line of jungle ran down to within twenty yards of the road. The poor fellow was lying upon his back with his arms extended on each side of him. The tiger's paw had crushed in his skull, and his livid face was smeared with brains and blood. I looked about me, and soon saw a bale tree which would suit me, and after one more glance at the corpse I clambered up it, and found a capital seat upon a forked branch.

"I do not know how it was, sahib, but that night I felt strangely nervous. I had so often been out in the jungles during the silent hours of the night, listening to the weird sounds, and marvelling at the different shapes things and creatures appeared to assume with the departure of the sun, that I ought to have got rid of any such feeling. For all that, I felt very uneasy. The moonbeams shone directly on to the place where the body was lying, forming a broad circle of light round it, whilst all the rest was in deep shadow. For more than two hours I waited, whilst a strange feeling of horror which I could not account for kept stealing over me.

"All at once I heard a soft rustling in the jungle, and I knew that the tiger was coming to enjoy his banquet. Then I cast aside all my fears, and, blowing the match of my trusty old weapon, prepared to finish the matter by one shot if possible. Peering into the shadow, I could just make out the round head of the monster protruding from the jungle. It was not, however, safe for me to fire, and I waited until he should come out into the circle of light to begin his feast.

"Mechanically I cast my eyes upon the dead postman, and, as I am a living man, sahib, I saw the arm raised slowly, and the lifeless fingers motion the savage beast not to quit the protection of the friendly shadow.

"With a low whimper of disappointment the brute slunk back into the jungle, whilst I was so terrified by what I had witnessed that I nearly fell from my perch.

"The tiger, however, was evidently half famished, for a quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed before he again made his appearance, and again retreated before the peremptory movement of the warning fingers.

"I was now, however, nerved to desperation, and sliding down from my place of vantage I drew my knife, and cutting two stout pegs I sharpened the ends and pinned the warning fingers firmly to the ground.

"Shuddering at the desecration, I again clambered up to the forked bough and waited for the reappearance of the tiger. It was a long wait, but at length the brute came. He was evidently very angry at the unexpected postponement of the feast, for he uttered low growls and lashed his flanks with his tail.

"This time, however, the corpse gave no warning, though I fancied I could see the muscles of the arm quivering in the attempt to release itself.

"My work, however, had been too securely done, and with a roar which echoed through the jungle the tiger precipitated itself upon the dead body. Then came my chance. I levelled the long barrel of my matchlock and pulled the trigger. Eye and hand were both true, and the man-eater of Seronge rolled over, dead, with a bullet through his brain."

Syud Mohammed ceased speaking, and looked at me as if I ought to make some remark; but I was tired and sleepy, and so, with a curt "A wonderful story indeed," I leaned my back against the tree, and was soon fast asleep.

Whether Syud Mohammed had really witnessed, or fancied he witnessed, the strange manifestation, or whether he had invented it out of his inner consciousness, I cannot say. "I tell the tale as it was told to me."



BRIMMACUM'S WEDDING.

By the Author of "Brimmacum's Umbrella," "The Bishop and the Caterpillar," etc., etc.

(*With Illustrations by* THOMAS DOWNY.)



WHEN Christmas-time came round again, and flung o'er hill and lake
A veil of snow, like frosting on a jolly rich plum-cake ;
And Winter, like a pastry-cook, the ice was deftly spreading,
Aunt Lucy sent me a silver card to bid me to Brimmacum's wedding.
There were two little hearts in the corner, instead of a postage stamp ;
And Hymen larking round with his torch, which looked like a bicycle lamp ;
And ivy (that means Fidelity) with true-lovers' knots in a bow:
When I make up *my* mind to get married, I won't be so spoony, I know !

Aunt Lucy wrote, "Dearest Freddie" (*Freddie !* I *was* in a rage),
"I thought you might like to come, dear, and be my sweet little page ! "
Now I don't care much for pages, they're mostly dressed-up girls,
With lace furbelows and collars and a lot of uncropped curls,
And they hang about with the horses, instead of going to fight ;
So I thought, all things considered, I'd rather be a knight.
Briggs major chaffed me awfully ; said he, "It's jolly grand
To be Brimmacum's boy in buttons," which of course I couldn't stand

So we two concocted a pretty note, which said I'd gladly come
And shed the light of my presence on Mrs. Brimmacum ;
But if 'twas all the same to her, for reasons I'd not explain,
I'd rather be H. M. Stanley, or Allan Quatermain ;—
Or, if she went for the classics, as far as I could tell,
Why, Ajax or Dick Turpin would suit me just as well !

But my brilliant suggestions experienced a rebuff,
For she thought the last-named gentlemen a little bit too rough,
And of juvenile explorers she'd really had enough ;.
I didn't think Aunt Lucy remembered things so long,—
To rake up a fellow's sins like that, is downright mean and wrong.
She was hinting at that afternoon we started for the Cape,
Got shipwrecked in the greenhouse, and cleared off every grape.
Old Joe said, "Boys is varmint"—but I forgave him then ;
I know he's not the sort of chap to bring things up again.

So, after all, it was settled I'd better be myself.
And then (at the end of the term, you know, one's apt to be short of pelf,
But the *mater* came down handsome, she thought it very nice)
I bought a fine umbrella, and I stuffed it full of rice ;
And I made Old Brimmacum promise, whatever was the weather,
He wouldn't put it up until his bride and he were together !
It *was* the tallest kind of a joke, because, you see, it appears
They'd agreed to pretend they'd been married for any amount of years ;
And nobody had the least notion they were out on their honeymoon
(Folks must have been precious stupid, for I lay they did nothing but spoon).
But, one day, when lots of swells were round, it came on to rain,—in a trice
Up went that smart umbrella, and out fell a shower of rice !
Oh ! didn't the people chaff them, and there was no end of a spree !
And the credit of that transaction was entirely due to *me*.

But there, as the bookwriting fellows say, "we must not anticipate."
I reached Leigh Hall "the day before," which I thought was rather late ;
Still, I had my share in the scrimmage, for, after a minute's doubt,
Grandmother said that Ethel and I might set the presents out—
Ethel's the youngest bridesmaid ; we had a bit of a wrangle,
She called Old Brimmacum "a duck," because he gave her a bangle ;
And she was uncommonly wild with me, though it wasn't the slightest use,
When I said I didn't know much about ducks, but I fancied she was a goose !

Well, we made it up in a little while,
Then settled to work in first-rate style ;
We wrote some neat little labels, and counted them up when we'd done ;
And the glorious sum total was—three hundred and sixty-one !
Presents aren't half a bad invention—
Just a few I should like to mention :
A patent contrivance for drawing a cork,
Three dozen spoons and a toasting-fork ;
Knives for carving and eating fishes,
And fifteen designs in butter-dishes ;
A silver "grid" for frying your steak,
And little twin baskets for wedding-cake ;
A set of sermons from Uncle Draper
(He'd better have sent the "Boy's Own Paper") ;
Bowls and plates, and such like crocks,
Garden-rollers, and chiming clocks ;
The stunningest sort of a writing-table,
Six pen-wipers from baby Mabel ;
Scuttles for coals, and silver lamps,
And the Wonderland Case for postage stamps ;
Brooches and bracelets set with jewels,
And heaps and heaps of things in crewels,
Which Ethel tremendously admired,
Though the very sight of them made me tired.



"Which Ethel tremendously admired,
Though the very sight of them made me tired."

Up to this, we'd behaved with the greatest propriety,
But now I proposed that, by way of variety,
A little amusement might intervene,
So I popped the pug in the soup-tureen,
And suggested the wall-pocket lined with satin
Was exactly the place to hide the cat in!
I'd just accomplished my dearest wish
By putting a mouse in the muffin-dish,
When the ink-stand went and toppled over,
So I stopped the stream with a table-cover;
But Ethel cried out, "Oh dear, oh dear!
That's the gift of the Lady Delamere!"
'Twas plain I'd got into an awful mess,
So I thought I'd better go and confess;
But, though perhaps 'twas a trifle mean,
I couldn't help feeling more serene
When Granny came peering round the screen.
She gazed awhile on that Stygian scene,



"When Granny came peering round the screen."

And then only said, very soft and low,
She thought, on the whole, I had better go
And pay a visit to keeper Joe
(Just to keep me out of a scrape, you know),
While she and Ethel set matters straight.
That cleared my mind of a heavy weight
That the damage wasn't so very great.
And I feel at liberty to state
As I drew near to the cotta ge-door, Old Brimmacum walked away;
Cried Joe, "I'm fain to see thee, lad, and hopes thou bee'st cum to stay!

Says I to th' missis, 'He's sewer to cum, or else thou may ca' me dunce.'
Schule-maister's bin argufyin' wi' me as a man can't luv but once;
Says I, wi' my face pulled straight-like, tho' I laughed a bit i' my sleeve,
'Maister, an true luv cums but onc't, there's a sight o' mak'-believe!'
But theer, what can ye 'spect of a chap o' th' eve on his weddin'-day?
When folk is bent on coortin', they're apt to be tuk i' that way."



"Cried Joe, 'I'm fain to see thee, lad.'"

Here I broke in with, "Joe, I say,
You've led me astray,
You told me Aunt Lucy had said him 'nay!'"
Joe answered me in his solemn way,
"Maister Fred, an thou lives long eneugh, it's sartin thou wilt find
A woman's none a woman, if she doesn't chaange her mind!
That minds me on a story as chanced i' my young days;
Cum, sit thee down and hear it; I'll mak' t' fire t' blaze.



"Eneugh for thee to knaw as I ha' chaanged my mind."

"Sally and Sam, when I wur young, had coorted mony a year,
And a' th' folk they wished 'em well as knowed 'em far and near.

An' they wur happy, I'll be boun', as any lark as sings;
For Sally wur a gradely lass, as knowed the mak' o' things,
An' Sam nor all th' other lads wur taller by th' head;
An' 'twas th' talk o' t' village as they wur boun' to wed.
Now, on a summer's evenin', when t' farm-work wur all done,
They walked togither, arm-in-arm, and Sam he thus begun:
'Sally,' says he,
'Thee an' me
'S been a coortin' a goodish bit, hanna we?'
Sally blushed and smiled and looked away;
She thought, in course he wur goin' to say,
'My lass, now I wants thee to name t' day.'
And so she wur summat taken aback,
When he went on quite anither tack.
'Hey, we've been a coortin' a longish bit—but 'tis over'd now, I find;
So I thought I'd cum an' tell thee as I ha' chaanged my mind.'

"At fust she thought he wur makin' fun,
So she laughed and said, 'Now, Sam, ha' done,
Thou needn't be tryin' it on wi' me,
Thou knaws I'd nivver think ill o' thee.
Thou's nivver had no 'casion for sayin' aught o' t' kind.'
'Eneugh for thee to knaw,' says Sam, 'as I ha' chaanged my mind.'

"Then Sally she wur downright mad—and sma' blame too, says I—
She'd a spice o' temper, as lasses have as is smart and neat and spry;
'Thou ill-contrive't waistril, I wunder thou's th' face—
Thou knaws t' folk 'll cry thee shame thro'-out th' hull o' t' place
To talk sich stuff as that to her thou's walked out wi' so long;
Thou'dst better chaange thy mind agen, for sewer thou's chaanged it wrong.'

"Hey, she gev' him a tung-lashin', a reg'lar set-down.
But Sam wur nivver daunted by any woman's frown;
He let her talk till she wur tired, and then, 'My lass,' says he,
'I've tauld thee as I've chaanged my mind, and that's eneugh for thee.'

"Now, Sally she begun to see as tantrums wouldn't do;
So next she tried clandoodlin'—and well she did it, too.
(I fun' it out at sivventeen, and I'll say 't at nigh three-score,
When a woman tak's to clandoodlin', a man may as well gi'e o'er.)
'Nay, Sam, thou nivver means it,' says she, and drops a tear;
'We two ha' luvved each other for well-nigh sivven year,
An' we broke t' lucky sixpence, and vowed we'd nivver part;
I nivver thought as thou wouldst go and try to break my heart!
An' if thou goes and leaves me now I'll lay me down and dee.'
I'm soft as a boiled turnup if a lass but wets her e'e,
But Sam he didn't care a smite, he wurn't that mak' o' stuff—
'I've chaanged my mind, I tell thee,' says he, 'and that's eneugh.'

"Now when clandoodlin' failed her, she knaw'd what to be at,
She went and tuk to strathegy—and woman's good at that.
I'm stronger nor th' missis, and wiser too, no doubt;
But when she taks to strathegy, she beats me out and out.

"Sally dreed her e'en, and smoothed her hair;
And med' believe as she didn't care.
'Well, Sam,' says she,
'It's nowt to me,
I'm thinkin' there's plenty o' fish i' th' sea;
But what dosta think folk 'll say o' thee?
Now tho' thou'rt as bad a lot as can be,
And hast seemin'ly lost all thy luv for me,
I can't forget as I onc't luvved thee;
So I've a plan, an' if thou'll agree,
Th' blame on t' partin' shall fall on me—
'Twould nivver do for a likely lad to leave a lass i' the lurch.
Thou mun go and see t' parson, and hav' us asked i' church;
An' thou mun nivver cheep a word o' all as thou hast said,
An' things 'll go on just as tho' we still were boun' to wed.

"'An' then t' parson he'll begin to tie us up for life,
'Sam, wilta ha' this woman to be thy wedded wife,
To luv' an' keep an' cherish her thro' good report and ill?'
And thou mun then, as bauld as brass, mak' answer, 'Ay, I will.'
And then 'twill be my turn, thou knaws, an' he'll cum to me and say,
'Sally, wilta ha' this man, to honour and obey?'
And I shall toss my head as tho' I luvved thee ne'er a jot,
And say out loud afore folk, 'Nay, maister I will not.'
So then wi' me
The fault will be,
And none o' t' blame will lig o' thee.'

"Now Sam he thought 'twur just as well as she should ha' th' blame,
So long as he could get his way, and leave her all th' same.
So he went and put th' axins up, and when th' day cum round,
A luvvinger couple, you'd ha' said, there couldn't well be found.
And Sally wur that snod and smart, in ribbins and in lace,
Wi' a smile as looked like mischief upon her bonny face;
And her posy wur forget-me-nots, as might ha' been a hint—
But bless you, Sam he'd no more *nous* nor if he'd bin a flint.

"But he'd getten t' lesson off by heart, an' when t' parson said,
'Sam, wilta ha' this woman as thou's cum here to wed?'
He wurn't nivver a bit flustered, tho' he'd behaved so ill,
But spoke out bauldly like a man, 'Ay, maister, that I will.'
And then a light o' triumph shone in Sally's e'en so blue,
And when t' parson speared at her, she answered, 'I will,' too.
'Hey, Sally lass!' cried Sam, aghast, 'thou'st bin and clean forgot,
Thou *knaws* thou tauld me thou would say, 'Why, no, that I will not.'
'Hey, Sam, my lad, I knaw I did—but now, I think thou'lt find
It's quite eneugh for *thee* to knaw as *I* ha' CHAANGED MY MIND.'"

But Brimmacum didn't change his mind, and Aunt Lucy said, "I will";
And Joe declared, "In twenty year happen she'll say it still!"
And wasn't the cake just scrumptious! Trust me, for you know I've tried,
And I shouldn't much mind a wedding myself, if they'd only leave out the bride!



THE STOWAWAY'S STORY.

By Capt. Franklin Fox, *late P. and O. Service,*

Author of "Conqueror Compass," "Afloat and Ashore," etc.

"Do you want a boy, please, sir?"

"No, I guess not."

"Can't you give me a berth, sir? I'll do anything that's wanted, sir. Do take me in your ship, sir?"

This last request was uttered in such beseeching tones that Captain Tabor paused in his walk up and down the deck of his vessel the Saratoga, a fine craft of 1,000 tons burden, which was moored in the Sandon Dock, Liverpool, just completing her lading and preparing to start early on the morrow for New York. Captain Tabor stopped in his promenade and looked earnestly on the youth who addressed him, for the imploring manner in which he spoke aroused a certain feeling of curiosity in the skipper's breast at the idea of any person being so terribly anxious as the speaker evidently was to join the ship under his command.

The youth upon whom the Yankee skipper's glance was directed was a tall, dark, handsome, and well-proportioned lad of about sixteen years of age, neatly dressed in a suit of tweed. Captain Tabor's survey of the applicant for a boy's berth in the Saratoga rather increased than allayed the curiosity which had possessed his mind towards the applicant.

"Have you ever been to sea before?"

"No, sir."

"Then what on earth d'ye think I'm to do with you aboard here. I don't carry more cats than can catch mice in my ship, my young bantam. I guess I don't want any loblolly boys about me."

"Then you can't take me in your ship in any capacity, captain?" continued the lad.

"No; in no capacity, as you call it," sneered the skipper. "I've got my complement of hands, and if I hadn't I don't calculate you'd be of much service in the matter." Saying this, Captain Tabor went into his stateroom, and, putting on his go-ashore clothes, proceeded up the quay for the purpose of taking the tram for the city and making the necessary final arrangements for the clearance of the Saratoga at the Customs, and whatever else was required to enable her to start early next day on her voyage.

The youngster, who had followed the retreating form of the tall Yankee captain with anxious eyes, at first turned to go after him and repeat his solicitations to be taken on board the Saratoga; but second thoughts seemed to convince the boy of the futility of such a proceeding, and, with a sigh, he again fixed his gaze upon the tall spars and well-shaped hull of the vessel before him. The Saratoga was ship-rigged with double topsail and topgallant yards, lofty masts, and was clearly capable of supporting the character she had earned of being one of the Liverpool "clippers" that for a time competed successfully against the daily increasing host of steamships which crossed the Atlantic and swept up every package of freight and collared every passenger, leaving nothing but the most undesirable, and frequently inflammable, articles of commerce to be carried by the sailing craft of the day.

While the lad was gazing thus wistfully at the Saratoga, first of all looking up with something like awe at the far distant royal yards, and wondering, if the skipper had taken him at his word and ordered him to mount aloft and do something to one of those elevated spars, how he should possibly have accomplished the feat, a man who was dressed in a different way from the seamen or officers of the ship, but who appeared to belong in a certain measure to both of these classes—having a pair of blue cloth trousers on and a blue waistcoat and plain blue cloth cap, but no coat or jacket, his shirt-sleeves being rolled up to his elbows—came across the broad planks of the cargo gangway and accosted him.

"What is it you're seeking, my sonnie?" asked the steward of the Saratoga, for such was the functionary's office who addressed the youngster with a strong Scotch accent in his tone.

The lad looked at the steward's broad and strongly marked but kindly visage before he answered. There was an expression of frank sympathy in the man's eyes that at once encouraged the boy to be communicative.

"I want to get out to New York. I have a brother who works a cattle ranche in Texas, and I want to go and join him," replied the boy.

"But New York is a far cry from Texas, laddie. Do ye no ken that?"

"Oh, yes, I am aware of that; but I have the address of a New York merchant who would see to my getting on to Galveston, and there my brother would meet me if I sent word I was coming."

"And how is it ye're wandering about trying to ship as a boy? Where's thy feyther and mither, my son?" asked the steward.

"Father and mother are at Banff."

"At Banff! Why, what's your name then? I know most of the Banff folk—or did, years gone by, seeing I'm fra' that part mysel'."

"My name is Grant—James Grant."

"James Grant! Well now, may the Lord be guid to me! and your feyther is minister of the kirk at E——, is he not?"

"The same," replied the lad, with some surprise in his voice.

"And is the old man still hale and hearty? he must be getting on now," said the steward.

"Yes, he's very well, thank you, or was when I heard from him the other day."

"But what in the name of all that's good and gracious are you speering about here for, wanting a berth as a boy; why dinna ye gang oot as a passenger?"

"I'm full tired of waiting for my brother to send the money," was the reply.

"And where are ye come fra' the noo?"

"From Manchester, where I was a clerk in a bank. My father could not well afford to pay my passage out, I knew; and my brother says I must wait another year, unless I like to work my way out to the States, in which case he will be glad to receive me."

"And you are bent on going, are ye?" said the steward, looking at the boy attentively.

"Yes, I have made up my mind to go, and as I can't get a place in this ship I must try and find another before my small stock of cash, my last month's salary, is all expended."

"Well now, listen to this. Ye're a headstrong willfu' lad, Master James, I'll say that for ye; and ye dinna ken what a nice mess ye'll be in if ye gets what I heerd you asking the skipper for so earnestly—a berth as a cabin boy," remarked the steward.

"Yes; I know I must work hard; but I don't mind that as long as I am on the way to join my brother Charles at Texas. He has a fine home there, and I don't know how many miles of ground to ride over every day hunting up the cattle."

"Many's the time I've sat under your good feyther and heard him expound the Word, and he saved me once from a great sin by his wakening up my conscience to the wickedness of something I was about to do. I should be glad to help your father's son if I could," said the steward.

"What is your name, pray?" said the boy.

"My name is Grant, too; but I'm na relation of yours, Master James, for a' that. I come of the Grants of that ilk; but we belong to the same clan, na doot."

The lad tried to recall some recollection of a Grant about whom he remembered hearing his father speak once in connection with a very pretty young girl, a native of E——, to whom the person he alluded to was engaged to be married, but the reminiscence was not sufficiently clear for him to refer to it.

"Now, an idea has occurred to me, Master James," continued the steward. "If you are bent on going, as you say you are, to get a berth elsewhere—which means, I much fea , all kinds of trouble and hardships for you—I'll tell you what I'll do for ye, I'll stow you away down in the lazarette, under the cabin. It's not a bad place, and there's lots of biscuits and some nice nicknacks about there too; and we shan't be so very long running across to New York, so that you can make it out there pretty comfortably, I dare say, for the time."

"Oh! Mr. Grant! Will you really do this for me? You are kind indeed."

"Dinna fash aboot that, laddie. Best tell your old feyther, when you get safe out there, that it was Jock Grant of E——, whom he once prevented by his advice from being a scoundrel, that helped you on the way, though maybe I'm counting the chicks afore theer out of their shells. There's mony a slip twixt the cup and the lip, ye ken, and we may none o' us ever see New York unless by the help of Providence."

Thus talking, Jock Grant, the steward of the Saratoga, led the boy down the afterladder into the cabin, and then proceeded to lift up a small hatch in the deck, under the centre of the table, which disclosed an almost perpendicular set of steps leading into what looked to the boy a region of Cimmerian darkness.

"Down there?" exclaimed the boy, gazing at the dismal appearance of the place beneath, and vainly endeavouring to penetrate with his eyes the gloom in which everything below the third rung of the steep ladder was shrouded.

"Yes, down there," repeated the steward, with a grim smile. "It's na so bad at the bottom of the ladder as it looks to ye at the top. Gang awa' doon, mon, and be thankful to find such a fine roomy berth, with stores of cabin biscuits and raisins and such like gear aroond ye, as ye'll find when you tak' a look roond."

So James Grant descended the nearly upright steps, as he was told, being speedily followed by the steward with a lantern; which, being held aloft, disclosed to the boy's gaze a storeroom filled with casks and cases of stores chiefly intended for cabin use, the tierces of beef and pork and barrels of peas and flour for the crew being stored in the fore hold. The lazarette was about fifteen feet square, and a slight partition only divided it from

the hold of the vessel, where the merchandise, which was of a varied character, was stowed. Amongst the shipments were Stockholm tar, a quantity of spirits, some French wines, and some packages of chemicals and carbolic acid.

"Now, I'll make ye up a bed here in this corner," said the steward, pointing to a snug cranny between some cases and barrels in the lazarette; "and ye'll have to keep to it and be quiet during the day. After the skipper has turned in and is safe in his stateroom in the after deckhouse, I'll come to the hatch for ye and let ye out, so that every night ye can come into my pantry and have something wi' me, and get a wash in my berth, which is in the fore end of the cabin there."

"How am I to thank you, Mr. Grant, for this kind offer?" exclaimed the lad, in a grateful and pleased manner.

"Eh! mon—say no more about it. Perhaps ye may be able to do me a good turn some day; wha can say what will befa' us in this whirligig of a world! But ha' ye no got any duds of any kind—na clothes?"

"Oh! yes; I've got a small valise. It's at the Temperance Hotel, outside the dock-gates."

"Well, then, just you gang awa' and get yoursel' all ready. Meet me at the entrance to the docks at dark, and then we will come aboard, and I'll stow you away for the voyage."

James Grant repeated his thanks to the steward, and, ascending to the deck, left the Saratoga, then went to the hotel, and did as he was directed.

Everything turned out favourably for the steward's plan; and, unobserved by any of the crew, who each and all had their own affairs to attend to upon the eve of their departure, the boy got on board the Saratoga absolutely unseen by a single soul except the steward, who accompanied him down from the dock-gates. The captain had sent word that he should not be on board till early the next morning; the mate was taking leave of his wife and family; the second mate had just gone ashore to settle some business of his own before starting; the third mate had followed suit; and the crew were having parting glasses with their "friends," as they amusingly styled themselves for the occasion, at the liquor bars in the vicinity of the docks.

So the steward was enabled, having the coast all clear for his operations, to get young Grant comfortably established in the lazarette of the Saratoga, and to instruct him how he was to conduct himself in his hiding-place.

"I'll leave ye a lantern, but ye must be very cautious in the use of it, mind, Master James," said the steward; "for the ship's got a lot o' combustible goods in her holds, and ye're no accustomed to the sea yet."

"I will take every precaution, I assure you," said the lad, eagerly.

"In the daytime I'll leave the hatch off as much as I can, but when it is off take care ye dinna make a noise doon there," so that Captain Tabor or the mate might hear you if they were in the cabin. He's a terrible savage man if he's roused. So be careful what ye're aboot, Master James; if the skipper found out what I'm doing, what he'd be up to with me I'm afraid to think on."

The youngster renewed his promises of cautious conduct, and the steward then bid the lad follow him to his own berth, where he made him comfortable for the night in his little shelf of a bunk, sleeping in the pantry hard by himself. At early daylight the steward aroused the boy, and told him to take a hasty wash, gave him some coffee and ham and biscuits, and then hurried him off to the lazarette.

Young Grant's sensations as he listened to the deadened sounds which reached his ears from the deck were of a very mixed character. The rattle of the mooring chains, and the dull bump, thump of heavy hawsers, and the tread of many feet upon the upper deck, reached his ears in a confused sound; but they were sufficiently clear to make the boy feel sure that the Saratoga was actually leaving the docks, and that there was no possible retreat now for him from the situation in which he was placed by the hand of fate, as it were. "No; there is no escape for me now from this sea prison," thought he; "if I wanted to get away ever so, I must stand and take my chance."

He tried to divert his mind from fancying all sorts of catastrophes that might occur, to some other topic. But, instead of fancying himself galloping along like the wind, free as air, on some high-spirited mustang, with a lasso on his arm, as he had been wont to picture himself doing when casting up interminable columns of £ *s. d.* in the banking office, he found that he could only conjure up pictures of the ship being wrecked, or, what seemed even worse, the captain discovering him in his hiding-place, and ordering some awful and unheard-of punishment to be inflicted upon himself and his friend Jock Grant.

The hours passed away. The Saratoga, having been towed out clear of the Mersey, had set her broad sheets of canvas to the favouring breeze, and was spinning along past Lundy Island in grand style.

"Good-bye, Lundy; good-bye, Sunday," said the men, as they thought of the unceasing toil so often the routine in merchantmen of those days.

James Grant felt the motion of the ship produce new and unpleasant sensations, and for the next three days and nights he suffered the miseries of sea-sickness, aggravated by the close air, the confined space, and the smell of bilge water with which he was encompassed in his hiding-place.

The steward did all he could to mitigate the boy's sufferings. The hatch under the cabin table was left open at all times when the captain and mates were not at meals nor about the cabin, and this afforded great relief to the youngster. He was too ill at first to take advantage of the steward's invitation to come up to his berth at night; but after the sickness wore off and several days had elapsed, "young Jeem," as the steward had now got to call him, made his appearance regularly every evening at the lazarette hatch, when his friend had told him it would be safe to venture up from below.

Two or three days of beautiful fine weather ensued, and the youngster became more reconciled to his situation, less fearful of discovery, and began to indulge in hopes of soon landing at New York, and making his way to join his brother.

The Saratoga had been out now ten days. She had accomplished nearly a third of her passage across the Atlantic, when the weather changed again. The barometer fell, the wind rose as the glass went down, and on the eleventh evening from her departure from Liverpool the sun set in a dark, solemn-looking, and massive expanse of black clouds. Before midnight a tremendous gale was sweeping over the ocean. The sails of the ship were taken in one by one, and at last she was hove to under a reefed main staysail. At two in the morning there was a tremendous squall of wind, with thunder, lightning, and hail, and the staysail was cut from the stay by the blast as cleanly as if the sailmaker's knife had done the work. The ship was then under bare poles, and she rolled and surged over the enormous waves that careered past her, sweeping all before them in their fury when they broke upon the decks, which every now and then they did, as the vessel wallowed in the trough of the sea.

Poor Jim was totally unable to get any sleep or even rest in his stowhole. Everything that was not well stowed and wedged fast by other packages "fetched way" about the floor of the lazarette.

"Oh dear!" cried Jim, "there's something else gone," as a ten-pound tin of fine biscuits shot from a shelf across the place, just grazing his head. Then came sundry jars of jam flying by as the Saratoga heaved, plunged, and curveted amongst the tossing billows. But Jock Grant, the steward, was too old and too careful a hand to leave much knocking about, and so Jim got off better than might have been expected under the circumstances. Still, his situation was far from enviable. The ship creaked, groaned, and strained in every joint and timber of her frame. Now, she rolled so much that Jim thought she must really turn over. It took him all his strength to hold himself on and prevent himself from being pitched headlong across the lazarette.

"What will happen next?" said the boy to himself, after one of these tremendous lurches. Perhaps she will go down holus-bolus;" and then he began to regret that he had not waited for his brother to send him the means of going out in a proper fashion. "Heaven forgive me for my impatience and self-will," said he to himself; "I should not have half a chance of saving myself down in this hole if anything happens to the ship."

So restless did such considerations make the lad feel, that soon after four o'clock he determined to crawl up the ladder to the cabin and see if he could find his friend in his berth.

"Everybody is sure to be on deck now—that is, the captain and officers, I should think," said the boy half aloud, and he mounted the steps of the ladder to the cabin.

Now it happened that the steward had just been ordered by the captain to have some coffee made for himself and also for the crew, and Jock Grant was at that moment looking up the cook to hand him the coffee for that purpose. The barometer hung on gimbals which allowed it to swing in all directions, as the ship tossed over the waves, at the cabin door, and it happened also that just as young James Grant emerged from the lazarette ladder and got his head and shoulders out from the cabin table, the mate, who was anxiously looking at the weather-glass with a bull's-eye lantern in his hand to note the depression recorded by the instrument, suddenly turned sharply round in the doorway. As he did so, the glare of his light fell full upon the figure of the boy just crawling out from under the cabin table.

"Hullo! who are you? What are you doing down there?" cried the mate.

The youngster was perfectly paralysed by this sudden discovery of the officer's. His tongue clave to his mouth, and for a few seconds he vainly strove to reply to the question addressed to him.

"Can't you speak? Where did you come from, and what are you doing down in the hold now?" repeated the mate, angrily.

"Oh! sir, forgive me: I have only been hiding down there to get a passage out to New York. I assure you that is the whole truth, sir," said James Grant at last, holding on with both hands as the Saratoga lurched awfully to leeward over an enormous sea.

The mate, widening out his legs, and very well accustomed to such vagaries of the sea as were now in progress, advanced to young Grant at once and put his hand on his collar.

"Oh! you are a stowaway, are you?"

"Yes, sir; that's all. Do not punish me for that, sir!"

"Well, I don't know what the skipper will

say to you, boy, for I suppose you must be telling the truth; but I shall just lock you up in this vacant cabin here till Captain Tabor has time to attend to you."

So saying, the mate lugged the lad a few yards along a passage at the after part of the cabin, and opening the door of an empty passenger's state-room, pushed young Grant inside. The boy tumbled over some articles which had been stowed in the cabin out of the way; they consisted of a couple of sail-maker's fids (large pointed pieces of lignum vitæ wood used for fashioning the cringles of a sail), an azimuth compass tripod stand, and several other things.

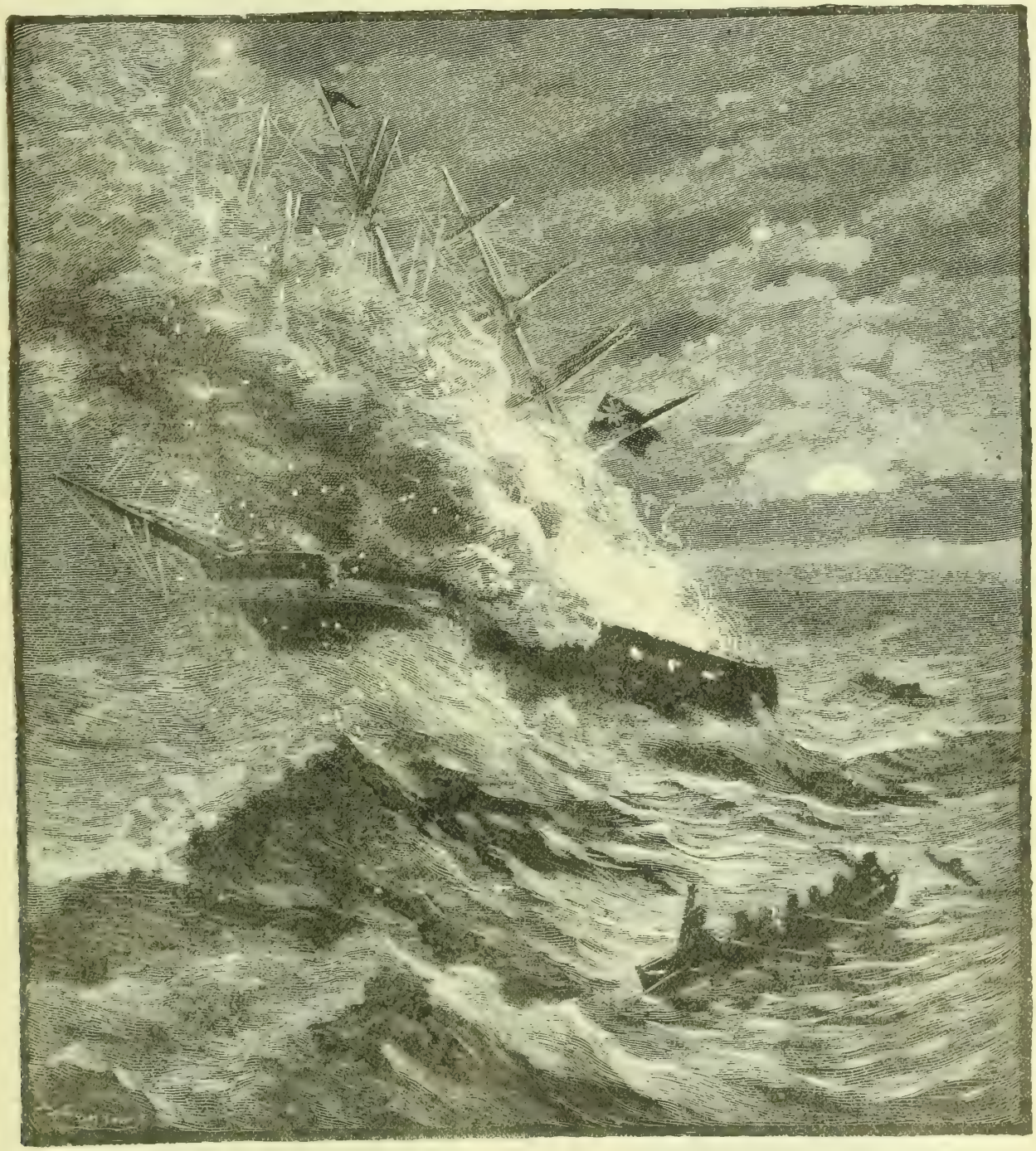
The mate turned the key and then put it in his pocket.

"He can't do any mischief there, if he has been up to any down below," said the mate to himself. "I wonder what the skipper will say to him—but it's no use to tell him just now till the weather moderates."

The mate turned to go on deck. As he issued from the cabin door a loud yell from forward met his ear.

"Fire! fire! fire!"

All thoughts of the recent incident vanished from the officer's mind as he flew along the heaving deck of the Saratoga to the other end of the ship.



"Rig the hose! Pass the buckets along!" shouted Captain Tabor at the top of his voice, as the terrible cry of "Fire!" caught his ear through the howling of the gale.

Dropping the coffee he had in his hand, Jock Grant jumped forward with the rest of the crew to help in extinguishing the flames.

But soon dense volumes of smoke poured out from the fore-hold of the ship. The hose was played vigorously. Bucket after bucket of water was streamed down upon the spot, where the flames were for the moment partially subdued, but still gathering their forces for a greater burst ere long.

Captain Tabor well knew the nature of his cargo, and he felt convinced that, struggle and battle against the devouring element as he might, the chances of overcoming a fire engendered amongst such materials as the flames had to feed upon was almost hopeless, though of course every effort must be made to conquer them. Still, he determined to have his boats prepared in time, and calling the man at the helm, the second mate, and two other experienced seamen, he proceeded to lower two of the boats into the water and drop them astern.

In the meantime the steward, who was working manfully at the brake of the fire-engine, suddenly remembered James Grant

in his hiding-place, and rushed aft to warn the boy of the danger, and even determined to brave the captain's wrath and tell all that had occurred.

Down the lazarette steps flew the steward and called out for the lad. But no answer came to his summons. The steward sprang into the storeroom, cast one sharp glance round, and then, convinced that James Grant was not there, he rushed up on the quarter-deck, immediately coming to the conclusion that the captain had found the boy out and done something with him.

"Here, steward, pass some biscuits and tinned meats down in these boats," cried the captain, catching a sight of Jock Grant at the moment.

"Ay, ay, sir. But, I beg pardon, Captain Tabor, what have you done with the boy, sir?"

"What have I done with the boy!" exclaimed the captain, thoroughly astounded at this question. "What do you mean, steward?"

"The lad that was down in the lazarette, sir," holloaed Jock Grant, half out of his wits at the situation.

"Whew! I reckon steward's either mad or drunk. What on 'arth are you talking of, man?"

The steward saw he was in for it. What was he to say? The only course was to make a clean breast of it, and he began his story. But the roar of the gale, with the hot fumes of the burning ship from forward, cut the tale short.

"Hang the boy, bring up the biscuits," cried the skipper.

There was no time to be lost. Suddenly a great sheet of flame and smoke broke out in the centre of the ship. The fiery tongues of deep bright yellow and red licked the spars with eager longing to devour them.

"Drop the hose," roared the captain; "come aft, men, and man the boats—and hoist our colours," added he to a seaman by him; "the sun is rising yonder, and some ship passing may see us."

During this time James Grant, a prisoner in the vacant cabin, listened attentively to what was going on; directly he recovered from the shock of being found out and thus unceremoniously shoved into another prison, he turned his attention to trying to find out what was taking place on deck. The alarm of fire reached his ears, though no signs of the flames approaching his place of confinement appeared yet. But he could see out of the cabin port the reflection of the conflagration on the water. Presently the heat and smoke began to penetrate his prison. The fire was gaining on the crew he felt convinced by what he heard and saw from the port-hole. The cabin he was in was on the lee side, and he saw the boats on the water. "What was he to do now?" he thought. "I must escape from this cabin and brave the worst," said he. "No doubt even the faithful steward has forgotten me in this awful catastrophe. I must try and save myself."

Putting up an inward but fervent prayer for courage and help, James Grant seized one of the heavy fids, and with this he struck with all his might at the panels of the cabin door. Blow after blow he rained down in desperation upon the woodwork, raising the heavy wooden implement over his head at each effort to give weight to his strokes. Then he seized the azimuth stand, which had ends covered with brass and pointed so as to bite into the deck when set up. With this he lunged frantically at the edge of the door, and tried to force it open. Then dropping it he took to the fid again, but for a time without making any serious impression on the boards, a crack here and there only betraying any evidence of his efforts.

The poor boy's heart sank. He heard the roar of the awful flames as the burst at the main hatchway took place. The heat and smoke penetrated in greater power to his prison. "Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed he; "is this to be my fate! Burnt to death! O God, protect me!"

Then he seized the fid again, and, strengthened by despair, smote wildly and furiously upon the panelling. A larger crack than before made appears. He forces in the compass stand. The boards rend and splinter, and in two minutes more there is a hole big enough for him to squeeze through.

He rushes on deck. What pen can describe the awful scene that blazing mass presents, or the terrible grandeur of the effect as the waves roll on, their crests reddened by the glare. The boats have shoved off. A wild, despairing cry breaks from his lips as he sees this, and then, without a pause, the boy flung himself into the raging sea and struck out for the nearest boat. There is a ready rope in the bows thrown by Jock Grant, which the lad seizes just in time, and is saved.

* * * *

Three weeks later a happy party of four are standing outside a pretty house about thirty miles from Corpus Christi in Texas. James Grant is telling his tale to his brother and his wife, and Jock Grant, who has a berth assigned him there, is helping. They were brought on by an outward-bound steamer, which picked up the boats.

THE PLESIOGRYPHONICONMETROPOLE;

OR, EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.

By Somepville Gieney.

Author of "A Scene in the Arena," "Pickles," "The Tender-hearted Torturer," "A Relic of the Armada," etc., etc.

(*With Illustrations by* A. Chasemore.)

A good many years since—well, Once on a time
(I find, whether writing in prose or in rhyme,
That's the easiest way
Of commencing my say
When I am not quite certain of year, month, and day
Good Master Ralph Medlicot had his abode,
Quite a rural retreat standing back from the road,
Amid its own grounds, most capacious and wide,
With a garden and pleasaunce on Saffron Hill side.
There were stables, a cock-pit, a mews for the hawks,
And bowling-green bordered by soft shady walks,
With seats, whence spectators could gaze on the play;
While down at the foot of the slope far away
The little Fleet River ran singing along,
And charming the ear with its musical song.
For a house close to town
All his friends set it down
As perfect; and Medlicot gained much renown
By the way he kept everything dapper and trim,
For keeping them so was a hobby with him.
In earlier life as a vintner he'd made
A nice little fortune by sticking to trade—
He never took holidays,
Calling them folly-days,
Busiest times were to him the most jolly days.
He lived at the warehouse in Leadenhall Street,
And morn, noon, and night he was ready to greet
His customers, when they might chance to drop in—
As he put it himself, he was "Nuts on their tin."
And so year by year his account on deposit
Kept growing, until of such magnitude was it
He saw he'd as much as he'd ever require,
So made up his mind then and there to retire,
Dispose of his business, leave town, and look out
For some nice little place, there were plenty about,
Away in the country mid flowers and trees,
Where the rest of his life he could spend at his ease,
Giving rein to his great predilection for sport
Of every description, kind, nature, and sort.



Ralph returns from fishing.

For fishing and hunting, and quarterstaff play,
Rough-riding and bowling were all in his way;

And archery, wrestling, the quintain, and hawking,
And also professional running and walking,
And go-as-you-please matches, riding, and racing—
In fact, all events where the end was the placing
The best man in front, were to him a delight;
He'd even been known to stand watching a fight
'Twixt dogs whose bad tempers—as bad tempers may—
Had ended in one being chased from the way.
So, making his mind up
His business to wind up,
He started a suitable dwelling to find. Up
And down through the suburbs from Charing to Bow
Did this sporting ex-vintner exploringly go.
And pitched on at last the snug little retreat
Overlooking the banks of the sinuous Fleet.
'Twas just what he wanted, complete in all ways,
And it knew him as owner before many days—
And thither he moved with his daughter and wife,
To taste, as he thought, the full pleasures of life.



Daisy.

His daughter—Oh, dear!
I shall never make clear
To my readers her exquisite beauty, I fear—
She'd raven-black hair,
Yet her skin was so fair
That rude boys who passed her would turn round to stare.
Her eyes dark and deep
Could flash, sparkle, and leap
When she liked, or could shyly and timidly peep;
While her lips bright and red
Formed a playground and bed
For smiles that would turn any young fellow's head;
And her figure was neat;
She'd the tiniest feet
And ankles, but there—well—they simply were sweet.
In short, little Daisy
Turned many hearts crazy,
And chiefest among these same hearts was Tom May's. He
Was bound an apprentice to Spurrier Hide,
Whose warehouse, "The Golden Spur," close to Cheapside,
Had won such a name
That no knight seeking fame
Would wear spurs except they from Master Hide came.
Young Tom was a well-built and good-looking lad,
And Daisy adored him, and so did her dad,
For in all kinds of sports no one could him excel,
Whatever he took up he did it so well.
At quarterstaff none could deal such a hard knock. He
Could run like a greyhound, and ride like a jockey,
And go-as-you-please a most marvellous pace,
And never refused he the quintain to face.
He could split wands at shooting like famed Robin Hood,
And no one at wrestling and bowls was so good.
He could swim like a dolphin, and "stay" like a Titan,
And Medlicot thought him no end of a Crichton,
A clipper, a champion, a lad of *his* sort,
A regular leader at all kinds of sport.

But Medlicot's views were not shared by his spouse,
For alas! she the skeleton was in the house—



Tom May at Quarterstaff.

I don't mean in figure,
Few ladies were bigger,
I rather allude to the sharpness and rigour
Her temper displayed,
Which at times Ralph's life made
Unpleasantly lively, and cast quite a shade
On many a plan and a project of pleasure
He'd formed for employing his few scraps of leisure;
Which very few people could equal or beat.
And now, when her husband from trade had retired,
Her silly pretensions much higher aspired;
She meant as a very fine lady to pose,
And turn up her nose
('Twas a snub one) at those
In the days of the warehouse she'd formerly known,
And one and all cut them as dead as a stone.



Mrs. Ralph makes his life lively.

And added to this was her pride and conceit;
She'd commence with Tom May,
He should have his *congé*—
"A common apprentice! now daring to pay
Attentions to Daisy. *She'd* see about that;
She'd not have him inside the house, that was flat."
But Medlicot too had a something to say,
And this time his wife did not get her own way,
For Tom came and went,
In fact followed his bent,
And Daisy and he "spooned" to any extent,

And Medlicot smiled,
And while terribly riled,
Dame Martha, his wife, was what's nowadays styled
Sold, flummoxed, and sat on, made awfully small,
Snuffed out, squashed, and flattened, of no count at all.
She sulked for a time, and then nodding her head,
She smiled to herself, and next quietly said,
Also to herself, "It's a rascally shame.
But I'll show my old man two can play at that game.



Daisy and Tom spooning.

There's Reginald Hide, and backed up by my wits
He'll do, and it strikes me I soon shall cry quits."
This Hide was the son of the Spurrier Hide,
A stupid young idiot, whom Nature'd denied
A full share of brains, but who made up with side,
Which he put on extensively, sneering at trade
And the shop where his father his well-known spurs made;
Of money old Hide took good care he'd no lack,
And he spent a round sum, as we say, on his back.



Reginald Hide.

His doublets were cut in the latest new fashion,
His trunks were unique, and he'd really a passion
For emerald-green tights embroidered in gold,
While his bonnets, good lack! were a sight to behold.
The fact was, young Hide was "hard hit," and he thought
His lady-love's fancy was sure to be caught
By the taste he displayed
In the choice that he made
Of the garments in which he was always arrayed.
He thought a rich doublet would make her heart beat,
And green-and-gold tights bring her straight to his feet;
While a dainty plumed bonnet her love would enthral,
And slashed and puffed trunks bind it past all recall.
But never a greater mistake did he make
Than when he imagined his get-up would take
The fancy of Daisy, for she was his *chice*.
He meant to say "choice," but he'd that Cockney vice
Of making O I C E rhyme with "entice."
No. Daisy was not quite so weak in her head.
She certainly liked nice-cut clothes; but she said
"To gratify her 'twas in vain to provide them,
Unless they'd a sensible fellow inside them."
From which sage remark 'twas undoubtedly clear
Of Hide and his clothes she thought very small beer.
But such his conceit, he believed in the end
Success most complete would his wooing attend;
For ne'er could a maiden for long remain blind
To the charms of his person, position, and mind.
And so he continued to ogle and sigh,
And dream of success that should come by-and-by.
Meanwhile the thought flashed upon Reginald Hide
'Twould be a good plan to have "ma" on his side.
He knew in conceit
No one could the dame beat,
For hers was so truly intense and complete.
She posed as a stocking peculiarly blue—
A stocking of deepest cerulean hue—
And aped an acquaintance with all of the "ologies,"
Till you felt it was only with ample apologies
You dare introduce in her presence a theme
Connected with learning, so wise did she seem.
But, the plain truth to tell—
And young Hide knew this well—
In ignorance dense she had no parallel.
Not a word of the few books they had could she read,
And simple addition confused her; indeed,
To say her "three times" she was quite at a loss,
And for signing her name—well, she just made a cross.
But Hide, though he knew this, gave never a sign,
And conversing with her took his own special line,
And talked as though talking with some great professor;
And if in her answers she made a great mess, or
Talked nonsense, no smile did his features display,
For Hide was uncommonly sharp in his way.



Hide flattering Mrs. Ralph.

He saw she liked flattery,
And therefore her chatter he
Ne'er contradicted; and thus in this matter he
Acted most wisely, gained her on his side,
While she vowed there was no one like Reginald Hide.
And lastly, her liking to clinch hard and fast,
He promised to send her what *savants* all class'd
(So he said) as a curio almost unique,
And not to be seen every day in the week;
And this was the skeleton, perfect and whole,
Of a Plesiogryphoniconmetropole—
A pre-Adamite creature
Who quickly would eat yer
Whenever it had the good fortune to meet yer.
At least, this is what he'd have done (so he said),
But being pre-Adamite never he fed,
And died of disgust and starvation instead.
This promise Dame Martha's soul filled with delight,
And she chattered about it morn, mid-day, and night;

And in her own mind she decided that Hide
Miss Daisy should have in return as his bride.
But Daisy and Medlicot laughed in their sleeves,
A proceeding an outsider never perceives.
* * * * *
'Twas winter, and one of the old-fashioned kind,
That modern times seem to have left quite behind—
When snow fell in bushels, and frosts really froze,
And made themselves felt in your fingers and nose;
When berries in plenty were found on the holly,
And mistletoe smiled on the merry and jolly
Who kissed in its shadow, instead of, as now,
Calling "vulgar" and "bad form" that mystical bough;
When robins appeared at your window for crumbs,
And took them at once from your fingers and thumbs;
When bills were unknown, and when all folks were happy
In spite of red noses and hands that were *chappy*—
A winter, in short,
Of the nature and sort
That writers of Christmas tales strongly support.
So great was the cold
That the ice had got hold
Of the Thames, and had bound it in glistening fold;
And thousands disported themselves on its breast,
And tumbled about as though falls were a jest.
The slides were magnificent, forty yards long,
And the sliders they made up a regular throng.
But they for the first time were deemed second-raters,
And had to give place to the new-fashioned skaters;
For skating this winter 'd become all the go,
And people looked on it as quite *comme il faut*.
Their skates were not "Acmès," nor e'en "Oxford Club,"
Nor "Rollers," nor "Runners," but what you would dub
In these days a primitive clumsy device
For skimming along o'er the face of the ice,
Since they were the shin-bones of animals tied
To the soles of the feet; and on these they would glide
By the help of a pole which they pushed with behind.
If more information you want, you will find
The same in some Encyclopedia rating
As good, if you look 'neath the heading of "Skating."
* * * * *
Ralph Medlicot, Daisy, and also Tom May,
While more in the shadow a few yards away,
Dame Martha and Hide,
On one bench side by side,
Sat in Medlicot's house round the fireplace wide,
While beneath the huge chimney piled up on the dogs
There spluttered the Christmassy picturesque logs.
In effect they are sweet,
But in matter of heat
I hold that with coals they can never compete—
But this by the way.
"And to-morrow's the race?"
Said Ralph, with excitement aglow on his face.
"Yes. The championship comes off to-morrow at three,"
Said May.
"Oh, Papa! We must be there to see
Tom win, as he will do. Oh, Tom! you *will* win?"
Said Daisy.
Said Tom, "I shall have a look in.
Two hundred gold pieces would start me in life—
That's the prize—and I then could set up with a wife."
"And a wife you shall have, lad, and not empty-handed,
The moment the championship prize you have landed,"
Said Ralph. And as Tom Daisy's hand slyly squeezed,
Hide seemed with a violent pain to be seized.
He groaned, all looked round much astonished to see
He'd recovered, and now was as right as could be.
"The case has arrived, then, quite safe?" he was saying;
"All right, then, to-morrow we'll have no delaying,
But as soon as the race for the championship's won
We'll come back, and then have the packing undone.
And the Plesiogryphoniconmetropole
I'll show you."
"Oh, Reggy, I scarce can control
My longing to see it. The Sweet Plesio,
I ne'er shall remember the whole name, I know,
You're really too good——"
"Do you race, Master Hide?"
Asked Ralph.
"Haw, perhaps," Reggy drawling replied.
"Shall you win?"
"Haw, perhaps. Can't quite tell, we shall see."
"Are your skates all right, Tom?"
"Yes, as right as can be;
If they weren't, it would be a bad look-out for me,
For so great's been the run on shin-bones all to-day
You can't get a pair now whate'er you may pay."

"Ha, Ha!" cried young Hide; what that "Ha, ha" expressed
Not one out of those who were sitting there guessed.
And he didn't explain, but he bade them good-night,
And Dame Martha escorted him out with a light.



Mrs. Ralph escorting out Hide.

"The perky rapscallion!" he muttered to her,
"To-morrow he fancies that naught shall deter
Him from winning the race—ay, and with it a bride;
But the scoppril, ha, ha! forgets Reginald Hide."
Then he chuckled, and whispered quite low in her ear
A something, and straightway she called him "a dear
Clever lad," and gazed on him with keenest delight
Till a gust through the open door blew out her light.
* * * * *
Next morning broke fine as a morning could be,
And frost-gems were gleaming on grass, bush, and tree;
The sun too shone out, but his power was small
Compared to Jack Frost, who was king over all.
Miss Daisy was busy her wardrobe inspecting,
And out of her costumes the sweetest selecting
To wear at the race
Soon about to take place;
When a startled expression appeared on her face
As the knocker gave birth to a terrible clatter,
And she looked out to see what on earth was the matter.
Outside stood Tom May
In no end of a way,
His once rosy cheeks now the colour of clay.
She dashed down the stairs, threw the door open wide,
"Oh, Daisy, such awful hard luck!" poor Tom cried.
"I'm the plaything to-day of the hard-hearted fates,
Some blackguardly thief *has walked off with my skates*."

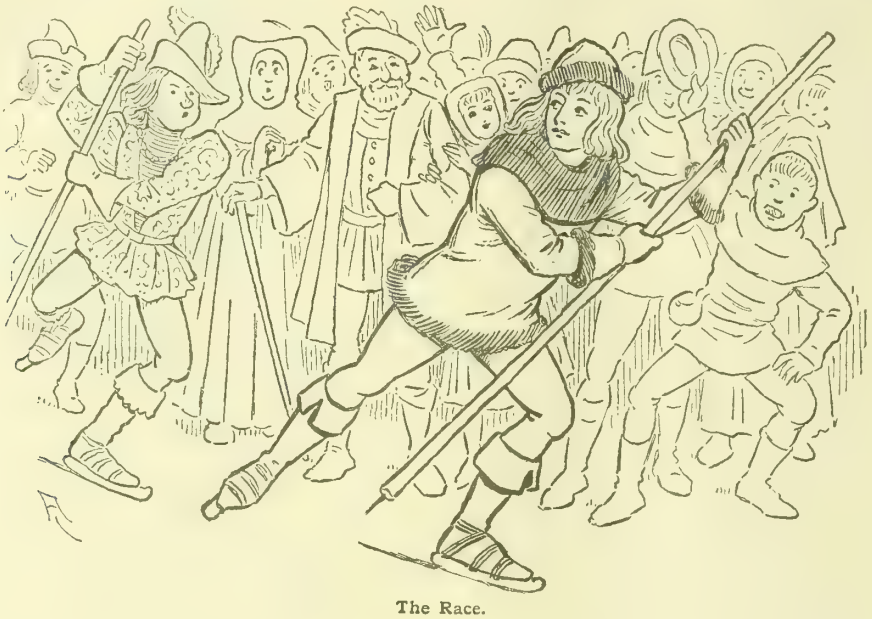


"Some thief has walked off with my skates!"

"Walked off with your skates?"
"Yes, and left not a trace;
No winning for me of the championship race."
"Oh, nonsense, fudge, stuff, go and get a new pair."
"Impossible, Daisy, I've tried everywhere.
I've offered them gold,
There are none to be sold
Not a pair in the town of which I can get hold.
I'm done for! The championship is not for me."
Daisy thought for five minutes, then said, "Let—me—see;
Who stole your skates, Tom—was it Reginald Hide?"
"I think so, to keep you from being my bride."

Again Daisy thought, and then cried out, "Eureka!
I've got it! We'll pay out the underhand sneaker;
And Tom you *shall* win,
And not only the tin,
But also your own little Daisy thrown in.
I'll explain to you how
If you'll follow me now:
Tread softly, and mind you don't make the least row."

Go on, Tom! Get on, Hide!
Here they come, side by side!
May! Hide! May! May wins! No!
Hide's the boy! On you go!
Quicken up, now's your time!
Spurt, May, spurt! Bravo, prime!
May! Hide! May! Hide for aye!
Hide! May! Hide! May! MAY! MAY!



The Race.

Some half-hour later Tom might have been seen
Creeping out of the house, and, to judge from his mien,
Far happier than when he had knocked at the door
A disconsolate wight forty minutes before.
* * * *
Ralph Medlicot, Daisy, and Dame Martha too,
Went early in order to get a good view,
And stationed themselves to the winning-post near
Tom May in his hour of triumph to cheer.
For Ralph was cock-sure he *would* win; while the dame
Seemed also elated when Reginald came
Gliding up, with a shin-bone tied fast on each sole,
Propelling himself from behind with a pole;
In whispers they spoke,
While some close-guarded joke
Which between them had seemed their mirth to provoke.
"Where's Tom?" Ralph inquired, "it's time he was here.
There's the bell, and the course they're beginning to clear."
"Oh! he's p'r'aps turned faint-hearted," and then, with a laugh,
Young Hide commenced Ralph and Miss Daisy to chaff.
"Your champion's no good when it comes to the scratch;
He's funking, I'll bet; he'll fight shy of this match."
But Daisy just smiled,
While her father looked riled
At hearing his favourite's courage reviled.
And Martha and Hide's mirth each moment increased,
And they giggled and laughed, and then suddenly ceased,
As out of the crowd
(And to Daisy he bowed
As he passed) Tom skimmed by, looking happy and proud.
And Martha and Hide looked uncommonly blue,
And their laughter was stilled as they gasped "*It's a do!*"
And Ralph brightened up as he said, "You're a bit
Too soon. I was sure that our Tom was true grit;
And Master Hide, you
Will have plenty to do
If you don't want your place in the race to be 2.
Don't waste your time here, you will have to be smart,
For I see they are now getting ready to start."
And Hide, with a look of disgust on his face,
Went off, and in line with the rest took his place.
They are off! No, they're not!
Yes, they are! Go it, Wat!
Go it, James! Now then, John!
Bravo, Dick! Hurry on!
Hide's ahead! No, not he!
Put it on, young Billee!
Keep it up! Look at May!
Good boy, Tom! That's the way!

And Tom going quickly as lightning almost,
With three yards to spare glided first past the post.
Oh! the cheering and roar
From the river and shore
That greeted the champion was certainly more
Than the oldest man present had e'er heard before.
But what seemed to Tom May by far the best prize
Was the look of proud joy in Miss Daisy's bright eyes.
* * * * *



Hide skulking off.

They were all home again, and Tom's health had been drunk
With Daisy's, and Hide seemed at last to have sunk,
With Martha, his spite. But 'twas really not so:
He meant cutting Tom out with the famed Plesio.
Tom p'r'aps might skate faster, but not even he
Could ever present to a lady a Ple-
Siogryphonicon. They were all standing round,
As Hide with much caution the casing unbound,
And then from the treasure the wrappings unwound.

"There, Madam," said he,
When at length it was free,
"The giving you this gives great pleasure to me,
For you, madam, are the proprietor sole
Of a Plesiogryphoniconmetropole.
And when for a view some enthusiast begs,
You, I know, will—— Oh, gracious! where *are* its front legs?"
Where were they, indeed? They had both disappeared,
And alone on its hind ones the skeleton reared,
Resembling that of a small kangaroo;
Ralph Medlicot said 'twas a sheep's—that he knew.
Hide scorned to reply,
And they hunted both high
And low for those legs, but in vain. By-and-by,
As if by his words to conclude all the bobbery,
Tom May slyly said that *exchange was no robbery!*
What he meant I can't say,
But young Hide slunk away,
Nor ever appeared again after that day.
And Tom and Miss Daisy became man and wife,
And spent a most happy and calm married life,
And there hung 'mid the plaques and the blue china plates
On the walls of their drawing-room, a pair of bone skates;
And if Tom May was asked as to what bones they were,
He said nothing, but winked with a most knowing air!

A WINTER AFTERNOON'S ADVENTURE.

By Rev. J. W. Rundall.

I remember that time as well as if it had been only last week. I went the other day to see the place where it happened to us, and everything seemed so familiar that I could scarcely believe that twenty years had passed since I last saw it. There was the same shelf of rock running along the side of the cave, with the same seaweed (to all appearances) hanging from it; there was the boulder that I had watched all through those hours, covered still with its mop of tangle; and there was the same irregular crack in the wall of the cave, and the shingle on the floor—everything exactly the same; the only difference being that somehow it all looked smaller than I had thought it was, and there were two or three bits of drift-wood washed up in some storm, but there were no other intruders. How strange it seemed to see all the familiar objects, looking as if we had left them for only a few hours instead of for years; but it was stranger still to contemplate them with a quiet feeling of security, instead of with the dread and horror of that evening twenty years ago.

We were living at the time on the south coast of Devon, in a quiet little fishing village several miles from the nearest railway. In the summer holidays there was, of course, always plenty of fun. My cousins and I used to be knocking about in the fishermen's boats all day, bathing, fishing, or picnicking.

We had a favourite bay to which we went once at least every summer; it had no name in the ordnance map, but we called it by the fishermen's name for it, "Spaniard's Cove." There was some tradition of a Spanish ship having gone ashore there many years ago, and we used occasionally to talk over projects of rowing round to the cove on some very calm day, and diving to see if we could find a box of doubloons. What doubloons were we were not very sure, but we had some dim idea that Spanish vessels were generally laden with them, and therefore, we supposed, the bottom of Spaniard's Cove was sure to be littered with boxes containing this or similar treasure. We did once bathe there at a very low tide, yet it is needless to say that the coveted box was not found. But there was another question connected with Spaniard's Cove which had long exercised my mind, and which I had determined to solve; this was whether it would be possible to pass from the cove to our own bay along the shore at low water. The distance was about three miles, and the coast-line being very broken and the shore very rocky, it was at least doubtful whether such an undertaking was possible. I had proposed it more than once to our cousins, but something had always prevented our trying it.

One Christmas holidays (the last we spent in our Devonshire home), the weather was particularly mild. There was no skating, there was no football nor hockey worth speaking of (my cousins being away), and I was suffering one January afternoon from that miserable *ennui* which sometimes overtakes a boy in the middle of the holidays. I had spent the morning in a fruitless attempt to get up a football team to play a neighbouring village; and, finding only three fellows able or willing to play, I had come home to lunch hungry, tired, and in a very bad humour.

Lunch was over, and I was looking moodily out of the window with my hands in my pockets, wishing it was the summer, as then I could at least go down to the beach, take Bateman's boat (Bateman was a coastguard, and my special chum), and go off fishing. I had already offered to take my sister Amy and my young brother for a row; but mother said it would be too cold for Amy, to which I had made some ill-natured answer about its being quite as warm as June, and I did not see why they shouldn't come, and so forth, until she told me, in her quiet decisive way, that "she did not wish them to go, and that was the end of it." Whereupon I went to the window, and was standing in the attitude and frame of mind I have described, considering whether I should go for a solitary walk or a solitary row, or stay indoors and do some holiday task. I fear that if the judgment had been left a few moments more to myself, whichever way I decided, the holiday task would not have been favoured any more than Pallas was when she offered wisdom to Paris.

At the critical moment Amy came in and said—

"Nubblings and I are going to walk over the cliffs to Spaniard's Cove."

"I'll come," I cried, a sudden bright thought occurring to me, "and we'll come home by the rocks."

"Can we do it?" asked Amy, dubiously; "I thought that Brandy Reef is always under water, even at low tide?"

"Oh," I replied, "I expect there is a way of getting round; anyhow, I mean to try, and, at any rate, we can always get back again the way we came."

Just then my brother came in; he was only eleven years old, but strong for his age; to Amy and me alone he was "Nubblings," to every one else "Leslie;" Amy was thirteen, and I was nearly fifteen. We were all three used to long walks and scrambles, so that we had not the slightest doubt of being able to accomplish the six miles (three over the cliff and three back along the shore) between lunch and five o'clock, the time that mother had told Amy to be back.

Mother had not heard my proposal, being out of the room when I made it, or she would never have allowed us to try it without my father's consent; and as he had gone into Exeter that morning on business, we could not have appealed to him had our mother objected; so we kept our own counsel and started on our walk, only telling mother that we should be back by five. I did not feel comfortable at this little piece of deceit as we set off, nor did Amy; but I tried to satisfy both her conscience and mine by arguing on the reasons for believing that father would not have minded; mother was always nervous about anything to do with the sea, and, after all, we weren't so very inexperienced, and we knew the coast perfectly. These arguments sounded rather well; we flattered our own vanity with them; and after talking them over for about half a mile, we thought we had allayed our scruples. The real truth was, that having made up our minds to go, we were going, and were glad to have got away without being stopped.

But I did not enjoy the walk over the cliffs. I kept looking over the edge to see if the tide was still going out, and how much of the beach was likely to be dry by the time we began our walk home. I had uncomfortable misgivings about the easiness of retracing our steps if we found ourselves checked at Brandy Reef. This headland, which had evidently acquired its name in smuggling days, ran out into the sea further than any other point between our bay and Spaniard's Cove; it ended, not in a sheer cliff, like most of the others, but in a series of huge broken boulders from 10 to 30 feet high, which at a distance appeared to be all tilted one way, and looked as if they might be scrambled over. This point, I knew, was the only one where we could possibly be checked; but as it was more than three-parts of the way home, I felt no little anxiety as I calculated our chances of getting back once more, before the tide caught us, from Brandy Reef to Spaniard's Cove, should we find ourselves unable to pass the reef. One thing I knew for certain, that if we should be checked at Brandy Reef, there was no other way of reaching the top of the cliff except by retracing our steps all the way to Spaniard's Cove. We crossed "Haul-up Stile"—another name surviving from smuggling days, which I had picked up from the fishermen, and of knowing which I was very proud; I could see from the Stile, which was immediately above Brandy Reef Bay, that the tide was not quite out yet, but would probably be at slack water by the time we reached Spaniard's Cove.

When at last we got down to the shore, it was dead low water and absolutely calm; a dull grey mist hung over sea and sky, and the slight swell came in with a long, sleepy swash, as if it had no energy.

I looked at my watch and found it was seven minutes past three; we had taken a few minutes under the hour walking the distance, a good part of which had been up-hill, of course, over the cliffs. Amy said, "We shall be home before five," and I replied, "I'm not so sure; walking over these slippery

rocks and on the shingle is very different work from a good path over the cliff." I remember these words quite well even now, because almost everything we said and did that afternoon kept passing through my mind again and again that night. We quickly got round the corner of Spaniard's Cove and tramped along the next bay on our way home. Then we scrambled through an opening in the cliff at the further end, which was a favourite haunt of ours at every picnic to Spaniard's Cove. We called it Samson's Opening; we would row the old boat into it and bump through the passage, which was too narrow for the oars to be used, though the water was deep, so that we had to pull ourselves through by the seaweed and the jutting points of rock. There were always several of the party, too, scrambling along the ledges of this opening, and we had a sort of tradition that some one must fall in or the picnic would not be a proper one. At the previous picnic our cousins' French governess fell in, accidentally of course, but to our great delight nevertheless. On this afternoon, however, we took care to avoid any accidents which would hinder our progress, and we reached the adjoining bay in safety. This was a long one and heavy walking, as there was no hard sand, but all loose shingle. Nubblings began to drag, and so did Amy. I began to feel that I must keep up the spirits of the others or the pace would flag. I tried to sing, but at the end of the first verse I had to give up, as I found I required all my breath for pounding on through that heavy shingle.

How slowly we seemed to go! I looked back and saw the long dark line of our footsteps in the shingle, and yet the promontory we had last passed did not seem a whit further off than it did five minutes ago. I looked forward; the rocks at the far end of the bay were still uncovered, but the tide must have turned by now, and I began to have doubts already whether we should be able to pass them. How absurd such doubts were, after all! If there had been any chance of our not being able to pass them, of course I ought to have turned and gone back at once. Brandy Reef was still two bays further on! Tramp, tramp; trudge, trudge; we were walking in single file, I in front, then Amy, and then Nubblings. I saw a piece of rock on the beach a hundred yards ahead. I fixed my eyes on it, and made for it steadily. I could see the distance to it diminishing, and my spirits began to rise accordingly. We reached it, passed it. Presently I glanced back; it was quite a respectable way behind us! I looked on, and found that now we were within a short distance of the end of this interminable bay. "Hurrah!" we exclaimed as we stepped from that horrible shingle on to the rocks, and felt the tension on our calves and shins relieved. This was a broad shelf of flat rocks, with comparatively little weed, so we got across pretty quickly, climbed a low wall of bigger rocks, and dropped on to a sandy beach about eighty yards long, at the end of which lay the last point that separated us from Brandy Reef Bay. Already the tide was further up the low rocks at this point than I liked to notice, and I began to feel rather uneasy about our chances of getting home the way I had intended.

I said nothing to the others, because I did not want to frighten them, but they evidently guessed what I thought, for we hurried over the sand, and began to clamber round the point in silence. As soon as I saw that they could get over the last rocks by themselves, I fairly left them, and went on ahead by myself as fast as I could. Amy called to me once not to go so fast. I shouted back something about its being rather late and she had better hurry.

The beach in Brandy Reef Bay is all shingle, and very heavy for walking. I tried to run; my knees seemed to give, and I sent the pebbles flying helter-skelter without going as fast as a person can walk quickly on a good road. There rose the great grim boulders of the reef straight in front of me, not two hundred yards away. As I ran I scanned them eagerly to see if there was any possible way of climbing them. There were some lower boulders further out in the sea which would have been quite easy to climb if one could reach them; but the cruel water was washing them with its long slow swell, far out of my depth, and the only boulders untouched by the returning tide were those gigantic ones from ten to thirty feet high. I plunged on through the shingle panting, with my heart thumping and my temples throbbing. It was nearly four o'clock, and growing dusk. I knew every minute was precious, for in half an hour it would be quite dark. I was making for a large crevice between two boulders, which looked not quite hopeless. I turned and beckoned to Amy and Nubblings. What a long way off they seemed! The tide was already close up to this crevice, and in a few minutes would be past it. I hurried on and reached the opening, but only to feel my heart sink within me. It was nothing but a split that extended for a few feet in between the boulders. Its sides were smooth and perpendicular, and the end was blocked by a mass of rock tilted towards me, and therefore impossible for any creature but a fly to walk up. It needed no second look to assure me that that way at any rate was quite impracticable. I ran up the beach along the foot of this wall of boulders until I reached the parent cliff from which they appeared to have fallen; but they all lay tilted in the same direction towards me and overhanging my head. Nowhere was there any ledge or means of climbing higher than a foot or two above the beach.

I turned and hastened back to the others, who stood still when they saw me coming.

"We can't do it," I said. "We must go back."

Amy's face fell. "Go back!" she exclaimed. "We shall be dreadfully late."

A thought struck me, if only I could swim round Brandy Reef I could reach our own bay in twenty minutes, and fetch a boat. I proposed the plan, but it frightened Amy to think of being left alone, shut in by the tide and the rocks. I tried to laugh her out of her fears.

"I know I can swim it easily," I said. "It is not more than a few hundred yards."

But when I began to pull off my coat and boots she burst out crying, and clung to me, imploring me not to leave her. Even now I think I should have gone, just out of bravado, and because I thought that to yield to a girl's tears was unmanly. But when she put her arms round my neck I felt her trembling, and I could not stand that. I had forgotten for the moment my fear that we might be prevented from returning the way we had come, and I gave up my project of swimming round the reef merely to comfort Amy. It was well that I did so. Even in a mild winter the sea is piercingly cold, and I doubt now whether I could have got round Brandy Reef at all. The darkness was gathering fast.

"Come," I said, "we have no time to lose," and, taking Amy's hand, I turned my face towards Spaniard's Cove.

Nubblings had picked up an old broom which he had found washed up by the tide among the rocks. It was a disreputable-looking thing, but he was very proud of it, and meant to carry it home. What its precise use at home could have been was hard to say, for it had long been bereft of its bristles, with the exception of one tuft, and had probably been pitched away as being past service. But we soon had good reason to be thankful for it, and I have often thought since how Providence guides things to some purpose when apparently they are drifting about as uselessly as that old broom when it first was washed out to sea and was tossed about by the waves until it found its way to the spot where Nubblings spied its poor old bald head bumping against a rock, and he pounced on it with a shout of triumph. He had now raised it to the dignity of a pilgrim's staff, and was helping himself along the shore by a process similar to punting a boat. We got round the first promontory on our way back without difficulty. As we tramped along the small sandy beach on the other side I noticed that our previous footmarks had been covered by the tide.

It will be remembered that at the end of this beach was a low wall of rocks. It had been easy enough to drop from the top of this ledge on to the sand when we came, but it was a different matter to climb up again on the return journey. At low tide the rocks which were furthest out were rather less in height; but the only part as yet untouched by the returning water was a perpendicular wall, just too high for me to reach the top. I held up my hands above my head and jumped, but the sand deadened my spring, and I only succeeded in scraping my fingertips in a tantalising way on a sharp edge about six inches from the top. I tried again and again, but without avail, and at length paused exhausted, and looked round to see if there was any other way of escape. Through the deepening gloom I could just see the dim red mass of the sandstone cliffs, with an ominous dark line at their base that showed the mark of the last high tide. Our only hope lay in front of us, and that seemed just out of our reach. For a moment a chill of hopelessness went through me as I glanced up once more at the dark line of the rock above me showing against the dull grey of the sky. I saw the faces of my brother and sister looking pale in the gloom, and then I caught sight of the old broom, which Nubblings still held in his hand.

"I have it," I cried. "Drop the broom, Nubblings, and get on my shoulders."

I leaned my arms against the wall of rock, and put my head down against them, straddling my legs out to steady myself. Nubblings stepped back a pace or two, took a run and a jump on to my back, then scrambling up till he stood on my shoulders, while I carefully raised myself till I was upright, he easily got on to the top of the ledge. I passed the broom up to him. He hitched one arm of the cross piece in a niche of the rock, and held it with both hands to keep it from slipping while I scrambled up by the handle. Then reversing it, I let down the other end to Amy, and after a little difficulty she managed by its help to reach the top of the ledge with one hand. I caught her wrist, and down fell the broom. For a moment she hung with her full weight in the grasp of my right hand; my left arm was round a point of rock, or I should have gone over head foremost. I felt her wrist slipping through my fingers, when Nubblings flung himself on the rock full length, and caught her other hand. She got her toe on a small jut, and after a short struggle we dragged her panting up over the edge.

It was no easy task to move quickly over the rocks in the darkness; for though, as I have mentioned, this was a broad flat ledge without much seaweed, it was one thing to cross it in daylight, and another when it was almost dark and we could not see what we were treading on. One fact that I noticed made me feel very uneasy, and that was that only a narrow strip was left for us to pass between the cliffs and the sea before

BALLADE FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING.

By Robert Richardson, B.A.



Hark and hear the blithe bells ring,
  Charming all the frosty air;
Strong and clear the song they sing,
  And their message kind and fair.
  Skies are grey and boughs are bare,
Bluff King Winter holds his sway;
  But the winds are warm with prayer—
  Christ the Lord was born to-day.

Dear the memories that cling
  Round the season; rich and rare
Are the thoughts the glad bells bring,
  Stilling anger, soothing care.
  Now all "gentle wills" repair
To God's house, to kneel and say,
  Keep our hearts and hear our prayer—
  Christ the Lord was born to-day.

Lord and Brother, Prince and King,
  Hearts turn to Thee everywhere;
All Thy glory antheming;
  Rich and poor alike prepare
  In Thy final reign to share,
When the Worlds Thy rule obey,
  Joining in one common prayer—
  Christ the Lord was born to-day.

ENVOI.

Prince, Thy majesty declare,
  Be Thy people's shield and stay;
Guard our hearts and hear our prayer—
  Christ the Lord is here to-day!

we got on to the beach. This next beach was the long one consisting entirely of shingle, and I felt that it was now getting very doubtful whether we should reach the other end of it before the tide prevented our getting to Samson's Opening.

If that beach had seemed interminable in daylight, it was worse than ever now. We were all three beginning to be a little tired and hungry, and poor Nubblings missed the help of his broom. I took Amy's hand and dragged her on; Nubblings struggled after us a pace or two behind, every now and then running a few steps to catch us up and then dropping behind again. How dreary the sea sounded with its ceaseless, remorseless murmur as it swept up the beach and hissed among the pebbles; there was a weird fascination for me in the dim glimmer of the foam-line along the shore, and I believe I hardly took my eyes off it once as we trudged on; I felt as if it was our enemy, and that I must keep my eye on him or he would take us at a disadvantage. Suddenly Amy broke the silence: "Poor mother! I wonder if she is getting anxious." Somehow I had not thought about this till then; my mind had been absorbed with the one consideration of how we were to escape being caught by the tide. Amy's remark stung me with a sudden pang. I had never thought of my mother's feelings when I started on that expedition. I had done so knowing full well that she would not have wished it had she known, and yet, for the sake of my own pleasure, I had risked causing her anxiety and anguish. Of course, now I saw that my attempt had been a foolish one, and I said to myself had I only foreseen how it would end I would not have run the chance of causing distress to my mother. But, unfortunately, that is too often the way with us, even when we have had more experience; we learn prudence and we think of other people's feelings only when it is too late.

Here we were at the end of the beach at last. It was nearly five o'clock, and it would have been pitch-dark but that the moon was shining; the mist had cleared before a keen north wind which made us shiver and long for our cosy dining-room and the scent of the tea-things. But as we drew near the cliff we saw to our horror that the sea was up to and several yards past the ledge by which alone we could reach Samson's Opening. This was the place where the French governess had tumbled in last summer, and even in daylight it required care to scramble along its sides, so that had we not been caught by the tide it would have been a difficult task anyhow to have made our way along it in the dark. But we could not even reach it now; at low water there was a rough but fairly broad ledge leading from the end of the opening nearest to us along the face of the cliff, and ending with an abrupt drop of some three or four feet on the beach of the bay where we stood; but now the tide, as I have said, was long past this, and even above the ledge, so that we could not have waded to it. About halfway between the termination of this ledge and the spot where we stood, there was a small ravine in the cliff, down which fell a tiny stream; the sides were steep, wet, and crumbly, but a few stunted bushes grew on them, and it was just possible to scramble part of the way up. I knew that we could not reach the top of the cliff by this way, for I had often tried; it was possible to get within ten feet of the top, and then further ascent was checked by a sheer precipice, over which the stream fell in a pretty cascade. We used to call this place "The Chimney," and I knew it well, for at our picnics I had often scrambled round to it to fill the kettle. I also knew that it was just possible —but a dangerous feat—to climb round the face of the cliff from the lower part of the Chimney and skirt along the top of Samson's Opening. I had done it once with my eldest cousin, and I had been thankful when I got down to the beach again. Yet this seemed our only chance now. While I was pondering. Nubblings reminded me of our having done it, "Why can't we go that way?" he asked. I said, "I will go first and see if it is possible." In my own mind I knew it must be impossible for Amy, but I had a hope that I might be able to get round, and in that case I could procure a boat.

I waded into the water and began to scramble up the Chimney. It was no easy task, but I struggled on until I had mounted some fifteen feet above the water to where there was a slight projection on the face of the cliff. I tried it cautiously and managed to get a foothold. By degrees I worked my way along for about ten yards, but to get this distance took me as many minutes. I was holding on to a bush and feeling with one foot for the next projection, when suddenly that on which my other foot rested gave way, and I hung by my hands wriggling against the cliff; I heard the broken bit of sandstone go scuttering down the cliff, followed by a shower of loose pebbles, and plunge into the sea below. I grew sick as I thought that the bush to which I clung was giving way; I hung by my right hand and grasped wildly with my left for something to catch hold of, and fortunately succeeded in reaching a tough thorn. Holding the bush with as little weight as possible, and working with knees and toes, I scrambled up again, and with no little difficulty I managed to get back once more into the comparative safety of the Chimney. I had spent about a quarter of an hour on this fruitless effort. I knew it was no use attempting that way any more; and even if it had been still feasible for myself I was too unnerved by my slip to try it again, while it was simply out of the question for the others. There was only one thing left for us to do. There was a small cave a few yards up the beach in the corner; we could find shelter there from the wind and wait till the tide went down again. When I had recovered my breath I half slid, half climbed down the Chimney, and waded back to Amy, whom I found standing alone, shivering, and looking ghastly pale in the weird moonlight.

"Where is Nubblings?" she asked as I came ashore.

"Nubblings?" said I, "why I left him with you."

"Haven't you seen him?" she said quickly; "he would go after you, though I told him not to."

I stared at Amy, half-thinking she was joking, but her frightened, earnest look, showed me it was no joke.

"I saw him go round the corner to the foot of the Chimney," said she, "but he has not come back."

I turned and rushed back through the ice-cold water, which had chilled me to the very bone by now, but I seemed to feel nothing in my anxiety as to what had become of my brother. I stood at the foot of the Chimney nearly up to my middle in the sea and shouted, but no answer came back. I began to scramble up the ravine again. A little way up I stopped and shouted again two or three times. I fancied once that I heard a faint reply, but the sea kept washing up the sides with a hollow noise, and the wind moaned down the opening like a funnel, so that I could not be sure that my imagination had not deceived me. I climbed higher. I came to the projection where I had tried to scramble round the cliff; I looked to see if there were any traces of Nubblings having followed me; then I remembered that had he done so I must have seen him, for I had not gone more than ten yards away. Then it struck me that, this being so, the only way he could have escaped my notice was by getting to the top of the Chimney; I ought to have remembered this before. So I pushed on with more confidence. How I got up all that steep way in pitch-dark (for the interior of the Chimney was for the most part in deep shadow) I cannot pretend to say. I believe I grasped at anything I could, I used hand and foot and knee and shoulder and elbow, sometimes slipping down a foot or two, sometimes pausing for breath or to give a shout. I can remember that once, and once only, I wondered what my clothes would be like, for everywhere the sandstone was wet and crumbling.

At length I reached the limit of my climb; the thin, white line of the fall glimmered a few feet in front of me, with its sheer drop of ten feet, splashing into a small basin it had formed in the rock; there was the hopeless precipice before me and on either side, for there was a kind of cup-like hollow in the cliff large enough to hold about four people huddled close together. Nubblings was not there! I scanned the precipice carefully. A broad flood of moonlight shone across the upper part of one side, while the rest was in black darkness; there was no sign of any way by which he could possibly have reached the top of the cliff. Where could he be? Had he been up here at all? My heart seemed to stop beating as suddenly there flashed through my brain what must have happened; he had tried to climb after me up the Chimney, and, either in getting round the edge where I had so nearly fallen, or even before reaching that, he had slipped down; his head must have struck the side as he fell, and he was stunned before he reached the water; of course, all this while he had been lying at the bottom of the sea at the foot of the cliff, up which I had been struggling in my fruitless search. I gave an agonised cry; my limbs trembled, and almost gave way altogether. It was only by a strong effort, and a dim hope that perhaps even yet I might be mistaken, that I managed to climb down. It took me longer than I expected. When at last I slipped down the side into the sea I found it above my waist. I felt about on the bottom with my feet for my brother's body, and as I did so I turned sick and giddy; it was a hopeless task, for the tide might have washed him under a rock; the agony of searching in the dark, icy water for a thing I dreaded to find was awful, and yet my failure scarcely allowed me to hope.

I struggled to the shore, only to find Amy still alone; there had been no sign of our brother. She divined my fears even before I gained the beach. "Has he fallen into the water? Is he drowned?" she cried; and, before I could attempt any answer to give a ray of hope, she burst into a passionate wail of sobs. "Oh! why did I let him go? Oh! I wish I had stopped him!" She clung to me and cried bitterly. It may seem strange, but at that moment I felt stronger than if Amy had borne her grief calmly or had been hopeful. I felt I must comfort her, and I did all I could to make her not think that she was to blame for our poor brother.

"Did you hear anything fall into the sea?" I asked presently.

"No; I heard nothing," she replied.

"Did you not even hear the bit of rock I kicked down?"

"No; when did you do that?"

I told her of my slip on the face of the cliff; but as that was round the corner it was out of her hearing; the foot of the Chimney was likewise round a corner, so that it was quite possible that a person standing where Amy was would not distinguish a splash at that distance in the confused noise of the water washing along the base of the cliff and surging up into the corner, where it met the shingly beach. We stood there, trembling with cold and dread, and shouted

for Nubblings; we coo-eed again and again, but no answer came back; and as we strained our ears to catch the faintest sound, we could hear nothing but the sullen, pitiless plunge of the long, slow swell, and the sharp slap and swish with which it swept along the side of the cliff before it broke on the shingle and frothed up to and round our feet, driving us back every now and then further up the shore, until hope died out of our hearts. We crept into the cave. I fell down on my face and gave way to a fit of crying, thinking that Amy could not see me in the dark. I seemed to see a vision continually before my eyes, of the clear green water at the foot of the Chimney, and my brother lying at the bottom with his arms stretched out and his hair streaming off his forehead, and looking up at me through the water. I went over again and again in my mind what might have been the case had I only known that he was following me—I could have stopped him and sent him back, or I could have helped him up to a safer place—and so I gradually fell into a sort of dreaming doze, and I fancied that Nubblings had walked into the cave and spoke to me. So clearly I heard his voice that I started up and looked, but I only saw Amy sitting in a patch of moonlight, with her back against the rock and her face turned towards the mouth of the cave. She did not move, and I sat idly looking at her. I do not know that any very clear thoughts occupied my mind; I felt too weary and stupefied to think. I can only remember noticing a crack in the side of the cave, which began just above Amy's head and ran up into the roof. My eye followed it up and down and traced out its branches, and I wondered why they went no farther, and what had caused them. It looked like a river on a map, and I began to try and make it do for the Ganges, but it would branch off at the wrong place; so I tried the Indus, but found that fruitless; and I was still stupidly puzzling over this, without the slightest interest, and without being really quite aware that I was doing so, for my mind was beginning to revolve how I should break the news of our brother's death to my parents, when Amy gave a cry, "The tide's coming into the cave!"

I looked round. A boulder about two feet high, covered with tangle, was at the entrance, and between it and the side of the cave I saw the moonlight glittering on a few foam-bubbles left by the last wave. The cave, it will be remembered, was at the corner of the beach, and did not directly face the sea, so we had not been aware of the approaching tide till it flowed round the corner of the entrance. Presently another wave came and swept round the boulder. We got up and retreated to the end of the cave; it was only about four yards long; there was a low shelf of rock, with a fringe of seaweed hanging from it, running along the side. I guessed that the tide would be rising for at least an hour and a half more. Of course it would reach the end of the cave, but we might escape it by getting on the shelf. Accordingly I helped Amy up, and then got up beside her, and we sat there in silence, huddling together for warmth. I was wet up to my middle; my hands were numbed; I crossed my arms and tucked my hands under my armpits for warmth, as my pockets were soaking. Amy rested her head on my shoulder and folded her hands on her lap. We could feel each other shivering all through those long hours of misery. We fell into a kind of half-unconsciousness, every now and then opening our eyes to see how far the tide had come. I can remember how I watched the boulder at the entrance disappear gradually, till at last I could only see just the tangle swaying about on the water. I knew that then the tide was washing the very end of the cave, and occasionally the water lapped up and touched our feet. The ray of moonlight had shifted out of our cave, and I could only make out a dull, grey, irregular archway where the entrance was, with a dim glimmer on the water, except where the black patch of weed over the boulder swayed about.

By-and-by I noticed that the water was no longer lapping up to our feet. I wondered what the time was, but it was impossible to see my watch. Amy seemed asleep; she had been moaning from time to time, but she had not spoken a word for hours. I wondered if she would be very ill after this; I wondered if she would be strong enough to walk home; then I wondered if she would be able to scramble along the rocks at Samson's Opening. My mind was so dazed that what ought to have been my first consideration seemed to occur to it last. I know I was revolving a plan of leaving her in the cave and running home for a boat, and I was calculating how long this would take when I noticed that the top of the boulder was uncovered once more and half of the cave was dry.

For a moment a feeling akin to joy rose up in my mind, but it was followed immediately by the thought that as soon as we left the cave I must prepare to take our awful news home to my parents. Again and again through those cruel, miserable hours my mother's face had passed before my eyes on the blackness; sometimes my father's was with it, just a little behind it, as it were; sometimes it was alone. The eyes never looked at me, the brows never frowned, there was no expression of anger, scarcely, I thought, of reproach; but only a look of quiet, deep sorrow, as if they felt something which I could not understand; it was the expression they wore when the news came of my eldest brother's death in India. Again and again I wondered what they were doing to find us, and how I should meet them without Nubblings.

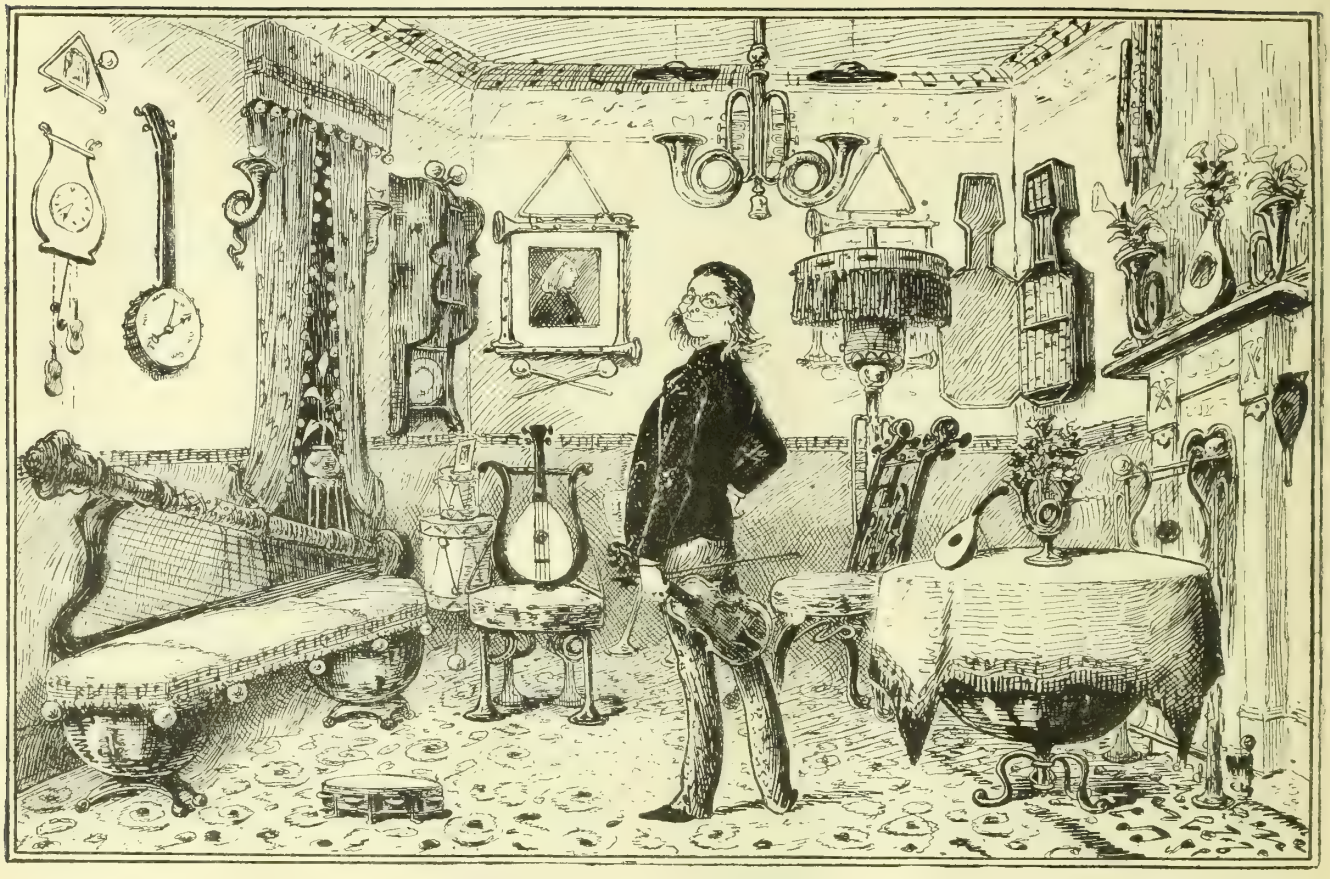
Shortly after I had noticed the turn of the tide, and while I was still pondering thus, I was startled by hearing the regular creak of oars; at the same moment the entrance was darkened, and I saw a boat, with oars just being shipped, come gliding in past the boulder; its keel grated on the shingle, and before I could distinguish how many figures were in it I heard my father's voice call to me. Amy, who had been sound asleep, started up with a cry; we both slipped off our seat to the ground, but we were so weak and numbed and stiff with the cold that we stumbled and fell forward on our knees. The next moment Amy was snatched up by her father, who had felt her at his feet in the pitch darkness; I could hear her sobbing on his shoulder, and I could hear him as he stroked her hair and patted her, crooning over her and calling her by his pet name for her.

The instant after Amy gave her cry my heart leapt up with a bound of joy I could not dare to believe. Nubblings's voice shouted "Hurrah! I knew they would be here!" I heard him come tumbling out over the side of the boat; I rushed forward and almost fell over him in the darkness. I hugged him till he shouted and struggled to be let go. "Where did you get to?" I asked. But his reply was checked by my father, who bade him keep his story till we were going home; meanwhile we were made to swallow some cordial and eat some biscuits. We were both wrapped up in shawls and placed in the stern of the boat, with Nubblings between us, each of us having an arm tight round him.

"Now, zur, yew get in," said the well-known voice of Bateman, the coastguard, to my father. Father stepped in, and got his oar out; Bateman shoved us off, and, walking into the sea till we were well afloat, jumped in over the gunwale, and taking his paddle (as he called the oar) turned the boat's head home. As he did so he remarked to me, "Yew mebbe thankful that the wind were off shore; if there had been any say on" (he always called the "sea" the "say"), "Miss Amy and yew would not have been here now."

While he and father rowed us along fast on the ebbing tide Nubblings told us his story. He had not gone up the Chimney at all; he had started with the intention of following me, but not being able to see anything of me (for by the time he reached the foot of the Chimney I was too far up for him to see, and the splashing of the stream prevented his hearing me), he concluded that I had tried to swim to Samson's Opening. Accordingly he determined to follow. Of course the cold took away his breath at once, though, for his age, he was a capital swimmer, and seeing a ledge of rock he made for it and clambered up. He now found himself standing just above the very ledge by which we used to scramble round from Samson's Opening to the cave-beach, and though this ledge was a foot or so under water he knew it well enough to be able to continue his way along in safety until he got past the Opening and reached the bay on the other side. He had shouted to us, but as the wind was blowing off shore, and he was far round the corner, of course we had not heard. From the bay beyond Samson's Opening it was easy to clamber over the lower part of the cliff into Spaniard's Cove, and once there he was safe. He set off home as fast as he could, but being faint with hunger and stiff with wet and cold he had not got in till nearly eight o'clock. He found our mother in the greatest anxiety, and my father had gone out to look for us. My mother sent a servant off to Bateman to go round for us in his boat, but Bateman was out helping my father; so that, with one delay and another, the start was not made till nine o'clock. Nubblings, of course, ought to have gone straight into a hot bath and then to bed; but that young man, having secured his supper (which our old nurse brought up to his bedroom), made up his mind that he would not miss the glory of leading the expedition for our rescue. He had no doubt that his experience would be indispensable to his elders, and that they would be helpless without his services. As soon as nurse had left him he jumped out of bed, put on dry clothes, and, running the gauntlet of the nursery and dining-room, escaped undiscovered, and arrived at the boat just as it was being shoved off. Father was going to send him back, but when Bateman suggested, "Perhaps Mas'r Leslie may be able to show us where he see'd 'em last," Nubblings was admitted into the boat, and forthwith installed himself as boatswain, pilot, and commodore all in one. Under his directions they made for our cave, and in little more than an hour after our rescue we were safe and warm in bed.

When I felt my mother's arms round my neck that night, after I was in bed, I made a silent vow in the depth of my heart. I did not say it in so many words to myself, but I *felt* that I had made the vow; I have lived to thank God that I made it, and that I have been able to keep it, although once it cost me a bitter struggle with self; but, thank God, I kept my vow then, and it saved me (I have since learned) from what would have spoilt my own life's happiness and that of others. My vow was this: Never again to do anything that I could not tell my father of, or that might cause my mother pain.



SOMETHING LIKE AN ENTHUSIAST.

This is how our young friend Beethoven Mendelssohn Handel Jones ("More money than wit," Gruffins says) has furnished his new music room. "Only wants a few *fiddle-pattern* spoons and some *tuning*-forks," says Gruffins again, "to make the thing complete!"

A BARKING FROG.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, F.Z.S., etc.,

Author of "Out-of-the-way Pets," "A Christmas at Sea," etc.

When the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's good ship *Potosi* steamed slowly up the Tagus River and dropped her "mud-hook," as sailors call the anchor, off Belem on November 29, 1889, I don't suppose that the name of *Ceratophrys ornata* appeared on the passenger list handed to the health authorities through the little wire-shuttered window in the quarantine ground. Yet he was on board.

Belem is some few miles below Lisbon proper, with which, however, it is connected by houses and tram-roads all the way. Its beautiful ancient tower is a conspicuous mark on the river, and the flat sandy beach forms a favourite bathing-station for the city during the warm period of the year. Ships desirous of entering the port wait here to receive "pratique"—permission, that is, to communicate with the shore and discharge cargo and passengers, accorded when the sanitary officials are satisfied that those on board are healthy, and that no epidemics prevail in the countries from which they hail; they then usually proceed and take up their position opposite what Englishmen term "Black Horse Square," said to be the largest open space in any European city.

If pratique is refused, the vessel must go no higher, and must display the yellow flag at her fore; quarantine officers board her and remain until her departure to see that no breach of the regulations takes place. Such cargo as is destined for Lisbon is lowered into special lighters and towed off to be fumigated, while those unhappy passengers whose voyage ends there are sent off in boats kept for the purpose to spend a specified number of days in isolation in the lazaretto on the opposite bank of the river, from which a dreary waste of sand-hills stretches away to the sea, crowned by swarms of whirling windmills.

What have Portuguese quarantine restrictions to do with barking frogs? Nothing. But the letter despatched to me by overland mail, giving me notice to expect the strange amphibian in a few days, was dated from "Off Belem Castle, Lisbon," and that set me thinking of the old times when I, in my official capacity as surgeon of the mail-steamer just arrived from Brazil or the River Plate, used to be marched off like a criminal between guards to the quarantine station above the beach, and there locked up in a little white-washed courtyard, where I might be cautiously surveyed and my bills of health received through the barred window aforesaid.

If the report was considered satisfactory, an official hand would presently be extended through the bars into my cage (they were not afraid that I should bite), to be grasped by mine in an official salutation. If not—and a single case of yellow fever occurring months before in any port at which we had touched would be sufficient to condemn us—big trap-doors were opened in the wall, disclosing inclined planes, down which we had to shoot the mails into receptacles for "disinfection."

I didn't mind it much, because some bushes which grew in a corner of the yard formed a happy hunting-ground for me during the half-hour's detention, rarely failing to yield something desirable in the way of beetles or caterpillars; pretty little lizards, too, darted about the sunny walls or peeped in and out from the eaves of the roof erected as a shelter in case of rain. I even caught one there on a Christmas Day. Sundry other mail-officers and surgeons, however, seemed to bear their captivity with less equanimity, and, finding no comfort in lizards and beetles, beguiled the time by recording on the much-scribbled whitewashed walls their opinions on the institution of quarantine in general, of its administration at Lisbon in particular, and their impressions of the whole Portuguese race.

Well, my frog escaped quarantine detention at Lisbon (*Lisboa* they call it there) at any rate, whatever may have happened to some of his fellow-passengers, and reached me safe and sound in a box of hay. I was rather puzzled to know what to do with him. To begin with, he was very thin, and rather weak, though a fine specimen; but then, in all probability, he had had nothing to eat for nearly a year. He had not fed at all, though food had been offered to him, since his capture two months before in the far south of South America; furthermore, he must have been

caught just about the end of the winter there —September—and these creatures, like our own frogs and toads, lie torpid and dormant all through the cold weather.

No wonder he was thin, though a year, more or less, of fasting isn't much to a batrachian. But you see my difficulty was that it was already early winter here, and I feared that he was hardly in condition to undergo a second *hybernation* (or winter sleep), during which, of course, he would take no nourishment. And although I could easily have kept him at summer heat in my cages by artificial warmth, as I do my reptiles, animals of his kind seem always to seek retirement in the winter, even if kept hot. Snakes and alligators, on the other hand, don't care a bit for hybernating as long as they are warm, and will go on feeding all the year round; while the chameleons, again, however hot you keep them, die if they are deprived of sunshine.

It seems rather hard lines, though, that in some countries certain creatures—such as land-shells and sundry amphibians, this barking frog amongst them—are compelled to *æstivate*, to bury or seclude themselves during the great heat of summer, as well as to go to bed through the winter months. I was naturally anxious, therefore, that my South American guest should get a good supper, as well as the breakfast greatly overdue.

I compromised the matter, and let him decide for himself. I put him in a box of earth and turf, one end of which was heated and furnished with water, the other cool enough to serve as a bedroom. He chose the warm end, and there he lay all the winter, bathing occasionally, but never, as far as I could discover, taking any of the lobworms, maggots, or cockroaches with which he was liberally supplied, and never attempting to bury himself. For weeks at a time he would lie in one position, without apparently stirring a toe; but sometimes in the dead of night, when I was sitting near quietly writing, he would say "Warr!" in a weird, mournful voice, something like a slight "squawk" from a parrot —very startling and creepy at that hour. But I don't think he was unhappy. After all, he wasn't much worse off in a warm box under a limited monarchy than at the bottom of a ditch in the Argentine Republic.

Do you know what a barking frog, this "Adorned Ceratophrys," is like? A barking frog is something more than a frog that barks (some of them won't bark at all). It's a most unearthly-looking beast, more like the old pictures of demon "familiar spirits" than any respectable flesh-and-blood amphibian. To begin with, it is about four times the size of our biggest English frog, and nearly circular in outline. Take a thick penny bun (they used to make them thicker for a penny than they do now), and shave off two little slices along the side in one place, so as to make a slight point. That will represent all the difference the enormous head makes; in fact, you have to look rather closely when he is squatting on the ground to see which is head and which is the other end—tail, of course, he has none, and no more trace of a neck than a crab has. Paint your bun grass-green, and then speckle it all over with little black rings; pinch the dough all up towards the centre, so as to make a kind of ridge, and finally mount it on four ridiculously thin legs, like matches, set very far back from the head, and there you have a sort of rough representation of an *escuerzo*, as this frog is called down in the countries bordering the River Plate.

But if you can't see at a glance where his head is, you very soon find out when you come to pick him up, especially if you catch hold of him on that side, for they bite furiously do these escuerzos. Their mouths are enormously wide, and their jaws like steel; and when they catch hold of you they hold on, growling, so that you may lift them up and shake your hand with all your might without making them let go; and indeed it is generally necessary to pull them off by main force. They not only draw blood, but leave a nasty pinched bruise behind. At the same time their shape is such and their activity in turning is so limited that it is very easy to handle them without being bitten, by holding them anywhere but in front. And I need hardly say that they are utterly undeserving of the terrible reputation which they bear at home, even amongst educated dwellers in those regions. If you ever go there you will find that the very name of escuerzo raises a shudder, and that the poor little creature is dreaded more than the really venomous *vibora de la cruz*, the "Viper of the Cross," a very poisonous snake which haunts the southern pampas.

These frogs are very numerous, even in the neighbourhood of great cities, being frequently discovered in wells and other damp situations, but—unless you come across one and can capture it for yourself—it is almost impossible to secure a live specimen. No peon, Indian or Gaucho, will go within ten yards of one if he knows it, and white people believe implicitly all the dreadful tales told of its spitting a deadly venom which drives those on whom it falls raving mad, while its bite is certain death. A curious superstition concerning it is, that it will seize and hold on to a red-hot iron without injury, its virulence actually cooling the metal! And in vain have I attempted to prove its harmless nature, and to show that it was capable of working no more evil than a kitten or a puppy, by allowing it to close its jaws on my arm. They only looked upon it as a trick, feeling convinced that my flesh must have been "prepared" with an "antidote," while Indians and Basques merely regarded me as in league with the supernatural—a very ordinary and matter-of-fact belief with them!

Venomous to some extent it is, certainly, like our own British toad; that is to say, the perspiration of its skin when angry is of a burning and acrid character, causing pain and inflammation if it gets into the eyes or in contact with a sore place, and irritating enough to make a dog who has been so rash as to pick one up, drop it and foam at the mouth; in fact, this moisture constitutes the animal's defence, and I have even known a dog to die from the effects of holding a common toad in its mouth for a few moments.

I have lent my barking frog to the Zoological Gardens for a little while; so when you go there these Christmas holidays look out for him in the lobby of the Reptile House ("Adorned Ceratophrys" will be the name on the label, I expect, and I think you'll find him in the glass case nearest the right-hand door leading into the snakes'). Very likely he will have buried himself under the grass and moss, or have taken up his quarters under the saucer of water; if so, ask the keeper to dig him up for you, and then most likely you'll hear him bark. I say most likely, because frogs are like boys—they don't always do just what they are wanted to. Some specimens, too, are much quieter than others, and some (this applies to escuerzos only) won't bark at all.

However, this one of mine not only barks vociferously, but keeps up a sort of shrill snarl between, for all the world like a little yapping, spiteful, black-and-tan terrier—and it really is the funniest performance. At every bark he opens his great wide mouth, and the effort seems nearly to turn him over, bobbing his nose right down to the ground. I have mentioned how far back the legs are —this is because the head takes up such a large proportion of the body—so the poor escuerzo is overweighted in front—as a sailor would say, "down by the bow." And although he shows fight so pugnaciously (for he comes straight at you), he is so awkward in slewing round that it is perfectly easy to drop the hand behind him and pick him up at any moment; nevertheless, one can quite imagine that it must be very alarming to meet such a diabolical little apparition unexpectedly, say in a cavern or at the bottom of a dry well, to any one unacquainted with its true character, or, worse still, imbued with a belief in all the horrors ascribed to it.

There is another species found in the same part of the world, which has horns on its head. This "barks," too, but the noise produced is more of a squeak—more like the *werp* of those toys which used to delight my childhood's days, elicited by pressing together the little bellows-like arrangement on which the dog, cat, sheep, canary, or elephant was placed (they all had the same voice). I suppose these ancient toys will be quite superseded now by the applications of the phonograph, when dolls ask for bread-and-butter and repeat "Mary had a little lamb," and elegant models of birds and beasts will reproduce the actual song and roar of their living originals.

My frog wouldn't feed for a long time, not until long after the summer had come, so that he probably fasted for fifteen or eighteen months. But he grew very lively and savage, so at last I hit on a plan which succeeded admirably. I used to stir him up, and hold a dead mouse in front of him till he barked, then I popped the mouse in his mouth, and instantly shut down the lid of his box, leaving him in darkness undisturbed. He would hold the mouse in his jaws for a long time in anger, then I suppose it would begin to dawn upon him that it was something more interesting than a mere enemy—anyhow, as a rule, the mouse was swallowed, and he soon waxed fat and strong. In their native haunts they live on rats, mice, frogs, and similar small quadrupeds, as well as beetles, slugs, and probably fish. Do you know (few people do) that our common toad will sometimes catch and eat mice?

These escuerzos are very interesting to naturalists because in the skin of their backs little plates of bone are found, and this shows a sort of relationship with certain animals long since extinct, but discovered now and then in a fossil state. But what strikes one most is the odd, uncanny, misshapen sort of form of the creature. The other day I exhibited a lot of my animals in a tent at a fête given in aid of the funds of a local charity. Hundreds of people came to look at them, and I noticed that this great frog attracted more attention than all the serpents, lizards, and crocodiles, though he was unusually quiet that day.

What unexpected noises some creatures make! One generally finds that what we may call vocal peculiarities are considered sufficiently remarkable to give the animal its popular name—witness this "barking" frog, the "laughing" hyæna, the "laughing" jackass (a bird), "screamers," "trumpeters," "howler" monkeys, in which a bone in the throat is hollow and serves as a sort of wind instrument, and many others. The "talking fish," which does really say something like "papa" and "mamma," is a seal; but "singing fish," emitting a continuous musical note like a Jew's-harp, are a fact, though I am afraid the "whistling oyster," alluded to in the old song, is not yet included in the domain of zoology stern and proper. In Sumatra there is an earth-worm which produces a sharp sound at night like the "screeking" of a slate pencil; and the death's-head moth of these islands will squeak like a mouse.

AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING AT ST. VESPER'S.

By A. G. Munro, B.A., City of London School,

Author of "Christmas in the Bay of Biscay," "The Head-Master's Dream," etc.

"Look here, Trevor, I vote we sit up, too."

"All right, Stanleigh, old man; I don't see why we fellows shouldn't *observe* for once as well as the doctor. What do you think, Walters—and you, Howard—is it agreed?"

"Jolly good idea," exclaimed Walters; "it won't be half bad fun to hear, next Friday, what the doctor has *observed*; perhaps we shall be able to put him right on a point or two; but—— Why, Howard, you look as sleepy as an owl already; won't you join in, too?"

"Like old Winks," put in Howard, stifling an ill-suppressed yawn and suddenly brisking up.

The above conversation took place outside the big school at St. Vesper's, and had reference to the weekly lecture on astronomy just delivered by the head-master, who, in addition to being an ex-Fellow of Balliol, was also a distinguished F.R.A.S., and an enthusiastic student of everything pertaining to the celestial bodies. As a rule these Friday-afternoon dissertations on the solar and other systems were delivered to a somewhat unappreciative audience, in the ears of whom, however, the doctor's words of wisdom had one merit, namely, that they never continued more than half an hour!

This afternoon things had been decidedly more lively than usual. *Intenti omnes tenebantque ora* was the order of the day, for the head-master had announced for the succeeding night a most wonderful astronomical phenomenon, which, as some readers will recollect, actually transpired a score or so years ago, and even the fourth-form boys mentioned above, instead of preparing the next day's repetition lesson during the astronomy half-hour, had displayed a very fair amount of interest in the subject. Stanleigh's ideas on most subjects were decidedly confused, and almost less lucid on matters celestial than other studies, and it must not be supposed that the boy had obtained from the somewhat cursory observations of the doctor the faintest notion of the true nature of the heavenly panorama just prophesied.

Whether the Hatchet was to rush after the Big Bear in a series of frantic attempts to cut off that animal's tail, or Venus, Mars, Juno, and the rest of them were to run a handicap in the Milky Way, or even the Southern Cross contemplated paying northern latitudes the honour of a visit, the fourth-form monitor could not quite gather, but at any rate the head-master had confidentially foretold a series of most wonderful astronomical gymnastics such as could only occur once in each half-century. Now, fifty years to a schoolboy seems the same as never; and doubtless Stanleigh and the other three boys, Trevor, Walters, and Howard, felt that now or never was their chance.

At ten o'clock in the evening, after the sixth-form monitor, Gardner, had put out all lights in the dormitories along the corridor where the four boys slept, the shades of night presented not the slightest appearance of anything out of the common. If anything, it was lighter than usual, as the figure of Stanleigh, who stood rubbing his nose against the window-pane on preliminary investigation intent, was perfectly distinct to Trevor, Walters, and Howard, who had just tumbled into bed.

This dormitory was the end one in the corridor as well as the smallest, and corresponded with the bedroom of the doctor situated in the wing at the other end of the building. The head-master's study was underneath his bedroom, and by means of a large bay-window ingress was possible from the lawn. On a summer evening the boys in the corridor overlooking the front garden often used to hear a gentle footfall on the turf below; the head-master, they knew, was at such times lost in contemplation of the heavenly bodies, and not until the catch of the hasp in the large bay-window clicked sharply in the night-air did they breathe freely in the certainty that the great man's presence was withdrawn.

A box-room of trifling dimensions led from the bedrooms at the pupils' end of the building on to a balcony, the entrance to which was securely locked, and a flight of ten steps in the middle of this front corridor to a square attic above, the six rooms of which formed the bedrooms and studies of the house-master, Mr. Philp, and two masters in the Junior School, both of whom had only recently left Cambridge. This attic, which was perfectly visible from the corridor, very much resembled a series of sheds surrounding a bath, and Mr. Philp, who often used to spend half an hour leaning over the panelling which ran in front of the six rooms, commanded a capital view of the corridor below.

"The light's going, now," said Stanleigh, gently drawing down the window for the twentieth time; "the doctor's in for a night of it, at any rate. But, look here, you chaps—here, Howard, I say, none of that," and, taking up a bolster, he tossed it full tilt in the direction of the latter, who started up, rubbing his eyes.

"Don't bother a fellow yet," put in Trevor, whose inclinations were as somnolent as those of Howard; "why, it's not much after eleven, and the doctor said it was no use looking till one or two in the morning."

"Hang the doctor," cried Walters, jumping out of bed; "come on, Stan, old chap, why shouldn't we have a night of it as well? Here goes," and, suiting the action to the word, the boy tilted up Howard's bed with a jerk, so that the occupant, clothes and all, rolled in a disordered mass on the floor.

"Twelve o'clock, and the doctor's study window glowing like a light-ship," exclaimed Stanleigh, opening the window once more, during a short truce to the pillow-fight, as the deep, rich tones of the St. Vesper's school clock rang out clear and loud into the midnight air.

"Another hour yet; suppose we vary the programme, and go in for scouting. Who'll be spy? Now then, cut off, Trevor, through the green baize door, along the lavatory, and while you're on the trail let us three go for scalps downstairs into the dining-hall," added Howard.

"No, I have it," said Walters; "let's try the pantry; perhaps Martha has left it unlocked, and we shall find something *gastronomical* and better than either scalps or stars; but, as this is the first time that we've gone on trail beyond real Indian territory, I vote we draw lots who's to scout for a clear coast first."

"A jolly lot of cowards, you are," put in Howard; "why, if you're not funky! Come along, I'll go first, whilst Trevor and Walters mount guard downstairs below the lavatory; and you, Stan, go on trail at the other end of the dining-hall."

The other end of the dining-hall communicated with the kitchens and pantry, which ran at right angles to the Doctor's residence at the far end of the building. The kitchen was on the ground-floor, and the basement below was used as coal and wine cellars, as well as pantry and larder.

At the bottom of the staircase conducting from the bedroom lavatories, a long passage, used as a hat and cloak lobby for the boys, opened by means of a massive oak door into the school quadrangle, on the opposite side of which from the boarding-house were the big school and the College chapel. This passage was the place where the boys used to assemble for a roll-call before meals, also before the early morning chapel.

With the sagacity of Red Indians the boys crept noiselessly into their appointed places, Trevor and Walters guarding each avenue leading from the staircase, while Stanleigh stood motionless at the other end of the dining-hall, just inside the kitchen, above the cellar steps. Not a sound was audible save the tick tick of the big wooden clock, and the chirp chirp of a cricket on the hearth.

The boys could not have been on guard more than two minutes before Howard came stealing quickly up the steps leading from the pantry, and, trembling in every limb like a leaf, hurried as fast as his tottering legs would carry him through the great dining-hall towards the lavatory stairs, so that he did not even notice his Red Indian friend Stanleigh, who followed wondering whatever was the matter.

"Liver-coloured and white" was all that Howard could gasp out as the boys stood once more on their own side of the green baize door. A sudden creak in the woodwork of Mr. Philp's attic echoed that moment through the silent corridor, so that the boys, thinking that the house-master was on the alert, stole hurriedly to their own room.

"Liver-coloured and white what?" said Stanleigh, after the quartette had made sure that they were undiscovered.

"Dog, Dan's dog. You recollect the liver-and-white setter found near Mr. Malcolm that morning when he was discovered senseless and bleeding in Dead Man's Lane?"

Dan was a former school servant, who had been dismissed on account of a mysterious disappearance of shoes which were in his custody belonging to the boys. This was not the janitor's only offence, since the proceeds of the sale of one of the doctor's cows, taken to the neighbouring market under the auspices of Dan, had never reached the rightful owner's possession. Dan presented himself in a state of the most abject humility on this occasion, and declared that he had been garrotted. Moreover, to convince the doctor that he had really been the victim of such an assault, Dan stood rubbing his legs vigorously in the great man's presence, evidently under the impression that these are the organs which garrotters are in the habit of attacking. The last night of Dan's tenure of office he returned from the Vesper Arms in a state of abject intoxication, and next morning was nowhere to be found, a search amid all the outhouses proving unavailing. As a last resource, Martha suggested that he might have sought an asylum in the doctor's cart, and on the said vehicle being suddenly tilted up, verily Dan rolled out, before the astounded gaze of the other servants.

Scarcely less uncanny than the ex-school-porter himself was a liver-and-white setter

always to be found at its master's heels, and which, as has been said, was seen near one of the masters, Mr. Malcolm, the morning after that gentleman had been wounded and robbed in Dead Man's Lane. Who had perpetrated this piece of villainy poor Mr. Malcolm could not say, but since that morning neither the "hound of low degree" nor its master had been seen anywhere in the regions of St. Vesper's.

"Well, who's the coward now? Just fancy, Trevor; to run away from a white-and-liver hound!"

"Who said anything about running away from a hound, Stanleigh? I tell you there are burglars about; at the same moment that I caught sight of that wretched cur I heard footsteps on the gravel above the coal-cellar grating."

"Ph-e-w!" exclaimed the other fellows, seeing the matter now in quite a different light.

"What's to be done?" said Stanleigh; "we mustn't lie still here while the school is burglared. Just one o'clock, and the doctor still on the astronomy rampage;" and the boy gently opened the window. "Look here! three sheets knotted together, and there we are on the lawn. Come on, Trevor, help me to tie these sheets, and you fellows hold tight to see that they don't slip. In two jiffs we'll rouse the doctor in his den and tell him how the land lies."

"Not if I know it," replied Trevor, "not such a ninny. Why, he's sure to ask you how you came to know what was going on at his end of the school, and we shall all four come in for a licking."

"Well, here goes," said Stanleigh; "if you won't, I will;" and, fastening the end of a sheet to the bedpost, the boy commenced operations in earnest, deaf to the remonstrances of the others, who would have roused the whole school and given the enemy a clear course for flight.

Meanwhile the head-master of St. Vesper's sat pondering over an astronomical chart, at intervals breaking off his studies to consult the heavens. He had made up his mind that the meteoric shower could not be long deferred, and, turning down his lamp, approached the bay-window and, withdrawing the blind, peered out into the silence of the night, in anticipation of an exquisite scientific treat.

"Time of rotation $23^h\ 21^m$. Angular distance 45° 12′. Superior conjunction, points of greatest elongation, inferior conjunction—why, upon my word, whatever can it be down here at this time of night?" and the great man stared in the most helpless perplexity at the outline of a boy outside his study window.

If Stanleigh had actually dropped down from the sky in company with Mars or the Great Bear, his presence on the lawn could not have produced a more bewildered expression on the doctor's physiognomy. The appearance of a fourth-form boy, in semi-night-time apparel, tapping at the head-master's window at half-past one in the morning at first astonished him more than his wildest dreams of comets and meteors; but, after a minute's reflection, he concluded that Stanleigh was walking in his sleep, though how on earth the boy had descended from the bedroom passed all comprehension.

The night was chill, and the doctor, musing perplexedly on the best means of getting his pupil to bed again, hesitated a moment before opening the casement, whereupon the supposed somnambulist tapped vigorously on the pane in a way decidedly suggestive of business, so that the head-master of St. Vesper's opened the window in greater amazement than ever.

"Burglars, sir, burglars," gasped out Stanleigh, pointing in the direction of the doctor's kitchen as soon as he was safely under shelter. "Howard saw Dan's liver-and-white dog [fortunately Stanleigh did not say where], and heard footsteps on the gravel path."

"Burglars, boy? why, upon my word! to-night, too, of all nights! you must surely be dreaming," replied the doctor; but just at that minute a low growl, accompanied by the sound of a smack and a muttered oath, was heard outside the open casement scarce a dozen yards away. To turn out the lamp and draw the catch was but the work of a few seconds, and the doctor stood in breathless silence awaiting the course of events. The footsteps, however, slowly retreated in the direction of the pantry, so that it seemed as if the robbers had not noticed the lamp burning in the study.

"The coal-cellar grating," mentally ejaculated the head-master, recollecting suddenly that the chain had broken some months ago, and that it had not yet been mended. "Come along, my boy; no time to thank you now; we must decide what's to be done" (all thoughts of things celestial vanishing in presence of immediate danger). "This way—no, those stairs lead to our family bedrooms; here, along this passage; now through the library. Dear me, I've forgotten the keys! Just slip back, Stanleigh, into the study—they're on the table."

Scarcely had the doctor opened the door leading from his private house into the dining-hall than a gust of cold wind rushed up the pantry stairs, so that the big door swung on its hinges and shut with a bang, which echoed through and through the building, even to the attic chamber occupied by Mr. Philp. The violence of the concussion snapped the catch, and the strong current rushing up from below caused several repetitions of the noise, which roused not only Mr. Philp from his slumbers, but the boys in the various dormitories, so that, by the time the breathless head-master had gained the house-master's attic chamber, half the inmates of St. Vesper's School were on the tiptoe of expectation, and concluded that the celestial convulsions predicted by the doctor were already in course of operation—the most part rushing to the windows and drawing up the blinds, but, seeing nothing extraordinary in that direction, opening the bedroom doors and peering out into space.

For the next five minutes a curious sight was visible to a hundred youthful faces shoved out from the dormitory doors, one above the other, like those of sheep in a pen—Mr. Philp, B.A., clad in full panoply of night-gown, night-cap, and spectacles, holding a flickering tallow-candle in one hand, and with the other shielding his right ear in order not to miss the revelations of his chief.

Presently Messrs. Malcolm and Summers, divining that the end of the world, and not the shower of stars, had come, made an exit from their respective chambers, and added to the interest manifested by the gazers along the corridor below, who were anxiously awaiting the development of events.

After a five minutes' consultation a plan of action was decided on, the usual exemplary discipline of this pattern of English public schools meanwhile giving place to confusion, worse and worse confounded, caused by the various rumours as to what was really transpiring, and increased by the repeated banging of the big door below, so that by the time the head-master and his three assistants had descended from the attic, each armed with a large wooden bed-lath, excitement reigned supreme, most of the fellows sticking to the belief that the whole business was connected with the forecast made by the doctor during the afternoon lecture.

On reaching the baize door leading to the lavatory the procession of four was deprived of its public aspect, and assumed a private nature, and, whilst Stanleigh and the occupants of the end bedroom (whose fears had considerably subsided) were indulging in a fit of hysterical laughter, Mr. Philp and Mr. Malcolm were vying with one another in mutual courtesies half-way down the steps leading to the cellar, each being most desirous to offer the other the honour of precedence.

On reaching the pantry door the eagerness to give place to merit grew quite exciting.

"Better perhaps for you to go first, Malcolm," said the house-master; "you see, I'm tall and rather stout, so that the robbers might not see the others behind, and become aggressive."

"Oh, I think the sound of our voices takes away the force of that objection," answered Mr. Malcolm. "Now then, Philp, show the way."

The head-master, however, was about to settle matters by walking boldly into the cellar, when an angry snarl, followed by a rush at Mr. Malcolm's leg, roused the latter gentleman's ire to such a pitch that he made for the cellar in a passion, and struck out right and left with the bed-lath, only, however, just in time to see Dan's liver-and-white setter curl up its tail beneath its legs, and vanish through the open grating.

The objects over which the brute had been apparently keeping guard were a jemmy, a greasy, spotted coat, formerly a familiar object on the ungainly figure of Dan, and a pair of india-rubber shoes.

It was not till the next morning that the intention of the ex-school porter and his confrères came to light, when it was found that all the top-coats in the lobby were piled up in a heap near the door leading into the quadrangle, and ready for immediate transportation. It was probably the action of the white-and-liver setter that saved the school from disaster that eventful evening, since it was the efforts of the burglars to bring it back from the direction of the lawn, whither it had dragged a huge bone, that convinced the head-master of the proximity of danger. The snapping of the door-catch was most providential, as the banging of the door caused the burglars to decamp without removing the smallest portion of their booty, or even venturing to fetch the dog, which had been left in charge of the articles in the coal-cellar.

A few days after the attempted burglary the police found Dan and the white-and-liver setter lurking about a neighbouring village, and sufficient evidence was forthcoming to secure a five years' conviction.

He was aware of the flaw in the coal-cellar grating, and, had it not been for Stanleigh, would doubtless have executed his original intention, which was to enter St. Vesper's through this means, and to make off with the booty by the passage leading into the quadrangle. Who his confederates were never transpired.

When the fourth form were having their ancient geography lesson next morning, the most unusual languor prevailed, and two of the boys, Stanleigh and Howard, fell fast asleep over their atlases. Mr. Moulter, the master of the class, owing to the peculiar nature of the circumstances, was content merely to rouse them, and did not punish them for so unwonted a breach of discipline.

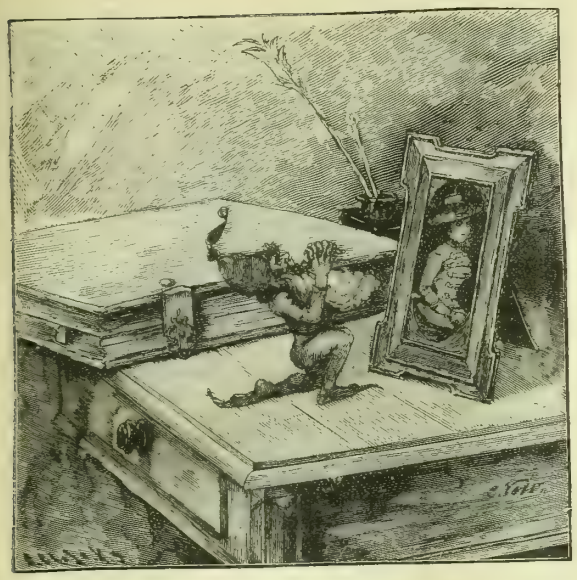
The Astronomical Phenomenon, by the way?

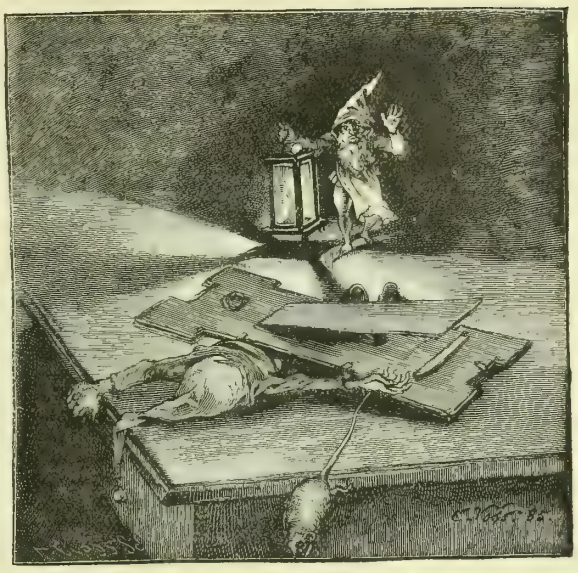
This did actually occur in the manner predicted, though on the night following that indicated by the doctor, who fell asleep in his study, and woke up just when all was over. Of the boys, not a soul saw as much as a shooting-star; but, as most of them are still young men, perhaps they may have yet a chance of seeing what Stanleigh and his friends so narrowly missed!



An Impostor found out.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* A. F. LYDON.)

A CHRISTMASTIDE TRAGEDY.





[*A pathetic story not needing words!*]

LEAVES FROM A LADY NOVELIST!

By Alison C. O. Pain,

Author of "Fantasio, the Strange Schoolboy," "Some of my Assistants," etc.

HOW CHARLIE CHISELLED.

(*From "The Boys of Dr. Parkinson's Select Academy; or, Conscientious Charlie and his Little Chums."*)

We have now almost reached the end of our story. I am sorry, and I have no doubt that you are too, gentle reader. I wish I had time to tell you how a bad boy named Jones took a dislike to Charlie on account of his gentle nature, and tore up a map which it had taken him many hours to execute; how the next day the same boy Jones accidentally fell into a duck-pond; how Charlie, who happened to be passing at the time, pulled off his coat, took one glance at the foaming waters, and then, briefly apologising for appearing in *déshabille* (if you don't know what this means, look it out in the dictionary, or ask your French teacher), plunged into the waves, and though he had never even attempted to bathe before, with a few powerful strokes he reached the sinking Jones, who was uttering a series of pathetic howls, grasped him firmly by the back hair, and brought him safe to shore; whereupon Jones fainted away, and Charlie, producing a short treatise on the treatment of the apparently drowned which he happened to be carrying in his pocket, at once directed the bystanders to roll the unfortunate Jones on an empty barrel, turn him upside down, apply strong smelling-salts to the back of his head, and generally to play *vetusta anseris baca* with him. I should like to describe how Jones opened his eyes, murmured feebly "I'm better now," and then turning to Charlie, wrung his hand, and exclaimed—"You are my preserver! I forgive you all." Charlie bowed his acknowledgments, though he was dimly conscious that if there was any forgiving to be done *he* was the one to do it. I very much wish, too, that I had time to tell you how this same bad boy Jones afterwards stole a pencil-case (you may have noticed in other stories that when the bad boy gives his mind to thieving, he always goes for a pencil-case), how Charlie was for a time unjustly suspected (another detail which may strike you as familiar), but at length had the satisfaction of seeing his innocence triumphantly proved. But, as I have not time, I must pass over these interesting points without mention, and hurry on to the close.

The annual Christmas examination, which lasted three weeks, was fast approaching. Most of the boys were now working tremendously hard; even the lazy boys, of whom there are some in most schools (are you one, gentle reader?), began to endeavour to make up for lost time. Charlie not only worked indefatigably himself, but also encouraged his fellows to greater exertions. "Remember," he would say, "that there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Remember how Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old. Remember how the Duke of York, with 10,000 men, marched up the hill and down again." And if he saw any boy over-confident in his prowess, he would warn him that when Humpty Dumpty fell from the summit of the wall, even the combined exertions of the king's horses and the queen's men were unable to restore him to the proud position which he had previously occupied. The day before the examination Charlie wrote a letter to his parents, from which I subjoin a few extracts.

"The momentous crisis is at hand. By the time that this reaches you I shall be in the thickest of the fight. Victory seems certain. I have improved so much in my Latin that I can now read Plato and Aristotle with ease. They are both of them talented writers, and deserve to be more widely known. In Greek I am not far behind. I know not which I enjoy more, the stately march of Virgil's majestic prose, or the melting strains of Cicero's musical verse. I shall probably get five or six prizes, but the distinction which I most covet is a bronze medal given every year for the best paper in Algebra. This is my strong subject; I can say the whole book by heart. The medal is rather larger in size than a halfpenny, and of about the same value. Yesterday the usher observed to me—'Supposing, after all, you fail?' I replied dauntlessly—'Sir, in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail.' 'Right, my brave boy,' he replied; 'that is spoken like a true poet.' I did not think it necessary to tell him that the words were a quotation."

I wish it were possible for me to describe the whole examination, but time and space forbid. Suffice it to say that Charlie came off with flying colours, the answers which he gave in his *viva voce* being especially good. At length the day came for the distribution of prizes. Visitors arrived in shoals, and were regaled with tea, bread-and-butter, and other light and inexpensive refreshments. They then assembled in the large schoolroom, where the Doctor was seated at his desk, with a row of gaily bound books before him. When the company were seated, he rose, cleared his throat, and commenced:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It gives me great pleasure to welcome you here to-day to this classic abode. You have come to witness a distribution of prizes to the successful candidates in our late examination. I very much regret that I have not a prize for everybody (cheers); but this would have been a somewhat cumbrous, not to say an expensive arrangement. To those who have succeeded I would say *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, and don't be too conceited over it. To those who have failed I would observe that it is not in mortals to command success, or, in the simple language of the poet, 'if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.' And if anybody

be disheartened at finding himself last—absolutely last in his class—let him soothe his wounded feelings with the touching words of Herodotus:

'Ultimus in lecto lumen restinguere debet.'

I need say no more, but proceed at once to the work we have in hand. I find that one of the youngest of our number" (how Charlie's heart beat when he heard those words) "has been successful in carrying off no less than six prizes" (thunders of applause). "As it is against the rule of the school for any boy to take more than two prizes, he will receive four certificates in lieu of those volumes which he would otherwise have obtained. The pecuniary value of these certificates may be slight, but the honour which they confer is not slight. I may add that the fortunate possessor of these distinctions is fully at liberty to have them framed and glazed at his own expense. I call upon Charles Crowhurst to receive the Latin prize."

The boys cheered; the band struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes," and Charlie advanced proudly, yet modestly, keeping step to the music. Again and again was Charlie called up, and each time the band played and the people cheered. At last, when all the volumes had disappeared, there was a dead silence of expectation.

"And now," said the Doctor, "we come to the most important prize of all. I refer to the bronze medal for proficiency in Algebra. I will not dwell on the priceless advantages of the science, alike to the scholar in his study, and the politician in Parliament; to the schoolboy in the cricket-field, and the sailor on the deep blue ocean wave. This medal has been adjudged to Charles Crowhurst, the fortunate possessor of so many rewards."

Again the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the boys shouted, and the band played "Charlie is my darling." But why does Charlie falter and turn pale? and why does the unbidden tear glisten in his deep blue eye? There is a sudden commotion—a confused murmur of cries. "He is fainting." "The excitement has been too much for him." "Fetch him a ginger-beer and soda"—while the Doctor's wife, in her motherly solicitude, is with difficulty prevented from applying a mustard-plaster to the nape of his neck.

"Come, my boy," said the Doctor; "take this; it is yours."

"It is not mine. I cannot tell a lie. Take away the bauble."

"Explain yourself," said the Doctor, severely.

"I will explain," said Charlie, suddenly dashing a tear-drop from his eye.

There was a breathless silence, broken only by the man with the trombone, who struck up "God save the Queen" on his own account, under the impression that the ceremony was over.

"I will explain. In the course of the examination in Algebra, I suddenly found myself confronted by a question which I was unable to answer. I venture to think that many of those who listen to me must at times have found themselves in a similar predicament."

There was a general murmur of "Hear, hear."

"In this painful dilemma there were three courses open to me. I might have omitted the question, which would have been cowardly. I might have invented an answer, which would have been hazardous. I regret to say that I decided on the third course, which was to avail myself of the information of others. To put it coarsely, I cheated, by reading the answer on Tompkins' paper, and reproducing it with a few verbal alterations. Give Tompkins the medal, or let it be sold to defray expenses."

There was a general hubbub, in the midst of which several hisses were heard, and murmurs of "Bad, underhand conduct." Tompkins rose, and instantly there was silence. Every one felt sure that he was going to claim the medal.

"Excuse me," said he, "but which question did you copy from me?"

"The seventh!" said Charlie, his slight frame quivering with suppressed emotion.

"Then you needn't disturb yourself; my answer was all wrong."

"Oh, what a surprise," said Charlie, as the tears stood in his two lovely blue eyes; "in that case I beg to reassert my claim."

Some of the boys were highly indignant at this. They wanted to give Tompkins the medal and kick Charlie downstairs. But the ladies all thought it would be a pity not to give him the medal, as he was such a nice-looking boy, and seemed so distressed; and when he began to weep, they wept too. It was truly an affecting scene. The Doctor wept, the usher wept, the boys wept; everybody wept except the band. It was with some difficulty that the good Doctor could command his voice to speak. At last he said briefly:

"The quality of mercy is not strained. If any one thinks it is, he is mistaken. I shall therefore award the medal, as originally proposed, to Charles Crowhurst; Tompkins shall have a medal next year if he gets it."

The applause was now deafening. Even the band were so excited they struck up six different tunes simultaneously.

And now, gentle reader, farewell. My story is done. I hope it has interested, and, perhaps, amused you. I have no doubt you are anxious to hear more about our little hero; and so you shall one day, but not now. So for the present, at least, you must bid farewell to "Conscientious Charlie and his little Chums."

A NIGHT PROWL AMONG NIGHT PROWLERS.

By Achilles Daunt, j.p.,

Author of "A Day in the Jungles of South-Eastern Africa," etc.

In South Africa there are popularly supposed to exist two varieties of the lion, and these the Dutch Boers have named respectively the "Schwart Forelife," or black-maned, and the "Chiel Forelife," or yellow-maned, lion. The former is the handsomer animal, and it is of him I am about to write.

A few years since (and I imagine that matters in this respect have changed but little in the interval), there were few portions of Southern Africa where lions were so numerous and bold as in Mashonaland. The physical conformation of the country no doubt favoured them, and, as game abounded more or less all over it, lions had little difficulty in providing themselves with a sufficiency of food.

Quaggas, or Burchell's zebra, and buffaloes appear to be their favourite game, and many a time have I heard several of the royal beasts roaring in concert over the carcass of one or other of these animals, while the survivors thundered panic-stricken across the veldt from the fatal spot.

It is on dark nights that the traveller has most to fear for himself, his followers, or his horses and oxen, and if the weather be wild and stormy it is all the more to the lion's liking. He will roar furiously several hundred yards away, and the hunter will soon perceive that the awe-inspiring sounds are drawing nearer at each moment. Then suddenly all will be still. Presently the oxen will begin to get restless, staring intently up wind, and making short sudden rushes from point to point. It will easily be seen how necessary it is to have them well secured on these occasions, or, in spite of all that can be done to prevent them, they will break away into the darkness, when woe betide several of them.

It frequently happens that a lion approaches camp from up wind, shakes out his mane to disseminate his effluvium, and, having thus alarmed the cattle, whose sharp noses apprise them of his proximity, he completes their terror by giving vent to the most appalling roars. Frantic with fear, the cattle plunge wildly away, and of course one or two of their number fall victims to the strategist and his comrades, for several lions often hunt in company in this manner, one driving the game into the jaws of the others, who lurk in waiting down wind.

Where the natives are cowardly and mean-spirited, or have no firearms to protect themselves, lions become very bold, sometimes entering the kraals and dragging away their victims from the very fireside. It is hard to decide whether a lion becomes a man-eater from this cause, finding it a much easier and safer task to overpower a man than his more legitimate prey, or whether those lions which have become man-eaters are past their prime, and on this account find it no longer so easy as of yore to leap upon the bounding zebra or to drag down the powerful and active buffalo. Probably there is no fixed rule, and the decrepit and the still powerful lion alike accidentally enter on their man-killing career, and, finding it "pay," continue that line of business.

On moonlight nights the lion is not much to be feared, unless you happen to come upon him in the jungles, when it will be advisable to keep very wide awake indeed. I was, however, once followed for several miles by a lion on such a night, but owing to the deceptive nature of the light, combined with the frequent scattered patches of jungle and tall yellow grass, I could not get a chance of a successful shot at my eerie companion. When about a mile from the outspan I heard a leonine chorus in or close to the dark belt of forest jungle that lined the course of the Shashi River, and possibly my follower was attracted to the spot in hope of sharing the good things going; at any rate, I saw no more of him.

It was on a beautiful night in the month of July that one of the most stirring experiences in wild life that have fallen to my lot took place. The first part of the night, however, was pitch-dark, and anything but beautiful, the moon not rising until about half-past nine, while shortly after sundown the clear starlit sky became overcast with black, ominous-looking clouds that enveloped the earth in a gloom as dense as that of Tartarus.

Seeing that we were in for a thunderstorm, I ordered all hands to secure both horses and oxen, and, to make assurance doubly sure, I superintended the operation myself. I pulled mealie sacks over the heads of my two best horses to prevent them from seeing the lightning, and I believe the precaution tended to quiet them a good deal—at least, so far as the storm was concerned. Soon all our preparations were complete. The fires were piled high, and the broad glare from the flames flickered and glowed upon the surrounding trees, lighting up the camp with the utmost distinctness, and yet, so dark was the night, we seemed rather to be encamped in some vast cavern than upon the open veldt, the gloomy void around enclosing us like a solid wall.

It was about nine o'clock when the first gun was fired. The air had become still as death; a feeling of anxiety and expectation made me restless, and I was just leaving the wagon, with the intention of joining the Kaffirs at the nearest fire, when a blaze of pale blue light burst from the darkness directly overhead, and, radiating in a thousand erratic lines, lit up the surrounding country with vivid distinctness.

Instantaneously there followed a crash of thunder, so loud, so harsh, and deafening that I almost fell appalled to the ground. Flash followed flash so fast that there scarce seemed to be any interval between them; the thunder meanwhile bellowing in one sustained terrific roar, while I distinctly perceived a peculiar sulphurous odour in the air, which, lately sultry enough, had now become suddenly chill. The rain by this time was descending in sheets, and the horses, terrified by the awful strife of the elements, were pulling so violently that I feared each moment to see, or, rather, to hear, the wagon go over.

The Kaffirs ran to their heads, but it was no easy matter to deal with them, and probably but for my happy thought of covering the heads of Leeuw and Vitpens, both of which kept tolerably quiet, their combined efforts would have overturned the wagon and caused a catastrophe of the first order.

I had been holding Leeuw by his headstall for over twenty minutes, Inyosi being next me holding on to the halter upon Vitpens, when, almost in my ear, as he passed close in his bound, sounded the savage, blood-curdling roar of a lion. The horses, wild with terror, reared straight up, and fell over backwards, and, at the same moment, I heard a smothered shriek, which was drowned in a peal of thunder. The fires were out, and, except for the light of the successive flashes, not an object could be distinguished even at arm's length. The oxen had stampeded, while the horses, with Leeuw and Vitpens among them, had broken their halters and escaped over the veldt.

The Kaffirs, who were crowded under the wagon, were loudly shouting that the lion had taken Inyosi.

On calling him by name there was no answer. Just then a tremendous roaring was set up about two hundred yards off, evidently proceeding from a troop of lions which were, no doubt, regaling upon the horses. Horror-struck beyond my power to describe, I drove the men from under the wagon, ordering them to relight the fires, a thing they had very little inclination to do. The storm was by this time almost over, having stopped with as much suddenness as it had begun. The dismal clouds were drifting away, and the moon appeared among them, throwing a flood of soft, silvery light upon the surrounding plain, and glistening at myriads of points upon the raindrops on branch or leaf. It was, no doubt, rather risky work to go far from the outspan in search of fuel for the fires; but, as the roars we had heard came from the open veldt, I thought it likely enough that the coast was pretty clear in the opposite direction. Some large, dead trees, whose withered, barkless branches gleamed white in the moonlight, had been prostrated by the storm, and furnished a plentiful supply of firewood, which the Kaffirs lost no time in bringing in.

The lions shortly again commenced to roar as they drew near the vley, close to which we were camped, but were deterred from approaching by the light of the fires, which were now again crackling and blazing, shining on the swarthy features of my followers, who listened with awe in their faces to the grand and sonorous sounds.

Seeing that the rest of the night would be fine, I determined to carry out a resolution I had long formed, to hunt among the moonlit jungles and see the game at a time when most free from the shyness and suspicion of danger evinced during the day. I also entertained a hope of coming upon the murderous prowler that had carried off Inyosi, in which event I was resolved to clear scores with him.

Of course, the danger of hunting by night is very considerably greater than during the day. The carnivora, especially, are at that time most to be feared, as they are all engaged in hunting, and are just as likely to take a fancy to a man as not. Then there is the great risk of passing close to a lion as he lies hidden in dense shadow, or in the deceptive light escapes notice, even on open ground coloured very much like himself. It would be crediting a lion on the outlook for a meal with far too much respect for the human form divine if, under such temptation, he did not avail himself of the chance. Buffaloes are also dangerous at night, and the taint of man's presence in the air might easily bring a whole drove of the infuriated animals on the hunter. The two varieties of black rhinoceros also are frequently come upon at such times, threading their way along the game paths to or from water. Woe betide the hunter who thus meets them, unless he can swing himself into a friendly tree, or otherwise avoid an encounter with these ponderous and irascible brutes, who can charge unimpeded among jungles where man is helpless.

In short, I knew very well the extra danger I was about to incur, but having taken my resolution, I, perhaps foolishly, persisted in it, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of my men. Perceiving that argument with me only fixed my determination the more firmly, Abraham, my head man, desisted, and himself set about overhauling my No. 8 smooth bore, remarking that it would be better than a rifle for close work in the deceptive light of the moon or in the dense shadows of the jungles. Buckling on my cartridge belt, and slipping into the gun cartridges containing ten drams of No. 6 powder behind short, conical, hollow-pointed bullets weighing three ounces each, I stepped away from the fire, directing my course towards the thick fringe or belt of forest jungle which ran parallel to the course of the Ramoqueban River for a considerable distance at either side of the outspan.

I have said it was a beautiful night. All traces of the recent thunderstorm had disappeared, if I except a freshness in the air which was indescribably exhilarating after the oven-like weather of the last two or three days. All around me lay the veldt, stretching vaguely away to dim distance, appearing wrapt in placid repose beneath the deep blue sky, and bathed in the misty light of a waning moon. Patches of jungle stood irregularly over the expanse, mysterious spots of gloom, partly lost in densest shadows, and here and there flashing back the light from gum-encrusted leaf or dripping bough or twig. A silence, I will say a holy calm, rested on the face of nature. What is it within us thrills in response to the beauty or grandeur of nature? I have ever felt myself more stirred to adoration and praise of the great Creator, more susceptible of religious impressions, when miles removed from human intercourse than when surrounded by all the so-called triumphs of modern civilisation. There is balm for the wounded spirit, for the overtaxed mind, as well as health for the wearied body, amid the sublime scenes of the wilderness. One seems to realise how infinitely little is man and all his boasted works when encircled by the evidences of the wisdom and power of God in a land still unsullied by man's presence or handiwork. At least, these are the feelings which I have experienced. No doubt there are others differently constituted. Dr. Johnson saw nothing in a mountain but an immense protuberance, nor did a raincloud suggest anything to him but the immediate necessity of an umbrella or a great-coat!

There is to my mind no more exciting amusement than this noiseless stealing through the jungles of a savage land in the silence of night, surrounded by wild animals, and exposed at any moment to a dangerous encounter with some powerful and ferocious brute. Every instinct is upon the alert to detect the proximity of game; the beauty of nature suffused by a flood of moonlight, flecking path and tree with alternate patches of ebony and silver; the white light glistening with diamond brightness upon each drop of dew; while the air itself seems full of mystery, and all around appears to listen with intentness for some symptom or signal, or to brood over something which the observer can never know: all this appeals to that deep underlying love of nature to which I have already alluded, and which is in some inexplicable way inseparably bound up with our being. And this wild feeling receives a new impulse when, on standing still to listen (as the hunter will frequently do in his slow and cautious progress), the distant, or mayhap the near, roar of a lion startles the silence and sends the blood surging through the veins, not of the hunter alone, but of almost all the animal world within hearing of the suggestive sound! It is a savage, blood-curdling, far-reaching sound, speaking most eloquently of rending flesh and sudden death, and instils caution as perhaps nothing else can.

All this time, however, the reader must suppose me to have been slowly advancing towards the forest that, as I have said, lines the banks of the Ramoqueban River. For some little time I saw nothing, and a deep silence enwrapped the vast scene, nothing breaking it except the rustle of the tall yellow grass as I slowly passed through it. I had deviated a little from the direct course here and there to skirt isolated patches of jungle; but animal life seemed unusually scarce in the neighbourhood of the camp, and I finally held directly away towards the river. The moonlight was clear, although the orb was waning, being several days past the full; but the stars were bright, and between them the light was certainly more than is yielded in these countries by the brightest full moon with her attendant planets. I could see the dim outline of the forest towards which I was advancing, and I imagined I could here and there note black objects on the plain, apparently in motion. These were the forms of several of the horses and most of the oxen, as I discovered to my great relief on a nearer approach. But there were many others as well.

Just as I passed by a strip of jungle the

grey forms of a large band of buffaloes filed one by one out of its shadows. Immediately on perceiving them I threw myself to the ground, merely keeping my head on a level with the grass. The wind was in the right direction, and I waited in a state of very considerable excitement, watching the ponderous brutes as they grazed along in a direction which would bring them past me within fifty yards in a few minutes.

While intently looking towards them, my eyes being level with the top of the grass, all at once I noticed something dark about twenty yards in front of me, and between me and the buffaloes. I had scarcely observed it when it vanished under cover of the grass, only in a few moments to reappear, and again as mysteriously to vanish. I was, however, too intent on observing the gradual approach of the buffaloes to speculate on this apparition. It was my intention to allow the animals to feed up to within twenty or thirty yards of where I lay hidden before firing. Close to me was an extensive patch of jungle, and in this were several trees large enough to afford a refuge should it be necessary for me to avail myself of it. I was, therefore, very favourably situated, and I awaited, with as much patience as I could muster, the moment when the leader of the party, a ponderous old bull with massive horns, would be within shot.

I soon had evidence that game abounded in the vicinity. From the same direction as the buffaloes had come, a troop of at least fifty hartebeeste made their appearance, and these were followed by about a dozen pallah. Inside the adjacent jungle I could hear animals moving cautiously about, the rebound of a bough as it slipped past the sides of some beast forcing his way through, the crackling of dry twigs, and other noises indicative of the presence of a considerable number of animals on the move. A large troop of gnus filed before me at a distance of about one hundred yards, and far away I could note many black specks moving about over the veldt. The hideous cry of a hyæna hardly fifty yards behind startled me by its suddenness. Presently it was repeated, but much closer than before, and almost simultaneously I saw the brute itself following up my spoor like a dog. Clearly it did not think I was so near, else it would hardly have been so bold. The moment it observed me it tossed up its ugly head, took a good stare, and then slunk away, to repeat its blood-curdling yell at a more respectful distance. These brutes are great cowards, but many cases have occurred of their dragging away old women or children into the bush, when they may be heard laughing in fits over their prey. They are a great nuisance prowling round a camp, as nothing comes amiss to them, from a saddle to a piece of meat. They will gnaw and destroy bridles, rheimpies, or any articles of leather they find lying about. Hence it is advisable to have a number of dogs at the camp to keep them off.

The buffaloes were not long in browsing within the requisite distance; but as they manifested no suspicion of danger I allowed them to come nearer. At length the big bull leader stood within thirty paces, the light glinting on his horns, and on the massive armour-plating of horny growth over his forehead. He certainly was a ferocious-looking customer; but there were others of the troop not much his inferiors in bulk and weight. He stood broadside on, and offered a splendid shot. The others were irregularly scattered behind him, two or three of them being actually nearer to me; but I coveted the big bull's head as a trophy, and I therefore raised my gun, took a steady aim just behind his shoulder, and slowly pressed the right trigger. At the report the buffalo stumbled to his knees, and I immediately gave him the left barrel as nearly as I could judge in the same place.

At this moment, not twenty yards in front, to my amazement, a splendid full-grown lion leapt from his concealment in the grass, apparently astonished by the sudden uproar, but seeing the buffalo struggling to its legs close before him he immediately gave vent to a grunting roar and leapt upon the animal's flanks, using teeth and claws with the utmost vigour. I reloaded as fast as possible, and, sighting at the lion, I fired both barrels; but, unluckily hitting the wrong animal, I brought the bull to the ground, its death bellow following close upon the reports of my gun.

Again cramming in cartridges I advanced towards the spot; but my attention was rapidly turned into a new channel. The band of buffaloes, getting wind of the blood of their comrade, and seeing the lion attack him, massed close up together, and, uttering a deep moaning sound or low roaring, they advanced, presenting a wild and sinister phalanx, the thick steam from their nostrils rising like a fog in the air. The lion meantime appeared unconscious of the danger that threatened him. So engrossed had he been in the furious contest, and so fully had his ferocious instincts been excited, that he had ignored the loud reports of my gun, and, indeed, it seemed as if thunder and lightning could not make an impression upon him. In the space of ten seconds what I have lingered over in describing took place and was over. The infuriated buffaloes rushed at their common enemy. I could see the lion using teeth and claws as the maddened animals surged about him; but he had no chance, and in a few seconds he lay a shapeless and bloody mass upon the ground, almost trodden into the clay. It will easily be believed that I kept very quiet while all this was going on. I lay flat on the earth, scarce daring to breathe lest my presence might be recalled to the recollection of the buffaloes, which in their present temper would have at once charged me *en masse* and have made littocks of me in even less time than had sufficed for the lion. I thus passed a very unpleasant *quart d'heure*, the enraged animals meantime smelling and snorting around the dead buffalo and lion, the bulls tearing up great clods of earth in their excitement. At length they filed away, leaving me very much relieved.

The lion was scarcely recognisable as such; but I severed his tail, as I did also that of the bull, and continued my walk. Contests of this nature between lions and buffaloes take place pretty frequently, though no doubt it is not often that a lion is mobbed to death in the way described. The lions generally select a better opportunity of assailing their victim, when they will not bring the vengeance of a whole troop down on them at once. I have little doubt that this particular lion was lying in wait for these buffaloes just as I was myself, intending to pounce on a detached member of the party. It was his head I had noticed popping above the grass a few times, as he kept his eye on the movements of his game, although at the moment the true nature of the apparition did not occur to me.

I have given more in detail than I intended the incidents of this night, and have therefore deferred the narrative which I had in my mind when I first took up the pen. Passing over some sport with hartebeeste, gnu, and other animals, I will ask the reader to suppose me to have driven up the horses and oxen to a spot nearer to the outspan, and to have made a circuit placing me on the side of the camp opposite to that already described. Here the ground was more broken, the herbage thinner, and the isolated patches of jungle smaller; but as it was in this direction I had heard the lions roaring a couple of hours previously, I was not sorry that the nature of the ground afforded comparatively little facility for concealment. It was now about one o'clock, and the moon was already declining, though not to any appreciable extent; but the shadows were longer, the air was decidedly sharp, and I walked pretty briskly along the open ground, keeping a sharp eye out on all sides for any indication of game. The camp was only a couple of hundred yards behind me, and on turning about I could see the white wagon tilt shining in the moonlight, as well as note the reflection of the fires on the few thorn trees that stood about the spot.

I had not gone many yards past this particular place when, observing something dark, I walked towards it. When within a hundred yards, two hyænas slunk away, and on approaching nearer I soon discovered that what they had been engaged over was the remains of a horse, and doubtless were those of the animal whose fate had been announced by the terrific serenade of roaring I have already mentioned as taking place. A little farther I came upon another, and shortly afterwards, hearing hyænas close by in the bed of a spruit, I cautiously stole up, and, seeing three of these filthy scavengers below, I fired a right and left among them, killing one and crippling another, which I polished off with another shot. Jumping down into the spruit I bent over the place where they had been feeding, and after a little scrutiny, for the spot was in shadow, I recoiled a step involuntarily from the ghastly object at my feet. It was a portion of a human skeleton, the raw and bloody ribs being bare, and the face, and in fact all the flesh, eaten off the skull. The arms and legs were gone. It was beyond doubt all that was left of Inyosi. On looking about I found one of the feet bitten off just above the ankle, and a small portion of what appeared to have been a leg-bone.

It now occurred to me that, considering the length of time which had elapsed since the unfortunate man had been seized, the lion must have only very recently left the neighbourhood of this spot, for otherwise three ravenous hyænas would long since have completely devoured every vestige of the body. No sooner did this idea strike me than I took a very careful survey of the bed of the spruit above and below, and in a little sandy spot about twenty yards from the remains I could distinctly see the spoor of a lion. Following up this clue, I held on, keeping my eyes bent on the ground, and stooping at every likely place to search for footprints. While thus engaged I suddenly felt an odd sensation steal over me. I do not know if other people have experienced a similar feeling in like situations, but, having once or twice before had this warning of imminent danger, I immediately looked up, and was just in time to see something pop down out of sight on the top of the bank, which here was about nine or ten feet in perpendicular height. The spruit was barely ten yards across at this point, both sides being almost or quite upright. I stepped, or rather rushed, right to the opposite side, and at the moment I felt my back against the bank a lion sprang with a roar into the spruit, his mane flying loose about his head, giving him an appearance of enormous size, and alighted exactly on the spot where I had been standing a second or two before.

There are many situations in which the phrase "my heart stopped still," or "my heart jumped into my mouth," would no doubt convey with more or less of accuracy an idea of the feelings evoked by some sudden and striking event; but I cannot recall what I felt on this occasion. I fancy that in great emergencies people become more or less automatons, moving in an unreasoning obedience to instinct, rather than in pursuance of any definite plan. It was thus in the present case. I can only recall in a general way what took place. The spruit just here ran nearly north and south, and the moon having

fallen towards the west, the high bank at that side against which I stood threw a deep shadow on the ground for about half the breadth of the channel. Thus the lion, on landing, imagining that he would have me in his claws, was apparently rather taken aback at my disappearance, and, immediately recovering himself, stood up and stared about him. At the same moment he received a ball beneath the eye which sent him over against the opposite bank, where he lay struggling and roaring, sending the stones and sand flying in all directions. My left barrel missed fire. Throwing open the breach of my gun to reload, in my haste I dropped the cartridge I had drawn from my belt, and before I could get another the lion recovered his legs, and, seeming very dazed, came at me. I easily avoided him, and had just got in a cartridge when, his heart failing him, he scrambled up the side of the spruit, and was just vanishing over the top, when I took a snap-shot at his hindquarters.

Hearing him making a tremendous uproar above, I climbed up the opposite bank, thinking it advisable to have the spruit between us, and had the great satisfaction of seeing him rolling about on the ground, roaring savagely and tearing everything within reach, as if to satisfy his rage upon something. Two more shots settled him, and I then crossed over and proceeded to inspect my prize. The first shot, which I intended for the region between the eye and the ear, had hit rather low, and too far forward; but the heavy ball had dazed him, as well as smashed his face up considerably, the eye on one side having been forced out of its socket. The second shot had broken his near hind leg. I have no doubt that he would have died very soon after the first shot; but in the meantime I might have lost him.

On measuring him I found him to be 10 feet 11 inches as he lay between perpendiculars planted in the ground at the point of the tail and at the end of the nose, the head being placed in regard to the body in the position it would occupy if the animal were standing and gazing to his front. He was in the prime of life, his teeth and claws being clean and sharp, and his mane very full and handsome. I had the satisfaction of thinking that this was the animal that had carried off my luckless Kaffir; and, feeling deeply grateful for having safely got through the encounter, as well as through the other dangers of the night, I returned to the outspan, and in the morning I had the head of the buffalo and the skin of the lion brought to the wagon. Three horses and two oxen had been killed during the night, but this was of course a small matter in comparison with the tragedy I have attempted to describe.



A CHRISTMAS GHOST STORY.

"'Tis conscience makes cowards of us all."—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* B. MUNNS.)

AN ADVENTURE WITH A CROCODILE IN MADAGASCAR.

By Rev. C. P. Cory, B.A.

Well do I remember the day on which my wife and I, with a friend of ours, arrived at a small village situated on the shores of the beautiful lake Itasy, in Madagascar.

I say "arrived," but unfortunately we had not quite reached the village, for between us and it lay an awkward ford, over which the men who carried our palanquins refused to go without a guide, though we offered to lead the way on foot, and a guide could not be found.

We had had a long day's journey, and night was fast coming on; swarms of mosquitoes began to trouble us, and the cold evening mist rising from the marshes spoke of ague and fever. We were doubly anxious to get to the other side, for our luggage-bearers had not yet come up, and there was a report of a gang of highwaymen having been seen in the neighbourhood, so we wished to get my wife safely over, and then return to look after the missing men.

To no purpose, however, did we entreat the natives assembled at the other side to act as guides; to no purpose did we remind them that the queen would hold them responsible for our lives if they left us to catch the fever and die. "No!" they said, "a pig was taken this very day, in broad daylight, by a crocodile, and they are much more fierce at night," and they dare not come.

Bad as things seemed, we could not but admire the picture before us. There lay the village, built on a towering rock, the thatched roofs peeping out from among the giant fig trees; behind all this was the bright red afterglow of a tropical sunset. Huge flying-foxes flitted about like evil spirits among the trees, and every now and then a flight of duck would skim over the tall bamboo-like reeds and papyrus as they followed the course of the river. Hundreds of snow-white herons and egrets clustered on the reeds to roost, looking like large white flowers as they swung gently in the breeze. As we sat and wondered what to do next, our luggage-bearers came up, to our great relief, and, laying down their loads, quietly accepted the inevitable with the stoical patience always shown by them in times of trial.

Suddenly a thought struck me, and turning to my companions I said, "What donkeys we have been; we have never offered them money;" so putting my hands to my mouth I shouted, "Come over and fetch us, and we will pay you well."

Ah! that was what they wanted. In less than a minute the whole village was astir; lanterns and torches gleamed in the darkness—for there is little twilight in the tropics, and it was now quite dark—spears glittered, and the dusky figures of some thirty natives could be seen girding up their loins in the fitful light. Then, with a shout that echoed far and wide, they ran down the steep bank towards the river, brandishing their spears. Those carrying torches kept to the inside, while the others formed lines on either side.

Slowly they walked into the stream, still dancing and yelling as they beat the water all round them. It was impossible to cross straight over, as the water was too deep, but they took a winding route through the dense foliage that grew from out of the river. I have seldom seen anything more weird than the sight of those natives winding in and out of that thick screen of plants, singing their wild song and waving their torches as they slowly picked their way towards us.

At last they were across, and after a little encouragement our bearers picked up the palanquins and stepped into the river. It was rather uncanny that long crossing, knowing that in any of the deep holes a crocodile might be lurking, only kept from charging by the fear of the noise and the number of people; but we all got safely over at last.

That night I thought crocodiles were not such dangerous animals as people made out, but the next day I had cause to change my mind.

As soon as we had arrived in the village nothing could have exceeded the hospitality of the people. Two clean houses—the best in the village—were swept out, and put entirely at our disposal. Then the chiefs and elders came and paid their respects, and hoped we meant to make a long stay amongst them. On hearing we had come for a few days' duck-shooting, they very politely offered us their best canoes and the most skilful men for a very small consideration—that is to say, just sufficient to give their men a *tip*.

Shall I ever forget the next morning? How delicious it seemed to step out into the cool morning air, after the troubled night we had had on account of the mosquitoes, and look about one. Our houses were right on the top of the rock on which the town was built. Huge trees overshadowed us, but between these glimpses of the great lake, thirty or forty miles long, might be seen. On its quiet surface lay scores of huge crocodiles, slowly moving, with only their eyes and a few of the scales of their backs visible above the water, towards a sandy spit on which some ten or twelve lay basking. Flights of wildfowl skimmed across the surface or rose quacking from the reeds. Here and there a little black line on the water showed where some canoe was wending its way to the nearest market in the far distance, while all along the margin rose the great bleak mountains, grand in their wildness.

Breakfast was soon over, and we were not long in walking, guns in hand, to where the large canoes, each cut out of one tree, lay. My wife and I stepped into one of these, and M— into another. Two natives to each canoe accompanied us, to paddle and to guide us to where the birds usually were to be found. In a very short time we were among the duck; and very pretty shooting it was as they rose from out of the weeds and grasses that covered the edges of the lake. As we passed the sandbank on which I had seen the crocodiles, these huge monsters crept slowly and stealthily down to the water, and slid in with scarcely a ripple.

There is something horrible about the appearance and movements of these great reptiles. Their cold green eyes look so cruel, and their shape and form so repulsive, that I felt almost a deadly hatred to them as I watched them disappear, forgetting that, however ill-looking they may be, yet they are God's creatures, created for a purpose—that of scavengers of the rivers and lakes in hot countries, and thereby helping materially to keep away fever and pestilence.

Just as we were rounding the point, a canoe, in which were twelve women, passed us on their way to fish in the shallow parts of the lake, where no crocodile can come. The canoe was so heavily laden that the gunwale was flush with the water, and I thought at the time how little it would take to upset it; but they went on their way, singing merrily as they paddled, and were soon out of sight behind the rushes.

As they passed, I shot a duck. I mention this for two reasons: one, because many people affirm that if a shot is fired no crocodile will show himself above water for some time; and secondly, because it was a winged bird and kept diving; and I think it will interest my readers to know how the natives capture such a bird. When a duck is wounded it often only shows half its head above water, and nothing else. The natives are wonderfully quick at seeing this, even if it be hidden among the water-weeds that grow profusely on the surface. In each boat is a long, barbed spear, the handle of which is a hollow reed. This is thrown so as to skim over the water, and with such accuracy that it almost always pierces the wounded bird's head. Just as we had recovered my bird in this manner, we heard a long, low wail, followed quickly by another and another.

The men stopped rowing, and listened intently, then, turning the canoe round quickly, so as to return the way we had come, they said, "A woman has been seized by a crocodile." Faster and faster they forced the canoes on, until we turned the corner, and there lay the canoe we had seen, keel upmost, and the women on the bank wringing their hands and wailing. After a few questions, we learnt that an immense crocodile had charged the boat, and had carried off a woman from out of it, at the same time upsetting the rest. It was very sad work pulling out the nets, and peering below them in the hopes of finding the body; but it was not there. Then we paddled about for a long time, but with no result, when suddenly the man in our boat shouted out, "Take care, sir; take care, ma'm! He is coming right under the canoe."

There was a great rocking, and we plainly felt and heard his huge back grate across our keel, for the water was shallow. Next minute his head appeared above water, within five yards of us, for only a second, and I could not get a shot at him; but directly afterwards he showed again, and I hit him on the back of the skull. One could easily hear the thud of the bullet as it flattened on that horny skull, and for a second or two the animal lay partially stunned on its back, lashing the water into foam; but before we could reach it, it had turned over and sunk.

Three days afterwards I heard it had been found dead; but I am very doubtful about it being the same one. As soon as we saw it had left the body I took my wife home, not wishing her to see the corpse, and before we reached the landing-stage they had found it, horribly mangled.

A piece had been taken right out of the thick side of the canoe, like a bite out of a biscuit, and there were deep marks where the teeth had struck it—just like the mark a bullet leaves if it strikes a board edge on.

A BATCH OF CONUNDRUMS.

By Philip Kent, B.A.

What bird ought to be the *bête noire* of the Blue-ribbonites? The nightingale, with its ceaseless "jug-jug."

What famous English poet should a rheumatic lion most affect? Dryden.

What must poor Bruin do with the tooth-ache? Grin and *bear* it.

In which of the French departments would you look to find most lunatics? In Seine. (Naturally, for Paris is in-Seine.)

What is the most fitting name for a thriftless, shiftless, incorrigibly lazy beggar? Mendicant (Mend-I-can't).

Of all musical instruments, ancient or modern, which bears the name most loathsome to a typical English lad? The lyre.

In what circle of the reading world does this periodical take the lead? The Boy zone.

SOME FUNNY BLUNDERS, BIG AND LITTLE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "A Dog with a Bad Name," "My Friend Smith," etc.

English boys ought to be greatly consoled by a funny little book, recently published, called "English as She is Taught." Not only does it "go" for the teacher, which is always soothing; but the shocking examples of juvenile blunders it quotes are all made by American boys! English boys *never* make mistakes! Their copies are *always* right. If there is a mistake in the spelling, it is something wrong with the dictionary. If the grammar is at fault, there is something wrong with the system. If the memory is at fault, there is something wrong with the examiner. Some wicked people have charged them with making blunders, and pretended to record them. But these people are libellers, who concoct blunders of their own, and try to palm them off as the innocent English schoolboy's!

But we have no objection to believing that American boys make horrid mistakes; and this little book (which is a genuine collection of blunders, not touched up or doctored by any one, but copied straight away from the boys' own exercises) will be found to have plenty of fun in it for us who are never wrong. If *we* ever made mistakes ourselves it would be less amusing; but as we don't, we may enjoy it to the full.

The American boys, like our boys, are taught to know something about a great many different subjects; and the mistakes in "English as She is Wrote" have been carefully assorted under the head of the particular study to which they belong.

The first heading is of course Etymology. If a boy doesn't know what a word means, he doesn't as a rule know the best use to make of it in sentences. The usual rule appears to be to catch hold of the sound of the word, and make a wild shot at some meaning that seems near the mark. At least, that is what the boys did in the following cases:—

"Aborigines—a system of mountains."

"Alias—a good man in the Bible."

"Ammonia—the food of the gods." (No wonder they were often out of sorts, poor things!)

"Capillary—a little caterpiller."

"Demagogue—a vessel containing beer and other liquids." (Our boy has evidently been attending political meetings in his own country.)

"Freebooter—a man three feet high."

"Interloper—one who runs away to get married."

"Republican—a sinner mentioned in the Bible." (Politics again, young Jonathan!)

"Tenacious—ten acres of land."

It is pretty easy to see what the boy is running his head against in most of these cases. Perhaps some of our readers can put him right.

It is only natural that when one is hazy about the meaning of a long word, there should be some vagueness about the sentences in which it is used.

"She is related to him by animosity," says one hopeful. No doubt she is; but I am not sure if that is what the boy meant to say. "We call him a charger because he charges so much." Very true again, so we do. But the Light Brigade didn't charge half as well as Mr. Togs the tailor. "The marriage was illegible." It may have appeared so in the parish register afterwards, but it was considered eligible before. "He enjoys riding on a philosopher." Yes, when you can get one to play pick-a-back. Otherwise we must make the best of a velocipede. "The leopard is watching the sheep." Naturally. Let us hope the shepherd is watching too.

We are afraid young Jonathan's ears are treacherous organs. He averages the sound of a word, and adapts its meaning accordingly. "Philosopher" is near enough to "velocipede," and "leopard" to "shepherd." As long as we know what he means, what more do we want?

From Etymology our pupil proceeds to Grammar: and has a great deal to say on the subject.

"Every sentence," he tells us, "must begin with a caterpiller." This probably is an abbreviation for "capital letter," which is a more ordinary, though much less interesting, object to find at the beginning of a sentence. "An exclamation point is what causes supprise." "Grammar gives us the languish." Well, it does sometimes. "A verb is something to eat"—and horribly indigestible, too, now and then. "All sentences are either simple or confound"—apparently so, as the following lucid distinction between prose and poetry demonstrates: "when they are going to say some prose or poetry, before they say the poetry or prose, they must put a semicolon just after the introduction of the prose or poetry." Don't! young Jonathan, it makes us giddy.

We next find ourselves plunged into Mathematics, and here our boys are as original as ever. We can only give a few of their queer scraps of wisdom in this department. I always did think Division was a wicked thing when I was a boy; but I never realised its iniquities were as bad as one boy here tells us they are. "The sins of Division are a short horizontail line between two doits, and a curve line between the Deviser and Dividend." The following goes into family matters: "A Horace uncle line is a line that isn't crooked." Could he have been thinking of horizontal? Here is an alarming one: "Things which are equal to one another are equal to anything else." So that my orange being equal to yours is therefore equal to the Moon. Hooray! How often we have wished we knew the simplest way of measuring a room; apparently this is the way they do it in America: "To find the number of square feet in a room, you multiply the room by the number of the feet. The product is the result." We should rather think it was.

We are getting on. After Mathematics we get into Geography, one of our Yankee boy's strong points. He knows a thing or two about geography that no one else does. Here is one: "North America is separated by Spain." And here is another: "The climit of New England is hot worm and cold;" we have heard of stewed eels, but never before of hot worm. But that is nothing to some of the wonderful natural productions of the great continent. "The great Lakes of America is champagne." "The principal seaports is cotton wool shoes." "The principal products is earthquakes and volcanoes." "The principal sports are cotton tobacco ice." What a funny round game that must be! But the boy by no means confines his geographical knowledge to his own land. Oh no. He knows about foreign parts too. "In Austria the principal occupation is gathering Austrich feathers." "Sicily is one of the Sandwich Islands." And yet the atlases keep it dark. "The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah." Here is a comprehensive one about India: "Hindoostan flows through the Ganges, and "empties into the Mediterranean sea." Oh Jonathan, Jonathan! how did you find out all that! The young scamp has very little to say about this poor little island of ours, except that "one of the chief exports of England is live meat which grows in great quantities." One general remark which he makes, however, does him credit. He manages to put in a few words what other people want yards of talk to express. "Climate lasts all the time, and weather only a few days."

In the study of History, our young American cousins appear to be even more enterprising than in their geography. According to them, most of the old historians have been guilty either of dreadful carelessness or wilful misrepresentation. For instance, "The puritans found an insane asylum in the wilds of America." None of the histories of the pilgrim fathers that we ever saw say a word about this institution. The melancholy mental affliction of the old settlers seems to have descended to their posterity. Benjamin Franklin, for instance, whom all English schoolboys have supposed to have been as "all there" as any man in history, is described as "the finest example of a self-mad man that American history affords. He commenced life as a tallow chandelier boy, and step by step became a great genius." This shows how one may outgrow juvenile ailments with care. Of course there is a lot to be said about George Washington, although he does not get quite as good a character as one would expect. He was born, according to one authority, in 1492, and wrote the "Declaration of Independence" in the same year. At White Plains "he murdered several hundred men." He "died in Spain almost broken-hearted"—was our bright one thinking of Columbus?—and "inherited consumption in the army." With these new materials, it is to be hoped a revised life of the great general will shortly be written. About the history of foreign countries, the Yankee boy knows even more than about his own. "England was named by the angels," he prettily tells us. Alfred the Great was evidently a great hero, and no chicken either; "he reigned 872 years, and was distinguished by letting some buckwheat cakes burn, and the lady scolded him." Poor Alfred! He will never get over that scolding to the end of history. Here is a terrible example of the possible consequences of the higher education of young ladies. "Lady Jane Grey studied Greek and Latin, and was beheaded after a few days." She, gentle lady, took her fate more meekly than the unfortunate Charles I., who, one boy assures us, "was executed, and after he was beheaded he held it up, exclaiming, 'Behold the head of a traitor!'" This was a little rough on himself; what one might call keeping his head with a vengeance. "Henry VIII. was famous for being a great widower, having lost several wives." Right again.

There is no time to follow these youthful geniuses through the mazes of foreign and ancient history. They are up to them all. They know that "St. Bartholomew was massacred in 1492," and that "Luther intro-

duced Christianity into England many thousand years ago. His birthday was November 1883. He was once a pope. He lived at the time of the Rebellion of Worms." Really, Luther must have been a more extraordinary person than we took him for. Here is a most charitable account of a gentleman well known to most boys: "Julius Cæsar was really a very great man. He wrote a book for beginners in Latin." Under the head of Greek history, there is one most extraordinary historical jumble, which, if we were not solemnly assured to the contrary, we should be inclined to set down as a practical joke. "Elijah was a good man who went up to heaven without dying, and threw his cloak down for Queen Elizabeth to step over."

But we must pass on to LITERATURE, which, after all, is both the means and the end of a boy's education—ay, and of a man's too. Our readers may not perhaps be so well up in American literature as to appreciate all the fearful and wonderful things these dreadful boys say about their own great writers. In one case a boy evidently wanted to say "prolific," but made a bad shot, greatly to the injury of a good man's reputation. "Oliver Wendell Holmes is a very profligate and amusing writer." But let us take our pupils on English ground, and see what they have to say about some of our favourites. "Chaucer was a bland verse writer of the third century." "Shakespeare translated the Scriptures, and it was called St. James because he did it." Any one able to explain this extraordinary string of blunders will confer a benefit on Shakespeare's memory by saying what the young rascal means. Hullo! what is this? "Robinson Crusoe was William Cowper." Come, that won't do, Master Jonathan. We know a little about Robinson Crusoe this side; and never yet heard that this was his real name. The following, too, will not "wash" in this country, "Thomas B. Macaulay was the author of 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" How patronising we can be when we like, to be sure! here is a boy who is good enough to say, "George Eliot was quite an authoress"! You don't say so, really. We might stand that; but we aren't going to stand this: "Dickens is one of the greatest American novelists." American, indeed! It's like their impudence! They'll be calling the BOY'S OWN PAPER a great American magazine next! They are evidently not quite clear about Dickens, although he was a fellow-countryman. "Old Curiosity Shop," says one of them, "was written by David Copperfield." Among this string of blunders, we find one innocent remark which, at least, no one will dispute: "The most important event in the life of Horace was his birth."

The next head is PHILOSOPHY—rather a wide subject, but evidently quite in the line of our young Americans. Here is a specimen, which shows at once how lucid he can be when he tries. We venture to say no reader of the BOY'S OWN PAPER can say what he means: "The law of fluid pressure divide the different form of organised bodies by the form of attraction and the number increased will be the form." We hope it will, but till then, spare us more of your philosophy, Jonathan minor!

What is PHYSIOLOGY—the next department of study we come to? "Physiollogy," comes the prompt reply, "is to study about your bones, stummick, and vertebry." Very good. Let us hear what is to be said about these interesting objects. "The body is mostly composed of water, and about one half of avaricious tissue." That is not a very cheerful look-out for, let us say, a fellow who has to play hard forward in a scrimmage. Here is a profound saying about health: "When you have an illness it mekes your health bad as well as having a disease." "The heart is a comical shaped bag"—Very comical indeed sometimes. Here is an awful revelation as to the habits of teeth: "The growth of a tooth begins in the back of the mouth and extends to the stomach."

ASTRONOMY comes next; and here, too, surprises meet us at every turn. "The moon is 240 miles from the earth." It is getting on. Last time we heard of it, it was a good deal further away. Now the following explains a difficulty which has always puzzled us as to the arrangement of the midnight sky: "The stars would cover up the whole heavens if they were spread out, so astronomers have concluded to arrange them in constellations."

Boys who are taught recitation will agree that ORATORY is an important branch of juvenile instruction, and one that ought to be understood. The American boy evidently has no difficulty in understanding it. "Elocution," he says, "is opening the mouth wide open." "It is a very important thing to breathe." Very. "Emphasis is putting more distress on one word than another." We shall certainly go to hear recitations at an American school next time we are over.

Finally the boy has something to say about METAPHYSICS. "The study of mental philosophy," he tells us, "teaches us that we are sensible beings." And to prove it, he goes on to say that, "an energy is perfected when it is tantamount"—Oh, really!

We wish we had time to say something more about the book. It is funny, but it is rather sad too. It is very grand to know Astronomy and Oratory and Metaphysics, and all that. But it is a good deal more important to be able to multiply up to twelve, and spell words of two syllables pretty correctly.

It isn't altogether young Jonathan's fault, or young John Bull's. They aren't consulted about what they are to be taught. They often wish they were. But it *is* their fault if they pretend to know anything they don't understand, or to understand anything they don't know. I believe most of the boys who made the dreadful blunders just mentioned could have done ever so much better if they had only had half the subjects to learn, and had taken reasonable pains about them. However, I didn't take up my pen to lecture. You'll get plenty of that without the help of the BOY'S OWN PAPER.

Let me finish up with two model ESSAYS.

The first is about umbrellas, about which one might have thought nothing new remained to be said.

"The material at the top of an umbrella is placed on a skeleton of whales which meet altogether in one place. They do be covered with silk, alpaca, and Satan."

The next shows how much better a boy may be at expressing his own ideas than those of other people.

The subject is "Girls."

"Girls are very stuckup and dignified in their manner and be have your. They think more of dress than anything, and like to play with dowls and rags. They cry if they see a cow in a far distance, and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time, and go to church on Sunday. They are al-ways sick. They are al-ways funy and making fun of boy's hands, and they say how dirty. They cant play marbles. I pity them poor things. They make fun of boys, and then turn round and love them. I dont beleave they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every nite and say oh ant the moon lovely. Thir is one thing I have not told and that is they always now their lessons bettern boys."

With this honest admission we bid our young friends good-bye.

DORMITORY DITTIES.

'TWAS on a cold and wintry night
That we to bed repaired, sir,
For master or for monitor
Our fellows never cared, sir—
At least, that's what we always said
('Neath sheet and counterpane, in bed,
With lowered voice and muffled head,
We said—just what we dared, sir).

Upon this night a plan we'd planned,
With much forethought and skill, sir,
That, as Old Brown was in command,
The risk we ran was "nil," sir;
For Brown, though still quite in his prime,
Cared not four flights of stairs to climb,
And see that all was quiet each time
We chanted with a will, sir!

In summer-time we used to act
Shakspearean scenes and plays, sir;
From out our dormitory door
Fair Juliet used to gaze, sir!
While Jones was always Romeo,
Until one night he broke his toe
Against a bedstead, which, you know,
The "nurse" had left astray, sir!

Smith Five was asked to take the chair
(Between the sheets, of course, sir).
Smith Sextus, speaking like a bear,
Proclaimed that he was hoarse, sir!
While Robinson and Brown and White
Agreed to stay awake all night,
And put old Morpheus to flight
With songs (No! *not* with snores, sir).

The Chairman made a little speech,
Brown junior gave a song, sir;
Smith followed with a ballad, called
"Maria, don't be long," sir.
And then about a girl called "Maud"
Whom *he* (not Smith—some chap) adored,
But in the middle some one snored,
And made Smith "go all wrong," sir!

Then Howard gave selections from
"The Yeomen of the Guard," sir,
But as he didn't know the tunes,
He found it rather hard, sir!
"Ye Banks and Braes" was followed by
"Meet me when yonder moon is high";
The "key" was too ——, and this was why
The song was somewhat marred, sir!

"Sleep, dearest, sleep!" sang Smith and Jones;
It made a nice duet, sir—
But at the slumbering Brown they threw
Some score of sponges wet, sir.
Then on the comb White played an air;
Brown trilled out "Roh-hob-bin Adair,"
And next we had a very fair—
Though flat—*three-voiced quartett, sir!*

"When other lips" and "Nancy Lee"
Were softly sung by Sims, sir,
At such sweet strains of melody
Our eyes with tears grew dim, sir!
The high notes, true, were *rather* high,
And though they quite away would die,
"His namesake, Reeves," said Smith and I,
"Is *nought* compared to him, sir!"

When next I ordered White to sing,
He answered with a snore, sir!
Though I proposed "Time's on the Wing,"
He muttered, "Let it soar," sir!
The reason, too, I quickly knew,
My asking I had cause to rue,
For there—in full and perfect view—
Stood old Brown at the door, sir!!

R. S. WARREN BELL.



Schoolmates.—(*See page* 14.)

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* H. CAFFIERI.)

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

SUMMER NUMBER FOR 1891.

Edited by

G. A. Hutchison

CONTENTS.

FRONTISPIECE:—"SCHOOLMATES."—(*Drawn by* H. CAFFIERI.)

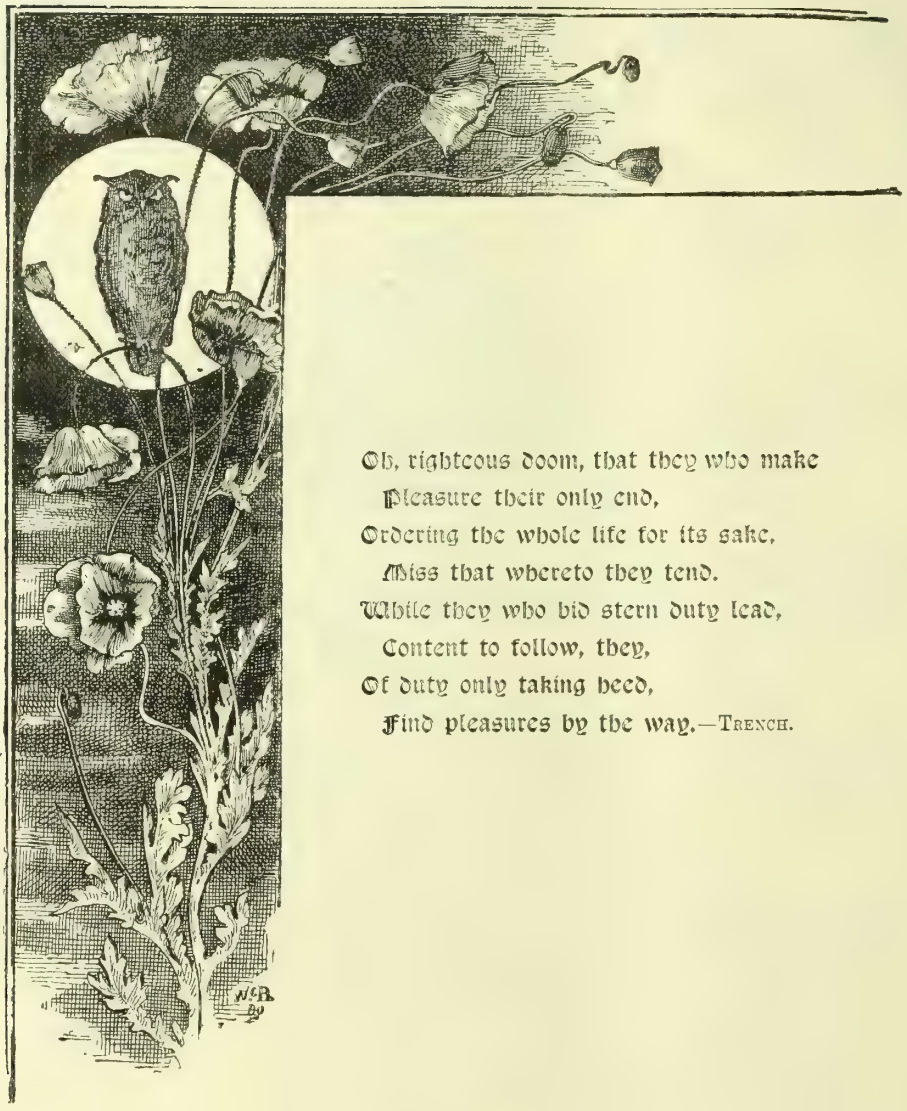
Very Fishy Behaviour. By W. FOSTER. (*Illustration*) . . 5
The Goblin's Guineas. By W. W. FENN 5
Line Fishing in Salt Water. By A. TUCK. (*Illustrated*) . . 8
Pier-Fishing for Boys. By F. G. AFLALO. (*Illustrated*) . . . 9
Schoolmates. By ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A. 14
Our Stone Sentinel. An Adventure in Iceland. By DAVID KER . 14
"Consulting the Menu." By M. NADIN. (*Illustration*) 16
Adventure in a Blueberry Patch. By FRANK HOUGHTON, Montreal . . . 16
A Seaside Sensation. By W. P. M. BLACK, B.L. 18
A New Way to Spend a Holiday; or, The Adventures of a Brass Collector. By FRANK COWPER, M.A. . 18
An Idyl. By FRED EDMONDS . . . 20
A Bad Shot. By ASCOTT R. HOPE . . 20
The Tyrant Toad; or, Unity is Strength. By J. A. SHEPHERD. (*Illustrated*) 21
Hints for a Walking Tour. By AN OLD HARROW BOY 24
The Child of Necessity. By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY. (*Illustrated*) . . . 26
The Tragedy of St. Vesper's. By A. G. MUNRO, B.A., City of London School 30
The Lost Pen. By G. FOX. (*Illustration*) 33
My First Bear. By Sir G. CAMPBELL, Bart. 33
The Peninsula of Penzance. By W. J. GORDON. (*Illustrated*) . 35
A Brush with Brigands. By Capt. C. H. OZANNE, O.S.D. 37
A Perilous Position. The True Story of a Boy's Adventure. . . 38
Lulworth Cove. A Tale of the Old Smuggling Days. By Rev. THOMAS HARVEY 40
Circe's Vengeance; or, The Chœromorphic Metastrophe. A Story of (Very) Ancient Greece. By ALLISON G. O. PAIN 43
Some Holiday Jottings. By T. C. HEATH. (*Illustrated*) 45
The Devil's Steps. A Holiday Adventure. By H. H. EVELYN 47
A Boating Adventure. By G. HAWLEY. (*Illustrated*) 49
Photography at Play. By R. A. R. BENNETT, B.A. (*Illustrated*) . . . 52
Eighteen Hours with a "Kid." By TALBOT BAINES REED 54
Round the Camp Fire. 57
Canadian Canoes and Canoeing. By J. E. JONES, B.A., Toronto. (*Illustrated*) . 58
Hints for a Cycle Run in Brittany. By E. E. CUTHELL. (*Illustrated*) 62



**** *The Illustrations are by H. Caffieri, G. H. Edwards, W. Foster, A. Tuck, M. Nadin, J. A. Shepherd, Louis Wain, A. Chasemore, George Fox, A. Rackham, T. C. Heath, G. Hawley, Alfred Pearse, and others.*

PRICE 6D.] LONDON: 56 PATERNOSTER ROW.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



Oh, righteous doom, that they who make
  Pleasure their only end,
Ordering the whole life for its sake,
  Miss that whereto they tend.
While they who bid stern duty lead,
  Content to follow, they,
Of duty only taking heed,
  Find pleasures by the way.—Trench.



Very fishy behaviour!—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* W. Foster.)

THE GOBLIN'S GUINEAS.

By W. W. Fenn,

Author of "Dick Maitland's Holiday," etc. etc.

"Then you don't believe the story, eh, sir? Well, now, I do in a sort of way. I'll tell you for why—because something a'most like it happened to me once, years ago."

The speaker was a middle-aged man, of unmistakable seafaring aspect, although dressed respectably in landsman's garb. He had fallen into conversation with a lad who, seated on a bench in Kensington Gardens one fine summer morning, was reading a newspaper, and whose languid looks and quiet occupation suggested that he was some young gentleman recovering from an illness. When at length he had finished his paper, he offered it civilly to his neighbour, who, however, replied he had already seen it, and had particularly noticed an account it gave of a certain strange affair said to have happened somewhere on the coast. They were now expressing their different views on the event, the veracity of which the boy doubted, but added:

"Well, as a sailor, perhaps you are a better judge than I am, especially as you say you had a similar experience."

"Yes, indeed, I had, sir," rejoined the man; "and a mighty queer one it was too, I can tell you."

"Do tell me then, by all means. I shall be delighted to hear it," said the youngster.

"Willingly," replied the other; "though very likely you won't think I'm sticking to facts any more than the chap in the newspaper; but I'll give 'em as far as I can remember, fact for fact. For, mind you, it's a long while ago—when I was not much older than you, I take it—I was just home, after my first voyage, staying with the old folks in a ramshackle bit of a cottage they had, on the outside of a certain seaside village. I expect you know the place, sir,—most Londoners do, but I won't mention the name. You see, I'd rather not have it made public through me, for the house is still standing, and, thank God! my father and mother still live in it—a fine, hale old pair as ever you see, though uncommon old now. They wouldn't like to be disturbed, you understand.

"Well, at any rate, the cottage is situated within twenty yards of the edge of the cliff. Chalk cliffs—not very high, but quite steep—sheer down to the beach. It is the last in the village, and stands quite alone in a patch of cabbage garden; and beyond it you get on to the open downs. The winds and tides set mostly from the west along that shore and they drive the shingle high up to the foot of the cliffs, and high up and steep you'll usually find it; I generally did. But when the wind sets strong from the east and south-east for many days, it scours all the shingle away right down to the sand, and here and there leaves the chalk bottom bare.

"Now, one fine day, early in March it was, when I was staying at home that time, I was rambling along the shore, as idle youngsters do in such places, to see what cur'osities they can pick up after a gale, and there had been a stiff one from the east on this occasion for three days previous, with the consequence, as I tell you, that all the shingle had been scoured out. I'd never seen the shore so clean of it before. Down in front of our cottage there was a great deep hole too, regular scooped out, right under the base of the cliff. Peering down, what should catch my eye but something glittering—a little bit of a thing, quite yellow, and sparkling like gold in the sun. You may be sure it didn't take me long to get down into the hole the handiest way. As I was a-doing so, I noticed the remains of three or four steps like, cut out of the chalk, as though they'd been made for to go down convenient. But what's more, I caught sight of some other sparkling yellow little specks, lying about at the bottom, amongst the wet sand and lumps of chalk. The tide, mind you, was right out at the time—dead low water; and, except one or two boys, away in front of the village gap, among the fishing boats, there was not a

living creature in sight, for it wasn't half the place it is nowadays.

"And what do you think, sir?" went on the seafarer, after a pause, and regarding his listener with an air of triumph, "what do you think these little bits of yellow stuff turned out to be? Why nothing more nor less than some half-dozen golden guineas, with the date 1783 plain on 'em all."

"Whew!" exclaimed the boy; "that was a find indeed! How on earth did they get there?"

"Ah! that I reckon will never be rightly known," continued the narrator. "We can only suspect, and what we suspect you'll be able to judge when you've heard me through, and I'm not nearly through yet.

"No, not a bit of it; it was not half nor a quarter of the treasure this discovery led to. For when I had picked up all the coin I could see, and had groped about with my hand in every corner and crack about the hole, I found that just a little way above it, partly sloping outwards, and partly, as it may be, shoved or let in to the more perpendicular face of the cliff, was the bottom of what seemed like a door. For you must understand it was all very rough, and the sea had worn away different masses of the chalk, and the slither of it partly covered the sides of the hole. By degrees I cleared away some of it, and found that at one time there must have been a regular kind of built-up passage in there. This 'ere bottom of the door was part of the construction, and it was from underneath it, where it didn't fit close down, that the money had slipped through. I made sure of this, for, by poking my eye close, I could see another guinea sticking half way; so I outs with my clasp-knife and rokes him out. And then I could feel with the point what seemed like one or two more coins, as if there might be a lot of 'em tumbled up against the other side of the door, though I couldn't get no more of 'em out with the knife—there seemed to be a choke like at the crack. Besides this, there was a constant thin little stream of water draining out through it, but losing itself in the soft sand where I was kneeling."

"Very odd!" said the listener. "Pray go on. What did it all lead to?"

"Not much," resumed the other, "for a long while. We couldn't make nothing more of it then; for because, don't you see, by the time I'd told father, and we went down to have a look at the place, the tide had come up, and we couldn't get at it. Then, more than that, the wind veered round to the sou'-west, and a furious gale set in from that quarter. This brought all the shingle back again—piled it up mountains high, and filled up the hole, of course, as usual, and stopped our search. Howsomdever, dad and I took the bearings, and made out that, supposing there was a deep way in, straight under the cliff, you know, it would run right under the side of our cottage, just where the wash-house lay—a bit of a place built out like from the main building, and with a great, tall brick chimney against the wall nearest the cottage.

"Now my father was a shepherd to one of the farmers hard by. He wasn't a talkative man to anybody, least of all to me but he says to me on this occasion:

"'Look here, Dan'el, boy, don't you go and speak of this to any living soul; we must keep it to ourselves for a bit; and maybe we shall be able to put two and two together better by-and-by. Above all, don't tell your mother, 'cause I reckon this 'ere business may have some connection with her father; and if it has, and this 'ere property—this money—belonged to him, why she's heir to it, you know. There's more where this came from, depend on it;' and he chinked some of the guineas I had given him, in his hand. 'Ah! he was a queer old stick, surely,' added my dad half to himself. 'Nobody ever rightly knew what became of him either, though I reckon he tumbled over the cliff one dark night—leastways, so most people thought, and he was never seen again.'

"'Wasn't he a cripple, father?' I asked. 'I've heard it said so.'

"'Not exactly, boy. He was only humpty-backed, and uncommon short, but as strong and active as a monkey.'

"'They tell me he was a smuggler in former days,' said I.

"'Yes; everybody smuggled in those times along the coast, and wer'n't very particular how they made their money. I reckon your grandfather wasn't more honest than the rest, according to present fashions of looking at things.'

"'His name was Gomlin, wasn't it?' I asked, 'mother's name before she married you?'

"'Yes, of course,' answered dad; and then with a broad grin he added: 'I recollect, they used to call him the Goblin—some gent christened him so once, on account of his shape and queer ways, and the name stuck to him.'"

"What did you do with the guineas?" here interposed the boy eagerly.

"Dad collared them," answered the seaman, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and refilling it; "'cept one, which I kept back in my pocket; I thought, at least, I might keep that as a token for myself, and not—I give you my word—for any dishonest purpose. You see, sir, parents in that position of life aren't communicative to their children like yours are; especially about bygones. That's why I didn't know much about my grandfather Gomlin; but that evening I asked mother one or two questions about him, and I learned from her that he was a pretty well-to-do man, and that the cottage belonged to him, and had come to her as his only child. He had disappeared many years before, as father had said, nobody rightly knew how. Then it seems he was a good carpenter and mechanic, and this wash-house place had been his workshop. He used to do and make all sorts of queer things there.

"As my father bid me, I never said anything to mother about my find, but the circumstance set my wits to work, and made me cur'ous to examine more about the wash-house. Dad likewise looked it over, I know, too; for I once caught him coming out with a knowing look, and a shake of the head, and a wink of the eye at me; but I couldn't see as there was anything to find or to see in the place bearing upon what we two seemed to guess, about a way under it. There was nothing to be seen above ground in the way of a trap in the floor or the walls. There was a little furnace and a big copper connected with the great chimney outside, and a cur'ous higgledy-piggledy way in its building like, and father told me he couldn't understand nothing at all about it, nor make anything out of it.

"'We must wait, Dan'el,' he says, 'till the tide gives us a chance of getting at that hole again you tell of.'

"But the tide never did give us a chance, and never would, it seemed. The wind held to the sou'-west for a week or two, piling the shingle higher and higher, until it suddenly backed away to the east and north. Then early one morning, March 30 it was, there came up one of the heaviest thunderstorms I ever remember, ashore or afloat. Just about daybreak it burst over us with the loudest crackling peal of thunder and lightning together ever I heard. Father was away with his lambs on the downs, and mother and I were alone, just a-going to have a bit of breakfast. Well, there comes this crackling crash, and I reckoned the house was falling about our ears. I was dazed, blinded, and my mother fell off her chair with fright. At first I thought she was killed. Before we'd recovered our senses there followed a second crash, not quite like thunder; and sure enough it wasn't. No; it was the old chimney, which had been struck by lightning. It had been reg'lar split open, and toppling over had stove in the roof of the wash-house.

"You may be sure when the rough of the bricks and mortar, and the like, had been a bit cleared away, dad and I had another look about us in the wash-house. One side of the chimney had been reg'lar ripped open, and in its great elbow, as you may call it, there seemed to be a sort of second flue, coming up from below the foundation. I made it out first, and father agreed I was right. There was, or had been, a second flue or chimney running up from below ground into the big 'un. Not a doubt of it.

"'Yes, boy,' he says, 'we're right—there's some underground place here somewhere, what nobody knows of; something the old man had a hand in—something underhanded, as was mostly his way.'

"Then we had another look about us, cleared away more of the rubbish where it had crashed in the floor, and, to make a long story short, sir, it ended with our finding an opening into a deep hole, like a small well, right under the floor by the side of the copper. Of course, my mother came to have a look at it now, and one of father's men, not forgetting old Scamp, his sheep dog; and we was all poking and peering into the great hole for ever so long—the dog yelping and barking and trying to get into it. We let a lantern down at last by a rope. It didn't drop above a dozen feet, but at the bottom it seemed as if the place got bigger; and so, after very little parley, I went down myself on the rope—father and the man lowering me, you understand? Then I could see by the lantern a great cobwebbed kind of vault, going right away into dense darkness. Oh! there was a to-do at this discovery! And then next we got a ladder to put down into the hole, and then father and the man and I, we all went down, with two more lanterns, and we determined to make a reg'lar search.

"This was on the afternoon of the day after the storm, and the elements had all settled down as quiet as any of father's lambs. I can't pretend to tell you, sir,

half or a quarter that we did and said, or found, as we went groping along the tunnel, as you may call the way. The way, mind you, father and I guessed might run up from the great hole on the beach. Nor can I pretend to say, at this distance of time, exactly what we came upon and found, 'cept one thing, which I'll keep to the last; but we found a lot of materials and queer articles we couldn't make head nor tail of. Only by slow degrees did we come to comprehend them; but from what we found in the long run, we made out pretty clear what kind of trade my grandfather, the old Goblin, had carried on down there. Everything was smothered with mould and dust and grime —hadn't been touched for years and years. And in one place there was the rotten remains of a long table and some stools, and it was on this table and on the wall against it where there was such a pile of queer things. Close by, too, was a broken-down sort of stove, with a long pipe or flue connecting it with that second flue in the big chimney I spoke of. Now about this place, if you stood still and didn't speak, you could just hear, faintly, the noise of the sea on beyond, and I knew we were getting near the end of the tunnel—that end, of course, which was against the hole and door which I had discovered on the beach.

"'Yes,' my father whispered to me, 'we're right, Dan, now, depend on it; but we'll see to this alone.'

"So then he gets rid of his man by sending him up aloft again on some errand. When he was gone, dad and I pushed on a bit further through the passage. It became very narrow now, and sloped downwards, quite steep, and in a few more yards we came upon water. As far as we could see by the dim light of the lanterns, there was a great deep pool, filling up the whole of the cavern nigh to the roof.

"'Why, what's this?' says dad; 'what's the meaning of this?'

"'Why,' says I, 'it means that at high tide, as it is just now, the sea filters through the piled-up shingle — filters through, and don't have time to run off again quite, perhaps, when the tide's out. Then it gets filled up with more at the next flood—'cept perhaps at spring tides, and when the shingle is cleared away, as when I found it. That's how the money got sucked out, father,' I added.

"'Right again, boy,' says he; 'like enough it is so. The ways of underground doings and things like is always strange and unaccountable.'

"Meantime, we couldn't get no farther for the water, though some steps seemed to be cut down into it, just as you might find steps in a' artificial bath.

"So here we was stuck, father and I. What was to be done? If there was any more coin, as I guessed, it was right away down at the bottom by the door. You see, we was what they call 'non plushed.' At last a bright idea struck me.

"'Let's have old Scamp down here, father,' says I, 'and see what he'll make of it. He's a good water-dog, and he's got a nose like a ferret's. Let's see if he'll sniff out anything.'

"'Right again, boy,' says dad; 'go and fetch him. Mind you don't break his legs as you get him down the hole.'

"Ten minutes later Scamp was along with us at the water's edge. Not as he stayed by the edge long. No sooner had father made him understand what he wanted, than he was whiffling about, and dabbling down the steps, not quite liking to make his plunge, but presently in he goes with a splash, thinking, no doubt, there was one of his sheep drownded or something. He swam right away as far as he could, almost out of sight of our lanterns; then presently back he comes floundering and snorting, with something in his mouth as he had great difficulty in tugging along with him. What it was would have puzzled anybody to say when we first got it out. 'Cept that it was rotten and filthy, and tore away directly we touched it, we couldn't make nothing of it. It seemed more like a bulky bag of bones than anything else.

"And, sir," continued the seafarer to his listener, after a pause, and with a comical twinkle in his eye—"and, sir, a bag of bones in reality it was. Yes, sir, a bag of bones—no other word for it. But not to make too much of this unpleasant bit of my story, let me get over it at once by saying straight away—yes, sir, straight away—it turned out to be the remains of my old grandfather, Gomlin. It was a horrible thing, but it's true. It was the mouldering remains of the old man's rotten clothing, and what was left of his body in 'em—his bones in fact. Several articles as wouldn't perish—little things, you know, like his 'baccy box, a knife, some keys, and things like that, which my mother, after we'd scraped and rubbed the rust off, could remember as his, were enough to identify him by.

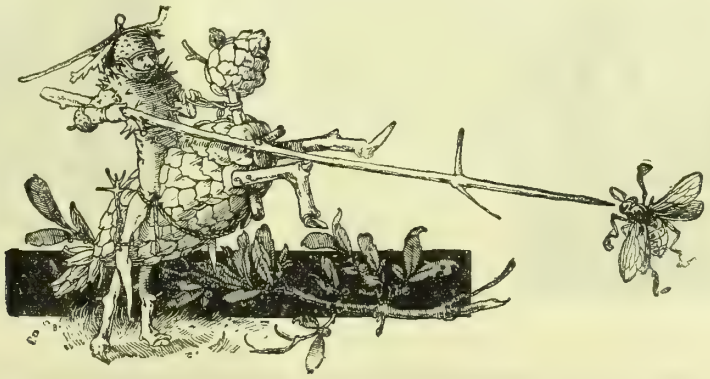
"Yes, and by them he was identified at the coroner's jury, as was held within a week after. Yes, sir, my old grandfather, the Goblin, as he was called, and this is what had become of him. He'd been drownded, or stifled, or something of that kind, nigh upon ten years ago, down in his own burrow, like a rat in a hole, and there he'd been ever since, unknown to anybody; so the jury returned what they called an open verdict."

"Well, that is very horrible to think of," said the young gentleman, as his sailor-like acquaintance broke off. "But tell me; that was not all you found. How about the water?—did you get anything else up?—any more guineas or money?"

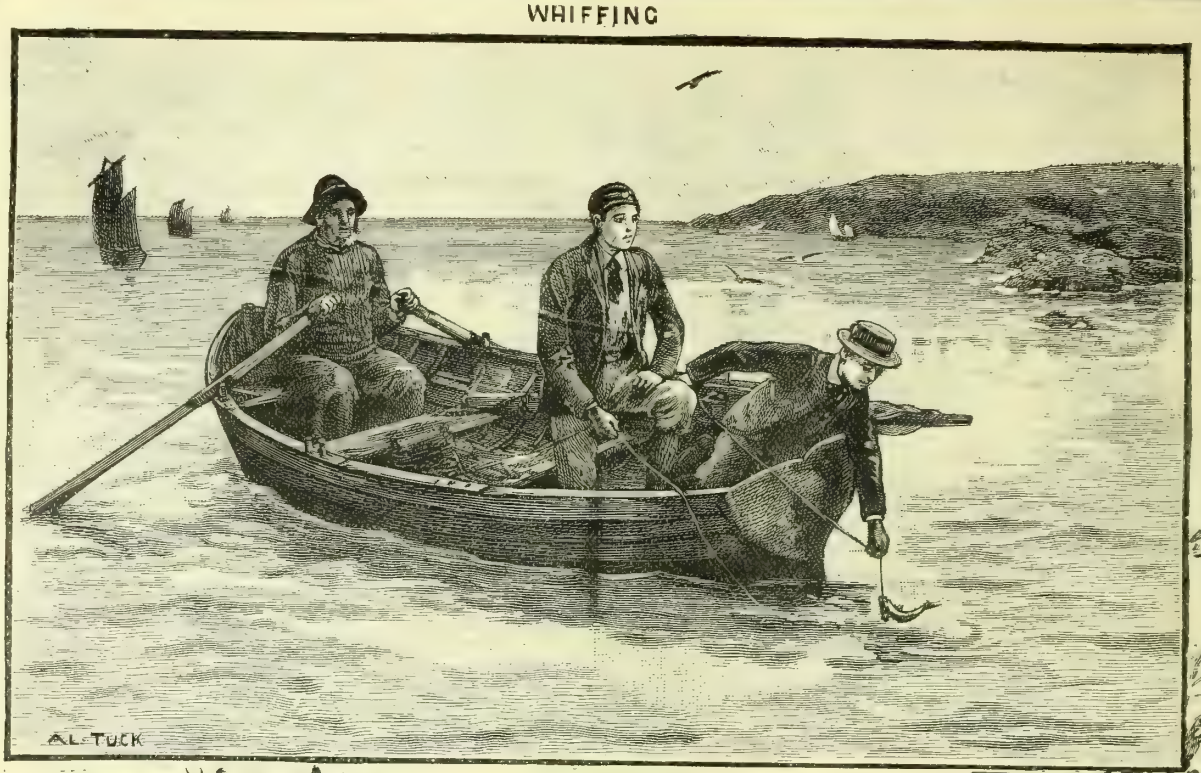
"Ha! ha!" said the other, smiling; "we got a lot more in the end, but they wasn't much good to anybody, worse luck. When once again the tides were at the spring, we managed in a sort of way, at dead low water, to drain off the most of what remained in the cave, and when we burst open the partition, or door, we came upon the remains of some leather bags and an old chest filled with coin, mostly guineas, but a lot of silver too, crowns and half-crown pieces. But, sir, as I say, they wer'n't worth nothing to nobody. No, sir, it was all false—all false coin, every bit of it, and my grandfather was nothing more nor less than a coiner, and it was down there, underground, as he used to go on secretly making the bad money. All those queer things and furnace was all part of his apparatus; moulds and melting pots and metals, and all kinds of things, in fact. It was thought that most likely he used to get much of the base coin shipped away abroad by some of his confederates in the smuggling trade. Maybe some of 'em knew his little game, and maybe some didn't. Anyway, this place opening on to the beach down there made it handy for 'em to convey it off without anybody seeing, just as they managed to run their cargoes of French brandy, ladies' lace, and that like. But there, that's my story, sir; you can believe it or not, as you like, but, I tell you, it's true, every word of it —every bit of it is as true as that there story in the newspaper. And now I must be going on my way, sir, and so I'll wish you good-morning. I hope you'll soon have better health and get well and strong again. Good-morning!"

The seafarer rose, the two shook hands, and the young gentleman was left to meditate and speculate on the possibilities of what he had just heard of the old "Goblin's Guineas." He told the present writer of his strange experience in Kensington Gardens, and declared he believed every word the man said, "he seemed such an honest chap."

Whether the reader will be equally credulous is not for the writer to say.



WHIFFING





LINE FISHING IN SALT WATER



OVER THE GROIN



OFF THE ROCKS

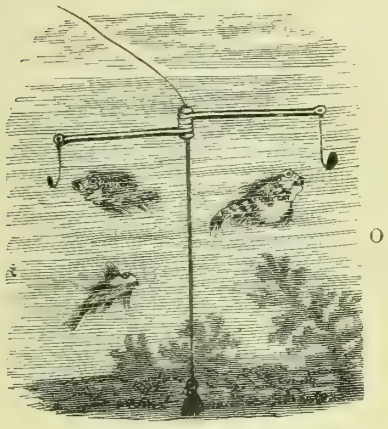
(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* A. TUCK.)

PIER-FISHING FOR BOYS.

By F. G. Aflalo,

Author of "Sea-fishing on the English Coast," etc.

I.—ON SEA FISHING GENERALLY.



one who, like myself, frequents one or more of our piers every summer, and observes there the same want of method and practical knowledge in the tackle and baits used by visitors year after year, it may occur that the deficiency lies in the want of guide-books on the subject of sea-fishing. This, however, is not the case; for, although by far the greater part of existing angling literature treats of fishing in rivers or lakes, there are also several works devoted solely to the subject of sea-fishing, for one of which I am myself responsible.

The special branch of pier-fishing has, however, been treated somewhat scantily in these books, and as the majority of boys fish principally from the piers, I purpose giving them in this article some practical information, in the possession of which they will, I hope, henceforth proceed to work with a little more method and much better results.

As a rule, though by no means always, the fishing from boats is better than that from the pier, owing no doubt to the deeper water and more varied grounds attainable in a boat. But pier-fishing has much to recommend it to boys, not the least recommendation being its cheapness. The constant hiring of boats at 2*s.* 6*d.* per hour is for many boys an impossibility, and an extravagance for anybody; but a whole day's fishing can generally be had from the pier for about 2*d.*, except in the few cases (as Eastbourne and Deal), where each line pays toll. Anyhow, the cost is trifling.

Another advantage that pier-fishing has over any other is that it can be followed in any weather, however squally. Moreover, exceedingly good baskets can often be made, and yet it is surprising how day after day the same small boys haul over NOT the same piece of lead (which they lose on an average twice a day) with a large hook plainly showing through a piece of unsuitable bait, and good-naturedly wonder where the fish are.

One cannot always promise sport; but I can venture to say that if the readers of this article will follow out the instructions contained in it, they will certainly catch something during their holiday, which I am sure is more than many can say.

In the first place, what fish are we likely to catch from a pier? Neither mackerel nor herring; nor, as a rule, soles nor dory.

But, with the exception of these and some of the largest species of flat fish, we may meet with any of some dozen species or more, including bass, chad, cod, conger, flounders, lobsters, mullet, plaice, pollack, pout, smelts, whiting, and wrasse; and all these, except cod and whiting, are taken during the summer holidays.

These thirteen species have not, as seems to be the prevailing opinion, a common taste for a piece of fish and a pound of lead, but have each their favourite food and locality.

In my sketch of pier-fishing, I shall for the most part confine my remarks to hand-lines. Of the additional sport to be had with a rod I am fully aware; but then rods are expensive, and often unmanageable in a high wind.

The first consideration is the material for the lines. By far the best is, I believe, tanned hemp of medium thickness; the very stout lines require much heavier leads to prevent them drifting, and are besides much more difficult to throw out.

Tanned lines withstand the effects of salt water much longer than plain watercord.

Your best way will be to write to some good shop—you cannot do better than Hearder, of Plymouth—and buy enough medium-stout line to last for years.

This sounds a large order, but 100 yards (cost about 6*s.*) will cover it. This will make three lines: two long ones for large fish, 40 yards each; and one 20 yards, for small fish.

If these hundred yards are to last for years, however, you must occasionally wash them in fresh water while in use. Once a week is enough for this, and a thorough washing before putting them away for the winter.

I am using now lines that I bought from Hearder about five years ago, and they show no signs of rotting.

These sea-lines are wound on square winders made by nailing four pieces of wood together about half-an-inch from the end of each.

These winders combine the advantages of accommodating a large amount of line and, by their hollow shape, facilitating its drying,

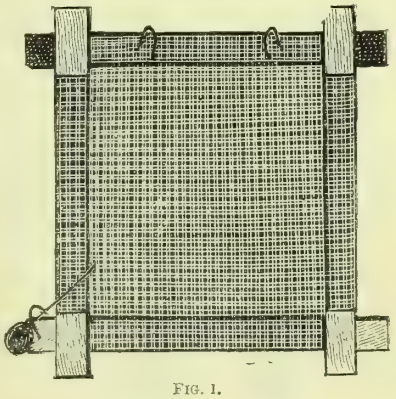


Fig. 1.

as each part of it is exposed to the air (fig. 1).

You can improve upon the plain winder by binding to one side a piece of cork bark, while an old hook driven into one corner, shank first, will hold the lead.

The hooks can always be kept in the cork when not in use; this will keep them from rust and mischief.

The leads for these throw-out lines vary in size and shape. The former depends on the thickness of the line, and the strength of the tide; $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. is a good average weight. Their shape should enable them to lie flat on the ground. It will be much better to cast your own leads. You can make them up in any convenient size or shape not always to be procured at the tackle shop.

All that is necessary is a large piece of soft clay. The mould for the lead is scooped

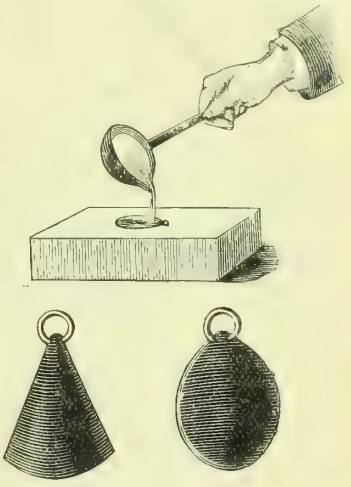


Fig. 2.

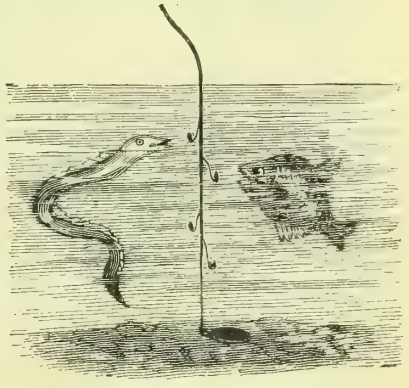
out of the upper side and smoothed with the fingers; the melting lead is then poured in, and a looped wire is immediately inserted.

The best shape for such leads is that of a locket. It will be better to cast half-a-dozen at once—two weighing $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each, two $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., one 1 lb., and one 2 lbs.

They are fastened at the extreme end of the line and rest on the bottom, the hooks being between them and the fisherman's hand.

The subject of sea-hooks I shall, however, reserve for the next section.

II.—SEA HOOKS AND TACKLE.



The principal caution with regard to hooks is to keep them sharp, and not to use them too large.

Very large hooks, for bass and conger fishing, have only this one advantage over smaller ones, that when a fish *does* get hooked he rarely gets off again. On the other hand, many fish are lost, or rather

never take the bait, being frightened by the size of the hook.

It will be as well to start with some kind of scale, and as I have drawn these very

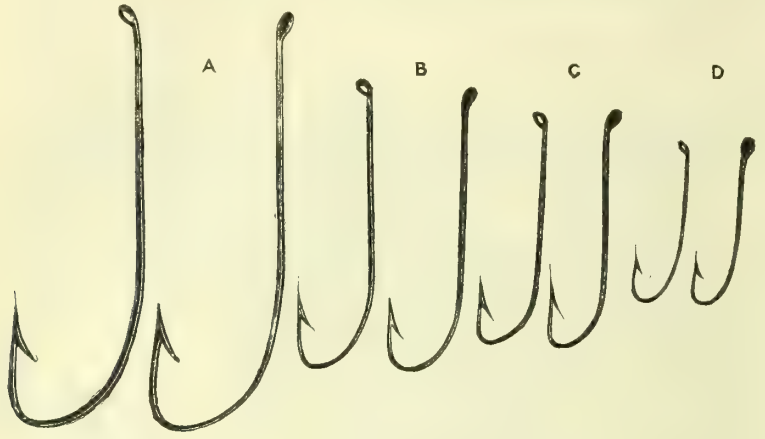


Fig. 3.

A, bass, cod, or conger. B, pollack or codlings. C, flatfish, whiting, or mullet. D, pout or smelts.

carefully to the correct measurements, all you have to do is to lay your hooks on any in the accompanying figure (fig. 3) until they exactly coincide—something like Euclid's fourth prop.

I do not say that the sizes here given are the *only* correct ones—they are merely taken from hooks with which I have myself taken large numbers of the fish named.

Hooks can be bought ready mounted on gut or gimp, or unmounted; these latter having eyed shanks or flattened shanks.

The methods of attaching eyed hooks to snoods are varied; perhaps the strongest and simplest is the "Turle" knot. A loop is

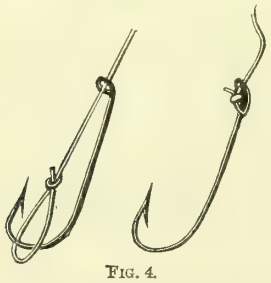


Fig. 4.

made at the end of the snood and passed through the eye of the hook.

It is then passed up the shank of the hook and drawn tight.

When the shank of the hook is merely



Fig. 5.

flattened, the snood is fastened in the method illustrated in fig. 5.

This fastening is much strengthened by being served over with a little fine copper wire—waxed silk, the usual material for binding over knots, is a trifle delicate for sea-fishing, though much better than nothing.

The hook links, whether of gut, gimp, or flax (if the latter it must be soft, *too* soft in fact to be bitten through), should be about 4 inches in length, and can have a loop at the end remote from the hook. They are fixed to the main line as follows:

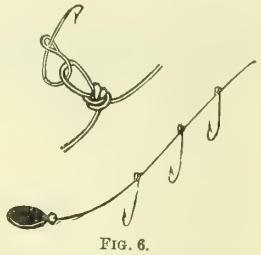


Fig. 6.

A slip-knot being made in the latter, the hook is passed through it, then through its own loop, and then drawn tight (fig. 6). For these throw-lines three hooks will be enough, and can be thus fastened on at intervals of $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot from each other, beginning a foot above the lead.

The above is the best known form of throw-line, but there is another, the leger lines, that often takes more fish.

The leger lead ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) is flat, and has a hole

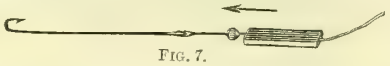


Fig. 7.

running through it, through which the main line passes (fig. 7).

A large shot, just below the lead, prevents the latter moving any nearer to the hook—only one is used with this tackle, and it should be about 2 feet from the shot.

The principle of the leger is obvious—for as the line can move freely through the lead in the direction of the hook, the angler is enabled to feel every bite through the lead.

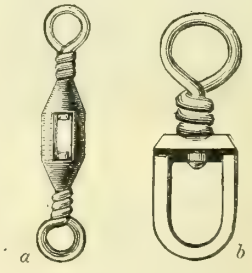


Fig. 8.

When fishing for conger, a brass swivel (*a*) at the end of each hook link will save much trouble and entanglement, and if a spring swivel (*b*, fig. 8) be used, the hook (and fish) can be instantly detached, and a fresh one substituted.

The swivels must be brass or copper—steel ones are useless for sea-fishing, as they so soon clog and rust.

These are the only forms of throw-line for pier-fishing. You may see many ingenuous

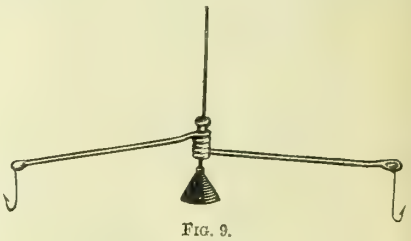


Fig. 9.

(not ingenious) youths flinging out chopstick-tackle (fig. 9).

Nay, you may have done so yourself, but it is quite wrong. Such tackle is meant for boat-fishing, where it is allowed to hang about two feet from the bottom, and not to lie right on it.

III.—BAIT.

And now I will suppose you have a couple of lines ready and want something for bait.

Do not go to the fishmonger's and buy a small plaice or whiting—I wonder how many boys in search of bait buy plaice or whiting! I rarely see them using any other fish, and yet, except the head of the former fish (for very large bass), both are utterly useless.

By far the best bait for large fish is a strip of the squid, or cuttle-fish. These otherwise useless fish are generally taken in quantities by the netsmen, who throw them on to the beach. The quantity in which these cuttle-fish frequent any particular part of the coast varies considerably every year. In 1887 they were very plentiful off Hastings; two years afterwards I could not get one there during my entire stay of five weeks; while in 1890 they were again very plentiful, and we got some every morning.

To prepare your squid for use, wash it well in sea water, until all the inky fluid has disappeared, leaving a very white substance almost as tough as leather.

This must next be beaten with a hammer or mallet, until considerably softer than in the natural state.

There are two methods of putting it on the hook.

Either it is cut into strips, through which

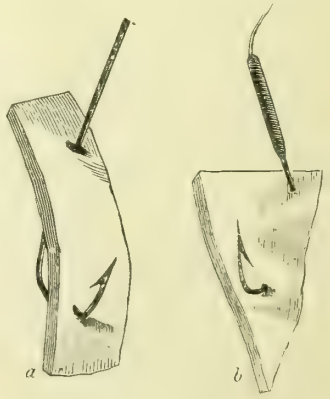


Fig. 10.

the hook is passed twice; or else in the form of an arrow-head (fig. 10, *a* and *b*).

Having now dealt with the preparation and use of squid as the best bait for bass and

conger, some further hints are needful. For it may often happen that squid is not to be had, and then the best bait is a strip of fresh herring or mackerel.

Thus, you may be driven to the fishmonger's, but shun the plaice and whiting like poison!

Only take fresh-herring or mackerel (the former for preference)—nothing else is of the least use.

These also require some preparation. Firstly, they must be *quite fresh*; the least taint will drive away the fish instead of attracting them. The head and tail and backbone may first be removed, and the body well hammered, as was recommended for squid. Then cut it into strips, about three inches long by half an inch broad.

In the case of mackerel, it is particularly attractive to cut through the skin in a sloping direction, so that the strip may be half blue and half silver.

The hook is first passed through the bait

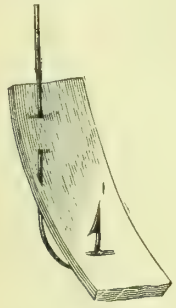


Fig. 11.

from the inside, then twice more—finally emerging (fig. 11) in the silver part of the skin.

Another good bait is a dead pilchard—the hook link must be drawn (by catching the loop in a baiting needle, fig. 12) in at the belly and out at the mouth.

All these baits require to be boned and

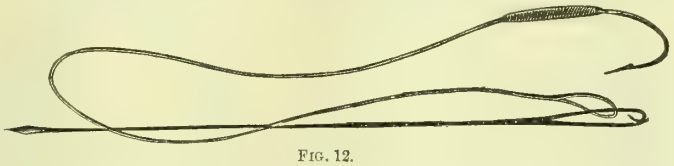


Fig. 12.

hammered—congers greatly object to a hard stiff bait.

IV.—ON WORKING THE LINE AND LANDING FISH.

Having selected a corner of the pier *facing the direction in which the tide is running*, you bait the hooks and uncoil about twelve yards of line.

Then you seize the line with the right hand about two feet above the lead, holding another few yards free in the left hand, and keeping your right foot the while firmly on the winder—a few swings of the lead, and you pitch lead, hooks, and all far away into the air.

As soon as the lead has reached the ground, which you can feel by the slackening of the line, wind in until the latter is taut, and then make fast to the post or chain.

Then *hold* your line between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and wait for a bite.

Be sure to keep hold of your line, and do not imitate those nonchalant and lazy amateurs who fling their lines out and leave them—they miss all the finest fish. It is as well, even if you feel no bite, to pull up your line and examine the baits every few minutes—as crabs and small pout constantly nibble the bait off the hooks. This is especially the case with herring or mackerel: squid stays on the hook a much longer time.

As soon as you feel a decided bite, strike smartly, and, if you still feel the fish pulling, haul in quickly.

If, however, he has got off, *leave the line*—he may bite again the next moment.

On landing a conger, place your foot on him and cut deep into the back of his neck—this will sever the spinal cord and put him out of mischief.

Do not trust to holding this fish without a handkerchief; he will slip through your hands, even when dead.

Similar tackle can be used in November for cod—the best bait being whelk, sprat, or lug-worm.

The above lines and baits will take only large fish.

There may, however, be only dabs and plaice, or whiting, pout, and smelts in the neighbourhood you have chosen for your holiday; so we will now consider the best way of catching these species.

First the *flat-fish*.—In arranging your tackle for these fish—dabs, plaice, etc., etc.—you must have regard to two facts: 1. They have very small mouths, so the hooks must be small; 2. They feed on the bottom, so the baits must lie there.

Moreover, they often take the hook very deep, thus giving much trouble in unhooking; you can obviate this by using hooks with short links—about two inches.

There are two ways of making up light tackle for flat-fish: the leger, already referred to, and the "trot."

The leger for flat-fish should be much

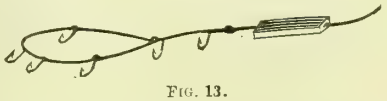


Fig. 13.

lighter than the one described above—the lead need not weigh more than ¼ lb., and below it may be two yards of stout gut.

This can be looped up as shown in fig. 13, split shot being placed at intervals of nine inches and a hook attached near each. Thus, five or six hooks (fig. 3, c) can be used, the shot keeping them all on the sand.

This tackle can be thrown out like the other lines.

The other piece of tackle is called a "trot," and is not thrown out, but is let down slowly.

In this form, two leads, plummet-shaped, are used.

One of these is attached to the end of the main line, and about six inches above it are knotted on three yards of gut—the other plummet is fastened to the other end of the gut. Seven or eight hooks on short links are tied at intervals along the gut (fig. 14). This arrangement of the leads enables the angler

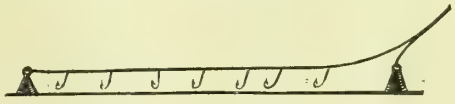


Fig. 14.

to feel the tenderest bites without hindrance from either lead.

The hooks are baited and the tackle slowly lowered until the lowermost lead is on the ground, then the other lead is also lowered so that the gut lies taut between the two.

There are several baits for flat-fish: lug-worm is perhaps the best. A large worm will bait three hooks, first squeezing the inside out, and then cutting the skin in three. Another good bait for the summer is mussel. The opening of this bivalve is much facilitated by scalding for a few moments in boiling water, after which process it will also keep better on the hook, which is passed first through the tongue and then through the gristly substance round the edges.

Shrimps are also a good bait, and can be used in a variety of ways. If boiled, they must be skinned, and the head, tail, and legs removed.

Later in the autumn small fragments of squid or cockle seem to answer better, and in the spring I have found fresh herring the best: at least, up in the Baltic, where I have taken great numbers of large flounders with this bait.

This use of different baits at different seasons is one of the secrets of successful sea-fishing.

The trouble occasioned by dabs gorging the hooks can be partially obviated by using the short hook-links already recommended, but it is also an advantage to have by you a disgorger (fig. 15), which can be slipped down

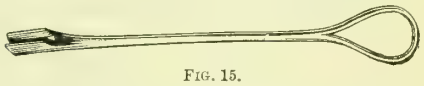


Fig. 15.

the line till it pushes the hook out of its position in the fish's throat. Flat fish are sometimes a bother to hold steady without getting the sharp bones in your hand—an old handkerchief with which to hold your captures while you are unhooking them will be found a welcome article.

We will next take *smelt-fishing*, which is at times very good sport. Should you be angling for smelts on the East Coast, you will have, in addition to the sport, a basket of delicious fish for the table; but if your holiday quarters are on the Channel, you will not find the smelts particularly good eating, as these are Atherines or sand-smelts, and not the real smelt of the East Coast.

Smelts abound in most sandy neighbourhoods, but the place where I have taken the greatest numbers is Bournemouth pier.

In harbours they are generally free biters,



Fig. 16.

but in other spots (*e.g.* Bournemouth, etc.) they are at times very shy, and require especially light tackle.

The simplest method of taking these fish

is on what is known to perch fishers as a "paternoster," which for these little fish can be quite light.

A yard and a half of fine gut, a few roach hooks (No. 12), and a plummet weighing about an ounce, can be made up as shown in fig. 16.

The top loop is attached to the main line.

Baits for smelts are numerous; anything small and soft will do, a morsel of lug-worm or mussel, an atom of soft roe of herring or of sea-anemone, a fragment of limpet, or a piece of fresh smelt, the latter often proving the most killing of all.

A little ground bait of crushed mussels or pounded shrimps will keep the fish together. First throw a little of this into the water, then drop in your baited hooks just to tide-

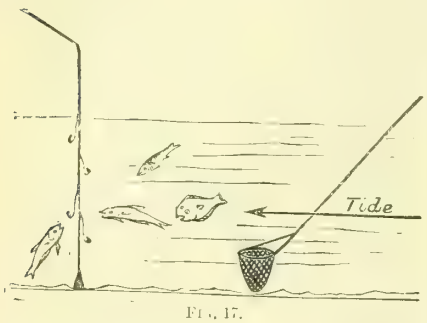


Fig. 17.

ward of it; if the tide is very strong, use a small net for the ground bait (fig. 17).

The "paternoster" should be kept in motion, not so much, perhaps, to attract the fish (though it probably has this effect), as to hook many smelts that bite too tenderly to be felt.

At Bournemouth we used only one hook. Whether this was mere local custom I don't quite know, but no one ever thought of using more; and with this one hook I once got

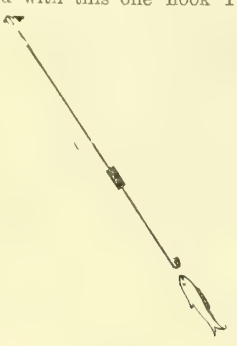


Fig. 18.

close on 90 smelts in three days, fishing less than an hour each day.

This single roach hook was knotted to the end of a yard of fine gut, with a $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. pipe lead a few inches above it (fig. 18). The whole was slowly lowered till the lead touched the bottom, and immediately withdrawn to the surface with a series of smart jerks.

It was regularly followed up by several smelts, one of which rarely failed to take it.

The favourite bait was a fragment of mussel.

Should the stage from which you are fishing be far from the water, it will be better to take a landing-net with you, as smelts are very tender-mouthed and often fall back into the water.

Another good dodge, and one which I partially took from the amateurs in N. Germany, is to have a purse net of small mesh, and about two feet deep. The mouth of this, on a wire frame, is kept open, about three or four inches above the water.

It is particularly easy when using a rod to land each smelt into the net (fig. 19), when

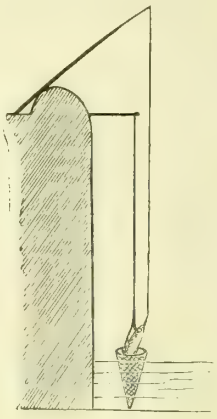


Fig. 19.

a sharp jerk will generally cause it to fall off the hook.

These nets, which are in very general use in Germany, have the advantage of keeping the fish alive till the fisherman goes home.

The foregoing remarks on "Pier-Fishing" have all had reference to those piers which are on the sand. I am not acquainted with any pier built on rocks, but should any of my readers visit one so situated, I must at once say that all the tackle hitherto described would be quite useless.

The throw lines would to a certainty be "caught up," and ruined whenever they were pulled in; and as for smelts and flat-fish, they are not to be caught on the rocks. You must use totally different tackle, or you will lose it all, besides getting no fish.

It is a peculiarity of the fish that inhabit rocks, that with the exception of shell fish and gurnards, they none feed quite on the bottom, but from two to six feet from it.

There are two kinds of tackle suitable for

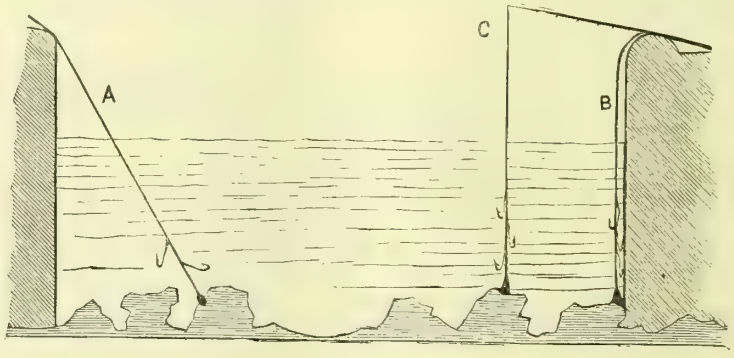


Fig. 20.

fishing over rocks, but from a pier you had better use a rod.

The advantage of this can be seen from the above sketch (fig. 20), in which I have shown three methods of using this tackle.

In (A) it is thrown out, and it may be easily seen that as soon as the unconscious fisherman starts drawing it in, the lead will fall into the cleft near which it rests, and will in all probability be lost.

On the opposite pier hangs a line (B) in a perhaps better, though almost impossible position, as the hooks are almost sure to catch in the post.

On the other hand, the rod (C) can keep the line in this perpendicular position without any danger from the posts, and in this lies its superiority over hand-lines.

The length of the rod is not of much importance; an ordinary jack-rod, 12 feet in length, is as good as any. All the fittings must be of metal, as the salt in the atmosphere of sea-side resorts is most damaging to wooden ferrules and sockets.

A fairly large Nottingham winch, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and 60 or 80 yards of fine tanned sea-line, will complete the necessary gear, and it only remains to describe the bottom tackle.

That shown at fig. 20 is the "paternoster," already described for smelt-fishing, only this must be a much heavier article.

The main trace can be of waterproof pike-line, gut (twisted or plaited) or gimp-twisted gut is the most usual.

The hooks should be attached to small brass bars working freely on the trace, either

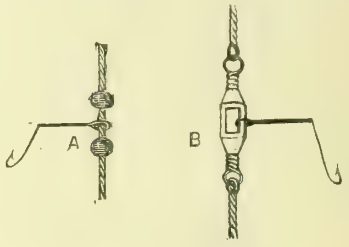


Fig. 21.

between two fixed shot (fig. 21 A) or on a swivel (B).

The lead (pear-shape is the best) should weigh $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Three hooks form the orthodox number, and may be baited, as before, with squid, herring, or mackerel. The lowest, baited with half a lug-worm, will take rock-cod.

The "paternoster" should be slowly lowered until the lead just rests on the bottom, and then held taut until a bite is felt.

Another good piece of rod tackle is the "chopstick," which I have already mentioned as unfit for a throw-out line.

When used with a hand line the ordinary form of chopstick (fig. 9), with the lead above the hooks, is good enough; it is lowered until the lead touches the rocks, and then raised about two feet.

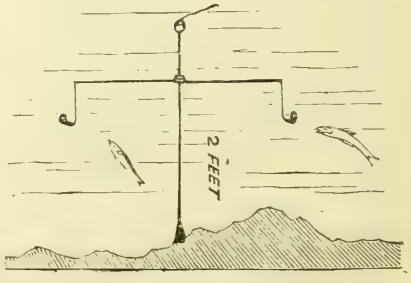


Fig. 22.

But the rod is not improved by having this constant additional strain of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. on it in

addition to which it is tiring to the angler. I therefore make mine up as shown in fig. 22, fixing the crossbar so that the hooks hang about two feet above the lead. The whole can then be lowered till the lead rests on the ground, thus removing its constant strain from the rod, and keeping the hooks the correct distance from the rocks. Of course, with all your precautions, your lead will occasionally get hung up in the rocks, and to recover it you must use some kind of clearing-ring. The most simple form of this (fig. 23)



FIG. 23.

is a socketed ring to which is attached a hank of cord. This ring is slipped over the imprisoned line and allowed to slide down to the hooks, etc., which, by a little dexterous lever-work, it will often free.

It will, however, sometimes happen that one, or more, of the hooks is very fast in a large piece of sunken iron-work, or other object too heavy for the light tackle to bring to the top. Or the lead may be too fast in the rocks to be coaxed away. For these extremities the ordinary clearing ring is useless, but there is a somewhat recent patent of W. T. Hancock & Co. (308 High Holborn), which meets every want, and which I will now briefly describe (fig. 24). It consists of an ordi-

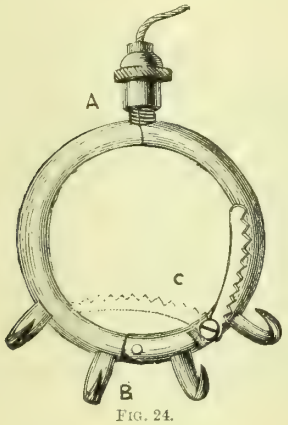


FIG. 24.

nary brass ring to fit over the line, by undoing the screw cap at A, and furnished with several grapnel hook-points (B). The use of these latter is to hold and bodily raise any rather large piece of wood or iron in which the hooks may be fast. In addition to these the ring has fixed to it on a pivot (c) a blade, plain on the one side, and toothed on the other. This will cut away the line just above the hook if the latter resists all attempt at release; it can, however, be pushed back and rendered inactive. This ring costs, I believe, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and is in every way suitable for the pier-fisher. The fish to be caught in the rocks are bass, conger, gurnard, pollack, rock-cod, and pouting, and a few other species.

Pouting are a small kind of rock-whiting; probably all my readers have either caught them themselves or seen them caught. They are to be had anywhere and everywhere from 1 oz. to over 2 lbs. A light "paternoster," as recommended for smelts, will take numbers of them. The best baits are lug-worm, mussel, or shrimp, all cut in very small pieces. They feed best on the falling tide, and I have taken dozens thus from Hastings pier in less than six feet of water.

I have not as yet referred to *mullet* and *pollack*; these are, perhaps, with bass, the only "sporting" fish of the sea. Pollack are not as a rule taken in great numbers off piers, owing to the scarcity of rocks just round these structures, but there are often natural piers or ledges of rock from which very many fine pollack can be caught.

The baits may be either natural or artificial—the best of the former are live ragworms or prawns. Only one hook, at the end of a powerful gut trace, is used, and a small pipe lead (½ oz.) about three feet above it. The tackle must be very strong; the jack rod will answer very well.

The ragworms can be used on a single hook, though if spun behind a moving boat I prefer them on Stewart's worm-tackle. The prawns should be hooked through the tail. Both these baits are rather delicate, and should be kept alive in a cool dark place (the former in moist green seaweed; the latter in frequently changed sea-water), and used as soon as possible.

There are many good artificial baits for pollack, red or grey india-rubber eels (made by Hearder of Plymouth, or Brooks, Stonehouse), Hearder's plano-convex minnow, Brooks' "baby" spinner, both these are good. Perhaps the red sand-eel beats the lot. These baits may be allowed to sink, and then drawn in again with an irregular jerking motion, and the process repeated until a bite is felt.

Pollack run up to 20 lbs. and more, but the average takes weigh 5 or 6 lbs. They are very handsome fish and good eating when recently caught, but they do not keep well.

Mullet are very fine fish, but not very easy to catch. Their favourite haunts are old dock-gates and mouths of rivers, their natural diet being probably small shrimps.

Mullet may be taken on a "paternoster," but the most effective tackle is a lightly leaded drift-line.

The tackle recommended (fig. 13) for flat-fish, minus the large lead, will answer admirably, the latter being replaced by half-a-dozen or more large split-shot.

The same sized hooks (fig. 3 *c*) will do.

The baits for mullet are varied, and include ragworms, pieces of crushed crab (soft green) or shrimp, soft roe of herring, skate's liver, silkweed, and mud (mentioned by the late F. Buckland). The drift line, with about thirty yards space, is thrown into the sea *from that side of the pier from which the current is setting.*

When a mullet is hooked it must be gently played and quickly brought to the landing-net, as it has a tender mouth.

If the drift line is heavy, it should be greased just before use with a little deer-fat.

It is perhaps an advantage to use a rod for mullet, as it enables you to play the fish more steadily; you are apt to haul in a hand-line too abruptly, and the hook will then break away.

V.—CONCLUDING HINTS.

The above are all welcomed catches, as they afford sport and are good eating. There are, however, three other fish that one often catches from piers, and these are all useless.

After stormy weather you will often catch dog-fish on your conger lines. There are several species of these, all ugly monsters resembling small sharks. Kill them unmercifully and remorselessly — they are a nuisance to the amateur and a ruination to the professional.

Weevers will also turn up at times; these pests, by the side of which a dog-fish appears sublime, require very careful treatment. They must not be handled at all, as their spikes are able to inflict very bad wounds; it is best to tread on them and cut out the hook.

Dog-fish and weevers are a terror to other fish; whenever you catch several, one after another, you may be sure that it is of little use continuing to fish, the chances being great against your catching anything else.

If dog-fish and weevers are the most ugly of sea-fish, wrasse are among the most beautiful. Their bodies are many coloured, like "Jacob's" (!) coat, as Frank Buckland once said.

They are often called rock-tench, and inhabit seaweed.

Having thus discussed the various fish to be caught from our piers, I will now mention a few details of some of the piers themselves. I must, however, in justice to myself, say that in a few years' time these may be quite incorrect, as fish move from place to place, either from natural motives or driven by over-traffic.

Ramsgate Harbour.—Inside the harbour are numbers of small silver-eels and flounders—fish on the bottom, baiting with earth-worms. Outside the right-hand pier (facing the sea) are pout, best bait boiled shrimp. In July there are some fine bass to be caught from the ledge at the end of the other pier. It is customary to walk up and down with rod and line trailing a 'last' of mackerel skin, or any artificial spinning-bait. The best time, if the water is high enough, is about an hour before sunset, and the best fish will be taken when it is a trifle breezy outside.

Deal Pier is perhaps the best on our S.E. coast, or for that matter on any of our coasts.

In summer, the amateurs take large pollack-whiting—bait with ragworms.

In September there are plenty of pout and flat-fish; and in November the whiting and cod feed well. The favourite winter baits are sprats (1½*d.* for twenty-five) or fresh herring.

There is a house at the end of the pier where baits are sold; each line pays a daily tax of 3*d.*

Dover.—Off the Admiralty Pier are pout, conger, and mullet. Flat-fish and eels at other points in the harbour. The mullet take weed.

Hastings Pier.—Plenty of pout; no smelts or mullet. Fish for the pout on the E. side, beginning an hour after high water, and following the tide on to the lower landings. Bait with lug-worms, which you can dig during spring-tides on the sands just to westward of the pier.

Bass and conger in the summer—bait with squid, to be had of the smacksmen down by the Fishmarket. Not many flat-fish. Whiting in winter months.

Eastbourne Pier.—As at Deal, rods pay a tax here; I believe it was 2*d.* for those using natural bait, and 3*d.* for spinning. A few small pollack (in 1890 there was one of 6 lbs.), an occasional conger, and a fair number of flat-fish. For the latter leger-baiting with tails of hermit-crabs.

Brighton Pier.—A fair number of bass—fish on the E. side of the Chain Pier, baiting a drift-line with a living sand-eel. Also swarms of pout in summer. In winter, whiting and cod.

Littlehampton Pier.—Bass and grey mullet. Best place at the end of the W. pier. For bass bait with fresh herring or living sand eel. Mullet take ragworms, which can be

procured from the man at the ferry. Plenty of wrasse and eels.

Bognor Pier.—Numbers of small dabs and plaice. Best bait lug-worms, which are cheap here.

An occasional small bass on the W. side, by letting a spinner travel with the tide and drawing it slowly back. Also a few dog-fish.

Bournemouth Pier.—Plenty of smelts—best bait mussel. Do not let the bait remain still for any time, or you will only take small pout. Also a fair number of flat-fish—bait with lug-worm. Occasionally a bass off the E. side near the surf.

Swanage Pier.—Plenty of wrasse in the weed, which is here in such abundance as to often render fishing very difficult. A few conger, and now and then a large skate. The pollack are further round by St. Alban's Head.

At several places further round the coast (Weymouth, Torquay, Plymouth, Ilfracombe, etc.), the best sea-fishing in England is to be obtained, but it is, as a rule, followed from either boats or rocks, and I have reserved my remarks to "Pier Fishing," of which I will here take a respectful leave.



Homeward Bound—"Good-night."

SCHOOLMATES.

By Robert Richardson, B.A.

[See Frontispiece.]

Two bright-eyed boys, they played together
All through the golden day;
And set their lines in the long June weather
From the old pier in the bay.
And when the ships, with white sails flying,
Came home from Southern seas;
They dreamt of magic islands lying
Embowered with blossoming leas.

They heard the long green breakers roaring
Against the barrier reef;
And saw green palmwoods skyward soaring
Heavy with fruit and leaf.
They heard afar strange bird-notes calling
From darkling cedar groves;
And flashing waters falling, falling,
In coral-girdled coves.

And each at heart was a hardy rover,
With thoughts like sea-birds free:
And each would sail the wide world over
When he a man should be.
They'd push their ships, the winds defying,
To many an unknown shore;
And see old England's lions flying
Where they ne'er flew before.

One had his wish; he dropped his plummet
In many a lonely sea;
He touched Ambition's topmost summit,
And led a colony.
Yet lived for duty first, not glory,—
Gave freedom to the slave;
Cut his name clean in England's story,
And found a far-off grave.

The other saw his life-long labours
Lying about his door;
The sick and sorrowful his neighbours,
His friends the friendless poor.
With words and deeds of consolation
He eased their weary yoke;
And guerdon found—not wealth nor station,
But the love of lowly folk.

And the little town was proud for ever
That gave the lads their birth,
The hero of supreme endeavour,
The hero of the hearth.
Bravely they ran life's narrow tether,
And nobly lived and died;
And again the boys who played together,
Are they not side by side?

OUR STONE SENTINEL.

AN ADVENTURE IN ICELAND.

By David Ker,

Author of "Ilderim the Afghan," "Drowned Gold," "For Life and Death," etc., etc.

It was drawing toward evening when my comrade and I, after a fifty-mile ride through pouring rain over the waste of black, broken lava-ridges lying between Mount Hecla and the sea, came in sight of the river on the farther bank of which we hoped to find quarters for the night. And there, sure enough, just on the other side of the stream, peeped forth at us from a sheltered hollow the low turf-thatched roof of a snug little *baer* (cottage) in which lived the good old Icelandic clergyman whose guests we proposed to be.

But there was still some rough work in store for us ere we reached it, for the heavy and continued rain of the last three or four days had swelled the river to twice its usual size, and it now went rushing and foaming down its rocky channel with a deep, hollow roar that fully bore out its native name of "Thiorsa" (Bull).

Such a torrent would be no joke for our tired horses to swim; but swim it we must, unless we meant to go supperless to bed on the wet ground in our drenched clothes, for this house on the other side of the stream was the only one within many miles of us.

By this time the rain had ceased, and just as we rode up to the bank, a pale gleam of sunlight, suddenly breaking through the sullen clouds, showed us a very strange and startling spectacle.

From the brow of a steep ridge overhanging the opposite bank, there looked sternly down upon us the massive outline of a mighty *face*, cold, gloomy, and rugged as one of the cruel "Frost-Giants" of Northern legend. For a moment every

line of its grim features stood clearly out against the chill, grey sky, and then, as our horses moved one pace to the right, the spectre was gone, and in its place stood a bare, blank mass of dark rock.

"Aha!" cried I, "another natural statue! It's odd how one meets them in all parts of the world. At St. Vincent, in the Cape Verde Isles, as I dare say you know, there's a cliff that makes a perfect likeness of Washington, lying asleep, face upward—his hair, and his profile, and his shoulders, and his very shirt-frill, all complete. And then the Gavea mountain at the entrance of Rio de Janeiro Harbour, in Brazil, is an exact head of the old Duke of Wellington, with its chin resting upon the sea."

"And at St. Helena," said Dr. L——, "you must have noticed, as you came up to it from the south-east, a projecting cliff that was just a huge black bust of Napoleon looking out over the sea, with his famous cocked hat and all!"

"I remember it very well," said I; "and, more curious still, when I saw it first, the clouds of the stormy sunset shaped themselves into the likeness of a great battle, which the figure of Napoleon seemed to be watching."

Meanwhile the clear blue eyes of our hardy native guide (who had crossed this river scores of times, and knew it by heart were keenly watching the whirling torrent of coffee-brown water before him, in quest of a safe place to cross; and at that moment we heard him call out in Danish:

"Just here we can do it. Follow me, and keep close!"

The next moment we were all three struggling in the swirling water.

Luckily for us, Sigurgr the guide—whose horse was a large and powerful beast, much stronger and somewhat fresher than either of ours—had placed himself on the "up-stream" side of us as we plunged in, so as to break the force of the current and protect us in some degree from the fury of its rush. But, even as it was, our horses were off their feet in a trice, and though they swam stoutly, it was only too plain that their already over-tasked strength was fast failing, and that in a few moments more they must be swept away and whirled down the stream.

There was but one thing left for us to do, viz. to slip from our saddles and swim alongside, holding on by the mane. Thus lightened of our weight, the beasts rallied their last remaining strength, and fought their way across to the other bank, which they were almost too spent to climb.

"A near shave!" laughed Dr. L——, shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog; "but we've got off with a ducking, and since we were wet to the skin as it was, *that* won't matter much."

Just then a halloo made us look up, and we saw coming toward us from the cottage the hospitable clergyman himself, who, hearing from his door the shouts of our guide, and the splashing and snorting of our horses, had come to meet us halfway.

Had we been this good man's oldest and dearest friends, instead of two utter strangers bundled unceremoniously into his house without any warning whatever, he could not have given us a kinder or a heartier reception; and his welcome was certainly *warm* enough to have dried our clothes of itself, wet though they were. Within a few minutes of our first appearance, our horses were stabled, our wet clothing hung up to dry, and we ourselves seated over a plentiful meal of hot coffee, newly-baked cakes, and fresh salmon—the latter being as common a dish in Iceland as in Norway itself.

It was perhaps just as well for the good parson, however, that at the time of our visit he happened to be alone in the house, all his family being away at Reykjavik, the quaint little toy capital of Iceland, which lies in a deep bay at its extreme south-western corner. Had they been at home, the little two-roomed cottage would have been somewhat crowded even without the addition of guests, for the pastor and his wife, with their eldest daughter and two of their sons, were all crammed into one room, while the younger son and daughter, two farm-servants, and a big dog, occupied the other.

Our supper ended with a huge bowl of the national dainty *skyr* (curds and milk), over which we talked quite like old friends. But, as my Danish had grown somewhat rusty during several years of disuse, and neither Dr. L—— nor I knew more than a few words of Icelandic, we were forced to fall back upon *Latin*, which our host spoke fluently, and although our own grammar and "construction" might not have satisfied a school-teacher, we managed to make ourselves pretty well undertsood.

In the course of our talk, Dr. L—— (who had been much impressed by the weird picturesqueness of the "Great Stone Face" that had appeared and vanished again so spectrally just as we were about to plunge into the torrent) made some allusion to it, at which our host's face was instantly lighted up with a bright, hearty smile, as he said eagerly:

"Ah! you have seen the 'stone man,' then! Is it not wonderful? But I'm sorry to have been forestalled, for I had meant to have shown it to you myself after supper—it is our chief local marvel here."

"Never mind," said I; "such a sight as that is well worth seeing twice, especially with the advantage of *your* guidance."

"And besides," added the doctor, "we only saw it for a moment."

"Very likely," replied the pastor, "for it can only be seen from one point; on every other side it is nothing more than a shapeless mass of rock. But if you would like to have another look at it, come with me."

And, springing up as nimbly as a boy, the old man led us out to the scene of our perilous swim, and, bringing us to the very edge of the steep, rocky bank, turned sharply round, and pointed upwards.

By this time it was what *would* have been night in any southern land; but here the perpetual daylight of the Arctic Ocean (where the two midsummer months are one enormous day, during which the sun never sets at all) made everything around us as clear as at noon.

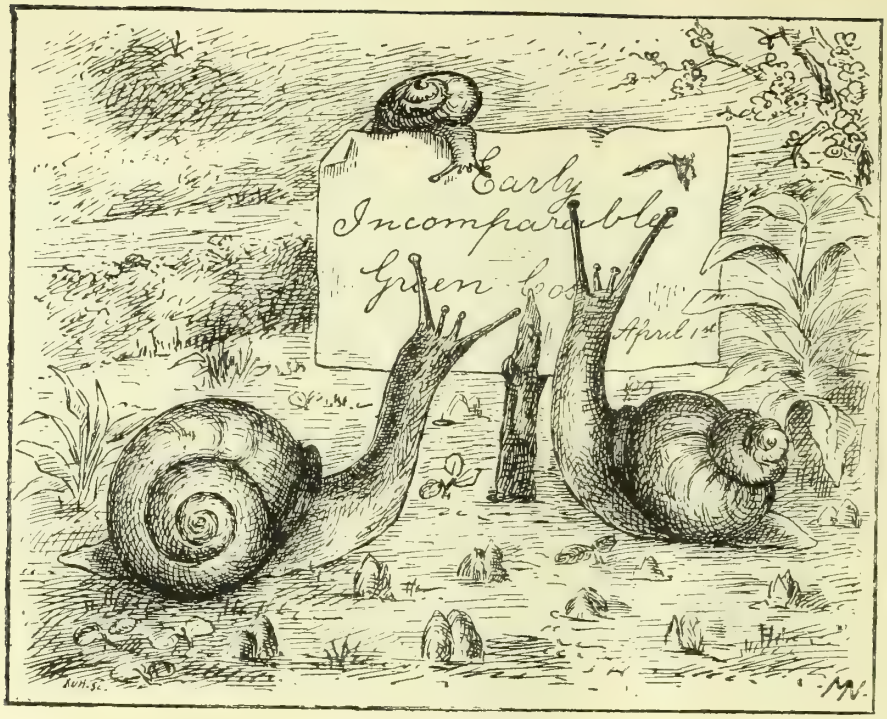
At the pointing of our host's finger—as if the good clergyman had been a potent magician—the bare rock-pillar above us suddenly shaped itself into the same grim face that had frowned on us as we dashed into the raging waters an hour before. The rugged, strongly-marked features were surmounted by a huge sugar-loaf cap, like that worn by English grenadiers a century ago. The neck and shoulders were equally complete, and a vast granite boulder, unscalably smooth on every side, formed a pedestal for this giant bust, which must have itself been from twenty to thirty feet high.

"You may see now, gentlemen," said our good host, with a quiet smile, "that our Norse forefathers had some show of reason for their legend of Thor, the thunder-god, striking dead the frost-giants with his magic hammer, and each giant stiffening for ever into the attitude in which he was when the death-blow fell upon him."

"But this gentleman must be a little more modern than that," said I, "for I recognise him perfectly. Let me see, now—where have I seen him before? Ah, I have it! It's the face of Mick Hoggarty, in Thackeray's illustrated edition of 'The Great Hoggarty Diamond.'"

And so it was.





"Consulting the Menu."

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by M. Nadin.)

ADVENTURE IN A BLUEBERRY PATCH.

By Frank Houghton, Montreal.

Have you ever seen a "Brulé," gentle reader? A district over which fire has run is given that name by Canadian backwoodsmen; and of all desolate scenes it certainly bears away the palm. Picture to yourself miles and miles of country, covered at one time with tall pines, their green, spreading branches shading the mossy carpet which once covered their strong, twisted roots. Now, like great skeletons, their trunks, charred by the cruel fire, stand sapless and dead, sad monuments of former beauty, holding out their dry withered arms to the blue Heaven, as though supplicating its aid and pity in their desolation. In place of the soft, green moss which once covered the ground, blueberry bushes spring up, bearing their harvest of tender fruit. Here in the early August morning, or just as the sun is sinking, you may startle the black bear feeding on the luscious berries, sniffing and grunting in his enjoyment of the feast.

It was a bright, hot morning near the end of August in the year 1883 that the adventure I am about to relate occurred.

I was seated on the doorstep of my shanty —at that time I was employed as engineer in the construction of the —— Railroad, which runs through a wild district of northern Canada. I had finished my breakfast and was contentedly puffing away at my pipe, awaiting the arrival of my assistant, whom I had despatched the evening before to the end of the iron with some letters for my chief.

The "kedge-road," cut out by the company's men for forwarding their provisions, plant, &c., ran parallel with the line and in front of my shanty, not more than fifty feet distant. About a third of a mile away a gang of men were working on a rock cutting, the striking of their hammers on the steel drills coming to me with a not unmusical clink, clink.

Then the sound ceased, as I heard the warning cry of "F-i-r-e!" and from my position I could see the men hurrying away, driving their horses before them, to a safe distance up the line. Next came the dull thud of the explosion, followed by the sound of falling stones, and the cry "All over!"

I watched the men slowly wending their way back to their work. Clink, clink, came the sound of their hammers again, and I began to wonder in a drowsy way when Campbell, my assistant, would turn up. Voices raised high in excitement, and laughter, caused me to turn and lazily glance in the direction of the sound. Two men were walking briskly down the road, one, Jack Stubbs, the "walking boss," as a division foreman is called, and little Tom Davis, "the time-keeper."

I caught scraps of their conversation. "No —did ye though?" Stubbs was saying, and seemed to suffer considerably from the paroxysms of laughter caused by Davis's answer, which I did not hear. Then Davis went on, and as the distance between us lessened I could hear distinctly what he said. "Run! man, you bet your sweet life I run; you couldn't a seen me for the dust I kicked up."

More laughter from Stubbs. "Why didn't ye let drive at it with that pistol of yours?" queried he, when he had himself sufficiently under control to articulate.

"Let drive at it!" replied Davis with scornful excitement, "why, Maud dear, it was as big as old Flannigan's milking cow—which don't milk—might as well a spit at it." More laughter from Stubbs.

"No," Davis continued, "I did the wisest thing under the circumstances, I jest lit out. I done the identical same as you'd a done, Jack, my lad, I jist got up and travelled; and the time I made down this ere 'kedge-road' won't be beat for many a long day, or I'm a Dutchman."

By this time the two were opposite me, and I was beginning to wonder what had caused Davis to "travel"—as he graphically put it—at such a rate. So, knowing the two men well, I gave them a hail. "Hullo, Davis, what frightened you?" I sang out. At this they looked up, and Stubbs went into another explosion of laughter.

Tom Davis, giving him a look impossible to describe, turned to me.

"I was coming along the road by the edge of the Brulé," he began, "and seeing a nice patch of berries on the side of the hill a little to my left, thought I'd jist stop an' have a feed, see'n' as how there was no hurry, as I had only to take the time of a couple of gangs. Well, I got to the patch, and was stooping down pickin' the berries and not paying no attention to nothing in particular. In this way I had strolled unconshus-like to the back of a big red pine 'turn-up,' when I heerd a kind of sneeze en' a cough that made me jump, an' thar, not tin foot away, stood the biggest an' ugliest lookin' b'ar I ever seen."

"Quite certain it wern't Doolan's black sow, Thomas?" Stubbs enquired with a broad grin and a wink at me.

To this Davis deigned no answer, but continued, after mopping the perspiration from his forehead with a great red and

yellow cotton handkerchief, which he took from a capacious pocket in the front of his shirt—

"Well, I jist give one look, while the hair on me head seemed to be a' raisin' me hat. An' the b'ar it give one look, an' it wriggled its p'inted snout, an' it showed its white teeth, an' the bristles on its back riz up like the hair on me head, an' then it come for me, a coughin' an' a wheezin' fit to bust. An' I jist wheeled an' cut, an' here I am, thank God, alive, which is more'n I expected."

"How long ago did you see it?" I enquired, smothering my laughter.

"No more'n half en hour ago."

"Quite sure it didn't run in the opposite direction?" I asked.

"Davis 'll never tell ye that, as he never took no time to look behind him," Stubbs remarked, laughing.

Davis grinned feebly at this, and said that he guessed there weren't much run in that b'ar. After he had given me a mixed-up description as to the exact locality of the encounter, they bid me good-morning and continued on down the "kedge-road" in the direction of Reilly's cutting.

I had been knocking about the wilderness for several years previous to this, and though I had seen several bears I had never had the good fortune to shoot one. Here at last was a chance. I stepped joyfully into my abode, and from a rack on the wall took down my rifle—a Winchester repeater, 45 calibre—and after shoving some cartridges into the magazine, was turning to leave the shanty when Campbell appeared. "Just in time," I said; "little Tom Davis ran foul of a bear, which scared him nearly to death, not more than half an hour ago, at the edge of the Brulé."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Campbell, excitedly.

"I do, indeed; so get your old 12-bore and a few cartridges of buckshot, and let us be off."

Campbell's preparations were made as quickly as mine had been, and in a few moments we were walking rapidly up the "kedge-road," which after leaving the neighbourhood of our shanty entered a spruce swamp. Twenty minutes, at the rate we were going, brought us through this, to where the road entered the Brulé. Here we halted to hold, as Campbell said, "a consultation of war." According to Davis's description, we were very near the place; so, after a moment's whispered conference, we decided on the only course open, namely, to go on quietly, and "look out for squalls," which we did by both cocking our weapons, advancing abreast, and walking as though we were treading on egg-shells.

This very bushman-like method of progression we kept up for several hundred yards with every sense on the alert, and had managed to work ourselves up into a comfortable state of excitement, which gradually effervesced as bend after bend in the road only disclosed to our view the same unvarying growth of blueberry bushes, broken by occasional low clumps of second-growth poplar and birch.

This sort of thing continued for half an hour or so, and we were both becoming heartily sick of the sport, which I was beginning to think all very well in its way, but decidedly slow.

Campbell evidently thought so too, for when we had left the spruce swamps some quarter of a mile behind, he stopped, let down the hammers of his gun, threw it over his shoulder, and ejaculated, "Pshaw! bear-hunting isn't what it's cracked up to be; give me snipe-shooting any day."

This was a great relief to my mind, for I was beginning to think the same, but did not like to be the first to admit it; one loves the romance which, like a halo, encircles the mere thought of "big game," one hates to give up such an idea, to dispel the little rose-tinted cloud floating over those two simple words, so thrilling to the hearts of all true sportsmen. I dropped the butt of my rifle to the ground, broke off a poplar twig, which I chewed thoughtfully, while I fought against the truth which was forcing itself upon me, that "bear-hunting isn't what it's cracked up to be," especially when there isn't a bear in the neighbourhood.

Still, I felt that it was wrong to give in so soon. "My dear fellow," I said, "we haven't given this exciting form of sport a fair chance." Campbell merely ejaculated, "Pshaw!" a second time, and seated himself on an old log which lay by the roadside.

"I rather agree with you," I said, eyeing the log, which looked uncommonly comfortable, "snipe-shooting is not to be despised." Out of "the tail of my eye," as nautical gentlemen say, I glanced a second time at the log, heaved a sigh at my weakness, and seated myself by Campbell's side.

He began rummaging in his pockets, while I pensively chewed my poplar twig and fell to wondering if all "big game" hunting was as wildly exciting as this, my first experience. In the midst of my meditation, an impudent Whisky Jack dropped, apparently, from the sky, and lit with an intoxicated chuckle on the top of a slender birch sapling, and, with its head cocked very much on one side, contemplated the two bear-hunters with what to me looked very like a smile of amusement.

"Got anything to smoke?" it was Campbell's voice. I gasped; smoke! bear-hunting! the ideas would not assimilate. The Whisky Jack with a jeering whistle sailed away, probably to tell its mate of the two lunatics it had discovered on the "kedge-road."

When I had to some extent recovered my composure, and in a tone I intended should be very crushing, while bringing home to him the gravity of our position, I said, "No, certainly not."

But, strange to say, it did not seem to have the desired effect, for he merely remarked, "Like an ass I forgot my pipe." I would make one more effort I thought.

"Campbell, my dear fellow," I said, "according to the very best authorities, according to all hunters I have heard on this exciting subject, smoking is not considered the best method of decoying the unsuspecting bear, while in its *wild* state."

By way of answer to this mild rebuke, my irrepressible companion merely opened his eyes, stared at me, and said:

"Do you believe that imaginative donkey ever saw a bear? for if *you* do, I *don't*; it was nothing more nor less than an inoffensive porcupine; so now," he rose from the log where we had been resting, "I am going to eat blueberries."

And away he accordingly went.

There was a knoll in front, and over this he disappeared.

Now, to tell the truth, I didn't think the blueberry idea a half bad one, but I would not have admitted so to my companion for worlds; so when he had got well out of sight, I likewise started with the same laudable determination.

Before I had progressed a hundred yards I came on a very good patch, and soon, in the enjoyment of the feast, had forgotten the existence of bears or any other "big game" which, in sporting annals, had ever tempted enthusiastic shots from their comfortable homes.

It was a drowsy day, with scarcely wind sufficient to stir the leaves of poplar and birch—a distinctly lazy day. I had gradually "eaten my way" (if I may be allowed the expression) to the foot of an overhanging rock, and in its shade, on a bed of soft moss, I sat down to enjoy at leisure a hatful of berries which I had gathered.

"Blueberries be the easiest vegetable I knows to git outside of," was the very true remark addressed to me by a cadaverous-looking bush-whacker, as he swallowed the last mouthful in a two-quart pail which he had emptied at a sitting; and so I found them that sultry afternoon, as I, all too soon, got "outside of" my hatful. I could have eaten another one easily, but I was too lazy to pick any more, so, leaning back against the rock, I determined to take it easy for a time before going in search of Campbell.

The low hum of insects produced the effect I might have anticipated, and I dozed. How long I had lain there I do not know, when I was aroused by the sound of approaching footsteps. I listened in a lazy way. "Campbell, of course," I murmured to myself with a smile. Then I became very wide awake, for a brilliant idea occurred to me. "I will give him a scare," I thought. Slowly the footsteps approached; every now and then the sound would cease. "The beggar's eating yet—it's astonishing the amount some chaps can stow away," I said to myself with a chuckle. Campbell had drawn very near by this time, he couldn't have been more than ten or twelve feet away.

Just as I was beginning a low growl, which I flattered myself would settle him, he stepped round the point of rock and stood looking straight at me. I did not at once recognise my promising young assistant. He had changed marvellously in the last hour. For he resembled nothing on earth more closely than a remarkably big, gaunt, hungry-looking BEAR!

Yes, as sure as I was sitting beneath that overhanging rock, there, within six feet of me, stood the bear, while my rifle—my rifle was a good hundred feet away on the other side of the blueberry patch!

I cannot describe my feeling of horror, of utter helplessness. I do not know how long that brute stood there, with its savage eyes staring into mine, and the hair on its back standing on end. I know that it seemed to me a lifetime. I know that when it turned round and trotted quietly away I would have said with any sportsman that there *is* an element of excitement connected with the hunting of "big game."

And as I recall the expression of those cruel eyes as they stared into mine, and think what the consequences might have been had its hunger not been appeased by blueberries, I am also willing to admit that there is an element of uncertainty connected with this little pastime.

With the departure of the bear, my courage returned. I rushed across the blueberry patch and picked up my rifle just as the brute disappeared over a gentle rise.

I ran to the summit, but no bear.

I followed in the direction and hunted for another hour; but it might have been some hideous nightmare, so completely had it vanished. Thoroughly disgusted I returned to the log by the side of the "kedge-road," to find Campbell there, looking a little warm.

"I think we had better get back to the shanty, there is a plan there I want traced," I said very gently. Campbell rose without a word and together we walked back.

Campbell didn't talk much on the way. Neither did I. Campbell was very quiet during the remainder of the day, and worked well. I, too, was quiet and industrious.

That evening after dinner Campbell handed me the tobacco-jar before he had helped him-

self. This shocked me a good deal; I felt that there was something wrong. I was not accustomed to such treatment. So I ventured the remark, in all humility,

"What do you think of bear-hunting, Campbell?" He didn't answer in his usual light, flippant manner, but replied sadly, "It is very disappointing."

Then I told him my little experience. "Oh, then it was you that started it," he said, blowing a cloud of smoke from his mouth and watching it ascend slowly to the "scoops."

"Why, did you see it?" I asked in surprise.

"It ran past me within twenty feet."

"Why ever didn't you shoot it then?" I almost shouted.

"My gun was on the far side of the blueberry patch!" he answered in a choked voice.

A SEASIDE SENSATION.

By W. P. M. Black, B.L.

An eager crowd is surging
Along the shore at Bong;
What can it be that's urging
The eager crowd along?
I ask a woman walking
In haste among the rest.
"A little boy," she says, "has found
Upon the shore along the sound
A skull." With morbid zest,
The little urchin leading,
We all speed on apace.
He, all our fuss unheeding,
Goes coolly to the place;
Then stooping 'mong the seaweed
He lifts at once to view,
No gruesome "something large and round,"
As little Peterkin once found,
If Southey's tale be true,
But simply this—a wooden scull
With handle, and with blade intact,
Save that its edge was somewhat hacked.
We laughed, and thought how dull
We all had been, now all was o'er,
Not to have thought of that before.
'Twas but a scull, as some one said,
Some careless rower on the main
Had dropped; and *having lost his head*,
He couldn't pick it up again!

A NEW WAY TO SPEND A HOLIDAY; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BRASS COLLECTOR.

By Frank Cowper, M.A.,

Author of "Yacht-Sailing for Amateurs," "How I got into Poole," etc.

The key was in the door! What a triumph for my firm faith!

"Hullo, Tompkins!" I cried. "How about there being no key, eh?"

"Well, it is a bit of luck! But——"

"Bosh! you old stupid," I broke in. "There's no 'but' about it. It's just what I told you. I knew the church must be here, and that very likely we should find the key too. I say, what a tumbledown old affair!"

We were now out of the wood, and had passed through the old Lytch Gate, and found ourselves before the south door of the little low building, which, with its rude Early English windows and low spire, looked more like a barn than a church. There were no other buildings near, not one in sight in fact, for a rising hillock limited the view on the one side, and the wood on the other. There were a few mounds and old yew-trees on the hillside, and there was some suggestion in the position of the mounds of there having been once a house or building there, and the line of the yew-trees seemed to follow a sort of plan. I thought there might have been an old manor-house once, which accounted for the lonely position of the rude church; for I had read enough to know that a private chapel or chantry had frequently become the only parish church.

"Why, there's nobody here!" said Tompkins, who had turned the handle of the door and entered the church. He was quite right. The little plain building was deserted. There was an earthy smell, a mouldy odour, and in the dim light from the narrow lancet-windows the ancient place looked grim and ghostly. The silence, too, made us involuntarily walk up the uncarpeted path to the altar with muffled tread.

"There's the brass!" I cried. "What a beauty!"

"My word, yes!" echoed Tompkins, enthusiastically, as he knelt down to look at the well-preserved brass plate which represented a knight of the time of Henry IV. in full armour, his gauntleted hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, his head encased in a bascinet or headpiece, resting on a large tilting helmet which was adorned by his crest and mantling, or lambrequin, as the slashed cloth hood which served the purposes of a modern "Paggeree" is called technically. His feet were against a lion, and over him was a canopy of very elegant design, while on the shafts which supported the canopy were hung his shields of arms.

Without further waste of time we laid our rolls of paper down, and having decided by lot who should rub the brass first, I set to work. With Tompkins helping and the assistance of a couple of hassocks which we took out of a pew, the paper was soon spread over the brass and the work was begun.

There is great fascination in seeing the handsome, bold design grow quickly over the paper as you rub with firm and even sweep. The heelball is an easy material to use, especially if you have bought several pieces and melted them all into one large compact ball. The way we did it was to put six or seven cakes—they used to be a halfpenny each—into an empty jampot, of course quite clean and dry, and then place this in a saucepan, taking care that the water never boiled over into the jampot, or it would have ruined the mixture. When the pieces were all melted the pot was taken off and left to cool, and in a few hours a beautiful smooth cake of shining wax, easy to handle and making broad strokes over the paper, was the result. The paper itself is very cheap—a roll of ordinary lining paper as used by paperhangers, costing about eighteenpence or two shillings, is all that is required.

"Whew!" exclaimed Tompkins. "What a beauty! Look at his moustache, and the beast he has got on his helmet."

I had now nearly finished the canopy, and the head of the knight was rapidly coming out under the sweeps of the heelball.

"Oh!" I said, pausing in my work, for it is rather fatiguing to the arms and back, kneeling as one has to do on the paper and exercising great caution not to displace it after you have once begun.

"Let me go on," said Tomkins. But I didn't care to have the work done piecemeal, and began again.

"Hullo! what's that?" broke out Tompkins suddenly.

"What's what?" I asked irritably, for he had nearly pushed the paper to one side by his abrupt movement.

"Why, didn't you hear a noise?" he asked.

"No, what noise? And besides, what does it matter if there was a noise. Very likely it was only the woman coming to clean the church."

And so I went on again.

After a quarter of an hour's hard work the facsimile was finished. I got off my knees and contemplated the result. It was very satisfactory. There was a solid black and white presentment, the exact counterpart of the handicraft of four hundred years ago.

"Why, you'll hardly have to cut him out and mount him," said Tompkins admiringly. I was not a little proud of having taken him so well. We were both novices, and this was only about the fifth or sixth brass we had ever done.

But no time was to be lost. It was already getting late for our walk back. Tompkins set to work. While he was doing it I wandered round the little building. How very still it was! The only sound which broke the silence was the regular swish of the heelball as it passed over the paper. As I came round to the door I thought I would just look out and see if there were any old tombstones outside. I turned the handle, but the door wouldn't open. I shook it and pushed against it with all my might, but to no purpose.

"I say, Tompkins!" I cried. "Here's a go. We are locked in!"

"Never!" replied that youth, jumping up and thereby pushing his paper aside, and so spoiling all his work.

"There is no doubt about it," I said. "The only hope I have is that it is a joke, and that the sexton, or whoever it was that brought the keys, has seen us in here and is trying on a little game.

"Humph! I don't see much game about it if we are to stay here and miss tea and evening school. They'll never believe us."

"They must," I said. "We can get the sexton to say how it all was."

"Well! we shall never be allowed out

again, I know that well enough," growled Tompkins. "But what are we to do?"

This was easier asked than answered. I looked at the windows. No hope there. Only two opened and that but a little piece. There was another door, but that was locked. It was quite clear there was no way out until some one came and opened the door.

After we had finished our inspection of the building we came back to the door and stood looking at each other.

"What a fellow you were not to take any notice of that noise!" grumbled Tompkins. "It must have been the sexton locking the place up."

"Why, I never heard any noise!" I answered, not in the best of tempers.

"And then as you saw the keys were there, why didn't you take them out and put them inside?" persisted Tompkins.

"I like that!" I retorted hotly. "Why didn't you think of it too? It was as much your business as mine."

"Hardly. It was you who declared the keys were here. It was you who knew where the church was. When I saw you knew so much about it I just let things slide."

This was too bad. I became so indignant that I refused to speak to him, and walked off to the other end of the church.

Tompkins began to kick the door. The sudden noise made me jump. Presently it became unbearable.

"Oh! shut up! I say, Tompkins. What is the use of making that horrible row!" But Tompkins only continued to go on more furiously than ever. Seeing he was getting into an exasperating mood and that we should only quarrel seriously if I did not take care, a state of affairs which, however much it might relieve the tedium of our waiting, would not facilitate matters greatly, I held my tongue.

After a few minutes Tompkins grew tired of kicking. The sudden silence was almost startling. I suppose we were getting nervous, for he moved away from the door and came up to me.

"This *is* beastly," he said, with more force than elegance.

It was. There was every prospect of our being locked up here until they cleaned the church again. The miserable part of it was that there really was nothing to be done. The afternoon was fading into evening. We had no watch and there did not seem to be a church clock, so we had no means of telling the time.

"I say, it's getting dark!" Tompkins's voice had lost its grumbling, defiant tone. He was getting anxious.

"I wonder what they will do when they find we don't come back?" I said.

"Ah! Think we've run away, I suppose," he growled in reply.

"That's our only hope. You see, 'Toby' knows where we've gone, and they are sure to send after us."

"What a row there'll be! I don't half like it."

"But we can't help it," I said philosophically. It was certainly a queer predicament, and what was almost worse than the ridiculous nature of our position, was the dreary ghostliness of our captivity.

The sun was now setting. We could tell that by the red tint on the tree-tops outside. The interior of the church itself was in shadow, as the copse sheltered it from the west.

Tompkins's unfinished rubbing lay on the tombstone. The black face of the knight marked out in white lines stared at us in grim indistinctness as the grey shadows of evening fell over the interior. A chilly damp seemed to exhale from the stone pavement.

Tompkins shivered, and again uttered his forcible remark as to the unpleasantness of the situation. We were getting hungry besides.

"I can't think why that idiot didn't open the church door, or where he could have got to when we came," I said, trying to turn our thoughts from the creepy present to the practical past.

But it was no use. Tompkins refused to speculate. He also declined to talk, and sat down on one of the hassocks which we had put on the brass to keep the paper down. As his eye fell on the now nearly invisible black face, he suddenly gave a start. At any age fear is contagious, but in our situation and at our age especially (we were only twelve and thirteen respectively) was this the case. I had besides a singularly vivid imagination, delighting in hair-raising stories of the gruesome and creepy order.

The cry and the start echoing in the solemn silence of the darkening church made me jump. "What is it, Tompkins?" I gasped.

"Didn't you see? His face moved," he replied in a terrified tone, his teeth chattering so that he could hardly form the words.

"Stuff!" I replied, assuming an air of scoffing contempt I was far from feeling.

"But it did—ah look!" and he jumped up and seized my arm, as a rustling seemed to come down the church and the black face with white staring eyes rose off the ground and then fell back. A cold shiver ran down my back; that curious and far from pleasant sensation known by the name of "goose's flesh" crept over me; but I said, putting on as convinced an air as I could:

"It's the wind, I think; it makes the paper rustle."

Tompkins said nothing, but I could feel him trembling. Now nothing acts on the nerves of another so much as the palpably evinced fear of a companion. If the outward symbols are so strong, there surely must be conviction, and if the absolute belief of another is so visible it goes far to inducing belief in an open mind. My teeth, I felt, were chattering too.

"It—is—the—wind," I said as well as my shivering would let me. "You—can—hear—it—outside."

It was now so dark we could not make out any objects in the church. The east window consisted of three narrow lancet-lights heavily leaded, and rendered darker still by a large yew-tree which grew directly behind it. The other windows were mere white shadows; all else was dim, vague obscurity; only on the tombstone the half-covered white paper still showed a black patch, the shadowy resemblance of a figure.

To divert our thought, and also to do something, I stooped down and rolled up the paper; my own roll was fastened up and left in a pew near the door. Then I sat down in the pew nearest the pulpit, under which Tompkins was standing.

All the blood-curdling stories I had ever read came back with vivid reality as I sat in the silence and darkness. Dreadful tales of rash men making wagers to go into haunted churchyards, or worse still, vaults, and being held by invisible hands. And here we were, an actual vault at our feet, graves all round us, and the damp mouldy air of the ancient building enveloping us. There was a wind getting up. The door rattled, and the glass clinked in the leaded lights, and occasionally gave out a curious hollow sound as it was blown by the wind against the cross-bar which kept the lead in its place.

"Oh!" cried Tompkins suddenly in terror, and this time I jumped up too, frightened beyond all control. A sharp swishing sound, or rather like the sudden rustling of drapery being brushed against some obstacle, broke on the silence behind us. I turned round aghast, expecting to see a white figure approaching up the nave, my hair standing on end, and feeling buckets of icy water running down my back. Tompkins had again seized me by the arm.

Nothing was visible behind us, only the dim pallor of the west window; but the rustling sounded suddenly again in fitful periods, and the door rattled and creaked and the windows clinked out of the darkness around.

"It is rain," I said at last, recovering my senses.

But Tompkins would not be convinced. No rain ever sounded like that. Yet rain it was; we could now hear it trickling down the stack-pipes and dripping on the stones outside.

The reaction from the absolute terror we both were in drove away all our fear. Our nerves were acted upon in another way. We became reckless. We forgot where we were. I proposed we should run up and down the nave to keep ourselves warm. The noise we made cheered us up. We were scampering back for about the tenth time towards the east end, when we both stopped. A ray of light was falling upon a white marble tablet on the north-east wall. Again all our terror came back. The spot of light flickered over the writing and finally settled down exactly on a level with the door, only opposite to it; at the same time we heard a gruff voice and steps outside.

"You'll zoon know now, zurr, if these scamps be 'ere," we could hear the gruff voice saying as a key turned in the lock. In another minute the door opened, a flood of light fell over the pew-backs, and we saw, as our dazzled eyes recovered their sight, the anxious face of the Rev. Mr. Belcher (the "Toby" of our irreverent school *patois*) and a grey rugged head surmounted by a greasy, rough "chimney-pot," under which two bleared eyes were peering into the darkness.

The joy and relief were almost mutual. Excellent "Toby" quickly understood our situation. The sexton confirmed it. He had been called away from the church by his grandchild in a hurry and had forgotten the keys in the flurry of the interruption, for it was to attend his pig under delicate circumstances, and the worthy old man considered under such conditions no blame could attach to him. "If it 'ad been any one else now there might a-been zummut to zay," he concluded, quite proud of his proper feeling. He had sent his grandchild back for the keys as soon as he found he had left them behind, and so we were locked in.

It did not take us long getting down the road. There we found a fly waiting, and in an hour more we were sitting before a fire in the Matron's room, eating a hearty tea. It was past ten o'clock. The kind-hearted master made it all right for us. The accident was so simple and natural that we were not punished at all, only our brass-collecting mania received a shock for a time and we could only pursue it in the holidays. In fact, I don't believe Tompkins ever took another rubbing. As for me, however, I went on collecting, and formed a very useful series of the best illustrations of armour, lay and ecclesiastical dress, and architecture from the 13th to the 17th century, which could be obtained at so little cost and of so genuine a character.

I hope the excellent editor of the "B. O. P.," who knows so well how to provide the adventurous and instructive, will allow me some day further space to tell where the most beautiful specimens of brasses are to be found, as well as what scenery, adventures, and accommodation may be met with in the pursuit of them. Only remember, *never forget the key!*



"The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold."—(*Drawn by* Louis Wain.)

AN IDYL.

By Fred Edmonds,

Author of "Lays of School Life," etc.

Now gently dawns another day,
The night has wandered far away,
The sun is up aloft.
I feel particularly spry,
The weather too is warm and dry,
It makes the butter soft.

My heart within me warbles free,
Oh, what a blessed thing to be
Released from daily toil!
The doctor says I'm here to stay
And idle every hour away,
And take cod liver oil.

I love to roam a radiant field,
Where buttercups and daisies yield
Their blossoms fresh and gay.
I love to watch the placid cow
That wears upon its pensive brow
A wisp or two of hay.

Behold the bird that soars on high,
And whistles love-songs in the sky,
Oh, isn't it a lark?
See yonder a majestic crow;
'Tis black—a colour, as you know,
Particularly dark.

How balmy is the summer breeze!
I gaze upon the sun, and sneeze
From sheer excess of light.
Athwart the broad expanse of blue
I chase the clouds, a fleecy crew,
With eagle-winged sight.

Now, shall I stroll along the lane,
To where the maiden Mary Jane
Is breakfasting the pigs?
Or, haply, go a step beyond,
To view the willow, in the pond
A-moistening its twigs?

A copper shall decide, and so
I send it spinning skyward. Oh,
This really *is* a sell!
The penny seeks a nettle-bed,
And whether it is tail or head
It puzzles me to tell.

No matter, let the porkers wait,
I boldly push the swinging gate
Despite a dismal creak;
And waddle through the lengthy grass
That challenges my right to pass,
Protesting, so to speak.

And truly this is past a joke,
The lovely dews of morning soak
Through buskin and through sock.
When I return, my feet I'll lave
In water boiling hot, to save
My system from a shock.

Oh bother, here's a world of mud!
It makes me chew the bitter cud
Of penitent remorse.
I should not have gone out so soon,
But waited till the afternoon
To choose a cleaner course.

Well, here's the pond, a dirty duck,
And, what may prove a slice of luck,
A plank to yonder isle.
A happy thought! From trouble free,
Beneath the weeping willow-tree
I'll sit me down and smile.

But no, it's very much too damp,
I certainly should get the cramp,
And probably the croup.
Why don't they keep this water clean,
And make it fitter to be seen?
It's thicker than pea-soup.

I cross the plank with wary tread
And land—oh, oh, upon my head!
And wallow in the mud.
Oh mercy, mercy, who would choose
To slip amid the slimy ooze?
It nips me in the bud.

Bedraggled, let me homeward stray,
And hide my misery away
Where none can gibe and scoff.
The sun shoots forth derisive beams,
And life's a failure, so it seems.
Good-bye, for I am off!

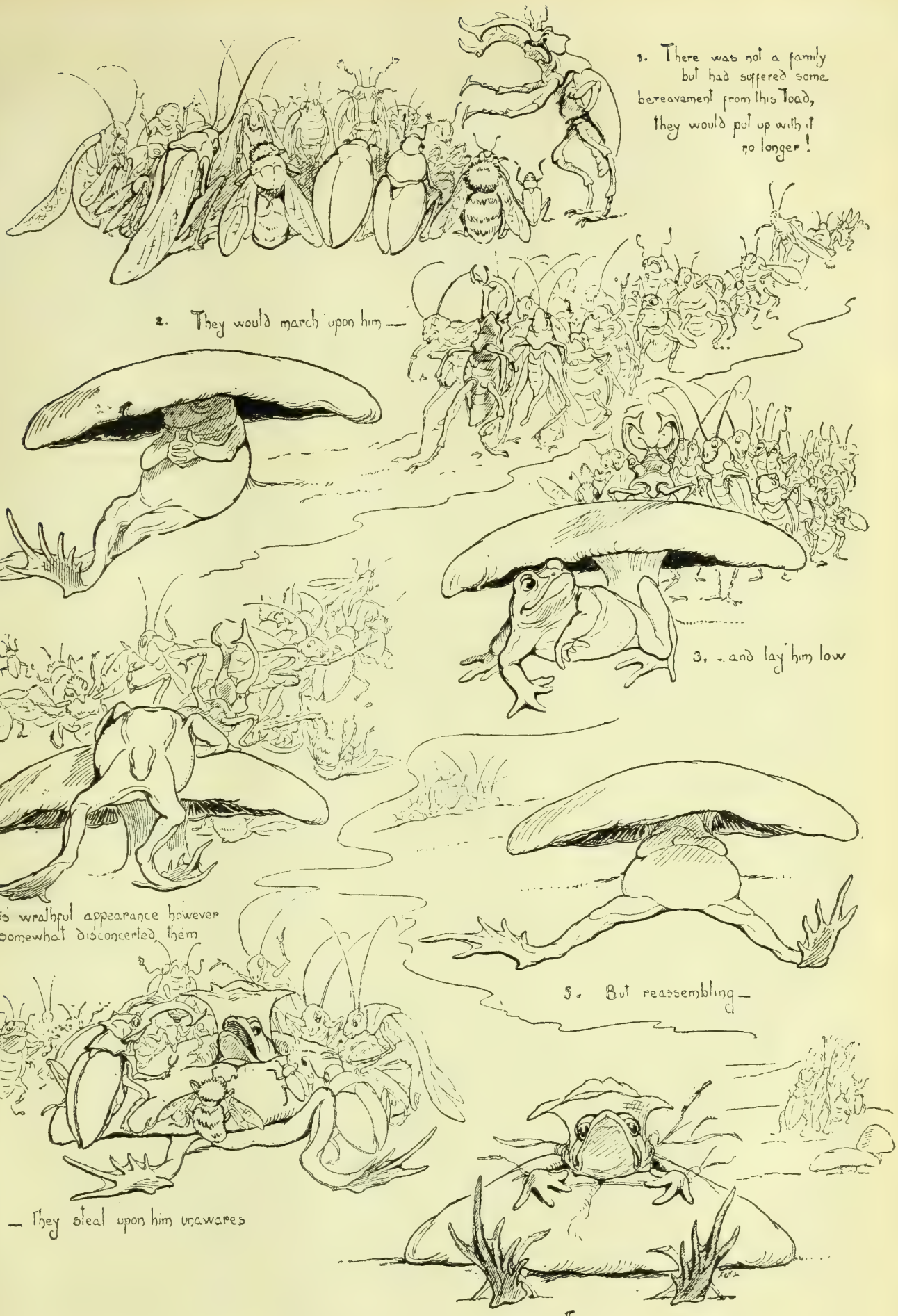
A BAD SHOT.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "My Adventure in the Atlas Mountains," "A Knight of the Blue Ribbon," etc.

Never shall I forget my early days as a subaltern in India, while as yet its glowing skies and sun-baked plains were all a wonder to me. The long years that followed I remember rather as a drowsy dream, much disturbed by insects, dust, perspiration and prickly heat; but clearly stamped into my memory are the first P. & O. voyage with its varied trials of the Bay of Biscay and the Red Sea, the first landing among swarthy, unfamiliar faces, my first restless night behind mosquito curtains, my first native servant, that old humbug, Mhadoo, who grew so fat with eating his head off at my expense, my first touch of fever, and my first fit of home-sickness, lasting, off and on, through two or three hot seasons. Among the most vivid of these recollections, naturally, stands out my first adventure.

I had joined a detachment of my regiment at an up-country station in Gujerat, making one of a small knot of brother officers who found much ado not to bore one another in our many idle hours. Our great resource was sport, welcome alleviation of sweltering parades



The Tyrant Toad; or, Unity is Strength.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* J. A. SHEPHERD.)

and dull dinner parties, when a youngster like myself could afford to keep a horse "of sorts," as they say in India, and might go out shooting as often as he got leave and leisure. Even the privates would have a gun among half a dozen of them, to indulge that passion for killing something with which Englishmen are reproached.

Unfortunately, our sporting tastes by no means recommended themselves to the natives. The Hindoo religion, it is well known, has cherished the virtue of humanity to animals out of all proportion, the lives of certain creatures being held especially sacred. Those same monsters who wrought such fiendish atrocities on English women and children in the Mutiny, would shudder at the thought of killing a cow. A devout Brahmin, to whom common truth and honesty are mere folly, may be seen feeding a mortally injured bullock, prolonging its agonies rather than incur the guilt of putting the poor beast out of pain. Now Gujerat is a stronghold of the Jains, a sect who carry this respect for life to so absurd an extent that some of them go about with a muslin cloth over their mouths for fear of accidentally swallowing any insect. Such scrupulous believers, who thus strain at a gnat while ready to gulp down a good many moral camels, must be ignorant of the microscope, or they durst not drink a drop of water. They object on principle to killing a flea as much as a snake. The trees and fields swarm with fat monkeys which your orthodox native makes a point of feeding, and would let all his mangoes be eaten up rather than resist their mischievous depredations by violence. Sometimes, the more worldly-minded may put a man on watch to *hoo* them civilly away from the fruit crops; but it seems shocking to kill a monkey in a land where so many of the people are half starved from the day of their birth!

These superstitious country folk, then, looked very much askance on our favourite pastime, with some such feelings as we should have in England if a conquering race were to amuse themselves before our scowling faces by abusing women or tormenting children. We, on the other hand, treated their prejudices with lordly disdain. And if the sahibs were not always considerate enough, you may imagine how the private soldiers sometimes behaved on their sporting excursions. Tommy Atkins has virtues of his own, but delicacy of feeling is not one of them; and in his insolent contempt for "niggers," he is apt to outdo the bad example too often set him by his betters. The result of this was continual stirring up of ill blood between the soldiers and the villagers, even though none but good-conduct men got leave to go shooting. And it so happened, the first day that I went out alone, or rather accompanied only by a native shekarry, who knew about as much English as I knew of Hindustani, bad luck directed me unawares to a place where the grudge of one such recent quarrel was still fresh.

Starting early in the morning, I walked several miles over the sandy plain, that at this season presented a curious mixture of spring and autumn hues. The ground underfoot showed nothing but dead leaves and tufts of bleached grass, hardly distinguishable among a thick carpet of dust, while the trees, striking their roots into water beneath, began to put out tender leaves and blossoms in promise of the transformation soon to be wrought by summer rains over this arid soil. By-and-by, I came to a patch of thin scrubby jungle, dotted with gnarled trunks, where I could almost have imagined myself on one of the Surrey commons, but for the fierce sun to remind me that it was no joke walking in an Indian May morning. How lovely would a heathery pine copse or even a damp turnip field have appeared in my eyes, thirsty for any patch of wholesome green!

I was pottering about here, looking out for a hare, when, with a screech and a whirr like the explosion of a rocket, there rose right before me a magnificent peacock. Up went my gun, for at first I thought I had to do with some wild monster; then, seeing what it was, I yet gave way to an excited impulse, and fired at the peacock, but missed it.

"Master no shoot!" cried the shekarry at my side, too late.

I did not need his warning to feel sorry next moment for what I had done in my flurry. Not only was it silly and unsportsmanlike to shoot at a harmless animal through boyish itch for slaughter, but I remembered what dire offence would have been given to the natives by the killing of this bird, one of those they treated with peculiar reverence. I was, then, half-satisfied and half-disgusted to have made such a bad miss.

Not a miss, though, after all! For, though the peacock fluttered away unhurt, its indignant screeching was mingled with a plaintive bleat, and I saw a lean calf scampering along with its tail in the air, breaking out of the cover in which some of the stray shot must have reached it. I burst out laughing, partly at the ludicrously frantic haste in which it fled from me, and partly at my own clumsiness. I fear I was not over considerate in those days of the sufferings of animals.

"Glad there was no other fellow to see that bad shot! It would be, 'Who shot the cow?' every time I showed my face at mess," said I to myself, as I put in a fresh cartridge, making no account of the shekarry, for one soon falls into the way of thinking as little of a native as of a cat or a dog watching you.

He did not laugh. Rather he looked very glum over my feat of arms; nor was his the only eye that had marked it. From behind the bushes, where the calf had been grazing in the way of my random shot, rose an ugly copper face beneath a dark pink turban, turned upon me with evident disapproval. When I looked at him as if to ask what business it might be of his, the head ducked out of sight, and I heard a scuffling of feet through the underwood, then presently a loud jabbering of voices not far off.

"Niggers angry—Master coming away—no good calf kill," suggested my prudent henchman; but I hardly understood his bad English, and still less paid attention to it.

I had certainly meant no harm to the poor calf, and, considering the distance from which I had peppered it, and the pace at which it ran away, I did not suppose it could be much hurt, so I gave myself no more concern till, in beating about the underwood, I became aware that my copper-coloured friend had turned up again like a bad penny. Joined now by several other natives, he seemed disposed to dog me behind the bushes, where from time to time I caught sight of their scowling countenances and heard them talking angrily as if working up their courage to advance into the open.

This was rather disquieting. I could guess that they must have taken offence at my accidental shooting of their calf; but my ignorance of the language, as well as that contempt for natives affected by young Englishmen in India, stood in the way of my offering any explanation, and I strolled on, feigning to pay no attention to my uninvited escort, whose numbers appeared to be increasing every minute, as they stole closer and closer with less care to hide themselves. Presently matters began to look serious. Into a sandy glade came forth some score of half-naked forms, armed with cudgels, evidently meaning to bar my passage. One of them, indeed, was almost quite naked, a fakir or holy man of some sort, smeared with ashes from head to foot, disgusting figure that boded no good to me as a despiser of Brahminical precepts; but this fanatic by profession looked too fat and sleepy to be very dangerous. They were led on by the ugly fellow with the pink turban, who excitedly accosted me in his unknown tongue, from which I could only gather that the remarks were intended to be uncomplimentary.

"What's the matter with them? Ask them what they want!" I cried to the shekarry, who with a frightened look was making humble obeisance to the fakir. "Tell them I am sorry about hurting the calf, but it was an accident. They can have four annas apiece, if that will satisfy them."

"Bad men—no good—master run away!" was his answer.

Run away, indeed, before a parcel of natives! My dignity as a British soldier of six months' standing forbade me to do anything of the kind; yet I confess I would willingly have seen the way to a discreet and honourable retreat. I had my gun, of course, but durst not use it except in extremity; and the shekarry did not seem disposed to stand by me against this gesticulating crew, who grew bolder as I stood irresolute. So plainly threatening were their demonstrations, that I thought well to edge towards a tree. No sooner had I got my back against it than *whack* came a stick, striking the trunk just above my head; then the fakir threw another that caught me on the arm, while, encouraging themselves with hideous howls, the whole band moved forward to close upon me under cover of their missiles.

This would never do. I wasn't going to stand here and be made a cock-shy of in this painfully humiliating fashion by a set of fellows such as I had been accustomed to see cringing out of the path of the youngest sahib. So I strode masterfully forwards towards them, assuming a confidence I by no means felt, and calling on the shekarry to follow me, but he now fairly took to his heels. I had not made two steps before a stick, thrown from behind, knocked my pith helmet over my eyes, and a shower of blows rained upon me from every side. Staggering blindly,

I felt the gun wrenched out of my hand and a rope flung round my neck, by which next moment I was pulled down sprawling into the dust, bruised and stunned, with the whole exulting band on the top of me.

I gave myself up for lost, expecting nothing less than to be torn to pieces; and indeed, they fell upon me with such fury, that for a few minutes I became unconscious. Presently I was aware of them tying me up with a rope, too exhausted and bewildered to resist; then again my head spun round, and I hardly knew what happened, till I recovered my dazed senses to find myself tightly bound against the trunk of a tree, so that I could not move a limb. In this helpless position I was at least alone, my assailants having disappeared, as the cowardly shekarry had done from the first.

Sore and stiff as I felt all over, I thought light of bodily injuries in comparison with the shame of having been so handled by these insolent rascals. My blood boiled at the recollection, then almost froze as I considered my present pitiful plight. How could I tell what they meant to do with me? They might yet return in larger numbers and stir one another up to the point of taking my life, a miserable cutting short of a career which I had dreamed of as ending in a field-marshal's baton, or a major-generalship at least.

It was bad enough if they had left me here on the slender chance of some one passing to release me. My hat was gone, my flannel jacket torn off my back, my shirt in tatters. The heat would soon grow unbearable to a European unseasoned in this climate. As yet, the scanty foliage of the tree partly sheltered my head; but, after an hour or so, the sun would be beating down upon me in full force. As with horror I watched the lessening patch of shade which still protected me from sunstroke, there came into my mind that grim story of an iron prison closing by imperceptible degrees round its doomed victim. Did the wretches mean to abandon me to a death of slow torture?

I struggled wildly to break loose, but each vain effort only showed my helplessness and weakness. I was trembling in every limb; my temples throbbed feverishly; but for the ropes that bound me, I felt I must have fallen to the ground. I had scarcely strength to shake off the pestering flies that swarmed round my face, damp with perspiration, begrimed with dust and blood. When I shut my eyes, it seemed as if I were fainting away. Opening them, I imagined I could see the broken shadow visibly shrinking about me. Thirst already tormented me, and what would it be after hours of scorching exposure? Once the sun touched my bare head, how could I not go mad! I was half mad now from suffering and rage.

A sound like thunder made me look up in consternation, when every sound was startling, magnified by my excited senses. Then I remembered that the newly opened railway ran close here, and tried to laugh at myself for thinking of an earthquake. A train was coming; through the thin jungle I saw it rush by, not two hundred yards off, and caught glimpses of the carriage windows crowded with passengers, little guessing what eager gaze watched them out of sight. I shouted as loud as I could, but my cries were drowned in the rattle of the heavy train. Was it not maddening to think that some fellow-countryman might have spied me through the tree and given only a moment's lazy wonder to this strange spectacle? At that distance, and in my sorry state of dirt and tatters, I might well fail to be recognised for a European.

"Help! Help!" I feebly cried, to be answered, as if in mockery, by a harsh screech from the engine; and I confess that bitter tears came when I saw myself thus abandoned to torment, with aid a moment before so near at hand yet so far beyond reach.

Once more stillness fell upon the jungle, broken only by the crackling movements of birds and lizards among the dry twigs, the ceaseless hum of insects, and my own panting gasps for breath in the sultry air. I had called out several times, but no one appeared in reply. I tried in vain to sleep, at least to keep quiet and grow cool, till another noise set my heart fluttering afresh—a swish and a bounding among the underwood close by. I expected nothing else than to see a panther leap forth to seize me for his helpless prey; but it was only a sneaking jackal that stole out, and at the first glimpse of a man made off again into hiding with cowardly haste. It was soon followed by a troop of huge monkeys, grinning and chattering about me like fiends, and shambling away on all fours only when they had stared their fill, as if I were a show in some strange menagerie. Then came a pretty striped squirrel that stood for a moment to regard me with what seemed pity rather than curiosity, but darted into a bush when I gave a groan of despair.

I could not shake off my fear of fiercer beasts. I had panthers on the brain, for it was only two nights past that a dog had been carried off from the verandah of a bungalow where I was dining; and with the shrieks of the poor creature still fresh in memory, I shuddered now at the slightest rustle of a twig. Indeed, my imagination grew fevered to the point of fancying a bugbear in every motionless branch or flickering shadow. And always the patch of shade in which I stood kept melting away; the sun began to pour his rays upon my uncovered head that seemed to be all on fire, while there was no more feeling in my limbs, swollen and numbed by the cords cutting tightly into the flesh. My tongue was like iron in my mouth. I could no longer cry out, but with faint moanings implored the help of heaven, before I should go mad.

How many hours—ages!—I remained thus in passive torture, I could not tell. It came to be a broken delirium, in which I no longer knew clearly whether I were alive or dead. Again and again I sank off into a kind of stupor, troubled by dim visions of green English meadows and rippling waters and the shady lanes of my far-off home; then with a start I would once more become sickly conscious of the burning sand and sky about me. In these more lucid intervals I tried to man myself to endure, to prepare my mind for death; but I could fix my thoughts on nothing but that passage of the Bible which describes a lost soul beseeching one drop of water to cool his ceaseless thirst.

At last, as in a dream, I heard the thud of hastily approaching hoofs, which to me seemed the jungle becoming alive with tigers. I was too far gone now for hope or fear. I closed my eyes in blank stupefaction, but opened them languidly at the sound of a familiar voice—our surgeon's.

"Not dead yet—thank God!"

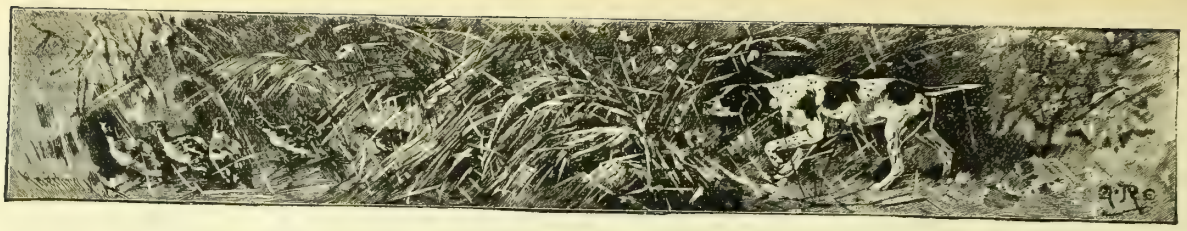
Still as one dreaming, I saw half a dozen of my comrades flinging themselves from their horses and rushing forward to release me. The sight gave me strength to murmur a few incoherent words of thanks. But when they cut the ropes, I fell forward into their arms in a dead faint, and was carried home, prostrated for days to come by sunstroke and fever.

The fugitive shekarry had not been so faithless after all, for he had run straight to the cantonment with news that did not lose in telling; indeed he gave me out as dead. He found three or four of our fellows in the mess-room, who only waited to fetch the doctor, then came galloping across country to look after me. Later on arrived a party of soldiers and policemen to call those audacious villagers to account for having so handled a British officer. But their hearts had already failed them; the village was deserted, its inhabitants having fled into an outlying bit of the Guicowar of Baroda's territory.

In time several of them were captured, tried and punished on my reluctant evidence. I did not much care, of course, to have their humiliating treatment of me made public; and on reflection I was sorry for having given cause of offence to their religious prejudices—by such a bad shot too! Fanaticism is an ugly thing, but it would perhaps be well if all we English were as carefully attentive to the duties of our religion as these Hindoos are about their superstitions, even when run to seed.

The first day I was able to go out, I chanced to meet that pink-turbaned hero who had acted the ringleader in attacking me with the odds of twenty to one on his side. Three sepoys were escorting him to prison, handcuffed and led by a rope as a desperate character, which he was far from appearing now. He looked indeed so abject and downcast, that I wondered how I had ever thought him ferocious. The poor fellow salaamed humbly to me, with a sidelong glance as if imploring pardon; and I could not but pity him now that it was his turn to be a helpless prisoner. His case was a bad one, for he turned out to be a runaway sepoy, who had enlisted in our army merely to support his mother and sister, but deserted when they both died of cholera. This man, though necessity drove him to eat our salt, belonged to an old Mahratta family, and had never got over his hereditary hatred of the white conquerors, to which and to my own recklessness I had very nearly owed a miserable fate.

Other men have stories to tell of thrilling escapes from tigers or elephants; but few Nimrods have fallen into greater danger than I did in accidentally shooting a poor calf.



HINTS FOR A WALKING TOUR.

By an old Harrow Boy.

There are few better or more enjoyable ways for our boys to spend at least a portion of their summer holidays than in taking a walking tour. Better, because the very mode of progression, walking, brings their muscles into play, and works off the deleterious humours and ailments contracted and gradually gathered by months of *quasi* confinement in offices and warehouses amid the fumes of gas and the exhausted atmosphere of the city; and because the almost entirely outdoor life lived while the tour is in progress serves to renew the flagging energies, and lays up a store of health and vigour to be drawn on when work recommences. And enjoyable, because of the novelty of the proceeding, the fun and adventures that continually present themselves, and the beauties of nature that form an ever changing series of pictures to the eyes, never remaining sufficiently long for you to grow weary of them. Some of my happiest holidays have been spent in this way, and I have thought that the experience I have thus gained may be of use to others to whom the idea of a roving life on shanks's mare for a fortnight or three weeks may present temptations. It is with this idea that I have jotted down under various headings the hints and suggestions that have occurred to me from time to time.

Where to go.

This question depends in a great measure on what you intend to spend. If money is no object to you, then I say get as far away from home as possible, and have a thorough change in scenery, ways of life, language, feeding, and everything; but unless the *genus* boy has altered greatly since my time, money means a good deal, and distant foreign tours are out of the question; not that the rate of living is higher abroad, but the railway and steamboat journey that must be taken before arriving at the happy hunting-grounds makes too great a hole in the capital. Therefore I will put these on one side, and confine myself to those which do not entail so great preliminary expenses.

There are many people who seem quite satisfied with a tour through some of the Home Counties, in Surrey, Hampshire, Kent, and Sussex; and no doubt these will furnish much fun and enjoyment, but I do not care for them. I hold that half the enjoyment of a tour lies in the thorough change, and this you do not get in the counties I have named. I am presuming you live in or near London. You have probably seen the kind of scenery they afford when passing through them in the train, and beyond the actual pleasure in the walking you will find little that is new. A tour through them is a very humdrum, matter-of-fact proceeding, and you may get as much fun by going out by train and taking a walk on a Saturday half-holiday. No. I say go farther afield—Cornwall, Derbyshire, Scotland, or, best of all, the Lakes.

In all these places you will find real hills to climb worthy your metal, mountains to ascend, moors to lose yourselves on, streams to ford or get over somehow, and resting-places for the night to discover. A spice of uncertainty and danger adds wonderfully to an English boy's idea of fun; and if he sticks to the Home Counties he won't find it. They are too *respectable*, and *correct*. He will start one morning and walk along a well-kept turnpike road until he comes to a village (he knows to a fraction how far it is off); there he has his lunch on a correctly laid table, and proceeds again, still along the road, till he comes to his halting-place for the night, where he again finds everything as formal and sedate as if he were in town.

But let him get into the wilds and what happens? He intends making for some village across the moor or over the spur of some mountain, and off he sets, probably, boylike, without gaining sufficient directions. What does he care! The time is his own, it will be all right. Away he goes, and after walking the whole morning finds he has missed his way, and that his chances of lunch are very remote, until he tumbles across a shepherd's cottage, where the good wife does her best for the stranger, and on milk, oatmeal cake, butter, and cheese he makes a meal which in his healthy hunger he feels is fit for a king; and best of all, at the cost of only a few pence. On he goes again, and probably loses himself once more, turning up at night at a totally different village from that he was aiming for, but feeling none the worse for his long tramp, and not at all ashamed of being such a duffer as to lose his way; and I'll be bound he has done himself more good than walking along a high-road from one village to another, as he would have done if he had stuck to the Home Counties.

A capital start for a tour in Scotland is to go by train to the borderland, and then walk right over the Cheviots into (not "the land o' the leal," as Mr. Gladstone once erroneously termed it), but the lowlands. I did it one summer, and never shall I forget the view that greeted my sight as I gained the crown of the watershed. It is a stiff climb up on the English side, and a good long walk, but the mountain air invigorates you, and you think very little of it. And once in Scotland there are several ruined abbeys you can take a look at before mounting the train and hurrying north to Edinboro', and then further north-west to the Trossachs, where you can begin your walking tour in earnest; making your way up to Oban and thence across Scotland to Killiecrankie and Blair Athol. But this might be too extended a tour for some. The spot of all others for a fortnight's tramp is the Lake District, providing the weather is fine. All the different views and points of interest lie in a comparatively small space, and if you are up to sixteen to twenty miles a day, and are not afraid of mountain climbing, you can visit them all in two weeks without troubling a single conveyance, save steamers or boats.

The following is as good a tour as you can have in the time. We'll say you arrive at Windermere early in the morning after a night's journey. That afternoon take the steamer down the lake to Lakeside and back. Next morning cross the lake by boat, and walk past Hawkshead to Coniston; ascend Coniston Old Man that afternoon. Next day to Ambleside. Next day over the Kirkstone pass to Ulleswater and Patterdale. Next day up Helvellyn, descending the other side to Grasmere. Next day over the hills on the west side of the lake to Keswick, passing Lodore on the way. Next day ascend Skiddaw, and rest. Next day through Borrowdale to Buttermere. Next day visit Scaleforce, and then over the Black Sail Gap to Wastwater. Next day ascend Scawfell pikes, and Scawfell, and past the Langdale pikes to Dungeon Ghill. Next day through Rydale back to Windermere. Thence train home. I have omitted to mention Sundays, because I do not know on what day you may commence your excursion; but take my advice and *rest* on Sundays; apart from other considerations, you will find you require that break each week.

Cornwall will also provide you with wild rocky scenery, and at the same time sea air; but some people find the climate too relaxing for enjoyment.

I have made no mention of North Wales, but you will find it an excellent playground for a *walking* tour—and there are many other districts having good claims on your attention, so that really you have only to pick and choose which spot you will honour.

When you have settled where to go, make out a rough plan of your proposed tour, and in this don't be above asking and taking the advice of those who have travelled over the ground previously. They will be able to give you many a hint which you would only otherwise learn by painful experience.

And while making out your tour don't bind yourselves by hard and fast rules as to each day's progress, for you may find that some places will prove more attractive than others, and you will like to spend more time in them than you had originally intended. On the other hand, you may pass quickly through some where, on paper, you meant to stay for a day or longer.

Whom to go with.

This is a far more important consideration than at first appears to many, and on a judicious selection of a companion or companions much of the enjoyment of your holiday will depend. Choosing your friend is in its way as serious an undertaking as choosing your wife; because during the continuance of the tour he will be your constant companion, and perhaps bedfellow; and if you do not manage to hit it off together your condition will not be enviable. I say *constant* companion, because you will find the condition of things on a tour will be very different from when you are at home and have more than *one* friend to form a little variety. On the tour you two will be among strangers, and will have to depend on each other's society. You may share the same bedroom, you will breakfast together, on the day's walk you will be alone together, you will lunch and dine together, and most likely share the same bedroom again. And this kind of thing day after day, for a fortnight or more, will form a pretty severe test of your friendship. At home, one may be excellent friends with a fellow and seek and enjoy his companionship constantly, but then betweentimes there is a variety, he is not the *only* friend you have as he will be on the tour. You have others you do not like half so well perhaps, but they make a change, and when you come across your particular friend again his companionship is the more pleasant. In the selection of a companion for a walking tour it is well to choose a man whose powers and strength are somewhat on a par with your own. A good strong walker and a weak, delicate semi-invalid would never get on together; the former would irritate and disgust the latter by his untiring activity and energy, and the latter would be a terrible drag on the former, and it is ten to one after a tiff or two there

would be a row royal, and the companionship would come to a speedy termination.

It is as well the companions should have some tastes in common, for while walking there are constant opportunities of conversation, and if there were no mutual subjects of liking the walk would be passed in silence, or else in nagging, which would hardly be pleasant. A comparative stranger often makes an amusing companion on such occasions, because the conversation and views of each will be new to the other, and fresh fields will be opened.

Don't choose an over-particular and *faddy* man, who cannot rough it, one who is unhappy if his boots are not properly blacked, or who must see the London papers every day; and above all have nothing to do with a grumbler; his ill-temper will spoil his own enjoyment, but what is far worse, it will spoil yours as well. Pick out a good-tempered fellow, who makes light of discomforts and difficulties, and who always sees the bright side of things; then, should you chance to get over-tired and done up yourself, and inclined to indulge in "the blues," he will brighten you up, and put a very different complexion on affairs.

Another question is how many of you shall form the party, and I unhesitatingly say two, and after that four. Two is the best, because in the first place there are only two wills to consult, and two views to agree; and in the next, it is an easy number to find accommodation for at the inns where you put up, and this is no slight matter in favourite resorts during the height of the touring season; for, before now, in Scotland, I have had to share a mattress on the floor of the dining-room, and be up at some unearthly hour to allow the maids to come and prepare the room for early breakfast.

Three is a most objectionable number, and there is a good deal of truth in the old saying, "Two is company, three is none." With three there must always be an odd one, who will feel himself *out of it*; one who is in the minority in any discussion; and whether you form the majority or minority it is not a pleasant feeling. With three there is more chance of a disagreement arising as to the route to be followed, and either two go one way, leaving one to go by himself, or else they all three go different ways, as I have noticed is often the case.

With four, although you get over the difficulty of the "odd man out," you have in its place four views to assimilate, and four sets of ideas as to right and wrong to keep in harmony—no easy task I can assure you. The best plan, and the only plan in the case of four, is to appoint one of the party captain, and agree that his word shall be law, and follow it implicitly; but this is a makeshift at the best. Then again, with four you will find the question of accommodation cropping up continually, and many will be the difficulties you will have to encounter.

There are some men who prefer to go alone; and though, of course, there is the advantage of having no one's wishes to consult but their own, it always seemed to me an unsatisfactory proceeding; and, after due experience, I say that two is the best number for a tour.

What to go with.

This depends on the locality visited; but, taking England or Scotland as the scene of your travels, I should say a knapsack, a mackintosh, and a good stout walking-stick, in the shape of luggage, and the clothes you stand up in. The less you take the more freedom and comfort you will have, and the above will be quite sufficient for a fortnight or three weeks. To commence with what you stand up in: your suit should be one of frieze, or homespun, or grey flannel—not too light in colour to show every spot of dirt, and not too dark to display the dust which will gather on it in the course of rough climbing—knickerbockers or trousers according to fancy, but don't wear braces, let your arms and shoulders be free. A flannel or Oxford mat shirt with collar attached, knitted woollen socks, and good, stout, easy, waterproof boots, with very low heels, and heavily nailed. Mind the heels *are* low, for this reason, if they are high and you are walking along a mountain-side when the grass is wet, you will find that the pressure on one side of the boots will stretch the leather on that side, and when they are dry they will be all lopsided, and the remainder of your tour will be discomfort and probably sore feet—the lower the heels the better. For head-covering I have found nothing better than a double-peaked cap made of the same material as the suit; it looks neat, and in case of a hot sun can be pushed back and so protect the nape of the neck, while in rain it shoots the water clear of your shirt-collar, and on the tops of mountains it is not liable to be blown away, and if it is very cold the two ear-flaps can be undone, pulled over the ears, and tied under the chin. Never shall I forget the comfort such an arrangement was to me ascending Mont Blanc at 3 A.M. in a biting wind.

In choosing your stick select one that will not bend, but at the same time is very strong and has a comfortable handle. An oak sapling is what I have always used, and have never found it fail me.

A mackintosh is far better than an umbrella; it protects you more from the rain, it serves as an overcoat if you are cold, and a waterproof sheet if you want to rest on the damp grass. You can don it when you could not keep an umbrella up on account of the wind, and it is very light in weight and straps on to the top of your knapsack. Don't think of taking an umbrella in place of a stick; it is unreliable as far as strength goes, and is not so convenient to walk with.

It is wonderful the amount a well-made knapsack will hold, and how easily it travels on the shoulders after the first few minutes, if properly packed. The best kind are of mackintosh, with a centre or main compartment to hold your heavy things, a flap in which is a deep sack or bag coming over this and fastening at the bottom, and so keeping all rain out, and two separate divisions, one at either end, with covers to them that buckle down, while on the top are two straps in which to fasten your waterproof.

In the centre division I carry an extra suit of dark serge, in case I get wet, and for Sundays, and when I wish to look particularly swell, a night-shirt or two, and one or two flannel shirts, filling up the odd corners with knitted socks. In the sack or bag I put a white shirt, two or three collars, and perhaps another flannel shirt; while in one end division goes a pair of leather slippers with soles thick enough to stand walking about the garden in the evening after I have taken off my heavy boots, and in the other my brush and comb, shaving tackle, and sponge-bag; two pairs of cotton socks for evenings, pocket-handkerchiefs, etc., fill up odd corners. These form a sufficiently heavy load for a long day's tramp, and yet all that is absolutely needful. Some men have a Gladstone bag with extras which they send on from place to place, but I consider it an unnecessary nuisance and expense. In your pockets you should have a reliable watch, a compass, and if you are very scientific, an aneroid barometer, and last, but not least, a flask full of *something*, not necessarily for indulgence, but in case of accident. Some carry a pedometer and opera glasses, but these are luxuries. If you are artistic, a small sketch-book is no bad thing, in which to jot down anything you may see or hear that is curious or interesting, and, if you are wise, you will carry as good a guide-book of the locality as you can procure.

How to go.

Under this head I shall jot down a few final hints that may prove useful.

Some men start walking before breakfast, but in England and Scotland, where the heat is seldom oppressive, I think this a mistake. I prefer, if I *do* get up early and have the chance, to bathe, and then, having laid in a good foundation in the way of breakfast, start off afterwards, but not directly. It is a bad plan to commence walking immediately after a meal; take a rest then, and give your digestion a chance. But, once having set off, I like to keep going, and object to a long halt in the middle of the day for a heavy meal. To avoid this I get them at the hotel to put me up some lunch in the shape of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, and these I enjoy under a rock out of the wind, but in the open air, and then after a rest I set off again. By this means I avoid loss of time, and the drowsiness and laziness which always comes after a heavy feed.

When you commence walking don't set off too fiercely; take it easy for the first half hour, till you get warmed to your work, and then, if you like, gradually quicken up. And the same advice applies to the commencement of your tour. For the first day or two don't try to cover a great length of ground, but give your muscles a chance of hardening, or you run the risk of knocking up, and spoiling your pleasure for some time to come. There is one very objectionable (to me) style of tourist—I mean the fellow whose one object appears to be to beat the guide-book, that is to say, if the book says it will take two hours to cover a certain distance he will try to do it in an hour and a half. For him scenery has no charms, and he cannot afford the time to admire a good view. He must be getting on, and is never satisfied until, watch in hand, he arrives at the end of his walk, and at *table d'hôte* can brag in a loud tone of his pedestrian powers.

Don't try to mount a hill the same pace you go along the level, or you'll pay for it by the time you reach the top. Take matters easily and you will find it answer in the long run. The Swiss guides never hurry up a mountain—they know better!

If you are travelling with a companion keep the rule of "give and take" always before you, and don't expect or try to have it all your own way. It is only by mutual forbearance that the tour can be a success. Never attempt to outwalk or beat your companion; remember you are together for social, not racing purposes.

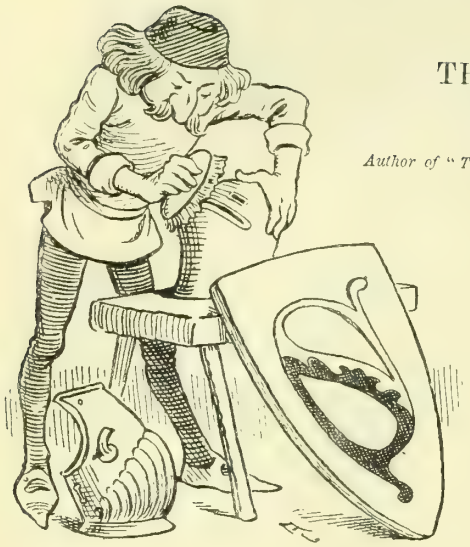
If your feet are beginning to blister or get sore, give up walking at the first opportunity, and rest until recovered, otherwise you will pay dearly. Soaping the feet and socks before commencing the daily tramp is considered a good preventive.

Avoid drinking from the brown-tinged streams that come down from the peat beds.

Be careful to ascertain that your bed is not damp before getting into it, if you would avoid rheumatic fever.

And, lastly, don't behave like cockney 'Arries on your tour, and chaff and insult the natives of the localities you visit. You will find that in many things they will differ from what you have been accustomed to, but that is no reason for concluding that they are wrong, and you right. Such conduct only displays your littlemindedness. And I can assure you there is no necessity in any region you are likely to visit for you to scrawl your name on window-panes, stone-walls, rocks, or ruins. No one will ever miss it.

And now then make out your route, pack your knapsacks, get your boots nailed, and be off—and fine weather and a real good time to you one and all.



THE CHILD OF NECESSITY.

By Somerville Gibney,

Author of "The Tender-hearted Torturer," "A Scena in the Arena," "Pickles," etc.

[*With Illustrations by* A. Chasemore.]

Sir Rupert de Malahide some people deemed
A most fortunate man, while to others it seemed
That Fortune had tempered the warmth of her smile
With a cunning admixture of malice and guile.
Myself, I'd not dare
Either way to declare;
For I take it it's chiefly the reader's affair;
I'll tell you the facts, and then you can decide
What term to his fortunes may best be applied.
A second son he,
In height five foot three,
With a very short purse, but a long pedigree.
His brother, Sir Urse,
Died young, to be terse,
And Rupert came in for his title and purse.
He married, or, p'r'aps 'twould be nearer the truth,
Was married by one past her heyday of youth,—
When I speak of her *hey*day, please do not infer
She'd anything of the grass-widow in her—
She proved—so the world said—an excellent spouse,
And deftly and carefully managed his house.
By the by 'twas a castle, yclept Branksholm Towers,
Replete with keep, dungeon, hall, guard-room, and bowers.
She filled it as well, for, as years speeded on,
She bore him nine girls, and among them one son.
He came number eight,
When it seemed as if fate
Had seen fit to decree that Sir Rupert's estate
Should lack what in those days, as now, is much prized,
An heir in tail male—legal phrase, I'm advised—
He made his *début*
With a hulla-baloo,
And my word! at the Towers there was a to-do!
They cooked oxen whole,
And every poor soul
Who shouted "Hurrah!" was accorded a dole,
That is, he might stuff, and might eat himself ill,
And drink of beer, sack, or megethlin his fill.
The bells they were rung out,
And banners were hung out,
While groats and such like to the villeins were flung out.
In short, the rejoicings to welcome the heir
Were called by "The Times" a stupendous affair;
And the writer, in neatly turned phrases, lamented
That rockets and squibs had not then been invented.
Had they been, he declared, the whole county that night!
Would have basked in a glow as the noonday sun bright.
Meanwhile in the castle the latest arrival
Had really a very hard fight for survival.
His sisters, all seven, alternately nursed him
(The young ones, in doing so, often reversed him).
They fed him, they rocked him, they washed him, they dressed him,
They petted, they fondled, they kissed and caressed him.
In short, had he not been remarkably tough,
He'd have died there and then, for he'd nursing enough
To kill seven babies. And over his name
His seven dear sisters to blows nearly came,
Not to mention his parents, Sir Rupert and wife;
Till the former at length, to conclude all the strife
And the bother, declared that his name should be Hugh;
And they christened him so without further to do.
He lived, but I hardly can say that he thrived
Until by good fortune twin sisters arrived.
As you well may suppose,
A new interest arose,
And quite out of joint was put Master Hugh's nose.
No more did his sisters feed, rock, wash, and dress him,
Nor did they pet, fondle, or kiss, or caress him;
But left him alone,
And the time thus his own
He spent in increasing flesh, muscle, and bone.



And while the sweet twins were nursed, petted, and kissed,
Hugh took a back seat, and was not even missed.
Time passed; and the nine maids continued to grow
In stature and years, but in beauty—Oh, no!
They were one and all plain, and in saying so, I
Have used a weak word out of pure charity.
No doubt they were excellent girls in their way,
But lacking good looks and a dowry, they
Appeared most uncommonly likely to stay
Unwooed and unwedded for many a day.
Years passed, and Sir Rupert began to look blue
When never a gallant approached them to woo.
'Twas a serious thing with nine girls all unwed,
And Sir Rupert grew anxious, and frequently said
That something or other at once must be done
To lessen the number if only by one.
A bright thought at last
Through his worried brain passed,
He eagerly seized on and clung to it fast.
And as the result of this same brilliant thought
The world was agog, when their papers they bought
The following week, to find no small show made
By a lengthy advertisement therein displayed,
Announcing a tournament soon to take place
At Branksholm, by Rupert de Malahide's grace.

"At which may be seen
To your great joy, as Queen
Of Beauty, said Rupert's firstborn, Ebaleen.
Wherefore it is hoped that each true-hearted knight
Will attend in his best, and do battle, and fight,
Since the prize for the victor whom all shall withstand
And flummor, shall be the said Ebaleen's hand."

Imagine the stir this advertisement made.
How it threw all the other events in the shade,
And how, more perhaps where the girls were not known,
There was sharp'ning of weapons on grindstone and hone,
And polishing armour, and training of steeds,
And very big talking of very big deeds
Performed in the saddle, and eke in the lists
By very stout arms, and by very quick wrists.

You see in those days the photographer's art—
In ours so near perfect—had not made a start;



And Miss Evaleen's features were therefore unknown
Except to the neighbours among whom she'd grown;
Had they been—well, no matter,
It's best not to chatter
Of portraits, and such like, unless you can flatter.
At any rate, entrance forms duly made out
Arrived in such bushels, there was not a doubt



The affair would turn out a gigantic success,
And Sir Rupert would be just a daughter the less.

. . . . . .

On the morn of the day
Before that of the fray
Sir Rupert addressed Hugh at breakfast—
"I say,
My boy, you to-morrow must start the Tourney,
And ride the first course with whichever knight may
Be ready——"
"But, Pater, I can't ride, you know,
I'm sure to fall off——"
"Well, and your overthrow
Would give the rest courage——"
"And then I can't fight,
I don't know the cuts and the points——"
"That's all right.
You needn't know them. This is all you've to do,
Just ride and get vanquished, and then. after you
Have broken the ice, it will all go like winking,
With charging, and slashing, and thrusting, and pinking——"
"But then I've no armour, nor even a horse,
The thing is absurd——"
"Now look here, Hugh, of course
I'll find you in everything you may require,
Horse, armour, lance, battle-axe—ay, and a squire;
But you'll ride, my dear boy——"
"Well, but——"
"There, that'll do.
I've said it, and—Oh, there is just one thing, Hugh;
You must not on any account try to win—
If you did by a fluke, what a fix we'd be in!
You at any rate know
That I'm giving this show
On purpose to marry my eldest girl, so
Should you prove the winner
Our ranks won't be thinner,
And we shall sit down the same number to dinner—
You quite understand?"
"Far too well, Pater—" and
Hugh heaved a deep sigh o'er his parent's command—
In truth the poor youth was in no envious plight,
He'd never been taught to ride, tilt, fence, or fight;
He'd never donned armour, or braced on a shield,
And now at the prospect his peaceful brain reeled.
However, he saw there was no getting out of it,
And, try as he might, he'd be killed—not a doubt of it!

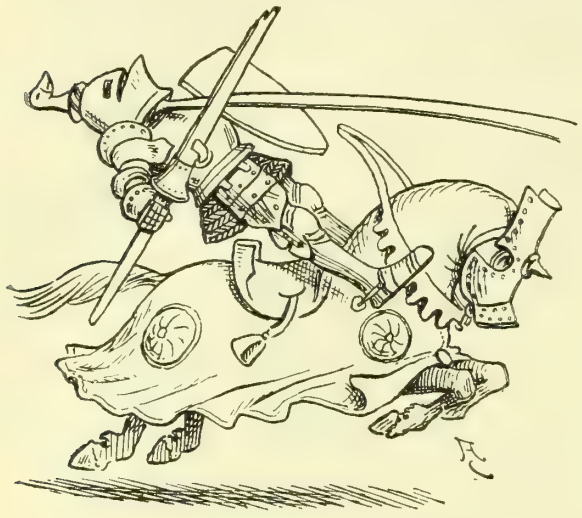
. . . . . .

The Tourney was over, the Knights were all gone,
And the Malahide flock was diminished by one.
For Evaleen now was Dame Evaleen Leigh,
Since Ferdinand Leigh proved the victor to be,
And had borne off his prize
On his steed, pillionwise,
A comfortless method, as I should surmise.



It was set down by all as a flaming success,
That is, all except one—and he did not express
Entire approval; in fact, he declared
The whole thing was *bosh*—a most misapplied word.
That one was poor Hugh, and he had an excuse
For venting his feelings in pungent abuse.
He'd duly obeyed
The commands on him laid,
And had joined, as a knight, in the gay cavalcade.
But the very first course
He took leave of his horse,
And came down on his back with most terrible force.
The lance of his rival had caught him unguarded,
And onward progression had promptly retarded;
And, as though not yet sated, his rival dismounted,
And certainly, ere you had ten quickly counted,

With spiked battle-axe
Had showered down smacks
On Hugh's head, till Hugh's skull was a network of cracks.



He was borne off to bed, and a fortnight he lay
Unconscious and limp, till he came to one day
And faintly inquired *if the earthquake was o'er?*
But from that day he mended, though stiff, bruised, and sore
For a very long time;
Nor could he see rhyme
Or reason in such like sport, then thought sublime.
However Sir Rupert de Malahide's view
Was just the reverse of the one held by Hugh.
He'd settled one daughter—why not settle two?
At present his method was, so to speak, new;
And knights appeared green, and not quick to see through
His dodge, and perceive the whole thing was "a do."
He talked to his wife,
Who was keen as a knife
To get all her daughters provided for life;
And after discussion they fixed on a day
For holding another resplendent Tourney.
His second girl, Rose, was thereat Queen of Beauty,
And knights came in crowds to do battle and duty,
And Rose was borne off as the bride of Sir Gwayn,
And Hugh was borne off to his bed once again;
More smashed than before,
And more stiff, bruised, and sore,
And with far more repugnance to fighting and war.
The third girl, Editha, was also thus wed,
Becoming the spouse of Sir Guy de Hampstead:
While, as usual, Hugh lay a pris'ner in bed,
Most fearfully hurt, and with so cracked a head



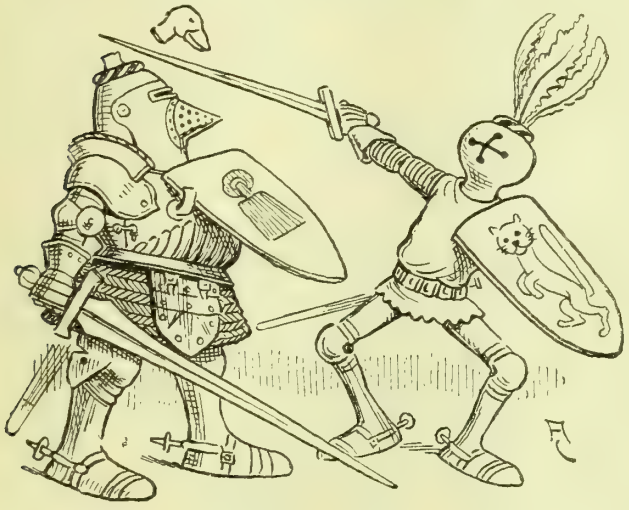
That they bound it up tightly with bandages stout,
For fear the small bits should work loose, and fall out.

And now he perceived that if this thing went on
He'd be dead long before all his sisters were won—
For six still remained,
And a son-in-law gained
By Sir Rupert, meant fresh wounds by Hughey sustained.
He therefore determined he'd straight run away
To London, and there with his Uncle Jack stay.
Now Jack, or more rightly John Green, was the brother
Of Lady de Malahide, Master Hugh's mother—
A merchant-adventurer, rich in renown,
And highly respected throughout London Town.
A dealer in dry-goods—whate'er they may be—
I fancy they're things that come over the sea.
One day in the warehouse Hugh happened to find
A heap of some stuff of a different kind
From any he'd previously seen. It would bend,
Yet spring back again; and to cut it, no end
Of trouble he had; and if thrown on the floor
It would bounce as he'd never known stuff bounce before.
"Ah, ah!" chuckled Hugh,
"This is something quite new,
I fancy a good friend I've found out in you."
And that very same night, when they thought him in bed,
He was up, and experimentising instead—
And this habit erratic
Each night in his attic
He followed, until with a joy quite ecstatic
He found he'd accomplished the end he had aimed at,
And that in a way he need not be ashamed at.
He'd turned out a suit that was soft and yet tough,
And though not very thick, was still quite thick enough
To turn any blow
Which the arm of a foe
Might deal him, and that's saying something, you know.
No stroke could cut through it, but off it would bound,
It was so intensely elastic he found.
The next day at breakfast his Uncle Jack said,
As his hot-buttered toast he with marmalade spread,
"Look here, Hugh, my lad, can you fight?"
"Well, a bit,"
Replied Hugh, most unwilling and loth to commit
Himself more, without
Knowing something about
The matter, which might be one he'd rather scout.
"All right," said his Uncle. "I hear there's to be
A Tournament held in a fortnight at Lee,
Near Blackheath and Eltham, and then it struck me
That I could no just cause or impediment see
Why you should not join in the chivalrous fight."
And, strange as my readers may deem it—"All right,"
Replied Hugh. "But no armour, nor steed have I got."
"That's soon overcome. You just purchase the lot,
And tell them to send me the bills, and I'll pay—"
"A thousand thanks, uncle; no more I've to say,
But when the day comes, on my charger astride,
Your kindness you'll see has not been misapplied."
For the next few days Hugh
Had got plenty to do,
Buying armour, and charger, the latter a screw.
But this did not matter, 'twas best so, indeed,
And he would, if he could, have dispensed with a steed
Altogether, but this custom would not allow.
When his armour arrived, cried his uncle—"Why! How!
What! Which! Where on earth! Well, I never! Look there!
It's a good dozen sizes too large, I declare.
You never can fill it, you must have been dreaming."
"All right, Uncle Jack," said Hugh, all his face beaming,
"It won't be too big, you will see. When I ride
In Tourneys I always am puffed up with pride,
And therefore I have to allow for my swelling.
If I didn't, what then might take place there's no telling."
And the lad's eyelids closed in a terrible wink,
Which his Uncle Jack failed to take note of, I think.
And the armour was up to his bed-chamber borne,
And there it remained till the Tournament morn,
When Hugh without aid
Of page, squire, or maid,
Himself and his suit in it gaily arrayed.
And, closing the vizor, he clanked down the stairs,
And a housemaid, who came on him quite unawares,
Had a very bad fit,
For she'd been in the pit
The evening before, and seen Shakespeare's *Hamlit*,
As she said—and she fancied the ghost he must be
Of Hamlet's papa, who had once more got free.
The lists were prepared, and 'twas Hugh's turn to ride
In a course, so his spurs he with vengeance applied,

And the public beheld the two foemen collide,
And, as usual, Hugh o'er his steed's crupper glide.

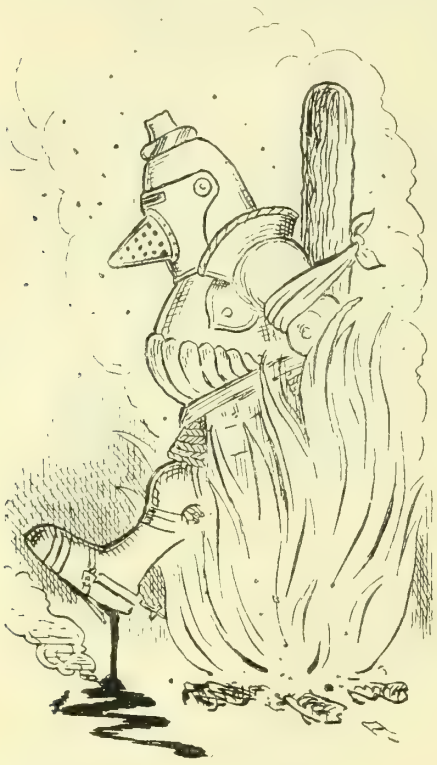


But from this point proceedings were certainly new,
For he'd hardly touched ground before upwards he flew,
Or bounced to his feet,
Nor did he retreat,
But waited quite calmly his rival to meet,
Who quickly dismounted, and, drawing his sword,
The two fell to fighting with hearty accord.
They cut and they hacked,
They slashed, and they whacked,
They dodged, and they parried, rushed in and attacked;
Drew back, and advanced,
Then round about danced,
And once more up close to each other they pranced;
Then at it again,
While the blows fell like rain,
Until you'd have thought they were both of them slain.
But the curious part of the whole thing was this:
That Hugh didn't seem in the least bit amiss;
His armour was dinted, and here and there cracked,
And part of the crest from his helmet was hacked,



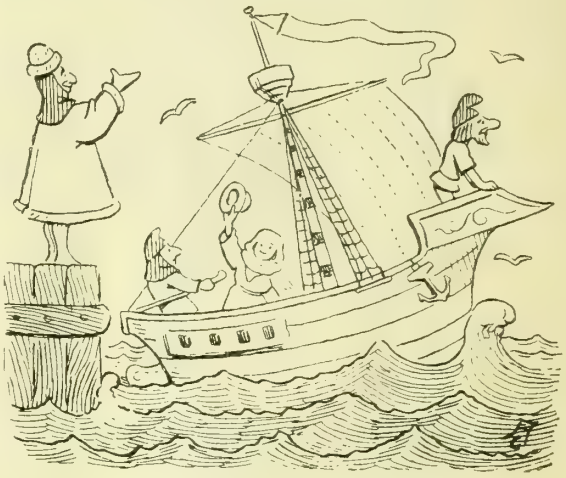
But he, safe inside,
Seemed his foe to deride,
And treated with scorn all the blows he applied.
He strove not to ward them,
He simply ignored them,
And those he received—well, he promptly restored them.
It won't take a wise man to see, such a fray
As this I've described could but end in one way.
And at length Hugh's opponent lay biting the dirt,
While he left the scene of the contest unhurt.
The populace cheered him, but could not make out
How such a surprising result came about.
But Hugh had not done, he had four combats more
With four seasoned knights, e'er the Tourney was o'er—
In each one he acted in just the same way;
And his rivals, unhorsing him, fancied that they
Had the game in their hands, but were awfully sold
On finding that not one of all their blows told,
While his ones were nailers,
And of his assailers
The last one he almost chopped into nine tailors.
This ended the fight,
And with keenest delight
Was Uncle Jack filled, as they rode home that night.
He was proud of the lad, and he put his name down
At once for each Tournament held near to town,
And Hugh came out victor at each one attended,
Until his career was through jealousy ended;
For the knights whom he met, and was constantly beating,
Took council, and carried *nem. con.* at the meeting,
A motion, which straightway they put into practice
The next time Hugh rode in the lists, for the fact is
They yelled at him "Wizard!" and cried that Black Art
Had in his continued success no small part,
And they followed this up with suggestions of roasting,
Or, better still, over a slow fire toasting,
Which, when the crowd heard,
They took up the word,
And the way that they went for poor Hugh was absurd;
For crowds, in those days,
Had most curious ways,
And nothing so pleased them as bonfire displays,
In which fellow-creatures were treated as fuel,
Nor did they appear to regard this as cruel.
At any rate, Hugh was pulled down from his steed,
And, though he protested, was made to proceed
To a spot where a post was fixed firm in the ground,
And there with their girdles and neckties they bound
Him tightly to it,
Not heeding one bit
The assertions he made that he would not submit;
Some others, meanwhile,
Had, in orthodox style,
The broken down lists round him started to pile,
And, taking the hint,
A knight with a flint
And his sword struck a spark, which he caught on some lint
That he had in his pocket as well as some plaster,
In case he might happen to meet with disaster.
He blew at the spark, and it soon was a flame,
And he lighted the pile round poor Hugh with the same.
Now I am not aware if my reader has been
Situated like Hugh; if he has, then I wean
He will readily own it is very poor fun,
Especially when the bonfire has begun—
And Hugh found it so;
When the first gentle glow
That circled his legs began fiercer to grow,
He drew up his feet; when the crowd saw his action
They cheered themselves hoarse, and they yelled to distraction,
"The Wizard!" "He's feeling it now!" "Watch him blaze!"
"Not he!" "He will vanish you'll see from our gaze
In a puff of blue smoke." "Not this time, we have got him
Too tightly triced up." "Vanish! Oh dear no, not him."
Their grammar was fearful, as was Hugh's position,
As each moment brought him more near to ignition.
He pulled up his legs like a cat on hot bricks,
To cool them by aid of some furious kicks.
"Ah! look at him now. This all doubting refutes,
His Black Art is running in streams from his boots!"
And certainly something both sticky and black
Was running in smoking hot streams through a crack
In his steel Blucher boots—by the by he'd intended
E'er coming to fight to have had that crack mended.
"He'll soon now be dead,
You will— " No more was said,
But the speaker turned pale, clutched his nose, turned and fled,
And quickly another did just the same thing,
And a third, and a fourth, the next instant took wing!
And then in a batch,
Having each made a snatch
At the nose each one owned, with the swiftest despatch
The crowd late so noisy was right out of sight.
But what was the cause of their curious flight?
It was this—a most choking and sickening smell,
So vile and revolting, and something like—— well,
It was something like nothing they'd e'er smelt before,
And so strong that a whiff made their noses all sore.
But if you, my reader, still wish to know more
What the odour was like which such startling fruit bore,

A pair of goloshes thrust into the fire,
And you'll learn, if you don't on the instant expire.



But all this time Hugh we have left slowly frying,
And from his hot quarters to free himself trying.
He paused when he saw
The crowd quickly withdraw,
But only allowed himself one moment's law;
Then at it again,
With might and with main,
And crack! the charred neckties gave way with the strain,
And he stood a free man,
And, oh dear! how he ran!

He was home at his uncle's almost quicker than
I've taken to tell you; and upstairs he scurried,
And out of his armour like lightning he hurried.
That evening his uncle and he had a talk,
And settled between them the best way to bawk
Interviewers, and such like inquisitive bores,
Would be for Hugh slily to leave England's shores



For a time. This he did in the clipper Carbuncle,
For Sierra Leone bound, and owned by his uncle.
He landed in safety, and then with the money
And prizes which lately at Tourneys he'd won, he
In raw India-rubber successfully traded,
Asserting that it had already much aided
His fortunes, a statement some thought enigmatic,
Not knowing what lay concealed up in an attic
In London. And lastly, the half-dozen sisters
He'd left, remained spinsters; for knights and plain misters
Grew sharp, and were up to the traps Rupert set,
Avoiding the sly matrimonial net;
So that when, in due course, Hugh came home as Sir Hugh,
He parcelled them off in three pairs, two and two,
With two hundred a year, and house for each pair,
Which the neighbours remarked was excessively fair;
And thus all the six tranquil quiet lives led,
With their parrots and cats, but unwooed and unwed.

THE TRAGEDY OF ST. VESPER'S.

By A. G. Munro, B.A., City of London School.

"Poor old Dinnie," sighed Charlie Lamb, looking up from his Horace to his cousin Cameron, who was lost in his Latin composition for next morning's lesson.

"Look here, young 'un, just shut up," was Cameron's peremptory reply, "and polish off that Horace, or you'll be spun in your exam. Remember your brother Leslie, and learn wisdom."

This was rather hard on Leslie, who had been a most indefatigable crammer, and, after getting full marks for a Navy cadetship, was rejected by the First Lord simply because he was colour-blind.

Cameron was the captain of St. Vesper's, and it was by his gracious permission that young Lamb of the fourth form was allowed to do his evening prep. in the sixth form boy's study.

Though Cameron was vexed with his cousin, it was evident that Charlie's interruption had disturbed the usual equanimity of his disposition. Try as he would to concentrate his thoughts on next day's work, the attempt failed, and swinging round suddenly on his chair he seized the poker, digging it furiously into the blazing logs as if to vent the fury of his misgivings on the flames.

St. Vesper's was under a cloud, and it was poor Cameron's hand that had dealt the blow by which the ordinary peaceful current of school life had been disturbed. Mr. Dinwoody, or as the fellows at St. Vesper's called him—Dinnie—was at this period the universal favourite at the great public school. No other master within the memory of all Vespasians had ever been so beloved. The head-master was always spoken of with bated breath and oppressive reverence as the *Doctor*. The fifth-form master was merely *Mr.* Moulter, a title which with most public schoolboys signifies complete indifference. Mr. Styles, who ruled over the upper fourth, held somewhat of the affection of the fellows, who honoured him with the name of *Old* Styles. But Mr. Reginald Dinwoody, who was the Doctor's house-master and only taught the preparatory class composed of boys drafted therein during their first year's residence at St. Vesper's, beloved, honoured and looked up to in all matters of practical wisdom bearing on the administration of outdoor life in the Republic of School, was invariably spoken of as Dinnie. Such a title passed at St. Vesper's, as similar epithets do at other public schools, as the current coin of utmost boyish reverence and love.

How Reginald Dinwoody ever became a schoolmaster was a mystery to many of the fellows, simple as the facts are. That a cousin of Sir Henry Dinwoody, at whose house the master dined every other Sunday, should only take the preparatory form was a puzzler to those boys who compared his fine aristocratic features and well-knit muscular limbs with Mr. Moulter's stereotyped donnish manners and Mr. Styles's orthodox pedantry.

But Reginald Dinwoody, although the cousin of a baronet and himself only separated from the honour and dignity of the family baronetcy by a couple of lives—those of Sir Henry and his consumptive child—had been sadly victimised by circumstances. Scarcely had he completed his second year at Oxford, than his father, who was in the Indian service, died, an event followed immediately by the loss of every penny of his mother's inheritance by a huge bank failure. Sir Henry, too, who had suffered serious reverses from the same cause, was able only, at the utmost, to help his young cousin to take his degree at Oxford, so that on leaving the University Reginald was but too glad to accept the Doctor's offer of a house-mastership at his old school, together with charge of the preparatory class.

It was wonderful what influence the young

Oxonian had acquired over the fellows during the fifteen years he had been at St. Vesper's. One great reason was that he was the very life and soul of all the school clubs, though the sixth form fellows doubtless more nearly divined the cause of Mr. Dinwoody's popularity in their oft-expressed conviction that Old Dinnie was the essence of a "grand old English gentleman." Had the boys only been able to fully fathom the secret sorrow which the house-master had hidden from all eyes under a demeanour of constant cheerfulness, their affection would certainly have found vent in such generous sympathy as only English schoolboys can feel for their masters.

Cameron, the captain of the school, was the one fellow who had guessed that some mysterious sorrow worked like a canker on Reginald Dinwoody's soul. But Cameron did not know all. Going to the house-master's study one morning the previous September to arrange for a cricket match between the Doctor's house and Mr. Moulter's, he had surprised him gazing, in the piteousness of the most abject sorrow, at the portrait of the bronzed old Indian Colonel that formed a centre-piece for an array of guns, fishing-rods, and other sporting paraphernalia over the mantel-piece.

Dark whispers of suicide and an unsound state of mind were uttered in the clubs of which Colonel Dinwoody had been a member, but of this Cameron knew nothing. The captain intuitively divined somewhat of which every soul in St. Vesper's—the Doctor included—knew nothing, and the expression on the favourite master's face haunted him with double force since the day of the match versus Moulter's.

Any masters who joined in these house matches were always welcomed by the boys, and as this year no less than seven of the first eleven hailed from the latter house, the boys who boarded at the Doctor's just hoped to pull off the event with the house-master's help.

The game proved most exciting, and at the close Fletcher, the captain of Moulter's, was at the wickets with Carruthers, a new fellow, and only four runs to win. Mr. Dinwoody, who had kept wicket for his college at Oxford, invariably occupied this post at St. Vesper's. Cameron, who bowled with terrific pace and varying accuracy, went on in the hope of getting Carruthers' wicket, but to his intense disgust the first ball resulted in a most fluky snick for three, which left the school captain in no enviable frame of mind opposite to Fletcher. Either Cameron put more lightning into that last furious delivery, or the ball struck on an imperfect pitch, for it caught the house-master an awful blow on the temple, and laid him prostrate and senseless on the ground.

Poor Dinnie! Little, until those three miserable weeks when the house-master lay raving in the delirium of brain-fever, did the fellows know how dear to them all he was!

It was now the middle of November, and though Mr. Dinwoody was taking the preparatory class once more, he was no longer the Dinnie of old, but a sour-visaged man, a dread to his own youngsters in school, and a painful mystery to the elder Vespasians. Never in the whole history of the school had there been such an insipid, miserable autumn. It seemed as if the accident in the match versus Moulter's had sapped the whole life and vigour out of the athletics. Mr. Moulter, evidently conscious that something was amiss, though not exactly knowing what, sought an opportunity during an exposition on Greek games for an academical dissertation on the honourable culture of public schools in the important department of athletics. But Mr. Moulter's philippics fell on fruitless ground. His audience felt that an ounce of example was worth a ton of precept.

Mr. Styles, rashly venturing to tread where his colleague had so ignominiously failed, tried his hand at a masterly disquisition on the Roman amphitheatre, but, not venturing to show himself in flannels the following day as most of his class confidently anticipated, the fourth form master met with no better success than Mr. Moulter.

It was a sad business, and whilst the preparatory boys squirmed and writhed under the severe and almost cruel *régime* of their master's altered demeanour in school, the hearts of the fifth and sixth forms sank within them every day, as their old friend Dinnie, instead of entering the wicket-gate leading to the playing fields amid a crowd of hilarious and admiring Vespasians, passed morosely down the Doctor's drive in the direction of the gloomy old yews skirting the village churchyard.

Once Cameron and Fletcher headed a deputation of the bigger fellows, who respectfully and cap in hand intercepted their old friend as he passed by the wicket-gate, begging him to join in the afternoon game; but whether the boys were more annoyed or sorrowful as the master brushed savagely past, they could not say. Poor Cameron flushed with pain as Mr. Dinwoody singled him out from the rest for a look of scathing scorn, and made a vow that henceforth and for ever the school clubs might, as far as he was concerned, "go to pot."

"Awfully sorry, Cameron; hope I didn't offend you," said Charlie Lamb, looking up from the Horace once more as the captain sat digging at the blazing faggot, from which at intervals volumes of smoke and sparks roared up the study chimney.

"Get on with your Horace, don't you hear, or else clear out," was the reply.

"Neu desint epulis rosæ, neu vivax, neu vivax," began poor Charlie in semi-audible tones.

"New bootjacks," exclaimed Cameron, bending down suddenly to catch up one of those useful articles as if about to let fling at his cousin's head, but, pausing in the act, sat down with his head resting on his arm, giving expression to what sounded to Charlie uncommonly like a suppressed sob.

Whatever Charlie's perplexity at this novel sight of Cameron's distress would have permitted him to utter was cut short by a volume of smoke which floated into the study from below the fireplace and filled the room instantaneously.

The night was gloomy, a fog worthy of a London February hanging round the grey college buildings and oozing through the Elizabethan windows into the study. The studies in the Doctor's house were over the cloisters, running at right angles to the chapel. Cameron's study, however, was above a room known as the carpenter's shop, which was a recent innovation at St. Vesper's, erected as a sop to an irritable governor impressed with the importance of technical education, though what good the fellows had yet done, except nearly chopping off one or two little fingers, nobody could tell.

"Poof, poof, you've set the chimney on fire, Cameron!" cried Charlie Lamb in alarm, as a current of damp wind floated amid an increased mass of nebulous vapour through the boards of the study floor.

"Chimney on fire, fiddlesticks; it's the shavings and sawdust in that horrid hole below have caught fire; just cut and fetch Dormer and Hastings, so that we may go down at once;" and the captain threw open the row of lattice windows.

"Oh, here you are, Dormer; come on, Hastings, there's something wrong in that precious shed down below; here, Charlie, catch hold of these matches and follow on;" and Cameron led the way down to the cloisters.

That the smoke came from the carpenter's shop was quite clear, as the white eddies came out from the open door and mingled harmoniously with the raw fog in the quadrangle. Fortunately, the night air was saturated with moisture, or the smoke must soon have given birth to flame.

As the boys approached the open door Cameron thought he heard a light footfall, and his senses must have deceived him or else he saw the dim outline of a figure vanishing like a spectre across the gloomy quadrangle. But in a few minutes the smoke grew perceptibly less, though, as the captain examined the floor of the room, a pile of charred shavings indicated that, had it not been for the dense fog, the whole building would soon probably have been in a blaze.

Trifling as this incident appeared to Dormer and Hastings, it haunted Cameron for the next fortnight like the shades of Old Denmark did Hamlet. The captain of the school had found on the floor a silver match-box bearing the well-known initials R. D., and so abstracted and heedless did the poor boy become that the head-master admonished him on the remissness of his recent studies, and the fellows in the sixth predicted that the December Exams. would see the captaincy of St. Vesper's pass into the hands of Fletcher.

But the spirits of Vespasians were elastic, and could not succumb to gloom for ever.

With December came brighter weather, clear, bracing days which worked wonders; and with bright weather came news which always brought sunshine into the grand old school. Dormer, a quiet, studious fellow, who, like Hamlet's mole, did piles of work in the dark, that is, without the knowledge of boys or masters, won a scholarship at Balliol, and with the scholarship came a felicitous oration from the Doctor and the usual announcement of a whole holiday and a cross-country run, Hastings and Dormer to be the hares.

Mr. Dinwoody had always delighted to scamper up-hill and down-dale on these excursions, and acted as whipper-in. The Doctor only allowed the boys above the Junior school to follow the hares, and rejoiced in having a house-master who, horn in hand, enjoyed whipping-up the straggling hounds, so that none of them should get lost on the wild moorland beyond St. Vesper's; but none of the fellows thought that their favourite whipper-in would be present on this occasion. This was the only regret which tinged the happiness of their cup. What, then, was their surprised delight when, as the pack was a-mustering to give pursuit, Dinnie's horn rang out the familiar blast on the crisp morning air and the well-known college colour of the Oxonian mingled with the mass of white flannel in the quadrangle.

"Dinnie! Dinnie!" chorused a volley of youthful voices, and, like sportive deer, the whole troop were soon coursing about among the heather between St. Vesper's and the hamlet of Winterlow, beyond which the bleak and open moorland lies. From Winterlow to Stone Edge Moor, then down into the pastoral valley of Heatherdale, and so back across eight miles of meadow-land to St. Vesper's. Such was the direction mapped out, and never did a pack of more joyous hares run shouting about over heather and streamlet than the noisy pack of Vespasians on that glad December morning.

Cameron only, of all the Senior school, was not with the rest. Little dreaming that Mr. Dinwoody would take part in the run, and sadly taking to heart the Doctor's admonition,

he had gone off, after the announcement of the holiday, to his study, there to make up for lost moments. But the silence in the quadrangle oppressed him, only broken by the shouts of the juniors in the playing fields, and, though he scarce knew why, a sense of overwhelming uneasiness stole over him, mixed with an unaccountable longing to join the other fellows. The more he tried to concentrate his attention on his work, the more unsettled he became, and, snatching up his cap, he was soon scouring the heather after the pack.

Passing Winterlow, the captain found the track laid indistinct, owing to the slight fall of snow of the previous evening, and a strong wind blowing from the north. It was only by the help of footmarks that he could keep the scent, and these were rarer than he expected. Knowing, however, that the Doctor had proscribed the Stone Edge route, he followed on, expecting every minute to recover the complete track or to catch sight of the hounds. "Surely," mused the captain, "this is Dormer's footmark—yes, those, are Hastings' boots for a wager, but . . . why, where on earth can the hounds have vanished to?" With a curious feeling of apprehension he awoke to the conclusion that the hounds were gone off on a totally different track from the hares.

"Whatever can it all mean?" he thought, and, looking round, was relieved to find one hound, his cousin Charlie Lamb, parted company from his fellows, evidently as lost as himself.

"Blue Water Dam, Cameron; did you ever hear such rubbish? Sure enough there are Hastings' and Dormer's footmarks right ahead; and would you believe that the whole lot of 'em have followed Dinnie like a pack of sheep down to the Blue Water Dam! I'd have followed the hares myself all the way but for this horrid cramp. I'll just tell you what it is, Cameron," and here the boy's voice sank to a whisper scarcely audible for the gusty north wind, "poor old Dinnie's mad!"

But the captain heeded not the fourth-form boy's concluding words. The very mention of the steep slopes and slippery rocks rising above the margin of the lonely Blue Water Dam, and the thought of a troup of careless schoolboys scurrying they knew not whither, was enough to freeze his blood in his veins, and, swift as the driving north wind, Cameron went bounding back to Winterlow. A brooklet, having its source at the latter hamlet, leaps down over mossy boulders, past many a hidden trout-pool, gathering strength in its rapid descent to the Blue Water Dam, whose deep waters, stirred with the swirl of the swift current, have acquired a sinister reputation only too well known at St. Vesper's on account of a sad fatality befallen two boys not many years ago, so that the Doctor had proscribed this as a forbidden spot to every pupil in the school.

Following the stream, Cameron soon knew by the numerous footmarks that this was the direction the whole pack of hounds had taken, and, swiftly though he sprang from rock to rock, his heart nearly failed him at the thought that ere he reached the plantation of firs bordering the steep banks of the Blue Water, it might be too late to avert a terrible catastrophe.

Dinwoody mad! This, then, was the explanation of the house-master's altered conduct, of the smouldering embers in the carpenter's shop, and of whatever tragedy the lonesome moorland tarn, swollen by the heavy autumn rains, might that day produce. Charlie Lamb had spoken the truth, and the captain could almost, in the remorse of his soul, have cursed the hand that dealt the disastrous blow.

As the distant waters on the other side the dam glinted between the waving firs, a blast from the well-known horn and the clatter of innumerable voices indicated that the hounds were close in the vicinity of the treacherous spot. The boulders of the stream were coated with ice, and it was only by a miracle that Cameron had hitherto kept his footing. What, then, would be the danger on the rocky margin of the Blue Water?

Gathered round a large fir-tree, the captain came suddenly upon a crowd of Vespasians gesticulating and arguing amid a perfect babel of confusion. Fletcher and the other members of the Sixth, convinced that, Mr. Dinwoody's repeated assurances to the contrary notwithstanding, the Doctor had not given a subsequent option of varying the course, and that the hares had not in consequence led the way to the Blue Water, were vainly endeavouring to persuade the other fellows to return, whilst the latter, always loyally obedient to the house-master, were equally convinced that whither he led they were right in following.

The house-master himself, apparently unconscious of all confusion, stood on a rock rising in full view from the water below, alternately causing the firs to re-echo with shrill, discordant blasts, and looking round as if in wonder why the hounds were not following.

The appearance of the captain on the scene restored something like order, but already some of the more venturesome hounds, after asserting for the hundredth time that it was safe as houses, and old Dinnie knew what was what if anybody did, were starting after the master.

"Don't be a pack of old women," cried Boundy, of the upper fourth. "Come on after Dinnie, Springer, and when we reach the road yonder, won't we just have the crow over those cowards in the sixth?"

"Come back; it's the Doctor's orders that every fellow returns to St. Vesper's at once!" shouted Cameron, in tones so loud that the plantation rang again, and the captain's voice died away across the water below.

The two boys, Boundy and Springer, turned sullenly on their heels on hearing the captain's stern words; but Dinnie, seeing that the fellows were refusing to come on, moreover that Cameron was the cause of the refusal, cast a glance of concentrated passion on the leader, gave out another reverberating blast, and waving his hand in contemptuous scorn at the crowd of awe-struck Vespasians, jumped down to the rocks beneath. Impelled by fear, the captain led the way cautiously forward, and the hounds soon all stood terrified spectators of the scene below.

The place where they stood commanded a full view of the Blue Water Dam, and never will a single Vespasian then present forget the horrors of those moments. From the slippery, frosted surface of one rock to that of another the house-master sprang in precipitous downward course, and though preserving his footing with marvellous agility, it was only too clear that fate was impelling him to the depths below.

"Save him, oh save him, the kindest heart that ever beat!" cried poor Cameron, his brain swimming with the agonising thought of his own hand's work.

"Save him, save him!" devoutly echoed a chorus of youthful voices, many of the boys falling to their knees in earnest supplication to heaven.

But heaven's only immediate answer to that earnest boyish prayer, rising with more implicit and fervid reverence amongst the waving firs than from beneath the gilded dome and fretted vault of a hundred cathedrals, was a fatal slip and a hollow plunge as the eddying waters hid from view the form of Mr. Dinwoody.

"The punt! the punt!" shouted two score voices as, after a moment of agonised suspense, Mr. Dinwoody rose to the surface and struck out—to the surprise of the elder boys, who thought the house-master contemplated self-destruction—manfully for dear life. But the current was strong and whirled in rapid eddies round his struggling form. If only he could strike clear of the middle of the waters he might reach the bank; but this seemed impossible, and all he could do was to keep above water.

At the other end of the Blue Water Dam was a massive, circular, concrete tower, surrounded partially with iron gratings through which the water tumbled headlong into a subterranean watercourse, forming the supply of the county town. But in the centre of the tower, opposite the rock where the boys stood, the gap into the chasm below was totally unprotected for the width of some dozen feet, and through this gap the main force of the mid-stream current was drawn. Towards this opening the battling form of the house-master was almost imperceptibly yet certainly drifting, and unless some unexpected deliverance were manifested, must be dashed onward into the seething vortex.

Moored to the concrete pile was a large punt used by the company's workmen whenever the engineer inspected this important supply. Almost mechanically, with scarce a vestige of hope in their hearts, Cameron and Fletcher made for the punt, skirting the topmost margin of the Blue Water. Another period of suspense was followed by expressions of intense relief as the master again rose to the surface. Slowly and surely, however, he was nearing the chasm in the concrete pile, yawning for the destruction of its victim.

Could he but reach the grating he might hold on until assistance could be procured, but the distance between the rails was wide and the force of the current drove him exactly midway between. There was but one way of averting a horrible catastrophe, namely, to drive the punt across the fatal gap. The house-master was now within twenty yards of his destruction, drawing each second, inch by inch, nearer, though fighting like a hero against the terrible odds. Fifteen, ten yards more, and the suction of the waters drove him to and fro like a fragment of cork. It was a heartrending sight for the breathless crowd above, and the majority closed their eyes for fear.

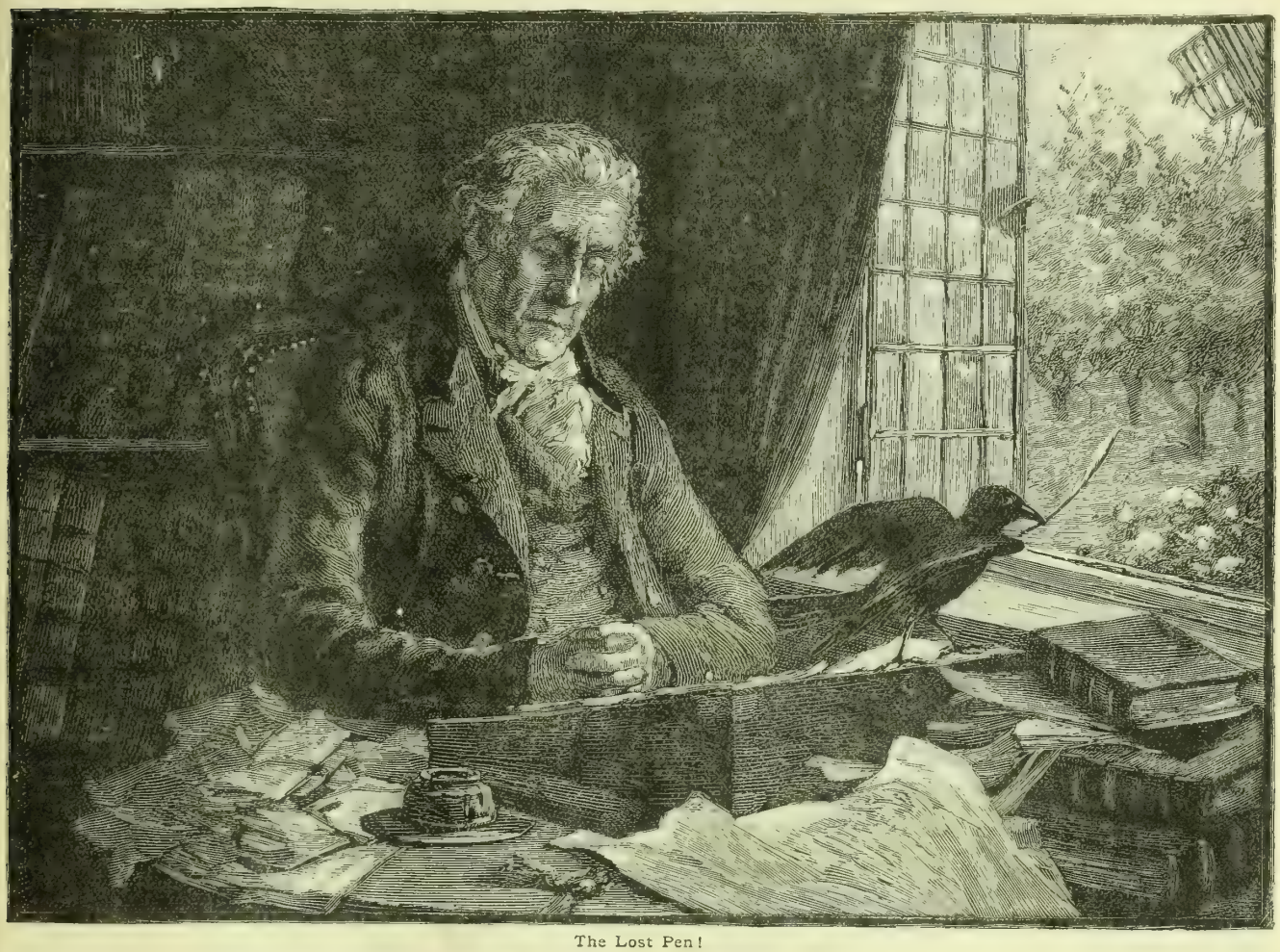
Suddenly arose a cheer, a mighty, ringing cheer, renewed again and again. Cameron and Fletcher had reached the boat and were loosening it from its moorings. But would they be in time? The poor swimmer could scarcely battle more with the whirlpool on whose very vertex he lay tossing, expecting every instant to be devoured. Another second would have been too late, and only just as the waters of the Blue Water Dam were about to engulf their victim was the punt's nose shoved by Cameron and Fletcher across the chasm and Mr. Dinwoody dragged unconscious on board.

. . . . . .

The rest is soon told. The blow caused by Cameron's cricket-ball had, as the reader is aware, produced an attack of brain-fever, with the above disastrous results. The shock in the Blue Water Dam, with equal suddenness, destroyed the ill effects of the accident in the match versus Moulter's. Mr. Dinwoody was only confined to his room for a few days, and, curiously enough, the first person he asked for was the captain of the school, who was the only one who had throughout divined the true state of the case. It was subsequent to the house-master's recovery that the head-master learnt what had transpired at the Blue Water Dam, believing meanwhile that Mr. Dinwoody had been

under a mistaken impression as regards the prohibition to approach the spot.

The St. Vesper playing-fields were, next Spring, as gay as ever, and the athletic clubs flourished abundantly. But Mr. Reginald Dinwoody did not long remain at St. Vesper's. The decease of Sir Henry was followed rapidly by that of his consumptive heir, and now that Sir Reginald reigns as master of Dinwoody Lodge, one of his chief delights is to pay frequent visits to St. Vesper's and chat with the fellows in the playing-fields. It is due to Mr. Moulter and Mr. Styles to add, that although their late colleague ranks considerably higher in the social scale than formerly, the bare idea of jealousy on account of his promotion has never yet entered their minds.



The Lost Pen!

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* GEORGE FOX.)

MY FIRST BEAR!

By Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart.,

Author of "My First Tiger," "The Treasure of the Cacique," etc.

I SUPPOSE it was because I was an only son that I was so much petted and pampered. In fact, nothing was too good for me, and my only wonder is that, as a child, my constitution escaped undamaged from the numerous infallible nostrums which my mother and her female friends poured down my helpless throat.

At any rate, I did escape them and reached the mature age of twenty-one, without even having been exposed to the rough vicissitudes of school life. I was a great reader, chiefly of works of the Romantic school, and was in the habit of changing place with some of my favourite heroes and performing deeds of the most doughty description.

I have rescued a fair lady from the hands of brigands, and received her thanks, as with my flashing blade in my hand I stood with my foot upon the chest of the robber chief, keeping the remainder of the band at bay by the haughty glance of my eye. I have performed great and inestimable services for kings and emperors, and declined the titles and honours which they would fain have lavished upon me; and as a traveller, on paper of course, I have made more wondrous discoveries than even those suggested by the prolific brain of Jules Verne.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream, however, when I had arrived at the ripe age I have already mentioned. My mother had a brother, and I consequently was the proud possessor of an uncle, whom I had never seen, for the simple reason that he was an East Indian merchant and resided in Calcutta, that city of palaces on the banks of the Hooghly.

The accounts we were in the habit of receiving of this relative were wonderful and dazzling in the extreme. He was unmarried and lived in a *pucka* house, which I found out afterwards meant a house built with mortar and kiln-dried bricks, and not mere heaps of clay baked in the sun, and had a host of swarthy retainers, in the shape of *khcesties*, *punka-wallahs*, *syces*, *kitmaghaes*, and *chuprassies*, all ministering to his wants.

Our relative was reported to be possessed of fabulous wealth, and twice every year my mother despatched a letter to him, to which, as soon as I had been taught to wield the pen, I added a few lines.

One hot summer's day the postman brought us an Indian letter, which filled our peaceful home with terror and dismay. It was from my uncle, and in a brief but business-like manner went on to say that he had received the various communications, the dates of which were noted on the margin, and as he was in want of assistance, if Adolphus (have I mentioned that that was my name?) were consigned to him per steamer Ramchowder, which left the port of London on June 21, he would make a man of him, and that if he escaped fevers, cholera, snake-bites, and other little casualties which serve to render the life of the Anglo-Indian uncertain, by the time he was forty-five or fifty the

said Adolphus might be the owner of a couple of *lacs* of rupees, which would fully compensate for a lack of liver.

At first my mother positively refused to part with her darling, and my father was inclined to endorse her decision; but night brings counsel, and it was at length resolved that it would never do to offend Uncle Josiah, and that, consequently, the hope of the house should be sent across the raging ocean.

I was not displeased with the idea. I had read the "Arabian Nights," the prose portion of "Lalla Rookh," and a wonderful book called "The War of the Nizam," translated from the French, and was filled with a desire to visit the gorgeous East.

At a meeting of friends and relatives a night or two before I sailed, the land of my adoption was thoroughly discussed, and I remember it was decided that beyond a little more heat, and the presence of a tiger or so, with an occasional cobra, there was very little difference between India and the King's Road, Brighton, in which I had resided ever since I could remember.

I will not detail the harrowing farewells, nor dwell upon the wonders of the sea voyage, save to express my surprise at the wonderful amount of nourishment the human diaphragm is capable of receiving on board an ocean-going steamer. Suffice it to say, that in due time I arrived at my destination and was received in the kindest manner by my avuncular relative, who, attired in snowy duck garments and dried up by the Indian sun, gave me at first sight the idea of a person who had passed the greater portion of his existence in a lime-kiln.

When the first awkwardness had worn away, I buckled to my work, and after I had made myself acquainted with it, I won lavish encomiums from my relative.

Alas, however, all things bright come to an end, and after six months' sojourn in the glorious East, I got a touch of fever, which rendered me completely prostrate.

"My lad," said my uncle kindly, when I had been convalescent for a few days, "you will never pick up down here. You shall have a trip to the Hills, and that will complete the cure."

Accordingly I started for Simla, and after a fatiguing journey arrived at the Queen of Himalayan stations in fairly good health, and provided with a plentiful store of cash by my kind-hearted relative.

I took up my abode at a dilapidated hotel, kept by a canny old Scotchman who considered that the best mode of treating his guests was to leave them pretty much to themselves, and began to do all I could to pick up health and vigour. The cool breezes and the scent of the pine-trees helped me wonderfully, and so did the pleasant society in which I found myself.

My especial chum was a young officer who occupied the room next to mine. I suppose he had a name, but he was so generally known as "Gaiters" from his fondness of arraying his nether extremities in a pair of leather ones, that I have entirely forgotten his real patronymic.

Gaiters was a pretended adherent of the cause of Temperance, and would frequently come into my room and drink soda-water, bitterly complaining that his medical attendant had strictly forbidden him to touch that refreshing beverage without the loathsome concomitant of brandy.

He was a great sportsman, and would sit for hours, smoking (I found the cheroots), and telling me tales of his campaigns against the wild denizens in the interior of the Hills.

By degrees these narratives so impressed me, that I longed to distinguish myself by similar deeds of daring, and Gaiters artfully fomented this desire.

"How pleased my dear uncle Josiah would be, if I brought back the skin of a bear which I had shot myself," remarked I.

"Yes, it would be a nice thing for the old gentleman to put on his bed in the cold evenings," replied Gaiters, who seemed to have entirely forgotten the average state of the thermometer in Calcutta.

"Would it be very expensive to go into the interior for a fortnight's shooting?" hazarded I, timidly.

"A mere *bagatelle*, my dear fellow," answered he. "Let me see, tent, coolies, stores, ammunition and the etceteras: do it easily for seven hundred rupees (£70). Then you haven't got a rifle; never mind, I'll sell you one of mine."

Thanks to my uncle's liberality, I had plenty of money, and so I closed with the proposal, and handing over the money to Gaiters, begged him to make all the necessary preparations.

In three days all was complete, and it was settled that my companion should go on ahead and arrange the camp, and that I should follow some hours afterwards on a pony, which my obliging friend had hired for me.

> "I'll go forward with bottle and bag,
> And you'll follow after on little Jack nag,"

sang Gaiters, with a feeble recollection of the songs of his childhood, and so the matter was settled.

The next afternoon I bestrode my steed and set off. As long as I was within the limits of Simla the creature behaved himself with the most perfect propriety; but no sooner did he find himself on the Hindostan and Thibet road, than he started off at a pace which all my efforts were unable to check.

Never shall I forget the horrors of that awful ride. I thought of Mazeppa, of the Wild Huntsman, of Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and everything else I had read of those who had distinguished themselves either in the saddle or on bare-backed Bucephalus. I tore past groups of picnickers on their way to Mahasso, who shouted opprobrious epithets after me. I nearly annihilated coolies bringing in planks and beams from the forest, and once utterly routed a flock of goats and sheep belonging to some Ladakis, who loaded these novel beasts of burden with small bags of borax from the upper Himalayas. My hair bristled, and the perspiration streamed down my face, but with fierce tenacity of purpose I clung to my saddle, from which I was only dislodged by my steed stopping suddenly before a small tent pitched by the side of the road, and sending me politely over his shoulder.

As I lay upon my back gazing skywards, my eyes fell upon the face of Gaiters, who was looking down on me.

"Hullo," remarked that gentleman, as he raised me to my feet, "do you always dismount in that reckless way? Feats in the arena, and ground and lofty tumbling combined, eh? Any bones broken? None—then that is all right. Come in and have something to eat. He led me inside a diminutive tent, and, by assuming a crouching position, I was able to look about me. A couple of rugs with some blankets and a pillow lay on each side, whilst in the centre was a box, on which an appetising meal was spread. I did ample justice to it, and then, reclining on my couch, I indulged in a waking dream of slaying the grisly monarch of the mountain, and laying the spoils at my good uncle's feet. Gaiters talked on, but I heeded him not, and at length, my mind full of glorious and noble thoughts, I sank to rest.

I was aroused in the morning by the voice of Gaiters, and large drops of water falling with unpleasant precision on the tip of my nose. These two circumstances combined made me spring to my feet and bring my head in contact with the roof of my canvas domicile.

"Come, tumble up, old man," cried Gaiters, "we have four miles to walk, and it has been raining like mad all night. We can't light a fire, but here is some cold tea and a biscuit, rather a damp one I fear, but if we are lucky we'll have a grand feed when we come back." I mechanically grasped my rifle and did as he bade me. The morning was a miserably wet one, and every branch and twig as we tramped through the forest seemed determined to send a shower-bath either into my eyes or down the nape of my neck. There were large stones, too, which cropped out of the ground and barked the shins of the unwary in the most gruesome manner.

At length Gaiters came to a halt, and told me I was to remain posted here, for the beaters were up on the hill alone, and the bear would be driven towards me.

I glanced around. The spot selected was a narrow spur, with a steep descent on each side, a perfect precipice in rear, whilst in front was a dark wood slanting up to the peaks of the hills.

"Are you going to stay with me?" asked I, tremulously.

"No, no," answered he. "You have the post of honour to-day, and remember that when the bear charges, he comes like greased lightning; so as soon as he is clear of the wood, mind you nail him. Ta, ta." And with these words he vanished into the shades of the forest. I would have shrieked to him to come back, but my pride kept me silent. "Nail him!" I repeated; "what is nailing, and how am I to do it?"

As I put this question to myself, a hideous hullaballoo began far up the mountain; shouts, yells, the beating of native drums, and the discharge of firearms were all mingled together. The courage of desperation came over me, and, cocking my rifle, I waited for my antagonist. I had not long to do so.

There was a crashing of brushwood, and a black form pushed its way slowly through the undergrowth. I raised my rifle and discharged both barrels. With what seemed to me a discordant bellow, the monarch of the mountain pitched forward on his head and lay on the turf kicking convulsively in the agonies of death.

Then my overwrought feelings gave way, and with a cry of "I have slain him," I sank insensible a few yards from the victim of my prowess.

. . . . . .

When I recovered my senses I was again in the little tent, and Gaiters was bathing my temples with brandy and water, carefully tasting it, every few minutes, to assure himself that it was the right strength.

"Ah, so you are coming round, are you?" said he. "Well, you need be under no alarm now, I've squared the *zemindar* (farmer), and you will hear no more about the affair."

"Squared the *zemindar*!" repeated I, utterly unable to comprehend his meaning.

"Yes," replied he; "you see these fellows will let their cattle stray about the hills, and you got a bit flurried, and—and shot a cow. Never mind; better luck next time, you know. I shan't say anything about it, and I killed a fine young bear, whose skin you are welcome to. You see the Hindoos are rather particular about the cow, which they look on as sacred, and it cost me two hundred rupees (£20) to settle the matter."

And so this was the end of all my aspirations, and, with the fear that the story would get about, and that I should be unmercifully chaffed, I fled from Simla and rejoined my good old uncle, though not even to him could I bring myself to tell the story of My First Bear!

THE PENINSULA OF PENZANCE.

(*See Illustrations on p. 36.*)

By W. J. Gordon.

One of the many pleasant ways of spending a holiday is to take some well-defined district, and walk round it, and wander off into it from different parts of the ring. An island lends itself conveniently to this mode of treatment, and next best to an island is an almost-an-island.

Those in search of pure air, good living, civility, and a trifle, perhaps, of mild adventure, will find few better places for such a trip than what we may fittingly call the Peninsula of Penzance, the most westerly land in Britain. All round, including the four-mile neck, or isthmus, between St. Erth and Marazion, it measures about forty miles; it includes at least four places, and, by repute, twice as many more, in which comfortable quarters can be had; and at no point is it more than three hours' walk from the chief town. That its sea views are magnificent, its coast scenery of the grandest, and its inland beauties sufficiently charming, is no new discovery. Penzance, indeed, is almost as well known as Brighton, but those who have not yet been to see it may thank us for showing how it can be "done" otherwise than along its main roads in brake or on cycle

Rest with us then for the night at Penzance, and come with us in the morning to St. Erth so as to settle the isthmus to begin with. Who St. Erth was is obscure; according to some she was the "old mother Earth," to whom we owe so much, but we had rather be excused from committing ourselves to such an obvious derivation. There is much that is old at St. Erth—a bridge, granite crosses, &c.—but as a warning that we may make a little too much of the old, we discover a really excellent epitaph on an old nurse:—

> Time rolls its ceaseless course, the race of yore
> That danced our infancy upon their knee,
> And told our wandering childhood legends store
> Of strange adventures happed by land or sea,
> How are they blotted from the things that be!

We could not help comparing this with one we found at St. Ervan, up St. Columb way:

> Looke on this Living Saint, this Matchless Summ,
> So Comprehensive a Compendiumm!
> An Untired Watchman and a Shining Saint,
> A Burning Taper, Beauty without Paint!

Of which there are a few more lines we did not care to burden our memory with.

Southwards from St. Erth, leaving the glint of the Hayle river behind us and Trecrobben Hill to the right, we skirt the railway for an hour to Marazion, which, in the books and on the maps, is "also called Market Jew." We were not so fortunate as to hear it so called, but a little subsequent investigation made it clear enough that if we could only get rid of the seemingly Biblical sound of the Zion and be content to pronounce it as Marasyune, we could easily roll Market Jew and Marazion into one. In 1250 the name was spelt Marhasgon; in 1309 it was Markasyon; in 1361 it was Markesion; in the days of Edward the Fourth it was Marchasyowe; in the days of Henry the Eighth it was Markesju; in the days of Elizabeth it was Marghas-iewe; Carew spelt it Marhas-Diow; Norden spelt it Marca-iewe; Camden spelt it Markiu; its town seal spells it Marghasion. And its local antiquaries tell us it has nothing to do with either Jew or Zion, but is neither more nor less than Cornish for Market on Thursdays!

But away with derivations to the sea winds; here we are on the sweep of the beautiful bay; and in front of us, bold and grey and rugged, stands St. Michael's Mount against the background of blue sky and brilliantly green sea. Up that slope Arundell went in the days long ago, rolling up trusses of hay before him "to deaden the bullets" that rained down from the walls during that old squabble about the Prayer Book, of which, perhaps, the least said the better, though it has not been laid to rest even yet. In that rough granite pile was the last refuge of the wife of that Richard the Fourth who once had a very real existence, though now contemptuously dismissed by historians as "an impostor, one Perkin Warbeck." But the story of the Mount has been told before; let the visitor journey to the top and see the hall and chapel, and sit in the chair, and "tread the spot where no cat has trod," for the very good reason that cats were banished from the Mount so as to preserve the rabbits. Fancy a garrison dependent on rabbits for its supplies! And when you are looking at the chair remember you are within five hours, earthquake time, of Lisbon! Every Lisbon earthquake has been felt at the Mount; the wave of the big one arrived 4 hours 5 minutes after it left Lisbon, another came along in 4 hours 40 minutes, another in 4 hours 45 minutes. With the knowledge of which data you may, perhaps, be able to work out the connection between the capital of Portugal and the stronghold off Marazion?

And now, if it be low tide, let us cross the causeway, and follow the shore to Penzance, picking up, perhaps, a lady's tresses if the season be suitable, and also a drosera or two from the marsh. And as the day's work will be an easy one we may, like a certain Penzance boy, one Pellew, spend a little time among the boats and sailors, gazing at the "ankerrage" instead of going to school, though it may not be our lot to fight great frigate actions and bring a Dey of Algiers to his senses.

Off in the morning early, we can get through Newlyn and equally fragrant Mousehole, and eat a sandwich in Lamorna woods. On again we can continue by the coast, see the Logan and lunch at Treen; and on again along the glorious cliffs we can arrive at the Land's End Hotel in time for sunset and supper—a good stretch and a beautiful one, not to be beaten in these islands. Early night at the Land's End; with no sound save that of the sea; the stars bright above and around you; and out over the Atlantic the fitful flashes from the lighthouses and perhaps the feeble unsteady gleam of the light of some steamer or fishing boat, is an experience you will never forget. The Land's End is what a land's end should be, the stubborn granite barrier keeping back the victorious sea which has conquered and degraded the masses of rock that once extended to the Scillies and beyond; and here and there around, in the Wolf, the Runnelstone, and the Longships, you will look on the last survivors of that old land still making a desperate fight of it with the waves that now encompass them.

Next morning we can explore the caves and precipices and be off to Sennen Cove and along the lovely Whitesand Bay to Cape Cornwall and the old mining town of St. Just, and next day we can devote to Botallack Mine which is not now worked under the sea, visit the Levant, and then northwards make our way by Zennor to St. Ives. There we will learn how to build a Cornish lugger, and hear wonderful stories of tremendous pilchard takes in the bay, the greatest that of 75,000,000 fish at one cast of the seine. And we may hear the true yarn of the Turkish pirate who came into the Channel and captured "the three small vessels of Fowey and Looe." A very foolish pirate! He allowed all the Englishmen to be on deck at the same time; and suddenly these Cornish lads took a capstan bar and knocked him down and threw him overboard, and drove the Turks below; and triumphantly they brought the vessel into St. Ives with the Turks still firing up at them through the deck. A truly terrible cruise! St. Ives is not four miles from St. Erth, and with that little gap which includes pretty Lelant ends our pilgrimage round the peninsula.

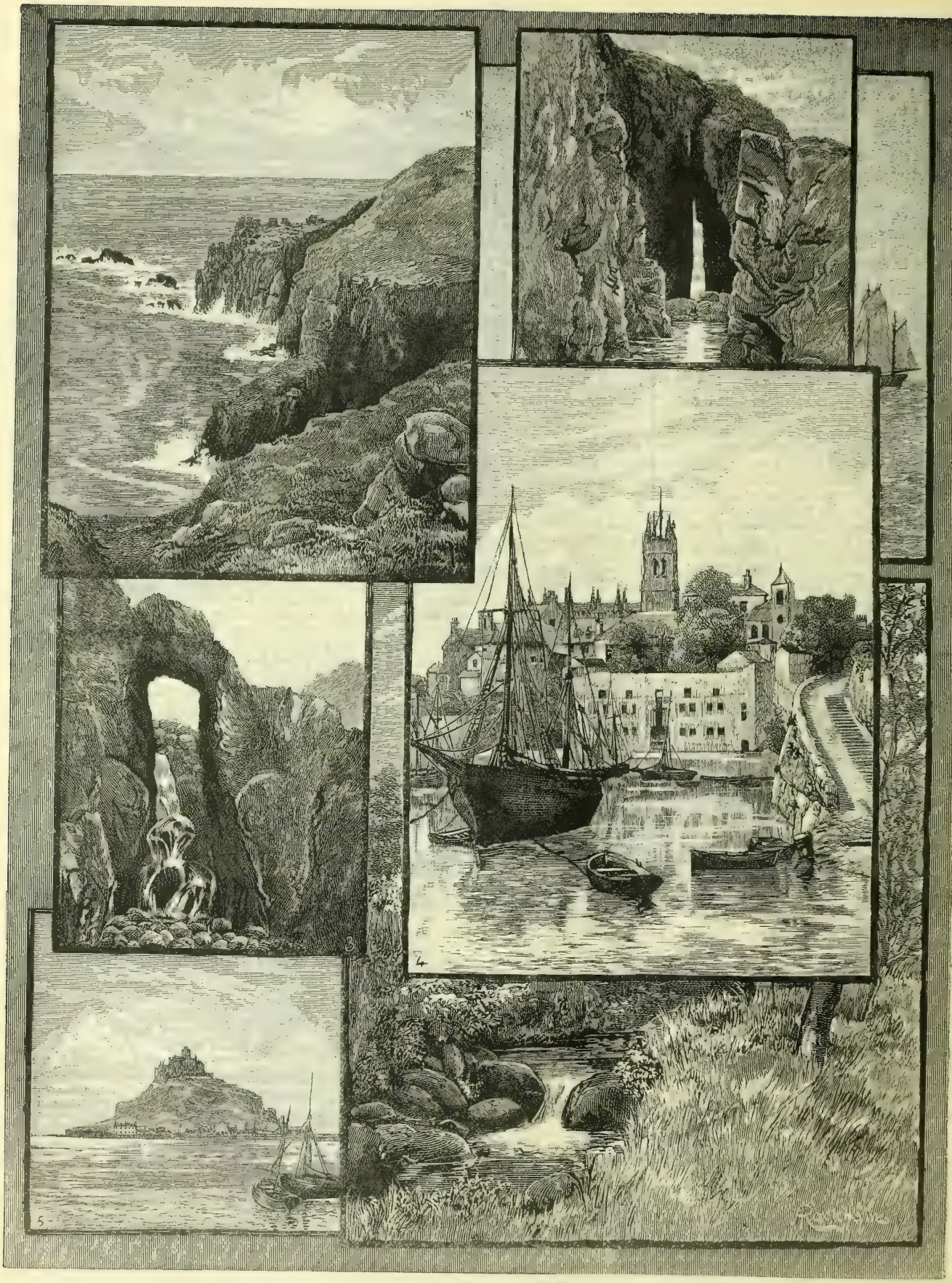
But we have only seen its outer edge, which is certainly the best part of it. For the interior we cannot do better than make our headquarters Penzance. Let us go to Gulval and Ludgvan and Castle-an-Dinas, and the British village of Chysoyster, and Mulfra Quoit, and so back by the direct road. Next day we will go through Madron and Lanyon to the Nine Maidens; and, leaving Kenidjack on the right, come back by the St. Just road through Newbridge; and next day, having seen nearly everything north of Cape Cornwall and Penzance, we can devote to St. Buryan and the country between it and the eastern coast.

St. Buryan stands bold and high, a conspicuous landmark from all sides. Away in the west we may see the Scilly Islands, after whose conquest King Athelstan founded the church of which this one is the representative. There is a queer story here of a bell. It is cracked, and it got its crack in the making, owing to some sportive youth having jumped from a hedge close to the mould before the metal had completely set. Close to the church is the Ship, at which the brakes stop; it was doubtless under its hospitable roof that there was composed the oft-quoted epitaph:

> Our life is but a winter's day;
> Some only breakfast and away,
> Others to dinner stay and are full fed;
> The oldest only sups and goes to bed.
> Large is his debt who lingers all the day,
> Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

It is for this epitaph, a good carved cross, and the view, that St. Buryan is chiefly noted; though there is also the noteworthy thirteenth-century tomb of the wife of Geoffrey de Boleit. Boleit is "the place of slaughter," where Athelstan finally defeated the Cornish. It lies to the eastward, and has a curious cave and two rough pillars or Pipers, generally said to be making music for a stone circle close by, fifteen stones all of a ring, the ring being the Merry Maidens. But of these puzzling stones we shall have seen many as cromlechs or quoits in our rambles round and through the peninsula, the best of the latter perhaps at Lanyon and Zennor; and the how and the why of their formation and use—if they were used—will give us something to think about and talk about on our homeward way.

As we pass Mousehole—to windward—we may after all be disposed to agree that the most wonderful of the Cornish stones was the pig-trough which the great storm of 1771 carried away to sea. This remarkable stone, with the sty that contained it, simply vanished under the waters of Mount's Bay, apparently for ever; but lo! forty-six years afterwards, in 1817, there came another great storm which honestly swept back the pig-trough and left it in the front-garden of its late owner's representative! At least so runs the story, which surely is worthy of a place among the wonder-tales of the Penzance Peninsula!



A Holiday in Cornwall.—(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* A. RACKHAM.)—*See p.* 35.

1. Land's End.
2. Sawn-Pyg, near Land's End.
3. In Hill Bay, near Land's End.
4. Penzance.
5. St. Michael's Mount.
6. Trevala Woods, near Penzance.

A BRUSH WITH BRIGANDS.

By Capt. C. H. Ozanne, o.s.d.



Trevor was a most enthusiastic lover of antiquities. His special hobby was the collection of Greek and Roman coins, and his chief ambition to visit the ruined temples of these classic lands. We had been at school together; he in the sixth, and I in the lower third form. When I was ordered to Malta, I met him again, and we resumed our acquaintance. He had left school some five years before, and was now a professor in the University of Malta.

I was a sub-lieutenant in an infantry regiment.

At school he had always been rather of studious than athletic tastes, and his residence at Oxford had fostered the tendency. He afterwards told me that he had applied for his post in Malta so as to be near Italy and Greece in order to indulge his love for ruins.

During the few months he had been in Malta he had studied Italian a little and modern Greek a good deal, as his intention was to visit Athens first. Shortly after my arrival he proposed that we should apply for leave and go to Athens together. Now I am no great lover of ruins, and was in favour of a visit to Sicily. At those distant shores I had gazed with longing eyes from the club window ever since my arrival; chiefly, I think, because it was a sort of mainland to the barren little rock I was on, and likely to remain on for five years to come. It was my first foreign station.

Trevor was a good-natured fellow, and we soon decided on Sicily, Athens being postponed for some future trip. A few days later we disembarked at Syracuse, where, after being overhauled by the warlike customs officers, we were guided to a hotel by noisy natives, all anxious to carry our bags, in the proportion of one bag to every two men, and there provided with breakfast.

Directly after this was over Trevor marched me off to see some papyrus, which grew in a fountain, the only spot in Europe he told me in which it grows. He was in raptures. We next took a carriage and spent the day in visiting the amphitheatre, Latomiæ, and other places of interest.

Next day we went on by train to Catania, and thence to Taormina. The latter is a quaint little village perched upon the hills facing Etna, with a view from the old Greek theatre of the shore-line, with the snow-capped mountain as a background, that in my humble opinion surpasses the boasted beauties of the Rhine or even the Bay of Naples. Possibly associations may lend enchantment to the memory of the scene!

Trevor was in great form. He had made the most careful plans of every ruin in Sicily, copied, as far as I remember, from Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities."

This book was my terror, for its appearance involved an excited discussion with every *custode*, and, as I spoke a little Italian, my work was cut out. Annoying as it was to have to translate their arguments with a very limited Italian vocabulary, it was worth it to see the gleam of triumph and satisfaction that shone through Trevor's spectacles as he complacently stroked his beard when he thought he had converted the *custode* on some point of architecture.

I am quite sure that the latter told the very next visitor his usual routine story of the plan and date of the building; but it would have been cruel to undeceive Trevor, when he fondly imagined that he had persuaded the obsequious Italian.

From Taormina we returned to Catania, and thence proceeded to Girgenti, where we arrived in the evening. After dinner we sauntered out to look for the local photographer, according to our custom. As we returned to the hotel down the main street, the crowd, which lined it on both sides, saluted us with a hiss. This was scarcely hospitable, and there was no apparent reason for it. Possibly it is their usual pleasing way of receiving strangers!

We entered our hotel and made preparations for an early start next day to see the ruins, which were reported to be some of the finest in Sicily. Our rude reception in the town induced us to load and take our revolvers, as we thought that, if the townspeople were uncouth, the villagers might be dangerous.

Only a few months before this an English gentleman had been taken by brigands at some distance from Girgenti, and had been ransomed by his friends at a heavy cost.

As we left the town next morning the beauty of the scene dispelled all gloomy thoughts; the sun was bright, and, as it was early in the year, not too hot. The slope of the hill was planted with almond and olive trees, the blossoms and delicate green leaves of the former standing out in pleasing contrast against the dark green of the latter. On a little hillock stood a temple in almost perfect preservation, looking like a new brick building nearly completed. It was built of some reddish stone.

Trevor was greatly excited, and strode on at a terrible pace, guide-book in hand, for he never went a yard without his Baedeker; and, with field-glasses swinging from his shoulder, he looked the tourist all over.

After inspecting several temples and pointing out to me the various points as set forth in his plans, he proposed that we should lunch in the Temple of Concord.

After lunch we started for other ruins, which abound in the vicinity. We saw the temples of Castor and Pollux, of Juno and of Jove, and others which I forget. Having duly admired the enormous caryatids, measured the diameters of the pillars and recorded them, we found it was getting late.

Trevor was anxious to see another ruin, and I wanted to get back to dinner.

"You see, my boy," said I, "what comes of lying in bed late; you would not turn out when I told you, and now we shan't be able to see this ruin. I daresay it's exactly like the rest, so you can imagine it."

"It's the oldest of all, and the pillars are enormous," returned Trevor with enthusiasm.

"If you hadn't spent half an hour hunting for a clean collar, as if you were going to a party, we should have had plenty of time. I'm sorry, but I'm going back."

After some discussion, however, I gave in and we started. As we went along at a swinging pace we met two peasants, who looked hard at us and passed on. About a quarter of an hour afterwards we were passing a grove of prickly pears when the two men we had met stepped out into the road, and, addressing us in Sicilian, beckoned us to turn aside into the grove, through which ran a path. It was late, and we refused to be beguiled into trying any short cuts, for this, we presumed, was the cause of the invitation.

"I say," said Trevor, "I don't like the way those fellows dog us; it will be as well to have our pistols ready, I don't at all fancy their looks; you may be sure they are up to some mischief."

"Nonsense," said I, "they want to sell curios;" but I felt inclined to agree with Trevor nevertheless.

Having seen the ruins, which were, as I had prophesied, much the same as the others, we turned hotelwards. It was growing dusk, and we stepped out briskly. For half an hour all went well; but it grew dark very rapidly, and, as we had not come by this road, we soon got into difficulties.

After walking about two hours we found that we could see no lights; and, as Girgenti was on a hill, it seemed clear that we must have turned away from it in the dark, and have been going in the wrong direction for some time.

All our suspicions as to brigands revived, but I think our fears of a supperless night in the open air were stronger—at least I know mine were.

In wandering about in hopes of catching a glimpse of the Girgenti lights, I suddenly saw a faint gleam some fifty yards off.

"Come along, Trevor, there's a cottage; we'll ask the way, and perhaps we can get something to eat—I'm starving."

On knocking at the door of the cottage—a poor-looking place—we were received by a girl, who was followed by a woman with a light. I addressed them in Italian, but was not understood; evidently they spoke only Sicilian. I then said "Girgenti," and pointed in different directions. The girl pointed up the road we had just come down, so that it was clear we were a good many miles from the town. Enquiries for food resulted in the offer of some black bread and sour wine. Rough as was the fare, it was very acceptable.

We then enquired if we could remain there for the night, for it was hopeless to think of reaching the town, tired as we

were. After some demur the woman led us to a room on the first floor, evidently her own, in which there was a bed. We felt reluctant to turn her out, but, as it was impossible to explain our feelings without running the risk of hurting hers, we thanked her, and were left to ourselves.

The first care was to secure the door, for there was no lock. Trevor was a man of resource, and, having foreseen the difficulty, had picked up a piece of firewood which he had seen in the room below. This I now fashioned into a wedge, and, slipping it under the door, secured it by boring a hole through it and into the floor. Into this hole the punch in my knife was driven.

Thus secured, we turned in, removing only our boots and collars; for it was chilly, and we did not fancy using the bedclothes. As we did so I said to Trevor—

"Please put that precious collar of yours handy or we'll be late in the morning again hunting for it, and I want to get back for breakfast."

This sally roused my usually uncomplaining companion, and he flung the collar on the bed. He then put his pistol under the pillow, in readiness for any emergency. And as we were tired after our long walk, we at once fell fast asleep.

Almost immediately, as it seemed to me, I was awakened by Trevor shaking me violently.

"What's up?" said I sharply.

"*Brigands!*" he whispered hoarsely.

This roused me, and I then found that there was some one violently shaking the door and shouting in Sicilian.

"What shall we do?" asked Trevor, "bolt or face them?"

It was dark, and I must confess that I did not feel like tackling an unknown number of the fierce outlaws, of whose cruelty I had so often heard.

"I think we'd better bolt; there may be a dozen of them," and I proceeded to pull on my boots hastily. As I did so I was startled by the report of a pistol.

"Hallo, Trevor, are they through the door?" exclaimed I, starting up, pistol in hand, ready to receive the attack.

He says my voice was weak and tremulous; but that is a calumny; besides, he was not in a sufficiently cool frame of mind to judge.

I could dimly see Trevor sitting on the bed, holding his still smoking pistol in his hand.

The rattling at the door had ceased. Evidently the brigands had been put to flight, for we could hear retreating footsteps. As we stood expecting a fresh attack in force, a loud scream and the sound of a struggle broke the throbbing silence. This was too much for our startled nerves.

"Come along, Trevor; this is a regular den of thieves we've fallen into; they're killing someone."

We could hear the most agonised screams, and then smothered gasps for breath. I ran to the window, and, looking out, saw that the ground was only about fifteen feet below. I was on the point of dropping down, when Trevor, who had slipped on his boots, stopped me, saying he could not find his collar. I fear I lost my temper—the idea of a man thinking of a collar in this extremity!

"Bother your collar! you may stop and look for it alone," and I dropped to the ground. Trevor followed at once, saying he had heard steps on the stairs, and he came so hurriedly as nearly to fall on me.

We at once took to our heels, and ran aimlessly away, anywhere to get out of reach. The night was dark, and, after running about half a mile, we pulled up and listened. There was not a sound.

Trevor now discovered that in the hurry he had put his boots on the wrong feet, and was nearly lame. Somewhat reassured, and having adjusted the boots, we walked rapidly on.

After having gone some two miles we decided that it was useless to go any farther, as it was very probable that we were going away from Girgenti. On this we looked out for a convenient place to spend the rest of the night, and chose the most sheltered spot we could find under a wall. There we lay huddled together for warmth, and wished for day.

When at last the sun did rise, it shone upon two as miserable-looking objects as well could be imagined. Trevor had no collar, I no hat; both were dishevelled and muddy, as the dew was heavy. I have often since reminded Trevor of his unprofessional appearance on this occasion, when he has tried to be dignified or to snub my chaff, and he does not seem to like it!

We got up, and, jumping on the wall, I looked round for Girgenti. It lay bathed in the sunlight, for, standing as it does on a hill, it caught the rays of the rising sun before we did. The sight drove away all the terrors of the night like a noisome mist, and we made briskly for the hotel.

Arrived there, we promptly ordered breakfast, and washed and changed. I lent Trevor a collar, and we got the waiter to buy a hat—such a hat! Never did coffee, ham, and eggs taste so savoury!

The landlord looked rather askance at us on arrival, but forbore to ask questions, evidently thinking that we had imbibed too much Chianti and had spent the night in a ditch.

After breakfast we explained the cause of our condition. He ridiculed the whole story, denying the existence of brigands, as do all Sicilians, in spite of the plainest evidence. It was only natural, we felt, for the landlords to repudiate the idea of rivalry in their own especial line of business; and it is to the interest of all the natives to hide what would deter strangers from visiting their antiquities.

Having enquired where the native substitute for a police office was, we set out to make a formal deposition of the attempt upon our lives.

Arrived there, we were ushered into the presence of the officer, who politely offered us seats. As we walked towards the chairs two men, who were in the room when we entered, turned round. They were our mysterious acquaintances of the day before.

The astonishment was mutual. Explanations followed, and it turned out that they had come to report that they had been shot at with intent to murder by persons unknown, and they now added that we were the persons, as the woman had described us minutely.

This was awkward. Instead of being plaintiffs, we were in the position of defendants. With some difficulty I explained that Trevor's pistol had gone off by accident (I believe that his hand trembled so that he pulled the trigger involuntarily; but this he would never allow).

Matters were soon set straight, and it was explained that our fright was caused by Giuseppe, the owner of the cottage, and his brother, coming home somewhat the fresher for spending the evening at a *caffè* in Girgenti. Finding his bedroom-door fastened, he very naturally resented it, and tried to force it open. In doing so he was fired at from within—repeatedly, according to his version.

On this he went to his daughter's room, where he found his wife, whom, in his drunken rage, he proceeded to punish for letting such murderous strangers into the house. After wreaking his wrath upon her, he armed himself, and, supported by his family, returned to the attack, burst open the door, and—found the enemy gone!

The dispute was amicably settled. I was then presented with my hat and knife, which had been brought as a means of identification. In return for these I slipped a five-franc paper note into the man's hand, and we were about to leave, when he suddenly stopped us, and produced a collar, which he handed to me.

I passed it on to Trevor, who eagerly took it, confessing, in his relief, that it was *the only one he had brought, and it was celluloid.*

A PERILOUS POSITION.

THE TRUE STORY OF A BOY'S ADVENTURE.

It has been my good fortune, under Divine Goodness, to have escaped many times scot free from the fingers of the skeleton hand of Death. Twice I was nearly shot—so nearly, that the muzzle of one gun was against a button of my coat when it exploded; and the unscattered shot from the other passed between my arm and my body. Once I was in imminent peril of being drowned; and upon a more memorable occasion was chased by a bull, which had gone mad in the shambles, two hundred and forty yards up an incline. Soon after this I fell head foremost from the rafters of a workshop, and was only saved from being spiked through the head upon one of the machines by the providential aid of a stalwart fellow who looked up in the nick of time.

Such hair-breadth escapes as these are not uncommon; many persons having had one or more such experiences in a lifetime. Hence, probably, the maxim that "man is immortal until his work is finished," an axiom which should never lead us into foolhardy acts, but one which, if religiously believed in, will give coolness and courage in the hour of extreme peril.

But in the "hair-breadth 'scapes" I have alluded to there was no time for fear. Even in the race for life before the horns of the

mad bull, I felt nothing of that heart-throbbing fear which is commonly, but erroneously, supposed to possess the quarry of beasts of prey when being pursued by their natural enemies. Mr. Darwin held that the existence of a God who *loved* all his creatures was not consistent with the creation of one animal to torture another. How far he was wrong is evidenced by Dr. Livingstone and other persons who have practically *been* the quarry, but who felt neither the agony of mortal fear when being pursued, nor pain when in the teeth of the beast of prey. But this is a digression.

The incident I am about to relate, however, was of an entirely different nature; and the peril of my position at the time was so appalling that I cannot even yet think of it without a shudder, though twenty years have elapsed since the episode.

The home where I was bred and born lay on the rock-bound coast of one of the most southerly of those islands which are protected by Great Britain on the east and Ireland on the west. As may be supposed, therefore, my early days were often spent amidst the sights and sounds of wild scenery and wilder birds, and my chief pastimes the hunting of game, crag climbing and mountaineering, varied by deep-sea fishing and the angling of mountain trouts and salmon fry in the burns which, over many a fall and through many a pool, ran their course to the sea.

Often, too, I would shoot the conies, which have their dwelling among the rocks, as they sat on the sunny patches of green away down between one rock and another, and from which they would fall senseless to the shingly beaches far below. Under the influence of boyish excitement, I often made the most hazardous descents at such times, bringing up the dead rabbit in my mouth.

To boys of adventurous dispositions there is nothing more fascinating or more health-giving than such wild feats amongst high crags, but it is a passion which those who are not physically adapted for it should shun, as the death of many lads testifies.

It was during the summer of 1870 that my cousin R. D. (who was always called by those two letters) came to my island home to spend the long vacation. It was a charming change from a Midland English town, and R. D. revelled in the romps which I led him; and though by my side he seemed puny and delicate, and, as I often think now, totally unfit for half the arduous rambles I dragged him through, he was nevertheless of an enduring spirit, and would never flinch from any task I set him. But R. D. could not climb the wild and lofty cliffs which formed the iron walls of the island. Many a time as he sat down on a little beach below, his heart would grow faint and sick with fear for my safety, as he watched me mount higher and higher, and seemed, to his anxious eye, to be hopelessly fixed.

On one of these excursions along the coast with my cousin, I espied a shelf of rock on which were numbers of young seagulls. I knew by their movements along the rock, and their fluttering wings, that they could not yet fly, and I became possessed of a romantic desire to reach them. The wise and humane law since enacted for the preservation and protection of these beautiful and useful birds was then scarcely talked of; nor had the moral influence of the "Boy's Own Paper" been felt. Seagulls' eggs, and often the young birds themselves, were therefore the property of those who could collect them, however ruthlessly; though now the possession of either is held an offence against the law of the country: the lawgivers holding that seagulls beautify the coast scenery, assist the fisherman in finding the shoals of herrings, and act as scavengers of fish refuse along the inhabited littoral of the islands.

For myself, I had no intention to carry off the young of the seagulls. Amidst all my boy-day freaks, I never once destroyed a bird's nest, or carried off the young. The mere pleasure of being on the same giddy height with the young birds, to handle and caress them, was enough to stimulate me to venture the climb.

We had rowed along the base of the crags, admiring the beautiful rock colouring on the red sandstone formation, and peeping into the gloomy caves, once the lurking places of smugglers, but now the home of the common diver and the razorbill, until we landed on the little strand from which we caught glimpses of the beaks and wings of the young gulls. Leaving R. D. on the shore with my boots and coat, I commenced at once what might have been my last climb up the steeps of this world.

The first half of my ascent was easy enough. Afterwards it became gradually necessary to exercise great care, and to use discretion in the grips for my fingers, for the chances of your success in climbing, and indeed the safety of your life, depend altogether upon the hands. The feet can never be more than auxiliaries. Climbing still upward, I got so high that R. D., sitting on the shore below, looked like a piece of rock with the form of a head and an upturned face. How close the gulls' rock appeared from below! what a fearful depth it appeared to the shore! Presently I was so high that I determined not to look down again, but kept my eyes on my work. By this time I could see the young gulls peering over upon me, and hear them rushing back with screams and flapping of wings. Foot by foot I drew nearer, but every foot made the next more perilous. I never had such a climb in all my climbing life, and the awful risks I ran appear to me now as the *ultra* of folly through the blinded sense of youthful passion. Often I held on by such little pieces of rock, and had such small footing for my toes, that my nerves shook my whole frame. Once, and once only, I grew fairly frightened and thought of retreating, but pausing awhile to gain my self-possession, made fresh efforts for my goal. It was slow work now, for I moved upward but an inch or two at a time. At last I reached the base of the rock which formed the nests of the birds; for seagulls lay their eggs on but a few scattered twigs on the bare rock, always choosing the most inaccessible positions.

I now noticed, for the first time, that this rock overhung, slanting outwards over my head. Looking steadily up at it for a brief space by way of reconnaissance, I saw that nothing but an aerial creature could possibly get over it. This was not only a disappointment, but a source of new danger, for I had calculated upon reaching the summit of the cliff from the shelf of rock as my only safe way to regain the shore, which I would have done by making a detour to a familiar track. I knew the awful peril that lay in any attempt at a descent by the way I had ascended. Nevertheless, as to rise over the overhanging rock was an impossibility for human skill, I essayed to retreat downwards.

Anyone who has ever been climbing in craigs, either from necessity or for pleasure, will know that it is much easier to go up than to come down. This is readily explained. In climbing up, you face your work, and besides this, you can draw up your foot a greater distance than you can stretch it downwards: which means that you may not be able to regain a foothold you easily secured while ascending. It is within my own knowledge that ignorance of this has caused the life of more than one lad to be cut short. The face of a crag seems so easy to climb, and a certain height gained gives boldness to go further; but the dangers of the descent are not reckoned up just then, and are only discovered by a surprise which fills the climber with fear, and to fear is to lose self-control, which in its turn may mean a fatal slip. And whether the practice of climbing (apart from its beneficial effects upon the nerves and muscles) will stand one in good stead in after life, or will rather lead to unnecessary risk, it is certain that such knowledge as this frequently deters the boy of experience from undertaking foolhardy exploits.

Experience had taught me all these facts; hence my preconceived plan for a continued climb upwards. Imagine therefore my horror when, after many attempts, I discovered that I was hopelessly fixed 200 feet above the first rock that would break my fall, with the weight of my body sustained by my fingers and toes only.

My first thought on realising the terrible plight I was in, was to halloo to my cousin. But a moment's reflection told me it would be useless. What could poor little R. D. do, I thought. He could not climb to the hill-top above by any other way without aid, and before he could have rowed to the village for help I should have succumbed to the strain upon my arms.

It was at this juncture that I became aware of the presence of an increasing number of mother-birds flying in circles over my head. I did not at first sight see any new danger in their being so near, though as the number was augmented by scores of others, the alarmed cries made such a din in my ears as made calm reflection on the problem of my escape very difficult. Then, on looking upwards, I observed that the whole crowd, led by the parent birds, were drawing down upon me by every fresh circle of their flight. Their cries, too, now became more like weird, unearthly, screams. In a moment I calculated my fate. An awful fear took possession of my soul. My head grew giddy, and I felt like letting go my hold. In my terror I seemed to think that the mouth of hell was open to receive me, for my senses became quickened by the recollection of a wilful life, and the rejection of pardon and peace.

Angry mother-birds, now wild with fear and rage, commenced to swoop down for my head. They were led by one large bird, who with open beak came nearer and nearer by every dash downwards. What was to be done! I knew that a blow from a single bird, so powerful on the wing, and swooping down towards my head with such velocity, would send me reeling over, to fall a mangled corpse at the feet of poor R. D.

What *could* I do? It was plain there was no time to lose, for that bird which led the attack came so close just then, that I had to duck my head to avoid her! Clearly there was no human aid. God alone could save me; and to Him I cried.

What a difference there is between going through a form of prayer at your mother's side, and crying out to God in an agony of despair! I thought of all the boys, and young men too, who had been killed near the very spot where I hung. I felt a sickening sensation, as if I were already cleaving the air. My muscles grew weak, and my nerves utterly gave way. But the jeopardy of my unpardoned soul was the uppermost thought of all. How often we wonder what were the last thoughts of our friends who have been killed! My testimony is as one from the dead, for a bird came dashing down so near, that, in trying to avoid it, my foot slipped, and —but no, the very jutting ledge, or cranny, of the rock, that I could not reach to before,

now providentially stopped my foot! I felt for another, and another. I reached them all with the ease of an accomplished young monkey, and you may be sure (with all those gulls and their unearthly din about my ears) with quite as much alacrity.

Yes, you may believe it, I beat such a retreat as the cat does when she climbs up to the beehive.

I reached my cousin like a freshly scotched terrier, putting on a brave countenance, however, and waiting for a little dramatic performance in which I had imagined my dear R. D. offering up a prayer of thankfulness while he hugged me round the neck! But imagine my consternation when he looked carelessly up into my face and said, "Why didn't you bring me a young gull? What kept you so long? You don't seem to think one bit about me, sometimes, sitting about here with nothing to do!"

C. J.

LULWORTH COVE.

A TALE OF THE OLD SMUGGLING DAYS.

By Rev. Thomas Harvey.



Possibly very few of our readers have visited Lulworth Cove. It is situated on the Dorsetshire coast, nearly opposite the well-known watering-place of Weymouth—once the favourite resort of King George III and his family. When residing there he and his friends frequently sailed across to the cove and enjoyed a quiet time amid its beautiful surroundings.

No more lovely spot can be chosen for a day's excursion or picnic. To be thoroughly appreciated it must be seen. The geologist will find here much to interest him in investigating the peculiar formations of the different strata.

The cove itself has been formed by the sea eating its way through the chalky and sandy soil. The two bluffs standing at the entrance are composed of a kind of stone similar to the Portland limestone. Portland, with its extensive quarries, mostly worked by convict labour, is joined to Weymouth by the famed Chesil beach.

A little to the west of Lulworth Cove is a deep basin with high hills rising upon all sides, and open to the sea through a small inlet, and bearing the name of Stair Hole. Beyond are the Dungeon Crags and Man-of-war Cove, where the cliffs rise to an immense height and terminate at a point called Marm Tout; beneath, standing in the sea like a church buttress, is a projecting portion of the cliffs through which the sea has worked its way, and the opening is known as Durdle Door, or Durdle Arch. Away to the east the coast line is grand and picturesque.

Whether proceeding by land or sea much will be found to attract the attention. Warbarrow Bay is an exquisite and unique spot, with Ring's Hill, or Flower's Barrow—a gigantic chalk cliff rising above it to a height of 500 feet. Then the headland of Culver, and a remarkable break in the chalk ridge, called Arish Mell Gap. Here a small stream flows into the sea, and forms the boundary line of the Isle of Purbeck. Chapman's Pool is the next place of interest, with dark blue beds of the Kimmeridge clay, and seams of limestone extending along the adjacent cliffs. Beyond this is a marvellous undercliff thickly grown over by blackberry bushes, elder and thorn, and wild gooseberries, and covered with huge fragments of fallen rocks. This leads on to St. Alban's Head, a tall headland with a chapel on its summit dedicated to St. Aldhelm, the first Bishop of Sherborne. (Alban is a corruption of Aldhelm.) This chapel, which is 450 feet above the sea-level, was doubtless intended to be a sea-mark for mariners, and a fitting place for prayers to be offered in "for those in peril on the sea." It overlooks the dangerous tide-way called St. Alban's Race—the sailor's terror. The disastrous wreck of the Halswell—a noble East Indiaman—took place at Seacombe, between here and Peverel Point, in the year 1785, involving a loss of 166 lives. The coast is rendered all the more dangerous by the peculiar set of the tides round the headlands, whereby many ships have been drawn into perilous positions, especially during the night. Other places of note along this interesting portion of our island home might well claim our attention—such as Dancing Ledge, Tilly Whim, Durleston Point, leading on to Swanage with its beautiful bay, and Old Harry Rocks and the Isle of Wight in the distance; but time and space remind us that we must retrace our steps to Lulworth Cove, as our main business is centred there.

At the time of which we write, England was enjoying the blessings of peace. The long war had at length been brought to a close. There had been a vast expenditure of life and money, and the National Debt had been increased by upwards of 600 millions. The battle of Waterloo had decided the fate of the ambitious Napoleon, and he was now in banishment at St. Helena. Europe was longing for peace and a revival of trade. Our English merchants soon commenced to

open up and develop commerce with foreign countries on a larger scale than hitherto.

The French ports were no longer closed, and advantage of this was at once seized upon by the dealers in contraband goods, and very soon smuggling extensively prevailed.

All round the Sussex and Kentish coasts large quantities of spirits from Holland and France, as well as silks and valuable lace, were landed duty free. On the Dorsetshire coast there was likewise much of the same illicit traffic carried on. Cherbourg, St. Malo, and the Channel Islands being within easy sailing distance, no great difficulties were found in the way of getting over an abundant supply of brandy, silks, cambrics, Valenciennes lace, and velvet. To evade the duties levied on these articles by the Government was regarded as no wrong whatever. To cheat the king and baffle the coastguard were looked upon as deeds of daring, and to be gloried in.

Curious ideas respecting smuggling have always prevailed in every generation. Men who would shrink from doing dishonest deeds, have not the same feelings with regard to dabbling a little in obtaining goods without paying the duty levied on them by the Government. Indeed, smugglers have usually commanded the sympathy, if not the protection, of almost all classes of society. Farmers, and even their wives and daughters, have not been behind in rendering their help. How many silk dresses trimmed with real lace, and how many fine cambric handkerchiefs have thus rewarded their indirect aid, and such as never passed through H.M. Custom House!

Within a circuit of a dozen miles of Lulworth Cove there were very few individuals to be found who were not directly or indirectly engaged in this exciting enterprise. Tradesmen dealt in smuggled articles. Travelling pedlars, or packmen, were constant buyers of valuable silks, velvets, and laces, and disposed of them to their customers, weekly payments being taken.

Public-houses were supplied with kegs of spirits by those who patronized them, and the landlords frequently found a good portion of the money needful for a venture. There was scarcely a house of any size in the neighbourhood where a supply of good French brandy was not forthcoming from some secret place when occasion required. The housewife knew perfectly well how to deal with the neat spirit. It was run through burnt loaf sugar, which gave colour and flavour to it, and then a certain proportion of water was added to lower the strength of the spirit, which was considerably above proof.

Places of concealment were not scarce, and "hides," as they were termed, were to be found in farmhouses, barns, and worked out quarries, and detection was a difficult task. Government officials, too, were often not above receiving bribes to be quiet when they ought to have been active. Gold blinded their eyes that they could not see, and they were as familiar with the flavour of foreign brandy as the smugglers themselves.

An instance could be given of the son of a chief officer who for a long period took an active part in defrauding the revenue, while his father was diligent and zealous in endeavouring to put down such unlawful proceedings in the district over which he had command.

The coastguardmen were almost powerless in carrying out the law, for the smugglers would sometimes assemble in bands of fifty or a hundred strong, armed with scythes fastened on sticks, flails loaded with lead, and old horse pistols. These weapons they did not hesitate to use when interfered with, and a stern resistance was offered to the king's men, as the coastguard or preventive men were called.

Lulworth Cove and the neighbourhood offered unusual facilities for successful smuggling.

Most of the inhabitants of the village were engaged in fishing, the rocky coast yielding an unlimited supply of the finest lobsters and crabs.

During the winter months, when fishing was at times impossible, poaching occupied the leisure of some of these hardy "toilers of the sea." There were land sharks and water sharks in those days. The hills around were literally honeycombed by rabbits, but these did not satisfy the sporting proclivities of the fishermen and the agricultural labourers. Between East Lulworth and West Lulworth were large game preserves, owned by Squire Blundwell of Lulworth Castle. The head keeper, Hunt, and his men were kept busily employed and ever on the watch for nets and snares, and yet their hares and pheasants disappeared in an unaccountable way. Occasionally they were fortunate enough to catch a poacher in the very act, and had the pleasure of seeing him sent to Dorchester gaol for three months. There was one notorious fellow, Jim White by name, who gave the keepers no end of trouble and annoyance.

The prime mover in most of the smuggling transactions was Ned Williams. He was a man small of stature and deformed, but he had a very long head. He was a kind of authority upon all matters coming before the men of the village. In the parlour of the only inn there, the Ship and Lobster, his voice was to be heard laying down the law with all confidence. He took no active part in smuggling, but planned everything connected with it, for he was well acquainted with every nook and corner of the country round, and had an accurate knowledge of the coast, the tides, and all sea affairs in general. There were several fast sailing boats owned by the fishermen, and among them were the Flying Scud, owned by Aleck Corbin, and Harry Chaffey and Bob Brown were his companions; and the Alert—the property of Tom Squibb, Ben Bower, and Arthur Williams.

These boats rarely ventured as far as the French ports, but intercepted larger ones of the chasses marées class, or chasers of the tide. These luggers were splendid seaboats and swift sailers. As a rule they were well manned and managed.

It was the custom then to arrange with an agent at Cherbourg or elsewhere, to put a certain quantity of brandy, silks, or other commodities on board one of these luggers, and to give instructions for her to leave at a given date, wind and weather permitting; and to be off the coast of such and such landing places, and unload the cargo into boats which would run out to meet her.

A card was cut or torn into two pieces in a zigzag fashion, one of which pieces was sent to the buyer in England, and this he gave to his chief man to present to the captain of the lugger, and if it corresponded with the other half in his possession, the captain knew the right parties to whom to deliver the stuff.

It must not be supposed that success always attended these ventures. Revenue cutters were constantly cruising about, on the look-out for suspicious craft, and from the various coastguard stations on land the watch was ever kept.

The Gertrude was one of these cutters, and Captain Sloper, who commanded her, was a zealous officer, and above receiving anything like a bribe. Lieutenant Meader was in command of the station at Lulworth, and was under the orders of the inspecting commander of the district, who visited the different stations from time to time on horseback, accompanied by a riding officer named Lattimer. It will thus be seen that the smugglers had their work cut out in evading the king's men and safely running a cargo. They adopted many devices in accomplishing their purpose. When it was arranged to land at a particular place—say the Cove or near—the Cove boats were allowed to remain at their moorings, lest the suspicions of the coastguard should be aroused, and boats from Weymouth or Swanage were engaged to meet the lugger. Concerted action was the policy of the different bands of smugglers, and they were always ready to help each other.

A ready means of communicating with Weymouth was found in the market boat that plied between that place and Lulworth. This boat belonged to a remarkable woman, answering to the name of Mary Ann Goatby. She was as well able to manage a boat and pull an oar as any man in the Cove. She had a brother, Jack, a half-witted fellow, who helped to work the boat. They gained their living by taking fish to the Weymouth market, and bringing back supplies of needful articles for the people of the village. They also conveyed passengers who had business at Weymouth, and the sons and daughters of the farmers to schools there.

Ned Williams had another individual also in his service—Tommy Cutler. This man led a wandering life, tramping about from place to place, selling a few useful articles, such as boot laces, buttons, needles, pins, etc. He had lost one of his legs through an accident, and so proceeded on crutches. At one time he possessed a wooden leg, but this had long been worn out, and he never saved enough money to buy another, as he was much addicted to drink. He was well known in the neighbourhood, and was allowed by the farmers to sleep in their barns or outhouses on the condition that he did not endanger the premises by lighting his pipe. He was employed by Williams as secret messenger to go round the country and inform the smuggler band of the time and place where they were to assemble and assist in landing the expected cargo of contraband goods. This he was able to do without exciting the least suspicion.

On one of the days in September 1816 there was evidently something more than ordinary about to take place, for Ned Williams was more than usually active, and he was to be seen eagerly conversing with some of his friends. The Ship and Lobster had a lot of customers in and out during the day, and not a few of them appeared to be excited. In the afternoon Ned Williams was in a private room there giving some important instructions to Jack Goatby. "Now, Jack," he said, "I want you to take this piece of paper up to Farmer Barnes, who lives just this side of Osmington." On it was written: "Have your men ready near the beach to the west of your house by nine o'clock tomorrow night. You know for what purpose." "Jack, you must go along the cliff by the coastguard track, and you will be sure to meet one or more of the king's men. When you do so, just begin to talk about the weather or something, and then, as if by accident, pull out this piece of paper with your handkerchief and let it drop to the ground. Take no notice of it, but walk on."

This turned out as Ned expected. Jack met one of the coastguardmen and had a few minutes' casual conversation with him, and then did as he was instructed. The sharp eyes of the coastguard espied the paper fall to the ground, and after Jack's back was turned he picked it up and read it.

"Oh, oh, this is the little game, is it?" he audibly exclaimed; "it was a fortunate thing that I met that stupid chap. We will be ready for the farmer and his men to-morrow night and have a grand haul.

Without delay he proceeded to the station, and related to the lieutenant what had happened on the way. There was ample time for sending word to other stations along the coast to spare as many men as they possibly could to help in preventing the anticipated run at Osmington.

This was a dodge on the part of Williams to put the coastguard on the wrong scent. He had planned the landing to take place several miles on the other side of Lulworth—at Chapman's Pool. Tommy Cutler had fulfilled his mission, and a large number of smugglers were gathered together in the undercliff not far from the pool, in readiness for the boats. They dispersed themselves among the thick bushes and behind the fallen rocks, and anxiously waited for the signal to begin operations. The weather was favourable and the night dark. A light placed in a cottage window some distance inland was the guide to the boats where to effect a landing. There was no coastguardman on his rounds in that quarter, as every available man had been sent to Osmington.

About ten o'clock the sound of oars was heard, and soon the welcome signal came to proceed to the shore. Without noise or confusion the kegs of spirits, numbering over a hundred, were handed out, and willing hands carried them up the gorge to carts waiting to convey them to a place of safety already prepared for their reception, in the barn of Farmer Reynes at Wynchcombe, who was an old and tried hand at smuggling.

The flag-stones in his barn had been removed, and the pits beneath were soon filled with the kegs and the stones replaced with the greatest care.

The men returned to their homes by different routes, many of them having to walk long distances.

During the next day tidings reached the station at Lulworth that the look-out man at St. Alban's Head had good reasons for supposing that something had occurred in the pool below the previous night, as he had seen lights from time to time flitting about on the shore, but being alone he did not like to leave his post. The Warbarrow watchman also reported that three boats had been seen leaving Weymouth in the afternoon, and he guessed that they were on their way to some larger craft out at sea.

The coastguardmen were furious when they found out how they had been hoaxed, and vowed vengeance on the smugglers.

The St. Alban's men diligently searched round Chapman's Pool, and were fully convinced from the state of the beach and the footmarks near, that a run had been effected. Traces of the cart wheels and the horses' hoofs were clearly distinguishable and were tracked in the direction of Wynchcombe Farm.

On arriving at the farm, the chief officer and his men looked in every direction—stables, cowhouses, and hay-loft—but nothing rewarded their search. In the barn they saw old Woodrow hard at work threshing corn, and the floor was well covered with grain and chaff.

"Well, Woodrow," asked the officer, "where is your master?"

"Oh! he be gone to Wareham market."

"When do you expect him back?"

"Not much avore night," was the reply; "vor he do most times enjoy hisself arter business be done."

Farmer Reynes was a splendid specimen of an old yeoman, tall and stout, and free-hearted. But he had a great capacity for grog.

After market was over, he was accustomed to take his seat in the Red Lion parlour, and have a long sitting and blow a lengthened cloud.

He always paid his score according to the following mode of reckoning. When served with a glass of grog he unbuttoned his long waistcoat one hole, beginning at the bottom. On several occasions he was known to have to button up, and begin again before finishing his bout. He would never pay for a single glass more than his buttons indicated.

On the Thursday after the visit of the coastguard, Reynes and his men were pretty busy at the farm loading three waggons with sacks of wheat, or what seemed to be wheat. Each sack contained two tubs of brandy, and wheat filled in between. The waggons were sent off and duly reached their destination—a mill about a mile from Wareham. There the tubs were deposited and disposed of by degrees by the owner of the mill, who was in league with the Lulworth fraternity.

Nothing more was attempted by the Cove party for some little time, as it was necessary to keep quiet, for the coastguardmen were most vigilant. But Ned Williams was not idle. His fertile brain had devised another plan for cheating the revenue. He had been away from home for nearly a month. Shortly after his return a vessel was observed making for the Cove one afternoon. Her flag was half-mast, an intimation that a death had taken place on board. She dropped anchor about a quarter of a mile outside the entrance to the Cove under the lee of the cliffs. Soon after a boat was seen to leave her and was pulled to the beach. A coastguardman was there ready to make inquiries as to the vessel and the object of her visit.

He was informed that she was the Riple, of Poole, and had a cargo of granite on board bound for Southampton. While the vessel was loading at St. Sampson's, Guernsey, the mate was taken down with smallpox and soon died. His wife was on board at the time, having gone the trip with him. As the man was a native of Winfrith, the captain thought it advisable to put into Lulworth and land the corpse and the widow.

No objections were raised by the authorities, and Ned Williams, who happened to be standing near the boat, suggested that a light waggon might be procured suitable for the purpose of conveying the corpse and the poor woman to Winfrith—nearly six miles from Lulworth.

This was arranged. The boat put off to the vessel, and after some delay returned with the coffin. The widow looked to be rather tall and very stout. Little of her features could be seen, as she wore a thick veil. She was evidently not much accustomed to boating, and required a good bit of assistance in getting on shore, complaining that her limbs were so stiff. The coffin was carried up the beach by four men and placed in the waggon, and the widow took her seat beside it. Williams kindly offered her his services under the trying circumstances, and they were gladly accepted.

The party soon started for their destination. In less than two hours the waggon reached a house on the outskirts of Winfrith. It stood alone, surrounded by a nice garden. The party was expected, as the door was opened as soon as the waggon stopped. The widow went in at once and the coffin was soon deposited in the front room and the blinds were drawn down.

Ned Williams having signified his intention of not returning to Lulworth until the next day, the waggon was sent back after the horse had rested awhile.

There were certainly no signs of mourning in that house during the evening.

The "widow," after half an hour's absence upstairs, came into the room looking very much thinner than before. This was no matter of wonder. She had divested herself of a considerable quantity of superabundant clothing. Before leaving the Riple, she had wound hundreds of yards of Valenciennes lace round her arms, legs, and body, and had put on no less than six ample skirts of rich silk, merely tacked together, and suitable for making into dresses.

The lid of the coffin was next removed, but no corpse was there. The coffin was stuffed full with pieces of silk, lace, and cambric. The duty on all these articles would have amounted to a large sum. But this was not the total of the smugglers' gains. As soon as darkness came on, the crew of the Riple set to work lowering kegs of brandy into the sea to the number of eighty. These were fastened together by ropes in lots of ten each, and pieces of iron attached to the ends of the ropes to sink them. Bits of cork about four inches square, secured to the ropes, floated in the sea, and indicated where the treasure was. As these corks were exactly like those attached to lobster pots, no notice would be taken of them. In due course, as opportunities were afforded, the whole of the kegs were landed and distributed.

Nothing of importance transpired at the Cove for several months, as the weather was unfavourable and the winter had set in with great severity.

During a storm in December a schooner was driven ashore between Lulworth and Warbarrow and became a wreck. She was laden with wine from Lisbon, bound for Portsmouth. As the vessel broke up the casks of wine floated about and many were washed ashore.

The occupation of wreckers is almost gone. It is now called salving, from the Latin *salvare*, to save, although salving is even now only another word for wrecking in many cases. All salvage is supposed to be given up to the Official Receiver of Wrecks, and this office frequently devolves on the head of the coastguard station nearest the wreck. All that is salved is not delivered to him by the salvors, and this is a well-known fact, but only such things as cannot be conveniently or safely carried away. Whatever is collected together by the Official Receiver is sold by auction, and the proceeds are divided according to the following scale: the crown one third; salvors one third; owners of ship and cargo one third. As a rule the owners realise but little.

The Lulworth fishermen were very busy at the scene of the wrecked schooner, and wine was their beverage for a long time. Floating casks were secured and towed ashore, while others were broached on the beach, and drunkenness was the consequence.

Smuggling and wrecking always promote drinking habits, and the possession of spirits in the house is a fruitful cause of constant "nipping" on the part of women as well as men.

The wreck of the schooner proved no blessing to the Lulworth people, for it caused much dissipation and frequent quarrels.

As the spring grew on, Ned Williams and his companions were again at their old game. Former successes only served to embolden them to further ventures.

It was resolved to try "a run" at Dancing Ledge, where great facilities for landing existed. There were several quarries worked inwards from the cliffs. On the top were windlasses for lowering stone for shipment in small vessels, and these could be utilised for drawing up contraband goods. The quarries themselves afforded capital places of concealment, and other quarries inland were not far distant. Some extended five or six

hundred yards under ground, and the lanes and alleys led in different directions according to the lay of the various veins of stone. A large number of kegs of spirits, or bales of tobacco, or silks, could be easily stowed away in one of these lanes, and the entrance blocked by building up a rough wall of stones and shovelling earth in front, and thus detection was rendered difficult.

On one of the nights in the week before the new moon in March it was decided to land a cargo on the Ledge, not far from Tilly Whim. The usual precautions were taken.

A message was sent from Lulworth to the stations in the district one day to the effect that the Flying Scud and Alert had left the Cove during the previous night, and it was suspected that there would be a landing attempted somewhere along the coast. The day was a clear one, and towards evening the officer at St. Alban's Head saw, by the aid of his telescope, two sailing boats going in the direction of a much larger one, some miles out at sea. Strict orders were given to the men, as they left in the evening for their beats, to keep a good look-out, and each one was supplied with a blue light to burn as a signal to summon others to his aid in case of need.

It was observed that several lots of men were making their way across the country in the direction of Worth, a village about a couple of miles from Dancing Ledge.

The Gertrude had received orders to cruise between Weymouth and Swanage, so that the chances of a successful run were small.

By degrees the smugglers assembled at the cliff quarries, and at nine o'clock a lantern was lighted inside one of them as a signal to the boat to come in.

This light could not be seen on land, and was only visible seawards.

Within an hour the boats were fastened to the Ledge, and the hauling up was rapidly proceeded with. Suddenly a bright light startled the band, burning within a hundred yards of them, and another was soon seen on a vessel a mile or two from the land. The smugglers knew only too well what these lights meant, and at once suspended operations.

The boats pushed off from the rocks without a minute's delay, and the rest of the kegs were pitched overboard, with the hope that some would eventually be picked up, either at sea or on shore. The Gertrude, meanwhile, was sailing in, and soon her pinnace was manned, and the crew rowed their hardest to intercept the two boats.

The smugglers on the cliff were for a moment taken aback, and hardly knew what to do.

In less than ten minutes six or seven of the coastguardmen were on the spot, and summoned the smugglers to surrender in the king's name. "Not if we can help it," shouted Sam Smith, a stalwart fellow, who at once made a dash at the foremost of them, and sent him sprawling, and another of their number was soon on the ground. But a smart blow from a cutlass soon disabled Sam's right arm, and he was overpowered. Two more of his companions were wounded by pistol shots. Nat White used his loaded flail with tremendous effect, and others offered a desperate resistance. But most of them were more desirous of escaping than of fighting, and in the confusion and darkness made off, leaving their three wounded mates prisoners.

The chances seemed against the Flying Scud and Alert escaping the cutter's men.

Tom Squibb shouted to Corbin in the other boat, "You make the best of your way to binspit Gap, and we will try for Durleston way." This was wise counsel, and so the boats pulled away in opposite directions. The pinnace could only pursue one, and set off after the Flying Scud. The wind was light, and the Alert was consequently not followed by the Gertrude, and so made good her escape.

Corbin and his companions were well aware of the consequences of falling into the hands of the king's representatives, and never did men bend to their oars as they did, for desperation gave increased strength to their limbs.

The distance to the Gap was not great, and they struggled hard to reach it, but the cutter's boat was fast gaining on them, being much lighter. Corbin kept his boat well in shore, and as he was acquainted with every part of the coast there was no danger. As soon as he saw how matters were going, he resolved to run his boat ashore at once, and she was aground in a few minutes. Overboard the men jumped into the water, and were on the rocks and scrambling up the low cliff before the pinnace reached the Flying Scud.

"That was a close shave, my hearties," cried Aleck Corbin, "and now disperse yourselves and do the best you can. The poor Scud will never have a brandy tub aboard her again. It's bad luck, my lads, this go, but we have done our best. I hope the chaps on the cliff have got clear off. It won't do for us to venture back to Lulworth for many a long day, and we must be up to something to earn a crust." Corbin and Bob Brown were marked men, having engaged in so many runs, and now their boat was taken it was of no use whatever trying to brave it out, and they had no liking for spending the next six months in prison. They made up their minds to tramp to Poole and try for berths on board some vessel there.

It was a weary walk, after their great exertions, and by the time they reached South Haven in the morning, they were footsore and heartsick. Here they hired a boat and proceeded to Poole, and were fortunate enough to ship on board one of the Newfoundland traders. Two days later they were sailing down Channel, beyond the grip of the king's men.

The Alert got safely away, and as Squibb was fully aware that the Cove would be too dangerous a place for them, he resolved to run up to Southampton Water, and have the boat painted and rechristened, and then either sell her or use her for fishing.

This disaster put the stopper on any further smuggling transactions in or near the Cove during the rest of the year.

CIRCE'S VENGEANCE; OR, THE CHŒROMORPHIC METASTROPHE.

A STORY OF (VERY) ANCIENT GREECE!

By Allison G. O. Pain,

Author of "Fantasis, a Strange Schoolboy," etc.

Some time ago I, Tommy Breaklaw, was allowed an opportunity of stating my opinion about the demerits of Virgil's Æneid. I didn't think then that anything worse than a Virgil lesson could possibly happen to a fellow. But I was wrong. Since that time our unhappy form has been put on to Homer, and we're all agreed that Homer is a lot worse.

"You will perhaps have some trouble over the Homeric forms," said Mr. Horsemill mildly, when we first started the subject. He never had any trouble with any subject when he was a boy, consequently he sometimes makes mistakes about boys. But this time he was right enough—we did find some slight difficulty—so slight that after working for about an hour and a half, I can, if I'm lucky, worry through about three lines.

"The critics are not agreed," says Mr. Horsemill, "as to whether writing was known in Homer's day." I don't know who the critics are, but they always seem to "agree to differ" about something or other. This I do know—whether Homer could write or not, I'm positive he couldn't spell. Why, he can't make up his mind about "Odusseus"—which name Mr. Horsemill says is the same as "Ulysses." You turn O into U, *d* into *l*, change the first *u* into *y*, and knock the other out—it's a very simple process. We have one cheeky boy in our form—only one, and his name isn't Breaklaw—and he suggested that it would be just as easy to turn the name into "oysters"—omit the *d*, turn *u* into *y* . . . He never got any further. Two hundred and fifty lines of Homer *with the accents* is a good lot for a fellow to write out, but I suppose it served him right. Still the name is "by no means unlike oysters," as Mr. Pecksniff said when he was trying to think of "sirens."

We are "reading"—or rather, we are trying to spell out the tenth book of the Odyssey, and some time ago we came to a really funny part. Every intelligent schoolboy—that is to say, every boy who reads the "B. O. P."—will at once guess that I mean the description of Circe the enchantress turning the crew of Odysseus into swine and feeding them on mast and acorns. We all smiled at that, and some of us thought how nice it would be if we could secure the services of Circe, to operate upon the masters.

"Now, boys," said Mr. Horsemill, "some people will tell you that Homer meant to warn his countrymen against gluttony and drunkenness. I am afraid that's a mistaken notion. Homer always talks about 'unspeakable flesh' and 'honey-sweet wine' as if he thoroughly enjoyed good feeding himself. Besides Odysseus, who escapes, thanks to the magic herb 'moly,' seems to have eaten just as much as anybody else. . . . Well, Breaklaw, what is it?"

"If you please, sir, did he tell anybody else about the 'moly.'

"We are not told. Most probably he received a large sum from Circe to keep the secret—and then sold it the first time that he got a chance. He was a man of many wiles."

"Breaklaw," said Mr. Horsemill the next day, "you've given me an idea. I will continue the history of Circe from the point where Homer leaves off. I am much obliged to you, Breaklaw."

"You write for the papers, don't you sir?" I asked. (I am about the only one in the form that cares to tackle him out of school.)

"I write *for* them—not *in* them, very often. Observe the subtle force of the preposition."

A week or two afterwards I asked him if he would lend me the tale to read. He said I could take it and keep it—he didn't want it and nobody else did either. Here it is.

* * * * * * * *

Odysseus, after returning safe and sound to home and kindred, ought certainly to have lived happily with Penelope for the rest of his life. But though such uninterrupted bliss is a very common thing (in old-fashioned story-books), it did not fall to his lot. After he had been interviewed by the special reporter of the "Ithaca Gazette"—and had had the pleasure of being entertained at dinner by the mayor and corporation—and had lectured several times in the town-hall before "large and appreciative audiences," he began to find life a trifle dull and monotonous.

> I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
> Life to the lees.

Those were his sentiments. So he bethought him of Circe, the far-famed lady conjurer of Ææa, and how on one occasion he had spoiled her finest trick, the "Chœromorphic Metastrophe"—which consisted, as everybody knows, in inviting members of the audience on to the platform, feeding them well, and then changing them into swine. (Of course she always reversed the spell, as soon as people had finished laughing at the unhappy victims.) And he wrote to her as follows:—

"I, Odysseus, King of Ithaca, send greeting to Circe, Professional Enchantress, Ææa.

"It is in my mind to cross the wine-dark mere yet again, and see many cities of men. I purpose to lecture therein on the Trojan War with dioramic views ('The burning city' changing to 'The ruins by moonlight,' and all that sort of thing, you know). Now, lest the folk should be wearied at heart, hearing me hold forth for many hours without pause, I desire you to travel with my company, that you may from time to time delight the minds of men with cunning sorceries, and especially with the Chœromorphic Metastrophe, for it is a goodly trick and goeth down right well. In requital for this service I will give you three fair acres of corn-bearing land, and I will hold my peace touching the "moly,' of which plant no mortal knoweth saving Odysseus, for indeed it is hard for mortal men to dig, and I deem this secret most precious. An early reply will oblige."

When Circe received this epistle she wavered in her mind, doubting whether she should consent to go, and ask him to make it six acres, or should treat him with scorn and contempt. After much deliberation, she wrote as follows:—

"I cannot do this thing, but I can pay you what your secret is worth." She then enclosed the smallest copper coin known to the ancients, and sent off the letter unstamped, leaving Odysseus to pay a special registration fee of eight "obols," and two for an unpaid letter. And when he read the contents he was grievously enraged, for it seemed to him that he, the "man of many wiles," had parted with ten obols without gaining much thereby. And first he went into the kitchen and gave many of the domestics notice to leave, and then he proceeded to advertise the plant "moly" in all the papers. And so when next Circe performed at Ææa, all those who came on to the platform had eaten of the moly, and the "Chœromorphic Metastrophe" was a dead failure, and many men demanded their money back.

"Pigs are played out," observed Circe's acting-manager, who was calmly adding up the takings in a little room at the back. "They've all got hold of the secret. You must do something else."

Therefore Circe commenced a series of experiments, and succeeded in producing first a pig with an ass's head, then an ass with a pig's head, and finally an unmitigated ass. After this triumph all was plain sailing, and when she started on her next tour she was able to announce in large capitals that the performance would conclude every evening with

THE PANTOMORPHIC METASTROPHE,

the necessary drugs being administered in the shape of small cakes, perfectly harmless and palatable to the taste.

Now Odysseus went forth to lecture in the Happy Isles—but that is another story. And Circe also went forth to conjure and gained much treasure, and whenever she asked men if they would kindly step forward to assist in the last trick, many shouted assent and came forward, and were turned into divers animals. And those who looked on them were glad at heart, and quenchless laughter rose.

At last, in an evil hour, Circe decided to visit an island in the Ægean Sea called Gnathos, where the people were wholly given up to the study of science. No boy was allowed to partake of fruit pie until he could explain scientifically the principle of the "cup," nor might he play at cricket with his companions until he had studied the velocity of projectiles, and many other things that trouble not the youth of this generation. In this place the chief magistrate declined to grant the use of the town-hall, on the ground that no scientific purpose could be served by such an entertainment. So the performance took place in a barn before a beggarly array of (almost) empty benches. On the second night there was a somewhat fuller attendance. After a little stiffness the worthy Gnathians soon entered into the spirit of the thing and applauded vigorously, not seeming to care in the least whether the performance was scientific or otherwise. Among the audience at the back of the hall (or barn) was a man disguised in a wig and false beard, who bore a strange resemblance to the Chief Magistrate. He came on to the platform and was turned into a peacock, much to the amusement of several members of the corporation, who had been "detained at their offices by press of business." Ten minutes later he was telling his wife that it was a "miserable affair"—"wasted evening—glad you didn't come, my dear; not *your* style of thing at all." The good lady said it was simply shameful that such things should be allowed to go on. If it was really as bad as all that, she should consider it her painful duty to be present at the third (and concluding) performance.

Curiously enough, the next day Circe received a polite note from the Chief Magistrate himself, offering her the use of the hall on condition that the performance should be called "Lecture with scientific experiments," in which case he would attend in person, and take the chair. Circe readily consented, and in order to ensure a fuller attendance, she issued a few complimentary tickets. Seven of these were sent to an old lady named Gorgopis, who received six young gentlemen to "prepare for their future career," as the advertisement somewhat vaguely put it. (Thorough refinement. Home comforts.) About an hour before the commencement of the performance, Circe received a small packet containing the seven tickets and the following curt epistle:

"Why have you insulted me thus? You are no better than you ought to be.

"GORGOPIS."

Nothing daunted by this rebuff, Circe went on with her lecture as usual, and met with triumphant success. The Chief Magistrate rose at the conclusion of the proceedings, and proposed a vote of thanks for the interesting and instructive lecture to which they had just listened. From the last experiment, he would ask his younger hearers to draw the scientific lesson that cakes were subtle and insidious things, liable to lead to unforeseen consequences, unless they were purchased at a shop where all the goods could be guaranteed to be genuine, and free from adulteration. As the worthy magistrate was a baker and confectioner by trade, it was felt that the last piece of advice could hardly be called disinterested.

The next evening, as Gorgopis was enjoying a thoroughly refined meal of soup and oysters, while the six pupils were banqueting upon stale bread, stale fish, and other home comforts, an old woman, bent nearly double, appeared in the doorway.

"Go to the ravens!" said Gorgopis. "I never give anything to beggars."

"I am no beggar," said the old woman indignantly. "I have wares to sell," displaying a large basket covered with a white cloth.

"Neither do I buy aught from the peripatetic vendors of unspeakable rubbish."

"Ah, well," said the stranger, "I'm an old woman, and I've come a long way, and the basket's heavy, and my back aches; and if you won't buy my cakes"—the pupils pricked up their ears—"why, I must just give them away, that's all. Will you kindly accept a cake?"

"Not for me," said Gorgopis, who had worked her way steadily through two dozen oysters. "Give them to the boys—the dear boys! I'm sure I grudge them no luxury."

"This will go in the bill," muttered Chalceus, the senior pupil. "Never mind—*we* don't pay it. Here goes!"

When each boy had received one cake, there were still three left in the basket.

"Leave them," said Gorgopis generously. "I will bestow them on the slaves. I don't believe there's a single house in Gnathos where the slaves are treated as mine are."

"I should hope not," muttered the stranger softly as she withdrew.

Some hours later Gorgopis crossed the court-yard and made her way to a long corridor into which six doors opened. Every pupil had a separate bedroom, this desirable result being attained by the simple process of building one room somewhat longer and narrower than usual, and dividing it into six by means of partitions reaching rather more than half-way up to the roof. Gorgopis knocked at the door of No. 1.

"Chalceus, is your lamp out?"

"Hee-haw," was the only response.

"What a dreadful cough!" exclaimed Gorgopis. "I must dose that boy." She smiled placidly—family medicine was always an exceedingly profitable item.

"Is your lamp out?" she demanded again.

"Hee-haw."

"Open the door at once."

"Hee-haw."

Gorgopis angrily flung the door open and——

The senior pupil had disappeared. In his place was a fine, active young donkey who had torn the bedding to rags, smashed the water-jug, and kicked a hole through the partition. He had rashly thrust his head into the opening and was vainly endeavouring to



Some Holiday Jottings.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* T. C. HEATH.)

draw it back again, lashing out with his hind legs in the most determined way.

"Why, what on earth——" began Gorgopis.

At this point the donkey succeeded in releasing his head. Seeing Gorgopis, he turned towards her and bowed politely.

"WHERE is Chalceus?" demanded Gorgopis, as though she expected the animal to answer.

The donkey raised his right foreleg and seemed to be trying to point to himself as much as to say, "Here I am."

"Truly an intelligent beast," said Gorgopis. "Nevertheless I wish I knew who had brought him here!" Then she passed on to No. 2.

"Xuthus, is your lamp out?"

Grunt.

"Is your lamp out? Answer me, or by the gods——"

Grunt—grunt.

"He snores loudly," said Gorgopis, who was rapidly losing her temper, "but I will arouse him." She ran across the court and fetched a long thick stick with which she was accustomed to stimulate the flagging energies of her pupils. Armed with this weapon she opened the door of No. 2, and found not Xuthus, but a short, fat pig fast asleep on the floor, grunting at regular intervals, as if he were playing the double-bass in some invisible orchestra.

"Where is Xuthus?" demanded Gorgopis, gently prodding the sleeping animal with her stick. With one portentous grunt the pig sprang to his feet, opened his eyes, shook himself, and bowed very much as the donkey had done, but with less grace.

"This is some infamous trick," exclaimed Gorgopis. "Some malicious person must have carried off my boys, my dear boys!"

The pig uttered a series of short grunts which seemed to indicate that the animal was gradually feeling his way towards a laugh. Gorgopis lashed savagely at him with the stick, and shivered it into fragments, without damaging the pig in the least.

"Could it have been Circe herself who brought the cakes?" muttered Gorgopis. "No! I will not believe it. Jonesius! is *your* lamp out?"

No reply. She opened the door and discovered a large monkey comfortably seated on the partition, grinning at her. The animal attempted to bow, but lost his balance and came down on his head with some force. Gorgopis smiled.

"Robinides, are you there?"

The answer was such an unmistakable bow-wow that Gorgopis decided not to force an entrance. No. 5 proved to be empty, save for one small frog who was hopping cheerily around. With a stifled scream Gorgopis gathered up her skirts, fled to No. 6, and found herself face to face with a large parrot of the gaudiest plumage imaginable.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded. "Answer me; you at least have a voice."

"So have you, such as it is," replied the parrot.

Crash! The donkey in No. 1 had kicked the door down and broken loose.

"Charge it in the bill," said the parrot sarcastically. "Pretty Poll! Charge it in the bill."

Crash again! The door of No. 2 was smashed to atoms.

"There goes another of them," said the parrot. "This will be most profitable to you."

"It is the nature of parrots," observed Gorgopis with an unnatural calm, "to be foolish babblers."

"It is the nature of some old women," retorted the parrot, "to be stingy money-grabbers. Hooray! another door! Chalk it up."

"That ever I should live to be insulted by a parrot!" screamed Gorgopis. "May you perish miserably!"

"Thank you," said the parrot; "but as I don't intend to remain after the present quarter, I shall not be able to carry out your wishes. However, the same to you and many of them."

By this time all the animals had broken loose in the corridor, and then there was indeed a "sound of revelry by night." They ran races, they fought sham fights with fragments of the broken doors, they executed the most extraordinary gymnastic feats, they built themselves up into a living pyramid of which the donkey formed the base and the frog the apex, while Gorgopis sat upon the ground in stony stupefaction. Rousing herself at length, she went to seek counsel of an aged slave named Panturgus who was responsible for the welfare of the pupils out of school hours. With a brief but expressive wish that the pupils, individually and collectively, might go to the ravens, he sprang from his couch, flung his coarse brown cloak round him, and followed Gorgopis to the scene of disorder.

Comparative quiet now reigned. Five of the animals were seated in a sort of semicircle like a class in school, while the parrot played the part of instructor after the manner of Gorgopis.

"My boys, my dear boys, you know I love you! If I thought soup and oysters were good for you, I would give them to you freely. As it is, you will have the satisfaction of seeing me partake of them. Here is bread of venerable antiquity—for you. Here are some prehistoric sprats—for you. Can you see sprats? Yes. Can you hear them? No. Can you touch them? You'd better not, till I give you leave. Can you smell sprats? These you can—a mile off. Can you——?"

But here the whole class burst into shrieks of laughter, in which the parrot finally joined.

"What *does* all this mean?" asked Gorgopis.

"Alas, my mistress, your select boarding-school has become a menagerie!"

"But where are the boys?"

"Where? There. If that isn't Pareides who's imitating you, give me a month's notice,"

"And who has done this thing?"

"The old woman with the cakes. Circe herself."

"Impossible!"

"Very likely—but true for all that. I knew she was no ordinary mortal as she passed out; there was a strange fragrance attending her."

"Rubbish! it was the sprats."

"Hardly, I think, but listen. Pareides is singing—about you probably."

They listened. The parrot *was* singing about Gorgopis—very much as follows:

"Who is it who in learning shines,
Who grace with intellect combines,
Who often sets five hundred lines?
Gorgopis—sweet Gorgopis.

Now then, chorus. Oh, I forgot; you can't chorus. Very well, then; make any noise that comes easiest, and I'll do the singing. Chorus—prestissimo agitato impot-ino.

Gorgopis—sweet Gorgopis,
Who with majestic air and grand,
Asks questions you can't understand,
And gives you six on either hand?
CHORUS—Adagio doloroso con unparliamentary expressione!

Gorgopis—sweet Gorgopis,
Who piles her sole and separate dish
With every dainty man could wish,
And feeds us on malodorous fish?
CHORUS—Allegro pomposo odoroso!
Gorgopis—sweet Gorgopis."

"I don't care what happens now," said Gorgopis, in a transport of indignation. "I'll wring that parrot's neck, whether it's Pareides or not. And you can let the donkey out to small boys for rides at four obols an hour."

"Pardon me," replied the slave. "Is not that donkey none other than Chalceus himself? And did you not promise his father to prepare him for his future career?"

"Well, carrying small boys *is* a career of a sort," objected Gorgops. "At any rate, it's not much worse than teaching them. As for the pig, he can be killed and cooked."

"Reflect, I pray you. If you sent a dear son away to school, what would be your feelings if you received him back in the shape of sausages?"

"I must decline to discuss a purely hypothetical case. What am I to do now?"

"Lock them up in the stable and wait till Circe comes again."

This was more easily said than done. Panturgus was fat and scant of breath, and the animals had no mind to be caught. Gorgopis kept up a succession of shrill screams, but did not otherwise assist in their capture. It was at least an hour before they were safely housed.

"Go to bed, I pray you," said Panturgus. "I will sit up and keep watch all night." The stable door had hardly closed, before he was sound asleep. And as he slept, he dreamed that the old cake-woman suddenly appeared and beckoned away the animals one by one.

When he awoke next morning it was already broad daylight. He looked round for the old woman—she was gone. What is more, the animals were gone too!

Half asleep he bent his steps mechanically to the corridor, to call the pupils as usual. He had just realised that there were no longer any pupils to call, when he saw, to his astonishment, that the bedroom doors had all been restored during the night.

"Either I was dreaming then," muttered Panturgus, "or perchance I was drunk. I will call Chalceus, and it may be I shall be gladdened with the sound of a human voice. Ho, Chalceus! awake!"

"Go to the crows, you pig-headed slave," said a voice, undoubtedly human, "you have disturbed me in a beautiful dream."

Without replying to this polite greeting, Panturgus hurriedly called the other boys, and finding everything *in statu quo*, hastened to report this astonishing discovery to Gorgopis. "Just what I had expected," said the good lady. Whereat Panturgus thrust his tongue into his left cheek, winked his right eye solemnly, and said nothing.

Conversation at breakfast-time ruled lively. Every pupil had a dream to relate, and all the dreams fitted into and corresponded with each other. Gorgopis confessed that she had also had a strange dream, but added that the details were not exactly fitted for juvenile minds.

"I always knew she was a bad lot," whispered Chalceus. "Hullo! here's the old cake-woman again."

"No cakes to-day, thank you," said Gorgopis sweetly.

"No work here for a poor old woman to do?"

"No."

"No little dream to be interpreted, for instance?"

"Yes!" chorussed the pupils, and Pareides added, "I dreamed I was a parrot, and I was——"

"Singing a song about—about school life. Is that so?"

"Right you are. What was Xuthus?"

"A pig. He tried to join in the chorus, but he could only grunt."

"That's his natural voice," explained Chalceus. "I dreamed I was a donkey."

"That s his natural shape!" retorted Xuthus.

"And can you interpret these visions?" demanded Gorgopis.

"They were no visions, but realities," said the stranger solemnly.

"Who and what are you?" asked Gorgopis in astonishment.

"I am Circe the Enchantress. Just hand me that table-cloth; I believe you've finished breakfast. Thank you."

Circe wrapped herself closely in the cloth from head to foot, and flung it off again almost instantaneously.

All signs of old age and beggary, grey hairs, wrinkles, rags, had utterly disappeared. It was a young and beauteous woman, gorgeously arrayed, who stood before Gorgopis. The boys applauded vigorously.

"I don't usually perform in private houses," said Circe, "for less than two minæ and a half. But on this occasion I will forego the usual fee."

"You are very good," said Gorgopis feebly.

"As good as I ought to be?"

"Much better!"

"And did I not transform your pupils into divers animals?"

"You did—for which may the gods bless you! I suppose it was the cakes that did it."

"Even so. And, by the way, there were three cakes left over which you promised to bestow on your slaves—have you done so? The first cake would produce an elephant, the second a cat, and the third a cuckoo."

"Then may the gods be gracious to me!" gasped Gorgopis. "*I have eaten them all.*"

"I rather thought you would." [Chalceus and Pareides exchanged winks.]

"When did you consume them?" continued Circe.

"Shortly before midnight. I had spent a very fatiguing evening and felt quite faint."

"Exactly so. Well, the transformation ought to take place very shortly. I haven't the least idea what a combination of elephant, cat, and cuckoo will resemble, but such an experiment as yours 'cannot fail to advance the cause of science' (quoting from the chairman's opening remarks on the last night of the entertainment). The elephant, being the largest animal of the three, will of course preponderate. I think you may take it for granted that you will have a proboscis."

"No great alteration," muttered Chalceus.

"Possibly the cakes will not act simultaneously, but in rotation. In that case, one minute you may be careering round the courtyard with the whole school on your back—the next, you may be frisking about, and running after your own tail—the next, with tuneful cries of 'cuckoo, cuckoo'——"

"Is there no way out of all this?" interrupted Gorgopis.

"There *may* be. You'll promise, of course, not to charge my performance in the bills?"

"I promise."

"You won't say a word about 'repairs of dormitory' or 'replacing crockery?'"

"No, no."

"Very good. And now"—she lightly touched Gorgopis with her wand—"you are safe; more especially as you have never eaten the magic cakes at all."

"Never eaten them? how say you?"

"I foresaw what you would do, and therefore I substituted others which were harmless. Are you pleased?"

"Truly, I am. I don't look it, but I am. May I ask if you have performed in any other houses in this place?"

"I have seen fit to punish one man, the Chief Magistrate. He came to my performance in disguise, the hypocrite! I turned him into a peacock, but the cake had a reflex action (one of my latest improvements), and so yesterday he changed again from a man to a peacock, and all day long he walked about uttering piteous screams, till the hearts of the neighbours were touched, and they applied to the Inspector of Nuisances for a summons against the Chief Magistrate for keeping a disorderly fowl. And now I must leave you, but not in the usual way of course. That table-cloth again, if you please—thank you."

Once more Circe enveloped herself from head to foot, and this time when the cloth fell, she was gone!

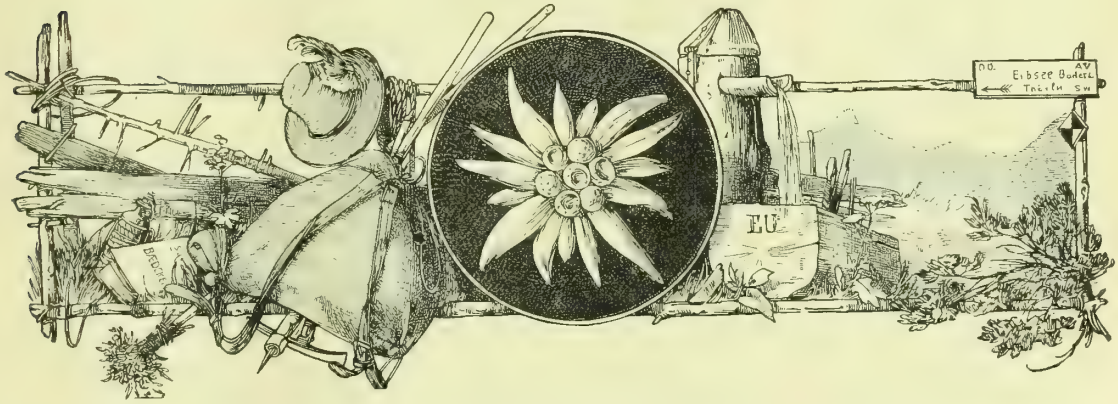
. . . . . .

Next morning a poor limp draggle-tailed peacock, who had once been a Chief Magistrate, was found in a ditch with his neck wrung. An intelligent jury sat on the corpse and decided that the deceased had wrung his own neck during a temporary aberration of body. But there were some who hinted that the Deputy Chief Magistrate, who had succeeded to the vacant office, knew more about the affair than he chose to tell. Only this is certain: that shortly afterwards he received from an anonymous donor an innocent-looking piece of bride-cake, upon eating which he instantly turned into a toad, in which state he continued till the island of Gnathos finally sank beneath the waters.

THE DEVIL'S STEPS.

A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE.

By H. H. Evelyn.



Some years ago, when C——y, the now fashionable health resort of English, American, and Swiss, was as yet a simple mountain village, we held there our customary family gathering, and spent as delightful a summer holiday as ever fell to the lot of English boys.

It was a place full of the most charming possibilities. Situated 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, snowy peaks overshadowed the village, while down in the valley, shut in between steep precipices crowned with dark pine-woods, rushed the river, forming by its abundant deposit small islands in mid stream. One of these islands was found to be accessible by wading when the river was low; so there we enacted in the most thrilling manner the stirring story of Pitcairn Island.

Delightful expeditions were made to mountain lakes and glaciers: our life was a continual picnic; there was but one thing lacking to complete our bliss; *we had none of us picked a piece of Edelweiss.*

It really did seem hard; we were all very keen mountaineers, who liked to do the "right things" thoroughly, and as the day of our departure drew nearer and nearer, the disgrace of this terrible omission in the holiday programme became almost unbearable. Edelweiss engrossed all our thoughts; we talked of it; we dreamed of it; but in spite of all our entreaties, our parents were obdurate.

"No, there was no place where Edelweiss could be found so late in the season save by the Helmet Rock, approachable only by a rugged path which skirted the jagged and dangerous precipice known as the Devil's Steps. It was wrong to risk one's life for the sake of a paltry flower."

Worse and worse, "a paltry flower!" Why, even now, the word Edelweiss makes my heart beat and the blood course the quicker through my veins.

We were nearly desperate, when help came from an unexpected quarter. Antoine, a friendly guide to whom our woes had been confided, said that he would take us all and bring us back unharmed if we would promise to obey him implicitly. Of course we promised. We were wild with joy, and our parents, glad to find a safe way out of the difficulty and escape our perpetual assaults upon them, gave a not unwilling consent. It was therefore settled that the four eldest, Hugh, Roland, Douglas, and myself, should start with Antoine at 4 a.m. on the morrow.

How we longed for morning! Hugh advised us all to go to bed early, because, so he said, "it seemed to hurry up to-morrow a bit." Of course, we took his advice—as we always did, but I do not think that any of us slept much that night, and certainly no one was sorry when Hugh knocked gently at the door and bade us take our thick nailed boots down in our hands and put them on in the kitchen, as "the little ones would howl the village down" if they heard us start without them. We dressed with lightning speed, crept softly down the stairs, swallowed a hasty breakfast, and then rushed up the road, alpenstock in hand, as Antoine appeared in sight.

The morning air was sharp and invigorating; our hopes ran high, and as to our spirits, they were so good that Antoine, despite his utmost endeavours, could not induce us to walk like sober Swiss. When, however, the stretch of long white road was left behind, and we entered the woods of pine, gloomy even at that early hour, we felt that we were fairly started on our "course," and climbed the steep rough path in solemn silence—a silence which was due partly to the fact that the greatness of our undertaking was borne in upon us, but partly—the truth will out—to our efforts to conceal from Antoine the awful reality that we, unaccustomed to the early mountain air, were positively panting for breath.

Up and up we toiled, the woods seemed never-ending, and each moment breathing became more painful. At length, to our great joy, Antoine pronounced a halt, so we all seated ourselves on the bank beside him, while he produced from one of those mysterious and capacious pockets common to Swiss guides, somewhere up the back of his coat, a loaf of huge dimensions and—a packet of peppermint drops! Our eyes glistened at the sight—for there is nothing like Swiss air for giving an edge to the appetite—but Antoine, after distributing a few peppermints to each, returned the bread to his pocket, saying, "*pour le déjeuner, messieurs.*" We gulped down our disappointment as best we could; then came the word "*En route, messieurs,*" and off we set again.

As we mounted higher and higher the woods became lighter, till suddenly we found ourselves once more in the open. Rich green grass and lovely alpine-roses all around us; beyond, and oh! how far above, lay the Helmet Rock where the Edelweiss grew. Chalêts were dotted here and there amid the pastures, the air was merry with the tinkling of cow-bells, and the waters dashed joyously over the stones in the streams hard by. It was a scene full of life and interest, where we would fain have loitered awhile; but Antoine urged us on: "Messieurs," said he, "the sun grows stronger every hour; each moment we tarry will make the way longer and more steep; there is here nothing that we seek, but yonder," and he pointed to the great slopes of shale at the foot of those snow-tipped mountains before us, "is Edelweiss *and* breakfast."

Thus admonished we trudged on manfully, climbing, slipping, struggling up those grey slopes which led to the Helmet Rock. About an hour's climb from the rock our guide announced *déjeuner. The* loaf rapidly disappeared, likewise the meat and chocolate, which formed our repast. Antoine drank *vin ordinaire,* while we quenched our thirst at a neighbouring brooklet. The meal over, we entered on the last stage of our "course." Our progress was but slow; we frequently had to scale great blocks of stone hurled down from above by the avalanches in the spring, and twice we crawled through a narrow aperture at the extremity of a glacier which was slowly retreating under the fierce rays of the summer sun.

"*Enfin,*" suddenly exclaimed Antoine, cautiously turning the corner of a rock, and there, twenty yards above us, lay the Helmet Rock. We raised a cheer—speedily nipped in the bud by Antoine, lest the reverberation of the air should cause an avalanche which would be our death.

The shale was terrible to walk on, often slipping away from under us until we almost despaired of reaching our goal. Antoine having placed us in a horizontal line at equal distances from one another, so that no one in his struggles should send down a shower of stones on his companion below, insisted upon taking Douglas *le petit* by the hand, an indignity to which Douglas—having attained to the ripe age of ten years—much objected, and which he only tolerated because he thought that with Antoine's help he might acquire more Edelweiss than would otherwise fall to his lot. Sure enough, Antoine soon espied a piece of Edelweiss growing out of a ragged tuft of grass, and Douglas, picking it with trembling hands, shouted as loud as he dared:

"I've got the first piece."

"Not you," Hugh joyfully replied, "I've just picked three blossoms that I wouldn't sell for a five-franc piece."

Steadily we worked our way up, gathering such Edelweiss as we came across, until each had quite a respectable bunch of the long-coveted flower to stow in his specimen box.

How pleased we were, and how proud! We were almost eager to get home just to show our treasures, and readily agreed when Antoine suggested that we ought not to delay, as it would take us "*quatre heures pour descendre,*" and the sun was now high in the heavens. Very slow was the descent of that treacherous slope. Antoine led the way with Douglas, and we followed as best we could, keeping our balance by means of our alpenstocks. Roland presented a most ludicrous appearance; never very sure-footed, he was constantly falling on his back, and shooting down at a break-neck speed, much to Antoine's wrath and his own discomfiture. However, we all reached the bottom in safety. Antoine then stopped for a few minutes to point out the route by which we should return. "Not the way we came up, but a shorter way; it would make *un peu de changement.*"

Hugh and I now walked in front, Antoine following with Douglas and Roland. We longed for a good run, but our guardian was firm as to our keeping with him, and we were bound by our promise of obedience. When, however, we reached the pasture-land, he relaxed his severity on condition that we kept within sight; so we relieved our feelings by racing and jumping, till the very goats stopped to look at us, with contempt marked in every line of their wise old faces. Our spirits rose as home grew nearer, and on entering the wood, we tore at full speed down the slopes, "so much quicker than keeping to those everlasting zigzags," Hugh remarked, and I fervently agreed. But, in our excitement, we entirely forgot Antoine's restrictions and rushed wildly on, ever slipping as we swung ourselves along from tree to tree by the lower branches.

Hugh, who was in front, suddenly called out in high glee: "Oh! I say, what sport. Do hurry up, Jack. Here's one of those jolly wood-slides. We shall get along twice as fast down here." I hastened to the spot where he stood at the top of a very steep wood-slide, about four yards wide, with thick firs on either side. "Oh, splendid!" I panted out, "just wait a second till I get my breath and then we *will* put on the pace." Hugh's patience was soon exhausted. "Ready, Jack? We can't wait all night."

"All right, I'm ready."

Hardly were the words out of my mouth when Hugh went sliding down at a famous speed. "It's as good as an ice-slope, isn't it, Jack, and not such cold work."

Down we flew, faster and faster, when all at once I saw Hugh start violently and try to slacken speed by fixing his alpenstock firmly into the ground. Then, before I could speak, he shouted up at me, and his voice was strangely hoarse:

"For mercy's sake, Jack, don't move another inch; there's a precipice a yard in front of me; there's no foothold here, so if you move I am done for."

I did my uttermost to obey him, but the ground was treacherous, and whatever I laid hold upon gave way under my weight. It was too horrible—my brain reeled—two short feet between Hugh and inevitable death. I pulled myself together; drove my alpenstock into the slope with might and main, then closing my eyes awaited the end. . . .

Was it fancy? Was I dreaming, or had I really got foothold at length? I listened, with every nerve strained to the uttermost, for the sound I dreaded to hear. But finding all was still I took courage, and opening my eyes saw—Hugh, my dear old brother, still there, on the brink of death if you will, but, thank God, still living.

"Hugh," I called huskily, and the sound of my own voice startled me—"Hugh, I've stopped at last."

"All right, old fellow, I'm a fixture for the present, but how on earth we are to get out of this I can't imagine. You see, I dare not shout or I should be over in a minute, and as I have from here a very fine view of the surrounding country, and see what is below, I don't feel much inclined that way."

Here was a new difficulty. My heart sank, for I knew that, in spite of Hugh's apparent cheerfulness, he thought our condition very desperate. Besides, I was getting painfully cramped, and knew not how long I could keep my position, on which so much depended. Still we waited there as the seconds crawled by, hope ebbing slowly away. Every limb ached with the strain; another minute and I could hold my alpenstock no longer. But hark! a voice in the distance—surely the sound grows more distinct—footsteps hurrying in our direction—shouts ringing through the woods. "*Monsieur Jacques! Monsieur Jacques!*" I shout faintly in reply; then comes the crash of broken branches, and in less time than it takes to describe, Antoine appeared in sight, creeping down the slope, lowering himself carefully from tree to tree by the overhanging branches. "*Dieu soit merci, Messieurs,*" said he fervently, at the sight of us, "but as you value your lives do not stir until I give the word."

He stood some feet above us on the left, where the ground was firmer and more thickly wooded. Clasping a young pine with his right hand, he extended towards me the long alpenstock which he held in his left. "Take hold tightly with your left hand and give your other hand to Monsieur Hugues," he said quietly. I obeyed, but so stiff and sore was my every joint that Hugh's weight upon my arm was agony untold. "Courage," cried Antoine, "but one more step." With British doggedness we struggled on, until Antoine, with a cry of joy, dragged us up to his place of comparative safety. After a few minutes' rest he roped us together, for fear of future mishap, before we climbed the steep wood through which he had descended.

On regaining the path we found Douglas and Roland huddled together looking the very picture of misery; but at the sight of the whole party safe and sound they soon recovered their usual spirits.

Antoine, it appeared, had stopped to point out to "*les petits*" some rare fern at the foot of

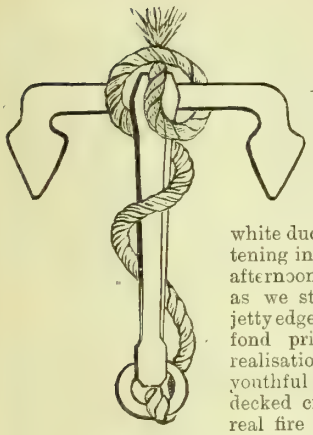
a rock close by, forgetting for the moment that we were too far ahead to notice the delay. Then, finding that we were no longer in sight, he had hurried on, when suddenly, remembering our proximity to the Devil's Steps, he left the two others, with strict injunctions not to move until he returned, and hastened towards the precipice, frantically calling us by name as he ran; guided by my faint reply he reached the scene of our misfortunes. How opportune was his advent I have endeavoured briefly to relate.

I need hardly say that our rescuer was amply rewarded: and still of all the stories which he tells his children in the long winter evenings, they love best to hear how he took "*ces petits Anglais*" to get Edelweiss by the Helmet Rock.

A BOATING ADVENTURE.

By G. Hawley.

[*With Illustrations by the Author.*]



HERE she lay, in all the glory of her bright pine decks, taut spars and white duck sails, glistening in the March afternoon's sunlight, as we stood on the jetty edge gazing with fond pride at the realisation of our youthful dreams—a decked craft, with a real fire and a cabin to sleep in. She was our own design too, and thereby raised the disgust of the builder — why, we never *could* tell.

However, she is afloat, awaiting the turn of the tide, to drop down the Humber on our maiden cruise in a decked craft; the ships are swinging, and out of respect for the spotless deck, we jump on board with bare feet, and casting the moorings adrift, drive out into the muddy estuary, our sails straining to the strong S.W. breeze, that heels us over to the gun'le. Only once in a lifetime can you feel that thrill of pleasure, as you sit on the weather-combing, sliding along to the bracing wind that flings the cool spray pattering in your face, filling you with the spirit that can "dare to do."

Booming along we go, across the bows of rushing steamers, and puffy little tugboats wrestling with stately clippers, straight across the three miles of breadth to the Skitter point on the Lincoln side, when sheets are eased and we let her off a point or two, to spurt along the smooth weather shore, while the setting sun lights up the distant tower rising up above the grey patch on the horizon where Grimsby fishy smells prevail.

To us, all beyond is an unknown region, but we have invested in a chart, and in our simplicity think that's the only necessary—at least my chum said so, and we call him the "Pirate," as having apparently imbibed every piratical yarn and shipwrecky story that was ever printed, until he has become to be looked upon as quite an authority by his fellow spirits, and by me in particular.

That chart exhausted our funds, or we should have bought a compass, although we rather looked on one as a piece of luxury.

Onward we rush, past huge buoys, for the ebb is in full swing and the wind right aft, while we gaily brew the coffee and munch at hard ship biscuits—although we have a store of bread on board—and we chuckle as we picture the good folks at home when they see the clean sweep we have made in the pantry.

The sun has gone down with a filmy sickness dimming it that if we had been weather-wise would make us think of running into Grimsby for the night; but Spurn Point is our object; so on we spin, heading for a red light which the chart shows to be the Middle Float, so says the Pirate, as he pores over the paper in the cabin. The short jump off the land begins to make it rather lively for us, and the breeze heels us into the slop in a very uncomfortable manner, so we run up in the wind and put the foresail to windward while we stow in a reef and shift the jib, which gave us a lively dance on the little foredeck in the dark; but No. 2 jib was set at last, and a reef stowed in the mainsail, and then we resumed our old course.

The breeze, out of spite at our reefing, began to fall away now into a dead calm, so while we sit dodging the boom in the dark, a little description of our craft will not be amiss.

She is a dainty little cutter of 22 ft. over all, 6 ft. beam, and drawing about 4 ft. of water, built of oak and varnished above the water-line. Her lines were certainly not those of a racer, but our ruling idea was a snug cabin, and this was, owing to the flattish bottom, giving her a low bilge, but then again you can lie on a sandbank with comfort; of ballast we had about 35 cwt. of pig iron and firebars stowed inside. Decked all over except the cockpit, 3 ft. by 4, and the raised cabin top a foot above the deck, with a hatch opening in the well or cockpit. All the halliards led through sheaves at the mast housing, and thence along the cabin tops to cleats at the after end; the jib and foresail sheets led through the "well" combings, so that all could be let go from aft—a great thing on a dark night. We did not carry a topmast, but set a spar topsail which we carried lashed to the shrouds.

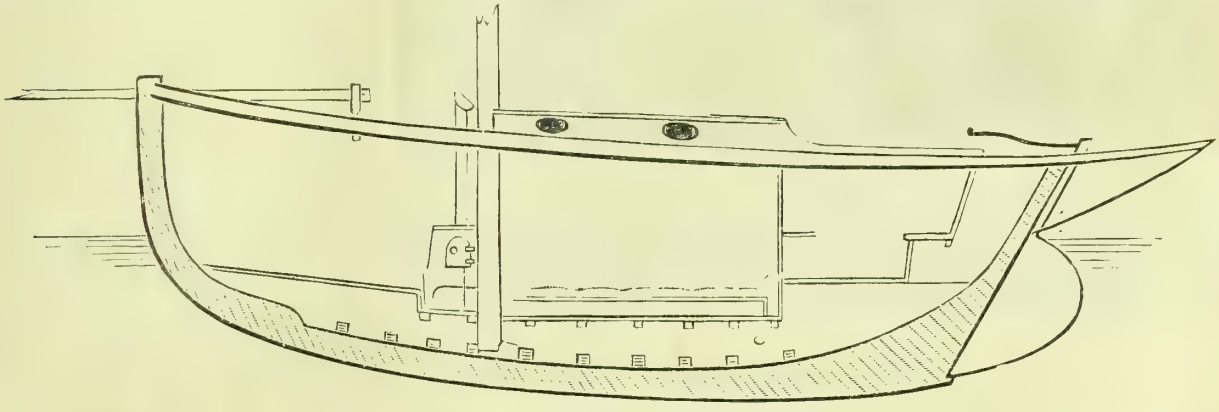
In the matter of jibs we carried four, including a swell balloon one, that came aft of the shrouds when set: so altogether we felt complete—we really were not, yet *that* we found out afterwards!

But practical work needs us now. The boom has knocked the Pirate on the head, making him growl out, "Why don't you top it up." I give him a little sympathy, and then resumed gazing into the darkness for something to turn up. It did, in the shape of a huge buoy, and nearly brought our cruise to a short end, for it lay quite flat with the rush of tide over it, and we drove by so near that our bobstay slid over it.

This knocked the idea into our heads; we were drifting somewhere pretty fast. We studied our chart, and by the bearing of the Middle Float light, we were driving on to the "Banks," a dangerous reef of rock and shingle at the Humber mouth.

We considered that sort of thing out of the question, and whipped out the oars to pull in shore. Now, galley slaving is a mild recreation to pulling a cutter in a tide-chop. There was not a breath of wind, and all around was as black as a coal-mine, except the gleaming spark of the Spurn light in the NE. The Pirate whistled for wind, but still we drifted, the light rising higher and brighter; but the tide carried us as fast outwards, and soon we heard it foaming over the point end, just as we came abreast the North Channel—too late!

Down went the anchor, with fathom after fathom of cable; it did not even seem to touch the bottom. The lights came on one and opened out again—what a rate we were going! —a dull grind and eddy of water under the bows told us we were on the point end.

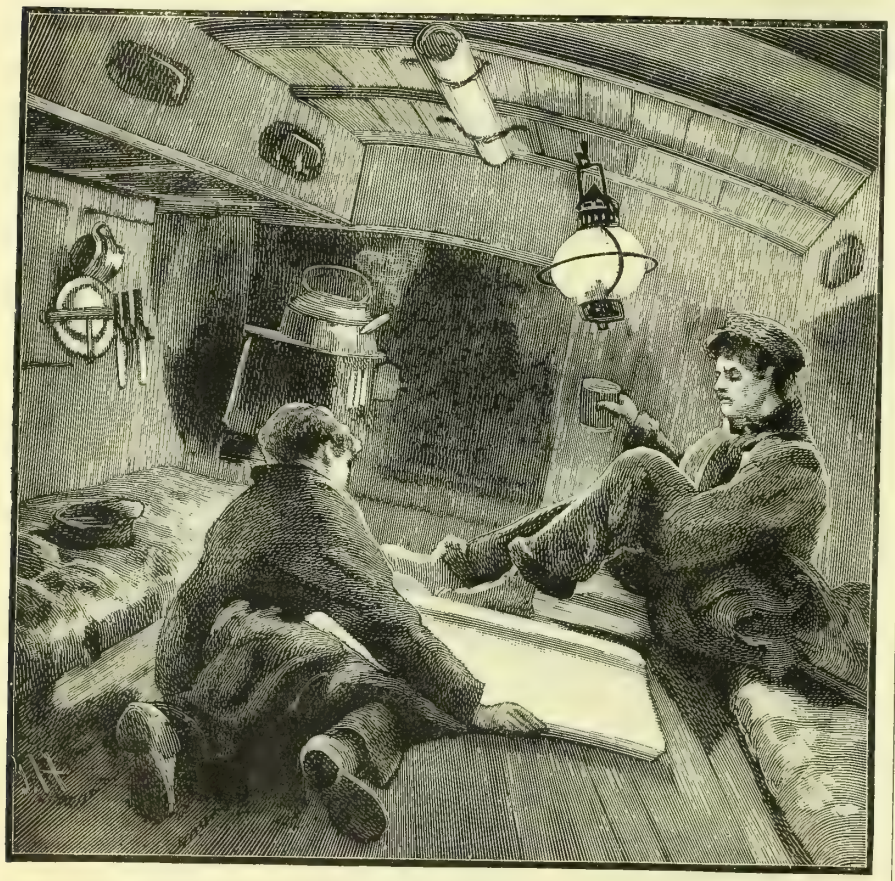


Sheer Plan of "The Boy's Own," ¼-inch scale.

We hove the anchor smartly on board and found the cable hitched round the flukes. No wonder it did not hold! The boat swung off again while we cleared it, and again rushed through the darkness towards the dread "Banks." The plot thickened.

"Over with it again," sang out the Pirate; it held a moment, then dragged. More cable, more, until all the thirty-five fathoms were out.

There we lay, with our hands feeling the cable, and the dull, jarring tremor of it told us how it was tearing over the ground, evenly at first, as it drove through the sandy bottom, but now by jumping quivers announcing our approach to the "Bank" stones. Ah! an extra big jump and the cable quivers like an iron bar to the rushing tide. It holds at last, and none too soon; for through the still night



"We discussed the plot."

air comes the sound of the tide boiling across the Banks astern.

There we lay in the black night, with every inch of cable out, and the nasty roar astern as if wild beasts were waiting for a feed—but not if we could help it!

So, carefully belaying the cable, we had a good look around at gloom in general. Away to starboard, 170 feet above our heads, shone the great Spurn light; far to seaward, astern of us, an intermittent flash came and went from the Newsand lightship, while the Bullsand lightship glared at us on the port bow, so that altogether we felt in the middle of the plot. But still when the chum breathed that cheery little sentence, "It might have been worse," things did not look quite so bad after all, for the anchor held bravely and the sea was quiet.

Through the night came the long-drawn booming of the rollers over the rocks. This weird sound, intensified in the dead calm of the night, put a thrill of uneasiness into us.

Soon a faint flutter of air began to tremble out of the north-west, growing stronger as the minutes passed, and bringing with it a long drawn swell on the water that set our craft swinging to a fine tune; but the swell, like the wind, steadily increased, and with it our anxiety, as the cable jarred to the heave. We had paid our last fathom out, and easing more being out of the question, we sat on the cockpit floor with the lamp between us for comfort, discussing the coming events—which they soon did, for, as we swung up a heavier swell than usual, the cable gave an ominous jar. We felt it instinctively—it had parted! Our hearts gave a wild throb, and the next instant we were tugging frantically at the mainsail halliards, but it was not half-way up when we heard all round us the seething sound of the spent foam, glimmering pale and wan on the ebon black water. The Pirate shouted for me to let the mainsail go, and set up the jib; without questioning, I sent the sail up hand over hand, while he hove the sheets to windward, putting the tiller "hard up" with his back. As we slowly paid off, I saw ahead a narrow black passage through the ghostly foam-streaked rollers.

"There must be deep water where it isn't breaking," he said to me, as we rushed on with tide and wind; and now we were fairly in the thick of it, surging up to a roller that, as it swung over the Bank on either side, burst into sight ghostly and wan from the glimmer of the foam, and as it rolled down the air was heavy with the sound of rattling shingle and low hissing of spent foam. With each upward swing our hearts seemed to get stuck in our throats, for we expected each sickening downward rush to end in the crashing of the shingle through the bottom; but the tide set fair through the opening, and the wind tugging at the jib hurried us in, leaving the Bank to be swallowed up in the gloom astern. At last we were in deep water—too deep, for it was the open sea.

"Near squeak, old man," said the knowing one to me, "and it strikes me we are in for another; just listen to the way the wind is breezing up. That anchor was a fraud; but never mind, we'll have a proper mud-hook next time."

Well, we argued from the tales we had read about sea adventures, but could not find a case to fit ours; so we decided—or rather the wind did for us—to close-reef and hang on and off until daylight.

Reefing in the darkness took us more time than we allowed for, and the wind had put a steepness on the rollers that sent our bowsprit quivering half-way under; while the keen touch of cold in the wind chilled us to the bone, and we had our boots off, for only bare feet were practicable on the little rolling deck. Somehow we got through the operation, and sat down with the mainsail close-reefed and the spitfire jib on, reaching slowly along, while the Spurn light—to the westward now—flashed its warning gleam into the darkness.

The Pirate hinted that some hot coffee would not be amiss, and offered to steer while I concocted some; so into the warm cabin I crawled, where the stove was cheerily burning and everything was snug and cosy. After all, a coal fire is the thing for comfort, when cruising in chilly weather.

"I say, old man, fill the kettle full, as we may not get another chance to make more to-night."

The Pirate's voice sounded thin and distant; that told of the strong breeze, and by the way we swung and rolled, the sea was getting "nasty."

I wonder how it is we all use those wasteful breakers in small boats! I poured twice as much on the floor as into the kettle; but then we were lumping about.

The three-quart kettle on the stove, I proceeded to carve a few workhouse-looking hunks of bread, only a sight more butter was on them. The mugs half filled and carefully stowed to leeward, I popped out and found the Pirate warbling away in the gloom some bloodthirsty ballad, which died away in a gurgle as the coffee bubbled down his throat.

There was no mistake about it, we were in for a night! There was quite as much wind as our close-reefed sail would carry, and the seas took all our "way" off; and we were driving off the land fast, for I could see the Newsand Float light away in the SE. now, and the Spurn light was fading away. It certainly did look bad for us, while the darkness and blustering wind helped the imagination to a full cargo of the dismals, and glad enough I was when the Pirate had taken in *his* cargo, and crawled out to join me holding on in the little well.

"Tell you what it is," he said, after a good look round at the lights, "this game won't do. We are only sailing up and down; we've not enough sail on to go to windward; let's crack on more canvas"—by the way, pirates always crack on canvas, it's beneath their dignity to talk of "setting" it.

The Pirate's suggestion roused me to protest. "Look there!" I yelled, and showed him the water already swilling up to the cabin side on the lee deck. We were getting up a pretty warm argument, when the mutiny was cut short by a cataract of water tumbling over the bow, and finishing in the cockpit, and the sound of the fire spluttering reached us from the cabin. Down went the helm, and with jib-sheets fast we "lay to" on the other tack. After a little manipulation we balanced the sails, just carrying a bit of weather-helm, and took the seas in fine style,

which was wanted, as they came swinging up with a sulky gleam of white on their crests, and an angry "swish" as they hurried into the gloom.

We carefully noted the position of the lights, and consulted the chart and found we were driving into the shipping track. This was a thing not to be desired on a black night, but then, as the Pirate pointed out, how could we help it?

"Well, let's make ourselves snug for the night." Happy Pirate! he took things as they came, and nerves never troubled *him*; so we sat in the cheery cabin, occasionally looking out, getting sundry bumps and slides to leeward. But the fire burned bright and the coffee was hot; still it was a trifle uncomfortable to hear the water hammering at the thin planks, with the upward toss—yes, toss is the word, for we seemed to literally fall as the seas rushed under the keel—and it was coming on board in lumps, while occasional streams meandered across the floor. The Pirate had just gone out to look around, when he shouted out:

"Hand up the light, smart with it—here's a hulking steamer head on for us."

I scrambled out with the lamp, and held it on high; but the boat giving a vicious roll, forgetting in my excitement to hold on, I was pitched, lamp and all, in a heap to leeward; out went the light, and the glass was shivered into a hundred bits.

However, the Pirate was equal to the emergency.

"Shut the stove door," he yelled, "and hand up the paraffin tin."

No sooner said than done, and he launched a good dose down the chimney. A smart fizzle, and then up spouted a column of flame into the darkness, lighting up our little craft, and us desperately holding on with anxious faces looking at the glittering black hills of rushing water, while over our head were the deadly looking lights of a steamer heading straight on to us. With dry lips and fascinated eyes we gazed at the black mass of her hull, rising higher and higher over our heads, hurling the seas away in ghastly white, until the scream of a steam whistle shrieked through the wind. We were seen!

"More paraffin," the Pirate yelled, and again our beacon flared up, while in answer a ghostly blue glare sprang up on the steamer as they fired a blue light, and thankfully we saw her head paying off, opening out the whole of her broadside, rolling with a ponderous swing in the trough, until we could see the whole breadth of deck, with the watch in a little cluster, gazing in astonishment at our wee ship.

"What are you doing out here in that craft?" hailed the officer on the bridge. "Why don't you put your lights out?"

"Our light is out, knocked out," the Pirate defiantly replied, now that the danger was past. The sharp ring of their engine-room bell swept up to us, the blue light was suddenly extinguished, leaving a darkness so profound that one seemed to fairly *feel* its intensity.

"You should not have chaffed him about the light," I warmly told the Pirate. "He might have given us a tow home."

"That boat tow us home!" he said, and half laughed. "Why, it's a mail-boat, and they took our light for a coastguard signal. You don't catch those boats stopping for small craft in their way."

But in spite of his big talk the steamer incident had made him realise that we were not altogether safe, and the broken lamp was a serious thing for us, but we tinkered up a cover out of a round biscuit tin that managed for a shade in the cabin.

It had got to be two o'clock in the morning, and the wind was bitterly cold and still rising, and helping up the sea. We had put our oilskin coats on for warmth, and very luckily too, for a sea broke fair over our bows, heeling the boat until the mainboom dipped in the trough; but our tack was fastened well up, and let the bulk of the water through. Still we got a good drenching in the well, and a lot ran below.

This sort of work was demoralising, especially the bailing part of it, and when the floor-board was taken up to start the bailer, we could not find any water in the bottom!

"I don't understand this sort of thing," the Pirate muttered. And no more did I, for we had taken at least three or four bucketfuls in the well. Our wondering was rudely cut short by a heavy thud, and I was pitched into the Pirate's arms, half blinded and stunned by the deluge of water that had broken on board, while we heard the fire hissing in the cabin with its little dose; the floor-board being up, it all went down below among the ballast at once. Again we started the bailer; there was no water this time even.

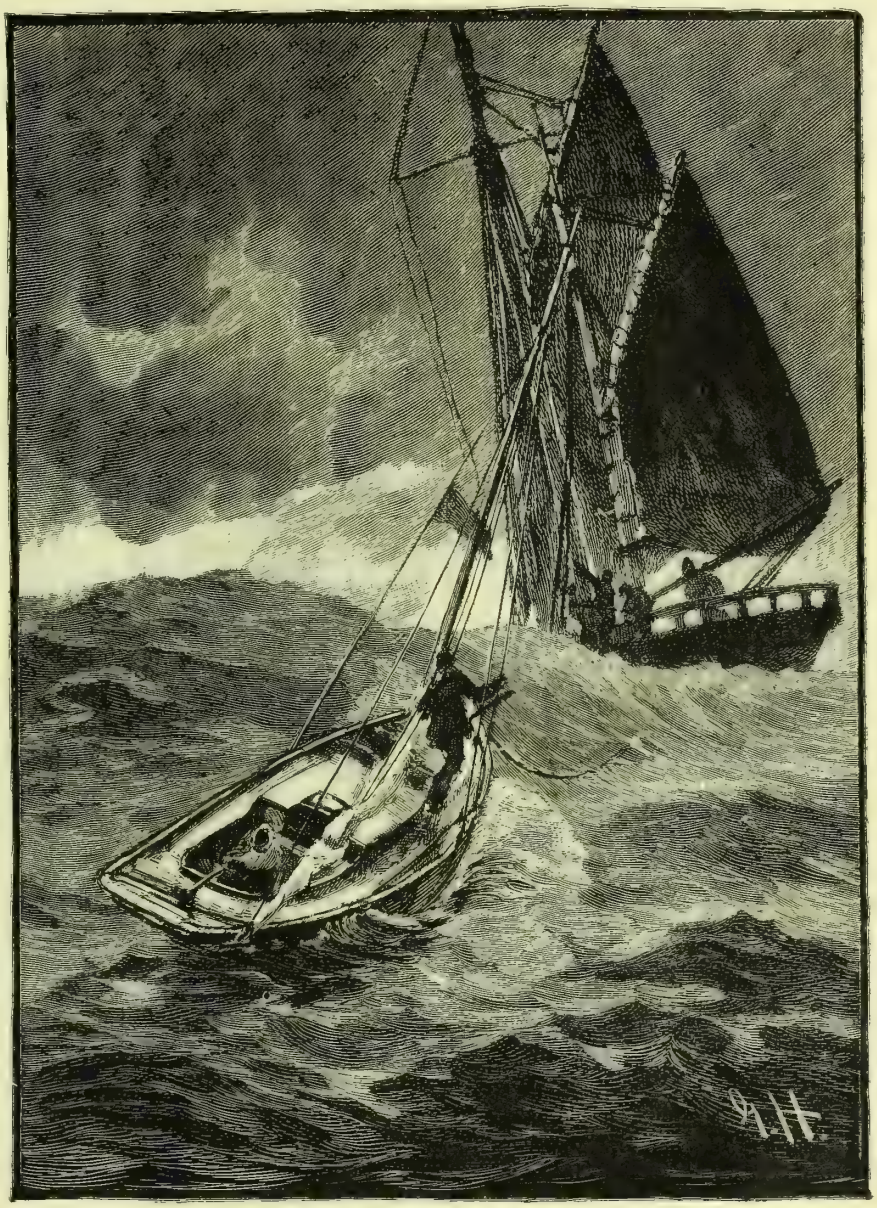
We gazed blankly at one another for a moment, then the Pirate burst out, "I have it! We've too much ballast forward, and lying over so much, all the water is running into the lee bilge."

I put my head into the cabin, and a chill crept down my back as I observed the water swilling up the side and across the floor with each roll.

"Well, it's no good looking," said the Pirate; "we must empty some of the head ballast overboard. Don't you see that every sea we ship will put us down by the head more and more?" Here another lump of water tumbled down on us; that decided us. Our lovely new oil-cloth was rudely torn up and the floor-boards wrenched open to get at the ballast, disclosing the water covering it up.

We dragged up the lumps of iron, skinning our hands and getting bruised as we slipped with the rolling, but we took very little heed of bruises.

The Pirate dumped the pieces overboard as fast as I could drag them up, until at least five hundredweight had gone, and the



Taken in tow.

water had disappeared out of her nose; but the Pirate when once he started a thing was not easily to be stopped, and he wanted a half-pig of iron out as a last offering—but the iron, like its namesake, was stupid; yet the wrathful Pirate had it out, and watching the lurches, successfully got it over the side.

Bumped and bruised, with skinned and bleeding hands, we got the bailer out again, and backache was forgiven as we found the water aft again, and bailable.

This lightening the ballast improved her wonderfully, for she seemed now to throw her nose up in disdain at each on-coming roller, but for all that we were heeled over at times until the cockpit combing was level with the water.

Chilled to the bone, we looked sadly into the cabin with the splintered boards and torn floor-canvas, and the fire was about gone out; but a little of the Pirate's patent flare soon remedied that, and while we tidied up a little, and were holding on for a bigger swing than usual, we heard a wild threshing forward, and diving out found the jib-sheets had broken adrift from the sail.

"It's not a bit of good lying-to," I said; "we are only driving away. Had we not better get something out forward to keep us head on to the sea?"

"The very thing," said the Pirate; "a sea anchor," and he had it all figured out in a trice.

"No. 2 jib lashed on an oar, with a piece of ballast to keep it down in the water; fasten a bridle on to the oar, and bend the cable on to that." We set to work with a will, but it was not so easy to do in the dark. However, we got the sail lashed on the oars, and a lump of ballast to keep the clew down in the water, and launched it over, carefully paying out the cable fair until we got a strain on.

It sounds easy enough to do, but I never think of that night without an inward shudder, and I feel again those wild upward rushes in the darkness, and the heart-sinking falls as the hurrying seas rushed under the keel, while we worked on, wet and cold, fastening the stiff and sodden ropes to the amateur drogue; but that same drogue acted as well as a lifeboat's fixing could do, and when we swung to it we found to our joy that the sail, hanging down, took all the spite out of the seas before they reached us, and the mainsail securely stowed we were comparatively easy, only shipping a little water now and again.

So the weary night passed, and at last the sky paled to the dawn; and as the light increased the wind gradually ceased its strength, while we clung dizzy and tired to the mast, eagerly scanning the horizon for a glimpse of the land. Not a sign of it broke the swiftly running sea at any point.

I turned to the Pirate in dismay, but his ideas were always practical, and he said some breakfast would do him more good at present than land to any amount. We again roused up our comforter, and tidied up the cabin while the coffee boiled. What with the daylight and some good hot drink, we felt some of our old enthusiasm returning, and after a good rub down and a wash we felt quite happy; but still we looked a trifle seedy from want of sleep.

The wind had fallen to quite a sensible breeze—for us—and we only waited for the sun to appear in order to get sail on her to start to find the land; so after all we found a compass was not a luxury that could be easily dispensed with. At last we got a glimpse of the sun's cheerful face as we rose on the crest of a sea, and at the same time caught sight of a ship, a little blot on the top of a distant wave.

We watched eagerly to see if she was heading our way, and in half an hour we made sure of the ship coming close by, if they kept the same course.

"Look here," I said to the Pirate; "we must signal for assistance."

"What for?" he asked. "We are not shipwrecked, and besides, we have plenty to eat on board."

"How are we going to get back to the Humber again?" I returned. "And we have not got a compass. Anyhow, this is quite a good enough shipwreck for me."

Eventually our little flag was hoisted halfway up to attract attention to us, and we could now see the vessel was a smack—well named the North Sea lifeboat. They had a couple of reefs down, so that it must have been blowing pretty stiff outside in the night. But though the wind had fallen she was tearing gaily along, bursting through the heads of the seas with her powerful frame, and the white foam fell away from the glossy black side, that as she rolled aweather flung the sunlight back in a dazzling flash.

The crew evidently saw us, for the smack was falling off a little to run under our stern, and we caught sight of a man in the weather rigging waving his hat to us.

The Pirate, whose ruling passion was everything done ship-shape, crawled to the halliards, and pulled our bunting up and down. *Why*, he alone knew.

On came the smack, churning the water from the bows to cover the wake in marble lacings of foam; on, past our stern, then gracefully swung up head to wind, and fell on the other tack with the foresail aweather, slowly bowing her way until close aboard us, while the rough-looking crew stolidly surveyed us, until the skipper hailed us with—

"Where have you been all night in that thing?"

Thing! What a blow to our proud name of yacht. The Pirate looked wrathfully at the skipper, but I sang out our tale of woe, and asked for a tow to the Humber, if he was going there.

"Look out for our heaving line," was the reply. The smack was sheered as near us as possible with safety, and the heaving line flung dexterously across our deck. We smartly hove it in, and found a hawser, big enough to tow a barge, following. This we securely belayed to the bitts, whilst the crew hurried us on with shouts, for the smack was forging ahead. At length we sang out to them "All fast!" The skipper flung up his arm in reply, as is the way at sea, and we heard their foresail sheet slat across the iron horse, and away we surged ahead once more. Our noble sea anchor had to be regretfully cut adrift, as heaving it on board was impossible the way we were being pulled along, and so our jib and oars were left to cruise on their own account, leaving us tearing through the seas in a way we never have done since; and thankful enough we were the smack had reefs down, or we should have been towed under or else carried our bitts away.

A stormy star must surely have been in the ascendant when our little craft was launched; for rarely indeed in our cruises did we get the chance of a whole mainsail. Wind seemed to spring up as we stepped on board, and other boating chums, before getting their boats ready, would anxiously inquire, "Is the 'Boy's Own' going out?" "Yes." "Then I'm not!" so that we gained a regular Vanderdecken reputation. Peace be to her staunch timbers! She sleeps in sixty fathoms of water, after carrying us through many a stormy breeze; but some day I may spin you the yarn of our last cruise.

The Pirate had taken the helm, and was working away as if at least a line-of-battle ship was under his charge, and as he seemed enjoying himself, I turned into the cabin out of the sharp morning air, and was soon asleep.

When I awoke we were lying in smooth water, and through the open hatch I saw the edge of a quay with the high Grimsby tower soaring up into the blue sky, whilst alongside me the Pirate slept his well-earned watch below.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT PLAY.

By Reginald A. R. Bennett, B.A.,

Author of "Hints on Forming a 'Boy's Own' Postal Photo Club," "Bromide Papers, how to work them," etc., etc.

In previous articles I have given the readers of the "B. O. P." serious facts about photography to digest in their more intellectual moments. In this paper we are coming down "from the sublime to the ridiculous," and I am going to tell you how you can amuse yourselves in your leisure moments in a way which will astonish the beholders of your work, and perhaps provide your relatives with amusement at solemn entertainments of the older folk, when conversation is apt to become remarkably dry.

To begin with a subject which, though not exactly comic in itself, easily lends itself to comic treatment at the hands of an intelligent youth, a subject which is commonly denominated "Double Photography." Suppose we take a black background and place in front of it a sitter in a light costume, on exposing the plate and developing as usual we get the sitter surrounded by nearly clear glass, the black background having practically produced no effect on the plate. Now if, instead of being right in front of the background, the sitter only occupies half of it, it is evident that we shall get the sitter on one side and on the other side practically a blank. But if we expose once with the sitter on one side and then again with the sitter on the other side, we shall get two photos of the sitter on the same plate, as the black background after the sitter has gone has no effect on the plate, and therefore does not affect the impression already upon it.

Now to give details of the actual process. To make the background we want a big framework with black material—merino will do—stretched tightly over it. I myself have a white background the sides of the framework of which are fastened by "thumbscrews" so as to be easily put up when wanted, and when I want to take double photos I simply throw over it a black curtain (or *red*, if dark, will do, red being a non-actinic colour—*i.e.* it does not affect the plate much). The background and sitter should be so arranged that the former covers the whole plate; if not a very large one the sitter will have to be very close to

obtain this result. The sitter is now to get into the desired position on one side, and be exposed in the usual way, then moving to the other side another exposure takes place. The cap is of course placed on the lens between the exposures.

The greatest care must be taken not to let any "properties" which may be taken with the sitter the first time overlap their positions the second time, or *vice versâ*; if this happens a confused image will result.

With two or three sitters very remarkable effects may be produced, but a great deal of patience and planning out beforehand is required with an intricate picture. It is quite possible to take a person four or five times on the same plate, with care; theoretically, of course, there is no limit to the number of images. I give an illustration of two people grouped, *not* four, as you might suppose (Fig. 1).

This method of using the black background over the whole plate is much the simplest, but a far more wonderful effect can be produced by placing the sitter in front of a suitable background, and using the black one over only half of the plate each time, the sitter being in front of the part not occupied by the black background; the ordinary view behind then comes out, when the sitter is in front; but the second time when the black background is moved across from the other side, the former image of the sitter is unaffected by the second exposure, and there is consequently no confusion, as would inevitably result if the black background was not used as a stopgap. If you work according to this method you will get much more startling results (of course the black background is not visible at all in the resulting picture), but it needs great care to

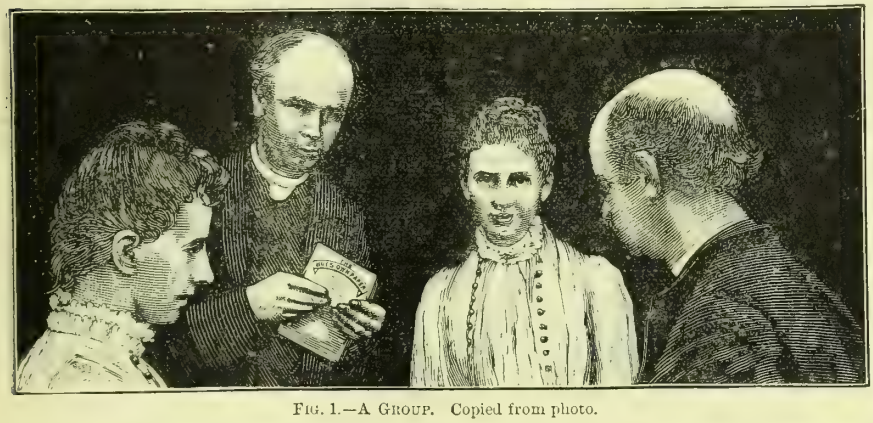


FIG. 1.—A GROUP. Copied from photo.

get the black background each time exactly over half the picture; if a mistake *is* made it is better to let the two images of the black background *not* overlap, or the result would be a black unexposed place in the middle of the picture. It is easy to avoid error if one works methodically—*e.g.* a small peg can be driven into the ground at the edge of the background in position 1, and the opposite side can then be brought just up to the peg in position 2. Only whatever happens *don't touch the camera* between the exposures!

Awful results can be obtained by taking two negatives and combining them. For example, if you have a school-fellow to whom you owe a caning, or some unpleasantness in the past, you can take your revenge in this style. Get your intended victim to let you take his photograph (which he will no doubt be happy to do), and having procured a "counterfeit presentment" of his features, we can proceed to turn him into the following quadruped—



FIG. 2.—"Jones minor, photographed from life."

This is easily done by taking the first negative of the "Jerusalem pony" (which we must take on purpose if we have not one handy), and cutting a piece of stiff paper (preferably yellow or red, these being non-actinic) the exact shape of the ass's head; stick this on the glass side of the negative with a little gum, and over it stick another piece of paper the exact size of the sitter's head. Now take an ordinary print, and of course the result is an ass without a head, but instead thereof a white space the size and shape of that of our intended victim. The next thing is to fill the blank with the other head, which is easily done by cutting another mask of paper for the other negative, with a hole exactly the size of the head cut out of it. Now place the printed piece of paper behind this negative in the right position for the head to coincide with the blank space, and the mask in front of the negative to keep all from printing except the head. Take care to print to the same depth as the former print, so that both may tone to the same shade. In order that no rims or uneven appearance may be shown by the combination it is necessary that either both "sitters" should be taken with a white background, or have had it blocked out on the negative with paint (not an easy thing to do satisfactorily), or that the boy's head should be bigger than the donkey's, as if the reverse was the case a white rim would be left where the donkey's mask exceeded the boy's.

If all is satisfactory, and no mistakes occurred in printing, it ought to be quite impossible to tell that any tricks had been played, or that the photo was otherwise than from an ordinary negative taken of a decidedly *extra*ordinary subject.

In the same way you can print men with women's heads, children with grown-up faces, etc.; only as some people don't appreciate this kind of thing, you must take care not to overstep the bounds of courtesy, and run the risk of offending your "subjects." I have in my mind's eye a certain photo belonging to a friend, in which a lively cricket-match is proceeding, the players all being members of the family in most ludicrous attitudes. This was done by drawing the cricket-match without any heads, cutting out the heads from negatives of the "players," and sticking them on in their proper places. A negative is then taken of the result, and the print looks to the uninitiated pretty much as one from a direct negative would look.

This is one way of doing it when you want to bring in a large number of figures, but if only a caricature of one person is desired there is a shorter way to it, with his acquiescence. On a large piece of thick cardboard make a comic design something like that shown in Fig. 3, of course leaving out the head. Cut the cardboard as shown, with a semicircular hole round the throat of the figure, and get your friend to hold up the cardboard with his head appearing through the aperture, which should fit pretty tightly round his throat. A negative taken in the ordinary way, if the cardboard is white and an equally white background is placed behind the sitter, will not show that any "dodge" was being carried out, in the slightest degree. You must take care that the camera is placed so close to the sitter that the negative is entirely filled by the white background and cardboard, as, if the sitter's arms show, supporting the cardboard, the beauty of the picture will be done for. Aim at a good dense negative, which will block out the backgrounds and show no rim where the caricature ends and the background behind the sitter begins, and print only so deep that, when toned, the whole background of the resulting print may be equally white all over.

You are not obliged to stick to the example given; any picture which your ingenuity may devise can be utilised in the same way by simply omitting the head and making your sitter put his or her own into the vacant space. A sheet of caricatures suitable for combination printing or direct photography was given with a paper entitled "The Practical Photographer," for February 1890. (It is published by Messrs. Percy Lund & Co., St. John Street, Bradford, Yorks.) In a later number of the same paper it was stated that an enterprising photographer at Bridlington had had a big picture in imitation of Pears' "You dirty boy," painted on canvas, with a hole left in the place of the "dirty boy's" head for that of any intending sitter. "The photographer," says the notice, "has been busy from morn to dewy eve!" Apparently the good people of Bridlington have a great sense of the ludicrous. An American worker in the science of caricature turned out a picture of a court in which all the jurymen, the judge, and the clerk of the court had the face of one person! I mention this to show what a large amount of scope there is for your ingenuity in this line.

It is possible by means of prolonged soaking in a dilute solution of hydrofluoric acid to get off the whole film of a negative entire. If this is done with a portrait negative the film can be floated on to a larger sized glass, and dried thereon. If, instead of drying it evenly, it is stretched one way or the other, the result will be that either the portrait appears enormously tall and drawn out, or

exceedingly broad and fat, according to which way the film was stretched. When dry it can be printed from as usual. There are some films in the market which will bear stretching without removing the gelatine. This is not an easy process, and I only mention it for the edification of our more adventurous readers.



FIG. 3.—"Out for a Fly."

I will now tell you how to convert one of your friends into a toy by means of photography. The toy I am aiming at is one which used to be called the "Kineograph" in my younger days, though whether they are still sold or not is a matter as to which I am in doubt.

You will want to take a lot of negatives of one person, but, as quarter-plates are amply large enough, it will not be a very expensive job. You must have either a white background and a darkly habited sitter, or a dark background and a lightly habited sitter, as the object is to get the sitter to appear as prominently as you possibly can in the resulting print. These things having been arranged, you must select the subject of your work, and make up your mind what you wish your sitter to do. We will suppose, as an example, that he is to appear engrossed in devouring his dinner, and let him be eating bread and cheese. The table on which his plate is must be big enough to take up about half our picture, and only half of it, or a little more, should appear. The sitter must be seated at the table with his legs under it or suitably disposed, with a white background behind him. If the photo is taken out of doors it is better not to include the ground, which looks odd with a white background. This is, of course, a matter of taste, but, as the victim will have to keep very still the whole time, it is better not to include more of his body than he can easily control. We now have to take four pictures of him in different attitudes. We begin with his plate (and glass, if you like to have one) in front of him and his hand just picking up a piece of bread out of the plate, and the following photos have to be taken.

A. With his hand in the plate, as above.

B. With his hand holding the piece of bread a few inches above the plate.

C. With his hand and the bread within an inch or two of his mouth, and his mouth *open*.

D. With his hand just putting the bread into his mouth.

E. With his hand (without the bread) as at C, and his mouth *shut*.

F. With his hand as at B (no bread, of course).

We have now got to print two sets from these negatives, and make them into a book. Take a small book about 2½ in. by 4 in., and cut all the prints the same size, mounting one in the middle of each leaf, which should be of tolerably stout cardboard. We shall want fourteen leaves (one for front cover), and the photos are mounted in order, A, B, C, D, E, F; A, B, C, D, E, F; A (ending with A). The book has now to be fastened together (I am supposing we have been dealing with separate leaves) by means of paper fasteners, or otherwise; and should be so put together that each leaf projects a little beyond the one in front of it, making a long-shaped book, not a broad one. The illustration will show what I mean (Fig. 4). Now comes the critical moment; the book is taken in our hands, turning the back backwards, so that the leaves may jump apart with a spring when released one by one from the end, and the leaves are released tolerably quickly, so that we get a good view of the photos as they open. And what do we behold? Why, the photos appear transformed into veritable humanity, and imbued with life, and we behold Brown, Jones, or Robinson, as the case may be, calmly devouring piece after piece of bread and cheese before our wondering eyes. If carried out well, the effect is life-like to a degree, and causes great amazement to the uninitiated. It is, of course, only the effect of the persistence of images on the retina of the eye, to which so many toys, such as the zoetrope, praxinoscope, and others owe their origin. It is none the less remarkable for that, and certainly very effective when one actually knows the person represented. If you have a zoetrope you can make slides for it in the same way, sticking the photos on to cardboard strips, cut to fit the zoetrope, in succession, and taking care to end with the one before the first.

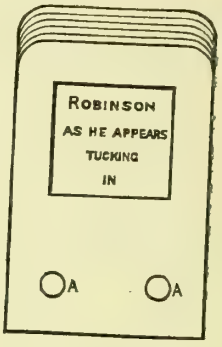


FIG. 4.—Photographic Kineograph.

A, A, are the holders to fasten leaves together. The square shows the position of the pictures on the inside leaves.

Here, then, my account of "Photography at Play" must end. I hope I have given you a little amusement with which to while away your holidays; and if the last idea (which I believe is entirely original as applied to photography—I do not think it has occurred to anyone but myself, and certainly has never before been published in a paper) leads you on to study the optical facts to which it owes its success, so much the better.

EIGHTEEN HOURS WITH A "KID."

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "The Cock House at Fellsgarth," etc.

Copy of a holiday letter from Gus Cutaway, of the Upper Remove, Shellboro', to his particular chum and messmate, Joseph Rackett:—

Dear Jossy,—If you want a motto in life, I'll give you one—"'Ware kids!" Don't you have anything to do with kids, unless you want to lose all your pocket money, and be made a fool of before the fellows, and get yourself in a regular high old mess all round.

You needn't think I don't know what I'm talking about. I do. Promise you'll never say a word of it to anybody, especially to any of the fellows, and I'll tell you.

It was on breaking-up day. You know, all of you went off by the 2 train and I had to wait till the 3.15. That's the worst of going through London; the trains never go at the right time. It came in up to time, for a wonder, and I bagged a second-class carriage to myself, and laid in some grub and a "B. O. P." and made up my mind to enjoy myself. What do you think? Just as the bell was ringing a female with a kid rushed on to the platform and made a dive for my carriage. I can tell you I was riled. But that wasn't half of it.

"Are you going to Waterloo, young gentleman?" asks the female, as out of breath as you like.

"Yes—why?" said I.

"Would you be so kind as to look after Tommy? His father will be there to meet him. He's got his ticket, haven't you, Tommy? Say thank you to the kind young gentleman. Bye, bye; be a good boy."

"Right forward," sings out the guard.

"Love to daddy," says the female.

"Stand away from the train," shouts the porter.

And then we were off. And here was I, left alone in a carriage with a kid called Tommy, that I was to give over to a chap called daddy at Waterloo!

How would *you* have liked it yourself, Jossy? I was awfully disgusted. And of course, till the train was off, I never thought of saying, "I can't," and then it was too late. I can tell you it's a bit rough on a fellow to be served that way. If ever you're going by train and see a female and a kid coming along, hop out of the carriage till you see which carriage they get into; and then go and get into another.

I made up my mind I'd leave the little cad to himself, so I started to read. At least I pretended to. Really I took a good squint at him while he wasn't looking. He was a kid of about four and a half, I fancy, with a turnippy head and a suit of togs that must have been new, he was so jolly proud of them. He sat staring at the lamp and swinging his legs for a good bit. Then he got hold of the window-strap and fooled about with that. Then he remembered his swagger togs and looked himself all over, and stuck his hands in his pocket. He twigged me looking at him as he did so.

"I've got a knife," he said, as cool as if he'd known me a couple of terms.

"Who said you hadn't?" I responded.

"It's in my pocket," he said.

"Oh," said I. I didn't want to encourage him.

He pulled it out, staring at me all the time. Then he slipped down off the seat and brought it up to me.

"Open it," he said.

"Open it yourself," said I.

"I can't," said he. "Open it! open it!!"

"All right, keep your temper," said I, and I opened it. A beastly blunt thing it was. "There you are; take it."

"I want to sit beside you," he said when he'd got it.

"Do you? I don't want you. Haven't you got all the rest of the carriage?"

"Lift Tommy up," he whined.

I'd a good mind to chuck him out of the window. "Lift yourself up," I said, "and shut up. I want to read." Then, I'm bothered if the young cad didn't begin yelling! Just because I didn't lift him up. I never saw such a blub-baby in all my life. I couldn't make out what he was up to at first. I thought he was curtseying and seeing how long he could hold his breath. But when it did come out, my eye! I thought the engine-driver would hear. I was in a regular funk; I thought he'd got a fit, or something; I never heard such yelling. He was black in the face over it and dancing. I'd a good mind to pull the cord string and stop the train. But I thought I'd see if I could pull him round first.

So I picked him up and stuck him up on the seat. Would you believe it, Jossy? The moment he was up he stopped howling and began grinning. It had all been a plant to get me to lift him up; and as soon as he'd made me do it he laughed at me!

I can tell you it's not pleasant to be made a fool of, even by a kid.

"I'm sitting beside you, now," he said, as much as to tell me he'd scored one off me.

I was too disgusted to take any further notice of him. I suppose he saw I was riled, and began to be a bit civil. He pulled a nasty sticky bit of chocolate out of his pocket and held it up to my nose.

"A sweetie for you," he said.

I didn't want to have him yelling again, so I took it. Ugh!—all over dust and hairs, and half melted.

He watched me gulp it down, and then, to my relief, got hold of the "B. O. P." and began looking at the pictures. He got sick of that soon, and went and looked out of the window. Then he came and sat by me again, and began to get jolly familiar. He stroked my cheeks with his horrid sticky hand, and then climbed up on the seat and tried to lark with my cap. Then, just because I didn't shut him up, he clambered up on my back and nearly throttled me with his arms round my neck; and—what do you think?—he began to kiss me!

That was a drop too much.

"Stow it, kid!" I said.

"Dear, dear!" he said, getting regularly maudlin and kissing me at about two a second.

"Let go, do you hear? you're scrugging me."

"Nice mannie," he said.

I didn't know what to do, until I luckily thought of my grub.

"Like a bun?" said I.

He let me go and was down beside me like a shot. You should have seen him walk into that bun! His face was all over it, and the crumbs were about an inch deep all over the place. When he got near the end of bun No. 1, he looked up as near choking as they make them, and said:

"I like buns awfully."

"All right, have another," said I. You see, as his governor was going to meet him in town, it didn't matter much to me if he got gripes at night. Anything to keep him quiet.

After the third bun he was about full up, and said he was thirsty. I couldn't make the young ass understand that I had no water in the carriage. He kept on saying he was thirsty for half an hour, till we came to a station. I had made up my mind I would get into another carriage at the first stop we came to; but, somehow, it seemed rather low to leave the kid in the lurch. So I bought him a glass of milk instead, which set him up again. Nobody else got in the carriage—knew better—and off we went again. He'd got an awful lot to say for himself; about dicky-birds, and puff-puffs, and dogs, and trouser-pockets and rot of that sort, and didn't seem to care much whether I listened or no. Then, just when I thought he had about run dry and was getting sleepy, he rounded on me with—

"Tell me a story."

"Me? I don't know any stories."

"Oh yes; a funny one, please."

"I tell you I don't know any—what about?"

"The Three Bears."

"I don't know anything about 'three bears,'" said I.

"Do! do!! do!!!" he said, beginning to get crusty.

So I did my best. He kept saying I was all wrong, and putting me right; he might just as well have told it himself. I told him so. But he took no notice; and went on badgering me for more stories.

I can tell you I was getting sick of it!

When I made up a story for him to laugh at, he looked so solemn and said—

"Not that, a funny one."

And when I told him a fairy tale, he snapped up and said he didn't like it.

It ended in my telling him the "Three Bears" over and over again. It was about the sixty-fifth time of telling that we got to Vauxhall and had to give up tickets.

"Now, young 'un, look out for your governor when we get in—I don't know him, you know."

The young ass didn't know what I meant.

"Look out for daddy, then," I said.

He promptly stuck his head out of the window and said the ticket collector was daddy; then that the porter was; then that a sweep on the platform was.

It wasn't very hopeful for spotting the real daddy at Waterloo. I told him to shut up and wait till we got there.

When we got there, I stuck him up at the window, as large as life, for his governor to see. There were a lot of people about; but I can tell you I was pretty queer when no one owned him. We hung about a quarter of an hour, asking everybody we met if they'd come to meet a kid, and watching them all go off in cabs, till we had the platform to ourselves.

"Here's a go, kid!" said I; "daddy's not come."

"I 'spex," says he, "when the middling-size bear found his porridge eaten up, he wondered who it was."

"Shut up about the bears," said I. "What about your gov—your daddy? Where does he live?"

"In London town," said he, as soon as I could knock those bears out of his head.

"Whereabouts? What street?"

"London town."

"Do you mean to say—— Look here, what's your name? Tommy what?"

"It's Tommy," he said.

"I know that. Is it Tommy Jones, or Tommy Robinson, or what?"

"It's Tommy," he repeated. "My name's Tommy."

Here was a nice go! Stranded with a kid that didn't know his own name or where his governor lived! The worst of it was, I had to stop in London that night, as there was no train on. My pater had written to get a room for me at the Euston Hotel, so that I should be on the spot for starting home first train in the morning.

I was regularly stumped, I can tell you. It never turned a feather on the kid, his governor not turning up; and I couldn't make the idiot understand anything. He hung on to me, singing and saying "Who's been tasting my porridge and eaten it all up?" or else cheeking the porters, or else trying to whistle to make the trains go.

I thought I'd better leave word with the stationmaster where I'd gone, in case anyone turned up; and then there was nothing for it but to take a cab across to the hotel.

The kid was no end festive to have a ride in the hansom. It would have been in a little better taste if he'd held his tongue, and shown a little regret for the jolly mess he'd let me into. But, bless you, he didn't care two straws.

"What will daddy say when he can't find you?" I said, trying to get him to look at things seriously.

"Daddy will say, 'Who's been sitting in my chair and broken the bottom out?'" said he, still harping on those blessed bears. I gave him up after that, and let him jaw on.

When we got to the hotel I was in another fix. The chap in charge said he'd got instructions about one young gentleman, but not two.

"Oh, I'm looking after this boy," said I, "till to-morrow; I'll have him in my room."

The chap looked as if he didn't like it. And of course, just when he was thinking it over, the young cad must go and cheek him.

"What makes that ugly man so red on his nose?" he asks at the top of his voice, for every one to hear.

The chap was no end riled at that, and looked as if he'd kick us out. When he'd cooled down he said—

"You wait here; I'll attend to you presently."

That was a nice go! If I had had tin enough I should have gone somewhere else; but I'd only got enough for the journey to-morrow, and so thought I'd better hang on here, where the governor had arranged.

The kid went on anyhow while we were waiting in the hall. He ran and stood in front of people, and he pulled waiters' coat-tails, and got mixed up with the luggage, and called out to me to know where the ugly red-nosed man had gone. At last I had to pull him in.

"Look here, kid!" said I; "if you don't hold your jaw and sit here quietly, I'll give you to a policeman."

"Tell me about the bears, then."

Oh, how I loathed those bears! Think of me, captain of my eleven, in that racketty hall, with people coming and going, and a row enough to deafen you, telling a kid about the Three Big Bears! You may grin, Jossy; but I was reduced to it.

After a time the hotel chap came and said we were to have a double-bedded room, and he should charge half extra for the kid, and if we wanted dinner we'd better look sharp, as it was just beginning.

So we went up and washed—at least I had to wash the kid's sticky hands and face for him—and then came down to *table d'hôte*. I was in a regular funk lest any of our fellows, or anyone I knew, should see me. We got squeezed in between a lady in grand evening dress, and a professor chap with blue spectables; and as they were both attending to their neighbours, I hoped we might scrape through without a scene.

You should have seen that kid tuck in! I mildly suggested that he'd better not have any mock-turtle soup; but he began to get up steam for a howl and a half, so I gave it up.

He said it was ugly stuff, but for all that he polished off a plate of it, and then walked into salmon. After that he had a turn at roast pork and apple sauce, and after that a cabinet pudding and some Gorgonzola cheese. He was very anxious to have some beer, like the professor, or some wine, like the lady; but I put my foot down there, and let him have lemonade instead. You should have seen people stare at him! The professor glared as if he was a rum animal.

"Your brother?" said he.

"Not exactly," said I.

"Uncommon appetite. Would you mind telling me in the morning what sort of night he had? I shall be curious to know."

The lady glared too, chiefly because the kid had sprinkled her silk dress with melted butter, and pork gravy and lemonade. He caught her eye once and said out loud to her—

"Our cat's called Flossy; what's your cat called?"

The lady turned away; whereupon the kid began his cheek again.

"That lady," said he to me and the company at large, "has got a nice dress and a nasty face. I like nice faces bestest—do you?"

"Shut up, or I'll clout your ear," snarled I, in a regular perspiration of disgust.

"What's clout?" enquired he. Then, feeling his ears, "My ears don't stick out like that man's over there, do they?"

"Do you hear? shut up, you little fool!"

"We've got a donkey at home, and his——"

Here I could stand it no longer, and lugged him off, whether he liked it or no.

He was just as bad in the reading-room. He wouldn't sit still unless I told him stories, and made a regular nuisance of himself to the other people. Then (I suppose it was his big feed) he began to get crusty, and blubbered when I talked sharply to him, and presently set up a regular good old howl.

"Why don't you put the child to bed?" said a lady; "he's no business up at this hour."

Nice, wasn't it?

I had to sneak off with him upstairs, howling all the way. He wouldn't stop till I gave him a mild cuff on the head. That seemed to bring him round enough to demand the "Three Bears" once more.

Anything to keep him still; so at it I went again.

Then I told him to go to bed; and he told me to undress him, as he couldn't do the buttons.

I can't make out how I got him out of his togs. Then he kicked up no end of a shine because I was going to stick him in bed without his bath.

"I've got no bath," said I; "wait till the morning."

"Tommy wants his bath. Bring it! bring it!!" he shrieked.

Finally I had to mess him about in a basin in cold water, which set him yelling worse than ever. Then I had to put him in my nightgown, for he'd got none of his own.

"I want to get in beside you," he said, as I stuck him in bed.

"I'm not going to bed yet," said I; "not likely, at eight o'clock!"

More yells; and a chambermaid came and knocked at the door to know what was the matter.

I tried all I knew to quiet him down. He wouldn't listen to me, not even when I tried to tell him his "Three Bears." He bellowed out one incessant "Want to get in beside you! Want to get in beside you!!" till finally I chucked up the sponge and actually went to bed to oblige him.

He simmered down after that; and I began to hope he'd drop off and get to sleep. But, bless you, Jossy, was it likely, after those buns and the dinner he'd had?

We had a fearful night, I can tell you. He kicked till I was black and blue, and rolled over and over till I hadn't a stitch on me. Then he wanted some water to drink. Then he wanted the gas alight. Then he began to blubber for his mother. Then he wanted the clothes on. Then he wanted them off. Then he got his feet entangled in the nightgown. Then he wanted some chocolates. Then he wanted to know who was talking in the next room. Then he wanted the pillow turned over. Then he wanted a story told him, and shut me up before I'd begun one sentence of it. Then he wanted me to put my arm round him. Then he wanted me to lie over on the edge of the bed. Then he had a pain in his "tummy," and called on me to make it well, and howled because I couldn't.

Poor little beggar! He was in a jolly bad way, and I couldn't well cut up rough; but I can tell you it was the worst night I ever spent. He didn't quiet down till about three in the morning; and then he went off with his head on my chest and his hand on my nose, and I daren't for the life of me shift an inch for fear of bringing it all on again. I suppose I must have dropped off myself at last; for the next thing I remember, it was broad daylight, and the young cad was sitting on the top of me as merry as a cricket, trying to prize my eyes open with his fingers.

"Can't you let a chap be?" grunted I; "haven't you made a beast enough of yourself all night without starting again now?"

"I want to see your eyes," said he.

Then he began to jump up and down on the top of me, and explained that he was "riding in the puff-puff."

I wished to goodness he was! Of course I had to wake up, and then we had those brutal "Three Bears" on again for an hour till it was time to get up.

He insisted on being tubbed all over, with soap, and criticised me all the while.

"Boys who spill on the carpet must be whipped," said he. "Mother will whip you, and you'll cry—ha, ha!"

"I don't care," said I, "as long as she clears you off."

He never seemed to understand what I said, and wasn't a bit set down by this.

Then came the same old game of getting him into his togs, and parting his horrid hair, and blowing his nose, and all that.

I can tell you, I was about sick of it when it was done.

When we got down in the hall, the first chap we met was the hotel man.

"There's the ugly man with the red nose," sings out the kid. "I can see him—there he is!" pointing with all his might.

"Look here, young gentleman," said the man, coming to me, "we aren't used to be kept awake all night by your noise or your baby's. You may tell your papa he needn't send you here again. There's half-a-dozen of my visitors leaving to-day, because they couldn't get a wink of sleep all night."

"No more could I," said I.

He was going to say something more, but just then a man came in from the street. Directly he spotted the kid, he rushed up to him.

"Why, it *is* Tommy," said he.

Tommy put on a grin, and dug his hands into his pockets. "I've got a knife," said he, "of my very own."

"Are you the young gentleman who left the message at Waterloo?" said the man. "Why, the letter I got said the train got in at 8 *a.m.*, not 8 *p.m.* You don't know what a turn it gave me to go down there this morning and not see him. Have you had him here all night?"

"Rather," said I.

"Daddy, there's an ugly man came to this house. I can see him now, with a red nose. Look there!"

"I hope he's been a good boy," said the proud father.

"Pretty well," said I.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," said he. "I'm afraid he's been a trouble to you."

"Not at all," said I.

"Well, I've got a cab here. My word, I'm glad I've got you safe, Tommy, my boy. Come, say good-bye to the kind gentleman."

"He was naughty, and spilt the water on the floor. He must be whipped—ha, ha!" observed Tommy, by way of farewell.

He didn't seem to care twopence about leaving me, and chucked me up for his governor as if I'd been a railway porter. However, I can tell you, I was glad to see the back of him, and didn't envy his governor a little bit.

Of course, I'd lost my first train home, and had to wait till mid-day to endure the scowls of the hotel man, and the frowns of all the people who had been kept awake by the kid's row. Among others there was the professor.

"Well," said he, "what sort of night did baby have?"

"Middling," said I.

"I expected it would be middling," said he.

Now, Jossy, you know what I mean by "'ware kids." Keep all this mum, whatever you do. I wouldn't have any of the fellows hear about it for the world. I can tell you, I feel as if I deserve a week's holiday longer than the rest of you. Never you utter the words "Three Bears" in my hearing, or there'll be a row.

Yours truly,

GUS CUTAWAY.



Round the Camp Fire.

CANADIAN CANOES AND CANOEING.

By James Edmund Jones, B.A., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

While reading an account of a camping expedition upon the River Thames, it occurred to me that the readers of the world-famed "B. O. P." would be interested in a brief practical description of an extended canoeing cruise which I took last summer.

I suppose that in England you have many of those hard-worked, pale-faced, unfortunate wights who, instead of being paid for their work, have sometimes to pay for the privilege of working—law students. A noble species! I am one. Not a whole species, you know, but just an example. I am an example to my younger brother, who is also a law student. Him I took with me as a profitable companion for a young curate, the third member of the party, who might get into mischief unless he was in good hands during his summer holidays. The fourth man was, for variety's sake, a law student. This crew manned the two canoes in which we started from Kingston early last July to paddle down one of the noblest rivers of the world—the majestic St. Lawrence.

Kingston is at the head of "The Lake of the Thousand Isles," a lake which contains nearly twice as many islands as its name imports. Of this labyrinthine sheet of water one could not speak too enthusiastically. Through sixty miles of this lovely region we wandered, not attempting to follow any definite course, but steering only for the land of the rising sun. Now we seemed hemmed in on every side by wooded banks with no apparent outlet, when suddenly there burst upon our enchanted gaze a wide expanse of waters dotted with islets of every form and size that shone in glorious beauty under our bright Canadian sky. Here an island clothed in Nature's garb; there another decked by the hand of man in holiday attire. Sometimes we would thread our way through narrow passages among clusters of islands whose beauties dull prose could not describe. Sometimes we would glide across an unruffled surface; sometimes battle with waves rolling with gathering force from the far-off horizon. Lofty mountain-tops uplifted themselves in solemn grandeur athwart clear skies that rival those of Italy. Variety everywhere. Gay summer residences enlivened the landscape, and here and there a larger island added pastoral beauty to the shifting scene. Picturesque villages and busy towns crowned at intervals the distant shores, and craft of every size, from the frail canoe to the large lake steamer, exchanged with us their friendly greetings.

Camping when night overtook us, we wandered on, from island to island, until the lake of beauty lay behind us, and we reached the spot where the waters meet and roll down to the ocean in one vast undivided stream. A few miles above Brockville the eddies playing about some straggling islets warn us that

> the stream runs fast,
> The rapids are near,

and when a few more miles are passed, our frail bark will be dashing, rushing on, while the flood of water seethes and lashes round us.

We had often before shot headlong down the rock-beset course of rapid streams in our northern lake districts, but when we heard the roar of the mighty St. Lawrence which carries to the ocean the waters of innumerable lakes, some of which are veritable inland seas hundreds of miles in length, we realised that our exploits hitherto had been but child's play. On we sped with ever-increasing swiftness, the hurrying tide catching its light burden in its embrace, as if making ready for the leap and rush below. And now the chute! Like an arrow our buoyant canoes shot down the one smooth pathway of that enormous leap of waters. Wild with excitement, we waved our fluttering signals to a steamer a few yards to our right, which was passing down the main channel where the fierce waves roll and foam and lash unceasingly.

Thus borne along by the current that here runs from ten to twenty miles an hour, we reached the foot of the first rapid, "The Galops," which is about four miles long. Here we found an island on which we decided to camp for the night, but before we reached it, the river suddenly became still swifter, and we were unexpectedly carried round a sharp bend. On the right side the swerving waters heaped themselves in a high bank, leaving a deep hollow, into which we were swept, and there we saw above us the impending wall. When it seemed about to overwhelm us, up we leapt and down the stream we hurried. But taking advantage of the "back current" along the opposite bank, we returned, and having pushed the inquisitive noses of our canoes on the island, made preparations for the evening meal.

Our second day upon the rapids was the most exciting one of the trip: we paddled thirty-five miles, and shot a number of rapids. One, called the "Rapide Plat," just above Morrisburg, was perhaps just a little venturesome to run without a guide. But we knew that others had done it, and so we started down. The river takes an ugly bend halfway down the rapid, and the breakers on either hand form a modern Scylla and Charybdis. In vain we tried to adopt a "golden mean." The two voracious monsters were so near each other that we could not choose between them. Tossed about from one to the other, flung up into the air by colliding breakers, sucked into eddying troughs, slapped by hissing wave-tops, borne along on great rolling waves, bouncing about like corks, our brave little craft nevertheless reached the foot of the rapid in safety. We had shipped some water, though not enough to put us in danger of "swamping." The rapid was four miles long, though it seemed but one short, breathless dash.

Arrived at the Long Sault Rapids, which many steamers even dare not run, we had to take to the canal. We learned afterwards, however, that the south channel is practicable for small boats. After paddling five miles through the canal, we "portaged" into the river, and ran the last six miles of the rapids, reaching Cornwall and the end of a hard day's work at seven in the evening.

Next morning a five-mile paddle through a lovely cluster of islands brought us to Lake St. Francis, which stretched out for thirty miles before us. It was a cloudless day, and the gentle breeze behind us hardly raised a ripple on the glassy surface of the flowing lake. But never had we heard such a ceaseless splash of jumping fish. The lake seemed to be fairly alive. What magnificent thumps resounded all about us. Fishing unheard of! Out came our trolls and our whole fishing establishment. Flushed with excitement and mad with vexation, we reached the other end of the lake without so much as a "glorious nibble." Imagine how relieved we felt upon learning that the fish we so eagerly coveted weighed from fifty to one hundred and eighty pounds! People smiled at our ignorance in not knowing that sturgeon are not caught with a hook and line! Our laden canoes, moreover, would hardly have accommodated one of these monsters, and the pulling process would have been reversed had a lusty sturgeon suddenly become possessed of teeth and of our trolling spoon.

On Monday morning, after crossing the lake, we took the railway at Valleyfield for Rouse's Point on Lake Champlain, there to put our canoes in the water again. We thus avoided the heavier rapids between Valleyfield and Montreal, which are run only by canoes of the largest size, built expressly for such work.

While we are taking our forty-mile railway trip, let me describe our "outfit." Our canoes were of a kind probably almost unknown in England, though some Canadian canoe-builders have agencies in London. In an exhaustive series of papers in the "B.O.P." six years ago on "Canoes and how to make them," no mention is made of the "open canoe" (which is distinctively the canoe of the Canadian), though the Indian birch-bark, from which it is evolved, is described at considerable length. Canadian builders were awarded medals at the Fisheries Exhibition and at the Colonial Exhibition in London in 1883 and 1886. Fig. 1 gives a good idea of the "open canoe," which is better known as the "Peterborough Canoe," being usually



Fig. 1.—Canadian Paddling Canoe.

built at or near a town of that name in Ontario. It is commonly constructed of basswood, cedar or butternut, with gunwales of ash, and varies from 11 to 19 feet in length. Larger canoes are sometimes built for special purposes. A club in Toronto has a canoe 30 feet long with a beam of 15 inches. Sixteen paddlers man this merry monster. The most serviceable canoe is made of basswood, and is 15 or 16 feet long with 31 inches beam and $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches depth. Such a canoe costs from £5 to £8 sterling, and weighs from 55 to 70 pounds. It differs from the ordinary sailing canoe in having no deck to speak of, though sometimes watertight compartments are made at the bow and stern, thus imparting greater buoyancy. An upset canoe, unless furnished with such bulkheads, is very little support to a swimmer. The boards of which such canoes are built are usually a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, and are nailed to moulded ribs $\frac{5}{8}$ by $\frac{3}{8}$ inch. The ribs are generally 6 inches apart. The boards are smooth on the outside, and the joints are covered by battens in the inside. In the best canoes copper nails and brass screws are used. Figs. 2 and 3, with the aid of the

above description, will enable any intelligent boat-builder to construct a Canadian canoe

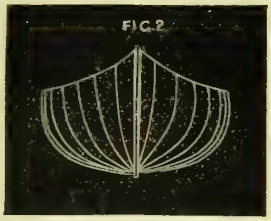


FIG. 2.

(though he will first have to make a "mould"); and any one who wishes to be the possessor of the most delightful paddling

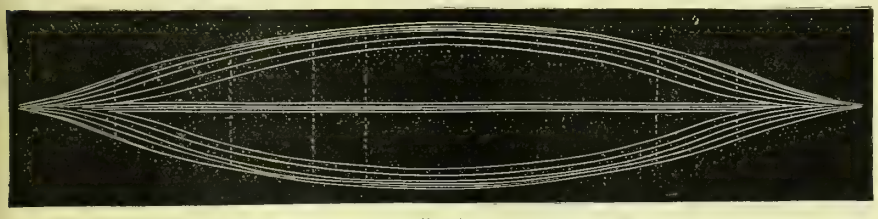


FIG. 3.

craft in the world cannot do better than make practical use of the directions given above.

The open canoe has many special advantages, of which the following may be enumerated: 1. It is lighter than the ordinary sailing canoe, and thus is more suitable for cruising, especially where there is much portaging to be done. 2. It draws very little water, and so the most diminutive streams may be navigated in it. 3. It is the roomiest of all canoes, and so is the canoe for hunting, fishing, and cruising. 4. One can sleep in it or under it. 5. As there is no deck, it is more easily handled in portaging. 6. It is easier to paddle, as the absence of decks enables the paddler to sit over quite close to the side on which he is paddling. In decked canoes, however, double paddles are commonly used. 7. A prettier or more graceful craft was never dreamed of. 8. It may be fitted with outriggers for those who prefer rowing. 9. It is the most sociable of all canoes. Like an omnibus, there is generally room for one more. A 16-foot canoe holds three persons easily. 10. With the exception of the birch-bark, it is the least expensive of all canoes.

But it must not be imagined that the open canoe is exclusively a paddling canoe. Lateen sails containing from 25 to 45 square feet may be hoisted even in rough weather, and with the aid of "lee-boards" one can sail very close into the wind.

Fig. 4 shows the shape of the "lee-boards." They are lashed to the front "thwart" (as the seat of a canoe is called), and the broad surface which they present to the water keeps the canoe from drifting. They are usually made of butternut wood, and the blades, which are fastened to the crossbar by hinges, are not so long as the canoe is wide, so that they may be folded in when not in use. The blades are nine inches wide in the broadest part. A paddle or a rudder is used for steering. The drop-rudder, with which canoeists are familiar, is the most satisfactory. When one is paddling alone in rough weather lee-boards are of great assistance. They cost but a few shillings.

The "rib open canoe" is of a special build, and somewhat lighter and considerably stronger than the ordinary canoe. It is built of cedar strips about one inch wide which run from gunwale to gunwale and not lengthwise. The strips are tongued and grooved, and so the canoe is very tight, and not liable to leak even when allowed to dry. An ordinary boat-builder would hardly be competent to build this style of canoe, since special appliances are required. Figs. 5 and 6 show its appearance and mode of construction. This canoe can be purchased in England at Cording's, Air Street, Piccadilly.

The "Juniper Canoe," fig. 7, is intended to combine the advantages of the open canoe and the decked canoe. It is decked to three feet or more from each end, and three inches wide along each side. Round the capacious cockpit runs a "combing" which rises about one and a half inch above the decking. With a centre-board or keel it sails well. As it is not so convenient to carry as the open canoe, and weighs some fifteen pounds more, it is not so serviceable for general cruising purposes, especially where portages are frequent.

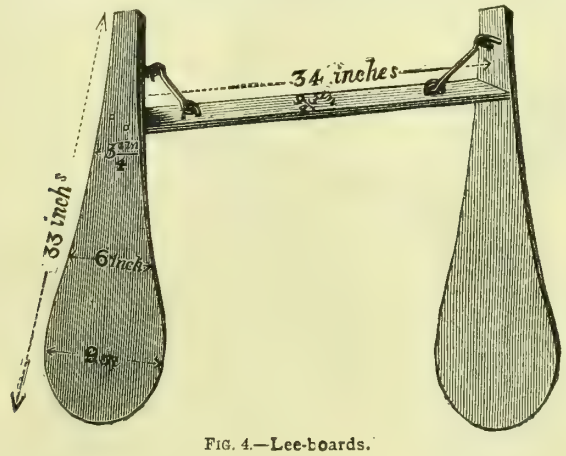


FIG. 4.—Lee-boards.

The lightest and cheapest canoe is the Indian "birch-bark." It costs only a couple of pounds, and is in very general use in the northern part of the Province, where game is plentiful. But it is not so capacious nor so strong as the "Peterborough Canoe," and cannot be propelled so swiftly, not being smooth on the outside. In passing over shallow rivers and in landing on rocky shores it is very liable to become seriously damaged, and can be mended only by a practised hand. Whitelead, a small supply of which every camping party should carry, suffices to repair ordinary damages to an open canoe. Fig. 8 gives a good idea of the birch-bark canoe, directions for building which were given in the 6th volume of the "B.O.P." and have been since republished in "Indoor Games and Recreations."

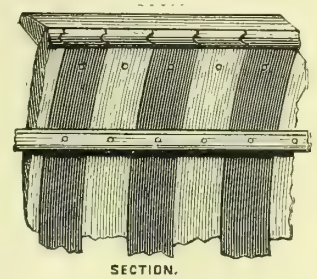


FIG. 6.—Section.

The "open canoe" affords special scope for "fancy races" and aquatic sports.

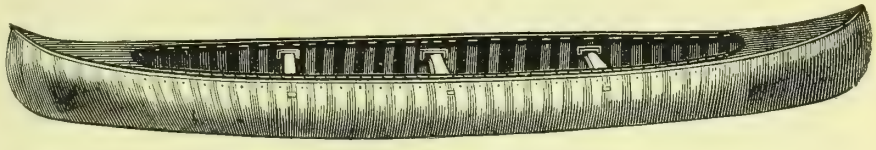


FIG. 5.—Rib open Canoe.

One favourite race which requires a great deal of skill and practice is the "gunwale race." The paddler stands upon the gunwales, and, as can easily be imagined, such a race often becomes as amusing as it is exciting, owing to its liability to become involuntarily an "upset race."

As a trial of strength the "*vis-à-vis* race" is a good one. The paddlers kneel in the same canoe face to face, and paddle against one another. The race is usually fifteen or twenty yards, the winner of which is then matched with the successful member of another similar couple. Both paddle on the same side, for otherwise the canoe would turn round and round. As the man who is paddling on his right has usually an advantage over the other, it is fairer that in each case the race should be paddled twice, the men reversing their positions.

The "upset race"* is a very useful one, as a canoeist may sometimes be called upon to be proficient in emptying his canoe while both are in the water. The ejected occupant while he treads water grasps the waterlogged canoe by the centre of the gunwale with both hands, and giving it a series of short sharp jerks, dashes a quantity of water out of it over each side alternately until the canoe is sufficiently empty to enable him to get in over one end of it, and bail out with his hands. It is not well to push out until a considerable amount of water is bailed out, as otherwise the canoe is very heavy and the slightest unsteadiness will cause

* This term, however, is usually applied to a similar race in sailing canoes.

another "swamp." Even getting from the water into an empty canoe requires some skill.

A race in which there are two persons in each canoe is called a "tandem race." Sometimes four persons (*in bathing costume*)



FIG. 7.—The Juniper Canoe.

paddle in a canoe intended at the most for three, and in such cases *festina lente* is the best rule of action. If the canoe be propelled too swiftly, the bow is liable to disappear, and four men after it; or if the paddlers rise to their strokes too vigorously, the stern is liable to disappear with a similar effect. Those who have watched water-polo know the pleasure which people in such cases take in the misfortunes of others.

A "tug-of-war" in canoes is very exciting, but the most amusing "event" at a canoe regatta is a "tournament." The bow-men

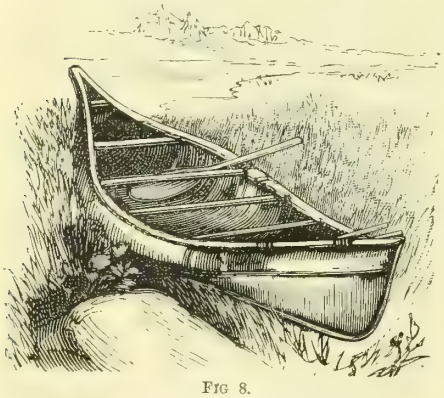


FIG 8.

stand, armed with spears which consist of long sticks, generally of bamboo, with large pads on the "business end." The stern-men propel the canoes to the charge, and in the conflict which ensues, reeling bow-men improvise many new attitudes in taking to the water.

You will easily understand why, with races and sports like these, canoe regattas, which usually include a grand torchlight canoe procession in the evening, are immensely popular in Canada.

The miscellaneous and extensive "camp furnishings" we carried were a continual source of wonderment to all who beheld us load and unload. Believing in solid comfort, we took with us most of the necessary articles of civilised life. Many hardy campers carry only a blanket apiece, an axe, a frying-pan, a pot, and a box of provisions: but that is "roughing it" a little too severely. Our tent was 12 by 16 feet, which was quite large enough for four men. The three light poles belonging to it were easily packed into one of the canoes. In four valises we stowed changes of clothes and those articles which are supposed to make a man look respectable. As far as our personal appearance, however, was concerned, we went in for roughing it, though we did not look altogether disreputable in "blazers," boating shirts, knickerbockers, navy-blue stockings, and yachting caps.

The "pail kit" in which we carried part of our supplies was unique, and the best I have ever seen for cruising purposes. It was planned by two prominent canoeists of our city, and though intended for fitting into a sailing canoe, it may of course be carried in an open one. Figs. 9, 10, and 11 will enable any tinsmith to make one. It cost us sixteen shillings, but saved far more than that in comfort and convenience. One of the ordinary worries of a camper's life is the provoking way in which paper parcels will burst, so that after a few days the provision box contains one shapeless mass of rice, meal, ants, etc., etc. The "pail kit"

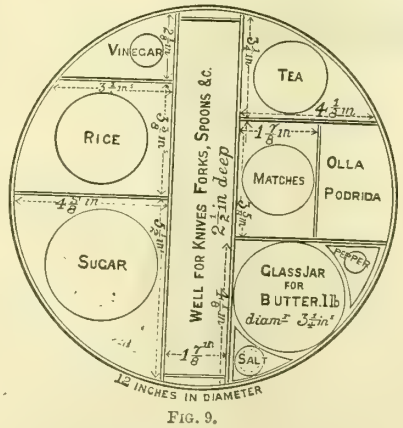


FIG. 9.

consists of two pails, the smaller fitting closely inside the larger. The larger pail is useful for holding a supply of water for the camp, and the smaller is fitted up something like a "trunk," as a traveller's box is called in this country. In the upper half is con

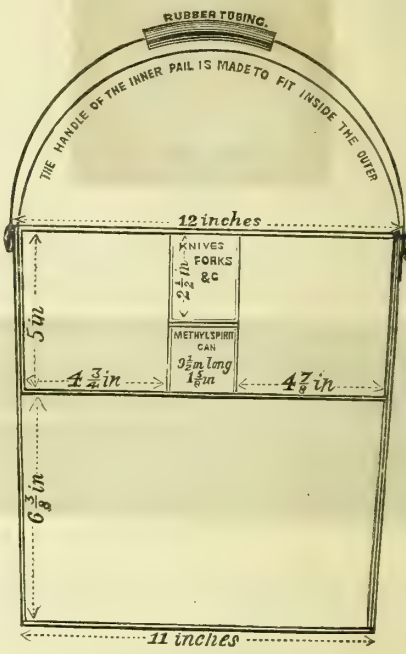


FIG. 10.

tained a "tray," five inches deep, which is divided into compartments, as shown in fig. 9. These compartments are removable,

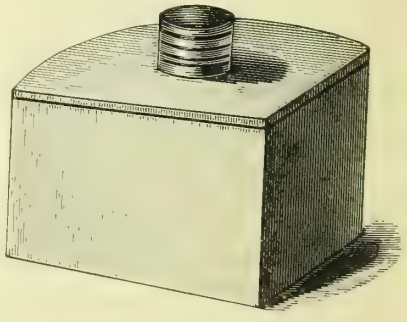


FIG. 11.

and have covers which screw on, making them watertight. Fig. 11 shows the sugar tin. Under the well for knives, etc., is a can for methylated spirits of alcohol for the spirit stove, which every prudent camper should carry with him for rainy days. Under the "tray" the "crockery" is kept, and also supplies for which there is no room above. The bottoms of the pails should be of galvanised iron. The cover is useful as a bread plate. So you see the "pail-kit" is a complete travelling cupboard.

Resuming our journey at Rouse's Point, we found ourselves in one of the most historic districts of the New World. Lake Champlain is about 118 miles long, and some 12 miles wide in its widest part. It was called by the Indians "The Lake that is the Gate of the Country," and through this gate for centuries streamed back and forth the "braves" of that belligerent race to whom destruction, whether of man or of beast, was the whole of life. And as our light canoes shot past its romantic shores, fancy carried us back to those old days when the Indian was lord of this vast continent, before the "paleface" had come to corrupt his savage virtues and teach him still more savage vices. And so the "paleface" came, and wars more

frequent and more fierce were waged at his command and for his benefit. French and English vied with one another in making the pathways of the forest the scenes of bloody internecine strife and fearful massacres. And then, more than ever before, through "The Lake that is the Gate of the Country," thronged frail barks manned by men whose savage mien shadowed forth their savage nature. Then later came the booming frigate, and the wars of old colonial days. And then the War of Independence, when feelings were aroused which, after the lapse of a century, have not wholly subsided. So that nearly every point, bay, and island teems with historic associations.

Strange to relate, upon the lake which in centuries gone by knew only the cance, our modern representatives of that aboriginal craft were objects of curiosity and admiration.

We might have reached Lake Champlain entirely by water had we continued down the River St. Lawrence to Sorel, thirty miles below Montreal, and then paddled up the River Richelieu; but that would have taken a longer time than we had at our disposal. The shores on the northern part of the lake are flat, but well-wooded. Thirty miles from Rouse's Point, the Adirondack Mountains of New York on the west, and the Green Mountains of Vermont on the east, close in upon the lake. I shall not dwell upon the beauty of the scenery here, for it is forgotten in remembering that which lies beyond. As Derwentwater drives all recollection of Windermere from the traveller's mind, so in looking on Lake George he finds all the beauty of Champlain and far more besides. Near the shores of Lake Champlain, however, may be seen one of the grand sights of the world. The "Au Sable Chasm" is a miniature Yosemite. A drive among the mountains brought us to a beautiful fall where the Au Sable River leaps into a rocky gorge, and with many a rush and tumble flows onward through a narrow cañon towards the lake. Along the winding path we clambered, while the roar of the river reverberated among towering precipices. Loveliest wild flowers peeped from rocky crevices, and above us huge trees swung their giant heads across the pass, as if to hinder one ray of sunlight from reaching the gloomy depths beneath. Clefts in the great walls of rock showed the way to cavernous recesses, or gave charming glimpses of forest glades above.

For a mile we wandered thus, when the river became narrower and its banks more precipitous than ever, and we could proceed no further on foot. Here, fortunately, the river became navigable, and a stout boat that appeared to treat the turbulent stream with easy familiarity, then received us. It seemed that we were passing indeed into the bowels of the earth, as we were whirled down the river where the great walls, now not four yards apart, towered two hundred feet above us on either side. In some great convulsion the strata of rock which usually run on the same level as the stream had become uptilted. The lines on the bank which mark the several layers of rock thus carried the eye ever upward, and caused the optical illusion that we were descending a tremendous incline. After a mile of this novel boating, we shot forth once more into the full light of day, and, leaving the boat, scrambled up to the road.

At Fort Ticonderoga we left Lake Champlain, and paddled a couple of miles up the river which connects it with Lake George. A capacious wagon carried our canoes and baggage through the village of Tye (Americans cannot afford the time to call it Ticonderoga), and to the shores of Lake George, past a series of falls which the necessities of civilisation have marred.

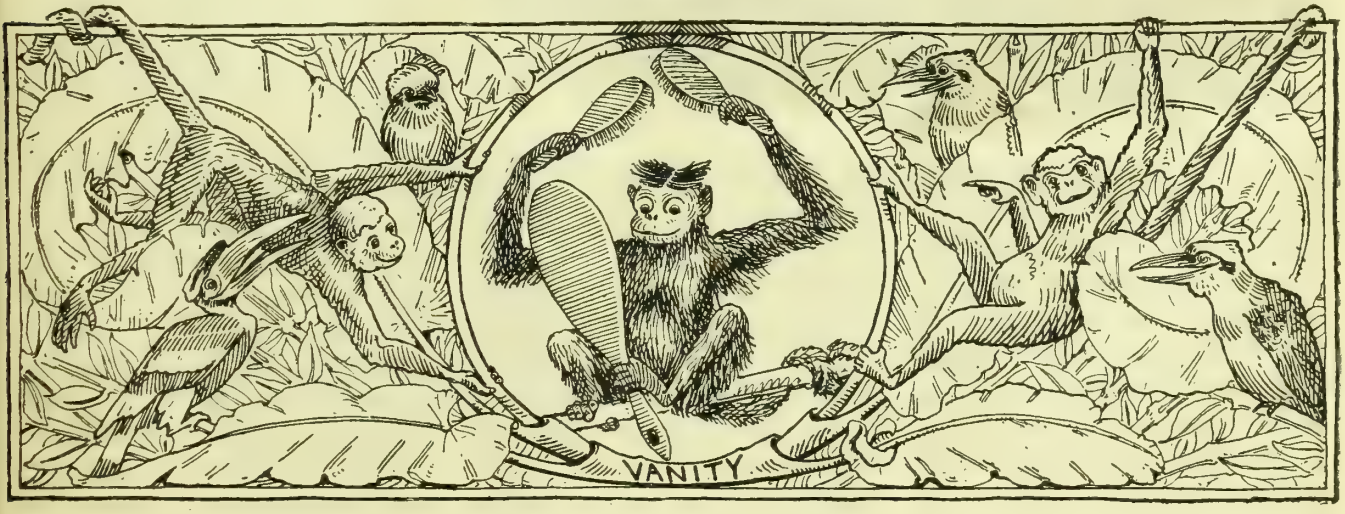
To those who have read J. Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," Lake George is familiar by the name of Horican, "The Silvery Waters." This name, however, Cooper himself admits, was his own fancy. He says: "It occurred to me that the French name of this lake (Lac du St. Sacrament) was too complicated, the English name (in honour of George II.) too commonplace, and the Indian (Andia-to-roc-te—'place where the lake contracts,' too unpronounceable to be used familiarly in a work of fiction." It is about 35 miles long, and contains 220 islands, of which all but 21 are permanently reserved for the use of the public. Mountains hem it in on every side and afford many a delightful climb. Near the foot of this lovely sheet of water is a singular mountain, nearly 1,000 feet high, rising almost precipitously from the shore. It looks as if for centuries timber had been rolled down it, thus wearing a rugged path. It is called "Roger's Slide" from the following circumstance. In the winter of 1757, Major Rogers was flying from the Indians, and arriving at the brow of the mountain, rolled his "luggage" down across the snow, thus making it look as though he had fallen over. Then reversing himself, so that his toes pointed towards the heels of his snowshoes, he carefully stepped back in his own tracks. He thus left only the impression that he had gone to the precipice and had not returned. Having found a ravine at a suitable place a short way back, he branched off into it and passed down to the lake. The Indians followed his path to the edge of the "Slide," and seeing the track of the luggage, supposed that Rogers had fallen over to his destruction. But looking down and seeing him safely tramping on his way up the lake, they inferred that he must have been under the special protection of "Manitou," the Great Spirit, and so piously allowed him to depart in peace.

To any one who has read "The Last of the Mohicans" (pronounced Mohēkans) a description of the beauty of Lake George would be superfluous. For nearly two weeks we remained there, and heard many an historical anecdote and Indian legend. Cottagers and campers received us with that lavish hospitality which Americans can show. Acquaintances are here easily made. One day, for instance, on Lake Champlain we found pinned to the door of our tent the card of a man unknown to us, expressing regret that we were not in when he called. A week later, at an hotel on Lake George, we discovered the same name on the register, and in a few moments our new friend was introducing us to the whole company, male and female, who immediately organised an impromptu dance in our honour.

Reluctantly, we struck camp for the last time, and our three-hundred-mile paddle was a thing of the past. On this vast continent, however, many thousands of miles of lake and stream remain for us to explore, and in what more delightful way could one see the world? Health, strength, and happiness flow from holidays like these.

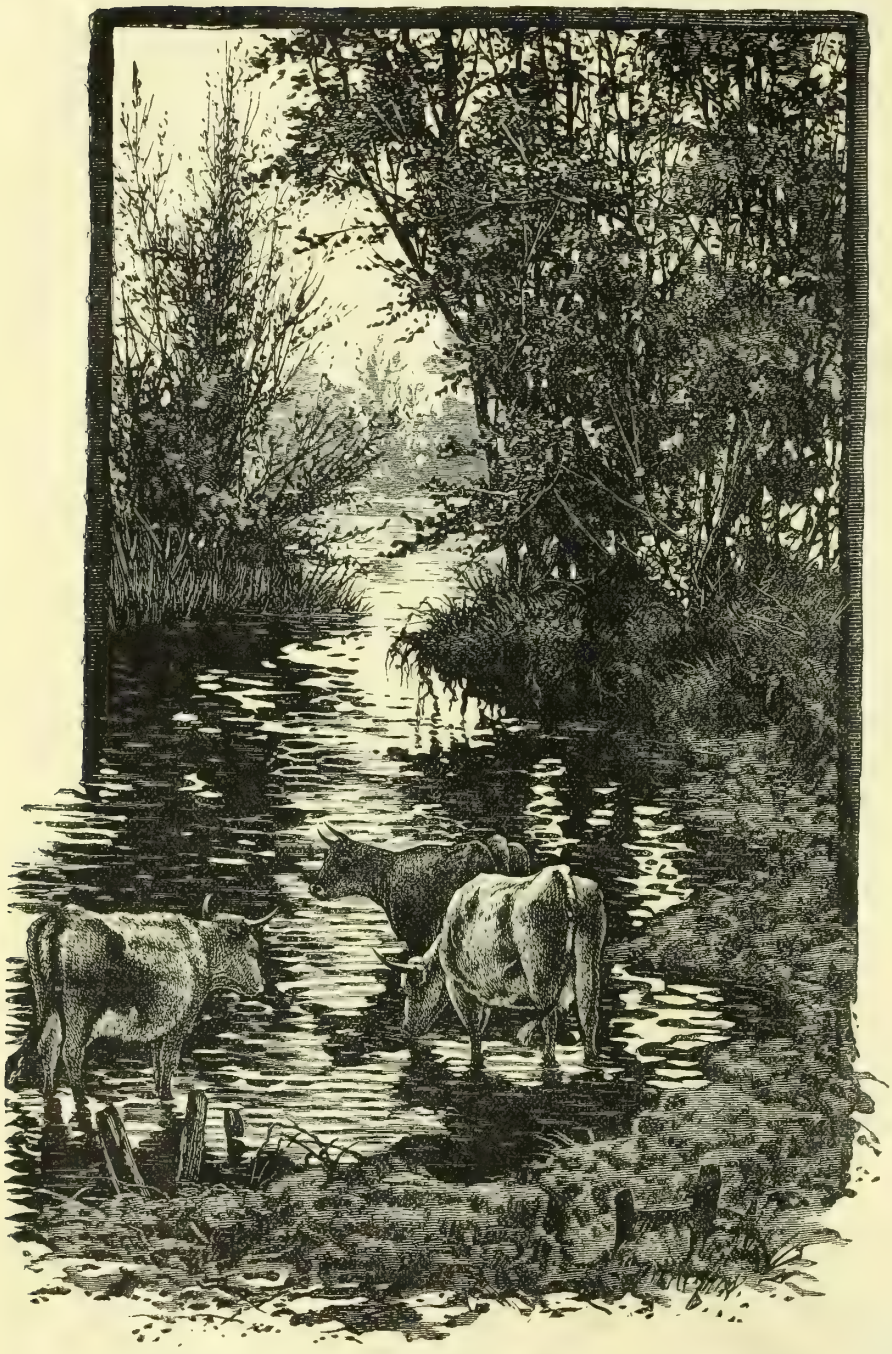
And now—for one must be practical—what about expenses? During the month we travelled 400 miles by railroad, 210 by steamer, and 300 by canoe, and yet it cost us only eight pounds each. Every year we keep strict accounts, so that we can always form a pretty correct estimate of our probable expenses. This year we spent eight shillings each less than our estimate.

From Lake George we took the railway for Glenn's Falls, and there explored the cave which J. Fenimore Cooper has rendered famous. Time and saw-logs have made it look sadly dilapidated. There, too, we obtained all the necessary information for a canoe trip through what is called "the Adirondack Wilderness." A few hours at Saratoga Springs made us pity those who endure a fashionable holiday. Next morning the railway carried us into Buffalo, and soon we were on tiptoe of expectation, for we were approaching the world-famed Niagara Falls. However often one may have looked on that tremendous cataract, he never tires of its sublimity and beauty. And certainly we enjoyed it to the full. Then we made for home; and though our holiday was ended, its memories will remain for many a year.



HINTS FOR A CYCLE RUN IN BRITTANY.

By E. E. Cuthell.



Last year, in the Summer Number of the "Boy's Own Paper," a holiday run through the land of felds and fiords, armed with a fishing-rod, was recommended as a new departure for boys weary of English seaside resorts, and of the beaten tourist track. This year I would bring to their notice suggestions for a cheap week or ten days on French soil, mostly the result of personal experience, adding that, in this instance, the faithful cycle will prove an invaluable companion.

For hundreds of years the two great bays on the northern coast of France, which are divided by the promontory of Calvados, have been the scene of many embarkations and disembarkations, peaceful or otherwise, between the two ever-rival nations. They are strewn with memories of English history, and the feeling that they once formed part of our empire, and were originally the birthplace of our ruling race, should make them additionally interesting.

One night's journey from Southampton, down the broad estuary under the shadow of the great forest, past the wooded shores and bold downs of the Isle of Wight, through the strongly-fortified passage of the white Needles, lands the tourist in a corner of France so totally distinct from the part of England he has left, that the impression of thorough change is intense. In this respect the Southampton-St. Malo route has an enormous advantage over that from Dover to Calais. The boats are larger and better, too. The second-class accommodation is excellent, and the return fare only twenty-five shillings. The faithful cycle can be carried for an additional three to six shillings.

Once ashore, there is plenty to satisfy all tastes. The artist, the fisherman, the antiquarian, the cyclist, and the mere tourist, can all amuse themselves. The coast is an intensely interesting, though very dangerous, one, and, taking St. Malo as headquarters, several days can be spent exploring it in pleasure steamer, sailing boat, or on foot, along the ever-varying bays and cliffs. The Rance, navigable as far as Dinan for large vessels (and, after that, by means of locks and a canal, for boats of about four feet draft, up to Rennes, and thence by the Vilaine into the Bay of Biscay), is a lovely river, the Dart or the Moselle of Brittany.

Inland, this part of Normandy and Brittany is not mountainous. It consists of a highly wooded and cultivated country, rolling, rather than flat. French high-roads are wide, straight, and excellently kept up by a very paternal government. Throughout the length and breadth of the land almost, they are poplar-bordered. This affords shade at certain hours. The French are great cyclists. The wheelman will find himself looked upon with much admiration, and allowed, unmolested, to ride upon what our transatlantic cousins call the "side-walks."

The great advantage of this corner of the country is the cheapness of living. Food is remarkably inexpensive. French meat is, of course, not equal to ours. The hungry tourist must make up his mind to sigh in vain for English chops and roast beef. But the cooking is so dainty, even in the humblest inns, the food so varied and well served, that he will never fail to enjoy it, or to be reduced to the English "Hobson's choice" in second-rate houses, of "eggs and bacon." Then the bread! Why, with some eggs, or one of the various cheeses of this part, the bread alone is so delicious one can make a meal of it!

Another consideration for travellers is that "tips," though more universal in France than with us, are lower. A minute silver coin, a couple of coppers, seem to go much further than at home.

With regard to lodging. Cheap *pensions* are to be found in all the principal places, where you can be taken in by the week at the rate of four or five francs a day. But you must make up your mind to put up with French hours. A cup of coffee and a roll makes up breakfast. This leaves you starving by twelve o'clock *déjeûner*, when you seem to get not quite enough solid food, and to miss a pudding. Dinner at six o'clock is a more varied and longer meal upon the same lines, and closes the feeding of the day. But a more serious disadvantage of the *pension* system to a tourist with limited time at his disposal, and much to fill it up and to see, is that the hours of eating cut up the day terribly.

For this reason I should recommend any one who wished to be thoroughly independent, just taking a bed here and there by the night, and his meals at any inn or *restaurant* which came in handy. With regard to the beds, as a rule these are clean and good. In France, however uninviting their locality and surroundings, the French housewife prides herself upon her beds and her house linen, though she is not sufficiently alive to the use of the scrubbing brush. As to *restaurants*, a *déjeûner* of two courses, often with wine or cider thrown in, can be got at the cheap ones, most appetising and wholesome, from

one franc to one franc and a half, and a dinner at a little more.

For a short trip of a few days or a week only, St. Malo is a capital headquarters. It is a most picturesque old town, fortified by Vauban and standing on a rocky peninsula at the mouth of the Rance. The dim, narrow streets leading up from the quay, through the *Grande Porte*, with its deep machicolations, to where the slender spire of the parish church stands on the highest part of the town, are charmingly picturesque. Vast doorways open into gloomy courtyards, like those of an Italian palace, and broad stone stairs lead to endless flats above. Among the maze of streets and alleys, some mere flights of steps, stand market-sheds, black, as to the beams and shingles, with age. On certain days these present an intensely foreign scene. They are crowded with chattering white-capped peasant women, and from early dawn every one is marketing. The different rows of stalls, all portioned out to various kinds of provisions, the gay colours of fruits, flowers and vegetables, the crowing, struggling poultry, sold alive, the slabs-full of strange fish, so fresh and slimy, the crawling lobsters, the pinioned rabbits—it is all strange and new! They are brought hither in donkey panniers, the peasant-women riding astride between them, knitting, or in country carts, driven by blue-bloused, broad, straw-hatted natives, and harnessed with sturdy little grey Norman horses, laden with jingling brass harness and tinkling bells.

The "Cadiz of the North" has resisted more than one English siege successfully. In addition to Vauban's walls and the Duchess Anne's grey keep, with the proud motto still to be read above a gateway, *Qui qu'en grogne, ainsi sera*; *c'est mon plaisir*, nature has provided another rampart. The tide goes out an enormous distance, exposing a perfect network of black islets and cruel-looking rocky reefs. No wonder that during our wars with Napoleon *la ville des corsaires* was a regular pirates' nest, whence much damage was inflicted on our merchant fleet. For the Malouins are good sailors. One of the naval heroes of the place was Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada. Another, a mere seaman before the mast, finding himself, in the last century, prisoner on the English admiral's flagship with some of his comrades, managed to overpower the crew and to bring the vessel into St. Malo Bay. But the great hero of St. Malo is Chateaubriand, the poet, author, traveller, ambassador, and minister. After a career of wonderful ups and downs, he sleeps, at his own wish, in a nameless grave on a rocky island accessible only at high tide, and within a stone's throw of the courtyard of the quaint family mansion where he was born.

A walk round the bastions gives charming views of the broad yellow sands, the precipitous dark rocks, the wide estuary and the cliffs and coves of Dinard across it. It is a bit of Riviera scenery in the English Channel. But the Briton must beware how he sketches or photographs in the neighbourhood of French fortifications. The Gauls are extremely sensitive upon the subject, and very prompt to arrest the offender, however innocent and unmilitary his designs may be.

The two suburbs of St. Malo are, inland, St. Servan, and further east along the shore, Paramé. The first of these is a picturesque town upon the cliffs of the Rance, with a quaint old tower and quay, like one of the Rhenish watchtowers, where our compatriots the *détenus* were confined during the Napoleonic wars. St. Servan is a regular English colony now, and as such may be dismissed. We presume our readers do not travel in France only to meet their fellow-countrymen. But Paramé is a thorough French watering-place, and a glimpse of the life there is very amusing. The bathing on the wide firm sands is magnificent, and the water is crowded at all hours with bathers of both sexes attired in gay costumes, who emerge from little movable *cabanes* on the shore, where a hot foot-bath awaits them on return. The French are, many of them, fine swimmers. Their custom of not eating a heavy meal in the middle of the day enables them to bathe at any hour, while the rigorously-enforced costumes make family bathing-parties possible and pleasant. But a great blot upon French watering-places are the public gaming tables at the Casino, where, under pretence of miniature horses racing, or of trains running round, the visitors are deluded into risking their money with the certainty that, in the long run, they will lose it, as the chances are in favour of the table. But the French are not an athletic or a sight-seeing people. Croquet on the sands seems to be the only outdoor amusement. So, perhaps, for lack of some wholesome diversion, life at the smart villas in the boulevard overlooking the gay *plage* becomes monotonous, even to people released from tiny town flats.

A steam ferry across the mouth of the Rance lands one in Dinard, another English colony and smart watering-place, with beautiful villas overhanging rocky coves. It is very expensive in the season. St. Enougard, further on, is cheaper; while at St. Jacut, on a rocky promontory ten miles further along the coast, the convent nuns board visitors very reasonably. The road running parallel to the coast-line is both interesting and good.

A two-hours' steam up the swift Rance, a miniature Rhine, takes one to the charming old town of Dinan, teeming with interest. It can be reached by road on either side the river, the right for choice. Dinan stands high above the deep ravine. Up the steep Rue de Jerzual, under an old triple Gothic arch, one arrives in its ancient streets, equal to any Flemish or old German town in picturesqueness. One house bears the date of 1389. The upper stories of some are supported on carved granite or wooden pillars, after the manner of the "rows" at Chester. There is eleventh-century work in the west front of the church of St. Sauveur; notice also the ancient clock-tower; the fourteenth-century keep defended by Duguesclin against the English in 1389, and where, in a recess still called the "Fauteuil de la reine Anne," the great duchess could hear mass unseen. One might spend days wandering about the quaint nooks and corners, twists and turns of Duguesclin's town. It teems with memories of the great captain. His statue stands in the *place* called by his name, where, tradition says, the noble Bertram fought the treacherous Sir Thomas of Canterbury, who, according to Froissart, violated a truce and captured the constable's brother. A black slab in the church of St. Sauveur marks the last resting-place of brave Duguesclin's heart, by the side of his wife, Typhanie la Fée.

In 1168 our Henry II took the castle of Léhon, of which the ruins still remain in a strong position just outside Dinan. Below lies the abbey, with the tombs of the De Beaumanoirs, famous in Breton chivalry.

There are charming excursions of every kind to be made from Dinan, amid a pleasant woodland country of deep lanes, chestnut-shaded, and of apple orchards. You can visit Roman remains at Corseul, Druidic *menhirs* at St. Sanson, ruined castles galore, and Dol, with thirteenth-century houses, and an early-pointed cathedral, not unlike our English ones. At Comburg, still belonging to the family of Chateaubriand, you can see the spot of which he wrote—

> "Combien j'ai douce souvenance
> Du joli lieu de ma naissance."

At Les Rochers you can tread Madame de Sévigné's study and see the inkstand used by the most charming correspondent that ever held a pen.

But, among the chestnut woods, lonely, peaceful and ruined, within but a short walk of the modern quarter of Dinan, you will do well to visit a delicately-carved white tower with which is connected one of the most touching stories of Christian resignation under affliction, and of devotion to the needs of others, which the world has ever known. It has been sung in verse by an English poetess. Here the Comte de la Garaye and his noble wife, who had been crippled by a hunting accident, gave up all that made life worth having, to devote themselves to hospital work within the walls of their own *château*. The fierce Revolutionists spared neither the ancient pile nor the tombs of its owners, whose portraits are still to be seen at the neighbouring castle of Coninais. But their memories live for ever.

But the most interesting expedition of all this corner of Brittany, and accessible alike from St. Malo or Dinan, is to that most unique convent-fortress, the Mont St. Michel. The improving spirit of the age has doubtless destroyed some of the romance of the approach to the Mount of Marvels. You reach it from the railway at Pontorson in large five-horsed *char-à-bancs* and over a causeway. The fearful joy of racing against the incoming tide is over for ever, unless you like to approach it from Granville on the Norman side of the bay.

Nothing, however, can really take away from the weirdness of the situation of Mont St. Michel—its setting of wide waters, or of far-stretching sands, a miniature desert, where the wind raises dust-storms and mirages. Add to that its historical interest. What a crowd of memories haunt the Mount! It furnished the Conqueror with men and vessels to land in Pevensey Bay. In it our Henry I was besieged by his brothers, and Henry II held his court. Alone in all Normandy, for more than one siege, it held out against Edward I. Here Louis XI founded the order of the Knights of St. Michel. Hither, for centuries, crowds of devotees tramped over the sands to the shrine of the Black Virgin. During the Revolution the castle was a prison, and even as late as the last century it contained the Iron Cage where a tyrannical monarch immured political prisoners.

Then, to all this add its beauty. The castle-convent built by St. Aubert would be worth a visit did it stand amid the most squalid surroundings in the most commonplace plain. It is so vast, so stupendous, and yet so lovely and delicate. Deep down in the bowels of the rock are the dungeons and the *oubliettes*. Then the high halls of the abbey buildings, severe and massive; the dim crypt with the famous Black Virgin. Above all these, the splendid abbey church, Norman and Gothic, rich in carving. And then, on the summit of everything, amid a wealth of flying buttresses and pinnacles, all a mass of tracery, come the cloisters. The sea-breezes blow through delicate rows of double arches of marble, and fan the intricate carving that has withstood here, up aloft, the storms of ages. No, there is no such spot as the Mont St. Michel anywhere else on the habitable globe, and, if the tourist sees nothing else during a few days' trip on the Breton coast, he will carry away pleasant momories to last him the rest of his life.

In the tiny town which clusters round the Mount there are plenty of homely inns. The way to thoroughly enjoy it is to stay at one of these for a day or two, taking care to insure a high tide and a full moon. From thence you can make excursions to the Norman and Breton coast, and fish, bathe, and sail, fancying yourself all the while back in the Middle Ages, while only a night's steam from England.

*** Parts I. and II. are now ready and may be obtained through the Booksellers. A large Presentation Plate of Portraits is given with the First Part.

TO BE COMPLETED IN TWELVE MONTHLY PARTS, SIXPENCE EACH.

OUT DOOR GAMES AND Recreations



Edited by G. A. HUTCHISON, Editor "Boy's Own Paper," "Boy's Own Bookshelf," etc., etc.

The contents will embrace Articles, all fully Illustrated by the best Artists, on the following amongst other subjects:—

CRICKET, AND HOW TO PLAY IT. By Dr. W. G. GRACE.

CRICKET CLUBS—THEIR FORMATION and MANAGEMENT. By Dr. W. G. GRACE.

ATHLETIC TRAINING. By a Member of the London Athletic Club, and the Editor.

SWIMMING. By an Oxford M.A. and Coach.

SEA SWIMMING AND BATHING. By Capt. MATTHEW WEBB.

FOOTBALL, AND HOW TO EXCEL IN IT. By C. W. ALCOCK, H. VASSALL, and other leading authorities.

LAWN TENNIS. By TALBOT BAINES REED and J. SACHS.

BOYS' PETS AND ALL ABOUT THEM. By Dr. GORDON STABLES, Dr. GREENE, F.Z.S., Dr. STRADLING, and others.

BOATS AND BOAT SAILING. By Capt. FRANKLIN FOX, late P. & O. Service, and others.

YACHTING. By FRANK COWPER, M.A., etc.

SKATING, IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. By Rev. J. WOOD, M.A., C. G. TEBBUTT, CHARLES WHYMPER, etc.

PRACTICAL ENTOMOLOGY AND NATURAL HISTORY. By Rev. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S., and others.

GOATS, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT. By J. HOLMES PEGLER.

BEES, AND THEIR MANAGEMENT. By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.SC.

FROGS AND TOADS, SNAKES, AND OTHER OUT-OF-THE-WAY PETS. By Dr. STRADLING, SOMERVILLE WATSON, and others.

COURIER OR HOMING PIGEONS: HOW TO TRAIN AND FLY THEM. By JOHN DAY, R. W. ALLRIDGE, and others.

FISHING—IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, AND BY LINE, ROD, AND TRAWL. By J. HARRINGTON KEENE, J. P. TAYLOR, and others.

CYCLING. By Rev. J. HERBERT, M.A., Rev. J. MEADOWS WHITE, M.A., and others.

HEALTH-HINTS FOR GROWING BOYS. By Dr. GORDON STABLES, R.N.

TRAINING FOR SCHOOL SPORTS. By A. ALEXANDER, F.R.C.S., Director of Liverpool Gymnasium.

ICE BOATS AND YACHTS, TOBOGANNING, SLEIGHING, AND OTHER WINTER SPORTS.

LA CROSSE, GOLF, ROUNDERS, BASE-BALL, etc. By Various Experts.

KITES AND KITE-FLYING. By W. J. GORDON and others.

THE BOY'S OWN PONY, OR HOW TO RIDE. By CUTHBERT BRADLEY.

RINGOAL. By C. JOHNSTONE, of Keble College.

DRAWING AND SKETCHING FROM NATURE. By FRED. MILLER, G. H. EDWARDS, and others.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY, IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. By Capt. ABNEY, F.R.S., R. A. R. BENNETT, B.A., and others.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIRDS AND BIRD-KEEPING—INDOOR AND OUTDOOR AVIARIES, ETC. By Dr. GREENE, F. LYDON, and others.

SHELLS AND SEA-WEEDS—THE FRESH AND SALT-WATER AQUARIUMS, ETC. By Recognised Authorities.

WINDOW, FRUIT, FLOWER, AND VEGETABLE GARDENING.

BRASSES AND BRASS-RUBBINGS. By G. C. WILLIAMSON, F.A.S., F.S.S.

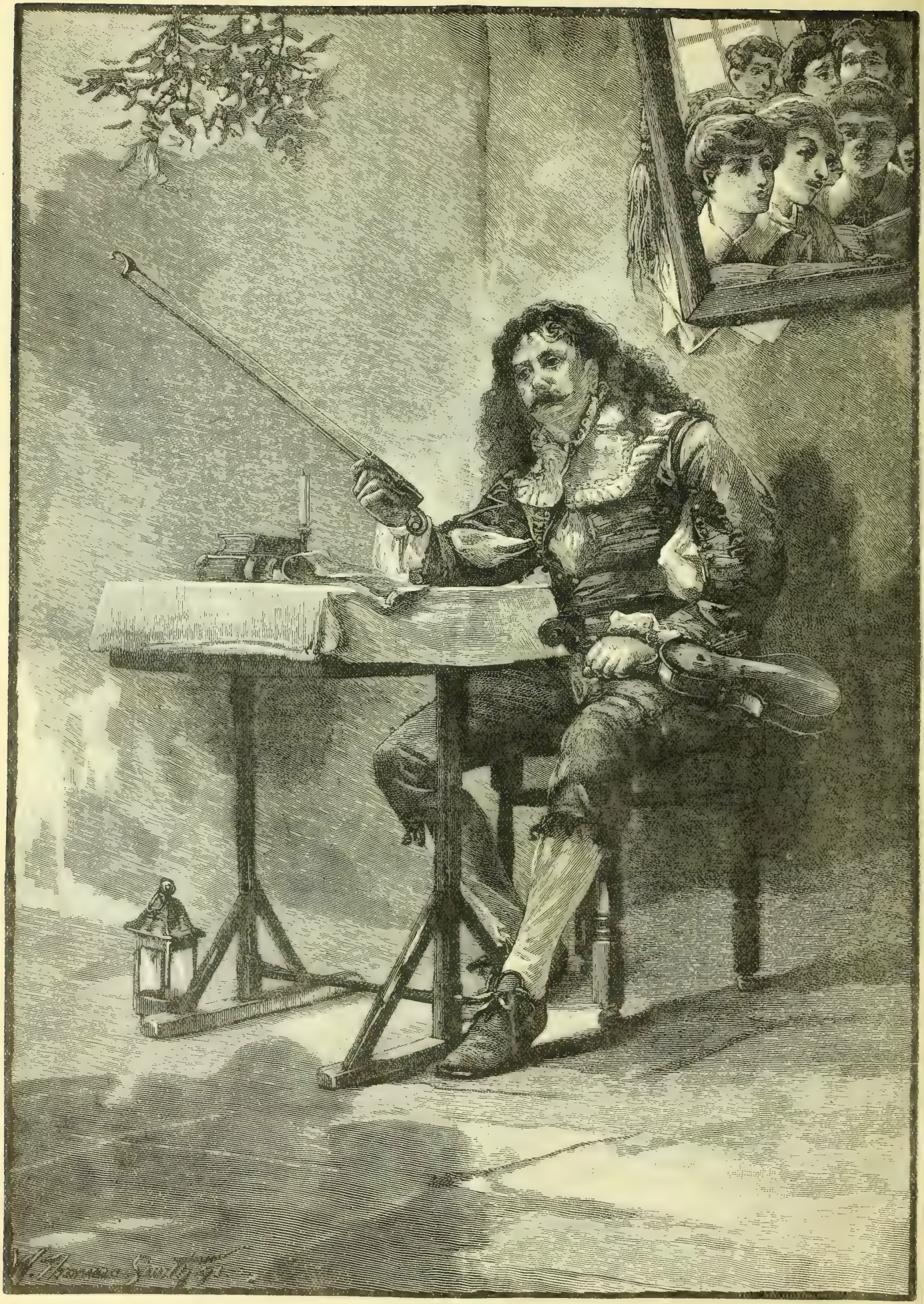
FOSSILS AND FOSSIL HUNTING. By T. R. LOVLS, M.A., M.D.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

PUBLISHED AT THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER" OFFICE, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSAGENTS.

☞ *A New and Enlarged Edition of "Indoor Games and Recreations" is also being prepared, and will be issued in* 6d. *Monthly Parts, uniform with the "Outdoor Games," etc.*



The Rehearsal.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* W. Thomas Smith.)

THE

BOY'S OWN PAPER

SPECIAL

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1891.

EDITED BY

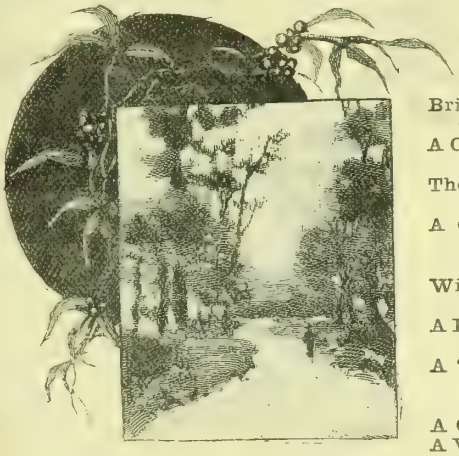
G. ANDREW HUTCHISON,

Editor "Boy's Own Bookshelf," "Indoor" and "Outdoor Games and Recreations," "Cricket," "Football," etc., etc.

CONTENTS.

FRONTISPIECE:—"THE REHEARSAL."—(*Drawn by* W. THOMAS SMITH.)

"Hurrah for the Holidays!" Old Style and New Style. (*Illustrations.*) 5, 15
The Dominie's Winter Walk. By FRED EDMONDS . . 5
Miggins and I; or, the Drollest Duel on Record. By GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. . . 6
Bringing in the Christmas Log. By G. H. EDWARDS. (*Illustration.*) . 8
Clutched in the Dark. An Editor's Adventure. By DAVID KER . 9
The Rehearsal 11
A Christmas Cobweb. By W. J. GORDON. (*Illustrated.*) 11
The Haunted Chamber. By ASCOTT R. HOPE 13
How Rubbin Major ran away. By EDWARD LUMMIS 16
Business before Pleasure. By A. W. WALL. (*Illustration.*) . . 17
Jenkins's Hamper. By R. W. K. EDWARDS 19
How to make a Swiss Toboggan. By F. J. ERSKINE. (*Illustrated.*) . 22
The Thaumatrope: an old optical toy with new designs. By ALFRED P. WIRE. (*Illustrated.*) . 24
The Odd Half-Hour. By WILLIAM CROMPTON 27
A Night in the Lifeboat. By HERBERT RUSSELL. (*Illustrated*) . 28
The "Boy's Own" Christmas Hymn. By ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A. 31
A Mystic Attraction. (*Illustrated.*) 32
After their Christmas Dinner. (*Illustration.*) . . . 33
S. Claus, Esq.! By R. S. WARREN-BELL 34
The Chinaman and the Snake. By Dr. ARTHUR STRADLING, C.M.Z.S., etc. 34
The Forgetful Family Ghost. By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY. (*Illustrated.*) 36
Our Ascent of Mont Blanc. By W. D. WRIGHT, M.A. (*Illustrated.*) 40
A Class-room Tragedy at St. Vesper's. By A. G. MUNRO, B.A. 43
Bringing the Challenge. By G. A. CLOSS. (*Illustration.*) 45
A Close Shave with a Buffalo. By J. WASHE GREEN, B.A. 47
The Storming of the Katchakoff! By ASHMORE RUSSAN 48
A Christmas Amusement in the "Good Old Times." (*Illustration.*) 49
Winter Evening Amusements. By EUSTACE J. C. BAIRD 52
A Pistol-shot at the Dinner-table. By T. M. FRANCIS 53
A "B.O.P." "Special" up aloft; or, Sensations in a Balloon. By CHARLES EDWARDES 54
A Christmas Extravaganza . 56
A Winter Night's Adventure. By R. LUMSDEN, M.A. 58
A Very Unpleasant Christmas Present. A True Story. By E. E. CUTHELL 60
Mazeppa. By ALEX. WAGNER. (*Illustration.*) 61
Our Great Mistake. A True Story of the "Diggings." By W. T. GREENE, M.A., M.D. 63



*** *The Illustrations are by H. Walker, W. Thomas Smith, H. F. Hobden, A. L. Tuck, A. W. Wall, G. H. Edwards, and many others.*

PRICE SIXPENCE.] LONDON: 56 PATERNOSTER ROW.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.


DANGER
Wishing You
every
Seasonable Joy.



"Hurrah for the Holidays!"—Old Style. (*See page* 15.)

THE DOMINIE'S WINTER WALK.

By Fred Edmonds,

Author of "Lays of School Life," etc.

1.

Now brightly gleams the ice and snow,
Because 'tis winter, don't you know,
When every pond agrees,
And every tiny puddle too,
The seasonable thing to do
Is quietly to freeze.

2.

Such weather is a cure for care:
A buoyancy is in the air
Which makes me feel a boy.
Methinks that everybody feels
Enthusiastic over meals,
A sort of "fearful joy."

3.

This park inspires me with delight.
The frosted trees are ghostly white,
With deep contrasting hues.
How calm the scene, how clear, how still,
How far removed from taint of ill
To irritate the muse!

4.

The sky is frozen overhead,
The twiglets snap beneath my tread
Like brittleness congealed.
And yet, though frost may reign supreme,
The sunlight falls with silver gleam
On nature's silver shield.

5.

Ha! yonder lies the lake: 'tis there
That youthful skaters most repair,
'Tis there that I would go;
The clatter of each merry tongue,
With joyful exercise of lung,
Exhilarates me so.

6.

Well, here I am. In very sooth
A pleasing place for sportive youth,
But what about myself?
My skates! my skates! oh, where are they?
Alas, that I should have to say
They rust upon the shelf.

7.

See yonder youth, intent to aid
His novice sister, half afraid
Because the bank is steep.
The maiden, with a tiny shriek,
And just a bare pretence of pique,
Collapses in a heap!

8.

But must I merely stand and stamp
For fear my toes should get the cramp,
While others curve and glide?
Nay, rather let me share *your* joys,
You indefatigable boys,
Upon your monster slide.

9.

Here goes! I do not care a fig.
Who dares to call it *infra dig.*
Since Pickwick proved his skill?
And let not Weller's memory sleep.
Immortal Sam! we'll try to "*keep*
The pot a-bilin'" still.

. . . . . .

10.

Jam satis! I have fallen thrice.
And yet the fascinating ice
Will see me oft, I trust.
It holds me with a magic spell,
'Twill force me, that I know full well,
To rid my skates of rust.

MIGGINS AND I; OR, THE DROLLEST DUEL ON RECORD.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., R.N.



H, that's Stoddart, without a doubt," I said to myself, as I stopped opposite the Town and County Bank, Aberdeen, and gazed across the street. "No mistaking that face, and no mistaking that nose."

Neither was there; it was a good honest Scotch nose, a nose the owner of which could get hold of with both hands when he wanted to blow it. A nose, though, that had weathered many a gale of wind and split many a green sea in its time, for my friend Stoddart was a sailor.

"Hullo, Stoddart, how are you?"

Stoddart stuck out his brave brown hand and clasped mine.

"Honolulu! lad," he cried, "I'm right glad to see you. Ho! ho! ho!"

And he laughed so loud and energetically that the Town and County Bank was visibly shaken. Well then, doubter, it seemed to be!

"But what are you doing on shore, my boy?"

"I'm an invalid."

"*You* an invalid, ha! ha! ha! you a—ho! ho! ho! Why, that beats the North!"

Stoddart's laughter was so honest and hearty that I felt compelled to join, and this only made my friend laugh the more, and a pretty pair of fools the two of us must have appeared to the passers-by.

"O! but I *am* an invalid," I said at last, trying to pull a long face, which, however, was rather a failure, fixed as I was by those merry blue eyes of Captain Stoddart.

"Just listen," I added; "I had jungle fever on the coast, and rheumatic fever in Bombay, and so I'm on leave for a year and a half."

"First rate!" said Stoddart; "glad to hear it, my lad. And you're just the man I want. I'm off to sea on Monday. Let us see, you've been to the Polar regions, haven't you?"

"Twice," I answered.

"And you can shoot?"

"Rather, with a good rifle," I said; "and," I added, "I can cut a raspberry cane in two with my six-shooter at fifty paces!"

"Good! Capital! Splendid shooting!"

"But," I added, "it doesn't follow that it is the identical raspberry cane I fire at."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Stoddart. "Well, you'll come?"

"Where to? Eh?"

"Why, to Greenland's icy mountains."

"Straight from India's coral strand? Why, what would my good friend Dr. Toms* say? He is a strict service man, and won't stand any nonsense from junior or senior."

"You're to come," said Stoddart bluntly, "Toms or not Toms. It will pick you up. I'll be your Dr. Toms, and then there's Miggins!"

"But who on earth is Miggins?"

"Miggins is my surgeon, lad. A three-year medical student. The law won't let us blubber-hunters sail without a surgeon; our owners can't afford a real cut and dried doctor, so we fall back on medical students. Well, we're going right away to the back of the north wind, Spitzbergen way, and you'll have as much shooting as you can hold a gun at. Now what say you?"

"I'll come."

"Bravo! Tuesday, mind you. Be ready."

"Ready, aye ready," I said, and so we parted.

. . . . .

On the Monday evening I sauntered into the St. Nicholas Hotel, where I had appointed to meet my father, who was to see me off. He had not arrived, so I went upstairs to the coffee-room and took a seat in a corner.

At a round table not far from the fire, for the month was February, sat a party of young gentlemen, students in arts and medicine. Some were chewing the heads of their canes, some chatting, some dallying with their gloves, but all were smiling, and every eye was bent upon the youth in the chair. He was evidently not only chairman, but the principal spokesman, and, judging from the amount of deference that was being paid to him, he was the host as well. Aberdeen students as a rule are not blessed with overflowing pockets, and so they show respect for those who are so blessed.

I kept reading the "Times," and took little notice of the merry party until I heard one of the young men address the host as Miggins. Then I looked up.

I was in the presence of Stoddart's surgeon.

"Dr." Miggins, for so I must call him for courtesy's sake, albeit he was only a medical student, was about nineteen years old, and a very very little chap for that. He seemed, however, to possess go and push, and he didn't look delicate. But his tongue! ah! that was as much Miggins's member *par excellence* as Stoddart's nose was his. He was dressed in the height of the fashion, quite the masher, with a huge anchor pin in his scarf, attached to which was a chain with which you might have landed a pike, and an eyeglass was stuck in his right eye, which he frequently let drop and picked speedily up and replaced, giving one the impression that he couldn't see the chandelier without its aid.

"Well, McGregor," he was saying, "you'll accept a skin. And you'll have one, Brown. Boys, won't I astonish a pack of bears when I get alongside them with my repeating rifle? Mind, I haven't been two years in the volunteers for nothing. It'll be bang! and down goes a bear; bang! and another bites the snow. Afraid? No. You mightn't believe me, boys, but it's a very singular thing I never felt fear in my life. Round my wild Norland home in Shetland's sea-begirdled isles, storms rise and rage with terrible force at times, you know. But I've been out in all weathers. Never felt fear? No. And sometimes I don't think I'm made like other men, don't you know? Once I remember—— But there, it's too long to tell you now. But when I come back again, boys, from off the stormy main, ah! won't we have a jolly time together just?"

Here Miggins went through the motions of taking pot shots at the ornaments on the mantelpiece, as if he already imagined himself face to face with the great snow bears.

"Oh, I won't forget your skins," he added. "I mean to give all my skins away; I shan't keep more'n three or four to myself. Hullo, sir! who are you?"

I had got up from my seat and stood near him extending my hand.

"I'm your messmate that's going to be."

"Jolly glad to see you. And you look a brick. Sit down and have something. Never been on the ocean before, I dare say. But never mind, Miggins 'll see to you. Miggins is your doctor. If you're seasick, as you're sure to be, call on Miggins. If it blows big guns and you feel uneasy, Miggins will tell ye if there's danger on the deep. And on the ice you needn't fear, hasn't Miggins a repeater? What'll you have? Coffee? You don't mean that?"

. . . . . .

We put to sea early next morning, and I needn't say I felt safe and happy in charge of Miggins!

There never was a more gallant-looking little sailor than Dr. Miggins, as he walked with me up and down the quarter-deck, smoking a huge great meerschaum. For a time there was a bit of a sea on though, and a ten-knot breeze singing

* Dr. Toms, R.N., now of Brighton, who invalided the writer from Bombay.

through the rigging. Cold spray dashed on board too, and green choppy waves whistled as they rushed athwart our course, and presently Miggins grew very quiet and put out his pipe. He was very white, and I could see the sweat drops on his brow. "Oh, by the way," he said, "I must write a letter to post at Lerwick."

The captain, first mate, and I sat down alone to dinner that day. "Miggins has caught a severe cold," said Stoddart, winking, "and has sent for the sick berth boy to attend upon him."

Well, the little doctor's stateroom was not far off, and from the sounds issuing therefrom his cold must have been as violent as sudden. Having finished dinner and a mild cigar, I strolled in to see Miggins.

"Sorry to hear of this," I said, pretending to look anxious, though scarce able to repress a smile.

"Oh!" he groaned, "I'm subject to these violent attacks on shore. They come periodically."

"*On shore?*" I asked, quizzingly.

"Yes. Oh, oh, steward, bring the basin."

I prescribed a little champagne diluted with brandy, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the surgeon, who was to take care of me, fast asleep.

(While Miggins sleeps I must make a confession. I sailed on this voyage under the aristocratic name of Timothy Smith, gent. No one on board knew either my name or that my profession was Surgeon R.N. In fact I had taken French leave from the Admiralty. For though on half-pay officers ought not to leave the country without red tape permission, they always do when so inclined.)

Miggins was ill for a week. Fairly and foolishly gave in to it. I looked after the sick and the frost-bitten, always coming to Miggins's stateroom to ask what I should do in each case. What a humbug I was for once in a way!

Over and over again Miggins squeezed my hand, and with tears in his eyes assured me he would remember me for life, but hoped I wouldn't poison anybody through my ignorance.

"Stick to salts and senna," he exclaimed; "salts and senna, Smith, and my poor men will live."

Staggering downstairs one night, for so stormy was it that even my sea-legs failed to support me, I thought I saw a light in the pantry. I pulled aside the curtain, and lo! there stood Miggins, bare-legged and in his night-dress, with a hunk of salt beef in one hand and a cold potato in the other.

"Supporting nature, Timothy," he said; "I'm better; the trouble has left me. Hurrah!"

Miggins sat down to breakfast next morning, and before we made the ice he was his old self again twice over. And really a jolly little messmate he proved, but Baron Munchausen wasn't in it with the stories he told us, stories that kept the table in a roar, in which the steward even was obliged to join, while Stoddart's wild "ho! ho!" made all the dishes ring.

The men caught Miggins one day halfway up the weather ratlines. It was most uncourteous conduct on their part, but they seized and tied their medico to the rigging. And there he had to remain till he promised to pay for six pounds of the best tobacco. This is called spread-eagling.

I bantered Miggins one day, saying he hadn't pluck to go up to the crow's nest. Neither had he in the ordinary way.

We were becalmed that morning; there wasn't a cloud in the sky nor a wave on the sea—the blue, blue sea, on which the ivory gulls were floating and the clear winged malleys.

Miggins smiled.

Miggins took off his gloves, his coat, and his vest, and his boots. The men crowded aft. What was Miggins going to do?

We certainly were all astonished, and all stood aghast at what followed. Miggins sprang to a back-stay, and hand over hand, like a veritable monkey, he hauled himself aloft. Then he bowed like an acrobat, pretended to throw himself headforemost to the deck, caught himself cleverly by one leg round the stay, and hung there head down. There was a half-suppressed cry of fear from the men; then, as Miggins wheeled round and round the back stay and thus descended head first, there was one wild uproarious cheer that appeared to shake the ship from stem to stern. Miggins went through a vast number of other antics that no trapezist could have beaten, and from that day he rose considerably in my estimation.

"We can't do less," said Stoddart, "than send the doctor after the first bear. But you go too, my friend."

The doctor had been boasting very much one evening about his prowess with the rifle. Next day the bear appeared on the ice and the boat was called away. Now, although boasting is an exceedingly foolish habit, it does not follow that every man who acquires it is a Bombastes Furioso, a coward and bully, who would hang his boots on a tree with an inscription over them running thus—

> "Whoever dares these boots displace
> Must meet Bombastes face to face."

Since his performance on the backstay, Dr. Miggins had gained a kind of moral ascendency over the men, and I for one had no idea he would show the white feather.

I noticed, however, that as the boat neared the icy shore, where not far from the water a huge great bear was walking, the little medico turned both quiet and pale. He could not keep his hands nor feet steady. He had the fidgets very badly, and kept constantly handling his big repeating rifle. At last the boat rasped alongside the snow-edge, and Miggins actually tottered on shore. The sweat stood in great beads on his brow, but on he went, and unknown to him the spectioneer and I followed with rifles at the trail. A prettier chance for a shot than Miggins had could not have been desired. He knelt or flopped down behind a hummock. The bear saw him, and with a roar like a bull came shambling on at the trot.

That roar must have curdled Miggins's blood. He actually threw away his gun and his cap and fled shrieking towards the boat.

The bear made directly for the hummock and stooped to examine Miggins's cap. Two rifles rang out simultaneously on the clear frosty air, and the beast fell, never again to rise.

"How unfortunate, Smith!" said Miggins to us when we brought the skin and paws on board. "Such a fine skin too! But it runs in our family."

"What does?" I asked.

"St. Vitus's dance. But it was so awkward that it should have come on just then!"

The men laughed in his face. I was a little more mannerly, yet I laughed in my sleeve.

But after dinner that day Miggins was as full of bombast as ever.

Three days afterwards a strange thing happened. Miggins was handling a capstan bar playfully, when suddenly he stopped and stared.

"It's coming," he cried, "the dance is on to me again." Then he gave vent to a howl that wouldn't have disgraced a Cuscovrora Indian, and fled as far as the binnacle.

"That's the dance," he explained, suddenly recovering. "It never lasts longer than that."

"Miggins," I said, fixing him with my eye, "you're an arrant humbug! And I don't say it in a Pickwickian sense either."

Miggins flounced down below, and I was not surprised that afternoon to receive a challenge from the bold youth. I was to meet him first opportunity on the ice and fight him at fifteen paces.

It was a good thing, perhaps, that Miggins was at the fore part of the ship seeing a patient when I laid his challenge before the captain, for that hearty "ho! ho! ho!" of Stoddart's would have galled him to the quick.

"And what is to be done?" I asked.

"Why, meet him, of course. The first mate will be your second and I'll be M.C.—master of ceremonies. But mind you, the choice of weapons lies with you."

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, you're to choose *swords*," and he smilingly whispered something to me.

"All right," I said, with a twinkle; "I place myself in your hands entirely."

About an hour after this, Miggins himself sought audience of the captain on the quarter-deck.

"Of course you've heard," said Miggins; "Smith has no doubt told you all."

"Everything, my boy, everything. And I deeply regret that such a quarrel should have taken place on my ship."

"And you think he'll apologise?"

"Not the ghost of a chance."

"Then we shall fight to the bitter end. Touch my honour, Captain Stoddart, touch my life. That's me! That's Miggins."

"And I don't blame you, my boy. Young blood, and I may say blue blood, will out."

"True, sir, the Migginses date back, back a long way, into obscurity in fact."

"No doubt," said the captain sarcastically.

Then Miggins drew himself up to his full height of four feet eleven, and said dramatically—

> "Can nought but blood our feud atone?
> Are there no means?"

"No, Miggins, none," said the captain. "But," he added, "keep up your pecker, and whoever falls shall have a sailor's grave."

Miggins was almost mute that day at dinner. He addressed the captain or mate now and then in a weak, subdued



Bringing in the Christmas Log.

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* G. H. EDWARDS.)

kind of voice, but never spoke to me. Yet when I asked him cheerfully to pass the mustard, he did so with alacrity. He must have thought I was relenting.

Very early next morning the ship was lying off the ice pack, with her mainyard aback, and presently three whalers were called away. The first contained Miggins and the third mate, in the second boat was the first mate and my humble self, while in the third, with a flag astern, was the captain in solitary grandeur.

We soon landed, and the seconds made all haste to place their men.

"Am I to understand, Dr. Miggins," said Stoddart, as he placed a case containing a brace of loaded revolvers on the hard snow, "that you are fully determined to fight at fifteen paces?"

"Fully did—did—determined," faltered poor little Miggins.

His knees shook, his face was as pale as flour, and I felt sure he was about to have the dance again.

"Well, Mr. Smith, are you agreed to the fifteen paces?"

"Quite," I cried tragically.

"Very well, Mr. Smith; and, as the challenged, you have the choice of weapons."

"Swords then," I shouted, "swords; and look alive, I feel full of fight. Swords, at fifteen paces!"

Hardly had the words crossed my lips when a broadsword or Highland claymore was placed in my hand, and another in Miggins's.

"Lay on, Macduff," I cried, making a series of slashes and passes in the air at an imaginary foe, each of which would have cut the head of a horse off.

Miggins followed my example, and a bonnie pair of fools we must have looked. But the crew waved their caps and cheered, and Stoddart had to roll on the snow to save his sides from splitting.

"Hold, gentlemen both," he cried at last, springing to his feet. "Surely honour is now satisfied."

"I'm content," said Miggins, eagerly. "Smith has shown himself a man."

"Then shake hands both."

Right cordially did we advance, and the tears were in Miggins's eyes as I squeezed his hand.

Then we all went on board and sat down to a hearty breakfast. And I feel quite sure that from that day forward Miggins felt himself three inches taller.

We lived happy ever after, Miggins and I. And although he always did have the dance when he encountered a bear, he did manage to secure a skin. The captain gave him two, and I did the same. So that when he returned to Aberdeen he did have skins to present to his comrades, and of course each skin was the nucleus of a story of wild adventure on the trackless snows around the pole!

I was very much surprised a month or two after reaching Scotland again to see a paragraph in a Shetland newspaper containing an account of the duel. There was no word of the fifteen paces however. It was headed "Desperate fight on the ice. Hand to hand encounter with broadswords."

I think Miggins was accountable for that paragraph!

Ah! well, poor fellow, he is dead and gone, and with all his faults he had a good little heart of his own.

In this world there are a great many Migginses; but really now, there are few more silly faults that a youth can have than the fault of bragging.

I wish you all a happy Christmas, boys, and a right jolly good New Year! Goodbye!

CLUTCHED IN THE DARK.

AN EDITOR'S ADVENTURE.

By David Ker,

Author of "The Tiger Chief of Burmah," "Ilderim the Afghan," etc., etc.

I.—SOWING THE SEED.

Mr. Jailworthy Killboys was sitting in his room at 99 Garbage Street, the publishing office of the "Weekly Plague-Pit," of which he was the editor and proprietor. It was a cheap journal of the most advanced "blood-and-thunder" sort, devoted to instructing and amusing the boys and girls of the rising generation by making them familiar with the worst deeds of the worst men whom it could find or invent. Its advertisements boasted that it "never ran fewer than three serials at a time," serials equally devoid of possibility and of grammar, with illustrations as coarse and clumsy as themselves.

The heroes of these choice narratives, instead of being gallant soldiers fighting their country's battles, daring sailors perilling their lives to save shipwrecked crews, brave firemen dragging helpless children out of burning houses, or dauntless explorers forcing their way through a thousand dangers in the cause of humanity, were sneaking thieves, cowardly cut-throats, ruffianly burglars, brutal pirates, and other rascals of the lowest and meanest type. By this creditable occupation—compared with which that of a poisoner or a bandit would have been innocent—Mr. Killboys made (as he often boasted) "heaps of money," had a respectable house in a respectable street, and was very well satisfied with himself altogether.

He was especially so on this particular afternoon, having just concluded an agreement by which he obtained a long story for a tenth part of its real value from an unfortunate author, who, being actually starving at the moment, was forced to submit to this barefaced robbery. As the victim slunk dejectedly away, the enterprising proprietor applied himself with redoubled zest to the "smartening up" of a telling scene in "Hieronymus the Horrible; or, The Bloodstained Brothers of the Dismal Den."

He had just got to "The Brigand planted his iron heel on the breast of his prostrate foe, and glared upon him with eyes that shone with a deadlier gleam than that of the uplifted dagger which glittered in his strong right hand," when there was a bustle in the outer office, and then his door opened, and on the threshold appeared the massive figure and lion-like head of Leopold Wrightwell, one of the leading novelists of the day, whom the worthy Mr. Killboys hated for having done his best to replace with pure and manly stories the poisonous trash which Killboys and others like him lived by circulating.

As he entered the inner room and shut the door behind him, there was a visible excitement among the editorial staff outside. They knew that Leopold Wrightwell would as soon have put his foot into a heap of quick-lime as inside the premises of the "Weekly Plague-Pit," unless he had some weighty reason for doing so. What that reason might be, no one who knew anything of Jailworthy Killboys could have much difficulty in guessing; and none of the subordinates were so fond of their chief as to be at all displeased with the idea that "the boss was going to git it hot."

And very hot he seemed to be getting it, by what the listeners could catch of the talk. His voice was heard raised to the harsh, angry note which they all knew to their cost; and then the great novelist's deep, firm, manly tones rose above it like a cannonade drowning the crackle of musketry.

Both men spoke loud enough to give their hearers outside a pretty clear idea of what was wrong. Killboys—who kept his conscience in his purse, and thought a thing right or wrong according as he made money by it or not—had sent some of his men to distribute sample copies of the "Weekly Plague-Pit" among a number of destitute lads of the "juvenile criminal" class, whom Mr. Wrightwell was endeavouring to reclaim and to form into an industrial school. Justly considering that the adventures of Hieronymus the Horrible were not exactly the style of reading to assist their reformation, Wrightwell had come to give the worthy proprietor "a piece of his mind" on the subject; and it appeared to be a pretty large piece, and to be given with remarkable energy.

"I know well," he was heard to say, "that no boy with an atom of self-respect would even *look* at such foul and mischievous nonsense." (The office-boy looked conscious, for *he* was at that moment deep in "The Black Bandit of Deadman's Hollow.") "But these poor lads of mine, who know no better, and have never had anything else to read, who can say how much harm it may do *them?* I tell you that many a wretched creature who is serving a life-sentence in

prison is not one tenth part as guilty as you!"

The listeners chuckled unrestrainedly over this home-thrust at their tyrant; and they chuckled still more as they heard him spring from his chair with a violence which sent it clattering down on to the floor. The office-boy instantly flew to the key-hole, filled with the cheering conviction that there was going to be "a real smart fight."

But Killboys—who was as careful of his own worthless carcass as of everything else belonging to him—had no wish to try his strength against a man whom he had once seen thrash into a jelly a ruffian who was ill-treating a helpless child. So he only growled and muttered, as the unwelcome visitor, standing with the half-opened door in his hand, spoke his stern farewell:

"Mind this—I'll put a stop to this sort of thing, if I spend my last penny to do it. And as for yourself, the worst that I can wish you is to fall some day into the hands of those brutalised creatures whose minds you are poisoning day by day, that you may see for yourself *what* you have really done!"

There was no more work for Mr. Killboys that afternoon, for his mind was in such a whirl of mingled rage and terror that he found it impossible to apply himself to anything. At length he started up, locked his desk, and, flinging a few words of savage abuse at his clerks as he passed through the outer office, went stamping down the stairs. It did not improve his temper to observe, as he left the building, that some wag had chalked on one of the door-posts: "Office of the Society for the Promotion of *un*-Christian Knowledge. Rubbish of All Kinds Shot Here."

Away he tramped gloomily enough, brooding sullenly over the parting threat of his late visitor. What would Wrightwell do? Prosecute him? boycott him? denounce him in the papers? write a book exposing all his crooked dealings? That *some* mischief would come of it, he felt quite certain; for Wrightwell was not a man to threaten in vain.

So completely was the worthy editor taken up with these agreeable reflections, that he passed the corner where he usually met his street-car without ever noticing where he was going; and when he at length stopped to look around him, he discovered that he had quite lost his way, and had got into a part of the town which was altogether strange to him.

This of itself would have been no great matter; but one glance told him that this district was the very last place in which any man with money in his pocket (and *he* happened to have a good deal just then) would wish to go astray at nightfall. The poverty-stricken, dirty, tumbledown houses—the narrow, crooked, filthy lanes—the ragged, grimy, sinister figures that went slouching past, looking wickedly at him through their small, cunning eyes—all showed him only too plainly into what a ruffianly neighbourhood his ill-luck had led him; a neighbourhood where the "Weekly Plague-Pit" doubtless found plenty of readers, but where its editor and proprietor seemed much more likely to find plenty of robbers, and possibly murderers as well.

What was he to do? It was growing darker and darker every moment, and, turn which way he would, he seemed only to get deeper and deeper into this black unending cobweb of beggary and crime. To ask his way in such a place would be a direct invitation to any passing rascal to knock him down and rob him on the spot; and yet there appeared to be no chance of his finding it by himself.

Glad would he now have been to catch even a distant glimpse of one of those "despised minions of the law," for whom Hieronymus the Horrible and his other heroes were wont to express such a lordly disdain. But not a single policeman was anywhere to be seen; and Mr. Killboys was beginning to feel most unheroically frightened, when suddenly, just as he was passing the black, tunnel-like archway of a disused stable-yard, he was startled by a hoarse shout from several voices at once, and instantly he felt himself clutched by half a dozen bony hands, and dragged away down the gloomy passage into utter darkness.

II.—REAPING THE HARVEST.

So sudden and violent was this strange assault, that Mr. Killboys could not have uttered a cry, even had the choking grasp on his throat left him the power of doing so. Presently he felt planks under his feet instead of cobble-stones, and the changed atmosphere told him he had been led into a room of some kind. But, as he attempted to speak, a harsh, cracked voice said in his ear:

"One word, and you are a dead man!"

At the same moment, something pricked him in the chest, which felt unpleasantly like the point of a knife!

It was certainly a most striking "situation," and he would have enjoyed it as a capital incident for one of his serials, had it befallen any one else; but now that it was happening to himself it did not seem quite so enjoyable.

There was a moment's silence, and then the same voice called out, with a very unsuccessful attempt to assume the swaggering tone of a "penny-novel" hero:

"What ho! bring hither the torches, and let the villain see with whom he has to deal!"

Even in the extremity of his terror, Mr. Killboys could not help thinking that this sounded very much like a quotation from Hieronymus the Horrible (as indeed it was), and he inwardly wondered why a man should be called a villain for *being* captured by ruffians. Often as he had used such language in his serials, it was the first time he had ever realised what utter nonsense it was.

The "torches," *i.e.* two candle-ends set in cleft sticks—were lighted and brought forward, and Killboys saw that he was in what had once been the harness-room of the yard, surrounded by a gang of tattered, dirty, vicious-looking lads of all ages, from the half-grown "rough" of sixteen, to the barefooted, shock-headed "street Arab" of ten.

The leader of this precious brotherhood appeared to be a lanky, sharp-featured, wolfish fellow, who had blackened his face with soot to look like a mask, and had got himself up piratically with a red cap and a crimson handkerchief twisted round his middle, in which trim he looked villainous enough even for a hero of the "Weekly Plague-Pit." And such indeed he was, for his costume was copied in every point from the illustrations of "Hieronymus the Horrible."

These tokens of the popularity of his journal among his captors gave Killboys a momentary gleam of hope. Surely, if he announced himself as its editor and proprietor, he would be at once released. But, at the first word that he uttered, Hieronymus (whose name in private life was Sneaking Sam) cried fiercely:

"Ho, comrades! silence that traitor tongue, which shall soon be cold in death!"

Instantly a tattered, greasy handkerchief—with a flavour as if half a dozen dead cats had lain rolled up in it for a week—was crammed into the luckless editor's mouth so violently as almost to choke him, while his arms and feet were tightly bound with ropes. And then Hieronymus, condescending for a moment to the language of ordinary life, said to a stunted, red-eyed, unwholesome-looking lad beside him:

"Now, Jim, read it out, and let's hear how the job's to be done!"

Jim—whose office it was, as the only one of this rabble who could read, to recite to his comrades the crimes and horrors in which they delighted—produced a torn and dirty copy of the "Weekly Plague-Pit," and read slowly and stumblingly as follows:

"Then—having—gagged—and bound—the traitor, the avengers—prepared—to inflict—upon him—the—ag-ger-nizing—tortures—which—his deeds—had—merited."

At the word "tortures," the unlucky Killboys felt as if a stream of iced water had been suddenly poured down his back. He remembered the minute descriptions of racking, burning, flaying alive, chopping off of fingers and scooping out of eyes, with which he was wont to enliven his serials; and the thought of having these pleasant operations performed upon himself made him tingle to his very finger-tips. Surely they would not dare to proceed to such horrible extremities? Yet what was to prevent them? He was powerless to utter a cry, and in that deserted spot (every part of which bore marks of long neglect and decay) any crime, even murder itself, might lie undiscovered for years.

And then there flashed back upon him, as if written along the wall in letters of fire, the words spoken by Leopold Wrightwell only two hours before:

"The worst that I can wish you is to fall some day into the hands of those brutalised creatures whose minds you are poisoning day by day, that you may see for yourself *what* you have really done."

Meanwhile the orator, growing more fluent as he warmed to his work, read on with increasing energy:

"Round his shuddering limbs were twined, like coiling snakes, the ropes of twisted straw, which, steeped in oil, were slowly to consume him with their creeping flames" [several of the gang rushed to a heap of straw in one corner, and began to twist ropes from it]. "Others drew their daggers and pierced him with stabs which, though deep and painful,

stopped short of inflicting that death which would have been mercy compared with the doom that awaited him."

Half a dozen ready jack-knives instantly glittered in the candle-light—a very effective tableau, although Mr. Killboys, expecting every moment to feel them plunged into his flesh, was not quite in the humour to appreciate it.

But just then voices were heard outside, and a measured tramp echoed through the archway. The heroic Hieronymus turned as pale as his dirt-begrimed skin would let him, and muttered in a tone of very unheroic terror:

"It's the p'lice!"

That terrible word instantly changed these "bold brigands"—bold only against the weak and helpless—into the frightened and cowardly rogues that they really were. Hieronymus himself—caring little what became of his comrades, if *he* could but escape—was just trying to creep into the pile of straw in the corner, when a violent blow beat in the shaky and mouldering door, and in tramped a dozen stalwart policemen, in the midst of whom, side by side with the inspector, appeared Leopold Wrightwell himself!

The shock of this sudden reaction was too much for Mr. Killboys, and he fainted outright.

Not till several days later did the rescued man learn how the police had luckily fixed that night for pouncing upon the gang, and how Mr. Wrightwell, as a man specially interested in the putting down of these amateur brigands, had been invited to join the expedition. But within a week the office of the "Plague-Pit" was advertised as "To Let," and from that time Wrightwell had no stauncher ally in his war against publications of the "Hieronymus" school than its former editor and proprietor, Mr. Jailworthy Killboys.

THE REHEARSAL.

(*See frontispiece.*)

An please you, Gentles, just once more
  Let us try the carol through,
Reading strictly from the score,
  Each part firmer and more true.
Now then, one, two, three—no, no!
  Out upon ye! altos all:
Ye are late; come, watch my bow—
  On the fourth beat it doth fall.

Now, again . . . not perfect yet,
  Much it lacks e'er that can be!
Mark the pause, and don't forget;
  Watch, and take your time from me.
Trebles try it o'er alone—
  Sing out all, and have no fear;
Let there be a better tone,
  Do not mumble, sing out clear.

There, it only needed care,
  But ye sang the F too flat;
Mind and hit the high notes fair,
  Spoil it not for lack of that.
Now together once again,
  True and perfect let it be;
Boldly each his part sustain—
  Are ye ready? Look to me.

"God rest you merry, Gentlemen,
  Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
  Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
  When we were gone astray.
  O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
  Was born on Christmas Day."

S. G.

A CHRISTMAS COBWEB.

By W. J. Gordon.

We had been used to have a tree at our little Christmas party as a pleasant means of distributing the customary gifts of toys to the children; but last year I was asked to "think of something else." The tree was considered stale; it took a long time to decorate; it was not an easy thing to get the things off from under the branches; it cost a small fortune in clips and candlesticks; and it was apt to be knocked over or to catch fire.

I thought I had solved the difficulty when I said "a ship"; but the remembrance of a Christmas barque which caught alight and miserably burnt to the table's edge after its fitting and stowing had cost three days' hard work—eight hours, of course—on the part of several amateur riggers and stevedores, at once caused that suggestion to be negatived, and with the further information that what was wanted was not something out of a book, but something that had never been tried or heard of before.

This was a puzzler, and I went for a walk round the common. I came back with what I thought a brilliant idea. "Why not a snowdrift, with all the dolls and things to be dug up out of the snow!" "Cotton wool!" said my friend the insurance agent; "it is the most dangerous thing you can play with. Once you get it near a flame it will catch to a certainty, and flash into a blaze in an instant." "Besides," said another, "we have seen something like the snowdrift in the shops. There are a lot of boots coming out of a snowdrift down the hill! We don't want any of your wool-gathering!"

And the end was, of course, a great cry and no wool. "Then, why not have a net," said I, "and drag the things up in it?" No, this would not do. "Why not a drift net, stretch it across the room and hang the things up on it?" This was better, but it would not do. "That is not a bad notion," I was told; "but it would not look very bright, and you cannot light it up."

"You must light it up, then?" "Yes, it must be lighted up, and there must be no danger from fire, no mess from grease; it must not take too long to hang the things on, and, above all things, it must be stripped in half an hour so that none should be tired out in waiting for what they are to get."

"Would a cobweb do?" "It would catch fire like the net." "But if it were made of wire like those Japanese things they have in the windows?" "But it would not be large enough." "Oh, we could make it forty feet across, if you like!" "It would look very well in iron wire." "But I mean brass wire, good, bright, brass wire, a golden web in fact!" "That sounds right. Try it." And we did; and it was a success.

I had two pairs of plyers, one "round-nosed," and the other "flat-nosed" and cutting, which I believe cost about a shilling each. These were the only tools I wanted. For the wire I went to Stanton's, at 73 Shoe Lane, at the end of St. Andrew's Street, leading off Holborn Circus. I bought two pounds of "soft brass wire," one of "25" gauge which cost eighteenpence, and one of "19" gauge which cost a shilling. In other words, the materials cost me half-a-crown, and I did not use them all.

I intended to fix the web across the opening of a bay window, so as to leave the bay at the back of it; and the size of this opening gave me the size of the web. As I did not care to work upon the floor, I put two deal tables side by side, which gave me a bench about six feet by five feet six; but I do not mention this with a view of showing that it is necessary to buy deal tables, but merely as a hint to those who might not perhaps think of it. I have no doubt the floor would have done as well, but, like a good many other people, I do not care to kneel or roll about for any lengthened time, and the work, simple as it looks, took me an hour or so.

I began by cutting off eight nine-feet lengths of the thicker wire, the 19-gauge, and then a foot of the same wire. With the round-nosed plyers I put a hook at each end of the short piece, and by fixing the ends together made a ring. At one end of each of the nine-feet lengths I made a hook, and hooked them all on to the ring, pinching them up so that they should not slip. I then placed the ring in the centre of my tables and spaced out the lengths, A, at equal intervals so as to obtain a figure of this shape (fig. 1), the ends being off the table and fastened to objects in the room so as to keep their distances. (*See next page.*)

I then took the thinner wire, B, fastened one end of it into the loop of the ring and

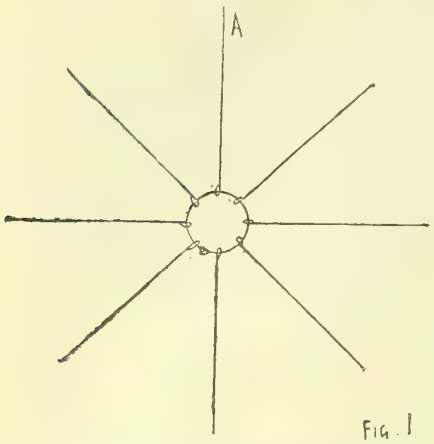


Fig. 1

paid it out spirally over these eight radii so as to get this sort of thing (fig. 2).

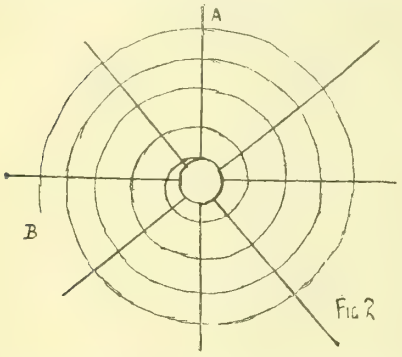


Fig 2

I began by keeping the intervals an inch apart, and I gradually increased them by an eighth of an inch at each turn; but this I regulated at the next operation. I had to use a few pins to keep the wire opened out, but that is a matter of little importance. Having got my web into shape I proceeded to fix it. This I did by cutting off eight twelve-feet lengths of thin wire, C, and winding each on a piece of firewood as on a reel. Taking one of the lengths I hooked it on to the central ring, and then twisted it round and round the thick wire so as to fasten the spiral down on to the radii in the same way as I had seen birdcages made; so that each piece of thin wire was used up spirally round and round each radius of thick wire (fig. 3).

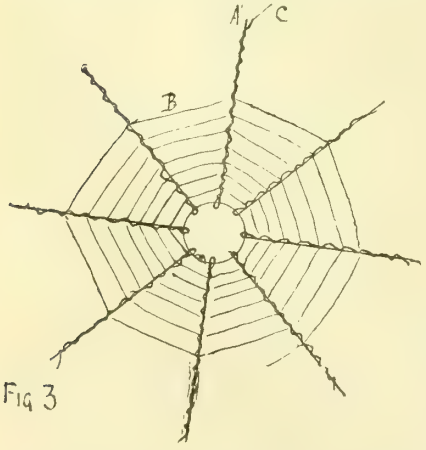


Fig 3

This I thought would fasten the web securely, and probably it would have done had I been a better workman, but in several places I found a tendency to slip, and in order to correct this I cut off eight ten-feet lengths of the thin wire and fastened one, D, in between each two radii of the thick, looping them over each time I crossed a thread of the spiral. In this way my web had sixteen radii, and I had eight thick ends and sixteen thin ends to fasten it up with.

I drove four three-inch French nails into the corners of the opening at the window bay, two into the skirting board, and two just below the cornice, and looping an end of the thick wire on to one I passed it across the top on to the next nail, then down the wall to the skirting board, then across the floor to the other skirting board, and then up to the nail I started from; and with a good haul I got it quite tight, and fastened it off so as to make a firm frame to which to fasten the radii of my web.

I did the top first, and hung the web so as to get the central ring in the centre of the opening; I then did the right side, then the left, and then tightened up the whole affair along the bottom. I had, as I have said, twenty-four ends to fix on to the frame, and when I finished I accidentally let the steps fall against the web, and it held them without bulging; and on further experiment I found it would bear any weight I chose to put against it; it was as "tight as a fiddle," if not "as firm as a church;" but of course the frame was no longer rectangular; by hauling it inwards with the cross wires, I had got it down to form part of the web, and made the resemblance to the work of the spider complete.

With the round-nosed plyers I bent up a lot of pins into double hooks, and with them we hung up the usual flags, dolls, and other presents, so as to decorate the web as if it were a tree; and the candles we fixed on with a few turns of the surplus wire, which seemed inexhaustible. In the bay of the window behind the web, we had some plants; and when the whole thing was lighted up the effect was really good.

The brass wire shone like gold, and the little crinkles and botches in the workmanship seemed to be rather an improvement than otherwise, as adding to the reflections; but if all had been straight and trim as a birdcage-maker would have done it, the brilliancy would have been fully replaced by additional symmetry and neatness. However, the workmanship was not by any means bad, and as it was very kindly and somewhat ironically said, "it was not painfully professional, but it was truly artistic."

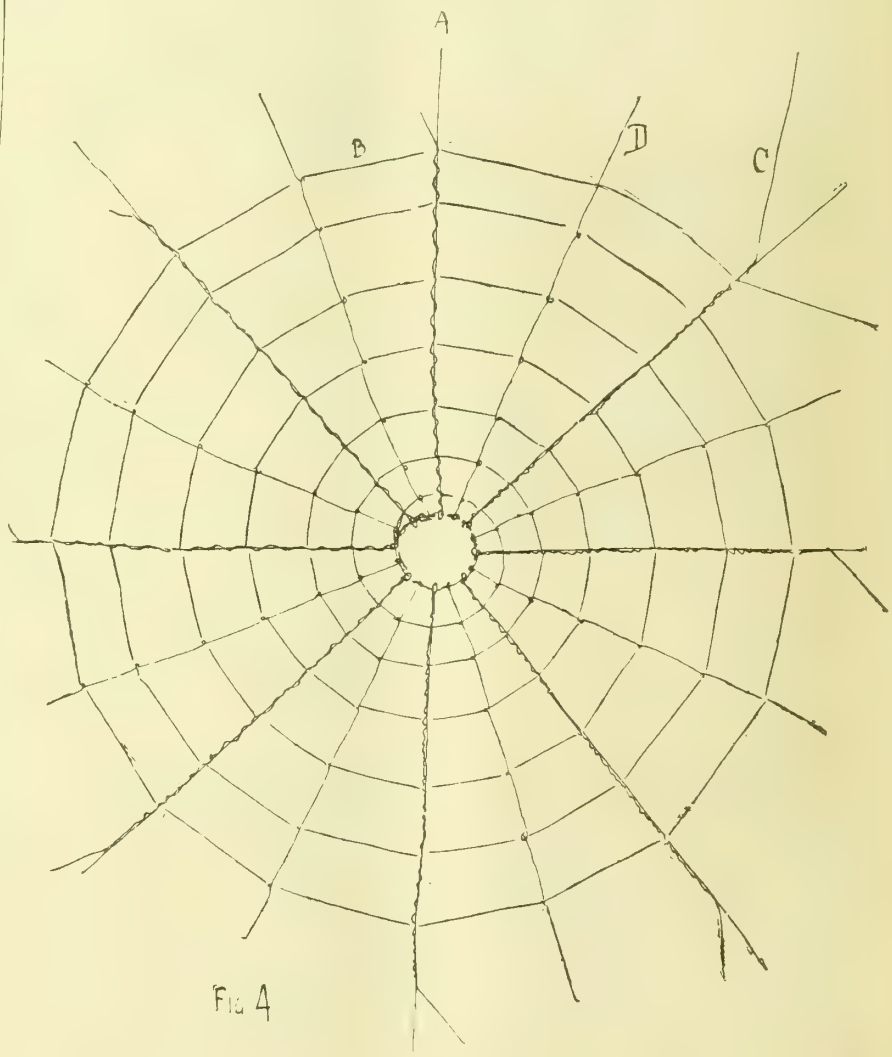


Fig 4

Several great advantages it certainly had over the tree and the ship—there was no risk whatever of its catching fire, there was no chance of its upsetting, there was no labour in hooking the things on, no trouble in re-arranging them, no difficulty whatever in getting them off.

In order to complete the idea, I bought a large golden spider at Neighbour's, corner of Southampton Street, Holborn, opposite the Western Central District post-office, for sevenpence halfpenny, and this formed a prominent feature in the left-hand top

corner. Although we stretched the web across the window bay we could have fitted it anywhere, and I am not quite sure it would not look best in the opening of folding doors, or, in the case of there being two doors leading into a room, on the outside of one of them so as to keep it hidden till the proper moment; but its position is a matter of taste and convenience. This winter we are going to try it somewhere else, for, unlike other things of the same nature, it lasts from season to season. When it was done with we rolled it up in a newspaper and stood it in a cupboard, and there it remained until I took it out for the purpose of describing it in this article. Even if it tarnishes it will look well, and the blacker it gets the more nearly it will resemble the natural web.

For the purposes of a school treat, a fancy fair, or any large party, it would, I think, be found very suitable, being about the only thing of the kind with which an accident cannot occur.

It can be made of any size, and used many times, and finally snipped up into short lengths to form quite a treasury of useful bits of wire.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "Taffy," "The Parlour-Boarder," "Sister Mary," etc.



When I went to visit my schoolfellow Ronald Shaw, at the Highland castle of which he had become lord by his uncle's death, my first impression was one of disappointment, so little did it come up to any romantic preconceptions of what a baronial stronghold ought to be. Behind it, indeed, were still to be seen a few crumbling ruins, with traces of a donjon keep and a grass-grown moat; but the present mansion seemed prosaically modern, even ugly, built in the most stiff, solid, unpretentious style of Scottish domestic architecture. The back part of the house was old, though hardly dating back to feudal days; the square front had been stuck on only a century or so ago; and the whole looked as if it had been patched up, eked out, and enlarged from time to time, without any consideration except for convenience. The interior proved a little more satisfactory to my ideas, full as it was of rather old-fashioned, not to say shabby, furniture, of low-roofed, queer-shaped rooms, of narrow puzzling passages and little bits of stairs, among which a stranger had some difficulty in finding his way.

The landmarks to this labyrinth were supplied, when one came to know them, by dingy old family pictures, hung out of the way in the hall and on the staircases, perhaps as not being first-class works of art; but to me they seemed something like what one might expect in a castle. There was an old Lord Foulis of the Stuart times, with polished breastplate and peaked beard; and beside him his lady, rather cracked and faded, smiling stiffly out of an enormous ruff. Then came the "Black Lord," whose countenance, indeed, was wrapped in such Rembrandt gloom that the features could hardly be made out unless when the sun fell across it. Another portrait represented a most vicious-looking old dame who had the reputation of a high-class witch in her day. That was as it should be, I thought. A more jovial ancestor, all lace and ruffles, belonged to the Hanoverian period, a fat and ruddy personage that no doubt lived a good deal in London. Opposite him hung the gallant young kilted chief who "went out" in the 'Forty-five; while his prudent father, to make all safe for the property, stayed at home like a loyal subject of King George. Now that Jacobitism had become a mere sentiment, the family traditions were all on that side. Among the chief treasures of the house was a bit of faded tartan, reverently preserved under a glass case in the belief that it had once made part of Prince Charlie's plaid; and Ronald was by way of being shocked when I spoke of the "Pretender," quite inadvertently, as for the nonce I was in the mood to feel "Wha wouldna die for him, bonny Prince Charlie!" This relic, and the stern ancestors, helped to resign me to the absence of towers, bars, vaulted halls, and such like; but, on the whole, the place seemed not much of a castle.

"Haven't you such a thing as a haunted chamber anywhere about?" I said to Ronald, when he had shown me over the house; then he abruptly asked if I would like any hot water, and I fancied that he and his sister looked significantly at each other, and took the hint to hold my tongue about what might be a delicate subject.

I soon forgot all about it, being too much excited with seeing my friend again and finding myself really in the Highlands to stick long to any one thought. In my enthusiasm nothing would serve me but assuming the garb of old Gaul forthwith, and Ronald rigged me out in a kilt of his own, after he had laughed heartily at my inexperienced efforts to put it on and at my calling the stockings *socks*. He also lent me a velvet jacket to match, and a silver-mounted goat's-hair sporran, and draped round my shoulders a tartan plaid fastened by a cairngorm brooch as large as a small saucer. In this gorgeous array I came down to dinner, feeling already quite the Highlander, except for an unaccustomed sensation of coldness about the legs. This, you will understand, was before the day when knickerbockers and bare knees became familiar to our youthful athletes.

We spent a quiet evening, talking over absent friends and all the amusements we promised ourselves for the next few weeks. I could have gone on talking half the night, but sister Mary, or Mrs. Robertson as I ought now to call her, remembered for me what a long journey I had had, and about ten o'clock suggested that it was time for bed. Then Ronald got a candle to see me to my room, which I could never have found out for myself as yet, so puzzling were the ups and downs and ins and outs of the house.

As we reached my chamber door, the old servant Donald, who had waited at dinner, appeared in the passage, and hobbled forward as if to give us a light. I heard him whisper to his young master:

"You're no going to put him in *there?*"

"Why not?" said Ronald, rather hastily pressing me in, and shutting the door behind us when he had followed.

I was struck by the way in which he cut the old man short, and by the careful glance he threw into every corner of the room, holding up the candle to make sure that all was right. This roused in me a vague suspicion that something might be wrong.

"There aren't any ghosts here?" said I, laughingly.

"You don't believe in ghosts, do you?" he replied, and at once turned to talk of something else. After a few minutes' chat, he said good-night, leaving me to go to bed.

The first thing I did, when alone, was to take up the candle and make for myself an examination of my quarters. It was a long, low-ceilinged apartment, that might have made two snug bedrooms of the size I had been used to. In the centre, opposite the door, was a large stone mantelpiece over the fireplace, in which a few peats threw out a dull glow. At one end stood a huge bed with faded curtains, looking quite the correct thing for a haunted chamber. At the other was a casement window of small ill-fitting panes that rattled dolefully in the wind. The rest of the furniture seemed new and commonplace enough. The walls were ornamented with prints of dogs' heads after Landseer. I saw here no sombre ancestral portraits, nor anything else to harbour ghosts, unless it might be a cupboard beside the bed, the door of which I found locked. All the same, I began to feel sure there must be some dark story connected with this room.

Outside, the weather had turned rough; it was just the sort of night for spectres who might not care about catching cold. As I made ready for bed, I softly whistled "Yankee Doodle" by way of trying to dispel the gloomy sensations that began to take hold of my mind in spite of all I could do to shake them off. When almost undressed, I opened the window to look out; then a gust of wind extinguished my candle already flickering in the draughts After that I delayed no longer, but climbed up into the great bed and buried myself under the blankets.

For a little I lay awake, wondering what fierce and lawless spirits might have reposed in this chamber, have perhaps drawn their last breath on this very bed' and listening to the voices of the storm' the rush of the wind, the dashing of rain, the muffled roar of waves breaking on the beach below. There was one old tree close beside my window, that groaned like a living thing as it writhed in the blast; and every now and then some dead leaf or twig from it would be whirled crackling against the panes. All over the old house, also, I heard creakings and clatters that at first were rather dis composing. But, by-and-by, these sounds acted as a lullaby to send me to sleep, and my last waking thought was that one could be very snug even in a haunted chamber.

It proved an uneasy sleep, however, troubled by a nightmare dream. I had not stuffed my head for nothing with romances and legends of good old times that taught me what to expect in such a place. Now, it seemed, the door of that locked cupboard flew open, and forth stalked a gigantic figure in motley array of armour and tartan, with fierce eyes glowing like candles through his visor, and chains rattling about him, of course, as he tried to draw his rusty broadsword, which stuck fast, as if glued to its sheath by some mighty spell. None the less he advanced, threatening me with one gauntleted hand, in the other holding out a telegram for me to go back at once to school, while my tongue was too frozen by horror to cry out and beg him to let me off. I fancy he had just taken off his head, helmet and all, and was about to hurl it at me in the best round-hand style of a demon bowler, when I awoke, starting up with the perspiration on my brow, relieved to find it all a dream.

"I have eaten too much of that pork pie," I very sensibly said to myself, for our cook had provided me with such an indigestible delicacy as refreshment on my long journey.

But just as I sank back on the pillow, and disposed myself to slumber more easily, I was startled by a sound heard over all the howling of the storm without —a long-drawn, plaintive wail like the cry of a child, that appeared to come from beneath me. I sat up to listen. There was nothing now to be heard, and I supposed my excited senses must have played some trick on me. It was not till I had once more wrapped myself cosily in the bedclothes that again came the cry, this time, I fancied, from the wainscot near my head. I peeped out, straining eyes and ears in the darkness for some minutes. Then, just as I was about to repeat to myself there must be some mistake, once more the strange sound thrilled me. It was quite unmistakable, but now seemed to come from the other end of the room—and did I or did I not hear almost noiseless footsteps hurrying across the floor? It was a comfort to catch the muffled ticking of my watch beneath the pillow. That seemed the next best thing to human companionship, if beings of another world were indeed at hand.

Had I not been so open to impressions of the eerie, I might have persisted in assuring myself of some natural explanation for this disturbance. As it was, I shivered and shut my eyes, then opened them cautiously, half expecting to be confronted with the spectre of my dream. One thing was certain, I could not hope for another wink of sleep, so long as the mystery remained unsettled.

After a little deliberation, I resolved to get up and look about; but I hastily drew back my foot when, as soon as it touched the floor, there broke forth something like a choked sigh, and I could have sworn that a cold breath passed over me.

I had to summon up all my courage before leaping out of bed and feeling my way across the room, my hands stretched out before me like one who dreaded at every step to encounter some invisible foe. I fumbled about for the candle, but when I had found it, there were no matches. I stooped down to the almost extinguished fire, raking together its embers and blowing on them desperately; but I could rouse only a dull glow that painted a deeper gloom on the surrounding shadows. With the poker, I next took to routing under the bed, in hope to dislodge some animal that might be lurking there. Nothing of the kind; but, while I was thus employed, the ghostly voice gave me another scare. Now it appeared to come from outside of the room, which yet it filled with strange mingled accents of woe, entreaty, and unspeakable despair.

I hastily scrambled up. What now sent my heart into my mouth? Right opposite, rose a tall white shape, the sight of which wrung from me an ejaculation of terror, and I involuntarily threw up my hands to cover my eyes. I had almost sunk on my shaking knees before that appalling phantom, when a second look showed me it was nothing but a gleam of watery moonlight struggling out from behind the clouds.

"What a fool you are!" I told myself, but it was in a frightened whisper; I durst not for the moment raise my voice for fear of its being echoed fearfully back. Presently, however, I took heart to demand with more boldness—"Is there anybody here?"

There was no answer, unless the moan of the wind without, in which I fancied deep-drawn sighs and sobs and the fluttering of spectral robes, but knew that my imagination was not to be trusted. All in a tremble still, I took advantage of the moonlight to search the room. It was empty. Then the moon passed under a scudding cloud, and left me again in darkness, which was the signal for a fresh scare from the unearthly wail.

I could not sleep here. Groping for my clothes, I huddled on as many of them as I could lay hold of—the kilt, my waistcoat; the jacket was not to be found in a hurry—but I wrapped Ronald's plaid round me, thrust on a pair of slippers, and hastened out shivering into the passage with that cry still ringing in my ears. Then the first thing I did was to tumble down a couple of low steps, set there like a trap for unwary feet, whereby I gave myself a bump on the head and a bruise on the shin, and made noise enough to have roused any one who might be sleeping near. But no one took any notice of the disturbance; and after a short pause I set out on my explorations, not so much lamenting those injuries, as they were at least a matter of flesh and blood.

I was looking for Ronald, my dread of the haunted chamber overcoming my shame to confess it. But now I could not make out my way in the dark, wandering up and down, back and forwards; even by broad daylight I might have been puzzled to hit upon his room, in which I had been only once for a minute or two. As I stole on tiptoe through the silent house, an open door and a friendly shine invited me to peep in. I found myself in the drawing-room, where the fire had not gone out. Its cheerful glow showed a wide, cushioned sofa beside the fireplace, on which it struck me I might do worse than encamp till morning. Covering myself with a rug, I nestled down into the cosy warmth, and was so comfortable here that, before I had done puzzling over what had dislodged me from my proper quarters, or what I should do about it, I fell fast asleep for good.

Not till between seven and eight in the morning was I awakened by one of the maids coming in and pulling up the blinds. She started and cried out, when I rose from my extemporary couch, for a moment unable to recollect how I came to be here. And well might she be astonished to see me so queerly dressed: my night-shirt hanging down below the kilt, the plaid twisted and tied round me in most incorrect fashion, my touzled hair standing on end as if I still saw a ghost—pretty figure, indeed, for a drawing-room! The maid was an elderly person of grim appearance, more inclined to shake her head than to giggle over my plight.

"Eh! but I doubt ye've had a bad night of it?" she exclaimed. "I'm awful sorry; I tell't them it wasna canny putting folk to sleep in yon room."

"Never mind!" said I, in some confusion. "There was too much noise—I thought I should be more comfortable here. Don't say anything about it, please." With this, I pulled out half-a-crown, which I had been feeling for in my waistcoat pocket, and offered it her as a bribe to silence, for, now the darkness was passed, I felt rather ashamed of having been driven out of bed by a bogey.

"Hoots! I never take anything from laddies," said she, giving me back my money with a readiness that was only half-pleasing, for boys of my age don't like to be treated on this footing, even though their half-crowns be not too plentiful. "But what wull ye have seen in there?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh, nothing—nothing!" I answered, but it was clear she did not believe me, and seemed rather disappointed that I would not satisfy her curiosity.

I got her to show me Ronald's room, where I found him almost dressed, on the point of coming to look after me. To him I told the whole truth as to my disturbed slumbers.

"No!" he ejaculated, as I came to speak of the mysterious voice, and I saw he was very much put about. Not another word did he say then, but, hastily buttoning up, accompanied me back to the haunted chamber.

Here all was quiet enough now. The tumbled bed-clothes and a chair I had knocked over in my agitated gropings were the only signs of the nocturnal visitation. But, as Ronald stood asking me to describe the disturbance more accurately, I was saved the trouble by that piteous wail all at once breaking out from below our very feet, like the ghost's voice in "Hamlet." We looked at each other with a start; but together and in broad daylight, neither of us could feel so much afraid. Again came the cry, and this time we caught a faint sound of pattering beneath the boards.

"There must be some beast down there!" said Ronald. "You dress yourself, and we'll set that right."

He went away, and I had hardly finished my toilet when he came back with a couple of carpenters who happened to be working about the house.

They at once took up the carpet and set to raising the boards where the noise seemed to have come from. News of what was going on had spread through the castle, and a little group of servants gathered at the door, to whom I appeared an object of great interest through my recent dealings with the unseen. They stood whispering together, evidently not quite at ease; and the old butler, Donald, took upon himself to draw Ronald aside to make some remonstrance which I could not hear.

"It's all nonsense, man, as I told you before!" said the young lord, rather sharply. "Why should bogeys and such-like go on living in the Highlands, when nobody ever sees them in England? Don't bother me with your nursery stories. I'll have this for my own bedroom, if you say another word about it."

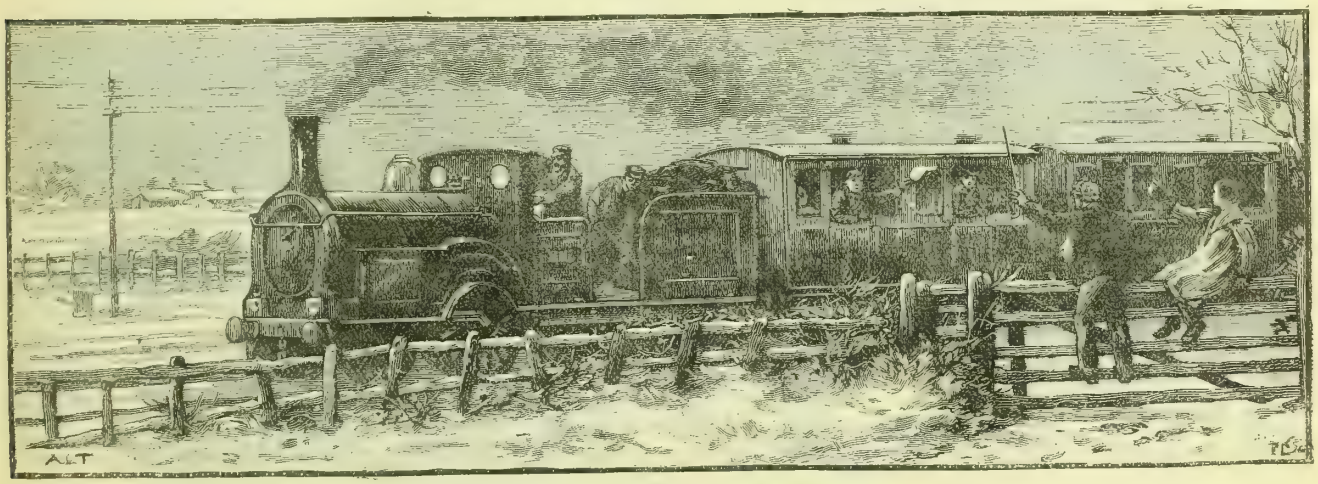
He was cut short by a general exclamation from the onlookers. The workmen had made a hole in the floor, from which now crawled forth a thin, dishevelled, and miserable-looking tortoise-shell cat.

"Eh, but it's pussy!" cried my friend, the maid. "She's been lost ever since last Sabbath. Puir thing, have ye been a' that time trying to win oot?"

The anxious faces at once relaxed into a laugh that ended in a general chorus of pity for pussy's starving plight. Here, then, was the spirit of the haunted chamber! The unlucky creature, following some light-heeled mouse perhaps, must have managed to imprison herself under the floor, and no wonder she had raised such woeful cries. Ronald laughed louder than any one at this discovery. I could see, for all his vehemence against superstition, that he was much relieved to find his home cleared from the charge of being haunted. As for me, I did not laugh quite so heartily. The laugh was too much against me, shamefully conscious of having been frightened by a mewing cat.

At breakfast, I had made me a confession and an apology. There was no dark legend about this chamber, and no real reason why any one should be afraid of it. But it happened to have stood empty for a good many years, till the servants, with their superstitious notions, began to look upon it as not *canny*. Their dread was confirmed when Ronald's uncle had it opened a few days before his death, which happened under very painful circumstances. After that, there could be no getting old Donald and the rest to believe but that some dark mystery was associated with it. To show the groundlessness of their fears, Ronald and his sister had agreed to put me into it, who, as a stranger, ignorant of its character, would naturally not be predisposed to see anything alarming here. Yet they had felt a little guilty in thus making an experiment with their guest; and this was the secret of Ronald's uneasiness when he learned how I had been disturbed.

They offered to give me another room, that, after what had passed, I might not be on the *qui vive* for more supernatural disturbances. But I was on my mettle now, and determined to sleep in the haunted chamber. Not to show himself behindhand in courage, Ronald offered to be my companion; thus we should for ever exorcise the shadowy dread that threatened to settle like a dry rot on this room. So another bed was put into it, and the next night we slept there together, too soundly for any sight or sound of ghosts, till I woke up to see the first sunbeams falling on Ronald's head half buried on the pillow, where healthy boyhood at least ought to forget all fears and troubles.



"Hurrah for the Holidays!"—New Style. (*See page* 5.)

HOW RUBBIN MAJOR RAN AWAY.

By Edward Lummis.



"Look here," I said, "you fellows, you ain't going to stand this, are you? What's become of your principles? Anyway, if *you're* mean enough to knock under to old Baggy, *I'm* not. The Honourable Treasurer and the Honourable Secretary may submit to tyranny if their consciences will let them, but I, as Honourable President, have a duty to perform. We must put our feet down somewhere, and I'm going to put mine down here!"

Jones jumped back a yard or two, and stared at my feet as if he was afraid of them. That was Jones's way: always trying to take a rise out of you, Jones was, whether it was all square or not. My boots are sevens, and that's not too big for a fellow four feet two, is it? Well then!

You mustn't mix Jones up with the Jones that got us a half for a Trinity schol. I'd like to see our Jones do that! My Jones is Jones mi., the fellow that got the hurdles under fifteen, and was kissed by Lady Harrekar when she gave him his medal. Didn't we take it out of Jones next day though!

Jones was Honourable Secretary, and Goggles was Honourable Treasurer, of the International Patriotic Club. We hadn't any other members then. Jellop had been in at first, as the Executive Committee, but we expelled him when he gave Jones a hiding for bagging his jam. We used to hold our meetings every Wednesday and Saturday, after tuck, unless we were in detention; and if we were all three in detention, we used to sit together and hold a meeting there.

You see, it was this way. My brother Claude—Rubbin max., you know—went up to Cambridge the term before, and came down no end of a swell. "Cambridge makes a man feel what he's worth," he said. "You have such scope at Cambridge. What with the schools, and boats, and rugger, and the union, a man needs all the time he has; and if he has any more he will find lots of organising work to do. That's the kind of work to bring a man out! Why don't you go in for organisation, young Stick-in-the-mud?"

"How can I," I answered, "at Croffington? We haven't any but the church organ, and I don't see how I can get at that."

So he explained what organising work was. Founding societies, you know, and bossing them, and that sort of thing.

"Just you go to work, young 'un," he said, "and introduce a little light and leading into old Croff. You can start a Botticelli Brotherhood, or a Henrik Ibsen League, or a Grieg Guild or something. Start it and keep it running, and it will make a man of you."

I told him I had never heard of Henry Gibson or the other fellows, but I would start something or other next term. "Get a good name for it," he said. "That's half the battle." So I got the International Patriotic Club.

I wrote out a pretty prospectus, saying that the club would include all the school-boys of all nations, and was intended for the encouragement of generosity, high spirit, and patriotism. Jones came in at once, and so did old Goggles, when I promised to make them honourable officers, but none of the other chaps would, except Jellop. They all wanted to be honourable officers too. So that when we had expelled the Executive Committee, the International Patriotic Club had exactly three members. Everything must have a beginning, you know. When we had punched Chow mi.'s head, and peppered Pilkins's pillow, and given old Mangles a slippering, the fellows began to leave off laughing at us; and then we settled down to business, and held indignation meetings twice a week.

This was no ordinary indignation meeting, however; this was a demonstration. We held it in the boot-hole because of the rain. We had not many speakers, of course, but we made up for that by speaking very often, and sometimes speaking all together. The question before the Assembly demanded it.

"I am going," I said, "to put mine down here! When I look round upon this vast multitude, assembled in—assembled in—in the—"

"In the boot-hole," Jones suggested.

"In the sacred interests of generosity, of high spirit, and of patriotism, I feel amazed, gentlemen, that any member of this club, that any Honourable Secretary, should so far forget himself—Look here, Jones, if you do that again I'll give you a jolly good hiding, so look out!—forget himself as to approach a momentous question like this with levity! I am thunderstruck, gentlemen, that any member of the National Patriotic Club, embodying—embodying—"

"Embodying old Goggles," said the Honourable Secretary.

"No, sir! *not* old Goggles! Embodying the best traditions of—er—of generosity, of high spirit, and of patriotism" (applause) "should be such a beastly sneak as to knuckle under to old Baggy. Who, gentlemen, I ask you pointedly, who is old Baggy?——"

"The Reverend James Thompson, B.A.," said old Goggles, grinning. Old Goggles was always saying things and grinning.

"Such, gentlemen," I proceeded, "is his name: but what is his nature? Is it a jolly good fellow? Is it a brick? Ah, gentlemen, far indeed is it from being a brick! It is the nature, gentlemen, of a tyrant, of a Cæsar, of a Eutropius, of a Euclid, of an Algebra, of a hard-hearted, deep-dyed oppressor. Is there a gentleman present who has not felt his heavy hand? What lines were those which the Honourable Treasurer was engaged on yesterday, with three quill pens tied together? Where was the Honourable Secretary on Saturday last? Behold this good left hand, marked with lines of torture! That cane, gentlemen, that chill dungeon of detention, that weary impot, were the wicked instruments of old Baggy!"

A murmur agitated the whole assembly.

"And now, members of the National Patriotic Club, now is the time to show your generosity, your high spirit, and your patriotism. Look back on the ancient heroes of old antiquity! Remember Brutus, and Jack Sheppard, and Nelson! What would they have done, if old Baggy had caned them, and detained them, and jolly well jawed them too, the sneak? Would they have stood it? Would they have caved in? Would they have knuckled under? Not they! They were too generous, too high-spirited, too patriotic. No, gentlemen, they would have shown what was in them, they would have proved their courage and their pride; they would, gentlemen, have run away!"

At this point the demonstration was dissolved by the appearance of Benjamin to black the boots. But the words so bravely uttered had sunk deep into all hearts. When we met again, it was to plot.

Old Goggles had a pistol and three real cartridges, which his brother had given him in the holidays. Jones had two tins of



"Business before Pleasure!"

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* A. W. WALL.)

salmon and one of sardines, and a knife with a blade that would open them. I had a little bag, a rug, and one-and-fourpence in coppers. The fellow that ran away was to have the lot.

Then we discussed who should deal the blow; this was doubtful for a long time, but fate at last settled it. Jones and old Goggles were both caught out of bounds, and gated until the end of term—a whole fortnight. Who could tell when I might share their fate? The time for action had come, and I alone was free to act.

On Wednesday afternoon, after tuck, I ran away. It felt very curious, quite unlike what you might expect. One thing was very strange. If I had not known that I was doing a generous, a high-spirited, and a patriotic thing, I should have thought I was doing something to be ashamed of. Once especially, when I had to call at Austin's to buy two French loaves, you can have no idea how mean I felt and looked. I sneaked into the shop, and asked for what I wanted in such a guilty way that Mrs. Austin said, "What mischief are you about now, young gentleman?" and I cculd do nothing in reply but grin and giggle. I felt just like old Goggles when he's being rowed for dropping catches.

It was awfully hot. If there was any breeze going, I thought it would be about the shore; so I went down by the beach towards Solentia, and took things easy. I began to feel more comfortable in my mind as I got away from school, and by the time I reached Smuggler's Island I was plodding away in a very don't-care fashion, and only half awake. Smuggler's Island is a rocky little place about a hundred yards beyond low water, but the channel is rather deep. Opposite the island the road skirts along the shore just under a steep hill covered with dense brushwood.

When I got abreast of the island, I say, I was half asleep; but wasn't I wide awake in two jiffeys! There, not fifty yards away from me, and coming my way, was no other than old Baggy himself! Luckily he was as drowsy as I had been, and thinking away like anything. When old Baggy was like that you might steal his hat off his head without his knowing it.

There was only one thing to do. I made a frantic rush for the bank, and scrambled up into the brushwood. With my rug and my bag to carry, it was awfully hard work; there were thorns too, no end, and horrible little prickles that you couldn't see; but old Baggy was coming, and I wasn't going to be caught for a trifle. I wriggled and fought through about ten feet of it, and then found myself in a little bit of clear ground; there I crouched down and waited for him to get past.

Old Baggy seemed to be in no particular hurry. Exactly opposite where I lay he stopped, and my heart came into my mouth; but he stood quite quiet, looking, so far as I could tell, not in my direction at all, but out to sea. After standing silent for an age, and giving me cramp, he began to mutter and murmur, as if he were talking in his sleep, and moved slowly away towards Croffington.

He had had time to get there and back before I ventured to move. When I did move, I discovered some very curious things. The little hollow in the gorse in which I found myself did not look at all like an accidental gap; it looked as if it had been made on purpose, or at any rate found out by somebody and improved; for it was very nearly square in shape, and had two doors, one at the back and one at the side, with narrow lanes winding off through the brushwood. I tossed up which of these I should take—heads the back door, tails the side door. It fell head, but I took the side door to shew my independence. The narrow passage was not at all straight, and had not been used for a long time. Every now and then it was blocked up by a straggling bush, and I had not gone many yards before I returned to my square room, and put down my rug and bag, to be left till called for. Without them I got on much faster, and had soon traced the path to its end. It led you out behind a very large and thick clump; on the other side were several smaller clumps, and beyond them a lot of scattered bushes on the edge of a bit of open common. This piece of waste ground stretched as far as the Solentia road. The fellows that made that way must have been awfully clever. You would never have found it out by accident, and even if you knew it was there you might search for days before you found it. If I hadn't noticed a bit of white wool on the top of that big clump of furze I don't think I could ever have found my way back. But I did, after a time, and then I rested a good long spell, for I was awfully fagged.

When I began to explore the other little lane through the brushwood I found it much harder work. It wound about like an eel in convulsions, and yet seemed always to lead you uphill. The brushwood on each side was tall, thick, and unbroken, and I shouldn't wonder if the path was made so wriggly, just in order to prevent anybody spotting it from the sea.

I should think that one end of it was not more than twenty yards from the other, but the track itself must have been three times as long as that.

It ended in the jolliest way in the world, just like what you might expect. You suddenly turned a sharp corner, came back again for a yard or two, then turned again to the right, and there you were! You had bushes behind you, bushes in front of you, bushes between you and the sea, bushes overhead, bushes on all sides but one, and on that side, in the face of the hill, there was a sort of door about four feet high, and inside the door a clean, dry cave. It was just perfect. The brushwood shut it in so closely all round that it seemed at the entrance like a little house made of furze and broom; but when you went inside you found it quite high enough for a man to stand up in, with walls made of yellow stone and a flat floor covered with turf. The room was about three yards across and five yards long. At the back it was much lower, and seemed to go on for several yards more before it came to an end, but this part wasn't quite in a line with the rest, and the light from the entrance didn't reach so far.

This was stunning. If I had ordered it to be got ready for me it couldn't have suited me better; and to think it had been there all this time, and none of our fellows knew it! What larks I should have, taking them to it, if I ever saw any of them again! What a jolly place it would be for the International Patriots to hold secret meetings in!

I went back for my traps. It was no end of a fag lugging them up to the cave, but I got them there at last. Then I spread the rug out on the turf, stretched myself on it and opened my bag,

Two tins of salmon, a knife, a yard of string, a box of matches, two candles, two French loaves that had been very chummy with the candles, a photograph wrapped in tissue paper, a conjuring toy given me by my little brother, the "Dog Fiend," in paper covers, a bottle of ginger-beer, a tin of sardines, three real cartridges and a real pistol—old Goggles's. In my pocket were seven pennies and five halfpence.

My first business was with the sardines. I shall never cease to be proud of the fact that I opened that box with that knife without cutting myself. Then I scraped one of my French loaves. Half of it, with eight sardines, made a very decent meal. I finished the ginger-beer, but kept the bottle to hold water. When I had done, I opened my book, sprawled at ease upon my rug, and made up my mind to read until I grew sleepy.

This was all very well until night came on. After it had become too dark to read, I had nothing to do but lie there, wrapped in my rug, and think. It was easy enough, to be sure, but it was not at all pleasant. I began to think about old Croffington, and wonder whether they had found out yet that I had run away. They would be sure to find out before bed-time; and what would they do then? would they telegraph home to my—to my people? If so, what a scare my people would be in! I took out the photograph from my bag, and looked at it in the dim light. What a shame to give them such a fright at home! I ought to have thought about it before, of course, but that didn't help me now. I knew what I would do: I would creep out as far as Solentia to-morrow, and telegraph home, "I am all right don't be scared.—Harry." But if I did, would the post office people catch hold of me and keep me until the Doctor came? I began to feel just as mean and sneaking as I had done at first.

I was sorry I had eaten all those sardines, too, and that dark part of the cave behind began to stick in my mind. At first the "Dog Fiend" kept coming out, until I took to thinking about one of Jules Verne's books instead; after that a much more horrible thing, all eyes and suckers and wriggling arms, lay watching me in that hole. As I dropped off to sleep he would begin crawling towards me, and I would awake with a start. After five or six of these frights I at last fell asleep in good earnest, with my rug for bed and my bag for pillow.

If you mix up Jones minor and old Goggles with old Baggy and the Doctor; add a little generosity, high spirit, and patriotism to the sensations of a howling sneak; take a figure from a photograph, pale and weeping, a pouncing telegraph clerk, a "Dog Fiend" and an octopus the size of an elephant, and stir them all up in a dark cave with olive oil and sardines, you get a nightmare big enough to fill the whole night and stick out several hours into the day. While it lasts, a nightmare is no joke; the only good thing about it is the laugh you get when you remember it next morning; but if it does not stop when you awake, but only grows more real and more horrible, how then?

One by one they came up out of the darkness, those dreadful shapes, and stood around me; others with wings came fluttering over their heads, and more and more, until I was roofed in, shut out from air and coolness, by a cloud of grinning monsters. They began to laugh,—at first low, so that you could hardly hear them, then louder and louder, giggling and cackling and roaring, thousands and thousands of them. I could feel their breath roll over me, heavy and stifling: it choked me. Out of the crowd came one more fearful than the rest, with claws of red-hot steel; it held out a black hand, tipped with fire, and waved it round and round over my head; at last, with a sudden swoop, it touched my face,—and I awoke.

I awoke in the act of brushing that fire from my face. For the next few moments I lay staring and panting in bewilderment, and did not know where I was, or what I feared. The next instant I remembered the cave and the brushwood, and knew what was happening. I lay for another instant quite stiff with fear, and then shrieked and sprang to my feet. Another spark had been carried by the wind against my cheek. I ran to the mouth of the cave and tried to look out. The wind blew in gusts, sometimes rolling along a cloud

of burning smoke, sometimes a shower of sparks, sometimes a sweet breath of cool air. Suddenly a fiercer gust than ever swept all the smoke away, and showed me how frightful was my plight. All round me the bushes were ablaze, and flying bits of flame carried the fire to new fuel. There was no hope of flight.

I cowered back into the cave, seized my rug and bag, and rushed back to the narrow end. I had some notion that it would be cooler there, and that I might block out the smoke with my rug. I remember that thought clearly; it was the last before a gap. The next thought I had was that I was saved.

How I did it without killing myself I can't make out, but between these two thoughts I had groped and stumbled for at least thirty yards along a low narrow tunnel. The air I was breathing was cool, but dank and mouldy, like it is in cellars. The only whiff of smoke was what I had brought in my clothes and rug. I was saved.

But I hardly dared stop to think so, I was so wild to get further away from the smoke and fire. I remembered my candles, groped in my bag for matches, and lit one of them. I grudged the time that it took me, but was glad when I had done it. The light was a great comfort. About ten yards further I came to a wall, and thought for a moment that it was the end; but no, the tunnel turned sharp to the left and led down a sort of rough, steep staircase.

It was as I was stumbling down this slope that the idea first struck me what a queer thing I had found out. There could be no doubt about this tunnel, any more than about the lanes in the brushwood which was blazing overhead; it had been made by men, and used for some secret purpose. I was pleased that I had found it out. I dare say that at another time I should have been afraid to go so far into it alone; I never thought of that now, but only of the fearful thing I was leaving behind me.

The tunnel turned again to the left, and ran quite straight and level. It was tall enough for a man to stand upright in; at every few yards there were great wooden beams, with another across them, holding up the roof. This particular stretch must have been three hundred yards long, but it might have been three thousand for all I cared then; at last it turned twice to the left, as it had done at first, and I began climbing up another slope.

When I had climbed about halfway, as I thought, I suddenly felt a breath of wind in my face, bringing with it a whiff of smoke. For a moment I pulled up short, in great terror, but I soon made up my mind to go on as far as I could, for I could always get back to the long tunnel if need be. The staircase was shorter than I expected; it gradually widened into a tall, roomy cave; the slope grew less steep, and I was soon standing upon a level floor.

Holding my candle high above my head I peered around. The little light it gave did not show me how high the cavern was, nor how broad, but only that it was very lofty and spacious. When I had once stood still I did not like to move again; I was cold and shivering, and in the very bluest of blue funks. But once and again the flame of my candle was shaken by a puff of air, and I could make out the smell of burning bushes. As I strained my sight into the darkness around me I thought I could see a faint glimmer of white. I moved towards it, and peered downwards. It was a skeleton.

After that there was another gap before I thought again. When I did so, I had found the wall of the cavern with the casks piled all along it, had followed it to the corner with its narrow passage, had traced the passage to its opening, crawled through a screen of brushwood, and was out in the free air.

I thought I wouldn't tell you what I did next, but Chickweed says I'd better. He says anybody might have done it in the same fix, and I mustn't be ashamed of it. I sat down on a shelf of rock and began to laugh; not that there was anything very comic about it, only somehow I felt I must laugh, and couldn't help it to save my life. I went on laughing for an awful time, fit to split, and then, in the middle of it, suddenly started blubbing. It feels awfully funny to want to laugh and blub at the same time, and not to be able to make up your mind about it, and so to go on doing both at once.

It took me a long time to get straight, but I did so at last, and felt better than I had done since my attack upon the sardines. Then I began to look about me, and saw a sight worth seeing. I was on Smugglers' Island. A heavy wind was lashing the waves into froth all round me; every billow was tipped with blood, and the channel between me and the mainland looked like liquid fire; the coast shone out for miles in a lurid glare, and great wreaths of smoke wavered away over the inland woods, for one half of the wild hill opposite was wrapped in flame.

The half to my left was already a blackened knoll. I could see the fire creeping on as it finished with one bit of brushwood and made up its mind there was fresher food ahead. Sometimes it was itself caught in the wind, and gave a great jump for yards and yards; but it always came back and did its work. It burned for three hours, and all that time I watched it, I alone; there might be others out of sight on other sides of the hill, but no one ventured underneath it on the Solentia road. By the time it ended the day was breaking, and long after it was light the smoke kept rolling away from the black hillside.

When the sun was high, and nobody had yet turned up on the shore, I began to feel hungry and thirsty. It was then that I first set about wondering what had become of my bag, with its loaves and small fishes. I had had it in the tunnel when I lit my candle; that was certain; I felt certain I had had my rug too; but they were gone now, and I wouldn't have gone back to look for them to be made captain of the first eleven.

I sat down again upon my rock, and waited. I felt very sick and faint, and the sun grew awfully hot. I did not go to sleep, but yet I kept dreaming—not about the cave, and the fire, and the tunnel, as you might have thought, but about home, and my people, and years ago. Every now and then I woke, and every time I was shivering like a jelly. It must have been hours while I was sitting there.

And then, at last, I awoke again, and found somebody bending over me, and calling my name; I was not a bit surprised, even when I found it was old Baggy, and that he was dripping wet; I awoke again when they were taking me out of the boat, and then next time I awoke I was in bed, with the dear old mater sitting by me, and telling me to keep quite quiet.

After mother had gone, and I was allowed to get up for a few minutes, and to talk a little, I told Mr. Thompson all about it. We had grown quite chummy while I was ill. And then he went with an excise officer, and found the tunnel, and the skeleton, and the casks full of vinegar, and brought me back my rug and things; but nobody could make out how long ago the smugglers had left it, or anything more than I found out.

So now that I am all right again Chickweed says I ought to write it all down. Chickweed is the editor of our school mag., "The Croffingtonian." He says he will go through it, and make it all right about the language and the spelling and that, and here it is.

As for the International Patriotic Club, I don't think I shall go on with that, now that Mr. Thompson has started the Debating Society. The Doctor took old Goggles's pistol and sent it home to his father; and he said in school, after prayers, that no firearms of any sort were permitted. You should just have seen the silly way in which old Goggles grinned when the Doctor said that!

JENKINS'S HAMPER.

By R. W. K. Edwards,

Author of "Tompkins's Telephone," etc.

I.

Dr. Greengage, as a rule, I believe, objected strongly to hampers. He denounced them as the "ill-omened receptacles of pernicious edibles prepared for those who bartered for the pleasures of the palate the peptic potentialities of the digestive organs." But for some time after he came among us he did not put a stop to them. His predecessor, a mild but far-seeing man, had encouraged the system of hampers rather than otherwise; he said it was natural that the boys should like to know that their friends at home had not quite forgotten them. But with Dr. Greengage it was different. He was a man in whom the spirit of reform was strong; he was much chafed by the effects of his predecessor's laxity, and he was only awaiting a good excuse for forbidding hampers, as he had already forbidden catapults, excessive grub-buying, foreign stamp collecting, and other sources of juvenile shortcomings.

For us, like other boys, I suppose, a host of tender associations clustered round a newly-arrived hamper. I hardly knew which was most pleasant, distributing portions of my own hamper, or sharing the contents of others. We had a sort of chronic mania for hampers. Mine used to come about a week after the beginning of term. Old Johnny Bullock had a hamper in the middle of each term, not to mention special occasions, such as the Feast of St. Michael and Lady-Day; but then his people were farmers, and had liberal ideas of eating and drinking.

Jenkins was the only fellow who seemed never to have a hamper sent him. His father was a popular physician who was said to know more about peoples' insides than any one else in London. He had written a book entitled *The Digestive Organs: Their Rela-*

tions to Moral and Domestic Life, a work somewhat in the style of the late Samuel Warren—a mixture of poetry and practice, and on the title-page was a quotation from Shakespeare—

"An undergoing stomach to bear up
Against what might ensue."—*The Tempest.*

So Davey Jenkins had been brought up in the lap of wholesome frugality; and his learned father, I dare say, hoped that he would grow up a splendid man, and in the end die of sheer longevity.

However, Davey Jenkins was anything but a splendid boy at the time I knew him. He was rather old-looking, with a long face and straight stubbly black hair; and he was very small in every way, with a small head and a small body, small black eyes and a small voice; but the smallest thing about him was his mind, which was so extremely minute that it was a prey only to cares and joys of the smallest description. But he had his good points, of course. He was extremely tidy, and always arrayed in a neat Eton jacket with a spotless collar; and he was very good-natured. His father allowed him plenty of money, knowing that Dr. Greengage discountenanced visits to the tuck-shop; so Davey Jenkins made himself rich in books and periodicals, carpenters' tools, mechanical novelties, and all sorts of sources of amusement and happiness. These he would lend to anybody, so nobody disliked him, and some liked him. If Davey Jenkins had not had quite such a small mind he might have found life tolerably agreeable.

But, alas! no one is satisfied in this world. The king sighs for obscurity, and the peasant longs for power, etc. etc. Nothing we possess ever seems to make up for the absence of what we just don't possess. Macslogger makes his century, but instead of being elated, he spends a sleepless night thinking of how he ought to have played the ball that bowled him. Davey Jenkins had much to make him happy—fret-saws, moths, stamp-albums, books, and plenty of cash. But he wasn't happy. He was, in fact, at times miserable; something small preyed on his little mind. You have read in fairy tales how the father and mother of Tom Thumb and such prodigies sigh for a son and then have one. Well, Davey Jenkins sighed for a *hamper*. He sighed in vain. At first he wrote to his father:—"*P.S.*—Please send me a hamper; all the other fellows have one." His father wrote to Dr. Greengage to ask if woven wicker baskets or hampers were among the school requisites, and Dr. Greengage said No. Then Davey Jenkins gave up trying to extort grub from his unwilling father, and actually became rather silent and reserved. Wasn't it contemptible of him?

Loftus Browne, now, was quite different. He was second boy in the Upper Sixth, awfully good at Latin verse (it was whispered that he had put the whole of Gray's *Elegy* into hexameters and pentameters in an afternoon), good at cricket and swimming, and rather a "dawg" on Sunday mornings. He held himself up and joked freely with some of the under-masters. But what makes a gloomy silence descend even over Loftus Browne at intervals? He is thinking how he would like to be able to dress as his brother, who is in an office in London, dresses; he is sighing for a swagger tie, a higher collar, and a daily top-hat. If the fellows knew what was on his mind would they despise him heartily? No; but then Loftus Browne was different!

Davey Jenkins's misery began with pride. Things were often offered him from other fellows' hampers, which he generally took, not without a pang of pride, which grew keener as his hunger disappeared. Then some fellow inadvertently said something which seemed to his distorted imagination to allude to his hamperless condition, and then he became worse.

The events of the next chapter were therefore a surprise.

II.

Term was getting on. Already some enthusiastic anticipator had scrawled up in chalk in the fives-courts, "5 weeks more to the holidays," endorsed with a "hooray" in a still worse hand. We had just had the whole holiday which Dr. Greengage gave the fellows about the middle of each term, so that those who lived near could go home from the Saturday to the Tuesday (if their parents could stand it) and take their more foreign friends with them. I and some other fellows walked over to Biddlecombe-by-the-Sea on the Monday, and spent a dreary, drizzling afternoon between shingle and tuck-shops, enjoying it immensely all the same. Jenkins had gone away very quietly all by himself to Northborough, the county town, about eighteen miles off, on some mysterious errand which he did not seem to care about divulging.

It was about a week after this that Jenkins came up to me in an exceedingly friendly sort of way. He was going to have a hamper sent him, he said; he didn't care about all the fellows knowing it, but as I was a particular chum of his (I smiled blandly) he didn't mind telling me, provided I told no one else; and he promised to give me plenty of tuck when it came. I felt friends with Jenkins from that instant. I had never been much in his confidence before, but his assuming trustfulness in committing to my sole care the great secret touched me deeply, and created an impression on me which was hardly effaced when I found he had been up to all the rest of the school in exactly the same way.

It was Monday afternoon when the eventful hamper arrived. There was going to be a public meeting in the Assembly Rooms in the town, which we were all going to attend, and at which the Rev. Augustus Blenkinsop (father of Blenkinsop ma. and Blenkinsop mi.) was going to give some account of his former missionary life in America. We were all going, in obedience to the Doctor's orders, and we were to prepare our night-work in the afternoon instead. I was sitting at my desk in the big schoolroom over my Greek grammar, chanting τύπτω at the top of my voice, and thumping the desk with both fists to drown the noise of similar students, when I looked out of the door and saw a railway porter go by with a barrow and a huge hamper on it. Then Davey Jenkins flew by after it, running as he never ran before. I instantly left τύπτω, and in a minute found myself amid the throng of Jenkins's staunch supporters. We shouldered the hamper and rushed it round to one of the empty studies. After as many fellows as could had got in (the study was twelve feet square, and I should think there must have been thirty fellows in it then), we shut the door on the seething crowd outside, and proceeded to business.

Never have I seen a larger hamper, and never (now I come to think of it) a more deadly one. Of all the large variety of things inside which I remember now, my mature judgment leads me to think that there was not one which could be called decently wholesome. Everything seemed to be in tins. There were large tins of marmalade and jam, tinned flesh, fish, and fowl of all kinds, and tins of all sorts of mysterious messes of which we had never heard before. There was an air of wholesale deadliness about the whole thing that fascinated us, and after breaking our pocket-knives opening the tins we were soon busily engaged in putting away the contents. Then the tea-bell rang, and we woke again to ordinary existence.

Half of this fearful hamper was brought by ready volunteers to the tea-table. Everybody had what he liked, and there was a general uproar. Davey Jenkins was nowhere, and his grub everywhere. It was as when a mutinous army breaks into a town after a long and weary siege and goes for the victuals at once. Dr. Greengage was out, receiving the Rev. Aug. Blenkinsop, and the resident undermasters had fled the scene. The mild fellows, who always brought books to the tea-table, were as bad as the rest. At last when everyone had got something deadly on his plate, a little order succeeded.

"Blenkinsop," said Mayhew, a big fellow, to a mild boy in spectacles, who was mixing sardines, tinned pine-apple, and Ainsworth's "Tower of London" in the most reckless way,—"Blenkinsop, is your governor going to give us a lecture to-night?"

"Yes," said Blenkinsop, "I believe he is."

"Well, look here, you may tell him if he makes it too long or too dry I shall punch his head; see?"

"Yes, Mayhew," said Blenkinsop with a faint smile, and casting his eyes on his plate.

"If he had any sense of decency he'd have brought a magic lantern with him. It's rot our having to go; and he'd better make it all tales and no jaw, you may tell him."

"'Sop's pater's had a lot of adventures; hasn't he, 'Sop?" said another fellow who wanted to make it pleasanter for 'Sop.

"Yes," said 'Sop, thankfully, "he was nearly scalped once."

"Well, you may tell him," said Mayhew, gratingly, "he'll have some more adventures to-night if he doesn't make it interesting. I know the kind of chap he'll be." And Mayhew gave a mincing imitation of Blenkinsop ma., which amused us all and cut poor 'Sop to the quick.

"Whew! I've had about enough of Jenkins's jam," said another fellow, pushing away his plate with a deep sigh. "Let's get ready to go."

The Doctor came in soon after we had got on our Eton jackets and clean collars. "Remember, boys," he said, before he led us forth, "that you occupy the two front rows of seats, and will therefore be the cynosure of all eyes in the room. So be quiet and attentive, and if your headmaster should be called upon to address the meeting, do not be—h'm!—too tumultuous in your expressions of approbation."

We certainly had the best seats in the room, though I am afraid we hardly appreciated the honour. It was impossible to lubricate ourselves with sweetmeats as freely as we could have wished, when we were so publicly placed. I know there is an art in conveying a sweet to one's mouth, secretly, during "prep," and other solemnities, and disposing of it without embarrassment even when called upon to speak; but the only time I tried it was in class, when I was found out, as Dr. Greengage expressed it, by my "impetuously aiding the pleasing dissolution by a process of vigorous mastication, which betrayed itself in subdued but audible crepitation, combined with facial distortion and vocal inarticulation." But we were on this occasion *vis-à-vis* with a platform strewn with clergymen and a few clerical-looking laymen, who sparkled meaningly at us with that irritating combination of playfulness and seriousness which I have often noticed is

considered by many the correct attitude towards schoolboys.

Mr. Blenkinsop was a pale, weakly-looking little man, whom it was impossible to imagine roughing it in any way. While being introduced to the audience by a humorous Archdeacon, he smiled nervously and diluted himself with a tumbler of water from the table. The effect did not seem to be that he was exhilarated in any way, and from the beginning of his speech we boys all thought it a failure. I heard Mayhew saying a few days afterwards that Mr. Blenkinsop did not "pile it on" sufficiently. "He'd been a decent chap, your governor, 'Sop, no doubt, if he didn't take after you. He's got your green face and yellow eyes; and he's no idea of spinning a yarn."

The Doctor was beaming away on the platform. During the opening speech he nudged Mr. Blenkinsop, and pointed out his two boys to him. Mr. Blenkinsop smiled spasmodically, and Blenkinsop major and minor, under fire of a scorching grin from Mayhew, looked uncommonly foolish.

The temperature of the room was pretty high, and Mr. Blenkinsop was at length beginning to show signs of warming to his work, when a little incident occurred. Blenkinsop ma. rose, pale as death, and tottered out of the room, promptly accompanied by the senior assistant master. It was rather trying for the speaker, who paused anxiously as he watched his son and heir lurching out of the door. He drank a tumbler of water, however, and again applied himself to his task; and the occurrence would no doubt have been forgotten, but for a strange coincidence. Fenton, the boy next to me, after yawning thrice heavily and audibly, in spite of the glaring glances of the doctor, suddenly fell against my shoulder in a dead faint. I was very much embarrassed, and tried to prop him up unobserved, but he fell right down, and had to be carried out by the head boy and the Mathematical master. Mr. Blenkinsop drank another tumbler of water during the interruption, and then proceeded. He might, no doubt, even now, waterlogged as he must have been, have worked himself up to an interesting pitch, if Blenkinsop mi. had not, strangely enough, been the next victim. I consider that Blenkinsop mi. behaved most unfilially. Instead of staggering out decently, as his brother had done, he must groan and cry aloud, and hold his hands to his waistcoat under his father's very nose. The poor man himself almost collapsed. He emptied the water-bottle, and proceeded to talk confusedly about the foliage of the birds and the plumage of the trees; while his younger son was led gingerly forth by the only remaining master.

How the meeting terminated, and whether, on the whole, it was a success or not, I scarcely know, for it was my turn next. A peculiarly revolting sensation came over me, and, after combating vainly with it, I rose to go. I think I could have made my way out quietly, but the principal of a commercial academy in the town met me half-way down the room and kindly assisted me. He seemed to make the most of the situation, for he collared me low and threw me over his shoulder. It upset me dreadfully, and I recollect very little more till I found myself in bed in the dormitory, with nearly all the other fellows as ill as myself. The matron was running about wringing her hands, trying all the internal and external applications in her cupboard.

It was a terrible night. All the horrors of the steerage of an emigrant ship in a violent storm were reproduced in the dormitory. Without any joking, though, Blenkinsop minor was so seriously ill as to be really in danger at one time of the night. I believe if he had had a sardine or two more at tea, this story would never have been written. The only boy not in any way the worse was Jenkins himself, who, as I have said, had not had much of the contents of that dreadful hamper. He lay cowering in bed with his head covered up as if to hide himself from his conscience, pretending to be asleep.

Dr. Greengage never went to bed at all. He walked to and fro about the passages all night, occasionally looking in when any boy was exceptionally ill. I heard him asking the matron if she thought anything could have been wrong with the boys' food. The matron could only suggest that the 'am at breakfast that morning might have been a trifle 'igh and hoperated according; but then, Jenkins had 'ad two of 'am, and 'e was all right. Ham suggested hampers, but of course no one knew anything about any hamper having arrived. We were all quite silent about it, and Jenkins seemed so extremely sound asleep at this point that I believe his hamper might have passed into oblivion if the medical practitioner who attended the school had not turned up.

He was a breezy blustering man, who came into a room like an east wind, and searched into every corner of a boy's constitution with about as much penetration.

"Greengage," he shouted irreverently, after diagnosing the whole of us with a sniff, "Greengage, you'd better get your pupils troughs to take their food from. They've been making pigs of themselves over their food. You know you have. Which of you has been bringing grub into the school? Is it you, is it you, is it you, is it—wake up, you scoundrel," and he gave Jenkins a great dig with his stick. "You're shamming, I can see. Come now, you're the chap that's been poisoning the others with messes."

Davey Jenkins burst out crying.

"I c—c—couldn't help it," he sobbed. "It wasn't my fault. I'll never do it again."

"Dress and show us the stuff," said the Doctor.

The remains of the hamper were then inspected. It was found, as I have said, that everything therein was in tins, and, further, that many of the tins were highly defective, and had, as it were, ventilated the contents much too freely. There was one particular tin of "salmon mayonnaise," the contents of which were found to be nothing short of a virulent poison.

Jenkins, full of remorse and shame, was closely examined as to who could have sent him so treacherous a gift. The label revealed that it had come from Northborough. It appeared that the only connection Davey Jenkins had in that neighbourhood was Miss Dorcas Jenkins, an elderly lady who partook of the nature of distant cousin and estranged great-aunt, and lived in rigid seclusion a few miles from Northborough. A lively triangular correspondence thereupon ensued, unknown to the wretched boy, between Dr. Greengage, Dr. Jenkins, and Miss Dorcas Jenkins. As all the communications between the two latter, however, consisted of enigmatical taunts, spiced with family home-thrusts, the matter was not satisfactorily cleared up.

Most of us had breakfast in bed next morning, which was rather nice, especially as a good many of us felt quite well again. The under-masters left the remnants of their classes in charge of the German master and had a day's outing. Dr. Greengage spent the morning, much to his taste, I believe, drawing up a detailed syllabus of his objections to the system of sending hampers, which was printed and sent to all the parents in the next Sunday letters. "It is to be understood," said the Doctor, "that although I cannot of course veto the *sending* of hampers by your relatives, I can, and do, absolutely forbid you to *receive* them. If, therefore, any boy should be the recipient—or rather *addressee*—of one of these baneful tokens of mistaken friendship, he is immediately to report the matter to me, and to send me a list of not less than twelve of his friends, among whom what is wholesome among the contents may be distributed." The Doctor concluded by generously exonerating Jenkins from all blame. "You are not to think, boys, that Davey Jenkins is at all answerable for my apparently sudden accession of strictness in this matter. I have long intended to exert my prerogative against hampers, and the arrival of Jenkins's hamper has only accelerated an ultimately inevitable step. I think that Davey Jenkins is more entitled to your commiseration than dislike. As far as he is concerned, he has received a stab in the dark—a cruel blow; and I fear that when the matter has been cleared up (and I am in correspondence on the subject), it will be found that there is some admixture of malice in the motives with which it was sent."

III.

We never so much as alluded to the hamper after this in Jenkins's presence. But he seemed, all the same, to be much overburdened by the recollection of it. He loafed about a good deal alone, and occasionally dogged some fellow's footsteps till he got him into a quiet spot, where he would approach him with mysterious friendship, and end up by giving him something. He gave away nearly everything he had. He gave Blenkinsop minor all his fretwork tools. He gave me, in the course of a subdued interview in the boot-hole, an expensive book on birds' eggs, which I afterwards found, from the fly-leaf, had been given to him on his birthday "by his affectionate father." I thanked him awfully and got away as soon as I could. There was something uncanny about this excessive friendliness. If he meant it to appease a wounded conscience, I think he must have failed, for he appeared more dejected than ever. I have an idea that if he had been chaffed unmercifully about the hamper, it might have done him good; but we felt it was a forbidden subject. Some of the fellows grumbled of course at the new regulations, which, as it were, nipped several expected hampers in the bud; but public feeling was more or less pacified by the appearance of jam at the tea-table, with which Mrs. Greengage had wisely inaugurated the new era. For a fortnight no hampers appeared; and at the end of that time, curiously enough, a very bulky specimen of the common grub-hamper arrived, addressed to Davey Jenkins.

The Doctor was out at the time, and the hamper was left in the lobby, where we gazed on it with some interest, as it would perhaps be divided among us. There was a peculiar and indescribable odour about it, suggestive of Covent Garden. I took upon myself to tell Jenkins the news. I found him reading in the lavatory, and, to my surprise, he turned very pale when I told him of the hamper. I asked him why.

"Oh! I shall get into such an awful row," he whimpered.

"I don't see why," I said. "It isn't your fault if your people will keep on sending you hampers. Do you know who sent it?"

"Yes, I think I do, if it's fruit," he said miserably.

"But you didn't know it was coming," I said.

"Yes, I did," he replied. "I knew more than a month ago, before the Doctor forbade hampers. That's the worst of it. But I couldn't write because I'd lost the address."

"Well, you can say that," I said.

"Boo-hoo! I shall get into an awful row," said Davey. "I know I shall. I shall g-g-get expelled," and he wept on my waistcoat.

"Oh! don't go away," he snivelled. "Please don't go away. Tell me what to do. And, oh! don't say what I said to you. I'll give you my stamp album. Boo-hoo! I don't feel at all well. Take me to the matron's room."

And I took him to the matron, who gave him a big dose of Gregory, and put him to bed.

For two or three days Davey Jenkins did not appear in school. I said I thought he was shamming, so as to keep out of the way till the affair of the hamper had blown over, though we couldn't see why he should be in such a funk about it. But the curious thing was that this hamper turned out to be very much like the last; there wasn't a thing fit to eat in it. It was full of nothing but fruit —apples, oranges, pine-apples, tamarinds, pears, grapes—every one of them more or less bad. The Doctor spoke about it after prayers, and alluded to the contents as a "festering mass of decaying vegetable matter, a tithe of which would poison a convict-prison." He also told us that, like the last hamper, its source was a mystery; and that Davey Jenkins, who was ill with "severe internal pains," could say nothing as to where it came from, a fact which rather amused me. "Jenkins's father thinks," said Dr. Greengage, "that the last hamper came from an ill-affected member of a distant branch of the family, who chose this method of stepping in between the boy and his parent. I can hardly accept this as a solution of the present problem, however, and I have therefore instituted inquiries at the railway offices as to who were the senders of the last hamper."

A few days afterwards the Doctor came into school smiling. He looked round, after prayers, to see that Davey Jenkins was in his place. Then he said he had two letters to read to us which would throw a light on the mystery of the hampers. They were as follows:—

Firstly, a memorandum from Messrs. Levi & Moss, Fruit Salesmen, Tabernacle Walk, E.C., running thus:

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your memo. duly to hand, we beg to enclose order herewith, as received by us on 10th ult. We endeavoured faithfully to carry out instructions of said order, every detail of which we attended to, with the exception of 'fondest love,' which we felt ourselves not qualified to comply with. Regret that the fruit did not give satisfaction, but beg to state that as the party appeared to desire quantity in preference to quality, we endeavoured to meet his wishes as far as we could. We beg to enclose price list, and should highly esteem favoured orders, our terms for supplying schools are specially moderate.—Yours, with respect, Levi & Moss."

Secondly a letter from Davey Jenkins to Messrs. Levi & Moss, in substance as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—Please send me a large hamper of fruit. I enclose five shillings. Please send me the hamper, not now, but in a month's time. I want it particularly then. Please send lots of pears, apples, pine-apples, nuts, grapes, dates, and all other kinds of fruits, plenty of each, as I want it to go round, so mind it is a good big hamper, about three feet long, I should think. I enclose a lable for addressing it to me, and please send it by railway in a month's time.

D. Jenkins.

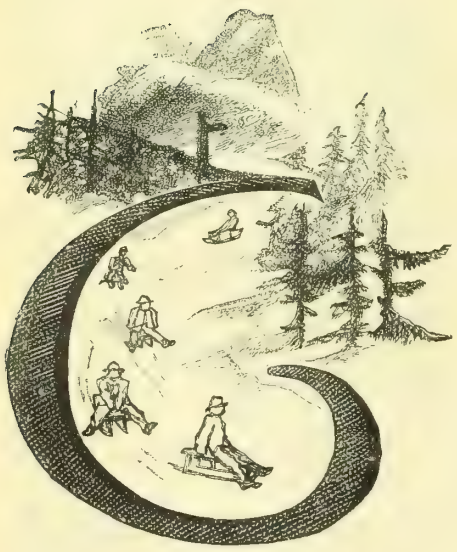
"*P.S.*—You might put a bit of paper in at the top, and write on it 'with fondest love.'"

Poor Jenkins!

HOW TO MAKE A SWISS TOBOGGAN.

By F. J. Erskine,

Author of "How to Build a Rustic Cart," etc.



sport of toboganning became quite popular last winter in some places, Dover and Hampstead being cases in point. But when practised in baths and on tea trays, it is such a laughable burlesque of the real thing, that I am writing a few words on building a Swiss "luge," or toboggan, which has the advantage over others that it is strong, and easily made by any boy of average capacity; also it is cheap.

A couple of runners (see Fig. 1, B), cut out of ash plank about 1½ inch thick, are planed up nicely, and another bar (A) is cut which runs the whole length from the top of the curved-up end, which forms the lower bar. Into these two bars are mortised a couple of uprights C, C, C, C, Fig. 1, which keep the frame in shape. The mortised ends should be as large as the wood will allow, to insure strength.

A couple of these frames are made, the mortises and tenons cut and fitted; then the bottom bar is shod, right up to its curved ends, with either iron hooping, or, better still, a quarter-inch thick band of iron, which is slightly convex on its outer side; a hole must be drilled in the top of each curve, and a stout screw ring inserted to hold the tow rope.

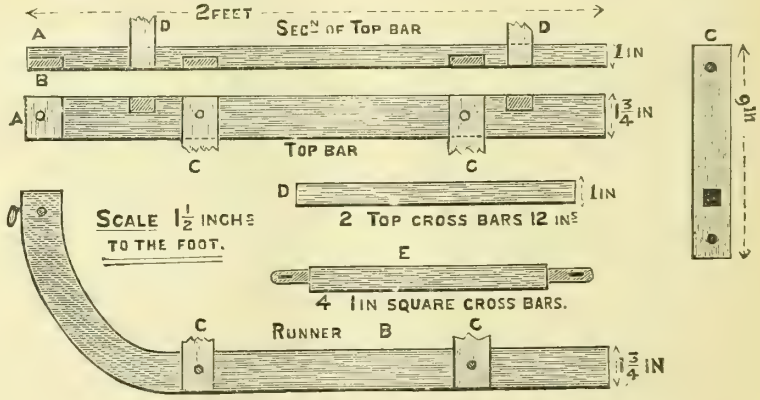


Fig. 1.

When both are finished, it remains to put the front and back cross strengtheners, D D. These bars should be 12 or 14 inches over all, and should be halved into the frame D, leaving an inch projecting either side. One should be about four inches from the curved end, and the second a like distance from the hind end. They should be let in flush and neatly, and either pinned or screwed. If the former way be employed oaken pegs should be used, and the ends cut off flush with a sharp chisel, but even an old English winter is not severe enough to prohibit the use of screws, and they are a great saving of trouble. Before fixing these, four small mortises should be cut in the two upright bars C, Fig. 1, one on each bar to hold the two stringers (E), which hold the sides firmly apart. The stringers have each two long tenons, cut and perforated with a small hole at each end, to hold a wedge-pin which bears against the outside of the bar, holding the whole frame-work firmly and rigidly together. This done, all that remains is to fix a few bars for the "luger" to sit on. These bars are secured by screws to the crossbars back and front, D D. They overlap the frame a bit at each side. If of a fanciful frame of mind, these bars may be of polished oak, but half-inch pine does well and looks nice. The form of the top is that of an exaggerated boot-jack. Fig. 2 shows what is meant better than pages of description.

I forgot to give dimensions at first. The

top bar rules the whole affair, and if this is 29 inches long a very good single "luge" results. If two feet long and about a foot wide, a very stable "machine," as a Scotchman would say, is the result. "Fliers" are made in Switzerland very long and narrow, but they overturn easily. The height from the ground should be about eight or nine inches. When this "luge" is finished, the expense will be found to be about three shillings, and the longer it is worn, like a good plane, the better it will run. Why? Because the runners will get polished up like glass, and will run as long as there is an inch grade to run on!

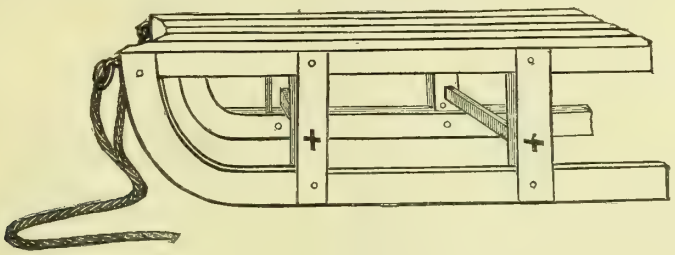


Fig. 2.

The Swiss way of "luging" is to use the boot heels as guides, and some add a stick where the roads are icy, and there are many curves, but for an English hill boot heels will do. When starting, sit firmly and squarely down, with legs well off the ground and the tow rope coiled in one hand; one shove with your hand and off you slide. Set your heels well down, and *just touch* the surface of the snow with them (*en passant*, all "lugers" wear gaiters, as the snow flies in tiny fountains from heels and runners). If you want to steer to the right depress the right heel, and *vice versa*. But on no account dig down your heel suddenly when going fast, or the result will be a somersault, astronomical discoveries, and a prolonged hunt for the "luge," which has gone off on a voyage of discovery alone. Also never let go of the tow rope. I heard of some one in Switzerland who had to walk down to Montreux and back again to Les Avants, 2,000 feet up, hunting for a runaway "luge."

Of course in England there are no runs many miles long as there are in the Engadine, and in Switzerland. At Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva, when the snow is down, large parties come from Lausanne, even Geneva, by train, and walk up to Les Avants. A lively scene the station is on one of these bright frosty mornings. "Luges" of all shapes and sizes are dragged out of the vans and carriages; there is a babel of voices, English, American, French, German, mingled with the screech of the whistle and the jingle of bells from the sleighs outside. Lazy people hire these, and others walk up the old road, which goes up straight, and is as steep as the wall of a house. It is most comical to see the long line of people, each dragging his or her "luge" behind. The sleighs have sometimes fifteen or twenty tied on in a long train. Once at Les Avants, before the long run homewards, every one goes on the road from the Doré bridge, or comes down the slopes like lightning.

As the sun gets down towards the Jura, people begin to start for Montreux by the new road, about six miles of easy curves with here and there a steep grade. The "lugers" rush along under the pine trees heavy with white snow, and the golden sunlight touches up everything, whilst the lake beneath lies a sheet of lovely blue, with the Dent de Midi and mountains of Savoy rising clear against the blue sky. Suddenly comes a yell of "Gare! Gare-e!" from behind, and some big hay "luges" rush down, steered by a Switzer standing and guiding with a long pole. How their legs ever manage to stand the strain of coming down in this upright position no foreigner ever knows! Anyhow, when hay "luges" are going others must get into the snow, or be sent flying in a way to get sundry fractures. The six miles take as a rule from fifteen to twenty minutes. Sometimes another "luger" comes alongside, and a race ensues; generally one or other cannons into a snowdrift, which adds to the fun; and when the snow allows it, people slide right down into the town.

This is rather a digression from my subject, but the temptation when writing of "luges" is also to write of the place where the sport is most practised.

A toboggan of this kind has advantages over the Canadian sort in making, for to make that graceful curve at the end of any plank is a piece of work to dismay anybody. I made one in Northumberland on Canadian lines, but the curve at the end was a problem. The village blacksmith put a curve of sheet-iron! Well, mercifully the frost went and the snow too, or the village doctor would have had a couple of interesting cases to exercise his skill upon. The Swiss "luge" is easily carried, and is safe; a pair of skates can be strapped nicely under the seat bars.



Fig. 3.



THE THAUMATROPE:

AN OLD OPTICAL TOY WITH NEW DESIGNS.

By Alfred P. Wire, Hon. Librarian Essex Field Club.

Among the scientific treasures that used to be exhibited at the Old Polytechnic in Regent Street was a large Thaumatrope. To young and old this used to be very attractive, as it showed by means of an illusion the appearance of figures in motion. In our days the "Wheel of Life," made and sold by the opticians, is a modification of it, but the number of figures or designs shown is somewhat limited.

The object of the present article is to explain how to make for home use a Thaumatrope, and numerous new designs that cannot fail to amuse and to induce in the uninitiated a sense of wonder. For parties, bazaars, and soirées it is always attractive; and as even a child may use and exhibit it, it well repays the trouble of making.

The word Thaumatrope is derived from two Greek words, viz. *θαῦμα*, a wonder; and *τρεπω*, I turn; and the toy is so named because by turning it such surprising results are produced. The action is founded upon a well-known optical principle—the Persistence of Vision, or the retention by the retina of the eye for a short period of any visual impression made on it. This may be easily illustrated by whirling a lighted stick rapidly through the air, when a circle of light will appear instead of a series of bright points.

The Thaumatrope has taken two forms:—

Firstly—Two different designs are drawn on a circular card, one on one side and one on the other, and put in motion; for example, if a cage be drawn on one side of the card and a bird on the other, and if, by strings fixed at the end of a diameter, the card be twirled round so as to present alternately to the eye successively and rapidly each face, the bird will appear in the cage. This illusion is because the image of the bird is not obliterated from the retina before the cage appears.

Secondly—A revolving disc with slits at regular intervals round the edge. The design drawn on a card being placed concentric with the disc and viewed by placing the apparatus in front of a looking-glass, and, while the disc and card are revolving together, looking at the reflection of the design in the glass through the slits as they rapidly pass in front of the eye. The amusement with this toy is endless, as any number of designs may be made and used with the same disc. Figures in motion so constructed that a man may appear to walk forwards or backwards, riding a bicycle, driving a barrow, shaking a flag, etc.; and geometrical designs may be so drawn and shown that while one part of the same design appears to be moving forward, another part may seem to be standing still, and yet another moving backwards, and one part passing over or under another. How these results may be accomplished is described lower down in the account of the preparation of the designs.

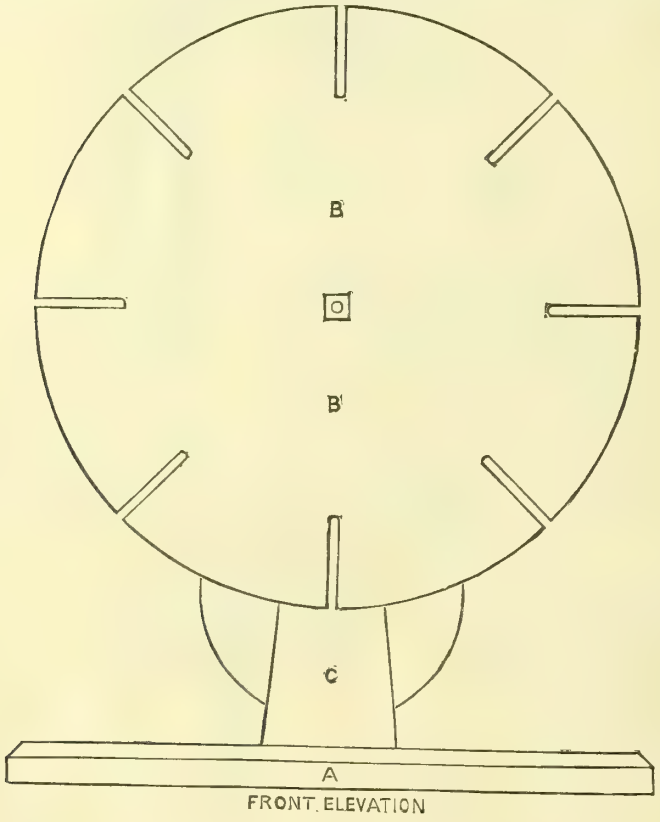


Fig. 1.

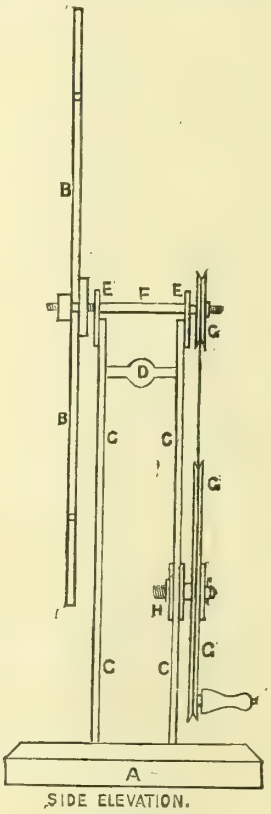


Fig. 2.

Description of the Revolving Disc and Method of Construction.

The figures accompanying this show the disc and method of construction, and discs ready made so that they only need enlarging and pasting on cardboard. The figures show three views: Front elevation, side elevation, and back elevation.

A. A base-board of mahogany 1 inch thick.

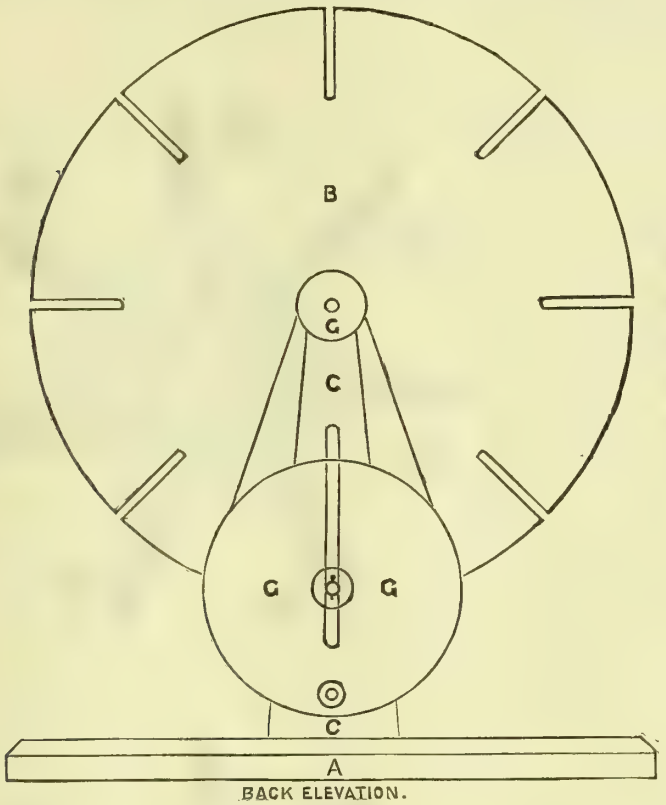
B. A circular piece of $\frac{1}{4}$-inch mahogany 12 or 14 inches in diameter, with eight radial slits $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide. This has a thick piece of brass firmly screwed on the centre at the back, and drilled and tapped so as to screw on and off the axle. In front a square nut is screwed to same axle to keep the design card on the disc during rotation.

C C C C. Two uprights of mahogany $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick mortised into the base, with a stay, D, between them near the top.

E E. Brass bearings for steel axle, F, turned so as to work easily, and having a screw thread at each end.

G G G. Multiplying wheels, the smaller one fixed firmly at back end of axle, the larger one fixed on a separate axle lower down. This last, by means of a screw, H, may be moved up and down and fixed firmly at any position by means of a slot—this in order to tighten the driving band when necessary. The wheels are geared by a small leather band. This may be made of a leather shoe-lace, the two ends being pared, lapped over,

and tied tightly with fine cotton. The larger wheel has a handle near the edge. Both wheels should be turned out of hard wood, the large one having a brass centre to prevent unequal wear.



BACK ELEVATION.

FIG. 3.

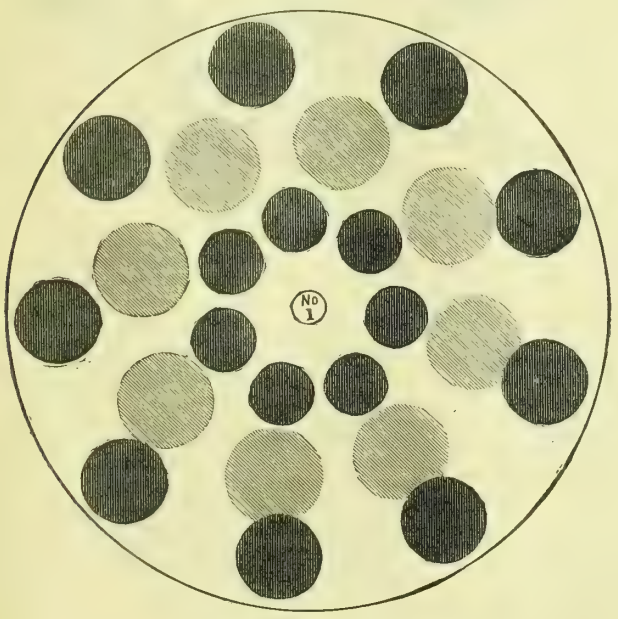
Description of the Designs.

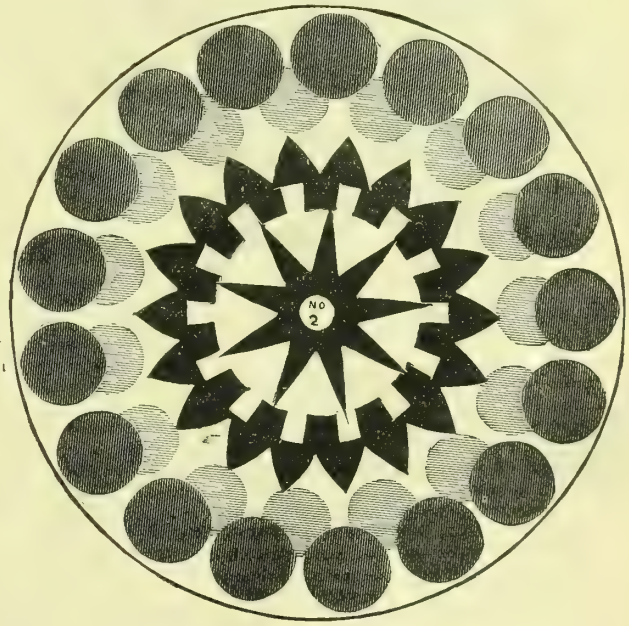
A circular card having been cut large enough to cover the centre of the disc without blocking up any part of the slits, the figures may be made either by drawing and painting them, or, preferably, by cutting them out of coloured paper and pasting them on the card.

No. 1.—This design consists of three concentric circles of large dots, and will serve to explain the principle on which the novel designs are constructed so as to make parts of the design move in different directions at differing speeds, or to stand still. If this design be affixed to the disc, revolved in front of a looking-glass, and the reflection observed by looking from the back of the revolving disc through the slits at the reflection in the glass of the moving card, it will be seen that the dots of the inner circle appear to be moving in a direction contrary to the motion of the disc, that the dots of the middle circle appear to be standing still, and the dots of the outer circle will appear to move in the same direction as the wheel is turning. To understand this was for some time a puzzle, but the explanation is, that if the number of the parts of the design be the *same* as the number of slits in the disc, the design will appear to stand still; if the number of the parts of the design be *less* than the number of slits, the design will appear to have a retrograde motion; and if the number be greater than the number of slits, the design will appear to have a forward motion. A little thought will show that it must be so, although I do not know that it has ever been noticed or explained before. Take the middle circle of *eight* dots; as each slit comes before the eye a dot comes with it in the same relative position, and the images of all dots in this circle are superimposed by the eye on the retina, so that all these eight appear as one. In the inner circle, where there are seven dots, as each slit comes the dot must be a little behind, and this gives the appearance of a retrograde motion; while with the outer circle of nine dots each dot must be a little in advance, and so give the appearance of forward motion. If we want to *decrease* the apparent speed we may increase the number of dots on the following principle. Eight or multiples of eight (16, 24, etc.) will give a series that will always appear stationary however fast the disc be revolved; while $8 - 1 = 7$, $16 - 1 = 15$, $24 - 1 = 23$, *i.e.* a little less than eight or any multiple of eight will give a retrograde motion; and $8 + 1 = 9$, $16 + 1 = 17$, $24 + 1 = 25$, *i.e.* a little more than eight or any multiple of eight, will give a forward motion.

No. 2.—This is rather more complicated, but still on the same principle. Here one row of dots appears to pass under the other.

No. 3.—Concentric wheels. This shows how a slow apparent motion may be obtained by increasing the number of parts. Here the cogs on the outer wheel number $8 \times 4 + 1 = 33$, and the cogs on the inner wheel number $8 \times 4 - 2 = 30$. The white star having nine rays will appear to go forward, while the black star having eight rays will appear to stand still.



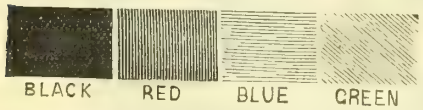


No. 4.—The man walking with flag. The various attitudes of the figure show the different positions the legs take in walking,

but in all changes the figure must gradual return to the initial position.

No. 5.—Man driving wheelbarrow. The wheel must be placed in such positions that it revolves once or twice during each revolution of the whole card.

No. 6.—The Bicycle-rider. The driving wheel must go round once during a revolution



The direction of the lines represents how the designs may be suitably coloured.

of the card, while the small wheel must necessarily revolve quicker.

How to make Design No. 1.

Cut a circular cardboard of, say, 12 inches diameter, and describe three concentric circles so placed that the centres of the dots may be on the circumferences of the circle. Divide them as follows:

Outer circle into 9 equal parts
Middle „ „ 8 „ „
Inner „ „ 7 „ „

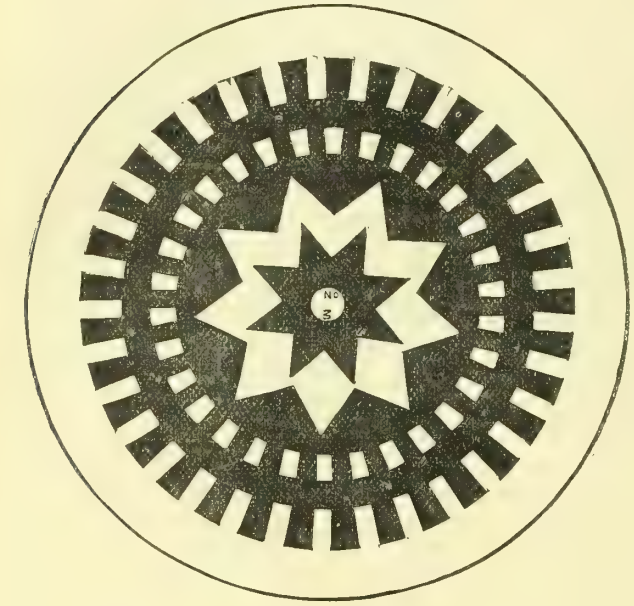
At each point of division describe a small circle the size of dot required, then either paint each dot or paste on each a piece of coloured paper.

How to make Design No. 2.

This consists of dots, wheels, and a star. The outer dots number $17 = 2 \times 8 + 1$, and should be put on after the smaller ones, which number fifteen. This makes it appear as though the large outer dots pass *over* the second smaller ones. The motions of these will appear in different directions. Make the cogged wheels of eighteen and fourteen teeth respectively, and the star with nine rays. If these parts be made of different colours the effect is very pretty.

Besides the designs given ingenuity will be able to make many more—indeed, innumerable figures may be made, all adding to one's pleasure and amusement.

To see this toy to advantage a large looking-glass should be used, and a lamp with a reflector to throw a strong light on the moving disc very materially improves the view.











THE ODD HALF-HOUR.

By William Crompton.

1.—ARBORICULTURAL.

We came across a "find" while digging recently in the Groves of Academia, and give our readers the benefit of a tre(e)-mendous enigma with the solution ready worked out, as we have quite gone to the roots—of the matter.

It is called

A TREE PUZZLE.

What's the sociable tree, and the dancing tree (Pear tree, caper),
And the tree that is nearest the sea (The beech [beach])?
The most yielding tree, and the Paul Pry tree (Cedar [ceder], medlar [meddler],
And the tree where the shipping should be (Bay)?

What's the languishing tree, the most helpful tree (Pine, service tree),
And the tree that 'gainst cold is well clad (Fir [*fur*] tree),
Which may housemaids use, which may truant boys flee (Broom, birch),
And the tree name that maketh me sad (Bleeding-heart cherry)?

What's the alderman's tree, and the hero's tree (Elder tree, oleander [*O, Leander!*]),
And the friendly tree shaking your hand (Palm);
What's the coldest tree, the unbeautiful tree (Chili [*chilly*] tree, plane [*plain*] tree),
And the haughty tree giving command (Mango [*man, go!*])?

What's the tree would to wandering invite you (Orange [*O, range!*]),
And which might your wants best supply (Bread-fruit tree);
Unto death what sad tree may unite you (Ash tree),
And which would forbid you to die (Olive [*O, live!*])?

N.B. We have omitted perhaps the greatest fruit-bearing tree from this inventory, viz. the Axle-tree; and not even hinted at the Christmas Tree which carries such store of

Delightful bright toys
For good girls and boys.

2.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER.

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was, to which Mr. Artful replied, enigmatically, "What you do in everything; excel (XL.), of course!" The innocent daughter of Eve recognised the compliment, but the Roman numerals tnat answered her question have escaped observation so far.

THE PRODIGAL YEAR.

It is quite usual to say the days of the year are 365, and the number looks well upon an almanack; but all is not gold that glitters, and strict veracity impels us to declare that only 325 really belong to it. The rest are Lent.

JEST SO!

There is a word of three syllables to which, if you add two, you will make it one syllable. *Syllable—monosyllable.*

QUEER ARITHMETIC, THIS!

What is that from which if the whole be taken, some will yet remain? The word "wholesome."

SWEET PEAS.

How many peas are there in a pint? This is rather a difficult sum to work out, so *we* are content to know there is at least one "p."

DOESN'T IT MATTER?

"Doesn't" instead of "does it not" sounds very like vulgarity, but is yet appropriate to the question of What is the difference between six dozen dozen and half-a-dozen dozen?

Many persons think there cannot be any, but very little reflection will convince most of them that there is a great deal, and if they like to work the simple problem out it will be found that the former exceeds the latter in number by 792.

READY MULTIPLICATION.

In none there is one; in four there are five; in nine there are ten; in six there are nine. How?

This way: One, V, X, IX.

A ROMAN ANTIQUE.

Nothing and six, with five hundred, pray know it,
Will give us the name of a world-famous poet.

So it will, and a man of more than *sum* genius, as you will recognise by placing a cypher, VI, and a D together, thus: OVID.

"THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS!"

Mr. Henry Russell was wont to predict this in a song, but we still "wait a little longer" for its advent. In the interval why not add a pleasure to life by subtracting some comfort from the numbers 100, 1, 5, 1, and 50.

This would speed the coming of the good time, be sure; and as my friend who rivals Artemus Ward in "new-fangled" English might express it—We could not then fail 2 B —CIVIL—2 1 another!

3.—HANDKERCHIEF AND STRING TRICKS.

NOT CROSSED.

It is well not to be crossed—in love, or otherwise—but if the handkerchief used in this trick is so treated the effect will be to destroy the success of a pleasing experiment. Let a friend hold the point of a walking-stick against your breast. Take a handkerchief and drop it over the stick; pass the ends underneath, and over the top once more, taking care not to *cross* the handkerchief but to keep its ends from the beginning to the finish of the trick upon the respective sides on which they start.

Now get your friend to put his hand over the handkerchief where it rests upon the stick; reverse the handkerchief, bringing its ends back across the hand, once round the stick, and tying them in a knot at the top.

All seems firmly bound together, but appearances are deceptive, for, on the withdrawal of the hand, the kerchief will come away, still knotted, free from the stick.

"KEEPING TIME, TIME, TIME!"

A very primitive pendulum may be arranged by fastening a shilling or sixpence to a loop at the end of a thread and letting the coin remain suspended in an empty goblet. The other end of the thread should pass over the pulse of your thumb and be held steadily between it and the fore-finger.

To achieve the requisite steadiness rest your elbow upon a table, and after a little time you will observe the coin vibrate like a pendulum, which is to be accounted for, no doubt, by the pulsation in your thumb; but the really wonderful part still remains to be told, for it is stated that if the thread be properly held the coin will presently "take it into its head" to strike against the sides of the glass the number of the hour nearest to the proper time of day.

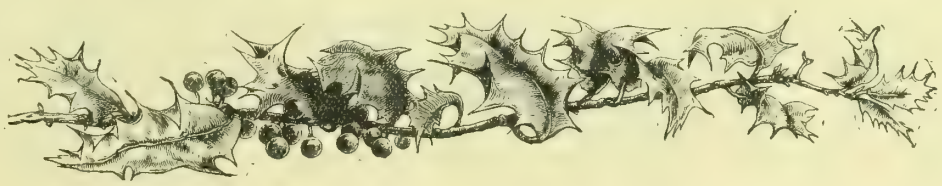
Any one may find out if this is correct provided he can wait patiently and with sufficient steadiness; but we, not being gifted with strong nerves, have never yet succeeded in verifying the very *striking* portion of a most curious experiment which, if true, seems incapable of being explained. We utterly reject any occult hypothesis, though there are many things in heaven and earth, as Hamlet intimates, whose mysteries are not yet dreamt of in our philosophy. Such may still be—and are, we believe—due to perfectly natural causes.

AN ENDLESS PUZZLE.

Remove your coat and then take a piece of twine some three yards long, tie the ends together, place it over your right arm and put your right hand in your waistcoat pocket.

The trick is to take the string off your arm without cutting the twine or removing your hand from your pocket.

The way to accomplish this feat is to pass the twine through the armhole of the vest and over your head, then through the opposite armhole; now place your left hand under the waistcoat, draw the string down, and step out of it.



A NIGHT IN THE LIFEBOAT.

By Herbert Russell.

I had been for some while engaged in conversation with a smart-looking and intelligent boatman, who paced with me up and down to leeward of a lugger lying high and dry upon the beach. A keen north-east wind swept in a wild, whistling song over the dark and foaming ocean. Our talk chiefly concerned nautical matters, and I found my companion had a great deal to say about the various topics on which we touched. Presently the wind piped up into a gust so fierce and shrill that we both came to a pause and stood gazing at the race of white waters set running, and the breakers rising up and bursting like avalanches of snow upon the beach not two hundred yards from where we stood.

"There's a tidy weight o' wind in this here squall," said the boatman, projecting his head beyond the shelter of the lugger's stem and instantly withdrawing it again. "It's my opinion, sir, that there's a-going to be some dirty weather."

"I hope not," he answered, "although leastways if there should come a call she's all ready for to go, and there won't be no want of hands willing to man her neither."

"You would go in her for one," said I.

"I, sir? I'm the cox'n of her," he answered.

"Oh, indeed!" said I, looking at the man with a new interest.

"Yes, getting on for fifteen year now have I been skipper of that there boat," said he.

"You must have seen many wrecks and saved a great deal of life?" said I.

"Ah!" said he, gnawing ruminatively upon his quid, "I should like to have a sov'rin, sir, for every man, woman, and child as I've lent a hand in the saving of. I don't ask for no more, just a sov'rin each, and there would be no call for me ever to go afloat again, I allow."

"I have frequently wished for an opportunity of going out in a lifeboat," said I; "it must be a wonderful experience, and a thing to talk about afterwards."

"I wish you would let me accompany you if the lifeboat should go out," said I.

"What!" cried he, with a grin of incredulity, "you don't sure-ly mean to say you're so much in arnest as *that*, sir? D'ye mean to tell me that you'd be willing to quit your warm fireside or your snug bed for a seat in the lifeboat, when there's no airthly call for you to go; nothen for you to airn even, and in such weather, too, as this 'ere?"

"Yes, I think I would," said I, looking at him mildly.

His astonishment found vent in a hoarse ejaculation. "Well, I'm blowed if I could ha' believed such a thing," said he. "But I'll tell ye what, sir, you shall have the courage of your convictions, as the saying goes, and if there should be an alarm to-night, why, I'll come and give you a rout out, if you like."

He knew that the place whereat I was lodging would be on his road from his own house to the lifeboat station. I thanked him,



"I don't know about *going* to be," said I, "it is blowing half a gale already."

"Oh, there's nothen to hurt as yet," said he, producing a screw of tobacco mysteriously from under his guernsey and popping it into his mouth. "There ain't more wind now than what a ship would show her whole torps'ls to—ay, and maybe a maintopgarns'l as well. But I don't like the looks of that low flying scud. You can pretty nigh always reckon on dirty weather when you see that stuff. Besides, take notice, sir, how close the gulls keep in alongshore. The glass is uncommonly low, too, and you may lay your bottom dollar on it, that there's a-going to be a breeze o' wind."

I was sufficiently acquainted with these men's mode of expressing themselves to know that a breeze of wind might mean a living hurricane.

"There will probably be work for the lifeboat by-and-by," said I, vainly searching the bleak, dark line of the horizon for any signs of a sail.

"Well, I dunno about its being wonderful," said he, "unless ye mean that it's wonderful we should come off with our lives as often as we do. But as to your wanting to go out, let me tell you, sir, that there's a lump of difference 'twixt knocking away to wind'ard in a lifeboat, with a hard gale a-driving in your teeth, and the cold something fit to perish a man up altogether—'twixt *that* and cruising about the Channel in a yacht during summer time."

"Still, I should very much like to make a trip in a lifeboat," said I.

"Well, why don't ye, then?" said the boatman, stolidly; "there ain't no difficulty about it, is there?"

"But you would not launch the lifeboat just to gratify my desire?" said I.

"Why, no," he answered, "I don't allow there'll be any occasion to do that. Ten to one if there don't come a call to-night. Then 'ud be your chance, sir."

and asked that in the event of a wreck occurring he would not forget his promise. Then, wishing him good-day, for the beach even to leeward of the lugger was a cold promenade, I returned to the warmth and comfort of my rooms.

The wind freshened gradually, till by nine o'clock that night a fierce gale was roaring across the ocean, swaying the staunch, seaward-facing house in which I lodged to its very foundations. I stepped to the window, and drawing aside the curtains, rubbed the moisture from the glass and looked out. But the black gleaming pane only gave me back the reflection of my own face, with the glowing discs of the gas globes behind. I knew that somewhere out in the impenetrable darkness against which I was straining my sight, lay the deadly Goodwin Sands. It would be heavy odds against the chances of the stoutest ship whose forefoot should touch the soft bed of that shoal on this wild tempestuous night. After all, thought I, bringing my eyes back to the cheerful interior, I very

much doubt whether I should care to go out in the lifeboat now.

I sat musing by the fire, till presently, a gust like a peal of thunder bursting against the house, I rose and again went to the window. Making a funnel of my hands to screen my eyes from the light, I tried hard to penetrate the gloom which lay dense as a pall against the glass. But there was nothing visible save the pale glimmer of the breakers, hurling in huge illusive outlines of foam upon the beach. On a sudden, however, my eye was taken by a tiny distant ball of fire, sailing upwards like a solitary spark wafted from a furnace below the horizon. It hovered for an instant, then burst into a little shower of golden spangles which were swept away by the wind as swiftly as the meteoric dust vanishes in the tropic sky. At sight of this signal my heart leapt into my throat, for I knew that tiny ball of fire was a rocket sent up by the Gull lightship to signify that a vessel had stranded upon the perilous reef which she guarded. With the velocity of thought I held a short debate within myself as to whether, if the coxswain should call for me, I would venture or not. The darkness, the cold, and the increased violence of the weather, had considerably cooled my resolution, and my first reflection took the form of a half wish that in his hurry of rushing off to the lifeboat-house he would forget all about me. And, indeed, I had all but made up my mind that I would not go when a heavy tread came with a hurried clatter along the pavement, and stopping just beneath my window, the door-knocker was smitten with great energy. I stood for one brief instant undecided, then, yielding to the impulse which suddenly visited me, I ran for my warmest coat, and bundling into it, wound a scarf round my throat, drew on a pair of stout mits, and clapping a fur cap on my head, hastened down stairs to open the door.

I would never have guessed the weight of the gale that was blowing till I came to face it. The instant I turned the handle of the door it flew open as though impelled by a battering ram, and the wind rushed in with a violence which nearly carried me off my legs. The hatstand in the hall was overturned with a loud crash, and the lamp went out in a twinkling. The force of the blast, meeting it full and suddenly as I did, took away my breath for a moment, and I reeled up against the wall.

"Come on, sir," shouted the voice of the coxswain, "and look alive, if you please. There's no time to be wasted *now*;" and with this off he ran, as I could tell by his retreating footsteps, for, unused as my sight was to the darkness, his figure was invisible to me.

I grasped the handle of the door with both hands, and, throwing my whole weight upon it, managed to pull it to after me. There was a solitary gas-lamp burning a little distance along the deserted street which skirted the brow of the beach, and by it alone was I enabled to shape a course for the lifeboat house. But presently my eyes grew more accustomed to the gloom, and I found that a faint pallor, scarcely to be called light, stole into the atmosphere from off the whitened ocean, so that it was possible to see whither I was going.

It took me twenty minutes to reach the lifeboat house, which was barely half a mile from my lodgings. The resistance of the wind was so violent that I had literally to lean forward against it with my whole weight as though opposing a material obstacle. When I arrived at the little red-brick structure, I found a small but bustling and excited crowd gathered about the open doors, working with fierce haste to get the blue-hulled boat which stood within out on to the beach. A man was furiously ringing the call-bell, whose quick clanging blended in a wild harmony with the voice of the gale. A couple of lanterns burning brightly within the shelter of the house illuminated the scene, and a wild, strange picture it was: the lifeboat herself showing pale in vague and exaggerated proportions; the groups of men, attired for the most part in the storm garments of oilskin and sou'-wester, straining with loud "Yeo-hoings" at a rope rove through the keel-hole of the boat in their efforts to start her from the cradle; with, high above all other sounds, the sullen roar of the wind breaking into a shrill scream as it split upon the angle of the wall, and the near hollow booming of the surf to lend a deeper and tragic significance to the weird spectacle, when one thought of the errand that was infusing such a passion of haste into the labour of the men.

I paused in the doorway for an instant to recover my breath and see whether I could observe my friend the coxswain among the crowd. Suddenly there rose a cry of "Here she comes!" and the lifeboat commenced slowly gliding over the skids upon which she lay, with the men running on ahead, still hauling at the rope to coax her down the incline. Her pallid outline turned black as ink when she slid from the illuminated interior out into the darkness. A man snatched one of the lanterns from the hook on which it hung, and with it in his hand followed the slow-moving boat. It was a lamp constructed to burn in the heaviest gale, otherwise the flame must have been extinguished on its being carried into the wind like a spark at touching water. By the faint sheen it diffused upon the gloom I saw that they had dragged the boat to where the beach shelved in a sudden steep descent to the sea, and that a little more and her forefoot would tilt over the full of the shingle, when she would rush down the pebbly slope and plunge afloat.

As I stood just within the lee of the house, the coxswain came hurrying up to me from out of the darkness.

"So you really are a-comin', sir?" he cried in a hoarse but cheery voice, taking down an oilskin overall from a peg, and struggling into it.

"Yes," I answered, "I am coming."

"Have ye got any painted clothes, though?" he inquired.

"What do you mean?" said I, not comprehending.

"Painted clothes—oilers—whatever you like to call these here things," and he pointed to his overall.

"Oh, oilskins. No! shall I require them?"

"Shall you?" said he, with a short satiric laugh; "you're a-going to see the water fly properly as soon as we get afloat. I'll lend you a suit, and you'd likewise best put on a lifebelt."

He went to the further end of the house and returned in a moment bearing a bundle of yellow oilskins and a couple of great cork jackets. One of these and the oilskins he deposited in a heap at my feet, the other he proceeded to rapidly wrap himself up in.

"There y'are, sir!" he cried; "look smart, for we mustn't waste a minute," and so saying he ran off towards the boat, bawling to the men to bear a hand and step both masts, and see the sails close reefed and clear for hoisting.

I swathed myself in the stiff waterproof garments, replacing my fur cap by a sou'-wester that came low down over my eyes, and finished by adjusting the lifebelt round my body as I had observed the coxswain do. I then stepped down to abreast of the lifeboat, which by this time had her masts erected and most of the crew in her, making all ready to launch.

"Jump in, sir," called the coxswain, catching sight of my face in the light of the lantern; "the gent's a-going with us, lads," added he by way of explanation.

I clambered over the gunwale on that side where the list of the boat brought it to within an easy distance of the beach. Extricating myself from the tangle of gear into which I floundered on getting inboards, I seated myself upon one of the thwarts. Another lantern had been kindled in the boat, and its rays threw out the little huddle of men, looking like some strange unearthly creatures in their unwieldy cork belts and bulging oilskins, as they sat in a row, nimbly knotting the reef-points over the dark rolls of tanned canvas.

"Is everything all ready there now?" sang out the coxswain from the beach.

"Yes, yes, we're all ready," answered several of the men in the boat.

His shadowy figure came sprawling over the side, and he clambered on to the gratings against the after air-box, where I could see him fumbling with the yoke-lines, for I believe it is the usual practice to keep a lifeboat's rudder shipped upon its gudgeons.

"It'll be all two hands' work to steer her to-night," said he. "Where's Joe Cobb—is he here?"

"Yes, here he is," answered a deep growling voice close beside me.

"Just lay aft here, Joe, and catch hold of the lee yoke-lines. Now then, get the yards of them lugs hooked on to the parrels all ready for hoisting directly she starts, and some of you stand by the sheets. We must go off with our sails set. All hands are aboard?"

"Yes, yes, we're all here," replied the men, with a note of impatience in their tones.

"Very good! Now then, let every man hold on like grim death across a dead nigger when she touches the surf. Launch ho; let her go, lads!"

I felt the boat begin to glide forward; then she fell with a thud over the margin of the level stretch at the top of the beach, and with a harsh rasping sound went rushing down the shingle incline, whilst a wild wavering cheer rose upon the storm from the group of people who had assembled to watch us speed afloat.

"Hoist away the sails!" yelled the coxswain; "up with them—handsomely for your lives!"

Both lugs rose simultaneously, slatting furiously as the wind burst into the folds of their canvas. It was a moment of extreme confusion. The darkness, the ceaseless dull thunder of the gale, the roar of the near waters, the cries of the men, the shrill cheeping of blocks and the violent banging of the sails as they slowly ascended; added to all this the feeling of suspense communicated by our swift passage down the beach towards the breakers, combined to produce an effect which the imagination must picture since the pen fails to describe.

We struck the water at the instant that a huge comber, glimmering pallid with its crest of foam, was arching over on to the shingle. There was a burst of spray which flew hissing through the air, stinging the skin of the face as a shower of small shot might; the boat's bows soared till she stood nearly end on, and involuntarily I cried out as I felt myself slipping backwards, despite my clutch of the thwart: then on a sudden she was smitten sideways with a violence which hurled her right on to her beam ends. A moment later down she sank, with the dark water gushing in a torrent over her lee gunwale; then up was hurled her stern, like the end of a see-saw, sending a foaming sluice cascading along her

floor, and whilst she hung poised for a breathless instant a huge billow took her fair under the run, and seemed to fling her skywards as though she were no more than a ball in the hands of a child. That she was not rolled over and over in crossing the line of surf that boiled along the shore was a miracle to me. Nothing but the impetus gained by her descent, and having her sails set and full of wind when she took the water, carried her clear. The mind was too bewildered to define sensations, but the whole effect was that of being tossed about in a dozen different directions at the same moment. The lantern went out to the first sea that tumbled aboard, and the dim pale outline of the boat was revealed by the illusive light which came off the frothing and phosphorescent waters.

But presently her movements grew much easier, by which I knew that she was drawing out into the deeper water, where the surges ran with a degree of regularity. There was a certain rhythm in the rise and fall of the buoyant craft, and the weight of the wind in her close-reefed cloths gave her a steady leeward list. We had scarcely got well clear of the breakers, and settled down with sheets flattened taut upon a long board to windward, when a rocket rushed into the dark sky, fired from the beach behind us. It burst into a galaxy of sparks high aloft and vanished in a breath.

"That'll cheer the poor hearts on the wreck if so be as they see it," said a gruff voice close beside me; "they'll know by that there signal that we're a-coming out to them."

"I allow there'll be a tidy bit o' sea running over the sands to-night," growled a man somewhere forward.

"Don't talk of it, mate, don't talk of it," said a third. "One thing's sure sartin, that we must get through the smother somehow or other."

They fell silent, and indeed talking amid the uproar of storming sounds all around was no easy matter. Presently the coxswain called out, "How's the gent a-getting on?"

"Do you mean me?" I cried.

"Ay, how are ye getting on, sir?"

"Pretty well," I replied, "but beginning to feel rather cold."

"Ah, it'll be a sight colder presently, I lay," said the man beside me, stamping his feet and thumping his breast with his fists. "Ye ain't had time to feel it properly yet, sir; but wait till we've been off an hour or two and it'll seem like to perish the topmost hanks of a Greenlan' man's jib," and he gave a little rumbling laugh.

My sight by this time was grown well used to the gloom, and I could count that fifteen men went to the crew of the boat. We sat for the most part huddled in a group well aft and to windward. Forward the spray was flying over the bows in ceaseless, smoke-like clouds. Yet the little craft was making brave weather of it too. The surges came rolling at her out of the darkness tall as cliffs, but regularly as the billows bore roaring down upon her did she rise to meet them, soaring buoyant as a seabird to the crest, there to hang suspended for an instant with the foam seething flush to her gunwales ere followed the sickening downward swoop, succeeded by a dead lull in the deep trough, and then the same giddy upheaval, yet always shearing ahead through it all, as one could tell by observing the flickering froth spinning past the pallid line of the white-painted rail. We sat for the most part in silence, as I have said, crouching low to avoid the stinging showers of spray flashing over the bows. I found it impossible to look to windward, for the gale brought tears into my eyes as often as I tried to face it. The cold was now beginning to tell heavily upon me. My toes felt as though frost-bitten, my saturated woollen mits lay like ice upon my numbed fingers, and for all the protection of my oilskins and cork-jacket the damp of my under-garments chilled me to the bone. That all the occupants of the boat, probably none of whom was as well clad as I, must have suffered equally I could not doubt, yet never a murmur of complaint rose among them. If they spoke at all it was only to wonder how the poor fellows out on the wreck were doing, and to hope that the sea would not knock her to pieces before they could reach her. They took as little notice of me as though I were one of their own crew, except the coxswain, who occasionally called a cheery remark to me, and once asked me whether I wasn't having a jolly fine sail *now?*

Well, it took us two hours of beating to windward to come up with the Gull lightship. We drove close alongside the shadowy, tossing vessel, from whose masthead flashed the brilliant warning beacon, and our men hailed her to know the bearings of the wreck. A voice answered, giving us the course and telling us that a flare was burning aboard of her, which owing to our low elevation and the mountainous sea that was running we had failed to observe. We went swirling past the lightship, and her dark reeling outline vanished upon the gloom as completely as though she had foundered.

"Hark!" said a man who sat opposite to me, raising his forefinger to command attention.

I listened, and my ear caught a note like to a continuous roar of distant thunder rising above the storming of the gale.

"D'ye hear it, sir?" he asked, letting his arm sink slowly to his side.

"Yes. What is it?" I said.

"It's the surf on the sands. A terrible sea it must be, I allow, to make a noise like *that*."

The detonation grew louder and deeper as we approached. I turned for one instant to strain my gaze ahead: the boat chanced at that moment to be upon the crest of a huge wave, and I caught the dim, ruddy flicker of the signal flare; then down went the little craft, sliding into the hollow, and my sight grew blurred to the pouring of the gale.

Suddenly, and before I knew it, we were among the breakers. In a breath the boat was full of water, with the glimmering foam seething up to my throat: I clutched the thwart on which I sat with a death-like tenacity, but the eddy gushed in, spitting and crackling like the torrent of a fierce whirlpool, and I felt myself torn from my grip, and, buoyed up by the life-belt, carried overboard like a wisp of straw. I tried to shriek out, but my throat was constricted with the wet and cold, and the inarticulate cry I uttered was drowned by the roaring waters as completely as a solo voice is lost in the full peal of a mighty organ. I felt myself hurried along at a prodigious rate, upborne upon a surface of hissing froth. My only thought at that moment was how "ice-like is the water!" To say, in the general manner of writers describing an experience they have probably never suffered, that I immediately gave myself up for lost, that the recollection of my entire life crowded into my mind, and the like, would be rank absurdity, nor do I believe that men in a like situation are usually troubled with such reflections. My mind was too much bewildered by the suddenness and violence of the shock to even clearly realise what had happened, and supposing any one could have told me at that moment I was in danger of drowning, I believe the news would have been a kind of revelation.

On a sudden a liquid avalanche came hurling down upon me. A torrent of salt spume rushed over my head: there was a loud ringing in my ears and a dancing of bright lights before my eyes. My head struck something hard, and I felt my body twirled round and gliding over a smooth rounded surface. I clutched hold of a soft substance with which I came in contact, and the water presently subsiding, I found myself once more in the lifeboat, clinging to the legs of a man who lay stretched at length upon a thwart, holding on in that position. He called to know who that was pinching him and I answered, on which he said he was glad to find me there, for he had just now seen me washed overboard and feared I was gone.

Our passage through the tract of raging waters we had to cross to reach the wreck was more like some wild nightmare than a reality. As we neared the stranded vessel, the light shed by a tar-barrel which blazed upon her forecastle—burning miraculously despite the clouds of spray bursting over the hull—cast a ruddy glow upon the scene, tinging the snow-white breakers to the colour of blood, and fitfully displaying to our eager gaze a small cluster of human figures, huddled half way up the fore-shrouds. Oh, the weirdness of that midnight scene of tempest and shipwreck as it was revealed to us by the ruddy leapings of the flare! It was a picture to haunt a man a lifetime, and so strongly did it impress itself upon me that, as I sit writing this, I have but to close my eyes to behold the whole terrific spectacle over again as vividly as though I were still clinging on for dear life in the savagely buffeted craft. It was plain that there could be no lying alongside the wreck, for to leeward the waves came cascading over in great green seas, making clean breaches of the vessel, and I wondered however they would manage to rescue the little group of human beings in the rigging. But here it was that the coolness and seamanship of the men stepped in to their aid. The coxswain roared out some order, in response to which the sheets were slackened off a little, thus easing the boat, as one felt directly by her movements. Then, whilst half a dozen throats were yelling to the men to jump for their lives, we went surging past, so close to the great black broadside of the wreck that as the recoil of a huge billow sent us shearing wildly in towards her, I held my breath, expecting a rending crash and a stove boat. Three dark bodies whizzed through the air and alighted among the gear in the bottom of the lifeboat; a fourth followed: I saw his form strike the rounded top of the after air-box; he bounded off and vanished in the creaming race alongside. It happened in a breath; it was idle to think of stopping to pick him up, for every man of us knew that he would be hurried fathoms away from the spot where he struck the water, and indeed our own salvation depended upon keeping good headway on the lifeboat. We forged past the wreck, the crew meanwhile picking up the poor creatures who had leapt, and asking them whether they were hurt, and how many more of them remained, and so on; to all of which they gave no reply, for the very good reason, as we afterwards discovered, that not one of them could speak a word of English.

When we had put a safe distance between us and the wreck, the coxswain roared out "Ready about!" and at the same time he and his mate put the helm hard down. The boat shot round into the wind's eye, chopping furiously, with her canvas slatting like a deafening fusillade of small arms. A great breaker struck her whilst she was in stays, and besides filling her full of water, knocked her head off, so that she would not come round. There was nothing for it but to

keep her away and then try again. She freed herself gallantly, the water cascading out of her as from a tilted bucket when she rose end on to the seas. The next attempt was more successful; she spun round like a top, the sheets were shifted to leeward, and a moment later she was heading up so as to pass close round the wreck on the other tack. Only two men jumped this time. One of them alighted upon his legs amid the coils of the cable forward; the other caught his foot in an oar, which tripped him, and he fell violently, striking his head an ugly blow against the gunwale. I gazed eagerly up as we swept past to see how many hands remained in the rigging, and by the light of the flare I counted five men.

We shot ahead, and presently tacked about again. The third time we passed the stranded vessel the whole five men, as though suddenly stricken with a panic, leapt all at once. They alighted safely in the boat, it is true, but one of them getting his leg doubled under his body just as a sailor fell sprawling on top of him, the limb was broken. And indeed, considering the great risks of jumping from such a height into a boat whose wild erratic movements it was impossible to calculate ere taking the spring, it was wonderful to me that the ten men should have come off with no more than a few bumps and bruises, saving the accident I have just named.

When the last man had plumped with a thud into a mass of gear, the coxswain shouted to know whether any of them could speak English.

"Yesh, oh yesh, I speakee your tongue!" shrieked a shrill voice.

"Then tell me, are there any more of you on board that craft?"

"No, no! We wash eleven men—we all takee to the *haubans* (Anglicè, shrouds). Have all shumped now."

"Then we'll clear out of this awful smother as soon as we can. We ain't got no time to lose neither, for the water's shoaling fast, and it'll be a poor look-out if we happen to bump on the sand. Ease off the sheets, lads, and let her run," and as her helm was jammed hard up the lifeboat paid off, and, with her canvas bellying out taut as drum-skins, away she rushed, shearing with loud hissing and seething sounds through the broken water which brimmed to her gunwales.

We found by our questions, which the English-speaking man answered, that the wreck was that of the French barque, Sœur Leandre, from Callao to Gravelines. He told us that he was the captain, and said all hands were in the lifeboat saving the poor fellow who had gone overboard, and who was a young seaman named Pierre Lafranc. And then he suddenly burst out into a wild torrent of words and gesticulation, which, as far as I could follow his patois, was a lament for his barque and for poor Pierre Lafranc. The others sat in a silent group amidships, the man whose leg was broken lying stretched along the floor of the boat, with a tarpaulin spread over him. It was too dark for me to see their costumes or faces.

We dashed in a cloud of spray through the breakers, and got out among the comparatively steady running ridges of the deep water beyond. The gale howled, the waters roared as they chased us, and like a sentient creature, conscious of the glorious errand she had just performed, away sped the lifeboat towards the land. We were scudding dead before it now, and to watch the dark, foam-streaked water whirring past was like looking through the carriage window of an express train rushing across country at night. Less than an hour of such sailing brought the smudge-like loom of the land close aboard. A portfire was kindled to announce our approach to the many eager eyes that we guessed would be searching the gloom for any signs of the boat. And when a few minutes later, upon the crest of a tall comber, the lifeboat shot her full length high and dry up the beach, there were a score of willing helpers flocking round to heave the gallant little craft to her resting-place and conduct the shipwrecked crew we had landed to the Sailors' Home.

THE "BOY'S OWN" CHRISTMAS HYMN.

By Robert Richardson, B.A.

1.

O God and King of nations,
Now hear us when we raise
Our song of supplication,
Our hymn of hope and praise.
We long to see the peoples
Gathered around Thy throne;
We long to see Thee claiming
The world that is Thine own.

2.

From where in lonely North-lands,
The mild-eyed Esquimaux
Reigns o'er his cheerless kingdoms,
Wrapt in eternal snow;
To where the Indian wanders
Beside the southern wave—
Lord, show the heathen nations
How strong Thou art to save.

3.

Fair lie the golden islands
Upon the summer seas;
Their rivers flow like amber
Along the palmy leas.
No winter chills their seasons,
Their skies are ever blue;
The warm Pacific fans them
The long bright summer through.

4.

They lie like glitt'ring jewels
Upon the tropic main;
A harvest ever ready,
Of rich and golden grain.
The fields stand white—oh, surely
The reaping time is due;
The harvest, Lord, how plenteous,
The reapers, oh, how few!

5.

Fair are those lands to gaze on,
But dark and foul within;
Their peoples chained and fettered
In misery and sin:
Their temples consecrated
To deeds no tongue may speak;
With blood of human victims
Their smoking altars reek.

6.

Lord, let the gentle radiance
From Jesu's cross that streams,
Shed o'er those distant islands
Its bright, life-giving beams;
Stream forth and drive the shadows
Before its quickening ray;
Until the very darkness
Shine like the perfect day.

7.

Lord, we are but Thy soldiers,
The King and Captain Thou;
Unroll Thy conquering banners,
And claim the victory now:
Till all the ransomed nations
Thy name alone shall sing.
O Lord, take up Thy kingdom,
Make no long tarrying.



A MYSTIC ATTRACTION.

By the Author of "How to become a Thought-Reader," etc., etc.

It is probably the same with young wizards as with old ones, in that they occasionally experience a difficulty in finding new opportunities for the display of their occult powers—in other words they want new tricks. Certainly Professor Hoffmann has supplied the "B. O. P" reading wizards with a large, varied, and easily worked selection of mysteries, but this is now some little time since, and some of them may have grown a trifle stale, or too generally known. Speaking from my own experience as a very mature wizard, I can affirm that the discovery of a new and hitherto unknown vehicle for the exhibition of mysterious powers always affords me intense gratification. In the first place there is a sensation of greater security that you will not be discovered, and in the second a feeling of pride in adding to your already accredited powers. It may not be that the germ of your discovery is absolutely new, for in magic, I take it, there are very few such germs still to be discovered, but rather that your discovery lies in wrapping up an old germ in such new and original coverings that it presents an entirely novel and deceptive appearance, and passes unrecognised by your audience as a fresh and inscrutable evidence of your mystic ability. An old trick may, by tacking on to it a new or little-known one, be made to assume an importance it never could otherwise have possessed, and though both the tricks are in themselves perfectly simple, and, if exhibited separately, little likely to cause a sensation, yet when combined they reflect a spurious mystery on each other to such an extent that they are put down as something quite new and startling.

It is such a combination as this that I propose to set before our young wizards, assuring them that with practice and clever "patter" they will by it be able materially to increase their reputation. As has been my previous custom (for want of a better one) I will first give a description of the deception as seen by the audience, and afterwards explain "how it's done." As there is no stage preparation required, the illusion may be introduced at any period of the performance. The wizard has on his table an ordinary carafe, or water-bottle, such as is found on every dinner-table, and a wine or spirit bottle of white glass so as to be transparent, from which the label has been removed, and also a hard-boiled egg denuded of its shell.

On entering, the wizard has in one hand his wand, and in the other a piece of paper, and commences thus:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I feel confident that there are very few, if any, among you who have not noticed at some period of your lives the power of attraction possessed by fire. Take, for instance, the blazing coals in the grate, and see how on a cold day those in the room circle closely round them till it almost seems as if the fender alone prevented their taking their seats on the bars; or again, take the bonfire in the open air, and observe the crowds that flock towards it from every point its influence reaches. With fireworks, too, the same results may be observed, and when they soar skyward, every face is turned upwards in response, and our bodies are only prevented from following them in their aerial flight by the laws of gravitation, which are more powerful than those dominating fire; but it would be useless multiplying instances of an incontrovertible and universally accepted truism, and I will not waste your time in so doing, but turn to something which is not so generally known, and that is the composition or nature of this attractive power. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you are all aware of the marvellous discoveries made of late years in that force which has since the formation of our globe until quite recently been regarded only with terror and aversion—I refer to electricity, or, as it was formerly called, lightning. But since Sir John Franklin brought a key out of a thunder-cloud down his kite-string, or was it a kite out of a thunder-cloud down his key-string (you will correct me if I am in error), electricity has become our plaything and servant, and we are able to make it do pretty much as we wish, and it is this same electricity which furnishes the attractive force in fire. What, sir? You shake your head * at the assertion; you don't believe me? I'm glad of that, for by the time I have concluded my experiments I feel confident I shall have converted you, and my triumph will be the greater. But to resume: all fire does not contain the same amount of electricity; in some it is very weak, in others it is so strong that few objects are able to resist it. For the purpose of my experiments this evening, I have obtained a small portion of paper specially prepared from the pulp of fifty-pound Bank of England notes, because, owing to the peculiar attractive nature of bank-notes in themselves, the electricity contained in the flame that arises when fire is applied to the paper made from their pulp is extraordinary. Take it in your hand, madam, and examine it thoroughly, and while you are doing so I will pass round this simple water-bottle, and this hard-boiled egg from which the shell has been removed, and which you will kindly observe will not pass through the neck of the bottle unless considerable pressure is applied." (He hands the various articles to the audience.) "I do this that you may be convinced there is no trick or deception about this experiment, but that it is wholly and solely an exposition of one of the recently discovered attributes of the electric force.

"Thank you, madam; thank you, sir" (taking back the various articles); "you are, I am sure, all convinced there has been no previous preparation. Just so. Now observe me closely. I tear off a portion of the paper, crumple it slightly, so that it will easily pass into the bottle, and having lighted it at the candle, I place it still burning inside the carafe, and using the egg as a stopper prevent the electricity, which is now being liberated from the paper, from escaping. Watch what takes place. Pop! Just so. The electricity has overcome the power of resistance and friction opposed by the narrow opening of the carafe to my egg stopper, and has actually drawn it into the interior. Oh, certainly, madam; pray take the carafe and examine it minutely, and if you can discover any trick about it I will gladly make you a present of it, although it is the last water-bottle I possess out of a dozen, thanks to a particularly clumsy butler, and I shall be compelled, therefore, in future to have recourse to spirits—a practice for which, by-the-bye, I have already got a most undeserved character, or rather lack of character.

"But some of you may imagine that this power of attraction I have shown you lies in the bottle and not in the fire—a not unlikely suspicion when so much has been written of late years by many excellent men on the subject; but, as I have already assured you, such is by no means the case, and to prove my words, although it is in direct contravention of my rule, I will perform the experiment again in a different way. I have here a gin-bottle, supposed by some to possess more attraction than a water-bottle; it is of white transparent glass, and can be easily seen through, and while it is being examined I will ask some lady or gentleman to lend me a small pocket-knife. Thank you, sir" (opening the small blade); "made at the Saturn Works, I see: an excellent manufactory. And now, madam, if you are quite convinced as to the *bona fides* of my gin-bottle, I will place the knife inside it, thus" (holding the bottle in his left hand on the slope, he inserts the knife still open, and allows it gently to slide down the side to the bottom). "Now I take a portion of this same paper, ignite it, and hold it over the neck. The electricity being set free by combustion, acts in a precisely similar manner as formerly, and the knife being attracted rises, until it appears above the neck of the bottle, when I grasp it, and return it to its owner, with many thanks."

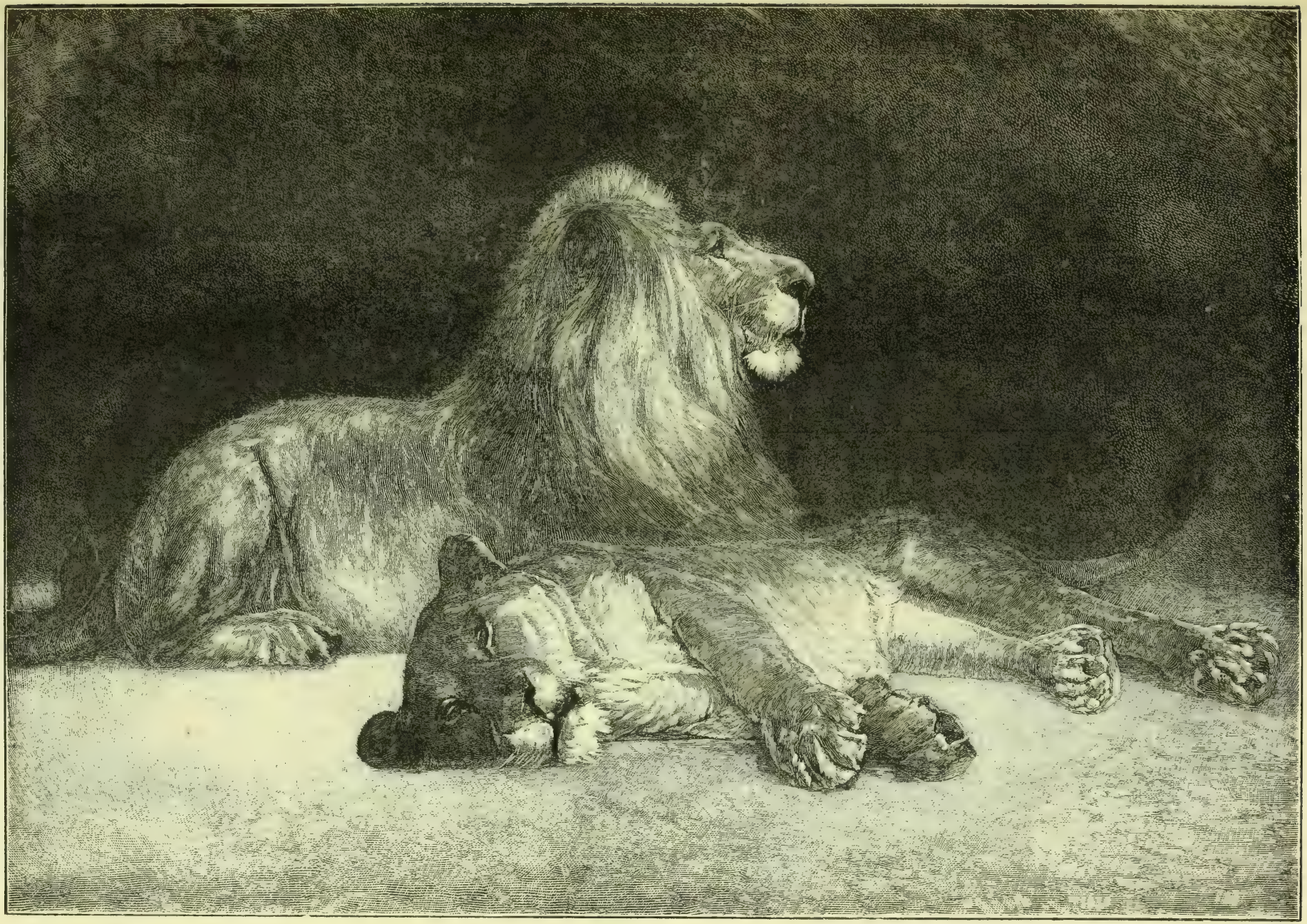
. . . . . .

And now for "how it's done." Well, in the first case there is no "doing" required, the trick works itself. The paper is, of course, ordinary paper, but of a kind that burns readily, and will not easily go out. Have your egg boiled moderately hard, that is, let the white be firmly set, and the yolk not quite hard, so that the egg will "give" a little on pressure being applied to its sides, and in taking off the shell be careful to remove none of the white with it, for the success of your trick depends on the sides presenting a smooth unpitted surface. Select a carafe the mouth of which is not *too* small, and yet small enough to make it apparent that the egg cannot pass through it without considerable pressure. Directly you have got your paper well alight place it in the carafe, and put the egg in the neck as



in the sketch; if the egg fits tightly the result will follow rapidly. The egg precludes admittance of air, and the burning paper consuming what is already in the bottle a partial vacuum is obtained, but as nature abhors a

* Probably no gentleman *will* shake his head, but never mind that: address the remark to one as if he had, and your audience will *think* he did so, though they didn't happen to see him.



After their Christmas Dinner.

vacuum more violently than a hungry boy does, the outside air in its efforts to fill up that inside the carafe forces the egg through the neck, when it falls into the interior with a pop.

The second portion of the experiment is effected by an entirely different method, though the result is more or less similar. The explanation you give being the same in both cases, your audience is led to believe it is the correct one, and is in consequence mystified.

All you will require will be a piece of *very fine* black silk about eighteen inches or two feet long. You will find out the most convenient length in practice. Fasten one end to the lowest button of your waistcoat, and on the other end make a small loop just sufficiently big to allow the pen blade, but not the handle, of a knife to pass through it. When you come on, have the loose end tucked under your waistcoat, and when you have handed the bottle for examination, and are borrowing the knife, which receive with your left hand, draw out the slack silk with your right; you can easily do this unperceived under cover of pulling your waistcoat down, or toying with your watch-chain. Having secured the loop, open the smaller blade, and in holding the point of it in your right hand and the handle in your left, you will have no difficulty in slipping the loop over the blade. Now transfer the handle to your right hand, and take up the bottle with your left, and let the knife slide into it gently, so that the point may not be broken. Then light your piece of paper, and hold it over the neck, and when you wish the



knife to rise, gently move the bottle forward away from your body. The silk will tighten and draw up the knife. The moment it protrudes through the neck, seize it and draw it out with your right hand of course, and as you turn to place the bottle back on your table, shake off the loop, and restore the knife.

While doing this, you can gather up and conceal the silk with your left hand, but your audience having seen in the first part of the experiment that no silk *could* have been employed, will be very slow to suspect its presence now. They will probably have provided themselves with a theory of their own as to the first part, and will be busy fitting it on to the second part.

There is just one thing you must be careful about, and that is not to raise the bottle too high, so that the silk shall come between your audience and your shirt-front. To make doubly sure, it is as well to keep the bottle a little to one side or the other, and not directly in front of you, when your black coat as a back-ground will do away with any fear of detection.

This combination of two tricks may give some young wizards a hint as to combining others, which though having some similarity, are yet worked in entirely different ways, and which are consequently more difficult of detection; for though a very shrewd guess may have been made as to the method of working one, when it is applied to the other it is seen at once to be impossible, and the spectator is more fogged than he was at first.

S. G.

S. CLAUS, ESQ.!

1.

He comes without a candle and he never turns a handle,
He disregards the usual regulations—
For he doesn't pick the lock, and he doesn't "ring and knock,"
And he *doesn't* test the drowsy page's patience!
But he comes with silent hoof, viâ chimney-pot and roof,
Treading softer far than any feline paws,
And his steps are quiet and stealthy, as he visits poor and wealthy,
For everyone's alike to Santa Claus!

2.

With an entry that's bewitching, first he glides into the kitchen,
And gazes at his portrait on the wall;
When his "private view" is over, this inveterate old rover
Proceeds to hang his "things" up in the hall!
Then if feeling somewhat merry, he dons the holly berry,
Eats a score or so of mince pies for a "start,"
And while its owners slumber, reads the "Boy's Own Christmas Number,"
And gets off all the poems there by heart!

3.

Then, lighted by a taper, after glancing thro' the paper,
He joins the ambling beetles in their strolls;
Flirts with forward young cockroaches, who, whenever he approaches,
Coquettishly retire into their holes!
On the cat's tail ties a rattle, and umpires in a battle
Between a fly of mettle and a spider that has none,
And then feeling rather lonely, holds a *conversazione*,
Inviting all the rats and mice and beetles *over one!*

4.

Then he goes into the garden—if I'm wrong I beg his pardon—
Caring nothing for the weather or its rigour,
Builds a mighty monster snowman, and acts the travelling showman,
"In a-showin' awf the feechers of the figger!"
Then he knocks the "pallid gemman" into half a small-sized lemon,
Throws snowballs at policemen as they pass,
Then departs upon a shutter, down a flooded frozen gutter,
And thus concludes his brief nocturnal farce!

. . . . . .

5.

Your faith is rudely shaken, for you've all been much mistaken,
In thinking Santa Claus a kind of Imp,
For he's nothing of a bogey, but a jovial ancient fogey,
Rather gouty, and afflicted with a limp!
If this fact you will not swallow, you must prove my statement's hollow,
Let your Christmas Eve a wakeful vigil be,
You must sit up all night pond'ring, and if you catch him wand'ring,
Just put the question to him, and you'll see!

R. S. Warren-Bell.

THE CHINAMAN AND THE SNAKE.

By Dr. Arthur Stradling, c.m.z.s., etc.

I am rather fond of John Chinaman. He is a great character wherever you meet with him, and an interesting study. There is nothing like him in the whole world now, and a Chinaman is always a Chinaman and nothing but a Chinaman all the world over—as Chinese in Paris as he is in Pekin. He carries his shell on his back even more than an Englishman does, and that is saying a great deal. On the whole, I think he has been somewhat maligned, for he has many good points; but there is one charge notoriously brought against him which we must admit to be well grounded—he is an awful thief!

Not that all Chinamen are thieves, of course. It has been my good fortune to number amongst my intimate friends Celestials who were as honourable as any men that I have known. There may be as large a proportion of Chinese of honest intent as of any other people, for what I can tell to the contrary—let us hope so, at any rate, seeing that the young Dragon Emperor rules over nearly *one-third of the human race* with the vermilion pencil. But a Chinese thief is such an inveterate, incurable pilferer, that I have sometimes thought that theirs must be genuine *kleptomania*, a passion for misappropriation which amounts to a form of insanity.

There is something curiously straightforward in their dishonesty too, sometimes. Out in Guiana, some of the Chinese coolies on the sugar plantations were very clever silversmiths, and would make the most exquisitely chased bangles and other ornaments. When we wanted anything we used to give them the silver in the shape of dollars or other coins; these they would

melt down and fashion into the desired objects, and when the latter were completed, we weighed them against the original number of dollar pieces. The workman charged nothing for making them, and they were supposed to be returned of full weight corresponding to the coins melted, it being perfectly understood that he paid himself by substituting an alloy for some part of the silver; and we always had a fight over that, according as the results of this alloy were more or less visible in the bangles to their deterioration. But it was invariably gold or something equally precious which had been put in to "make hardee," or the appearance of inferiority of colour was an optical delusion owing to the wonderful pattern engraved, or there wasn't any alloy at all, or some other explanation rattled out with shrill volubility and an aspect of injured earnestness in the widely dilated eyes. And oh! if you were rash enough to give them any but American or Mexican dollars, you might think yourself lucky if anything much better than zinc came out of the melting-pot, for you couldn't dispute the fact that Peruvian *soles* were poor silver, though hardly such a degraded currency as the revelation of John's crucible would seem to indicate. The worst of it was, you couldn't alter this state of affairs; pay as much as you would for the workmanship you would get no better silver, nor could I ever persuade a coolie to give me pure metal, even when I gave him permission to dock the weight. After all, the loss was not much, and represented no more than fair wages for the skill and labour, only one would rather have paid it in another way.

I know this class of Chinese better abroad than at home. In China, I was thrown more into contact with the merchants and officials—though I once had a bad time there, which I will tell you about some day.

In Demerara, Trinidad, and other sugar-growing countries, enormous gangs of Chinamen come over to work on the plantations. Some of the big estates used to have ten thousand hands, Chinese, East Indians, negroes, native Indians, and a few Portuguese, with regular villages for them to live in, and hospitals to accommodate those that fell ill. I had charge of a number of these hospitals in one of the up-country districts in British Guiana for a time.

On one occasion I was walking home to breakfast with a gentleman, the manager of a very large plantation, at whose house I had spent the night, and whose field-hands were amongst those over which my medical supervision extended. (Very few West Indian planters now live on their own estates—Demerara is always spoken of as included in the West Indies—which are practically worked by a responsible manager, under whom are a number of overseers, generally English or Scotchmen.) Here we doctors think it a long "round" which keeps us out all day, but over there it took a week before the circuit of one's hospitals was completed.

We had been for a stroll through some of the cane-pieces, and, as I have said, were returning along the path by one of the canals with appetites which told us that it was breakfast-time—about 11.30 A.M. You think, no doubt, that we might well be hungry, waiting until that time for breakfast, so I ought to mention that it is the custom to have "coffee" between 7 and 8 in the morning; and that "coffee" implies, not only that beverage, but chops, steaks, eggs, plantains, fish, and the never-failing "pepper-pot" with rice. You have tea and biscuit, and mangoes, too, at daybreak. My friend's family had all gone up to Barbados for a month's sea-bathing, and he and I had our meals in whatever corner of the broad verandah running round his house happened to be the coolest. Demerara, as you probably know, was colonised by the Dutch—had it not been, it doesn't seem likely that it would ever have been colonised at all; for what other people would have reclaimed land lying, as a great part of it does, below the level of the sea? The quaint old Dutch names are still retained everywhere. The low swampy land drains into trenches or ditches which intersect the plantations in great numbers, and are called canals; sluggish, muddy, mosquito-haunted streams they are, with nothing picturesque about them, and constituting capital accommodation for alligators and water-serpents, which, however, are not very troublesome. You don't see a drop of clear water in Demerara; everywhere the same brown pea-soup.

Well, my host and I were homeward bound when, at no great distance from the house, we met a Chinese coolie, bare-legged, bare-armed, bare-necked, and attired in the usual short jacket and shorter trousers, and he was towing a log of wood along the canal. There was nothing calling for remark in this; in fact, I hardly noticed the man as he stepped aside and poised himself on the slippery bank to allow us to pass. I was preceding my friend along the narrow path, which did not admit of our walking side by side, and had not paused in my talk, when I found I was alone. He had stopped and was looking towards the retreating figure of the coolie. Naturally I did the same, though I couldn't for the life of me divine why, and I don't know now what raised the manager's suspicions. On the yellow legs plodded, the tight skin glistening in the blazing, burning sunshine, but their owner never once looked back, though he must have been aware of the scrutiny to which he was being subjected. Presently he came to a line of wooden stakes, fencing part of the bank and jutting out into the canal. Around and across these he was obliged to manipulate his line with some difficulty, but in spite of very adroit management the extra tension caused the log—it was the trunk of some small tree—to tilt up at one end high above the surface. My host gave a shout, and John's legs twinkled away down the perspective of the straight path to vanishing point.

We hurried up, hauled the timber ashore, and found, lashed on to its under side and perfectly concealed by the opaque water, the silver coffee-pot, cream-jug, sugar-basin, and two dish-covers which had formed part of the paraphernalia of our delayed breakfast in the verandah. The canal ran down to the Chinese quarters, and in twenty minutes more the cargo would have been in the melting-pot for transmutation into chains, rings, bangles, and anklets, saleable to the Hindu labourers.

The snake incident occurred in another part of the same country. A gentleman who resided on a sugar-estate within a couple of hours' ride of my own station went in a good deal for fowls, even going to the expense of having out choice varieties and prize fancy birds from England. Although he paid a great deal of attention to them personally, his fowl-pens were established at some little distance from his house, chiefly because their presence attracted a good many unwelcome denizens of the jungle, especially during the night; and notwithstanding that they were fenced off with the strongest wire-netting, and protected in every elaborate way that caution could suggest, accidents did occasionally happen. The boards at the back of their shed were found stove in one morning by the breaking down of the bamboos to which they were nailed, and several fowls were missing. This was ascribed to a cayman (alligator), though that I should doubt; but on another night of disaster the marauder was identified in the shape of a puma, who made good his escape after tearing down part of the netting and creating sad havoc among the inmates. Besides these who were lucky enough to effect an entry, tiger-cats, foxes, and all sorts of undesirable things were constantly sniffing and prowling round after dark with a view to a banquet of British poultry, considerably to the disturbance of the feathered exiles. So, after a time, a hut was run up alongside, and a Chinaman was stationed there every night to mount guard, and to shoot or drive away all intruders. At least, he was armed with a gun at first, but he let it off so often without any visible result except the traces of sundry shots embedded in close proximity to the fowls, that his master, considering the weapon only an addition to the perils which already environed his pets, took it away and left him to do his worst with a thick stick.

Matters were in this position when I made my periodical visit to the hospital one morning; and, meeting the gentleman on his road to the factory, was informed by him that he had suffered the loss of a bird during the night. They had enjoyed tranquillity for some time up to then, and I believe their owner was beginning to think that the previous mischances might have been due to human depredators after all, since the period from which their safety dated was at any rate coincident with improved padlocks.

"One of your beastly snakes this time!" he growled. By which he didn't mean that the robber was actually a specimen from my own collection, only that he looked upon all serpents as to some extent *protégés* of mine, and I think cherished an indistinct idea that I ought, in some vague way, to be held responsible for their misdeeds. A snake it was, however, evidently a boa constrictor of about ten feet in length from the description. He had eluded the vigilance, such as it was, of the sentinel, and had got into the enclosure at a corner where the wirework, which had been undergoing some alterations or repair on the previous day, had inadvertently been left unfastened. John knew nothing about the burglary, and the chickens had betrayed no unusual excitement; my friend had himself discovered the reptile, curled up in a dark corner of the fowl-house, his bloated body presenting circumstantial evidence of his crime sufficient to warrant his immediate execution even before the fowls were counted. I was rather anxious to get certain portions of some large constrictor just then for scientific purposes, so I accordingly begged for the body; but I was too late. The Chinese coolies had carried it off—to eat, their master supposed. I didn't believe that; a Chinaman will eat anything, certainly, but he doesn't waste his appetite on anything so shadowy as a few yards of skin and ribs in a land teeming with food like Guiana. Still, I had no doubt that he could find a use for it—what is there that John can't find a use for? It's an old saying, and one that has a good deal of truth in it, that a Chinaman will make a fortune out of what you consign to the dust-bin. In my eagerness for the desired material I greatly disgusted my bereaved friend by asking him to save me "the next." He evidently thought I was more disappointed about the snake than sympathetic over the fowl. I didn't dare suggest that he should spare the life of any future ophidian spoiler until I could come and catch him.

However, only a very few days later a black boy arrived at my station with a note intimating that there was a *kamudi* for me if I liked to come over; it was too heavy to send. "Dis berry big one, sah! big enough eat me, sah!" volunteered the grinning boy—who evidently knew all about it—when I had

read the missive. *Kamudi* is the local name for the anaconda, the greatest of all the serpent tribe. Away I pelted, notwithstanding the mid-day heat, and found the manager with a rueful face indeed. Poor fellow! well enough he might look glum. The coolie had run to the house and roused him just before daylight with the intelligence that another serpent had broken into the pen, where it still lay, having resisted all his efforts to evict it, with, in fact, some show of aggression towards himself. Slipping on his shoes, my friend sped off, in pyjamas and sleeping jacket, with his gun. From pitch darkness to blazing day is an interval of scarcely more than ten minutes on the borders of the equator, and when he arrived at the fowl-house it was light enough for him to see the snake—a monster indeed, eighteen feet long, his shining, black-spotted, yellow hide distended by the heavy meal with which he was gorged. In another instant his small head was blown to atoms, and it was found that eleven choice birds were gone.

Under the circumstances, it was awfully good of him to think of me at all. We wended our way at once to the spot, so that I might perform my dissection without delay, since decomposition sets in very rapidly in that steamy and pestiferous climate. I thought, too, that the skin of so fine a specimen would be worth preserving as a curiosity. Judge, then, of my annoyance and of my companion's displeasure when we discovered that, contrary to his express orders, the body had been removed from the poultry-shed and dragged off to the Chinese quarters. He was so irate about it that, not wishing to add to the troubles of the day, I begged him not to disturb himself on the point, but that I would look round the village (which lay on my way to the hospital, which I was going to visit) and try to get on the track of the kamudi—I was rather curious to see what they really did with it. Nothing about it seemed to be known by any of the field-hands within hail—and the manager hailed pretty loudly.

So I left him amongst his fowls for the time being, and, by dint of a little bribery, obtained a guide to the hut where the snake had been carried. The Celestials were very unwilling to show me the carcass, and tried to disclaim all knowledge of it, but I wouldn't be put off. I was always on very good terms with these fellows, and resolution with small silver will accomplish wonders, so at last I got them to bring it to me. And then I perceived, to my intense amusement—though I didn't "let on" that I noticed anything—what they wanted the snake for. They had cut him open and taken out the crushed but fresh and undigested fowls, and were stewing them in a big iron pot! Oh, there's nothing beats a Chinaman—he's *grand!*

With their assistance I soon had the skin stripped off, and set them scraping it on the inside with their knives to remove the fat, while I cut out such joints of the back-bone as I required for purposes of investigation; then I went on to the hospital, and by the time I came back, the skin was ready for pegging out to dry, so that I might carry it off on another day. Whether they added what was left of the anaconda to their savoury stew or not, I can't say.

I found the manager standing in a brown study outside the fowl pen; he had been puzzled in his endeavour to ascertain how the snake got inside the fence. The enclosure was wired in as securely over the top as it was at the sides, to keep off birds of prey. To cheer him up, I told him what I had seen down at the village, and what epicures his people were, doubtless feasting by that time on the contents of the kamudi; but he only stared at me more perplexed than ever. Then a light seemed to dawn on him, as a solution of the difficulty presented itself to his mind; and he muttered a comprehensive opinion concerning the Chinese race, one-third of the whole population of the globe.

"What's the matter!" said I. "The fowls are gone. *You* wouldn't eat them; you have killed the snake, so *he* can't enjoy them; why should you grudge them to John if his tastes point that way, to vary the monotony of his rice and plantains?"

"Look here!" he roared, paying no heed to my banter; "look at this!" He stooped down, and seizing the lower part of the wire network in one corner, on the side nearest the canal, he shook it slightly. To my surprise, the double nails or staples which should have held it firmly to the framework were so loose that they were easily picked out by the fingers. "Look here—and here—and here! this corner has been opened and the flap turned back, no doubt night after night, ever since they got the boa. That yellow-skinned rascal watched the kamudi in—there's a moon now; and, see here"—pointing to a reed rove through the lowest course of wire—"*he fastened him in!*"

How it all ended—whether the charge was ever proved or disproved—I never knew; for I laughed so, and my good friend got so angry, and was so offended thereat for a long time afterwards, that I hadn't the nerve to ask any questions subsequently. If the surmise was really a correct one, it was just an illustration of that ingenuity combined with unintelligent simplicity which distinguishes many Orientals. But I am sure that I have never seen chicken on the table since without being reminded of the event; and I fear that I have occasionally spoiled people's appetites, when pressed for an explanation of why I smiled at the dish, by giving them an account of the Chinaman and the Snake.

THE FORGETFUL FAMILY GHOST.

By Somerville Gibney,

Author of "The Child of Necessity," "The Tender-Hearted Torturer," "Pickles," etc.

(*With Illustrations by* A. Chasemore.)



Four hundred odd years since—
I can't be precise
As to how many odd years—
some folks are so nice:
When you deal with a date,
They expect you to state
The day, month, and year, and
they grow quite irate
If you fail; and in this case
their anger will rise,
Since I can't be exact; and I
therefore advise
Their skipping this record, and
reading the next,
Whereby they may save themselves from being vexed.
Four hundred odd years since,
as I said before,
There lived, yes, and thrived,
too, one Christopher Shore,
With his dear wife named
Joan,
Whom he proudly would
own
For loving devotion stood quite,
quite alone,—
And a kind-hearted fate,
I rejoice to relate,
Had bestowed on the couple a
daughter, called Kate;
A sweet little maiden with dark hazel eyes,
Of remarkable depth, and remarkable size,
While her feet and her hands were so awfully small
That, unless she was close, they were not seen at all.

At the time that I write of, the Shores were well off,
Though people there were who would chaff, and would scoff,
And describe them as *parvenus*, *nouveaux riches*, and
Some other fine names they did *not* understand.
The fact was that Christopher Shore had "struck ile,"
And being "hard baked" had in time "made his pile"—
Three Yankee expressions I see I have used,
A mistake which cannot very well be excused,
Since Columbus at that time had not sailed from Spain,
And, braving the risks of the great unknown main,
Had managed undying prestige to obtain
(Though some folks may look on such prestige as vain)
By finding the land whence we get dodges new,
Such as telephones, phonographs, typewriters, too—
All this by the way,
Since I must not delay,
But state more concisely what I have to say.
I said Shore "struck ile" at a time when his banking-
Account was as—well, was as most fishy ranking.
His balance was *nil*, and his credit was less,
And what to do next he could not even guess.
'Twas then quite by chance in an old desk he found
A receipt for a certain most subtle compound,
In the shape of a sauce,
So tasty 'twould cause
All tasters to break out in fervid applause.
And Shore saw his chance, and got out a prospectus,
Looked up some Directors (may kind fate protect us
From all such like schemes!) and in three days he'd floated
A Limited Company, duly promoted
To make and to sell the "Invincible Sauce;"
And at once he was rolling in riches, because
He "pouched" as the price of his subtle receipt
A cool twenty thousand—what could be more neat?

The receipt he believed—though not quite sure of this—
Had belonged to a long defunct forebear of his,
Who had somewhere in Yorkshire lived, close to the sea,
But his knowledge on this point was vague as could be.



"'Twas then quite by chance in an old desk he found
A receipt for a certain most subtle compound."

Once rich, he sought office, and sheriff became,
A position in which he won far-stretching fame—
Thence he quickly advanced to the chief civic chair,
And he blazed on the world as Great London's Lord Mayor—
From which 'twill be noted,
In spite of oft quoted
Wise saws from our copy-books, old-fashioned voted,
There really is something in *sauce* after all,
Since without it Kit's fame would have still been quite small.

He built him a mansion with dungeon and keep,
And mere slits of windows, through which he might peep
Quite safely at enemies, should they approach,
And seek on his personal ease to encroach;
And he furnished the place
From garret to base,
In a style that was solid, if lacking in grace.
And daily he added fresh comforts thereto,
Till at length he considered it finished right through.
But in spite of his forethought, his planning, and care,
He hadn't been living for very long there,
When he found there was something decidedly lacking.
To find what it was, he for ever was racking



"Attacking with zeal Cagliostro's front door."

And taxing his brain—
Nor did he tax in vain,
For one night what it was flashed across him quite plain;
And he started up crying, "Of course, I can't boast
Of possessing an orthodox, family ghost—
How I came to forget it I cannot make out
Of what was I dreaming? What was I about?
Well, I'll soon set that straight.
To-night it's too late,
But to-morrow I'll run up to town, sure as fate,
And ask Cagliostro what he has on hand—
When I say what I want he'll at once understand."
And the very next morning found Christopher Shore
Attacking with zeal Cagliostro's front door—
For ghosts, spooks, and phantoms, and pale apparitions,
And bogeys, and spectres, and blood-freezing visions,
And things that appear when good folks should be sleeping,
Cagliostro a registry office was keeping.
On hearing the sort of thing Kit Shore was seeking,
He glanced through his books, for a time, without speaking;
Then said, "Mr. Shore, I'm delighted to find
I have several down on my list of the kind
You require—would this do? A nun, who's been bricked up
In Melrose, because of some bother she kicked up?
She's rather nice-looking, aged twenty and——"
"No;
I prefer a male ghost, not too flighty."
"Just so;
How would this suit? A spectre, male, lacking a head,
Or rather with it 'neath his elbow, instead
Of its usual place?"
"No, that's hardly the kind
Of thing that I want."
"Well, is this to your mind?
A murderer in chains, hung till brown as a toast?"
"No, I must have a highly respectable ghost;
You see I intend to allow him the run
Of my house, so he must be a trustworthy one."
"Oh, certainly, yes—now I've got something here
Which I think to your mind just the thing will appear.
A cook, male, aged forty—or was when he died—
Employed at St. Hilda's, by Whitby's dark tide,
Two hundred years since."
"That sounds better; but why
Is he hanging about? Why on earth don't he lie
At peace in his grave? I should like to know that."
"Well, see him, and make him explain what he's at."
"Is he here?"
"He soon can be"—and weaving a spell,
Cagliostro said something, and touching the bell



"A quaint form appeared,
With a flowing white beard."

On his table, exclaimed, "Roger Benson, appear,
A gentleman's waiting to question you here!"
Then the air grew quite cold,
And a dense vapour rolled
Through the floor, and from out its dark innermost fold,
A quaint form appeared,
With a flowing white beard.
And Shore, when he saw it, was greatly afeared,

And seemed struck quite dumb.
"Look'ee here, Ah'm a-come
Since th' wants me; so speak, lad, don't sit dazed, and mum."
"Good gracious!" cried Shore, "he talks Yorkshire quite broad."
"Ah do that, as broad, lad, as iver thou sawed.
It's ma county, and theer ah were born, bred, and died,
The first county o' all, and that maun't be denied."
"You've a character?" Shore gasped.
"Ay, lad, Ah 'a that,
As good as thy own."
"Well, what work were you at
Before your decease? Pray what place did you fill?"
"Ah were scullion at Hilda's, atop o' the hill,
The abbey nigh Whitby; thou knawest na doubt?"
"I can't say I do, I don't travel about
Very much; Whitby's dear, too, I'm told by a friend;
When we go to the sea we run down to Southend,
Or Margate, or Ramsgate. You're honest and clean?"
"O' course ah'm real mensful, if that's what yer mean."
"Then just wait outside for a minute or two,
While I speak to our friend here; I'll soon send for you."
The ghost faded away,
Without any delay,
As poets say stars do at dawning of day;
But the truth of this fact I can't vouch, be it said,
For the time it takes place I am always in bed.
"Now friend Cagliostro, d'ye think he's all right?
I fancy he'd look rather 'fetching' at night,
With a flickering blue light encircling him round,
And a sheet, and a thick chain about his waist bound,
The ends of course trailing behind on the floor.
I suppose he knows how to pass through any door,
Or partition, or wall?"
"Oh dear, yes, he knows all
The tricks of his trade. There's no keyhole so small
But through it he'll pop,
Without even stop-
Ping to take a run at it. He's really first chop."
"That's capital, but there's just this: it appears
He's been a ghost now for some two hundred years,
So he tells us."
"Just so."
"Then where's he been employed
All this time? It can't be that he's simply enjoyed
Himself, mooning about."
"No, you'd best find that out;
He must have been somewhere, there isn't a doubt."
"Let's have him in, then"—and when Benson once more
Came into the presence of Christopher Shore,
The latter addressing him, said:
"It appears
You've now been a ghost for a good many years:
Where have you been living?"
"Well, lad, it's this way,
Ah havn't had no reg'lar pläace, so to say.
A've trapassed aboot, for A've that on ma mind
As makes me uneasy, A've summut to find:



"Excuse me, my fee."

What it be Ah don't knaw, but it's summut Ah feel,
And Ah'll drop on't some fine day, Ah knaw that reet weel;
Ah a'most think sometimes this summut mun be
A summut Ah had when Ah lived by yon sea,
At Hilda's. And then Ah thinks oh no it bean't.
"Were it money?" Na, lad; Ah'm reet sure that it wean't.
But lately Ah'm easier far, so Ah'll try
And sattle in sarvice, and that is just why
Ah'm seeking a pläace."
"Very well, Benson; you
If you only are steady, I fancy may do
For me. I shall find you a chain all complete,
Which you always must wear, and a newly-washed sheet;
And a haunted room too, your own special domain,
Which you never must quit without wearing your chain.
I'll leave it to you when and how to appear,
And now I believe I've made everything clear.
Oh! one thing: your accent I sadly deplore,
For I ne'er met a ghost who talked Yorkshire before,
That's all. Cagliostro will tell you the way
To get down to my mansion to-morrow. Good-day."
Roger Benson just bowed, and was gone. "I won't boast,"
Said Shore, "but I think I've got hold of a ghost
Who'll do me some credit."
"Well, we shall soon see."
"Good-day, Cagliostro."
"Excuse me, my fee;
Half-a-crown, if you please."
"Oh, beg pardon, forgot."
"Just so, then, how fortunate 'tis I did not."
. . . . . .
I can't undertake
Any statement to make
As to how Benson travelled o'er briar and brake;
If he came on the wind, or a broomstick, or journeyed
By waggon, or stage-coach, because I'm not learned
In the modes of conveyance which spectres adopt;
He may have run down, or perhaps may have hopped.
But this one fact remains, in some way he contrived
To cover the distance, and duly arrived.
He settled down quietly—no, I'm afraid
That statement *re* Rodger with truth can't be made;
For the very first night
He was there, it was quite
Amusing to see what a terrible fright
He put the whole house in by shrieking and groaning,
And sobbing, and sighing, and grunting, and moaning,
And his chain dragging o'er
The brand new *parquet* floor
In the study, on which Shore had set so much store—
And he frightened two housemaids well nigh into fits,
And the pageboy and footman right out of their wits,



The pageboy.

By bouncing out on them when mounting the stairs,
On their way up to bed, and when quite unawares.
And Kit was most highly amused, and delighted
On hearing how these silly folks had been frighted.
And loudly he laughed,
And most heartlessly chaffed
Them, and told them they all must be hopelessly daft.
But, oh! how his tone changed, when one night in bed,
He felt something cold playing tricks round his head;
And op'ning his eyes,
In disgusted surprise,
He beheld the new ghost with legs crossed, tailorwise,
On one of the bedposts regarding him sadly,
And straightway his temper broke out, oh, so badly:
"You thief of the world! what's the meaning of this?
D'ye think that I housed you that I might be dis-
Turbed, and bothered by *you*? I won't have it, I say;
Clear out double quick; now come, vanish away,
And never again try your tricks on with me;
If you do, take my word for it, *I'll* let you see!"

But the ghost, with a grin,
Raised his knees to his chin;
But as for departing he moved not a pin.
And Kit, wild with anger, his pillow withdrew
From his head, and the missile with all his strength threw
At his family ghost, to upset and subdue him—
And a good shot it was; but the pillow went *through him*,
And fell on the floor,
Which so staggered Kit Shore,
That he lay down again, and soon started to snore,
For his head was too low;
And next morn he said, "Go
Shall that villain, or I a good reason will know."
But the threat was a vain one; the ghost wouldn't quit,
And though he got notice he cared not for it,



"The ghost wouldn't quit."

But stuck to his quarters, appearing or not
As he fancied he would, for he saw that his lot
Was a good one, as lots went. And Shore's rage was fearful;
It made him in turn first abusive, then tearful,
To find that this maddening plague of a ghost
Had got him, his master, so neatly on toast.
He summoned the wretch, raved, and told him to go,
But "the wretch" smiled and shook his old head, meaning
"No,"
Then faded from sight,
And the very next night
Roused up the whole house as it seemed out of spite.



"The king, who'd been hunting, dropped in on his way."

So matters continued, and Shore grew quite thin,
From the worry and turmoil he always was in.
At length matters reached a most desperate state,
And one which, it's terribly sad to relate,
Very nearly was fatal to Shore: for one day,
The king, who'd been hunting, dropped in on his way.
And so pleased was he
With his treatment, and tea,
That he settled to stay for the night on the plea
He was weary, and wanted a thorough good rest,
An undisturbed sleep. Kit Shore's state can be guessed!
When he heard the resolve he was half dead with fright,
And more than three-quarters when, just at midnight,
From the King's room a great yell of terror arose,
And out the King dashed, clad in place of his clothes,
In a very short blanket, that reached to his knees,
With a very pale face. He at once bade them seize
And decapitate Christopher Shore the next minute
For having a ghost-room, and lodging him in it.
Then Kit on his marrow-bones plumped, and explained
That his ghost, though he'd given him notice, remained,
And he could not get rid of him, try as he would,
For he long since had found he was really no good.
But the King called it treason,
And would not hear reason,
Though Kit with much energy pleaded, his knees on.
And all the King said
Was: "Come, off with his head!"
Till Katie, Kit's daughter—who, leaving her bed,
Had slipped on a dressing-gown, trimmed with old lace,
A "dainty confection" which suited her face,
And she'd artfully let her hair loose down her back,
It was long, and Miss Kate without doubt had the knack
At all times and seasons of looking her best—
Came down stairs, and boldly her sovereign addressed;
And begged him to spare
Her unfortunate *père*,
Who was not to blame for this wretched affair.
Now the King had an eye for a good-looking maid
(Kate had reckoned on this), and attention he paid
To her plaintive appeal for her father; and he,
With a smirk at Miss Katie, at once set him free,



"With a smirk at Miss Katie, at once set him free."

Directing him never to do it again,
Or anything of the same kind, under pain
Of instant beheading; then marched off to bed—
As did Kit, overjoyed at not losing his head.
The next morning the King
Discussed the whole thing
With his host, and confessed it was most annoying
To be saddled like this, and suggested his friend
Cagliostro, if asked, would at once put an end
To the nuisance.
"Of course," said Kit Shore, "mighty sire,
He *must*, since 'twas he who induced me to hire
This plague of my life. I will write him to-night:
It's the least he can do."
"Yes, of course; and you might
At the same time inform him how near you have been
To losing your head through this ugly spalpeen."



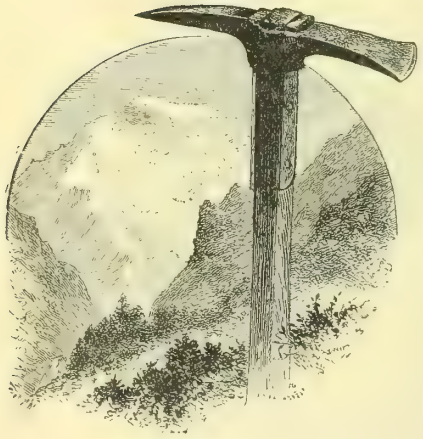
"To find his ghost yelling and shouting with glee."

That night, when the King had departed, his host
Addressed Cagliostro by means of the post;

There was every excuse
For the red-hot abuse
That the letter contained; but there's really no use
In setting it out, for it hardly was posted
E'er the mansion of Christopher Shore was *unghosted*.
It happened in this way: the house was quite quiet,
For all were asleep, when a terrible riot
Arose in the study, the worst there had been,
And Kit in his night-shirt was soon on the scene,
To find his ghost yelling, and shouting with glee,
And dancing, and jumping as wild as could be;
While he varied his movements between every caper
By waving aloft a small scrap of grey paper.
"Ah've got it, at last, lad. Ah've got it, look theer,
Ah've found it!" he yelled, dancing round. "Dont'ee hear?
Ah knaw now the summut Ah wanted; dost see?
Though *thou'st* had it, *it* belonged reetly to me.
'Twere mine up at Hilda's, ma moother's receipt
For t' Invincible sauce, for fish, fowl, game, or meat.
Ah've got it, Ah've got it!" And e'er Kit Shore spoke,
The ghost sped away in a cloud of blue smoke,
And never again did he trouble Kit Shore.
And Kit, on his part, would not have any more
To do with such like; this one quite worked a cure,
So that even the word "ghost" he could not endure.
But he did not begrudge him the long-lost receipt,
That was equally good for fish, fowl, game, or meat,
Since he'd made his pile with it. But whether it was
Because it belonged to a ghost, or because
The management lacked both experience and dash,
The company working it soon came to smash.
But Kit—for the reason above—didn't mind it.
The moral of this,—Well, the reader must find it!

OUR ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

By W. D. Wright, M.A.



year 1891 marks an epoch in the history of Mont Blanc. Two famous Frenchmen, MM. Eiffel and Janssen, have striven to crown the mountain anew in a way very different from the coronation sung by Lord Byron:

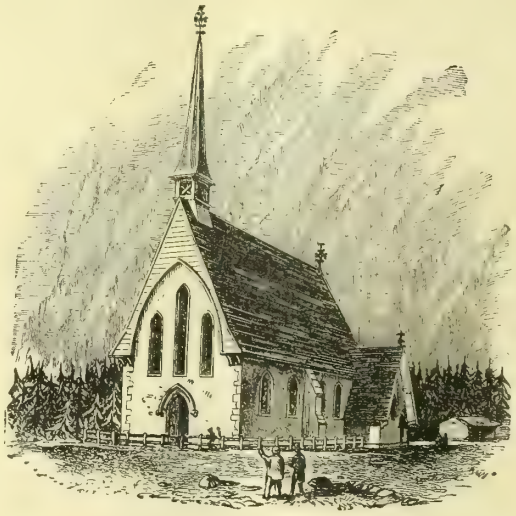
"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

An attempt has been made the past summer to set in the diadem of snow an observatory or ironclad turret, eighty-five feet long and twenty feet in width. The work was entrusted to M. Imfield, a Zurich engineer, who, beginning his labours on the summit, came on traces of a ridge of rock some twenty mètres below the top. He had, however, to abandon the undertaking owing to the suffering of his men from frostbite and *mal de montagne*. Besides, the workmen were scared by the accident of August 21, which brought the season at Chamonix to an abrupt close. Herr Hermann Rothe and his guide Michel Simon were hurled by an avalanche into a crevasse one hundred and fifty feet deep, whence their bodies were extricated four days afterwards from a wall of frozen ice and snow. But for this catastrophe there has been only one fatal mishap on Mont Blanc during the last twenty years.

On the 8th of August I made the ascent safely in company with a little boy, twelve years old, the youngest who has ever reached the summit. Half an hour after the Swiss boy, a caravan arrived with an American lady who like myself was making her début as an Alpinist upon Mont Blanc.

The most difficult part of the journey comes before you start, making up the mind, purse, and conscience for the ascent. Having got this safely through over-night, I woke up in joy next morning to see a rosy tinge upon the highest snow.

It was four o'clock and the glass rising. My guide and landlord, for I was living in a cabin at the foot of the Brevent, carried off my boots and hammered an array of nails into the soles. His wife prepared provisions, and got ready an abundant supply of shirts, socks, and gloves, showing me at the same time the rope we should carry. It was marked with the red line of the English Alpine Club, and that red line I knew was an infallible token that the rope was sound. I was fortunate to secure as porter and guide two men who had taken part in M. Janssen's famous expedition, Burnet Théophile and Ambrose Tournier; the latter, a born guide, son of a guide, and grandson of a guide; his



English Church at Chamonix.

wife also is the descendant of a long line of guides, and his little daughter Martha always leads her playmates in their games. Martha was loth to let her father go, but he kissed the child's tears away, said we would soon be back, and about six o'clock we set out from Chamonix with black spectacles round our hats and ice-axes in hand.

Our walk lay under glorious pines. All the valley was alive with the music of a thousand cowbells. Strawberries, sweet as the rasps by the river Arve, lay in the mosses at our feet. A cascade and a torrent leapt down on either side.

recourse to our spectacles, through which we could look with delight upon "the fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven," loveliest snows and still more wondrous ice cut into every fantastic shape from icicle to pyramid. An hour later we girded ourselves with the necessary rope, which I hated with a perfect hatred, as it trailed three yards on either side of me, tempting me to stumbling. I would keep catching it up and carrying it in a coil. Again and again poor Ambrose had to cry "Laissez la corde, toute la longueur," a needful caution as we passed over deep and beautiful crevasses.

of tourists of the old school. The cabin contains two small bedrooms, one small kitchen, and three still smaller, inadequately used chambers of rubbish.

It had been our intention to push on to the Bosse, but bad weather continuing, the advice of a party coming down from the summit dissuaded us from making the attempt, and we resolved to sleep the night at the Grands-Mulets. So we waited, and dined, and dried our dripping garments, and watched from the windows six other caravans, like so many slave-gangs, coming slowly uphill in the falling snow.



Mont Blanc from Sallenches.

Presently we got out of the region of pines into the region of rocks. At eight o'clock we halted at the châlet of the Pierre Pointue to enjoy a grand full length view of the loveliest glacier in Europe, the Glacier de Bossons, and heard the cannon at Chamonix announcing that some climber had reached the summit. The great snowhills shone clear and stainless as we pursued our way past the rise of the torrent of Praz to the Pierre de l'Echelle, where we all three sat down and put on gaiters. So accoutred, and leaving the region of rocks for the region of snows, we soon passed a somewhat steep and difficult place at Christo-Blanc. Finding the glare of sun and snow rather trying to our eyes, we had

And now we began to near the place where two great glaciers meet, the glaciers of Bossons and Taconaz. All round us lay firns or fields magnificently white, but we had not time to stop and admire, for snow began to fall, as we approached the Grands-Mulets, that lonely cabin on a rock round which the ravens were flying. My men uttered a shrill, laughing, long-sounding cry to another guide who was leading down a caravan to the halfway house. At a quarter to twelve we had reached the Grands-Mulets, with its three French flags flying on the roof. We stamped our feet, shook off the snow, and entered the cabin, the walls of which are defaced from floor to ceiling with inscriptions

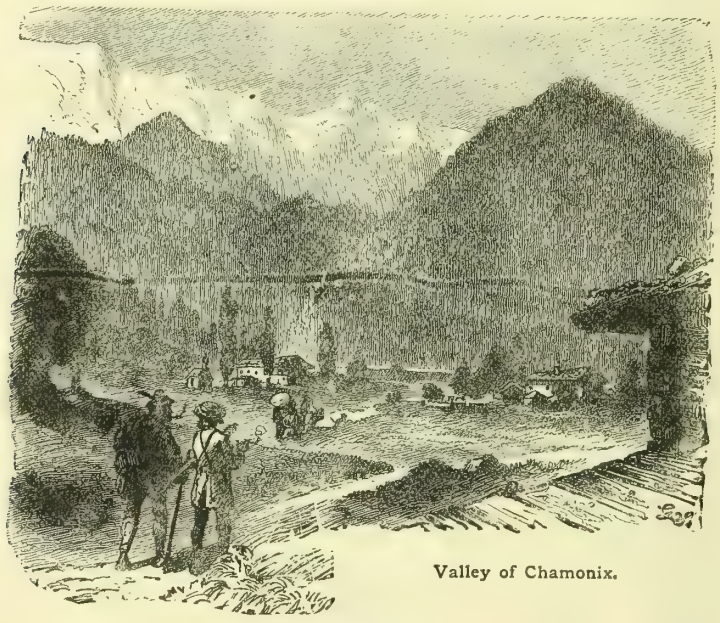
Walking next to their guides in their respective gangs I saw a little boy and two ladies, one being pulled up, the other stepping out gallantly. But more noteworthy than these was a young English officer, who without guide or porter, with walking-stick in hand, was striding up through the snow like some Achilles in a fury, caring neither for crevasse or danger. Hot and steaming, Achilles gained the cabin. I asked him if he was bound for the summit. "No," he replied, "I come from a country where there are infinitely grander mountains to be climbed for nothing, and where for the best dinner in the world you pay sixpence, and not six francs as at the Grands-Mulets."

II.—A NIGHT AT THE GRANDS-MULETS.

Rarely, if ever, has Marie of the Grands-Mulets seen so large an assemblage of people as gathered into her little cabin on Friday afternoon, the 8th of August. Between forty and fifty persons crowded into bedrooms and kitchen. Some sat on the beds, and smoked, and talked, and watched the snow beating hard against the windows, and discussed the chances of our being snowed up. From time to time came the shrill cry of guides announcing another caravan. Then most of us would run to the hall to wait for and welcome the new arrivals. One poor fellow looked bad enough as he struggled manfully to our door, nearly doubled up with the terrible *mal de montagne*, which is the penalty most mountaineers have to pay for their daring. A Greek nobleman who had climbed three hundred mountains complained sorrowfully of this sickness, which always interferes with his pleasure in mountaineering. He was looking forward to a fearful morrow on Mont Blanc, which he pronounced to be the most uninteresting ascent in Europe. It had no beauty and not the slightest danger. True, it was 15,780 feet high; but when you had said so much, that was all you could say for it. No, he continued, Mont Blanc is not a proper mountain, or how could that young Englishman have come out to climb it with only a walking stick in his hand.

I made no reply, and we turned away from the freezing hall to the cosy kitchen. What a crowd we were round the stove, to be sure! Marie, the cook, could hardly move for the press. Every now and then she would go herself or send out a guide or porter with a large spoon and a pail to bring in snow for cooking. Dinner was being got ready for people of every nationality. With her feet at the stove sat an American lady, her husband and an Italian seated on a form on her left, while on her right were two German gentlemen and an Indian officer. In the same room was a handsome member of the Swiss Alpine Club with his two sons, one a boy of twelve. Lounging about, smoking, stood the guides, French, Swiss, German, and Austrian. Not to mention all, we were a motley group, with our professional photographer, Greek nobleman, and Marie of the Grands-Mulets, a rubicund, unsmiling, courageous woman of two score years and ten, who for fourteen years has dared to spend three months of every year in this lonely cabin amid snows and storms.

As the cold grew keener we all gathered closer round the stove, and Marie struggled harder for standing room amid the noisy crew. Some were putting on slippers, others changing or greasing their boots. Most were watching the dinner being cooked, and the clothes drying on the pipe of the stove: jerseys, socks, boots nailed in Swiss and Austrian fashion, uncounted articles, snowy or otherwise, dripping down upon the pots and pans. "I am glad I have had my dinner," said the American lady. In the midst of her cooking, Marie, calling two guides to her aid, hurried off to make the beds. There were only four beds visible to the naked eye, and the wonder was where the whole forty were to sleep the night. To add to the confusion three or four more porters arrived with heavy burdens bound on the morrow for the Bosse. Marie swiftly despatched the superfluous porters to a loft above the kitchen, and continued her bed-making with such amazing skill that by the end of an hour there was a couch for almost every one. I tumbled up a ladder to a large dark loft where a tiny candle revealed about a dozen beds. The stars peeped through the rifts in the roof, and the lights of the kitchen gleamed through the cracks of the floor.



Valley of Chamonix.

Presently the guides and porters all scrambled up aloft, and fell on the beds and floor wherever they could find a vacant spot. We tried to sleep, but sleep was out of the question, for conversation continued all night long, incessantly as the toe-kissing in Rome on St. Peter's Day. At eleven P.M. a gentleman wanted his breakfast and took an hour to order it. On the stroke of midnight the first caravan set out, led by Alexander Burgener, the king of the guides.

III.—ON THE SUMMIT.

An hour and a half later I set out with Ambrose and Théophile, the rope round our waists, gloves on our hands, and Ambrose the guide carrying a lantern. The snow of the previous day was lying thick on our road, but the Greek nobleman, with his splendid guide Alexander Burgener, had prepared a way for us, and we followed in their path. Our course lay along a dark and narrow track, with the chance of slipping down a steep bank. "Only plant your feet in my steps," said Ambrose, and I obeyed. Watching his feet, watching the lantern swinging just above his feet, I could not help thinking of the verse, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

We had not been climbing half an hour before we sighted a Chinese lantern being carried by one of Alexander's porters. We looked back and saw a wonderful sight. The whole road to the cabin whence we had come was bright with pilgrims of the night, six caravans with lanterns. We cried to them and they to us, and the party from the heights mingled their voices with ours, and there was a great and merry shouting through the white and silent night. The snow was perfectly lovely, soft and sparkling. All the stars of heaven were crowded over us. Over the Brevent, the highest peak on the opposite snowless range, hung the Plough, pointing to England, while on the left, above the Needles of the South, the Pleiades looked down on Italy.

On we went, slowly but steadily, planting our steps and kicking our toes deep into the snow. Ascending and descending Mont Blanc is a toe and heel business. You go up almost entirely on the toes, and descend on your heels. I fell into a measured movement of my own, which made the ascent easier. I also found walking fast less fatiguing than climbing slow.

We soon began to catch up the foremost caravan, some seven strong—an interesting party led by the guide-king, Alexander Burgener from Zermatt, the man who first ascended the needles of Charmoz, and the needle of Dru, and many another pinnacle. Alexander's renown has spread all over Switzerland; he is mentioned in Baedeker, and altogether may be considered a great man, an "Alexander the Great." Owner of three houses, he has lived in Hyde Park, speaks English well, receives 1,000 or even 2,000 francs a month for his services. He is a man of splendid build, handsome and quiet. I do not suppose there lives a man in Europe liker one of the old Homeric heroes than Alexander Burgener, the king of the guides.

Tied to the body of Alexander tramped the young English officer who had walked so furiously and alone the previous day to the Grands-Mulets from Pierre Pointue. On reaching the cabin, the Greek nobleman had asked if he intended making for the summit. "No," was the reply, "I can't afford it." "I tell you what I'll do," said the Greek; "I have more men than I need. You may come with me, but on this condition, that you walk slow." The condition, which seemed light, was easily accepted, and the Englishman rejoiced that he, perhaps first of tourists, should ascend to the summit without paying a sou. His joy would have been less had he known the hardship of superlatively slow walking in the keen cold. The guide's ordinary step is so slow that one can hardly fancy less rapid motion. Its excellence consists in its steadiness, in seldom stopping or changing the pace, which they tell you should be *toujours la même chose*. By experience they have found this the wisest course. An American lady complained to her leader that he was going too slowly. "Lady," replied the guide, "I want to walk in such a way that you will always think I am walking too slowly."

Toujours la même chose, slow but *slow*, thought the soldier as we overtook his caravan at half-past two. In merry mood we greeted one another cheerily, and I remember saying as we passed, "Good morning, Alexander, king of the guides." He in turn bade us beware of a great crevasse to our left as we stepped to the front to lead the caravans and open up the path.

We had now to move more cautiously, especially when we came to the Petit-Plateau, the most dangerous part of our journey. Over our heads hung an enormous mass of snow, ready to fall, it seemed, at the slightest breath. Not noticing this terror, I was talking, when guide and porter both pointed it out, and putting their fingers to their lips motioned me to silence, and we passed swiftly on. A week later I learnt that this same avalanche had fallen and overwhelmed Herr Hermann Rothe and his guide. The following day in Chamonix Church, as I read the solitary tablet on the walls placed there in memory of an Arkwright lost in an avalanche on Mont Blanc, I breathed a prayer of gratitude.

In some places our way lay over slippery ice, and at one crevasse it was hard work to pick our steps through the thick and treacherous snow. Every now and then we stopped to look above and around us on a scene grand and beautiful beyond description. Behind us lay a sea of clouds like a mighty *mer de glace*. From time to time we heard a rumbling of stones clattering down the needles of the South, on the sharp points of which no snow settles. One by one we watched the stars die down in a purple heaven, defiant of word-painting as a Venetian sunset. "You have nothing like that in India," I cried to the Afghan officer, who was not thinking of natural beauty at all, but was meditating escape from his slow slave-gang. The pace was killing him, and his limbs were almost frozen. So he and a friend asked for leave to depart, which after some parleying was given. A rope was tied round their waists, and the brave couple, breaking away from their party, followed in our steps.

At four o'clock day began. Ambrose blew out his lantern and left it in the snow by the side of the path. I looked back and saw that the lights of all the caravans had been extinguished. "Ambrose," I said, "do you know we are the first caravan?" The man's pride was touched. "Yes," he replied, "and I am younger than any of the guides following us." Then we began to walk more swiftly, and some time after halted a moment for rest. As a seat for me Ambrose laid our three axes in the snow. I sat down, and my guide and porter drank cognac, fortifying themselves for the hardest half-hour of the whole road, the last climb up steep ice to the Bosse.

The Bosse is a little wooden cabin with one room. We met there a number of porters and an American, who, in attempting the summit the previous day, had been caught in a gale and driven back. Arriving at half-past six we stopped half an hour and rested, and Ambrose and Théophile told how, when they had been with M. Janssen, he and his twelve apostles, as he called the twelve guides and porters who drew him up in his sledge, found shelter during a storm several days in this little cabin of M. Vallot's. Still more astounding was their account of how the grand lame old man made his memorable ascent from the Vallot refuge to the summit.

For hundreds of yards from the Bosse a long narrow ridge rises nearly sheer up. On one side, as we pursued our way, a strong wind blew hard into our faces. My right hand was fast getting benumbed. Ambrose caught hold of it and gave it such a thumping that it was swollen the next day. After an hour's stiff climbing the road became easier and the wind colder. We met Dutchmen returning, and in high spirits. At a quarter to nine we were on the summit, twice as high as Olympus, looking down on clouds and snows, and all the high hills under the whole of Heaven. Far below, like a little peak, lay the Brevent, overhanging Chamonix in its lovely valley amid rivers and pines.

The cold was intense, and we soon descended. It was ludicrous to watch the people running away from the long-desired summit. The moment they touched it they turned and fled, slipping and sliding down at a tremendous pace. The joy of cycling down hill is nothing to the delight of descending Mont Blanc. Once I stumbled and fell; Ambrose, not waiting for me to get up, slid on, and away I went like the wind for some hundred yards in the snow. Then we met porters, who told us M. Eiffel was climbing up that day from Chamonix, with designs to carry away the mountain to Paris. We felt glad we had made the ascent, and wondered if the news were true. M. Eiffel, we knew, was bold enough for anything, and M. Eiffel was only the right hand man of M. Janssen, who had told me in Chamonix, when I spoke with him about the new project, "Il n'y a rien d'impossible."

A CLASS-ROOM TRAGEDY AT ST. VESPER'S.

By A. G. Munro, B.A., City of London School,

Author of "A Comedy at St. Vesper's," etc.

"To think that this plague spot should have broken out in the Third Modern above all others!"

The twitching eyelids and contracted brow of the master of the Third Modern proclaimed only too truly that the class was under a cloud.

"Of course you know there will be no more good conduct holidays, boys, between this and the summer holidays," added Mr. Duckworth. "Now take Euclid places."

And, be it added, the anger of Mr. Duckworth was a righteous anger. At the beginning of term a handsome sum of money had been allotted by the governors for providing the Thirds with a new library. Hours upon hours had the master of the Third Modern spent upon a wise and judicious selection of histories, stories, and travels. Even the Third Classical, the ancient foes of the Third Modern, were compelled to own that Duckworth's fellows had the finest class library in the school.

It was with a glow of beaming pride that Inderwick and Trevor received a pile of catalogues with the information that they had been elected joint-librarians by the suffrages of the rest of the class. The glittering edges and rich morocco and calf binding were a sight to gladden the eyes of a whole army of bibliophiles. But gradually the fine array of books began to melt away.

Every week Inderwick and Trevor presented their checks to Mr. Duckworth in proof that all the legitimate borrowers had returned their books. To make doubly sure, the lock of the massive oak book-case was taken out and a most marvellous patent invention substituted; but all to no purpose. The school famulus was ordered an extra patrol along the class-room corridors during out-of-school hours, and to keep a sleepless vigil over the row of keys in his "lodge." How the thief possibly managed to obtain ingress was a regular mystery, which grew to such exciting dimensions that the Modern Third library was the talk of the school. Just when speculation was most furious, Mr. Rexton, the master of the Third Classical, in room No. 9 over the way, came upon Charlie Charters, one morning, perched on a corridor dustbin and perusing one of the missing books, an edition of the "Arabian Nights." Questioned as to how he came by the book, Charters II stated he had found it. Another book—Robinson Crusoe this time—being found in his desk, the same feeble explanation was offered, and the long and the short of it was that the boy was expelled the school.

"Served him jolly well right," exclaimed Sheers of the Classic Third, a lank, flabby, big-boned fellow, to his crony Shepherd, as the boys were trooping into the corridor after morning school.

"Thought the young gaol-bird was awfully flush of 'rhino' for a parson's cub," replied the latter, with a mild look of triumph and insolence in the direction of Charlie's elder brother, Charters I. Fortunately the senior "parson's cub" was not within sound of the words, or it might have been awkward for Shepherd.

Charters I and his friend Everard of the Fourth always reserved for Shepherd exactly that kind of sentiment with which certain sensitive people regard spiders and snails. That first meeting between Charters and Shepherd in the headmaster's library was a memorable one. Shepherd was two years Charters' senior. Both lads were awaiting the arrival of the headmaster, prior to their names being entered on the school roll, and Shepherd's mild blue eyes were fixed on the other boy in their own loftily contemptuous style. Young Charters had been coached by his elder brother that if a fellow cheeked him the proper thing was, of course, to knock that fellow, big or little, down. Various questions as to age, pocket-money, and the like, Charters civilly answered, until a touching inquiry concerning the well-being of his little sister reminded him of his elder brother's favourite maxim. Then arose mutual inquiries as to whether the other boy wanted anything, followed by courageous invitations to come on, whereupon Charters and Shepherd both came on and beheld a Crystal Palace pyrotechnical display. More invitations to come on followed; but the headmaster came on instead, and gave them each a caning. Shepherd was more than a match for Charters then, but that was three years ago, and the latter was now a well-built lad of fourteen. To say that the Rev. Mr. Charters was overcome by Charlie's expulsion is the merest commonplace. He was simply stunned. Charters I would have staked his existence that his younger brother was not the thief, and in this view had the support of Everard.

Nearly all the rest of the school believed Charlie guilty, especially the fellows in the Classical Third, between whom and their Modern schoolfellows the keenest rivalry existed. It was an undying tradition with each of the Thirds never to be beaten either in school or out by the other.

It is curious, on looking back to those happy days, to reflect how wonderfully each

class acted up to tradition. "Knocked 'em into a cocked hat," yelled the Modern Third as the two forms rushed out from big school after the annual inspection by the headmaster. "Licked 'em into fits," retorted the Classic rivals from over the way.

True, in cricket matches one score actually might overtop another, but there was sure to be a wrong decision of the umpire, a doubtful catch, a leg before, a run out, or something of the sort to invalidate the victory. The reader must understand, then, that but little sympathy was expressed by Mr. Rexton's form for the disgrace into which the Modern Third had fallen. Amongst the boys in the Classical Third who turned up their noses highest at the pitiable condition of their neighbours, conspicuous were Sheers and Shepherd, both of whom were under Mr. Rexton. Messrs. Duckworth and Rexton, Ducky and Reggie as their boys called them, fostered in a general way the rivalry between the two forms, as it kept the fellows up to the mark, and even on the present occasion the latter gentleman congratulated himself somewhat that his class was free from thieves.

It has been said that Charters I and Everard believed in Charlie's innocence. The latter boy had been won over to Charlie's heart and soul one bleak, biting, wintry day when the fellows were returning from a paper-chase. Famished and footsore the three boys found themselves at Winterlow toll-gate, five miles from school. Suddenly Charlie vanished, returning with three ancient buns, bought at the toll-house, and insisting that Everard should keep the largest, whilst he himself appropriated one in which a dead fly had changed seats with a currant. Following the expulsion of Charlie, Charters I lapsed into a silent and somewhat sullen mood, abjuring the playing-fields except when a house match was on, and taking a fancy to doing Latin prose at most unearthly hours.

He was nearly top boy in the Fourth, and, as the masters very kindly gave the best boys in the forms permission to do special lessons in the class-rooms out of ordinary school hours, Charters easily obtained leave to join his friend Everard in Mr. Duckworth's room. Any other room would have done as well, but somehow or other the boy felt fascinated to the Modern Third room. The surroundings seemed adapted to his own unenviable frame of mind. What puzzled both boys was the destiny of the stolen volumes. The "Arabian Nights" and "Robinson Crusoe" were the only two books found out of fifty or sixty others. This was a mystery which Charters would have given worlds to solve.

One Wednesday afternoon, a month before Charlie's expulsion, Charters and Everard, returning from a cricket match, met Old Mick, a vendor of triangles, turnovers, apples and nuts, just outside the school gates. Mick's basket was, as usual, empty after a day's round, but on his back was a sack swollen to inordinately large dimensions, which the orange vendor stated to contain rabbit skins, and then shuffled off. "Rather hard rabbit skins, Mick," answered Everard, giving the bundle a parting whack with a stump. Charters wondered afterwards that such a trifling incident stuck in his memory.

"Look, Charters! Whatever's that?"

The two boys were going over their Latin prose for the next day in Mr. Duckworth's room. It was a moist, sticky afternoon early in July, and the quiet of the corridor class-room was very grateful in comparison with the din and hubbub of big school. The panel of the wall opposite was of oak, and to the amazement of the boys a hand was being gently insinuated into the panel, whereupon two huge oak-slides began slowly but surely to move. Charters and Everard were spell-bound. Not a single boy or master in the school had ever dreamed the substantial walls of the corridor class-rooms were aught but the solidest and stoutest oak. As the fore-fingers of the unknown hand were succeeded by a wrist, and the slides drew apart to the distance of some two inches, Charters held his breath with excitement. Just at that moment the elbow of Everard, who was leaning over the hood of the master's desk, slipped off, and the noise, though slight, sufficed to alarm the unknown hand, which was drawn back as mysteriously as it had appeared, drawing with it the massive sliding panels. Rushing after the hand with a determination to solve the mystery, the boys pushed away the slides, which gave way with the greatest ease, and found themselves in a stuffy old chamber, eaten up with mice and cobwebs, opening through a half bricked-up arch into the cricket lumber-room, where the clubs stowed away goal-posts, footballs, stumps, and leg-pads. The door of the lumber-closet was securely locked, and, beyond mice and spiders, the place was as tenantless as the grave. The boys had read of secret panels in private houses, but who would have expected to find one beneath the ivy-grown towers and lichen-covered walls of their old school?

"Look here!" said Charters, after making an inspection of the chamber and pointing to a trapdoor in the ceiling. Curiously enough, the trapdoor was just a sensation aside. "That trapdoor's been opened not long since, Everard, judging from those torn cobwebs."

"Here goes!" added the excited boy, springing on to an old desk just underneath the trapdoor, and inserting his fingers to get leverage. "Hoop! here we are, Everard. Come on up!"

The boys found themselves in a huge vault, supported with massive triangular oak rafters, running over all the classrooms, and terminating above the hat and cloak lobby at the western wing. Making their way in the latter direction over the rafters, they found another trap-door, wide open, from which descent into the lobby was quite easy. Judging from appearances this trap-door too had only been recently opened.

"Well, upon my word! Charters, only to think of it; all these mysterious chambers, and not a soul on the spot knows anything about them," said Everard. "But what on earth have we here?" added the boy in amazement, picking up something from deep down between the rafters. "Why, in the name of all that's wonderful! Charters——" But the fellow was so thunderstruck that he could scarcely proceed. "'Life and Times of Christopher Columbus,'—why, that's the very book that Inderwick said was first missing from the Modern Third library!"

Charters's heart rose within him. That Charlie never knew of this spot was morally certain, and he was for rushing to Mr. Duckworth on the spot and laying bare the discovery, but an overwhelming desire to unearth the real culprit checked him. For several weeks following did Charters and Everard lie in ambush, hidden behind the rafters over the classrooms in the hope that an enemy would appear; but in vain. One Wednesday—the last before the holidays—they were in Mr. Duckworth's classroom, and hearing sounds in the direction of the cricket-closet ran out of the classroom into the corridor, and almost knocked into Shepherd.

"Come and have a game, Charters?" exclaimed the latter, tossing up a cricket ball, which he had evidently just fetched from the closet, the door of which was wide open.

Charters and Everard were surprised, not knowing anything of a game that Wednesday, and wondered what authority Shepherd had to fetch the ball.

"Here, Oliver, here's your precious key," exclaimed the latter, tossing it officiously to the famulus.

"Ta, ta, Charters; take care of yourself, Everard," and Shepherd scudded along the corridor and was gone.

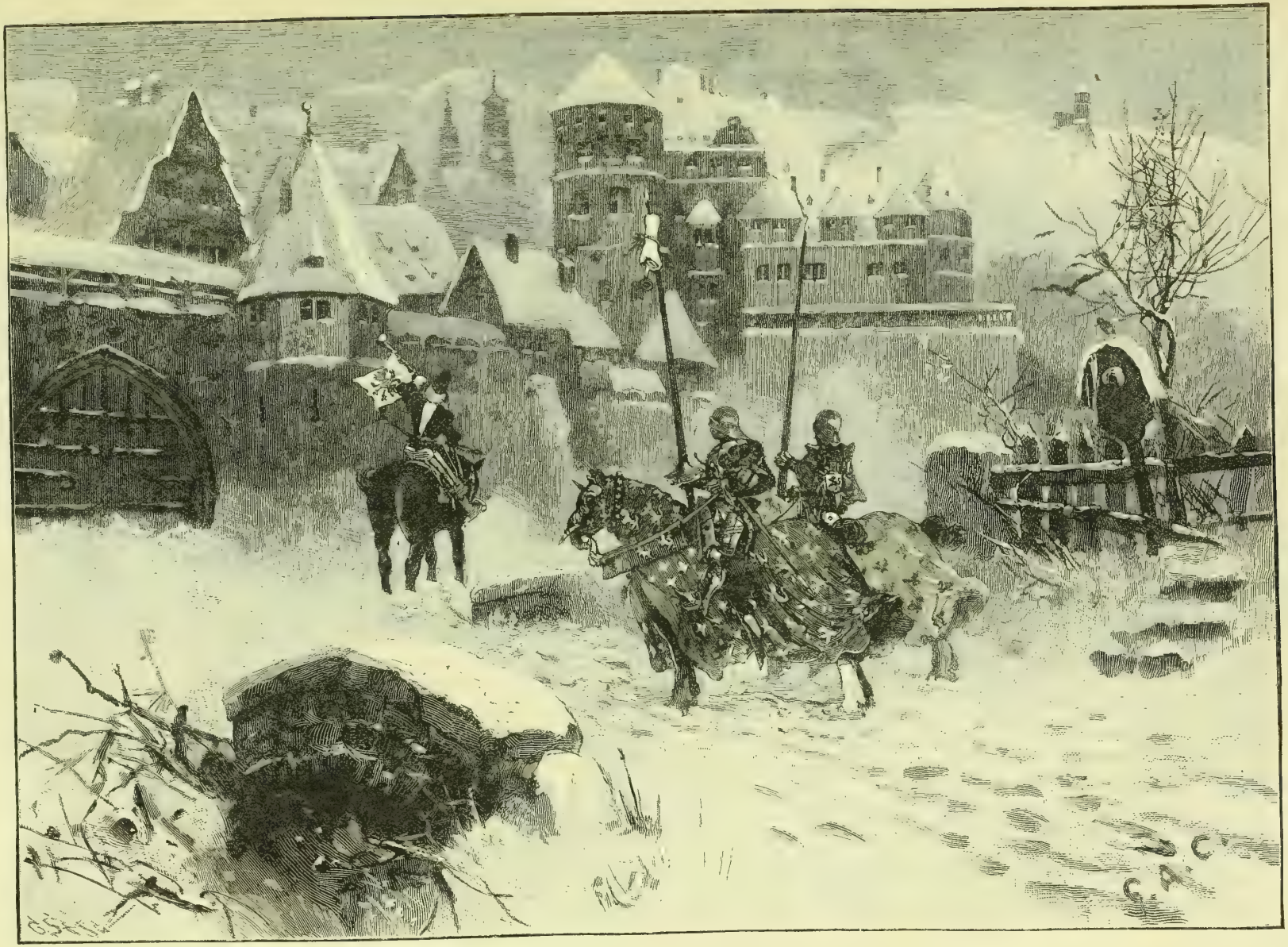
"Watch Shepherd," were the exact words which the master of the class below had used to Mr. Rexton when Shepherd was promoted into the Thirds, and most surely, if ever a boy needed watching and baffled a master in the art, that boy was Shepherd. "Is that you, Shepherd?" Mr. Rexton would ask, as a general atmosphere of inattention in that boy's corner of the room proclaimed the fact that some invisible agency of disorder was at work. "No, sir," was the invariable reply, and oh the world of injured innocence and trampled-on simplicity the words conveyed! Shepherd was one of those boys who, once every blue moon, manage to sneak into our public schools, the vigilance of headmasters and governors notwithstanding. Mr. Rexton felt certain that his pupil was a mass of invisible moral obliquities, and would at times have given worlds for the boy to have done something openly punishable. But this your sly, subtle boys never do. Try to catch them at anything, and before you can say Jack Robinson they are out of your fingers like an eel. "Is that you, sir?" roared the headmaster one morning during the annual summer inspection of the two Thirds, when his ears caught the click of Shepherd's hunting watch, astounded that a boy should dare to look at a watch in his august presence.

"Please sir, my watch always *does* make that noise," replied Injured Innocence, missing the headmaster's point completely, and speaking as if the unlucky possessor of an old hunter deserved compassion above all other boys. The latter would have swallowed up the fellow on the spot, but unfortunately there was no open *casus belli*. Idle boys, clever boys, stupid boys, fussy boys, cheeky boys, funny boys, insipid boys, all these the headmaster could tolerate and love; but your slippery, subtle boys never. Whether Shepherd's complexion was white, sallow, pink, or olive, not a single fellow could say. All that was certain was that those gentle eyes which he opened so wide were blue, and that after the headmaster had stormed at the boy like a whirlwind they were capable of an invisible wink. Although Shepherd's wink could not have been sworn to in a court of justice, his friends knew it quite well by heart.

But to return to our story. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the remainder of that term; the summer holidays glided by, and Charlie Charters pined away in his child grief, showing serious symptoms of a severe illness. It was now the middle of October. Charters and Everard had watched and waited, with what patient perseverance only themselves knew. Whole autumn afternoons had they spent below the dripping cobwebby rafters, and at the thought of his younger brother, Charters's heart grew sick.

Mention has been made of an apple and nut vendor, Mick. Mick generally set up a tressle of tarts and nuts on a Wednesday afternoon. The school tuck-shop was not established in those days. This Mick was not a prepossessing individual, with one eye gone and its fellow glaring round on his St. Vesper clients like the fabled orbit of Polyphemus. But we must dwell a little on Mick, as minus Mick this story would never have been written. Various excrescences supposedly indigenous to chimneys and fireplaces were not infrequently found on Mick's tarts and triangles. Matter thus out of place was uniformly attributed by the orange vendor to his wife's slow oven.

"Baked in a slow oven, young masters," was Mick's watchword whenever a bit of



Bringing the Challenge.—*By* G. A. Closs.

Mrs. Mick's slow oven came too prominently into view on the corner of a triangle, so that Mrs. Mick and her slow oven were one of the standing jokes of the school. Had Mick only kept off the scenes after the expulsion of Charlie Charters, the mystery involved in his disappearance would probably never have been revealed. As it turned out, however, the revelation proved almost more stupendous than the mystery itself.

One afternoon early in November Charters and Everard were wandering disconsolately at the lower end of the playing fields near the belt of yew trees. They were sick to death of those mysterious vaulted chambers, and a breath of fresh air was Elysium. The rest of the school had gone off scouring the country far and wide for logs and brushwood for the approaching fifth.

"Hello! what have we here?" exclaimed Everard, pulling up at the sound of voices, which seemed issuing from the bowels of the earth. They were loud and angry voices, and prominent amongst them the defiant and threatening tones of Old Mick. It should be mentioned that close by the spot where Everard and Charters halted was a fane known as "The Temple of the Fusties," otherwise a clammy, clayey cavern, formed in part by the dried-up bed of a stream, in part by the digging, delving, picking, roofing, planking of the King of the Fusties and his prime minister, who were none other than the lank, bony Sheers and his crony, Shepherd. A stranger entering the Temple of the Fusties haphazard might have come across half a dozen British public schoolboys engaged in making butterscotch. On one occasion a pair of unwary cock sparrows found themselves frizzling on an extemporised fryingpan, in view of an evening banquet to Shepherd, Sheers, and their crew. Fustyism, by the way, though extinct as the dodo in most great public schools, still exists in some. It is a sickly, sticky, morbid creed, the main article of which enacts the avoidance of the genial athleticism and exuberant activity of the playing fields in favour of the moral pitfalls of a loafing and do-nothing existence. The famous Dr. Arnold believed that the common enemy of man was never so sure to be at hand as when a couple of boys were found loafing in corridors and quadrangles when a good round game was going on in the playing fields. If this be the case the common enemy is never far from the Fusties.

For the life of him, Charters could not keep away from the Temple as the din of strife and the clamour of voices grew louder and louder. Creeping nearer and nearer, the two boys came so close that, by lying down full length, and peeping through a chink in one of the planks, a view offered of the transactions inside. Old Mick was storming at Shepherd and Sheers for not paying back some money lent at the beginning of the previous term, and threatening that, unless restitution was made, he would denounce them to the whole school; whilst the boys were urging upon the malevolent old orange vendor a request for patience.

But what was that which "Injured Innocence" was promising to Mick in pacification of the latter's more immediate claim? Coats, bats, balls, shoes, yes . . . and *books!* One of the listeners grew white with rage and could have seized the smooth-faced, third-classical villain by the throat on the spot. "If only Mr. Rexton knew all this, how proud he would be of his form!" "And he shall know," muttered Charters between his teeth, and rising with clenched fists to approach the Temple.

"Hist, hist! Charters, or you'll spoil all," whispered his friend, laying a restraining hand on the other's clenched fists. "Come, let's clear off or they'll find us listening."

Charters would have listened longer, but the boys had heard enough. Shepherd and Sheers had promised Mick that, at the same time and place on the following Wednesday they would meet him. A school paper-chase had been fixed for that date, and it was anticipated that the coast would be clear. Scudding away like the wind to avoid detection, Charters and Everard did not pause to take breath until safe within the secrecy of the quadrangle. Then arose a serious question. Should they tell Mr. Duckworth what they knew? Charters thought not, but Everard suggesting that it would be advisable to secure him as an ally for Charlie's sake, it was decided to inform the master.

Mr. Duckworth looked amazed, puzzled, and pleased all in one, but finally a curious smile of intelligence broke over his features. He thanked the boys for their information and withdrew. Within the masters' common room he amused himself by laying two plots. It was quite on the cards that both plots would prove a success; but, alas! how little the most prescient of us are able to see beyond our noses in matters mundane and earthy!

"Leave it all to me, Charters," whispered Mr. Duckworth to the excited boy as the two met on the next Wednesday after morning school. It was the day when poor Charlie's innocence was to be proclaimed. "Do you and Everard keep a strict vigil below the trap-door in the hat and cloak lobby," added the master confidentially.

Beneath the trap-door in the lobby the two friends accordingly took up their watch, and the hours of that Wednesday afternoon wore slowly by. It was two o'clock when the boys rose from dinner, and half-past two, three, and four, had echoed through the silent quadrangle. Would the expected climax never come? It was just as the clock struck four that Mr. Duckworth, who was hidden like a tiger ready to spring on its prey among the rafters, heard a click, click in the closet below, and he pricked up his ears in excitement. Following the click, click of the lock, steal in two schoolboy forms. Mr. Duckworth, after springing up through the trap-door, omitted to close it, consequently he can see all that is transpiring in the room below. It nearly made the good man weep for the depravity of human nature to see the soft, snake-like movements of his colleague's pupil—how thankful did Mr. Duckworth then feel that the two boys were not in his form!—as he swung open with gentle touch the oaken slides, and crept on tip-toe to the beloved book-case. Mr. Duckworth vowed that for the future every book in his library should be stamped with a school crest to be recognised throughout the length and breadth of the land.

But what was that with which Injured Innocence was opening the library door? It was a skeleton-key, which at first seemed unable to work the patent lock, and the lank and bony Sheers looked on with anxiety.

"Crack any crib in the building," were the assuring words which quieted the dismay of the bony one, and Mr. Duckworth shuddered as the velvety tones just penetrated the rafters. Presently there is extracted a pile of books, a goodly pile, and the master smiles painfully as he sees the handsome volumes placed on the old desk below the trap-door. It is as he supposed. The boys are unwilling to court detection in the class-room corridors, and contemplate a descent by the hat-and-cloak lobby. The blue eyes of Injured Innocence appeared as shy as those of a startled deer on looking up at the trap-door, since Mr. Duckworth had but recently opened it, and the displaced cobwebs only too clearly proclaimed the fact. Just then, the rafters creak and Injured Innocence prepares to fly, and is about to open the lumber closet door. But the latter was locked from the outside by a manœuvre of Mr. Duckworth's, and the key left in by the famulus prevented the skeleton from doing its duty. Surely there is treachery somewhere! But nothing remained except to advance, and, bidding his friend go up through the trap-door, Shepherd handed up the books one by one. What a splendid pile they looked when heaped up among the rafters and ready for a sack which was once the property of Old Mick!

"Hello! Charters and Everard, you there!" It is the voice of Shepherd, who has reached the other trap-door and come right in contact with the gaze of Everard and his friend who are looking up from below.

"Fine day, Shepherd, isn't it?" says Everard.

"Rather," says Shepherd, assuming a gay air, though his voice is tremulous and shaky; "I thought you and Charters were going to the paper-chase."

"H'm, that's curious, now; but the fact is Mr. Duckworth is going to explore the regions where you are now travelling in the hopes of making some archæological discoveries, and Oliver is just bringing the ladder. If you stay a minute, you'll have the pleasure of his company."

"Run like mad!" utters the frightened Shepherd below his breath. "To the lumber closet . . . back" . . . and the two boys scuttle back over the projecting rafters.

Alas, however, for Sheers. He is heavy and dreadfully clumsy, and his big splay feet get entangled in the intricacy of the ground he is traversing.

It seems the irony of fate that to-day, of all days, his shins should grow blue owing to the violent contact with the rafters. But that was not the worst of it. There is danger in making hasty journeys over the lathwork and plaster above class-room ceilings.

Just below where Sheers was floundering was the detention room, and Mr. Rexton was in charge of Dubkins, Trot, and the rest of the détenus. An oppressive silence reigned throughout the room, broken only by the scratch, scratch of an occasional pen, and it was but natural that Trot and Dubkins should look up as bits of the ceiling came sputtering on to their upturned noses. Mr. Rexton once fancied he heard unusual noises, but pulled himself together and stuck bravely to his encyclopædia, notwithstanding the ominous sounds.

"Get on with your work, Dubkins and Trot," remonstrated the master, noticing that the boys were gazing heavenwards instead of downward at their books. "Dubkins, really now" . . . but suddenly a violent bump, caused by Sheers' cranium coming into vigorous rivalry with a beam, causes Mr. Rexton to think something is amiss. Poor Sheers turns giddy all over, falls, and then . . . comes crash through the ceiling in front of Mr. Rexton and his crew.

"Ruat cœlum fiat justitia,"

mutters the master, as the laths, plaster, and library books come down in a heap, amid which Sheers is simply invisible. "Trot and Dubkins attend to your duty."

"Pick up the pieces," whispers Dubkins to Trot, scarce knowing whether to believe his senses.

Happily Sheers was not seriously hurt, and soon well enough to accompany Injured Innocence to the head master to be expelled.

Shepherd's course had an equally sudden termination with that of Sheers. His rage on finding the other trap-door guarded was so furious that, for once in his life, he threw off the rôle of injured innocence and bit Mr. Duckworth in the arm, but was captured and hauled off to the head master.

As for Old Mick, two constables were ready

to receive him on his putting in an appearance at the appointed rendezvous, and he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment as a receiver of stolen goods. Within a week after the expulsion of Sheers and Shepherd, Charlie Charters was back again at school once more.

A few months subsequent to Mick's arrest, Mr. Duckworth was hurrying up a dirty back street of the neighbouring town to catch a train, when his eye caught sight of a row of books on a stall. The look of the books so struck him that he arrested his steps to examine them and missed his train. The owner of the stall was a crony of Old Mick's called Pole. Pole soon followed his friend into gaol as a receiver of stolen goods, and the books were forthwith placed on the oaken shelves in the class library. The Third Modern has now not only a valuable library, but one possessing a peculiar history of its own.

A CLOSE SHAVE WITH A BUFFALO.

By J. Wastie Green, B.A.,

Warden of Victoria College, British Columbia.

It was a very dry season that first dry season which I spent in Bangkok, the capital of Siam. Fresh from England, the whole country, the lives and habits of the European community, to say nothing of the natives, had an irresistible fascination for me. And being passionately fond of sport I was burning to get to work among the game, large and small, which abound in that little known and most interesting kingdom.

For some weeks after January 25, when a few unexpected drops of rain fell, I was too much unsettled by the arrangements for getting into my house to be able to spare any time for sporting, and the snipe which had come in during November, the close of the wet season, had gradually disappeared as the ground grew harder and harder. So that when in February I had time to devote daily after 4 o'clock P.M. to the paddy fields, I found but little to repay me. I certainly had some mild fun in trying to circumvent the gorgeous blue jay of Siam, and the magnificent hawks and falcons which hover every evening over the vast paddy fields on the outskirts of the city off the Windmill Road and Banjkholem, and in the early morning I would spend an hour before breakfast with an air gun in pursuit of the lovely and tiny humming birds, which abound in the acacias, and of which I secured a goodly number, together with kingfishers, noh-i-kraws, and other curious birds which appear to be indigenous to Siam alone.

But at last I was rewarded by the arrival of a very beautiful and fast flying plover, which began to arrive in small flocks just at sundown, and, being very wary, afforded the greatest opportunity for that exercise of skill which really constitutes sport proper. For sport is really the contest between the cunning of the man and the cunning of the beast. They rarely appeared before 6 o'clock P.M., and by 6.30, the very brief ten minutes of twilight which separate day from night in Siam had generally elapsed; so that what one could do one had to do quickly. But on one occasion I was out earlier than usual. I had gone to see a Chinaman cremated in one of the Buddhist wat-yards by his humble friends at 3.30 P.M., and having lost my after tiffin siesta I went home for my gun (with only snipe-dust cartridges), and then set out to this old paddy field. I had two or three fights with pariah dogs in the jungle surrounding native bamboo houses, and had to insert the contents of one barrel in a super-sensitive member of the gang before I got clear of the mango orchards, and emerged on the paddy fields at a part which I had not before visited.

This field must have numbered a thousand acres, being indeed a vast stretch of fen-like country, bordered by jungle on one side, and by broad canals or klongs at a distance of two or three miles. It was also traversed at various points by ditches (then dry), some ten feet wide and seven or eight feet in depth. The whole surface of the paddy fields was as hard as a brick, and cracked by the heat into innumerable fissures, some of them very deep and very wide, which, together with the clods and tramplings of oxen, rendered walking painful, and running almost an impossibility.

I had not been long out of the jungle when I saw a white paddy bird, a lovely white crane of which I much desired a specimen, go flopping over the grass to the side of a klong where a little marsh water remained from the wet season, and I made tracks slowly after it up the side of the klong. About half a mile from cover a small group of tall palms rose near the klong, behind which the paddy bird passed and settled. A vulture who had overeaten himself was being ballyragged by two crows in the palm trees, and pending the arrival of the plover there was not a sound nor a sight in the vast flat country round me. But there very soon were both, and much closer than I desired.

Resisting the temptation to pot the vulture —for vultures, as invaluable scavengers, belong to the Crown—I stole round the clump with as much care as possible, hoping to find my paddy bird, and I found him. But I also found something else which I did not want, and had not bargained for; to wit, a very large buffalo bull with unpleasant horns about five feet from tip to tip. True, he was not a wild buffalo, but treading out the corn for some years had made up for any deficiency in villany which may have been bred in him as a domestic animal, if he could by any stretch of imagination be so termed. In a word he was very tall, very hideous, being plastered with a thick coating of mud from a pool in which he had been defying flies and mosquitoes, and in an eminently unamiable frame of mind, brooding, maybe, over the prospects of the next day's grind or some recent affronts from his employers. After regarding me with smothered indignation for a few moments he proceeded, like the ancient Scottish chiefs in Ossian, to "hum a surly hymn," and without more ado cocked his scandalous tail and came for me in a slow but determined manner. Not to put too fine a point upon it, I was in a fix, as I had only a shot gun with snipe-dust or No. 7, and was a very long way from the jungle side. Behind me was a vast expanse of the awful paddy field, and the only protection I had was the dry deep ditch between him and myself. But I did not know how soon he might, if he got excited, manage to plunge through this, and I also knew that I had passed on my way up at least three gaps or dry fords in this said uninviting ditch. If he at the best followed me down the opposite side I was cut off as soon as we came to the first gap. Leave the ditch side for the open paddy field I dare not. If he once should get over I should have no earthly chance with him. To fire at him until absolutely compelled as a last resort would be merely to aggravate his feelings. I was in a tight place. *Que faire?* I had not much time in which to think, but I remember that a gruesome story of a very narrow escape from a similar predicament in Burmah, which I had chanced to read a few days previous in an old "Field," flashed through my mind; and I determined to try the same tactics.

The banks of the ditch were pretty steep at the spot, and I slowly walked back, "the beard on the shoulder," down my side; he followed down his side, "getting his shirt out" all the way, and swishing himself viciously with his tail.

Keeping a good look-out for the first gap, I walked within about thirty yards of it, and then, after standing still for a moment or two, I suddenly ran back on my tracks a few yards.

This evoked a terrific explosion of wrath and a headlong gallop on his part in the same direction. I stopped dead and then ran for my life past the gap in the other direction. He pulled up as quickly as he could and rushed after me at full tilt, passing the gap on his side without seeing it. I now felt a little easier, since I was nearer cover, and if I could only repeat the process at the next two gaps without driving him to desperate measures, such as plunging through the ditch, I saw my way out of the fix; and I did just manœuvre him past the second gap, though from heat, fatigue, and nervousness, I only just did it, as he caught sight of it in his gallop, but, having passed it, and seeing me running, with much crassness decided to follow on.

By this time he was foaming, and more than once tried the banks, which were now shallower, with his forefeet, and I was prepared to jump the other way, if he should get across. But he fortunately gave it up. I was getting very blown and unhappy, but I reserved my fire for the last gap, which I knew was the most dangerous, as the banks were fordable on both sides of it, and it was quite two hundred yards from cover. I stopped to get my wind, and he stood pawing up the ground and mumbling in that almost speechless passion which I have witnessed with awe in an Andalucian bull at a Mexican bull-fight, when the matadore stands just in front of his lowered head, and his frenzy is so great that he is unable to rush on his foe.

I got bluer and bluer in my fright, but I managed somehow to keep my head; for the worst bit was coming. This time I walked very slowly, for every step became more dangerous as the banks grew shallower. At last, when I got some fifty yards from the gap, I dared not go another step for fear of bringing him over upon me, and in order to get wind for the final rush I even walked back some distance, though his rage was so great that I dreaded his rushing the ditch at all hazards.

I then walked slowly back to the spot at which I had stopped. Putting down my gun, I took off my white cotton drill coat, and, placing two stones in the pockets, I flung it

at him over the ditch. He rushed at it for a moment and got it on one horn, and as he raised his head, a ludicrous exhibition of bathos, I fired both barrels, bang, bang, at his eyes and fled down the ditch side for the jungle.

I heard a fearful bellowing which appeared to come no nearer, and, after running some distance, I ventured to look over my shoulder, when I saw my fury rushing headlong up the ditch in the opposite direction, frantic with rage and probably blind for the rest of his mis-spent career. I lay down, completely done up, for some twenty minutes. But I went and picked up the coat as a souvenir of my first, and I hope my last, close place with a domestic (?) buffalo in an open *paddy field*.

THE STORMING OF THE KATCHAKOFF!

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FINAL STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE "UPS" AND "DOWNS" OF POPPLETON PARVA.

By Ashmore Russan,

Author of "Last of the Great Auks," "That Mare of Jack's," etc. etc.

The origin of the feud was lost in the shadowy past. Greybeard "old boys" spoke of it as having been very bitter in their day, but, like old Kaspar in Southey's poem, "could not well make out" what the "Ups" and the "Downs" "fought each other for."

Mr. Dredge, the head master, said the "Foundation" was at the bottom of it, which is precisely where a foundation may be looked for with success. However, he could not interfere with that; had he done so the trustees would have meddled with him. The circumstances of the case were as follows.

The "Ups," *i.e.* the boys of the upper school, who paid, looked scornfully on the "Downs," who were gratuitously educated in the lower school. The "Ups" were boarders; the "Downs" day-scholars on the Foundation to a boy. The "Ups" mostly came from a distance; the "Downs" were all natives of Poppleton Parva. On Sundays the "Ups" walked to church in pairs, attired in short jacket and tall hat; the "Downs" dressed as their parents pleased, and were free to attend either church or chapel. They chaffed the "Ups," making fun of the regulation attire, particularly of the hat. Should an "Up" be so reckless as to patrol the High Street alone, wearing his tall "tile," some grinning "Down" would be pretty sure to advise him to make haste back, as Mr. Dredge might want to wear his hat.

This sartorial unpleasant-pleasantry was originally a monopoly of the "Ups." In times past the "Downs" had been compelled to attend school in long-skirted blue coat, knee-breeches, yellow stockings, and muffin-cap. The trustees abolished the uniform, to the great regret of the "Ups." No "Down" could well escape when grasped by his long skirts; he was at the mercy of an antagonist; and the retort, "charity boy!" was found peculiarly effective in wordy warfare. When an old boy "Up" spoke of the blue coat and muffin-cap period, deeply interested present day "Ups" were apt to exclaim:

"Ah! those were the times!"

The "Downs," however, were of a different opinion, viz. that *these*, not *those*, were the times.

The "Downs" were sixty strong, seldom fewer, never more. The muster roll of the "Ups" varied from time to time. At the period of which we are writing it was seventy-four.

Do not suppose that the "Ups" and "Downs" of Poppleton Parva were allowed to fight pitched battles whenever they felt disposed. For years Mr. Dredge had striven to crush the ill-feeling. Perhaps his method was unwise. A severe caning was the penalty incurred by "Up" or "Down" who provoked a combat and was found out. But somehow the head master's cane only seemed to instil into the sufferer, if an "Up," a determination to "take it out" of a "Down;" if a "Down," to be revenged upon an "Up."

Either side had its champion, who was also its commander-in-chief. Frank Bradshaw led the "Ups," Harry Spright the "Downs." Bradshaw was a burly, red-faced boy, the despair of his teachers, the glory of his fellows. He could not learn, but at cricket, football, and fisticuffs he had no equal, unless it were Spright, his great rival, a plucky lad, pale, slender, and nervous, quick at work and play, with quite a genius for mechanics.

A few weeks before Christmas—a Christmas not likely to be forgotten by the Little Popple-tonians, or such as were not too big to go to school—Bradshaw and Spright met behind Mr. Dredge's stable by mutual invitation. Some thirty "Ups" attended the meeting to see that Bradshaw had fair play; whilst about the same number of "Downs" looked after the interests of Spright.

The fight, a stubborn one, was stopped by Mr. Dredge, who impartially caned both "Up" and "Down." After the caning he summoned the lower school boys to the upper school, and addressed the combined schools thus:

"I have determined to expel every boy reported for fighting. I mean every 'Up' who has been fighting with a 'Down,' and *vice versâ*. If the upper and lower schools' rivalry took a studious direction, there would be some sense in it; or even if you strove each to excel the other in the playing field at football or cricket. But this punching of heads must and shall cease. It is a disgrace, and I will not put up with it any longer."

Half an hour afterwards Bradshaw and Spright met.

Said Bradshaw: "When do you leave?"

"At Easter," answered Spright.

"So do I. We'll have it out then."

"All right," said Spright.

At Easter they were the best friends in the world—but that is going a little too fast.

It did not strike Mr. Dredge, an honest and well meaning, but rather opinionated and obtuse man, that his threat of expulsion—which he meant to enforce—would press more hardly upon the "Downs" than on the "Ups." Such, however, was the case. The "Downs," for whose education the founder had provided, dared not risk the penalty, knowing that expulsion would be followed by severe punishment at the hands of their parents, who would be compelled to pay the fees of an inferior school, or allow the expelled boy to grow up an ignoramus. This did not apply to the "Ups," upon whose parents expulsion would cast no additional expense, and they were quick to perceive and use their advantage.

Their conduct was rather un-English, but the truth must be told. They tried their worst to provoke the "Downs," individually and in the lump, to break the peace. When water is simmering, it requires little extra heat to make it boil over. The "Downs" were soon on the simmer; and as both "Ups" and "Downs," owing to the nearness of the holidays, were in a "don't care" mood, it is tolerably certain that Mr. Dredge would have been constrained to put the new law in force, when, just in the very nick of time, down came a fall of snow!

The snowfall began on Friday morning. On the following Tuesday the school would "break up" for Christmas. As the great flakes drove past the windows of the lower school, "Down" after "Down" glanced up from his task, murmuring:

"Hurrah! Won't we give it the 'Ups' when we get out!"

The "Downs'" leader, Harry Spright—his chums called him "Sprightly," the "Ups" "Old Spite"—watched the falling flakes thoughtfully. He had been sorely tried of late. Presently his face lit up. He wrote a few words on a piece of paper, rolled it up, and gave it to his right-hand neighbour, who read the note and passed it on. Round the room it travelled, causing much subdued excitement, finally returning to the leader, with this addition, written by Courtney, the second in command:

"It's fizzing."

Placid Mr. Cockells—accent on the last syllable, if you please, though both "Ups" and "Downs" generally put it on the first, using the adjective "old" in place of the respectful "Mr."—placid Mr. Cockells, the head of the lower school, observed the excitement, and in his quiet way demanded to know the cause. A dozen voices answered together:

"It's the snow, sir."

"Old Cockles" smiled, and thought of the "Ups." He knew what his "Downs" were thinking, and in his heart sympathised with them, as was only natural. Mr. Dredge in *his* heart sympathised with the "Ups," as was also only natural. The founder had left a comparatively small sum to remunerate the teachers of the "Downs," and but for the "Ups" the head master's income would have been correspondingly small.

Meanwhile the "Ups" were thinking of the "Downs," glancing at their share of snow-flakes, and whispering:

"Won't we let the 'Downs' have it when we get out!"

When at noon Mr. Cockells dismissed the "Downs," they rushed helter-skelter into the yard. Two minutes afterwards the "Ups" dashed out, eager for the fray.

Not a "Down" was to be seen!

"They're r-round the c-c-corner," stuttered Tommy Green, a very fat "Up," who stammered only when excited. Very eager, apparently, was Tommy to follow the foe. In his heart he hoped the "Downs" had got round several corners—on their way home.

Very cautiously the rank-and-file of the "Ups" stole towards the angle of the building, making snowballs as they advanced. Bradshaw, the burly, however, strode round the corner boldly.

"The cowards have gone!" he cried.

That was so. Only the foot-marks of the "Downs" remained. A few of the juniors threw their snowballs at them. It was poor fun. The foot-prints in the snow could not throw back.

The retreat of the "Downs" was very extraordinary. Never since the days of the long skirts and muffin-caps had they shown the white feather in this fashion. The "Ups" could not understand it at all. Bradshaw, the burly, thought the flight portentous.

"They're up to something," he said, with a knowing nod.

"We'll wait for 'em at t-t-two o'c-c-c-clock," said Tommy Green, who, with only foot-prints to face, felt as brave as a lion.

"We just will," said George Francis, second in command of the "Ups."

"We will *that*," added the burly Bradshaw, whose nickname, by the way, was "Change here for Poppleton, Weeton, and Witherdon." You don't see the application? Get a Bradshaw's Guide! The "Downs" found the long cognomen very effective. When time was a consideration they shouted "Stop!" Perhaps you don't see that? Get another Guide!

When, at 2 p.m., the bell rang for afternoon school, the "Ups" were awaiting the "Downs" at the gate. A great heap of snowballs was also a-waiting. But, strange to say, every "Down" was late. The "Ups" were forced to leave the portal and their ammunition. Three minutes afterwards the "Downs" entered the Lower School in a body, and, in reply to Mr. Cockells' gentle inquiry, again put forward the excuse, apparently satisfactory:

"It's the snow, sir."

During the afternoon there was much inattention in both schools. Two "Downs" and three "Ups" had interviews with Mr. Dredge in class-room 4 of the upper school. Mr. Dredge took with him a cane to assist at these interviews. At 4 o'clock, as at noon, the "Downs" left their school-room in a hurry. The "Ups" followed in even a greater hurry. As at noon, not a "Down" was to be seen.

"The c-c-cowards!" stammered Tommy, *cœur de Lion*, or *de la souris*—it's of no importance.

"They're up to something," repeated the burly Bradshaw, with two knowing nods.

"Change here for Poppleton," etc. was right. The "Downs" *were* up to something.

Saturday morning. More snow. At 8.45 the "Ups" again marched in a body to the gate to await the "Downs." At 9 the school-bell rang, and they had to leave. The "Downs" again were late. But the bell had scarcely ceased to vibrate when they came, in appearance an army of dwarf navvies. Nearly every boy carried a spade or a shovel of



A Christmas Amusement in the "Good Old Times."

some kind; fire shovels were numerous. Billy Button, the smallest, and perhaps the downiest "Down," bore on his shoulder a lidless warming-pan. Four trundled wheelbarrows. "Sprightly" tottered under a strange contrivance of wood—two strong uprights with feet, resembling the high jump, minus the bar, from some gymnasium. Beside him proudly marched a boy bearing the lid of a leather hat-box. Having stowed away their tools, etc. in a shed in the playing field, the "Downs" hurried into school, and again successfully pleaded:

"The snow, sir."

That morning it snowed heavily. The wind blew the flakes into great drifts here and there. One, five feet deep, filled a hollow six yards or so from the porch of the upper school.

At noon the "Downs" were dismissed. On Saturdays the "Ups" were not released until 12.30. They were not allowed to leave the house until 2 p.m. Dinner and the changing of clothes were supposed to fill up the interval. Certainly the first tended to fill up the "Ups." Very soon after noon the "Ups" became conscious that the "Downs" had not gone home. "Old Spite's" voice could be heard occasionally in the yard outside giving orders. Strange rumbling, creaking sounds also reached the ears of the fuming "Ups." What could they portend? When at 12.33 Mr. Dredge said: "You may go," the "Ups" rushed to the windows. The mystery was solved.

Hitherto the "Downs," on Saturdays, had hastened home the instant they were released, doubtless hungry, and eager to enjoy the half-holiday. On this occasion not an individual "Down" went home. No sooner were they in the yard than Spright gave the order:

"Fetch the tools and wheelbarrows."

He was obeyed with military promptitude.

"Put down the tools," was the next order. "Form up in threes. Roll snowballs—three men to each ball. A yard wide, mind."

In a moment the "Downs" were rolling wheels of snow that grew with every revolution about the yard. These caused the rumbling, creaking noise heard by the "Ups."

Presently Spright marked out on the ridge of the snow-filled hollow before the upper school porch a semicircle, with the concave side towards the porch and the deep drift between.

The "Ups" at the windows, not being able to see the porch, remained in ignorance of the object of the "Downs." There was much speculation as to what it could be. The great, fast-growing wheels were being rolled in different directions—some towards the playing field, some towards Mr. Dredge's house, others towards the schools. Apparently the "Downs" had nothing definite in view.

"They're g-going to make a lot of s-s-snowmen," said Tommy Green.

"Then we'll take it out of the snowmen," said Francis. "*They* won't be able to run away, anyhow. The 'Downs' are all cowards."

The burly Bradshaw shook his head.

"Snow fiddlesticks! They're up to something, I tell you. I wish we'd dined, so that we could get at 'em."

The ringing of the dinner-bell put a stop to further speculation.

By this time most of the snow wheels were about four feet in diameter, and so heavy that the three boys appointed to each could scarcely move them.

"Halt!" suddenly cried Spright. "Right about face! Six men to each snowball!"

In a moment ten huge wheels were moving steadily towards the half circle marked out by the commander, who drew another line three feet behind the first. The wheels were placed one on each, alternately. While some went for the remaining snowballs, others, directed by Spright, heaped snow on every wheel in position on the first line, raising them two feet. The result was a wall with embrasures, commanding the porch, and protected by a snow-drift in a hollow five feet deep. Standing behind the second line of wheels—four feet high—the defenders would be able to use their arms freely, and, when attacked, to dodge into the open spaces behind the first line—six feet high. Spright was very proud of his fort.

"We've got 'em, now," he cried, as the last snow-wheel was rolled into position along the double semicircular line. "They can't get out unless we let 'em."

"If they do get out, they'll turn our flanks," said Courtney.

"No, they won't. We'll build side and back walls. But this work must be garrisoned. The "Ups" may try to get out before two o'clock. Ten men stay here and make ammunition. Fill the wheelbarrows. The rest roll snow for the other walls."

At an embrasure opposite the porch Spright set up the pieces of timber he had brought in the morning, standing them about a yard apart, and heaping snow about their feet. Then he produced two lengths of round indiarubber and the lid of the leather hat-box. Having tied both lengths of rubber to an upright, he passed the loose ends through holes cut in the hat-box lid, and bound them firmly to the other upright. This done, he filled the lid with snow, drew it towards him by the strap handle, and let it go. A shovelful of snow struck the school door—smack!

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the ingenious inventor. "I should like to see the 'Up' that'll face my catapult!"

Very soon the remaining walls were being rolled into position; some of the "Downs" heaping snow upon them with their shovels. One huge ball had been rolled within the fort in readiness to block up the entrance when the "Ups" should appear.

All preparations having been made, Spright formally named the fort "The Katchakoff," explaining that spelt phonetically it looked more warlike—more like the name of that Russian "teaser," the Malakoff, than if begun with a "C" and terminated with "c-o-u-g-h." Questioned as to the application of "Catch-a-cough," not spelt phonetically, the commander-in-chief further explained that the "Ups" would be pretty sure to catch a cough before they got inside; and if they declined to attack, and the "Downs" were left to freeze within, instead of being kept warm by exertion, the coughs would be caught by the defenders. Questioned further, he said shortly that it was the best name he could think of, and was good enough. Spright was rather Russian in his autocratic tendencies.

"What about a flag?" interjected Billy Button, brandishing his lidless warming-pan. "Whoever heard of an army without a flag? We must have colours."

Spright smiled grimly.

"So we must, kid," he said, producing a pocket-handkerchief that had been white, but was now blotched with red stains. "Old 'Change here for Poppleton, Weeton, and Witherdon' made my nose bleed the other day. I meant to wash this handkerchief myself, but forgot it. We'll tie it to a shovel handle, and stick it up on the wall."

No sooner said than done.

"Proudly floats the blood-stained pocket-handkerchief," chanted Tom Hogg, who was poetically inclined.

"Banner, kid, banner," corrected the commander-in-chief, whose gore thus proudly floated, or flaunted. "Look out! Here they come! Silence! down you go!" He had heard the door creak.

Laughing, shouting, unconscious of the grim work before them, the "Ups" came tumbling into the porch, eager to interview the snowmen. They halted at the entrance in amazement. Before them, extending to right and left, rose the snow fort, six feet high, except at the embrasures, where the "Downs" crouched, awaiting their leader's signal. No sign was there that the fort was garrisoned, unless the pocket-handkerchief floating from the loftiest battlement might be so regarded.

"I knew they were up to something," cried the burly Bradshaw, pushing to the front. "But where are they?"

"Oh, I s-s-say, B-b-bradshaw," stuttered Tommy Green, "th-th-there's s-s-s-s-s-s-s- ——"

Tommy had seen a movement in the fort. He wanted to say there was somebody inside, but stammered so badly that the sentence was never finished.

Patiently the gallant Spright had waited until the foemen crowded the porch. The moment for action came, even while Tommy was sibillating.

"Fire!" thundered the leader of the "Downs," as he uttered the order discharging his catapult full at the burly Bradshaw, who fell at the first shot, went down all of a heap, even as though a donkey had kicked him.

One glimpse had the dumbfounded "Ups" of the grinning faces of the "Downs" at the embrasures, then a terrific hail of snowballs assailed them, battered them, turned them right-about-face, and in ten seconds drove them helter-skelter into the porch! No refuge found they there. Every few seconds "Old Spite" discharged a whole shovelful of snow among them, whilst from every embrasure along the face of the fort fast the balls hailed. Those marksmen from whom the foe was hidden aimed at the porch entrance, and seldom missed it.

Sullenly, but in double quick time, the "Ups" retreated into the schoolroom, whilst the victorious "Downs" raised a mighty shout, a ringing, jubilant, long-continued "Yah-h-h-h-h-h! The 'Downs' are cocks! Cock-a-doodle-doo! Yah-h-h-h-h!"

That victorious cry set the blood of the "Ups" a-tingling. It generally had that effect. It did more; it drew Mr. Dredge and Mr. Cockells to the drawing-room window.

"Humph!" exclaimed the head master, "a snow-fort? Well, I don't object to snowballing, but if it is followed by punching of heads, Mr. Cockells, we will take part in the fray."

"Old Cockles" laughed. So far, as he could plainly see, his "Downs" had been victorious.

The "Ups" held a council of war.

"We must rush out," said the burly Bradshaw.

"W-wont Mr. Dredge let us out the b-b-back way?" suggested the mouse-hearted Tommy, slinking towards the inner door.

"I dare say he would," said Francis, "but the 'Downs' would have some reason to shout 'Yah!' then. I vote we rush straight at the fort all of a sudden. If it's too hot let's scatter right and left, and not bolt in here where there's no snow, like frightened rabbits."

"Hear, hear!" shouted two score of "Ups."

"Come on, then!" cried Bradshaw. "Open the door! Don't stop to make snowballs. Get in the fort; they've plenty there. Out of the road, kids! Let the big chaps lead the way. Now then. Are you ready? Charge!"

"Ch-ch-charge!" echoed Tommy Green, well in the rear.

The "Ups" dashed at the fort bravely enough, but the "Downs" had expected a rush, and were ready. Not an "Up" reached the wall. They were unaware of the snowdrift, the surface of which was level. Headlong they fell into the hollow with its five feet of snow, and lay there, some of them struggling to get up, whilst heaps of snow poured upon them from above, and laughter and derisive cries rang in their ears.

"How d'ye like it, old 'Change here for Poppleton, Weeton, and Witherdon'!" shouted Spright, every time he discharged his catapult, whilst others cried "Stop! stop where you are! stop!" Little Billy Button, who stood upon a wheelbarrow casting small mountains of snow upon the floundering foe with his warming-pan, almost equalled Spright with his catapult in the amount of damage he did. In less than two minutes the "Ups" were again in flight. They did not bolt into the school this time, but ran the gauntlet past the fort, escaping right and left into the open yard. Tommy Green, who had hesitated and was last, caught it hot.

Now the battle was waged on more equal terms. The "Ups" gathered in the rear of the Katchakoff, where the catapult could not be brought to bear upon them, and returned the fire of the "Downs" with interest, cheered, yes, actually cheered by Mr. Dredge, who had opened the drawing-room window.

"Hurrah, hurrah, 'Ups'!" he cried.

"Hurrah, 'Downs'!" cried "Old Cockles."

In the open the "Ups" had the advantage. The "Downs" could not throw through their embrasures a long distance with anything like precision. The "Ups" seldom failed to hit somebody whenever their balls entered the fort. But the Katchakoff was strong; half-an-hour's battering made not the slightest impression upon it. Again and again the besiegers challenged the defenders to "come out and take a licking." Tommy Green was particularly pressing in his invitations. But the "Downs" turned deaf ears to the stammering voice of the charmer.

"No, thank you, Tommy," they cried. And when the burly Bradshaw invited them, answered: "We keep our seats. We don't 'change here for Poppleton, Weeton, and Witherdon'!"

Presently the "Ups" retired out of range, ear-shot, and eye-shot, and held another council of war. Again their leader counselled a rush.

"The only way to drive them out is to get in ourselves," he said, which was evident. Francis counselled strategy. From just beyond the upper school porch a passage led to Mr. Dredge's garden.

"I vote," he said, "that I lead twenty men through the garden to the other side of the fort. I'm sure Mr. Dredge'll let us go, and we can get there in three minutes. Three minutes after we start you lead an attack, throwing as fast as ever you can, so that they won't see that you are fewer. They'll all rush to this side, and we'll creep up quietly on the other, and clamber in among 'em."

"That's grand!" said Bradshaw. "Off you go. Shout the war-cry as soon as you're in."

Francis asked Mr. Dredge if he might pass through the garden, received an affirmative reply, chose his twenty boys, and stole away. Meanwhile the "Ups" with Bradshaw made snowballs. The three minutes passed.

"To the attack!" cried the burly one, leading the way.

"They're coming!" cried the "Downs," and stood prepared.

Once more the battle joined, raging furiously. Had the snowballs been bullets not an "Up" of Bradshaw's party would have been left alive to tell the tale. So furiously did the burly one lead on his men that Spright summoned all his forces to repel the attack, leaving the right face of the fort unguarded. In a moment Francis and his men were clambering through the embrasures. Not a hint had the "Downs" of the strategic operation until the "Ups'" snowballs, flung at close quarters, whizzed about their heads, and the "Ups'" war-cry rang in their ears.

"The 'Ups'—the 'Ups' are cocks! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Bradshaw heard the cry, and attacked the left face of the Katchakoff with renewed energy, every "Up" within and without the fort shouting the war-cry at the top of his voice:

"The 'Ups'—the 'Ups' are cocks! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

From time to time a "Down" shouted, "The 'Downs'—the 'Downs' are cocks! Yah-h-h-h-h!" but they were mostly otherwise engaged. Spright performed prodigies of valour, but alas! too many "Downs" had turned to repel Francis. Those who still faced the burly Bradshaw were too few to keep him out. In a very few minutes the interior of the Katchakoff was almost the only scene of strife. In the yard Billy Button, whose warming-pan had overbalanced him, and, aided slightly by an "Up," pulled him over the wall, was chasing Tommy Green, who was again catching it hot. Every other "Up" and "Down" was within the fort. Close locked in desperate fight, swaying from side to side, cannoning first against this wall, then that, fiery "Up" and furious "Down" shouted in their powdery canopy.

"The 'Ups' will win," said Mr. Dredge, watching for the first sign of punching of heads. "They've dined."

Throughout the struggle the "Ups" never ceased their efforts to hurl down the walls, putting their backs against them at every opportunity. The inevitable happened. Down fell the great front wall into the hollow! The catapult disappeared in the deep drift. The fight raged on. Though half buried in the ruins, half blinded by the loose snow that fell from the remaining walls and was hurled at them by the "Ups," the "Downs" clung to the fort until no fort was there to cling to—until wall after wall had gone down piecemeal. The blood-stained banner had long disappeared, buried somewhere. Then the scene of battle changed. By twos and threes the "Downs" left the ruins to renew the struggle on more level ground. But the tide of victory flowed with the "Ups." Again and again the burly Bradshaw got his men together and charged the disorganised "Downs," himself seeking his old antagonist, Spright.

"Has anybody seen 'Old Spite'?" he breathlessly asked from time to time. The answers were always in the negative.

Spright was missing!

The "Downs" seemed hardly conscious of their loss, though to it they owed defeat. Had they been encouraged by Spright's example, by Spright's coolness, they would have kept together better; they would not have behaved like rudderless boats in a storm; they would not eventually have fled tumultuously towards the gate.

In the very moment of victory Bradshaw suddenly cried:

"Halt! Cease firing!"

An idea had entered his head.

The hail of snowballs stopped. The flying "Downs" turned, and stood facing their foes.

"I say, Courtney, where's Spright?" Bradshaw asked, panting.

"I don't know," replied the mortified second in command of the defeated "Downs."

"He'd never run away? It isn't him to run away?"

"No; he'd rather die."

"Then he's buried under the ruins of the fort!"

Helter-skelter back to what remained of the Katchakoff rushed both "Ups" and "Downs," with faces white as the snow around, which had been red and burning until Bradshaw suggested that horrid idea. No Spright was to be seen.

"He must be here!" cried the "Ups'" leader. "Oh, suppose he's suffocated! Dig away the snow—there—where the drift was!"

Almost frantically the "Ups" and "Downs" seized spades and shovels, and, no longer enemies, attacked the great front wall, now prone in the hollow.

They found the "Downs'" leader beneath it, pale and insensible, with the blood trickling from a slight wound in his head and staining the snow on which he lay. Grasped tightly in his right hand was the pocket-handkerchief, the banner of the "Downs."

Tenderly they bore him into the school, whither Mr. Dredge and Mr. Cockells, who had seen the rush, had hurried. Laid on a form, with Bradshaw pillowing his head, Spright opened his eyes, and asked a question. It was:

"Who's won?"

You should have heard the glad "Hurrahs!" that burst from the lips of the "Ups" and "Downs" around. Even Mr. Dredge assisted to swell the joyous shout. And be sure "Old Cockles" was not mute.

Spright was not badly hurt, but had he not been dug out promptly, he might have died of suffocation.

"I jumped on the wall to save the flag," he explained, rather feebly. "There was a rush, and I tumbled into the drift. Before I could get on my feet down came the wall on the top of me, and something hard struck me on the head, I think it was my catapult."

Mr. Dredge bathed his head, bound it up, and told the boys to take him home on a barrow, which the burly Bradshaw at once begged to be allowed to wheel.

"I shall be very glad indeed if you will wheel him home," the head master replied meaningly.

It was more like a triumphal procession than the removal of a wounded and defeated warrior. Bradshaw wheeled the barrow. Courtney supported Spright on the one side, Francis on the other. Behind and around marched the rank and file of the "Ups" and "Downs" in amity.

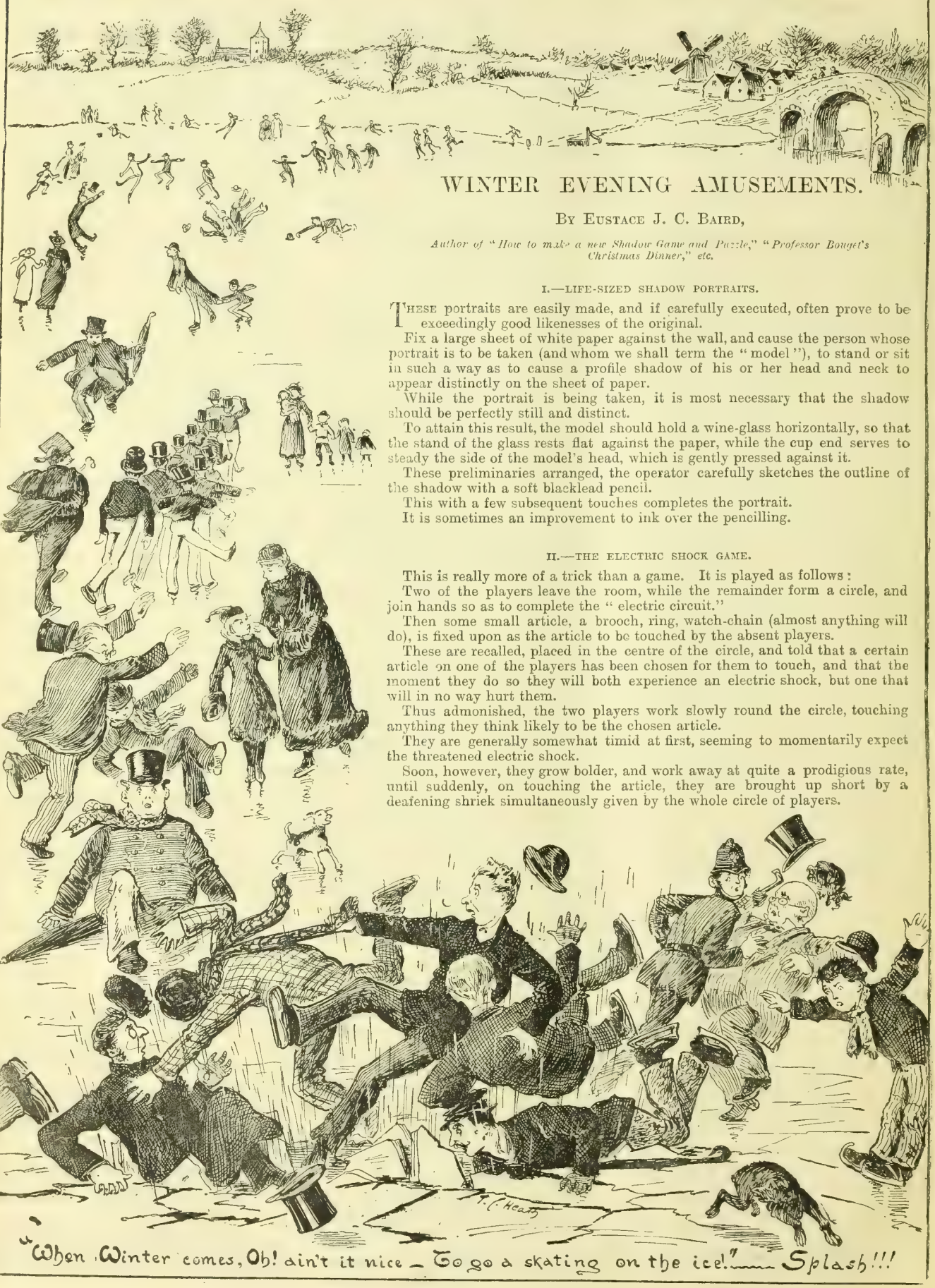
When the boys had gone, Mr. Dredge turned to Mr. Cockells and said:

"I shouldn't be surprised, Cockells, if this accident were to put an end to the feud between the 'Ups' and the 'Downs.' At any rate, I am sure that Bradshaw and Spright will never fight again."

The head master was right. Thenceforth the "Ups" respected the "Downs," the "Downs" respected the "Ups." With the mutual respect came a cessation of the gibes and sneers which had provoked so much punching of heads.

When Bradshaw took Spright home with him for the Christmas holidays, Mr. Dredge felt quite sure that it would never be necessary to enforce his threat of expulsion. And the "Downs" there and then determined to ostracise, if they didn't punch the head of that one of their number who should be the first to cry, "Change here for Poppleton, Weeton, and Witherdon!"

Thus the storming and fall of the Katchakoff brought peace to Poppleton Parva school at a season when Peace and Goodwill are peculiarly appropriate.



WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

By Eustace J. C. Baird,

Author of "How to make a new Shadow Game and Puzzle," "Professor Bouget's Christmas Dinner," etc.

I.—LIFE-SIZED SHADOW PORTRAITS.

These portraits are easily made, and if carefully executed, often prove to be exceedingly good likenesses of the original.

Fix a large sheet of white paper against the wall, and cause the person whose portrait is to be taken (and whom we shall term the "model"), to stand or sit in such a way as to cause a profile shadow of his or her head and neck to appear distinctly on the sheet of paper.

While the portrait is being taken, it is most necessary that the shadow should be perfectly still and distinct.

To attain this result, the model should hold a wine-glass horizontally, so that the stand of the glass rests flat against the paper, while the cup end serves to steady the side of the model's head, which is gently pressed against it.

These preliminaries arranged, the operator carefully sketches the outline of the shadow with a soft blacklead pencil.

This with a few subsequent touches completes the portrait.

It is sometimes an improvement to ink over the pencilling.

II.—THE ELECTRIC SHOCK GAME.

This is really more of a trick than a game. It is played as follows:

Two of the players leave the room, while the remainder form a circle, and join hands so as to complete the "electric circuit."

Then some small article, a brooch, ring, watch-chain (almost anything will do), is fixed upon as the article to be touched by the absent players.

These are recalled, placed in the centre of the circle, and told that a certain article on one of the players has been chosen for them to touch, and that the moment they do so they will both experience an electric shock, but one that will in no way hurt them.

Thus admonished, the two players work slowly round the circle, touching anything they think likely to be the chosen article.

They are generally somewhat timid at first, seeming to momentarily expect the threatened electric shock.

Soon, however, they grow bolder, and work away at quite a prodigious rate, until suddenly, on touching the article, they are brought up short by a deafening shriek simultaneously given by the whole circle of players.

This "shocking" shriek was, of course, previously arranged.

Its effect on the centre players is simply magical. Some have been known to leap into the air, while others stand, the picture of helpless dismay, with eyes and mouth widely distended.

Altogether, if properly managed, the electric shock game furnishes plenty of amusement.

III.—"HOW IT'S DONE."

Introduce the subject of will-power, and incidentally mention that you yourself can do a thing or two in that way.

For instance, you say, addressing some person staying in the house: "I could, if I chose, cause you to leave your room between three and four in the morning, and go into the dining-room!"

This assertion of your power will probably be laughed at, and you will be dared to do your worst.

"Very well," you answer; "to-morrow, perhaps, you will think differently, for now I intend to do as I have said, and compel you to leave your room between three and four to-morrow morning, and you shall also go into the dining-room."

This is how it's done.

After the disbeliever has retired to bed, mark the numbers three and four respectively on each side of his or her bedroom door-frame. The numbers should be small, and placed where they will not be easily seen. Repeat the process on the dining-room door-frame, and depend upon it, before your unbelieving friend has finished his breakfast next morning, he will be quite convinced that he has left his room between three and four, and also has found his way to the dining-room; the laugh will then be on your side, and your friend will look—well! perhaps a little small.

IV.—LIFTING EXTRAORDINARY.

Tell one of the company (a tall man is most suitable) that you will raise him from the floor like a feather if he pleases.

To do this, stand your subject perfectly upright upon, say, a book placed on the floor; feet together, toes and heels slightly protruding over the edges of the book, arms close to the sides, fore-arms bent rigidly at right angles, hands clenched. Let a lady or gentleman place the forefinger of each hand under the subject's toes, while another does the same by his heels, a third and fourth stand on either side of him, each placing one of their forefingers beneath his fore-arm between the wrist and the elbow. When all are ready, at a given signal the subject and the four performers draw a long breath simultaneously and the four latter lift together.

Strange as it may seem, the subject will be found to shoot up easily several feet from the ground, descending sometimes with startling rapidity.

I can assure those of my readers who have not seen it done, that the spectacle is a most laughable one.

The above is no *trick*, it is merely the effect of bringing into play certain natural laws.

A PISTOL-SHOT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

By T. M. FRANCIS,

Author of "My First Shark," etc.

A good many years ago, I lived at Mozufferpore in the province of Behar, the *Mofussilpore*, of Sir George Trevelyan's "Letters of a Competition-Wallah." I soon became acquainted with the leading indigo-planters, among whom was Harry A. of Jaintpore. His factory was some twenty miles from my house, and, like almost all Tirhoot planters at that time, he was a most hospitable fellow. I have had many a jolly run with his "bobbery pack"—a mixed assortment of "mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and cur of low degree." They would have made the hair of an English M.F.H. stand on end; but under A.'s auspices they showed us very good sport after foxes, jackals and hares, all of which were plentiful in the district.

Early one morning A. drove in to Mozufferpore on business, and as usual came over to midday breakfast at my house. (In the hot season we used to rise very early and get through the day's work before noon, so as to avoid being out in the hot sun and wind as far as possible.) He urged me to go back with him for a day or two, and I was glad to get the chance of a little hunting.

After breakfast, I sat down to write letters, leaving my guest to enjoy a siesta under the punkah, as he had been up since 4 A.M. But in what seemed a very short space of time he marched into my office, equipped for the return journey, and urged me to look sharp and get ready, so that we might get to Jaintpore before sunset. "And I say, old fellow," he added, "bring a gun or pistol with you. There is a beast of a pariah-dog about eight miles out on the road, which rushes out and jumps at my horse's head whenever I drive past. He has brought two or three fellows to grief in that way, and I want him polished off."

"Very well," I replied; "just load my revolver while I finish these letters."

Presently my restless friend broke out again. "Look here, old man! there are only five cartridges in your pistol-case." "Oh, that will be plenty," I replied, and went on writing. But, unknown to me, A. hunted about until he came upon my cartridge-box, got a *sixth* cartridge, and put it into the vacant chamber of my revolver. That sixth cartridge, but for the mercy of God, would have caused a terrible tragedy!

The moment my letters were despatched, A. shoved the revolver into my breast-pocket, hurried me away to his dogcart, and drove off. He had *dawks* or relays of horses posted at intervals on the road, so we went along at a slapping pace.

As we neared the *tope* or grove of mangoe-trees where I was told that the pariah-dog generally lay in ambush, I got out my revolver and prepared for action; but, like Brer Fox, our canine enemy "lay low," and did not show himself. We arrived at the factory without any adventure, and I went off to dress for dinner, first opening the breech of my revolver, taking out (as I thought) all the cartridges which it contained, and carefully locking them up.

There were several people staying at Jaintpore, among whom was a newly fledged member of the Bengal Civil Service, just out from England. Young Indian civilians are apt to be very "cocky" at first, as they receive so much adulation from the natives, who address them with humbly clasped hands as *Huzóor* (Your Highness), *Gharib-Purwar* (Protector of the Poor), and (*Dhurm-Avátar* (Incarnation of Religion). After a few snubs from the High Court and their official superiors, the nonsense is generally knocked out of them, and they become as nice fellows as one could wish to meet. But the young civilian in question was at that stage of his career in which he was (as Lord Holland said of Macaulay) "cock-sure of everything."

After dinner the ladies withdrew, and we settled down for a chat before joining them in the drawing-room. The conversation turned on shooting, and A. mentioned our abortive designs against the pariah-dog. Mr. Newcome (as I will call the young C.S.) scouted the idea of using a revolver for a flying shot, and asserted that it was useless except at a target with a very short range, or in hand-to-hand fighting, where a man was within a few inches of his adversary. "Why," he said contemptuously, "I would stand at one end of the verandah, and let any of you fellows fire that popgun at me from the other end as often as you liked!"

Now I rather prided myself on my shooting, and was piqued at this reflection on my pet revolver. I went off to fetch it, and on my return cocked it and levelled it at the head of our host, as he sat at the other end of the long table. "There!" I said; "I am sure I could hit A. as he sits there;" and my finger was actually tightening on the trigger when it flashed across me that I ought never to point a fire-arm at any friend, even though I knew it to be unloaded. I diverted my aim, levelled at the back of an empty chair at A.'s right hand, and pulled the trigger. *Bang!* and a bullet crashed through the chair-back into the wall behind!

The report of my pistol was followed by a cry of alarm from one of the ladies in the drawing-room. Then came a dead silence; and I turned quite sick and faint at the thought of how nearly I had slain my friend at his own table. The silence was broken by A.'s cheery voice, ringing out without the faintest tremor: "Hullo, old man! that was a close shave!"

Now I hope that all my readers will take warning from this true story, and *never* point a fire-arm at any person or thing "in fun." When I levelled the pistol at A.'s head, I was so certain of its being unloaded that if anyone had challenged me to put it to my own head and pull the trigger I should have done so without a moment's hesitation. It chanced ("Eternal God that chance did guide!") that my aim was diverted at the critical moment; but even now, after all these years, I shudder to think how near I was to having my friend's blood on my soul.

A "B. O. P." "SPECIAL" UP ALOFT;

OR, SENSATIONS IN A BALLOON.

By Charles Edwardes,

Author of "Bullet: A School Story," etc.

It was a small balloon as balloons are made, for it consumed or rather stowed only 25,000 cubic feet of gas, and was thus by no means adapted to carry two or three men weighing an indefinite number of stones.

"For all that, it is a good little thing," said my friend the aeronaut, "and if all goes well you shall ascend a couple of miles in it."

Meanwhile, the "Unicorn," as the good little thing was called, was filling and swelling very gradually. Now and again two or three people came and stared at it, departing after awhile with a shudder as they discussed the voyage that was impending.

The day was, however, as propitious as it well could be. A gentle summer breeze blew from the south-east, and the sun was moderate, being hourly more and more veiled by the evening mist which came upon us in the untimely manner it often does in midsummer.

As the time for starting drew nearer, the crowd grew in bulk. It took two men all their efforts to keep them from smoking within reach of the balloon gas. At length we had to make a ring-fence of railings, and keep the general public at a distance.

The "Unicorn" was now a stately full-chested creature, symmetrical in all her parts save the neck, and that also was speedily stiffening.

The press were admitted to the inner ring. For my part I desired the powers of an autocrat that I might exclude them. Though, as a matter of fact, I did feel an agreeable nervous quiver now and again as I thought of what might happen, I was explicit in declaring that never was I less nervous than now, under the shadow of the balloon. But the press was determined that I should show emotion. A subtle-minded young sub-editor took me in hand, and told me a few experiences of men who (to the best of his belief) had never been the same since their first (and last) balloon ascent.

"Why, if it please you?" I asked.

"Oh! heart, you know—and that sort of thing. It is a capital test, you see. If you have heart disease, don't matter how well hid, you'll be made to know it. Save you a two-guinea fee to a Harley Street physician, anyway."

"Oh! really—but I haven't the least desire to visit a Harley Street physician for diagnosis of any kind."

"No? The inclination, too, to pitch yourself out——"

"Will have to be quite over-mastering if I yield to it," I observed rather peevishly, as I turned aside to speak to a lady friend, who at my instance had been admitted inside the barrier.

But here also, where I might have looked for genuine consolation of a more mundane kind, I was doomed to annoyance.

"You really are very pale, you know," she whispered. "Do take my scent bottle."

"I will, if you will give me permission to throw it down to you after the start."

"Oh, no, I couldn't think of that. The stopper is gold, and the whole concern was given to me by a very dear friend."

So from one to another I wandered, conscious in the extreme that I was being discussed broadly as the man who was going up with the balloonist.

It was a positive relief when the aeronaut gave me a nod, and I was free to bound into the basket. The balloon was like the soul of a dying man, according to the story-books, straining hard to break the last tethers that bind it to this very material, and oftentimes rather trying little sphere.

But we were not yet off. I overweighed the aeronaut, and the ballast had to be rearranged. My hat, too, had to be tied to the network of the balloon, and ill luck would have it that the cap I had with me was as white as snow.

"You look positively deathly," whispered my lady friend with an air of elation. She still held the smelling-bottle towards me, which made the general public snigger. In the other hand was her pocket-handkerchief, which she seemed very anxious to flutter as a sort of congratulation that I had been got rid of—for good and all, perhaps.

"Now then, sir, if you will kindly hold on to this rope, we will make a try for it," said the aeronaut. He expressed the unkind wish that I was a stone lighter, and glanced curiously at the heads of the assembled populace in the quarter the wind would take us. "We may rise clear of them," he whispered, "or we mayn't."

The men holding the "Unicorn" then received the word to unhook all the ballast which tethered us. It was a serious moment. We swayed this way and that. I was knocked against the aeronaut, and he was knocked against me. We ought to have ascended gracefully, but we did not. We soared about ten feet, and then jerked sideways.

The aeronaut roared something unpleasant and hung over. It was a recalcitrant sack of sand which diverted us, and this was eventually unhitched only with some difficulty.

At last we were free indeed, and in a moment our friends were beneath us. I had a swift vision of the sceptical face of the subtle sub-editor, and of my lady friend's white handkerchief; a broad murmur of delight from the crowd sounded like the surge of the sea, and we made for the empyrean.

But not without running just the risk my companion feared for us. Instead of speeding upwards in a properly vertical manner, the naughty ballast bag had twitched us towards the populace. We all but scraped their heads as we passed obliquely over them. Our hanging ropes did actually trail among them, and offered a strong temptation to any little boy of daring but weak intelligence to grip hold of them and take the consequences.

Nor was this the extent of our possible misconduct in the first half-minute. A high tent containing precious fruits and flowers therein being exhibited, and containing also several ladies and gentlemen of title, who were examining the exhibits, offered us a capital opportunity of doing a little damage after all.

My aeronaut friend looked grave.

"I wish," he muttered——

But even while he was wishing the rise had taken place from a more open spot; we had successfully evaded this second risk also.

The grey heavens were now our goal, as the surface of the earth seemed to fall away from us.

I could no longer see my friend or her handkerchief. The populace were so many little patches of crows on the green lawn. Their shouts were feeble and more feeble every moment. Our horizon extended prodigiously, and before I had realised what I was doing, I was looking upon the town as a whole, in one corner of a suburb of which the ascent had been made.

We passed into a current of steely smoke, for which the town's chimneys were responsible. It was not dense, but yet thick enough to give a sort of haze to the landscape, and to darken the red of the houses, the green of the fields and lawns and gardens, and to rob the long roads of their proper degree of whiteness.

All this time I was kneeling in the car with my head over the side.

The aeronaut, who had made a thousand ascents ere this, might, if he pleased, stand bolt upright, with his arms leaning on the cane rim of the basket. But I had less reliance on the equipoise of the thing. Why might it not, in a sudden stronger breeze, turn vigorously in this or that direction? There would be no positive menace to the balloon in such a movement. It would be a motion akin to that of the gondola on Venetian canals, soothing and safe enough. But I, at any rate, was unused to it; and so I knelt in the frail car, and took my pleasure gently.

It was far from being a very robust car. This my companion seemed delighted to indicate to me. "Common basket-work, except the upper part; and you would think you might easily put your foot through it."

We were half a mile in the air by this, and the thought of the bottom giving way under our combined weight and that of about two hundredweight of sand was not cheerful as I cast my eye along the basket-side and perceived the void that began where the basket ended.

"I have often wondered to myself how it has stood the tests it has had," added the aeronaut, casting some paper snippings overboard. These seemed to sink at once.

"You see we are still rising fast. The movement is imperceptible, especially on a day like this; but my hare and hounds' cuttings never fail as an indication."

Indeed there was no doubt about it. As I gazed down upon the tiny fields and hedgerows, the lines of copse and woodland no broader than an eyebrow, and the little red cubes of buildings which stood for farm-houses, I felt a sort of exultation unlike anything I had ever experienced.

The impulse to toss myself over the edge of the car was there. It was even a strong impulse, but it was not irresistible. To be sure it might enable me in the most summary manner to solve what we call the mystery of life; but even if so, how would it profit me? I should be an unsightly enough creature in the flesh by the time the solution had come upon me, and I could no more air my notions about the discovery in the monthly reviews than can any other man who has shuffled off this

mortal coil half in the interests of human science.

Such thrill as I felt, also, I put down in part to the uncomfortable position I had to assume. The car was far too small for the two of us, *plus* eight or nine sacks of sand; and, besides, I was still on my knees. In a measure we remedied this inconvenience by discharging a little of the sand upon the green fields beneath us. But it was not much, and it did not enable me to stretch my legs to a greater advantage.

My nerves were decidedly in a state of agitation, and particularly when I thought of the blank space for a mile or so between my feet and the earth upon which I was accustomed to tread, and which I had never yet left since I was privileged to be born upon it.

This is rather a startling thought. A man may do his best to get rid of the earth, but ordinarily he never succeeds in doing so. He is born on it, he lives on it, and when he dies he is buried in it or incorporated with it in one way or another. Only by mounting in a balloon can he for a short time get an outside view of the home which is his for some threescore years and ten. It is almost like getting outside one's self and contemplating one's personality from an impersonal standpoint—confessedly a difficult and uncommon achievement.

We are told, indeed, that a certain clever Frenchman has devised a machine which will make aerial flights as easy as yachting trips. It is in the shape of a great bird, sixteen yards long from wing to wing, and works by steam. But we have heard of things of this sort ere now, and of the melancholy endings to which the inventions have generally brought their devoted inventors. It does not therefore seem in the least more likely that outside views of the earth will be possible for all of us in the next ten or twenty years than they are now.

For my part I would rather trust to the simplicity of the common balloon than to any complex contrivance of cogwheels and pistons. These ingenious aids to locomotion are very well on the level ground. It need not be serious there when they get out of order or suddenly come to a stop. They may be replaced, and the machine will go on again. But an aerial calamity of the kind is enough, even in imagination, to curdle the blood.

My companion now and then, while my thoughts engrossed me, drank something from a suspicious-looking bottle. I have no doubt he did it merely to ease the burden of the car: for we are told—though it seems strange—that the imbiber of such fluids does not increase his weight by the draught.

But he was genial and instructive as well as thirsty in the interests of the balloon; and under his tuition I soon learnt that an aeronaut need have a very slight equipment of knowledge for the successful practice of his profession.

With care and scrupulous attention to the weather, one may be a public balloonist for a lifetime and never get a bruise. All the accidents that occur to balloons are due either to recklessness or oversight. The man who, for instance, rises within twenty miles of the coast in the van of a strong wind on the water may be said to be a suicide if he does not take every precaution to ensure his descent long ere he hears the noise of the waves beneath him.

Of course no man knows what weather may come upon him when he is aloft, or into what formidable current of air he may drift or be carried in spite of himself. Nor can he exactly foretell the risks he may incur in attempting to regain dear old Mother Earth, whose face never has such an alluring appearance as when one is five or six hundred yards removed from it.

For this reason, when we had sailed about eight miles, my companion began to be inquisitive as to the nature of the country towards which we were going.

"No towns in this direction I hope, sir!" he asked.

"None for ten miles more, and then only a small market town."

This so gratified him that he displaced more beer.

Then we fell about a quarter of a mile, the better to distinguish the grain fields from the pasture.

It was odd to hear the faint clamour of the children of the villages and farmhouses, as they hurrahed up to us, also the barking of the dogs; and to see the sheep huddle together in their fields as if they feared we were a gigantic bird of prey, to whom an entire flock would be no more than a lamb to an eagle.

The shrieks of enchanted farm girls rang up to us pre-eminently. We heard them cry aloud to their swains to hasten that they might share the spectacle, and thus we sailed over them and their upturned faces, upon which I was tempted grievously to cast a little innocuous ballast.

The day had not bettered as the evening hours advanced. The sun was out of sight behind a bank of heavy cloud, just shot with gold at the edges. We were in a cold stratum, and behind us, still in view, was the somewhat grimy vapour of the town we had left. The air was remarkably still, and we were as steady as could be. But there was thunder somewhere, and we seemed to be going towards it. Under these circumstances it behoved us to descend, especially as we were in a rural part where railways have not appeared, and the farther we proceeded the longer would be our subsequent jaunt homewards in a village cart of low degree.

We were over a fairly level tract of green fields, with veins of coppice, a canal, two or three large ponds, and an innumerable assortment of small ponds by the sides and in the middle of the fields. As a rule, the fields were spacious enough to give us good scope for shooting into their midst without hitting a hedgerow or a tree, or diving incontinently into a pond of duckweed or the canal.

Still letting the gas escape, we ran for a mile or so only about as high as Bow steeple. The fields were not quite the thing. Either they were all grain for half a mile ahead, or the intervening hayfields were so small as to be useless, or had burly oaks in them, which would cause us much inconvenience if we alighted in their boughs.

The rustics of the neighbourhood, scenting excitement, beer money, and perhaps a bit of a tragedy, sped after us from all quarters, and answered our inquiries about the state of the country with as little effort as if we were in the same room with them. Especially notable was the robust style in which the damsels also took to their heels, and cleared stiles and ditches in their earnest pursuit of us.

And so at length we came down with a bump in the cut hay, and three valorous countrymen flung themselves upon the ropes that hung from the car. I could have cast the anchor upon the three of them with fair probability of its holding. But that would have been an act of incredible baseness, considering how they were somewhat imperilling themselves as it was.

For the "Unicorn" behaved as if it resented the touch of these intruders. It rose and bounced about, and made them look alive lest it should crush them as heartily as its three or four hundredweight of burden could do.

But the gas was all the while speeding from us fast. It descended about us and made the head ache, for it was not good gas. Thus the balloon became more and more helpless. And other men, and the elated farm girls, now arriving in knots, beaded with sweat, and with faces as red as beetroots, there was no lack of hands to pit against the dying antics of the poor balloon.

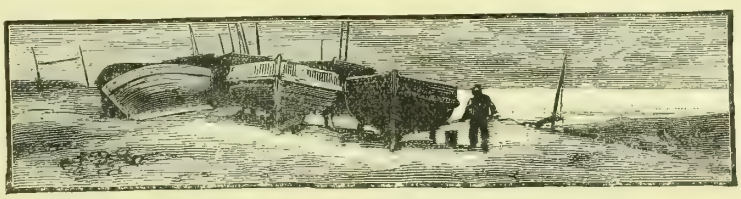
For my part, I leaped from it after one of its bounces, and stood and watched it with the rest.

It was charming to see with what an air of esteem the village maidens looked upon us. We could not have drawn such wonder-struck gazes had we been a brace of Emperors driving through England in our crowns and imperial jewels. They glanced from me to the balloon, and seemed to expect I should show some personal development in keeping with the shape of the poor "Unicorn."

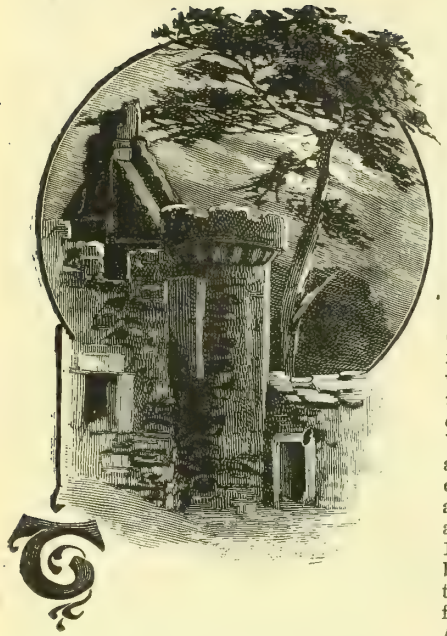
The evisceration and packing up of our aerial vehicle took place in the hayfield in the presence of about fifty people. The hedges around us were decked with honeysuckle and wild roses. The air was balmy with their perfume, and with that of the sweet hay under our feet. Our spectators and helpers were the civilest conceivable. They aided in the packing, they brought forward the indispensable cart, and altogether acted with extreme complacence.

And afterwards, when the "Unicorn" was reduced to the bulk of a mere cubic yard and hoisted into the cart, they received the two half-crowns for their services with a suppressed excitement that told further how they would be likely to remember our descent in their midst.

"They'll have a long evening, sir, at the Caraway Arms, that they will," said the man who drove us and the "Unicorn" back to town, through the perfumed lanes. I am afraid it was extremely probable that he spoke the truth.



A CHRISTMAS EXTRAVAGANZA.



THE story of the famous Swiss archer, William Tell, is so well known as scarcely to bear repetition, but there are details of it not unworthy of consideration.

The picturesque narrative, briefly told, runs thus: The assertion of Swiss independence by the Feudal States was led up to in 1307 by the conspiracy of the Grütli, so named from a meadow bright with verdure in which the founders of their country's freedom—Werner, Erni, Fürst, and others—met to concert their scheme; and it became an accomplished fact in 1315, when, at the battle of Morgarten, the Swiss footmen defeated the chivalry of Austria.

Tell is reputed as being foremost in the use of the bow in a land where brilliant marksmen were born, not made; a country renowned for its archery, where every girl had a beau to bend to her will (unless, indeed, he proved a cross beau), upon the target of whose heart tender glances were shot not unavailingly.

The resistance of the patriotic Tell to the tyranny of a Vogt, or bailiff, of the Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, named Gessler, who had built a fortress at Altdorf in the Canton of Uri, precipitated the revolution.

Gessler commanded that the model of a ducal cap, with the crest and arms of his Prince upon it, should be placed on a pole in the market-place at Altdorf, that the Switzers might file past and reverently salute it.

Tell happened to cross the market-place where this pole stood. Hot words ensued, and the tyrant, Gessler, being within ear-shot, at once opened fire upon Tell with a selection of low German (or Double Dutch).

The Switzer was arrested, of course; recognised as the accomplished bowman; and condemned to shoot an apple from his son's head in order to save his own life. This boy, Albert, was a precocious youth, and a street *gamin* of the deepest and most lasting dye.

When Gessler desired to "fix" Tell, he had looked round for a fit target upon which to test the marksman's skill, at the same time "going on" dreadfully in speech to his victim. As the tyrant delivered this address, Albert was observed hovering about the skirts—of the crowd—and the Austrian at once seized an idea and the boy. The idea was a cruel one: to place an apple upon the lad's head, and force his father under fear of death to hit it or his own son. His aim was vindictively to shake Tell's nerve.

After discharging his bow and liabilities simultaneously, the Swiss patriot let fall a second arrow from his tunic, where it had lain concealed, and being questioned by Gessler as to the use to which he intended to put it, replied that if his son had been slain in consequence of the trial of skill to which he, Tell, had been subjected, the second arrow had winged its flight straight to a tyrant's heart.

Gessler, enraged, ordered his retainers to seize and bind the indiscreetly communicative Tell, and had him conveyed to the Lake of Lucerne, where all entered a boat with the prisoner, bent upon placing that unfortunate individual in "durance vile" at Gessler's castle of Küssnacht. As they approached Grütli, the dreaded Föhn—a southern wind of extraordinary violence—arose suddenly, and Gessler ordered Tell's fetters to be struck off, that he, a skilful boatman as well as an accomplished archer, might pilot the frail craft through the storm. The steersman guided the boat to a flat surface of rocks, since called *Tell's Platten*, and leaped on shore there, at the same time casting the barque back into the raging waters, and so made his escape.

He now climbed over the mountains, and finally lay concealed behind some foliage at the Hollow Way, a narrow lane between wooded banks, and when Gessler, after landing, came upon this road, Tell shot him dead. This was the upshot of the revolting task of shooting the apple which the Austrian had assigned to him, and led to Tell's revolt against the constituted authorities, for he now aimed higher than a governor, and by the assistance of his compatriots cast the ducal crown from the head of the Imperial oppressor of Switzerland.

It was not surprising if in the balmy air of the Alpine valleys the Swiss should rise—to the occasion.

Tell's reputation in history rests upon a narrow point, and it is even doubted if such a personage ever existed; but in any case the name must remain a symbol of heroic deeds, and the great amount of killing the story takes is due to this fact. We may be spared the details of the destructive criticism which has so riddled with doubts the fascinating old-world story, only remarking that Baring-Gould considers that it may be an Aryan myth having a possible allegorical signification: "Gessler may be the power of evil and darkness, and the bold archer the storm-cloud with his arrow of lightning and his iris bow, bent against the sun, which is resting like a coin or a golden apple on the edge of the horizon." Our readers will no doubt agree with us that Tell—with whose story we have taken many liberties—is a fair subject for burlesque treatment, but in any other sense a riddle which we, and they, give up.

WILLIAM TELL.

A TELLING VERSION OF AN OLD TELL-TALE CURRENT AMONGST THE BEAUS, AND TOLD BY THE BELLES, OF SWITZERLAND.

MYTHOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL (OR FABULOUS) PERSONAGES.

PEACE; a sweet character ever in request, but, like "Will o' the wise," seldom met with.

HERMAN GESSLER, of Brunegg; Austrian Governor of the Waldpstetten. Not a hero to his own valet, or to anyone else.

RODOLF; his castellan. A stiff old martinet.

WILLIAM TELL; the liberator of his country. An arro(w)gant archer at present on strike.

ALBERT; his son. The Original Merry Swiss Boy.

WALTER FÜRST; Herr of Attinghausen in Uri—Tell's father-in-law. A patri-archal patriot.

WERNER STAUFFACHER; another of the Band of Brothers, from Schwyz.

ERNI; *and others.*

Austrian "Myrmidons," and a Swiss Mob.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

POLITICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. FÜRST AT LAST.
HASTE TO THE POLE.
THE GREAT STRIKE. GESSLER'S REVENGE.
A NOVEL TARGET.
THE SHOOTING "STAR." TELL PAYS HIS "SHOT."
GESSLER SHAKES AT TELL'S QUIVER.
MERRY SWISS BOYS AROUSED.
PEACE!

SCENE: THE MARKET-PLACE AT ALTDORF. *Anything but "free and enlightened" citizens, holding a meeting under the leadership of* WERNER *and* ERNI.

WERNER. Friends, fellow-countrymen, "lend me your ears——"
ERNI (*aside*). Such talk, I notice, don't result in cheers!
If long orating in this style he goes,
Next he may wish to lead us—by the nose!
WERNER. Our 'ills they cry aloud——
ERNI (*aside*). The mountain's *peak*!
WERNER. And yet our tyrants still would have us meek.
Through every kind of misery we go;
Oppression does not stop, though we cry "Wo(e)!"
By fits and starts we garner stores so fickle,
Our harvest's gathered in with an ic(e)-cicle.
Our bread, unfit for food, is black and clammy,
The venison we eat is only chamois (sham-my).
In cruel, hard, bad times our lot is cast,
And the oppressor's ever——
ERNI (*looking off*). Fürst, at last!

Enter FÜRST.

FÜRST. Werner, the time for action now has come,
And Switzers who'd be free must not stand dumb.
With quivers full of arrows leave the by-ways,
And seek the mountain passes——
ERNI (*aside*). 'Cause they're *high*-ways
FÜRST. Then Austria's growing power no more enchains,
Though from our bows they'll soon have shooting pains.
They've called the Swiss their "lambs"—of that no stint—
But in rewards they quite ignore the Mint;
Now, had they dubbed us sheep, no cause for wonder,
Because they fleece us and sheer off with plunder.
They do not "stand on forms," on us they sit,
And think us only for such treatment fit!

WERNER. That brevity's the soul of wit I teach,
And now the closure move to close your speech.

Enter RODOLPH, *followed by Swiss "Charlies," or watchmen, of the Broad-Arrow or Y Z (Wise Head) Division, carrying a parti-coloured pole which they erect in the centre of the platform, and place a terribly dilapidated ducal cap upon the top of it.* "*Myrmidons*" *exit.*

RODOLPH. O, yez; O, yez; O, yez! Take notice, now,
That all unto this ducal cap must bow
In token of submission to our rule.
'Tis Gessler's order; he's a ——

Enter WILLIAM TELL *and* ALBERT.

TELL. Pampered fool!
(*To* RODOLPH.) Go, tell him we despise his knavish trick,
And from this market you can "cut your stick!"
RODOLPH. Take down the symbol of our power? Oh, no!
TELL. Then I'll do that; and as for you—now, go!
[TELL *accelerates* RODOLPH'S *exit.*
TELL. I'm rid of him at least. We have—alas!—
Within our mountains reached a precious pass!
FÜRST. Yes, we must kneel and worship tyrant knaves;—
Confess ourselves a race of craven slaves!
TELL. "Hereditary bondsmen," well ye know,
"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"
I'm out on strike; I will upraise our flag,
And to the dust yon' wretched cap I'll drag!
ERNI. The thing's a "shady" one—of caps the ghost—
A parcel we'd expect to fright the post!

Song. TELL. *Air:* "*The Mistletoe Bough.*"

If Gessler thinks I to this hat will bow,
A blockhead he is for his pains, I vow;
Though all his retainers be *tête-à-tête*,
Still a cap-ital joke's no affair of State;
He's mad as a hatter to think I'll bend
Except it's a bow, or in bows to a friend;—
To an enemy's hat I'll not now;
O, not I; to that hat I'll ne'er bow!

Air changes to "*Men of Harlech.*"

Men of Altdorf, are ye dreaming?
Austria's laws and men are scheming
Peace our land to let no beam in—
Liberty to kill!
For right now smite the smiter,
We'll meet and beat the fighter,
We soon shall see
His legions flee,
And our dim prospects brighter;
Let these rulers
No more fool us,
They can not in aught now school us;
We will flout them,
Ay, and rout them,—
I'st not so?
OMNES. We will!

Chorus. Air: "*All round my Hat.*"

All round Gessler's hat
He'd have us bow and scrape, sirs,
All round Gessler's hat
He'd have us bend each day,
But instead of bows, its bowing
And arrows we are owing,
And these with despatch will soon be on their way!

Enter GESSLER, RODOLPH, *and* "MYRMIDONS."

GESSLER (*to* TELL). I heard ye all! Bow to that hat, ye clown!
TELL. *I* give no "bob," sir; not to save a crown!
GESSLER. Rebellious slave, thou laugh'st!
TELL. Well, it *is* droll
That such a thing as that (*points to cap on pole*) should
head the poll!
Bow to a hat? Oh, it is much too bad!
GESSLER. If you refuse to bend, I'll break you, mad!
TELL. *You* are, and bluster! at your threats I scoff!
Bow to your hat? Oh, no; that can't come off!
GESSLER (*aside*). Your head will, though, and on that pole I'll stick it!
ERNI (*aside*). Keep up your swagger, Gessler, that's the ticket!
TELL. You'd have us bend in (h)attitude quite humble,
Though you should jibe us (Gibus) 'bout the hat, and grumble!
Your beaver now is up, but when this "clown"
Performs his Tumbling Act you'll see it down!
(*Advancing to pole.*) Yes; though a gaol should after be my goal,
I'll make a clean shave of your barb'rous pole!
(*Flings it to the ground.*)
GESSLER. Arrest that man, so brave to flout and scoff,
Who not his own, but will my cap "take off!"
("*Myrmidons*" *seize* TELL. *Swiss citizens murmur.* ALBERT, *who has been silently looking on, now whistles* "*Phew!*" *and exits.*)
TELL. (*to* GESSLER). You're an arch-tyrant!
GESSLER. And an archer, you!
Stay; there's a job in that line you can do!
(*Aside.*) I saw his son sneak off; ere he can far get,
I'll have him back and make a human target!
(*He motions his* "*Myrmidons*" *to follow* ALBERT. *They do so.*)
GESSLER (*to* TELL). Thou art a crack shot, Tell, I'm told!
TELL. That's so!
Since I was so high (*indicating a* "*midget's*" *small number of inches*) have I drawn the bow!
GESSLER (*aside*). The "long one," that's a certainty, I see!
TELL. Then shooting up, a boy with knowledge narrow,
I was "packed off" to school—of course at (H)arrow—
And ere my wisdom teeth had taken root,
There was my "young idea" taught to shoot!
To manhood grown, I've lived at Bow until
I sought my present lodging—Shooter's Hill!
GESSLER. You have a boy?
TELL. That's true; he let's me know it!
There never was a lad like him to "go it!"
Ah, here he comes!

Enter CONSTABLES *with* ALBERT.

GESSLER (*to* TELL). This youth will make his mark;
And serve as one to you, the festive spark!
We on his head an apple small will fix,
And you can then show off your shooting tricks!
If your shaft cleaves the fruit, I set you free;
But miss it, and you die as well as he!
FÜRST. Tyrant and monster!
ERNI. Tell, do no such thing!
WERNER. Who dares propose it earns a *pomme*-lling!
TELL. Drive me to this, you outrage all our nation,
And "coward" then will be your appell-ation!
GESSLER. This apple "sauce" proves that you are a goose,
With not enough of sage to be of use.
ERNI. Insults again!
FÜRST. Submission's been the root of it;
This apple incident is but the fruit of it!
TELL (*to* ALBERT). The "apple of my eye," too, dearest child;
To draw the bow on thee! (*Weeps.*)
ALBERT. Oh, draw it mild!
TELL. Bertie, good-bye! That foe to human natur'
Would have me risk thy life!
ALBERT. Be plucky, pater!
TELL. Shall I blanch dimpled cheeks so free from cares,
Like rosy apples if they know not Pears!
No; I'll be shot if I will risk it!
GESSLER. Well,
You shall be if you don't, I warn you, Tell!
FÜRST. Oh, spare him, sir; your nature not so base is!
(GESSLER *turns away contemptuously.*)
TELL. He'd see the *shafts*; of pity he's no traces!
FÜRST. Bear up, my son, thy fears I think unreal;
Thee and thy weapon each our beau(bow)-ideal!
TELL. With arrow-root I cheered his natal year;
But arrow root-ed in his brain, I fear.
WERNER. Bah! Shoot the moon if it but sets you free!
ERNI. Yes. "Nothing venture, nothing win," for me!
FÜRST. He is my grandson, and I bid you do it;
That bow of yew-rs will never make you rue it!
GESSLER. Where find an apple, though?
ALBERT. I think I've one.
Let's see; I'll through my pockets have a run.
What's here?—A pencil; for my kite some thread;
"Stick-jaw;" my knife; a ball; and gingerbread;
A whistle; whip; kazoo; some nuts; two tops;
And—that is all, I think!—No; acid-drops!
(*Produces next a large apple from his pocket, and walks off proudly, holding the apple upon his head.* GESSLER *calls after him.*)
GESSLER. A longer distance! I would give your father
Space to show skill in! (*aside*) or to hit you, rather!
TELL. Well; if I must, I must!
(*Places arrow in bow.*) Here goes to send it—
Whether for life or death—and doubt to end it!
(*Breathless suspense.* TELL *discharges his bow. A loud cry heard without.*)
TELL. Ha, ha! I've done it! The arrow in its flight
Travelled so fast, it was a *moving* sight!
(SWITZERS *applaud* TELL.)
TELL. I've hit the rosy apple!
GESSLER. Like your "cheek"!

(*Enter* ALBERT *gleefully, holding a large apple with a small arrow fixed in it.*)

TELL (*to* ALBERT). We heard you cry.
ALBERT. Yes, 'twas a narrow squeak!
(TELL *and* ALBERT *embrace.*)
TELL (*to* GESSLER). I've "paid my shot," and now I'm free!
GESSLER. Not so,
Another word with you before you go.
Your arrow took a plain, straight course with speed,
But you take very lofty flights indeed!
Poor, shallow fellow!
TELL (*aside*). He will find me *deep*!
GESSLER. You have another arrow: I don't sleep!
I see concealed a dart, with artful craft!
What is it for?
TELL (*taking arrow from his tunic*). For thee this fatal shaft
Had I slain Albert!
GESSLER. So, then; is it so?—
Down to our lowest dungeon thou shalt go!
To Küssnacht with him, o'er Lucerne's bright wave;
There let him linger in a living grave!
TELL (*to* GESSLER). Perfidious wretch; naught but a human snake!
Thy blood shall dye Lucerne a crimson-lake!
GESSLER. Your talk is "big," but you are over-bold;
Be civil, Tell, your end else will be tolled!
As Lucerne's waters are, you will look *blue*
When you shall learn the fate awaiting you!
TELL. Ere that time comes, for hearts and homes we'll fight!

Enter PEACE *with an olive branch.*

PEACE. Ahem! I'm here to just set matters right.
I've "dropped in," friends, because you've "fallen out;"
And wond'ring why the merry Swiss boys shout
In angry tones that make a furious din,
I thought it better that Peace *should* step in.
(*To* GESSLER *and* TELL.) Come, shake hands, and be friends; let enmity
Die out at last. To please our friends, (*points to the audience*) agree!
TELL. What would you have me do: forget I hate?
PEACE. Yes, I'd transform your fate into a *fête*!
GESSLER. All right, Tell, I forgive thee!
TELL. And I you!
PEACE. A better ending I'd not wish the two!
FÜRST (*to audience*). An old man I, in name and station Fürst,
Beg you'll not think me last or yet the worst.
The strike is ended in our new-made nation,
And we submit ourselves to arbitration;
To yours, we mean. I hope the verdict 's right,
And take it from *your hands*, of course, to-night.
WERNER. I am a demagogue and great orate-or,
But, as a patriot, no arbi-tra(i)tor;
I leave it then with you to make our laws,
And humbly wait for favours—in applause!
ERNI. Our bows we'll use, and even pride unbend,
If possible in service of a friend!
Straight to the point your cheers like arrows fly
Make, in our favour, then, a clean bull's-eye!
GESSLER. No more a tyrant, I am sad and wan,
Forced to confess my "occupation 's gone;"
To cheer my drooping spirits, prythee do
Let me command some sympathy from you!
Those sounds assure me that I here must win,
So to be virtuous I now begin!
RODOLPH. Master 's reformed, at that I'm full of care,
No one to lock up leaves me in despair.
Stay; I have ever been to duty true,
Pray let me *captivate* more pris'ners—you!
ALBERT (*"munching" his apple*). I've been a little hero, folks may say,
And boldly now trust that you like this play.
Play ever is to me, oh, quite refreshing—
After the sheaves of knowledge I've been threshing.
Now back to school I go with tears and sighs,
Unless I can secure from you a prize,
Which is not money, sweetmeats, book, or toy,
But commendation—"What a dear, nice boy!"
TELL. The target hit, folks me as victor claim,
But, as the poet says, "What's in *an aim*?"
I think a great deal of a good name here,
And now await your pleasure without fear;
Your smiles, like sunbeams after shadows, flit—
I feel that "Tell & Co." have made *a hit*!
PEACE. *I'd* speak a word. (*To audience.*) Like to the branch I bear,
O-live with me secure from ev'ry care;
Then may Hope bloom ere yet the baize descends,
And *palms* send greeting here to us, kind friends!
ALBERT (*points to* PEACE). Wants the last word! But when I'm here—Oh, no!
So pray you b(u)oy me up before I go!
From importunity I will not cease;
You *must* applaud or you shall have no peace!
Instead of olive there is much more reason
To vote for mistletoe, just now in season;
And 'stead of bays or palms 'twould be more jolly
To deck King Christmas with red-berried holly!
I see friends with me there, so while I'm certain
Of their approval, down will come
THE CURTAIN.

A WINTER NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

BY R. LUMSDEN, M.A.,

Author of "A Conjurer's Adventure," etc.

ONE December evening some years ago I gave an exhibition of conjuring and ventriloquism—I am a conjurer by profession—at a small town on the Firth of Tay. I had to fulfil a private engagement at another place four miles away—let's call it Seatown—on the following morning, so I determined to ride over that same night and sup and sleep there.

When my exhibition was over I went straight from the hall to my hotel, packed a few necessaries of my craft, among them a parcel of false sovereigns or counters—by which a tale hangs—and had the mare I was to ride brought round.

The animal looked rather restless and in want of exercise, and I would have liked a quieter steed, but by some chance she was the only one left in the stables at the time, and I had to take her or stay.

So with a backward glance into the bright warm hall, and an upward one at the brightly-lighted windows, I mounted reluctantly, bade my cheery host and his ostler—a malmsey-nosed old chap—"good-night," and receiving their "good-night" in return rode on my way.

The streets of the little town were by this time deserted, and the houses had taken on that air of quiet which houses have at night, as if they too, like their inmates, were asleep and dreaming. I rode along past the town-hall, cold and lonely and lightless now; past the town's bank, standing behind its thin row of poplars, starched and stately, as if it knew its value and wished common houses to know their place; past the old harled parish church with its head dreaming among the stars, and its skirts of spreading lawn, where the children play among the flowers on summer mornings, lying dark and silent; past a long row of red-roofed cottages with bright windows, and peace written on their soft outlines—for the outlines of a house, like those of a man's face, mellow and become tender with years; past the churchyard where the dead lie, and, turning a corner, I saw my road lying flat and white before me, and the lights of Seatown shining in the distance.

It was a rare good night to be abroad in, a night to drink in pleasant influences and thank God for, a night to drink in the moist air and let your eyes wander over heaven and earth and be happy. The old fabled gods must have supped sometimes on night air and a sky of stars; it is a good supper for the soul. There is a magic in this night air, that is so cool on the forehead, and so fresh in the nostrils, and so exhilarating in the lungs. To me it is the finest of cordials; the slopes of Italy do not grow a rarer wine.

I rode on for about two miles at an easy pace, entertaining myself with my thoughts, and the scene about me, with the still shadows, with the lights on the Firth below, with the sky over my head. My thoughts as we went along began to run upon the stars. They took me away into the past as only the stars do. From the beginning, night after night, they had risen in the east and never failed. They had guided wayfarers, and gladdened all good men from age to age. As I looked at them, moving in solemn power above me, I felt how representative they were of all God's purposes, sure, slow, silent, in their motions; traversing their appointed orbits in their appointed times; filling heaven and earth with loveliness and joy.

My road here swept into an avenue of trees, and, as I passed along among the shadows, my fancies faded, and I was left to the sadness such thoughts always bring. In a little we came out again on to the open

road. Some distance ahead a crowd of bright lights were shining, and, as we drew near, a stream of colliers, lamp-on-cap, their sooty faces shining weirdly among the flickering lights, flowed towards us. When we reached the pit head itself the crowd of lights, some flitting, some motionless, the white hissing steam, the thumping of the pumping engines, the whole uncanny scene set my mare on edge. She seemed inclined to bolt, but after trying a few gymnastics on the road and scattering dismay among some laggard sons of darkness who were passing, she thought better of it and quieted down.

We went on for a time calmly enough, but I felt that she was nervous, and the least thing would upset her. The welcome lights of Seatown, however, were shining in the distance, less than a mile away, and I began to look forward to a bright warm parlour, a good supper, and a pleasant rest after my day's work. I forgot the proverb.

The railway to Seatown cuts the road about half a mile from the town. As we crossed the bridge the Southern express shot from the tunnel fifty yards off, and stole like a long shining serpent across the intervening space. We reached the bridge together, the white steam foamed up, the ground trembled, the signal of approach went forward to the station in a loud shrill whistle, and my courser fairly lost her head and ran.

In vain I tried to pull her up; she had the bit between her teeth and I was helpless. I crouched down upon her back, dug my knees into her flanks, and we shot along like a quarrel from some giant's cross-bow. A stumble of the mare I knew might kill me, yet I felt cool—never cooler. Men's minds in the presence of danger are like flames in wind; the weaker ones, like candles, are blown out, the stronger ones, like fires, are fanned into greater brightness and strength: I had faced danger before. The ground flew from under us untouched, trees, hedges, gates, haystacks, stars flew by in one swift whirl, the wind whistled in my ears, the mare's hoofs rang a devil's music on the stones.

A light appeared ahead; we were on it! The road turned off sharp at right angles; the mare, either blind with fear or reckless, I don't know which, plunged right ahead. Crush! splash! and then—a blank.

The blank, however, changed after a time to a dreamy trance. I was a boy again, standing with a band of schoolfellows on the pier of the village where I was born. It was a bright summer morning, and the water below shone cool and clear and tempting, and we began to talk of diving from the pier-head. I said I could do it, the others laughed, whereat I stretched my arms above my head, and leaped into the air. Such a crash followed as I shall never hear again. I could hear the sound echoing and bellowing among the hills on the horizon; the splashed water jumped right up into the sky and became white clouds there, which fell right down out of heaven upon my head, and a whole Niagara of rushing water seemed to fill my ears. Down, down, down I sank; a big fish came and sat on my chest; down, down, still further; the big fish swallowed me, and darkness followed. Then we were all lying on the top of the water, talking pleasantly together in the warm sun and chaffing the passing fish.

Gradually the hum of voices took shape in whispered words. I lay and listened dreamily, hearing but not understanding in the least; yet I remember the words with strange distinctness. One voice—a hoarse one—whispered excitedly: "But feel'd, feel the wecht o'd; there's a hunder pound in that pack if there's a penny. We're made men this nicht." Then another and softer voice struck in quickly: "Na, na, you maunna dae'd; ill-gotten siller winna thrive, John; we mauna dae'd."

At the words "pack" and "siller" I wakened up (I'm a Scotchman by birth). In a moment the situation flashed upon me; I was alone in a strange house, among strangers, and they meant to rob me. I turned my head round a little, very gently, till I could see the whole place plainly. I was lying on a rough bed, in a recess at the end of a long narrow room. At the far end a bright fire was burning, and about it were five people. Beside the fire stood a woman and a little girl. An old man and two youths sat at a table, and on it before them lay my knapsack and some yellow coins. The old man's face was toward me, partly in light, partly in shadow. The shifting firelight played over it, to my imagination, mockingly; now it peered under the hairy eyebrows, and showed me in its yellow gleam the watery wavering eyes; now it played about the shifty, unshaven mouth; now it lighted up the whole face, and I saw avarice struggling in it with fear and indecision.

The state of matters was plain: the man wanted to take my money, the youths were not averse to helping him, the woman was playing conscience to the group; the girl did not count. The old man took up the knapsack, tried the lock, shook the pack, and I heard my coin dancing to a muffled falsetto music. Then he set it down, drew a long breath; I saw his face set, and he said: "It's got to be dune, and dune quickly; rax me that knife." A large bread knife lying at the other end of the table was handed him. The woman laid a hand upon his shoulder and looked a last appeal into his face. I saw that the decisive moment had come. A gust of wind came soughing round the house, it reached and shook the door, and there floated into the room faintly, almost inaudibly, the words: "Thou shalt not steal!"

The woman alone heard it; the men were bent over the spoil. She shot one swift glance of terror at the door and seized her husband by the arm: "Did you no hear'd?" she cried. "What?" he snarled. She told him; he laughed excitedly. I heard the knife rip-p-p-ing the stitches of the leather. Another gust swept up, and, as it wandered round the house, a hollow murmur stole down the chimney, and floated out of the fireplace: "*Thou shalt not steal!*"

They all heard it this time, except the man; he was either a little deaf or too excited. Their starting eyes fell first upon the fireplace, then upon the bed at the far end on which I lay motionless, and then stole round the room; their breaths came hard and suspended as they looked at one another. The woman and the girl drew to the table, and some whispering began. Then for a moment there was complete silence, but the ripping began again. The old man was evidently an obdurate rascal.

And then—the group stood round the table, the old man working at my pack with the beads of sweat glistening on his brow; the others silent, fearful, expectant, before their unseen accuser; the shifting firelight pushing aside the shadows and thrusting itself among the company, as if it also wished to see the play and act a part—there rang out above their heads, sharp, clear, and loud: "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!"

I turned my head quickly lest they should see me. I did not see their terror, but the silence that followed, the hush that filled the room, told eloquently of staring eyes and beating hearts. I lay on the bed and laughed quietly to myself.

In a little the spell broke. The young men went to the door and peered out into the dark—nothing to be seen. Then they all came over to where I lay. I lay like a stone. The suppressed laughter seemed to foam and boil within me like steam in a kettle when the vents are stopped, but by a great effort I kept my face calm. They looked at me a little; I could hear their unnatural breathing; I wondered if any of them thought they had the archangel of darkness in disguise before them. Then some one went away, returned a moment afterwards, and cold water began to fall upon my face and neck.

I moaned and tossed a little, then gave a feeble sigh and opened my eyes. I stared at the group around me with an unmeaning stare (I could scarcely keep from laughing at the sight of their faces), and then, gradually becoming conscious, asked languidly where I was. "In a miner's hut near Seatown." "How did I get there?" "They found me in the ditch near their house; I had been thrown through the top of the hedge, they thought. Was I much hurt?" I felt myself over, my face and hands were cut and scratched and bleeding a little, and I felt stiff and wet and shaky all over, but not hurt otherwise. With an effort I rose and walked across the floor, and in a little felt fairly right again. "How far was it to Seatown?" I asked. "About half a mile," they said. "Where was my mare?" "They didn't know; they had heard the sound of a horse's hoofs when they came out, but saw nothing."

I asked if some one would come to Seatown with me and carry my pack, and the young men offered their services. I took one look round the scene in which I and they and the firelight had played our little drama, thanked my hosts for their attentions—with just the slightest accent on the word—and we started. I managed to limp over to the town. At the hotel door, giving the youths some money, I held up my torn knapsack and said pleasantly: "Well, it was better after all you didn't take my money, eh?" It was delightful to see the old look of bewildered fear on their faces. I said "Good-night" and went indoors. My mare had been caught in the town some time before my arrival; the hedge had saved her too.



A VERY UNPLEASANT CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

A TRUE STORY.

By E. E. Cuthell,

Author of "The Gray Cavalier," etc., etc.

Bob Bennett was a policeman. But he wore no tightly buttoned blue tunic or creaking boots, and rejoiced not in magic initials and numbers upon his collar. When he donned a helmet, which was all day in the hot weather, and all mid-day in the cold, it was white, and not blue. Bob had a "beat," indeed, but it was as large as an English county, and, instead of eighteen shillings a week, his pay was more than eighteen shillings a day.

In the "station" of Guramabad, the headquarters of the district, Bob Bennett lived in a large white bungalow with deep verandahs, whence he ruled over his blue-coated and red-turbaned rank and file, picketed in the police-*thanas* all over the country. The cold weather he spent making progresses through his domain, with tents sent on before and carried after, and a string of servants and camp followers. Then there would come a stirring of hearts in the police-*thanas*, and the *dacoits* who lived on such excellent terms with their inhabitants in the interim of these visits, betook themselves to the jungles for a space.

Bob was an excellent officer. He was a keen sportsman, and a man on whose liver many hot weathers had had no prejudicial effect. He did his work well and had stuck to it when others fell ill or grew slack, and so it came to pass that, with years, he had steadily mounted the ladder of promotion, and come to rule his district from the head-quarters at Guramabad. There was a Mrs. Bennett, but she was chiefly at home, seeing after such children as had escaped an early grave in the little white-walled cemetery. Bennett's pay went home to her regularly, and he lived in a picnic fashion in the great white bungalow alone, "ad migraturus," with camp furniture which had a knack of folding up in unlikely places and at unexpected moments, with a surrounding of bullock trunks and packing cases, a most un-home-like existence, to which even his tents in the cold weather presented a comfortable contrast.

Bob Bennett and my father had been schoolboys together. Out in India, where one feels very far away from home, the old ties, the old associations, cling longer about the heart than in the whirl of London life, and one of the first welcomes I got on joining my regiment was a letter from Bob Bennett asking me to go and spend my Christmas leave in camp with him and get some sport.

Bob Bennett's kingdom was at the other end of nowhere. The train deposited me at a small wayside station, presided over by a Baboo (native clerk) and thronged by the usual crowd of vociferous native travellers, carrying all their goods and chattels done up in huge bundles, and who had been spending hours, and even days, asleep on the platform awaiting the arrival of the train. When it jogged off again across the sun-baked plain, carrying with it the only Europeans in the shape of the engine-driver and the guards, and leaving me on the platform in possession of a little luggage and a very small command of Hindostanee, I felt rather lonely.

Bob Bennett had sent to meet me at the station. There were no metalled highways in the part where he was encamped, so the conveyance had to be adapted to the sandy tracks known as *Kucha* roads. Imagine a very rickety and wobbly costermonger's barrow, the wheels of which are loosely pinned in and perform strange rotations. Hang a netting below the body, which will contain anything, from a corpse being conveyed to the river, to a few children wedged in securely. Remove the boards round the body, and spread them out over the creaking wheels. Lay a *resai* or wadded coverlet on the top, out of consideration for British bones, for springs are conspicuous by their absence, and surmount the whole with a little canopy covered in dirty red. Harness in by ropes and bits of string a miserable little starveling *tât*, and garnish him round the neck with a wonderful peaked collar embroidered with *cowries* and adorned with jingling bells. In his mouth place either a bit of rope or a murderous-looking bit, the like of which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals never dreamt of in their wildest nightmares—and then proceed to pack the cart.

For a *mela* (fair), or a burying, as many as fourteen souls can find a perch on an *ekka* like this, and one marvels that the miserable little pony is not bodily swung into the air. But on this occasion the load was light, and consisted only of the driver, who squatted on one shaft, a friend wanting a lift who balanced him on the other, my *bearer*, who overhung the animal's tail upon the front board, and my noble self. Having made a substratum of my portmanteau, gun case, and lunch basket, I spread them on the dirty red *resai*, and over this again I laid my bedding—pillows, blankets, coverlets, without which no one travels by rail in India, or dreams of going to stay with a friend or at a hotel, as the spare rooms are usually only provided with bare bedsteads.

On this throne I took my lordly seat beneath the canopy, and began to try and settle my legs. It was a long journey. The *ekka* drove heavily through sands, and wobbled in and out of deep ruts left since the last rains. We rattled over sunbaked plains, and through low scrub, among mango groves, and threaded our way through collections of mud-huts, yclept villages, pursued by gaunt pariah dogs, baying mistrustfully, and the naked juvenile population staring idiotically. But, all the way, I never got my lower limbs satisfactorily disposed of. I coiled and uncoiled; I stretched them out over the shafts, I performed various telescopic and acrobatic evolutions; they went to sleep (Ye powers! how sound!) and I awoke them with much torture and ran by the *ekka* side in a kind of war-dance; but all to no purpose. I decided that a fellow must not possess such long limbs as mine if he is to boast a good seat in our *ekka*. I wasn't sorry when we reached the camp.

Bennett's canvas home was erected under a mango grove, where the trees—government planted (everything is done by a department in India)—stood in exact parallelogram, the evergreen home of a colony of crows, who cawed ceaselessly in the branches. Around the mango *tope* stretched an oasis of neat little fields bounded with mud walls. Hard by lay the well to which they owed their existence, its tall wooden posts and arms rising gallows-like against the evening sky. Beyond the well an evil-smelling little mud village, with a tiny temple on a shrub-grown mound, and beyond that, as far as eye could reach, only more level plain with blotches of dark jungle.

Bennett sat at his tent door, like Abraham, resting after the heat of the day, his form disposed in a vast camp chair; a tumbler, an old English newspaper, and a pile of papers on a table beside him. He gave me a hearty welcome, a "peg," and a tub, all of which I thoroughly appreciated. Then, when the short Indian twilight gave place to darkness and the crows had gone to bed, we sat down to an excellent little dinner of four courses, concocted in some inscrutable manner in a hole in the ground, by the old white-robed cook, and to which I did ample justice, for the refreshment rooms on an Indian railway conduce to appetite.

After dinner we sat outside in the light of a great full moon which cast inky shadows in the grove, but flooded the plain with a silver radiancy that transfigured it. But Bennett talked of home, of everyone there, of things that had happened and changed. When a man has not been "home" for eighteen years, he has a few questions to ask. So had I. My arrival in India was so recent that I was still in the stage of astonishment and amusement over everything I heard and saw. Surprise had not yet given place to disgust.

So there we sat alone out in the night, the gurgle of the servants' *hookhas* and their low murmur of *pice* and *ghee* coming ever and anon to us through the gloom, and mingling with the occasional distant bay of a sleepless pariah or howl of a prowling jackal.

"Awfully lonely life this," I exclaimed, "cut off from every European for weeks together!"

"I'm used to it," replied Bennett, with a smile; "Jenkins, the assistant magistrate, is in camp this side of the Howli, and I was not far from him a fortnight ago; I heard from him this morning. He sent a runner with a letter about a case my men had succeeded in running down."

"Are the natives troublesome then—dangerous?" I asked, with my head full of Kaye's "Mutiny," which I had read up for my exam., and recalling Thug stories.

"One has always to wage war against petty thefts, peculation, and tyranny on the part of the small and corrupt native officials. It's in their character, and will be so till the end of the chapter."

"But *dacoits*, real robbers——"

"Are as well known to us as a gang of burglars to your London detectives," returned Bennett. "Every now and again we swoop down and make an example of some. But, as a regular bandit class, they are dying out, and are chiefly recruited by the *budmashes* (scamps) who have placed themselves outside the pale of the law by some offence or other. They lead a quiet life, only thieving when driven to it and an irresistible opportunity occurs. Otherwise they levy blackmail on the villagers, and are in league

Mazeppa.

(*After the picture by* ALEX. WAGNER.)

with the police. Corruption is the curse of India; you can't trust anyone."

"Are even the higher native officers so venal, then?"

"Oh, yes. Why, just to tell you, there's a fellow not far from here, living in retirement in his native village, who owes me a great grudge, and has sworn to do all manner of things to me, I'm told. He was the hvaildhar (headman) of a police *thana* (post) Pugreepoor way, a smart fellow who lied like truth. But one day I found my gentleman out in a nice little tissue of plots with the dacoits, and of petty tyrannies and peculations upon the villagers round. I nailed him beautifully, and he did his time among the carpets in Delhi jail, and was kicked out of the service. I expect he'd like to meet me alone some dark night when I was riding back to camp."

"What! the mild Hindoo?"

"Oh! this fellow was a Delhi Pathan, and there are tough customers among them."

"How strange it seems," said I, "this executive class of Europeans scattered in such isolation about the land, whereas we soldiers are massed with such precautions—guards, sentries with ball cartridge, even taking our rifles with us to church."

"Oh! one never thinks of it," replied Bennett, lightly. "Familiarity breeds contempt, I suppose, and I think no more of any of these people than I do of the jackal skulking in the shadow of that tree. But come, if we are to be up early after the snipe to-morrow, we'd better turn in!"

A little later and the camp was silent, and I was sleeping as one only sleeps under canvas or on board ship, without a dream of dacoits and Thugs.

I shall never forget that, my first Christmas-tide in India. Bennett, accompanied by his very sapient shikarry (huntsman) took me out across the plain to a certain *jheel* or morass famed as a resort of the long-bills. We were roused ere the moon had gone to bed by our patient bearers, armed with the cup of tea without which it seems that even the most Spartan Englishman cannot open his eyes in the East. We mounted our ponies and cantered across the plain, through ravines and jungle, while the daylight swiftly gathered in the east. In a fold of the plain we came upon a long waving line of mud and morass, swamp and sedge, with here and there a clump of high grass or a solitary bush.

And there we found them, the wily snipes, so passing, so hard to find, rising with a cry like an unoiled door, in a zigzag flight, so small, so uncertain to shoot. We waded for hours up to knees in mud and slime, while the sun grew hotter and poured down upon our devoted backs as even a winter sun will in India. We blazed away, specially I. Some fell into the swamp and had to be retrieved by the beaters, but many others, nearly all the spoil of Bennett's gun (you can't expect a griff to shoot the first snipe he has ever seen), found their way on to our game stick, whence their long noses drooped disconsolately in death, and, eventually on to neat little squares of toast for our breakfast.

I don't think I ever enjoyed anything more than that breakfast, unless it was the warm tub that preceded it. Afterward we lounged in chairs in the cool of the tents. Bennett was busy with official papers, though, being "the Sahib's big day," he was not pestered with interviews and consultations with his subordinates of this locality. A runner had brought letters, too. The English mail was in. There were English papers more than three weeks old, whose bloom had been taken off by telegrams. There was a domestic budget for Bennett, sheets in his wife's handwriting over the worries of the children's health and education, and enclosing bills. Also small letters in large round hands, containing little information, but none the less read and re-read for that, as Bennett pulled thoughtfully at his pipe, and the crows cawed lazily in the heat from among the mango trees over our white roof.

When it got cooler we got on our ponies again. It was not without reason that Bob Bennett had elected to spend his Christmas holidays encamped in this particular part of his district. Not only was it sparsely inhabited and the swamps and the snipe not a few, but over the wide level plain roamed herds of antelope. We had not ridden far out from camp ere we spied one of these out against the sky line. The old buck, noticeable by his spreading black horns, grazed in advance of his does amid the low bushes which dotted the level bare expanse. Dismissing our ponies we proceeded to stalk him, each going our separate way, and against the wind, which was now blowing cool, lest it should betray our presence. Taking advantage of every shelter and obstacle we slowly advanced upon our prey. How graceful they looked, and how unsuspecting, standing out against the red sunset, which burnished the western sky like a furnace glow.

Stealthily I stalked, bending low and concealing my rifle, fearful lest the faintest noise should betray my whereabouts. Once or twice the lord of the herd stopped grazing, and looked nervously about him, his suspicions affrighting the does. Nearer and nearer I crept, and Bennett did the same, never lifting my eyes off the buck, or looking where I was going, when——

Crash! Without the slightest warning, I fell, rifle and all, into a deep round hole, where mud-buffaloes had wallowed in the rains. It was a most ignominious conclusion to my stalk, and I felt it all the more so, for, as I lay prone and helpless, I heard two sharp reports from Bennett's rifle, and concluded that he had bagged the game.

I tried to rise and clamber up, but a first attempt convinced me that I had done something to my ankle. It was helpless, and hurt as though a knife were cutting it when I put my weight on it. Eventually I was retrieved out of the pit by Bennett and his myrmidons and ignominiously helped on to my pony and taken back to camp. I felt very small, and my ankle hurt horribly. Not even the sight of the black buck, majestic in death, or the prospect of venison for dinner, consoled me.

A foot the colour of a thunder cloud, and the size of a football! My leave to be spent nursing the same, extended on a chair before me, as if I had the gout. It was hard luck indeed! Bennett was very kind, imploring me to lie up quiet for a day or two, or in the end the business would be longer. I submitted with a bad grace. But it really was a nasty sprain, as I had doubled my foot under me in my fall. Certainly our Christmas dinner was not a very lively one, in spite of a real plum-pudding, and of mince pies manufactured of tinned mince meat, for, in India, all the best eatables are of the tin, tinny. In default of turkey I recollect we had larded pea-fowl, with which the jungle abounded, a mediæval dish which was not bad.

I turned in early; my ankle pained me and I felt feverish. The night was cool, and I bade the bearer open the tent door—a mere hanging—to let the breeze in upon my little camp bed. Then he departed to the eternal smoke and gossip among his kind in the cooking tent and I fell asleep.

But I did not sleep sound. I felt hot and uneasy—it may, indeed, gentle reader, have been the tinned plum-pudding and mince pies, and then, again, it may have been my bad sprain. Anyhow I had horrid nightmares. I dreamed of black bucks butting at me with their sharp spiral horns, of snipe pecking me with their sword-like beaks, of——

And then I awoke, quite suddenly, but quite clearly, aroused it may have been by the caw of a crow overhead afflicted with insomnia, by the wild chorus of marauding jackals holding a *rendez-vous* near our grove, by an unaccustomed noise, perhaps, or what not. Anyhow I awoke.

Outside, though the tent was quite dark, the moonlight was light as day. I could see that through the opening of the tent door, which formed a clear, shining square; and, as I looked at it, a dark something filled up the opening, and, as I stared at it, it resolved itself in a figure entering stealthily.

And then a gleam of moonlight fell on something bright and shining, long and narrow, which began where the figure's hand might be.

And then, as I stared (it all happened quicker than I can tell) the square of moonlight was empty and light again, and I felt, rather than knew, that the figure was inside the tent with me!

The instinct of self-preservation was strong. I do not know that I am exactly a coward, but I felt that I was lying there very helpless and feverish, not quite a match for any fellow my own size. With a sudden impulse I slid off the low camp bed, barely a foot or so off the ground, and noiselessly crept away on my hands and knees through the other door of the tent which led into the bathroom.

Then I breathed afresh. The thing, whatever it was, that had entered the tent, would not track me thither in the darkness. I raised myself, and drawing a long breath, lay back against the canvas wall of the little bathroom.

In so doing I hit against something lying against it on the outer side, something which moved and groaned.

It was my bearer, of course, lying after the manner of his kind, asleep under the eave of my tent. I administered a prod with my elbow.

"*Kodar Bux*, wake up, and bring a light. There's a thief in my tent," I whispered.

It takes natives a few minutes to wake, they sleep like logs; but in a short time Kodar Bux rushed into the tent with a light, and followed by other menials. I limped into it again, and Kodar Bux waved the lantern wildly all round.

"He is not here, *Sahib*, he is gone, he—— Ho!"

And the lantern flashed upon my bed.

There stuck the knife I had seen gleaming in the moonlight buried up to the hilt in my pillow in the place where my wool ought to have growed!

The chorus of the excited servants aroused Bennett, who came out of his tent in his *pyjamas*, and stood at the door taking in the scene.

Then he removed the knife from the pillow, and examined it with a dry smile.

"A bad shot, meant for the next tent! I think I know my friend though, and I'll nab him yet, I will. My boy, I apologise for your interrupted slumbers, and for this unpleasant Christmas present you have received. *Kodar Bux*, get the Sahib a fresh pillow, and send the *chokedar* (guard) to speak to me in my tent," he added grimly. "Good-night, old fellow."

All the same, I can't say I slept much again till dawn, or that I have ever forgotten my first Christmas night in India.

OUR GREAT MISTAKE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE "DIGGINGS."

By W. T. Greene, M.A. M.D.,

Author of "Jem and I," "Our Last Success," "A Strange Adventure," etc., etc.

Yes, it was a mistake, and no mistake! But there, what would you? as a Frenchman would say; we were only a couple of lads, and had very little experience of the world or the world's ways; and I have often thought since that a special Providence watched over us then, and safely steered our frail barques through the many shallows and difficult places that surrounded us, and in, or on which more than one pretentious craft made shipwreck, never to be heard of any more by anxious watchers in the far-away "home" we had all left behind us for the diggings.

Yes, it was a great mistake! but should we have been happier or better men now if we had not made it?

Ah! that is difficult, nay, impossible to tell, but my reader is no doubt waiting impatiently to hear what it was we made our mistake about, and how we came to make it.

Well, it happened in this way: when first we went on the goldfields, and while we were at Mount Alexander, on the Forest Creek diggings, before we had had the pleasure of making acquaintance with the goblin miner of Fiery Creek, whose doings, by-the-by, have already been related, we were of course very inexperienced, and found very little gold to recompense us for our labour.

So one Sunday—we never thought of working on that holy day, though no one went to church, for the simple reason that there were then no churches to go to—one Sunday morning, after changing our clothes and getting our breakfasts, we read as much of the sacred volume as satisfied our conscience, and then, having attended to various minor domestic matters, we had our dinner and sallied forth for a stroll through the neighbouring bush.

The country was strange to us and we to it, so we rambled on, Jem and I, rather further than we had intended, and more than a lawful Sabbath day's journey, I am afraid, when we presently found ourselves at the head of a deep gully of which we did not know the name, though we subsequently discovered that it was called German Gully, from the original discoverers of its auriferous deposits.

It appeared to have been extensively worked, as well as we could see, and was practically abandoned, as there were no windlasses to be seen, or even a tent in the vicinity; but these were much lower down than where we were standing, and in fact the gully even then supported a considerable population, the majority of whom, however, were Chinamen.

We were standing on a ridge that separated Forest Creek from the adjoining goldfield, called Fryer's Creek, after the squatter or settler who had first occupied the site in the early pastoral days of the colony, and we noticed that it was thickly strewn with white quartz, which, in one place especially, cropped out above the surface of the ground to the height of two or three feet. The only timber was stringy-bark, which had recently passed through the severe ordeal of a bush fire, and was not consequently in a very flourishing condition, or able to afford us much shelter from the heat, which was even yet considerable, although the day was fast waning to its close.

Some of the trees had fallen down and lay about in different directions, but the stringy-bark does not by any means always afford the traveller a safe seat, however comfortable it might look, for centipedes and scorpions have a disagreeable habit of taking up their quarters in its loose and shaggy covering, so we preferred to sit on the hard white quartz reef that showed so prominently against the discoloured soil, for the bush fire that had scorched the trees, blackened the soil, and burnt up the grass, only brought out more fully the dazzling whiteness of the quartz.

The main reef ran for a hundred yards or so along the crest of the hill, almost at right angles to the gully, and rose, as I have said, to a height of several feet above the surrounding surface.

On the most prominent part of it, which was about in the middle of the visible out-crop, we sat down to rest for awhile, before returning to our encampment at the foot of Mount Alexander, and presently Jem began to pick up little bits of loose quartz, and to throw them at the bole of one of the stringy-barks just in front of us.

Mischief is well known to be contagious, and I soon followed my friend's example, until after a bit we commenced a game of skill, laughing when we hit our mark, and still more so perhaps when we missed it.

At last something on one of the fragments of broken quartz I had taken up attracted my attention while I was just in the act of throwing it, and I paused, and on looking more closely perceived that the white surface of the stone was studded with minute particles of a yellow colour.

"Hullo!" I exclaimed, holding out the stone to my companion, "what's this?"

Jem took the quartz, and having looked it all over, handed it back to me with the remark, "It looks uncommonly like gold!"

"Yes," I replied, "and I believe it is, too."

So speaking we sprang from our perch on the quartz reef, and began a careful examination of the broken fragments that were lying all about.

Wonderful to relate, almost every piece we picked up, as well as the reef itself, was more or less marked in the same way!

When we had finished our survey we stood for a few moments staring at each other from opposite sides of the ridge of quartz.

At last Jem broke the silence with the more or less profound and appropriate remark, "Well, I never!"

"If it really is gold," I replied, "I wonder no one has taken possession of it before this; let us mark out a claim at once."

"Hum!" said Jem in reply, "the question is, my friend, how to get the gold out of such hard stuff as this; it could not be washed."

"No," I admitted, "but I fancy it might be crushed, or something."

Jem made no answer to this conjecture of mine, but presently remarked, as if speaking to himself rather than to me: "I suppose there would not be any harm in putting a few bits of it into one's pocket, and taking them home to see what could be done with them to-morrow?"

"Not at all," I replied confidently, and at once began to fill my pockets with the best looking fragments I could find. Jem followed my example without further demur, and in a very short time we had stowed away as many bits of quartz as we could conveniently carry.

As we were in the act of turning away, somebody called out: "The top o' the mornin' to yez, bhoys, an' is it spicimints ye're afther collectin'?"

We both wheeled sharply round, and confronted a short, thickset individual of about middle-age, attired in orthodox digger costume, namely: blue shirt, moleskin trousers somewhat stained with pipe-clay, and a cabbage-tree hat, the latter decidedly the worse for wear, and therefore all the more respectable.

It was evident that our interlocutor was not a new arrival on the goldfields, though he had lost nothing of his native brogue during the years he had resided in the colony.

"Specimens!" repeated Jem, looking steadily at the new arrival, whose short turned-up nose and deep-set eyes were all that could be seen of his face, owing to the shaggy growth of yellowish-red beard, just commencing to be tinged with grey, that covered the rest of his features.

"To be shure, spicimints," replied the man with a grin, and in a peculiar tone of voice. "They're purty to luck at, so they are, but how are ye goin' to get the goold out?"

"It is gold?" exclaimed Jem, in a half inquiring tone.

"It is that," replied the man, "but it's so moighty foine, ye moight carry home twicest yer own weight av it, an' ye wouldn't be afther gittin' more'n a grain or two."

"Is that so?" asked Jem.

"It is that!" returned the man, and

added, "but ye nadint belave me onless ye loike, though it's me that has thried it over an' over agin."

"Oh!" said Jem, pulling a piece of quartz from his pocket, as if to throw it away, "then there's no use in our carrying any of it away."

"Shure it's purty to luck at," returned the Irishman, "an' ye moight be afther havin' a pin or a ring made out of it by an' by, for kapesakes."

"Hum!" remarked Jem, putting the bit of quartz back into his pocket again, "that's not a bad notion of yours, Patsy."

The Irishman did not appear to notice the lad's familiarity, but returned good humouredly, "But that's all the good it'll ivver be to you or to anyone else."

"I have read of quartz being crushed by machinery," I said, interrupting, "and I dare say the same thing might be done as in California; the question is, is there enough gold in the stone to pay for the expense of extracting it?"

"Shure it's a clivver one ye are," replied our new acquaintance, addressing me for the first time in a jesting or mocking tone that brought the red blood into my cheeks, for I did not like to be laughed at, and was morbidly sensitive to ridicule.

Apparently the Irishman perceived this, for he went on, speaking in a more natural, not to say somewhat apologetical tone, "Shure now, it's only jokin' I am. Pound up the paces, acushla, if ye loike, wash thim, an' just see what ye'll be afther gettin' for yer pains."

The advice was good, but Jem inquired: "Have you tried it yourself?"

"Maybe I have, an' maybe I haven't, but I've known thim as has, an' if it ud have paid thim, de ye think now they'd have lift it for you or me?"

The argument was unanswerable, at least from the point of view of our then knowledge upon the subject, so we wished the man "so long" and set out on our return to Mount Alexander.

As we walked along we more than once pulled pieces of quartz out of our pockets and looked at them, to find that the gold, if very small, was very generally diffused over their surface, and we decided to crush and test some of them the very first thing the following day.

When we reached our tent, however, we were greeted by a neighbour with the startling intelligence of an extremely rich discovery a few miles away in the Bendigo direction, and next morning by daybreak we lifted our tent and started for the new goldfield, leaving all our specimens behind in our hurry.

As it happened, we reached the new rush too late to get a good claim, and after pottering about for a week or two without any result we made tracks for Fiery Creek, where we met with some success and an adventure of which the particulars have already been related. Nor was it until some time after that we bethought ourselves of the reef in German Gully, to which our attention was again directed by an account we read in the "Argus" of some very rich quartz that had been found and crushed in the Heathcote district.

"I say," then exclaimed my companion, "the reporter states that although the yield from the stone was so good, very little gold could be seen in it before it was crushed! I vote we go and have another look at that reef in German Gully."

"Well," I replied quietly, for Jem was all excitement, "even if we did, what good would it be? There's a lot of machinery required, you say, and we have no money, at least not enough for that."

"Oh!" returned Jem, "if that is all, I've no doubt we could get it on hire from the fellow who put theirs up for the Heathcote chaps. Rutherford's the fellow's name, and I vote we write to him and ask."

To this I replied: "If we do decide on taking up the reef, I think it will be time enough to think about machinery when we have taken possession of the claim and raised some stone, don't you?"

"Very well," acquiesced Jem, not without some reluctance, as I could gather from the tone in which he spoke. "Very well."

"Besides," I went on, "our claim is not quite worked out, and we'd better wait and finish it; the reef has stood so long it's not likely to be snapped up directly."

Jem said no more, and we finished our claim by the end of the week, though I do not believe we got an ounce of gold out of that portion of it, and then we started for the reef in German Gully.

A couple of days' leisurely tramp through the bush, with all our worldly possessions strapped to our backs, brought us within a mile or so of the end of our journey just as the sun was about setting; and even then, had we pushed on, we should not have been too late, but we were rather tired, and camped by the side of a clear mountain stream that rippled over a bed of pebbly quartz, and hid, we knew, some delicious fresh-water lobsters, or cray-fish, in its recesses.

Some of these crustaceans we soon caught and cooked, and found them a most acceptable addition to our bill of fare, which contained no more pretentious delicacy than a pannikin of tea and a morsel of "damper," or cake baked in the ashes. But we were hungry and tired, and we enjoyed our supper, and passed a good night by a roaring fire of logs, and when morning broke, or rather just before it did so, were awakened by the laughing-jackasses, or giant kingfishers that shouted to us to "get up, ha! ha!" from every tree around.

We obeyed their injunction after a bit, not without some reluctance though, for we were very snug on our bed of fern and reeds, each wrapped in his blanket, and then discovered that our camping ground was the favourite resort of all the feathered tribes of the vicinity, for flocks of cockatoos and parrots of all sorts came down to drink and wash themselves in the clear water which ran in a shallow stream over the bed of quartz.

We had our guns with us, of course, and secured some of the birds for breakfast—a couple of cockatoos and several parrakeets, as well as some small birds we used to call Diamond Sparrows. They all made very good eating, I recollect, except one of the cockatoos, which was so tough we could make nothing of it, and abandoned him in his integrity to our dog, whose jaws proved to be more serviceable to him than our knives had been to us; and when we had finished our repast we rolled up our "swags" and started once more for the reef, which we reached about dinner-time, that is to say, noon, for we dawdled a good bit by the way.

Great was our surprise and annoyance when, on nearing the spot, we perceived smoke ascending from its near vicinity. "Can there be a bush fire there again?" queried Jem.

"No," I said, "there was nothing left to burn, and it hasn't rained since to make the grass grow."

Going on a little further, we saw a tent, and close by it two men at work—on the reef!

It was our Irish acquaintance and his mate, who had taken possession that very morning. Their first crushing some time later on yielded them no less than £16,000, and they or their representatives are yet working that reef, and it pays them well. Oh! it was a great mistake on our part not to have taken it up when we had the chance.



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 062057408

